



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE
RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS

FEATURES

•
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Bringing Astrology Down to Earth

•
MARCH

1940

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

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

JUNE, 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

March

1940



VOLUME 32

NO. 3

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

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

PRINTED BY

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

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

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

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

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

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

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

This article received FIRST PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

The Woman Who Wanted to Know God

BY VICTOR LOCKHART



I HAD known Carol Olney from infancy but not until she was eight or ten years old did I ever notice her especially, a scrawny quiet little girl with red-brown curls and big wistful eyes; always looking after a little sister, and though often kept out of school by illness, always at the head of her grade. It was in church that I used to watch her sitting in a kind of soft rapt contemplation, utterly relaxed and still, her thin little face alight with something, her dark eyes responsive to the sermons which seemed far above her head.

Her family were good stock, but the father was a cultured, easy-going ne'er-do-well; the mother a high-tempered, intelligent, intensely nervous woman, evidently unhappy and worn down with the frustration of an uncongenial marriage, but so ambitious for her children that she overworked keeping them beautifully dressed. And the children were so talented and perfectly trained that they were always sought after in all social and entertainment affairs of our small town.

But there was about the child, Carol, something more than these; an indefinable sensitivity that made me want, when she was watching me at work, to do better whatever little thing I was doing,

though I never heard from her a complaining or critical word. Our conversations were a little strange; she so often maneuvered them into talk about God, with some expectant eagerness that made me sorry I couldn't answer her questions. But I enjoyed watching her mind work on the subject as I saw her grow through the years with that same yearning for the knowledge of God always the most outstanding thing about her, though I suppose others were unaware of it. Once when she was about twelve I said, "Well, Carol, you needn't worry your little head about your soul or heaven, you're not going to die soon." I remember how hard she laughed. She always called me "Mr. Lock." My diary contains the following of that date:

"Oh, Mr. Lock," she laughed, "I never thought of it that way before; I want to find out about God for *living*, not dying. It seems like the most important thing there is for *this* world, and I believe if I *could* know God then everything else would go all right. Jesus said 'Come unto Me,' but I can't see just how to do it."

"Looks to me like you're just about arrived there," I smiled.

"Oh, no," she returned with quick seriousness, "I think there's more to it than just church and studying the Bible.

I must know *Himself*." I remember staring at her, for the child's words set me thinking.

There was a good deal of strain in their home between the father and mother, who were later divorced, and between the mother and Carol. I often saw her run out of the house, throw herself on the ground and lie there crying convulsively. When she was a little thing of five or so she said to me, naively, "You know, Mr. Lock, I must be an adopted child. When I grow up I'm going to find my own mother, I need her love so." I knew that she wasn't adopted but I didn't want to spoil some comfort she found in the idea. She was too sensitive and affectionate for the harshness and lack of affection at home. She had a delicate digestive system and in that period we knew nothing of correct diet, balanced meals, or nervous strain's effect on our organs. Once I heard Carol say to another child, "You can keep from crying by holding your stomach in tight"—which revealed the cause of the frequent illness she had. At the table she was always on high tension either from her own scoldings or the parents' quarrelling.

But as she grew up, strength and beauty developed; she finished high school, went away to business college and then to college. Once or twice a year I would get a long letter from her, full of her good times; her constant gratitude that she had a secretarial position by which she could earn her way through college; but the greatest emphasis was on the inspiration she received from her professors, especially those in such subjects as psychology, philosophy, Bible-study, and the Greek classics.

After graduation she was teaching out West, and as she had worked during summers while in college, I was delighted now to have her back in the neighborhood during vacations. She used to tell me of her work with her high school pupils, especially in public speaking and drama. "Oh, to be able to inspire them to go on and on," I have quoted her in my journal.

But she herself was still in the search for God. "I work at it," she said, "I teach Sunday School, sing in choirs, do committee work in aid-societies and guilds. I suppose something is accomplished, I don't know. But I do know that spiritual hunger isn't satisfied with bazaars and bridge teas. Church work isn't concerned with the divine life; it's concerned with the organizations' activities to get cash. Interest in the spiritual life, instead, would bring all the money they need. I shocked the Reverend Mr. Towne telling him I wasn't interested in the bridge-tea tickets he offered me, but that for any knowledge of God he could offer me, I'd support the church without bridge." She was then in the militant period that serious-minded youngsters go through.

Some years later she married a man whose profession took him to several foreign countries and Carol added to her education the culture of much travel, and then the experience of motherhood. After her mother left home and married again she came back one summer with her little boys. We used to sit on my back porch watching them play. It was evident that she was not happily married and easy to see why. Her husband, the most brilliant fellow I ever met, was utterly self-centered, lacking entirely the affection which I knew Carol had craved. "He's an intellectual giant," she told me, "but emotionally and spiritually, a pygmy. It's all right, though," she laughed, and colored revealingly. "You know I wanted children with brains; that's what I've got."

Her air of finality said plainly that she expected nothing more, but she went on, "George's and my worlds are so far apart. He thinks all religious people fanatics—goes into a pouting temper if I ask him to keep the boys one hour while I go to church. He thinks all there can be between a man and woman is the sex element; he doesn't know the meaning of real love, and will not read or let me talk of the things that interest me most. But I believe that if I pour out

enough love on him, he will eventually come to understand. You can't talk anything to George; you can only live it."

"You're on the right track, Carol," I said. But I was intrigued by some new exuberance of joy about her, some new emphasis, as if something tangible came out to meet you. Certainly it was not living with this unresponsive man who repressed her constantly and showed her not the least consideration or interest. "But you're changed," I said. "Is it motherhood that makes this new something glow out from you?"

She looked at me, a little startled, and flushed. "No, I think not." Then she fell silent awhile and I let the silence abide.

"I've always confessed," she said finally, "all my sins and troubles to you, Mr. Lock—I'll tell you the truth. There is a reason for the joy I can't contain." I waited, suspecting something was difficult.

"One night," she began suddenly, "in a narrow dirty dark street in a city in South America, my husband introduced an acquaintance of his who, I suddenly knew, was going to change my life. Only the ordinary introduction remarks were exchanged and it was so dark I couldn't really see his face, but I knew that here was someone who belonged to me in some strange way. For days I felt a strange excitement but couldn't trust myself even to ask about the man. I only knew it was someone I'd awaited all my life. Then my husband referred to him. 'He's a nut, too,' he said. I laughed, 'You mean you think he's as crazy as I am?' Because of his disparaging expression my feeling grew that here was one from my own world. 'I suppose he'll be coming to call soon,' he continued, 'and bringing his stupid books to you—lot of junk.'

"The friend did come, and brought the 'stupid books,' and in his presence I was so overcome with something new, unexplainable, that I was not myself. Seemed as if the life went out of me and united with him, leaving me unable to do more than listen as he told of his philo-

sophy of life, a plan that made all things new. I grasped it; knew it was mine and I must follow it—the old teaching of re-birth and karma so strange to our Western world yet entirely harmonious with Christianity—a plan for mankind that embodies perfect balance in all things. It has straightened out everything for me."

"What about the . . .?" I began. Her old trick, answering before I asked:

"He lives that philosophy of the great life. He left there before we did. I saw him only a few times, never alone; but I fainted away when his train went out. I don't believe I'm wicked; some things are beyond our power, and never by look or word did he give me reason for thinking of any personal interest. And though something went out from me, a greater thing compensated that fulfils every hope of my life. I feel so filled with that spiritualized love that it flows out constantly, I can love my mother and my husband more than ever before. It's a strange glorious joy far greater than any earthly fulfilment. It is the love I've so desired all my life. The strange part is this: I'd supposed such happiness came from another's love but on the contrary it comes from an enlarged capacity for loving others; being constantly filled as love flows out."

Then she started telling me of her new study. "It has stood the test of centuries . . ." Someone interrupted us then and there was no other opportunity for a talk before they left.

About a year later came a letter from Carol relating the experience which is the *raison d'être* of this story. While at home she had told me on several occasions of her daily half-hour of meditation at dawn, in complete self-surrender to the divine mind; how it gladdened her days, helped her to see her faults and brought the solution of her problems. "Sometimes the solution arrives before the problem," she said, "waking me earlier with a strong suggestion to do certain things when day comes, and the day's events prove the prevision to have been the perfect and timely counsel. *Before*

they call I will answer, saith the Lord. These guidances are experienced by the devout of all religions as the 'answer to prayer,' but it isn't like prayer. That is expressing *my* self; it is His will I want to learn." That conversation clarifies the experience related in the following letter from her.

"I wonder if this will seem incredible or insane to you, Mr. Lock, but I know you'll believe my word. My years of study in scientific psychology enable me to test myself against self-deception, and you know that I've never been a neurotic person nor subject to any psychoses. And what I relate is not colored by my own previous beliefs nor those of any church, sect, or person, but exactly what I saw, and felt.

"One morning in my meditation I had an unusual appreciation of the fact that mankind has been so made that we *can* get acquainted with our Maker; whereas, instead, we *might* have been evolved through the various strata of life-forms with minds reaching no further than the senses. But since our deepest self is *in the image of God*, some intuition, independent of the senses, can carry us further, if we so desire, to recognize and identify ourselves with Him, thus learning to know Him more.

"Often as I had thought of this before, it came to me this time with overwhelming gratitude, like that of a blind person suddenly receiving sight. It felt like breaking through a shell into a larger world—this new realization of the relationship *possible* between the higher Universal Consciousness latent in man, and the individual personal self. It must have vitalized in me something further that could function on a different plane than the physical, for in that moment of intense gratitude I was aware of blinding light around me, too bright to bear. I reasoned first that it must be later than I'd thought and this was the sun breaking through dense clouds; then I realized that this was not sunlight, but a perfectly white light. Your sceptic will say, 'She probably fell asleep and dreamed

it,' but I did not fall asleep for I was sitting straight upright beside the children's bed where I always go for my morning meditation, and was very wide awake. And I did not lose consciousness for suddenly I was surprised to find myself outside my physical body, able to reason, observe and draw conclusions. I was in a body, yes, but lighter, more sensitive than my physical body, and with no sense of position or place except that of being lifted up into more and more intense light. And again that light became unbearable; which brought another change, to a condition more distinct, more brightly objective, but different.

"There was the light, yes, but it was bearable; it was blissful; it was peace in immeasurable vastness, and it was as if I *were* that light, that bliss, in infinity—co-extensive with it, if terms so contradictory may be used to suggest it. It is impossible to describe in language of this three-dimensional world an apparently 'many-dimensional' experience, because words as symbols for things grow out of the experiences of a race, or people.

I can only suggest by analogy; such as supposing the individual to be incased in a series of bodies of differing densities but co-extensive; and as the coarser, more dense shell, or body, is unable to endure the pressure of the increasing intensity of lightwaves—*light* of some higher finer quality than we know on this plane—the next finer body, of a higher rate of vibration, becomes the vehicle of consciousness. It was as if the physical body (senses and brain) gave way first to a body that felt intense emotion of gratitude too strong for the physical body. The emotional, in turn, gave way to the functioning of a mental body in my reasoning about the light and my changed condition; and that body in turn gave way to some finer one which could function at a still higher rate of vibration; then this, in turn, to consciousness in a purely spiritual body of 'light.' This is the only way I can explain the sense of changed condition along with the continuation of my own distinct conscious-

ness. Let us say that each coarser form of 'the ego' gave way as the rate of vibration intensified, to the next finer body or form, which could be used by my *self* as a vehicle of consciousness in experiencing something too intense to be borne by the coarser. Each successive form was better constructed to endure the conditions into which my own expanding spiritual consciousness had forced me. And as to 'bodies': Could a primitive man receive a lecture on philosophy, even if he knew the meaning of each word? Could a cannibal enjoy or even endure, a Beethoven symphony? They have no instrument for receiving these things. Adequate, suitable 'bodies'—emotional, mental, and spiritual, must be developed for humanity by civilization, culture, self-discipline, love, before contact with the higher manifestations of life is possible. Wouldn't that be a logical plan of progress?

"Up to this point I had been a separate individual; but now I was not just this one individual, myself, but all selves, all units of consciousness throughout infinity it seemed—embraced, absorbed in *one*. And this seemed to include the life of all beings from the least to the greatest throughout all worlds and all degrees and planes of life. Much of this part of the experience can only be translated from spiritual consciousness to brain-memory and understanding as *impression*, but I can distinctly remember being aware of life as infinite, beyond all manifested things, and simultaneously being aware of it in a tiny insect of earth.

"Numberless worlds glowed in radiance of color, light, and beauty beyond human imagining. Some seemed uninhabited; others thronged with busy shining beings; this one common consciousness which I felt, making a perfect intercommunication everywhere without talking or words as we know them. It was as if I saw things from all sides and within at once. There was a sense of melodious sweetness; yet I remember no particular person, I heard no particular 'voice.' All creation was complete, perfect. Only since I've been thinking through it all

do I realize how our limited three-dimensional consciousness sees our life through little moment-by-moment frames like the units of a motion-picture film, and calls the passing sequence of these views by the name, *Time*.

"Beyond all this I've described was a *Something* for which I can find no word. I can only use our word Love to suggest what I remember as tenderness beyond all human tenderness, an outreaching yearning over all creation beside which the most sacrificing mother-love is only a shadow. And that Love was drawing up out of bondage to suffering and earth-confusion, many who desired to identify themselves with it, who worked in self-sacrifice, motivated by love to others. The *measure* of Life was the capacity for being controlled by this Love.

"But, surprisingly, there was neither consciousness nor cognizance of evil itself. Is what we call Evil, then, a falsity of this world, due to our unawareness of the good reality that is God? All religions teach selfless love to others; and if all mankind so felt and acted would not all evil be done away? Or is evil just a misunderstanding—a too-personal finite point of view, a desire for *self*-satisfaction, a distortion of good that brings suffering until we see clearly? I saw no hell; only mankind shutting itself away from the consciousness of the divine life under the blanket of its own indifference, materialistic blindness, and selfishness. Remember St. Paul's experience—*caught up into Paradise?* But how could this happen to me, so far from saintly?

"The sense of my separate individuality returned in a feeling of union with universal life but not lost in it as I had been, and I remember at that point an exultant gratitude for this knowledge of the way Life functions in all things. I believe it was that returning sense of *my* self which made the 'bliss' more than I could bear and thus forced my dropping back into my small earthly self. I don't know how long the experience lasted; it was timeless—eternity. When I again sensed physical consciousness my head

rested on my arms on the high bed where the children were asleep and it was not yet full daylight. Earthly things seemed unreal and dim beside the clearness of planes more real than this which 'shall pass away.' For what I experienced was Reality; not a vision, but a definite objective experience as unmistakable as now writing to you.

"Every physical and mental power is enlarged and I feel as if I were sharing the life of all creatures. Remember my old shrinking from negroes, due to that dreadful fright when I was three? Yesterday my black laundress ran a hairpin into her foot. I sat on the kitchen floor dressing the foot completely forgetting my lifelong repulsion. And I can no longer eat meat.

"The one friend to whom I've told the experience believed me, but she asked solemnly, 'You didn't see Jesus?' I hesitated: the experience was too sacred for argument. In that instant it came to me to say, 'The One who during all my life has been calling *Come unto Me*, enabled me through love and gratitude to *come*.' That spiritual consciousness is His consciousness. How else could we come to Him fully? *Beloved, now are we the sons of God*, St. John cries."

My last news from Carol told of the tragic death of a little son when she was

with him. "The shock left me temporarily ill," she writes, "yet serene mentally in the knowledge that there is no place in the Universe where my child will not be in the arms of that tender Love. So deeply have I drunk of Life that now there is no death."

That Carol's experience is not unique will be known by those who have read Dr. R. M. Bucke's *Cosmic Consciousness* and Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum* which treat the subject of expanded states of consciousness scientifically, Dr. Bucke holding the theory that such consciousness, in varying degrees, is the next step in the race's development. It will be understood and named according to one's scientific study or religious belief as: The Unconscious: The Oversoul: The Self: Cosmic Consciousness: The Christ Principle: Love: The I Am. "In Him we live and move and have our being," and there is no *outside* except in the limitations of the physical brain's illusions.

King David asks: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?"

His own answer: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart," is corroborated by his Descendant's promise: "He that seeketh shall find; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

All Are One

I cried, "O Master, grant my earnest plea
To see Thy face, and hear Thy voice,
And touch Thy hand."
No answer came to me.

I walked a crowded city street;
My sight grew clear. I knew that all I saw
And heard and touched
Were one with Thee.

And now, as each day dawns,
I wake and understand
That I shall see Thy face, and hear Thy voice,
And touch Thy hand.

—Rona Morris Workman in "Flame in the Wind."

Quiet, Please!

BY C. DUDLEY ROBERTS



ONE of the precepts of the Rosicrucian student is: "Realizing that silence is one of the greatest helps in soul growth he will ever seek environments of peace, poise, and quietness."

The Rosicrucian student is also taught that only by stilling the outward consciousness (or physical senses) is it possible to contact the Higher Self which is within—that Within, which another precept tells him is the only worthy tribunal of truth.

When about to engage in meditation and prayer the Rosicrucian student seeks a peaceful, quiet environment, usually his own room, for these devotions, but in his daily occupations he is apt to lose sight of the desirability of peace and quietness in his surroundings and to accept a certain amount of noise as a necessary evil of living and working.

Noise may be defined as a confused sound resulting from the mixture of a number of discordant vibrations; therefore to properly understand noise we must try to understand and appreciate the nature of vibrations.

As students of the Rosicrucian teachings we should be thoroughly familiar with rhythmic vibrations and some of their outward manifestations; such vibrations may vary from a comparatively few per second expressing as sound, to others of higher frequencies running into millions of vibrations per second and manifesting as Electricity, Heat, Light, X-rays, etc.

The Rosicrucian student knows also that he is subject to vibratory influences from the zodiac and planets and although he cannot see them he knows through the science of astrology that these vibrations affect and mold his entire physical and spiritual life. He also knows that not only he but all creation is subject to

and molded by this vibratory power which is none the less powerful because invisible.

Max Heindel tells us that each individual has a "keynote" to which he responds by a distinct vibration on the back of the lower part of the head when that "keynote" is struck. If the note is struck soothingly it will build and rest the body, tone the nerves and restore health; if struck in a loud, dominant way the opposite result will be produced, and if the note is sounded harshly long enough it will kill.

The destructive effect of certain vibratory rates has been observed and demonstrated by the material scientist who in his experiments has carried these vibrations into frequencies of millions per second and has seen them kill small fish and devitalize bacteria, sour milk, and fry eggs through blocks of ice, and burn holes in wood.

However, it is not the intention to deal with the entire range of vibrations and their constructive and destructive effects but only with that part of the range which we know as sound and about which Max Heindel writes that "these invisible sound vibrations have great power over concrete matter. They can both build and destroy."

This range of sound vibrations extends roughly from the 4th to the 15th octave inclusive, or from 16 vibrations per second to 32,768 vibrations per second, and includes all that the keenest ear is capable of detecting.

Some ears are keener than others and again some ears can detect differences of tone which others cannot distinguish.

For its accuracy of tone perception the human ear depends upon the accuracy of the adjustment of the three semicircular canals which are situated inside the ear and also upon the extreme delicacy of the

"fibres of Corti," of which the human ear possesses 10,000.

These fibres interpret about 25 gradations of tone but if you are only an ordinary musician you may only detect 15 tones. If you are of the non-musical majority of people then you will not detect any more than from 3 to 10 gradations in tone.

Irrespective of your ability to distinguish tone your ear will tolerate sounds of regular pulsations within the sound range but irregular pulsations even in lower frequencies will cause you distress.

It will be seen, therefore, from the above paragraphs that sound vibrations may either be constructive or destructive, may either upset or soothe, but if we remember our definition of noise we see at once that noise can be nothing else but harmful.

This truth was discovered some time ago but from a different angle by the manufacturers of industrial machinery, automobiles, household and office appliances, etc., who found that noise and cross vibrations were destructive to the life and usefulness of their products. When the loss of sales touched their pocketbooks they proceeded to do something about it.

So well did they work that today noise and cross vibrations are well understood and a definite technique for the detection, measurement, and elimination of these deterrents has been well established.

The recent adoption by the American Standards Association of the American Tentative Standard for noise measurements and for sound-level meters has done much to standardize methods and instruments and to provide industry with a definite yard stick for noise measurement.

With definite means of control in his hand no industrial manufacturer is going to offer the public a noisy machine when his competitor has a noiseless one for sale. We saw the effect the introduction of the noiseless typewriter two decades ago had on the typewriter industry as a whole—other manufacturers were forced to offer

new models in which noiselessness was the feature stressed to overcome sales resistance.

In radio, the broadcasting systems with sensitive microphones, with a lack of proper acoustics in their studios, and the telephone company with their need of proper transmission over cross-country wires, have done much in producing definite results by their research in the field of noise reduction.

The detection of, and response of the ear to, different sound intensities follows no simple rule but one which is roughly logarithmic and for this reason the decibel scale (which is logarithmic and represents, fundamentally, a ratio between sound power and sound pressure) has been adopted for sound measurements.

This was a natural choice, for this scale is widely used for measurements in electrical and communication fields. Without going into details it is sufficient to know that a noise rating of *zero decibels* represents approximately the threshold of hearing of a person whose ears are somewhat better than the average. Therefore a sound-level reading of 10 decibels represents a noise or sound which is 10 times louder than the barest perceptible noise or zero decibels and so on.

In order that the relative loudness of various sounds or noises may be judged a list of sound-level readings is given below:*

	Decibels
The barest perceptible noise would rate	0
The quiet rustle of leaves would rate	10
A quiet whisper would rate	20
Country roadside noises would rate	30
Sounds within an average dwelling would rate	35
Sounds within a quiet office would rate	40
Sounds within an average office would rate	50
Conversation in a room would rate	60
Noise from a washing machine would rate	62
Noise from a typewriter would rate	70
Heavy street traffic would rate	90
The blare from an auto horn would rate	120
A pneumatic rock drill in action would rate	130

*Some technical data supplied by General Radio Co., of Cambridge, Mass.

What has all this to do with the Rosicrucian student? is a fair question and its answer takes us back to the opening paragraph of this article in which the student was told that silence was one of the greatest helps in soul growth.

If silence is one of the greatest helps in soul growth then noise must be detrimental to one's spiritual progress.

From the material side the modern scientist proves that noise acts adversely on human beings both physically and psychologically.

Both morphine and nitroglycerine are powerful brain drugs but neither one is as powerful in its effects on the brain as is noise. For example, the sudden slamming of a door or the noise from a child's pop-gun will increase the pressure on the brain as much as 400 per cent in just a few seconds.

Noise will also set up electrical impulses along your nerves and produce a neurotic, muddled mental condition. Noise will stimulate your pulse and increase your blood pressure. It retards the normal growth of all young mammals but in adults it increases their basal

metabolism (the process of building up and tearing down the tissues in the body) so that they live faster, die earlier, are less active and do not fight disease.

Bearing all these effects in his mind it becomes the duty of the Rosicrucian student to become "noise-conscious" and then make some effort to reduce unnecessary noise both at home and in his office or factory.

While the reduction of noise is really a civic duty and much has been done along these lines by the cities of London and New York yet the average citizen can do much in his own particular sphere to reduce noise.

The advanced student, particularly, is peculiarly sensitive to noise and adverse vibrations, and while it is essential that he develop poise under all conditions and in all environments yet it would be foolish to carry an excessive burden of this nature when by intelligent cooperation much of our noise can be eliminated or at least reduced.

It is not possible for all of us to flee to the mountains for quietness, so let us strive for it in our daily surroundings.

"Apollo's Seven-Stringed Lyre"

In our Earth life we are so immersed in the little noises and sounds of our limited environment that we are incapable of hearing the music of the marching orbs, but the occult scientist hears it. He knows that the twelve signs of the Zodiac and the seven planets form the sounding-board and strings of "Apollo's seven-stringed lyre." He knows that were a single discord to mar the celestial harmony from that grand Instrument there would be "a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds."

The power of rhythmic vibration is well known to all who have given the subject even the least study. A few years ago, a band of musicians were practicing in a garden close to the very solid wall of an old castle. There occurred at a certain place in the music a prolonged and very piercing tone. When this note was sounded the wall of the castle suddenly fell. The musicians had struck the keynote of the wall and it was sufficiently prolonged to shatter it.—Max Heindel in "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception."

Divine Guidance

An Eastertide Study

By VERNON C. HILL



The first day of the week cometh Mary of Magdala early when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher.

HIS is the history of a discovery which has meant more to the world than any other event in history. The discovery that Christ lives. It was made by a woman Jesus Christ had healed and brought to peace. Honor is due to her, for the revelation came about by a venture of faith and love—by following the heart—the intuition rather than reason. Like many other pioneers she found far more than she dreamed when she went to seek, yet the *manner* of her finding was not altogether a happy one; on the face it would appear to be a blind alley, a method which would not lead to any tangible result.

What was it made this devoted woman linger round the scene of so much sadness and disaster? It must be borne in mind that the general belief of the people gave no indication that they had grasped the truth of the Resurrection; even the little band of followers who were closest to Jesus Christ understood Him merely upon a human plane. The doubts of Thomas! The despair of the two disciples journeying to Emmaus! Phillip's blindness as to the going and return of Christ! Mary's surprise at His unexpected appearance! All tend to prove they were not expecting His immediate return. Probably had she herself been questioned she would not have been able to have given any definite reason. Then why this pilgrimage to the tomb? It becomes an interesting study in the labyrinthine working of the mind.

A clue comes to us when we remember this was the spot where she had last seen the One she loved, and love undoubtedly played a great part in directing her footsteps thither. There is ever a center of

attraction, a deep in the beloved which answers to a deep in the lover. Those are the true seekers who are animated with the love impulse, the true Christ Spirit.

To the orthodox mind this is the all-sufficient motive governing the incident, and no one will deny that it imparts a beauty and glory to the scene which will never fade, for love is the basic power of the Universe: God is love. But to those who have by means of the Rosicrucian Philosophy grasped something of the grand destiny of the human race, to them there are underlying implications which vitally affect human life and destiny.

The earnest student conning these things over in his mind will ever be asking himself, Why and what is the nature of this hidden imperative summons to some house, garden, or friend? a power often operating against personal inclination and pointing to a rendezvous which apparently leads nowhere. Frequently one hears such remarks as these, "I really don't know what it was led me to do this thing," or "to go there" or "to write that letter," etc., referring to some event in their lives.

What has placed the seal of God upon these happenings is that the results have been good and fruitful, as history has so often proved, and in some cases revelations have resulted which have altered the whole life of the individual, and even the course of history itself. We need go no further than the case before us. To Mary it brought untold joy and gladness, re-suscitating all her hopes which had fallen in ruins about her feet. On the other hand, it was an event which widened far beyond the personal aspect causing the

truth of the Resurrection to live in the lives of countless men and women of every age.

Here then we see the great purpose of God working on lives (at least in its initial stages) in a very human and even prosaic manner.

It is also interesting to note that this pressure may at times be exerted in a way one might call negative or arresting. As an illustration, Stephen Grellet, a French Quaker, records the following in his diary: "It was in my heart to go to the ancient and modern capital of Italy . . . as I was going to engage my passage for that port, my mind was introduced into unutterable distress—gross darkness seemed to be before me. I stood still for awhile and found I could not proceed. I returned to my lodgings and in my chamber poured forth my soul to the Lord, entreating Him to guide me aright. . . . He very graciously condescended to be near me in my distress and to hear the voice of my supplication. He gave me to see and strongly feel that to Rome and Naples I should go, but the time for it had not yet come, and the language of the spirit was to proceed with all speed to Geneva and Switzerland." He afterwards learned that the armies of Napoleon were in full flight and had he proceeded he would have been shut in Italy for a protracted period. This was a vivid experience with some supernatural phenomena.

It is a well attested fact that the early Friends were so sensitively in touch with the guidance given by the Spirit that they moved unerringly and confidently to their objective or waited in patient obedience as the case might be. In this respect one might liken them to the trembling of a needle toward the pole.

In Quaker history one frequently comes across phrases like these: "I did not feel clear of this service," or "I felt a stop in my mind," or, "A way opened for me to proceed." So, it was not only a question of Constraint but Restraint, clearly proving that the inward monitor moved with wisdom and discrimina-

tion. Friends summed this up as Divine Guidance, and so indeed it was, as all guidance is that is given by the spark of the spirit, that inner "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" when the spirit is allowed to work unhampered and unhindered through its outer vehicles.

Those who are familiar with Quaker history know that this discovery of the inner light was a step forward in the religion of the Spirit. Previous to that time religion had been at a very low ebb and what remained of it was largely objective and outward in its character.

The coming of Fox and the quakers caused a new orientation to Jesus Christ and the Kingdom He came to establish. It was a change from outward to inner illumination; from exoteric to esoteric religion. In a word, it was one of those great spiritual movements in the souls of men which marked the advent of the Aquarian influence and consequently a break with Piscean Age formalism. It was bound to cause a turning away from systems of creeds and dogma which hitherto had bound religion hand and foot in the grave clothes of dead and decadent forms. It may be well summed up in the experience of a man of piety living in that age who wrote: "For in an inward, silent frame of mind seeking for the Divine Presence, I was favored to find in me what I had so long and with so many tears, sought for without me."

That movement has been a preparation for a still greater advance on the upward path. There is an opening up by means of Occult Science, a knowledge of the inner working of the spirit on the various vehicles which make up man's personality, in order that he may arrive at a more intimate understanding of his own composite being. And having this knowledge he may so order his life and conduct as to advance more quickly upon the path than he would otherwise be able to do.

We are largely indebted for this spiritual acceleration to the modern seer, Max Heindel, working under the instruction and supervision of the Elder Broth-

ers, who have the spiritual welfare of our planet under their control. In this way those who are possessed or becoming possessed with the Aquarian or Christ Spirit are receiving enlightenment upon those things which were previously dark, inscrutable, and enigmatical.

In order to give some evidence as to how this is being achieved let us take one of his most revealing passages on page 90 of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, which we shall find relevant to our present study: "The spirit, working through the mind, has instant access to the storehouse of conscious memory and may at any time resurrect any of the pictures found there, endue them with new spiritual force and project them upon the desire body to compel action. Each time such a picture is thus used it will gain in vividness, strength and efficiency, and will compel action along its particular line more readily than on previous occasions, because it cuts grooves and produces the phenomenon of thought, 'gaining' or 'growing' upon us by repetition."

Here then we see clearly set forth both *Cause* and *Effect* and the bearing it has upon that attitude of mind which is known as "the inferiority complex." By constantly holding before the mind the thought of *failure* a deeper imprint is made and tends to confirm the habit. This can only be changed by a stronger exercise of will raising from memory's storehouse thoughts of success or former successes, holding them continually before the mental vision until the former thoughts of failure are starved with indifference and sink back into the subconscious background. We must not digress too far as it is foreign to the subject we have in hand, but enough has been said to show how a content raised in the mind becomes clothed with desire substance

until it becomes a living and compelling force, and necessarily plays an essential part in the question of guidance.

It needs no stretch of imagination on the part of the reader to visualize this truth bearing fruit in the mind and soul of this dear woman during those fateful three days. Ennobling thoughts of that radiant figure who had crossed her path, and entering like a sunbeam into her life, had changed it from grey to gold. A love had been raised from the depths of her being by One whose Divine love has the power to draw from His children an answering affection. Thus was Mary furnished with the driving power which lay at the back of the garden episode.



If we may pursue the study further, we find the same process taking place among the early Friends. Put in bald terms they gave unstintingly of their time and effort for this crystallizing or maturing out of thought-forms. They were free from an entanglement of that spirit which is engendered by our vast industrial and economic systems, which

had at that time gained very little hold upon the nation. Living plain, simple, and good lives, much of their time was occupied in quiet waiting and meditation upon God in their homes and meeting houses. So the tide of spiritual life rose high and was a splendid illustration of the words, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Little wonder, indeed, that religion became such a potent force for good in a degenerate age.

"So to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught."

I have by design drawn upon this phase of this subject at considerable length, my purpose being to strongly emphasize the great need of cultivating this practice not

only for a particular sect or body but for each and all who are trying to travel the more excellent way. This can only be done by a recovery of this power through the channels of meditation and contemplation. It is of the utmost importance that we should recapture this spiritual rapture. A world situation is arising which has become a grave menace to spiritual progress: thoughts of hatred, revenge and war; intense suffering, disease, starvation, and death on an unprecedented scale, caused by ruthless men seeking power for themselves, are bound to bring an awful nemesis too great to contemplate. How desperately urgent for all men of good will in all lands to unite, and more especially those who belong to the Rosierucian Fellowship. Knowing as they do the law of consequence, they realize only too well that the piling up of arms on a vast scale is not security but is a perpetuation of the evil and is bound in the end to bring repercussions of a catastrophic nature.

It is our duty therefore to regularly seek quiet retirement in an atmosphere where thoughts of love and peace may be cultivated and radiated to others. In this way we shall be doing more for progress than any intellectual schemes we may seek to put into operation. It is for this reason that the daily exercises have been instituted. Thus, the student shall at the close of each day by an effort of will reconstruct before his mental vision the events that have transpired during his waking moments, subject every thought, word, and deed so far as he is able, to a searching analysis, taking to himself the measure of approval or blame as the case may be. He thus projects them upon the desire body, reclothing them with desire substance. The rejuvenated and reinforced substance becomes pabulum for the spirit, forming a reserve reservoir of spiritual forces to draw upon in future.

The Apostle Paul knew the great value of this method of soul-culture when he laid this injunction upon the Philippian Church: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever

things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . *think on these things.*" (Philippians 4:8.)

A pertinent question may crop up in the minds of some. How much or how little did the Apostle know concerning this matter? How is it possible to form a correct judgment upon his attitude? Let us try to consider the situation from a practical point of view. It may be urged with truth that he was a stranger to that body of accumulated facts that have been garnered by the numerous Scientific Schools that are in existence today. It is therefore essential that we should make some reference to the part that Psychology and kindred sciences have had in elucidating these things.

Modern psychologists blessed with analytical skill and devotion to truth have undoubtedly amassed for use a vast array of interesting facts concerning differing states of mind and their outward manifestation, which has been rightly termed the Science of Behavior. I feel that it will be conceded by most thinking people that I am giving what is the generally accepted view when I say that no man in this age has penetrated deeper into the profound depths of personality than Professor Wm. James in his classical work, *Varieties of Religious Experiences*. It is a compilation, which, of its kind will probably remain unsurpassed.

That being so it is extremely interesting to note that there is one pregnant sentence which might in truth be said to be a commentary upon the book as a whole. He states: "The whole of our instances leads to a conclusion something like this: *It is as if there were in the human consciousness, a sense of reality, a feeling of objective presence, a perception of what we may call something there, more deep and more general than any of the special and particular senses by which the current psychology supposed existent realities to be originally revealed.*"

Such an admission coming from so great a man rather enhances than belittles him and the science he adorns. Perhaps

I can do him no greater honor than to state that he has become a sort of John the Baptist, a preparer of the way for that greater spiritual science which in process of time is bound to supersede it. It may therefore be stated at once that any advance will have to be conducted along occult or supernatural channels. Everything that manifests on the material planes has its origin in the realms of the spirit. It is along such lines that we are now getting firsthand information concerning those beings and powers dimly sensed by many of the abnormal characters in Professor James' book, good and bad.

Hitherto we have seen how man is guided to action by his own interior forces, working on or through the inner vehicles. Here we come across a new factor which undoubtedly has to be taken into account when considering the question of guidance. A certain measure of influence is exerted on the person by what we may term as impact from without. That is, power projected from one being to another.

Occult Science teaches that there are invisible beings who are supremely interested in those of the human life-wave and who by their presence exercise a beneficial or baneful influence upon the neophyte, of which he is often unaware.

Now let us refer once again to the question previously asked. Was Paul restricted in the sense we have described? The answer is definitely No. The Apostle being initiated into the divine mysteries and possessing the gift of illumination, by clear-seeing vouchsafed to all those who have progressed sufficiently upon the path, was by virtue of this fact able to dispense with all material standards; indeed, it is impossible on any other basis to arrive at a logical conclusion concerning much of the divine guidance given to him.

One instance among the many may suffice. We have it recorded in Acts 16: 7,9-10: "They essayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not. . . . And a vision appeared to Paul

in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. . . . Immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them."

Therein lay the secret of the success of this servant of God. He was able to contact reality on higher planes. To him the Universe was one grand whole, visible and invisible. So that when writing The Epistle to the Hebrews he lays this injunction upon them: "Wherefore seeing we also are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith" (12:1,2). He certainly was not speaking in any narrow or restricted sense; his survey extended from the serried ranks of glorified souls, to myriads of Angels in festal gathering; the assembly of the first-born registered in heaven, to the spirits of great men made perfect.

It is in this way that one sees the great sweep of the law of affinity, where like is attracted to like. It should be a source of very great comfort to lowly placed souls like ourselves whose eyes are still holden from these glories by sin and ignorance, to know that we may have the help and guidance without which it would be impossible to progress. As Max Heindel points out in his *Mystical Interpretation of Easter*, page 34: "And were we alone it could not be accomplished; but the divine hierarchies who have guided humanity upon the path of evolution from the beginning of our career are still active and working with us from their sidereal worlds, and with their help we shall eventually be able to accomplish this elevation of humanity as a whole and attain to an individual realization of glory, honor, and immortality."

It must be clearly understood that this does not imply a taking away of the freedom of the individual. The will to

choose what direction the pilgrim desires to take is kept inviolate, and can only be lost by the person's deliberately handing his vehicles over in psychic mediumship or hypnotism to others; a result follows which brings about incalculable loss dreadful to contemplate. It is true:

“Our wills are ours, we know not how—
Our wills are ours to make them Thine”

To the aspiring soul who has set his mind and heart upon the upward path, let it be said that by that very act his will becomes blended with those of a like nature, and to a greater or less extent he becomes sensitive to the higher vibrations of love and power possessed by these greater beings. Discerning souls whilst in the dense body have been able oftentimes to verify this for themselves when they have met together in loving fellowship with those who are likeminded with themselves; bound together by the bonds of the spirit, there are subtle emanations given forth by each which create a spiritual atmosphere to which all in differing degree and according to capacity become susceptible. In this way the humble Christian becomes fired with missionary zeal to carry on God's purpose for Him in the world.

In conclusion I would like to remind my readers that this benign power is bestowed on individuals as well as on the corporate body. To those “who have set the Lord before them” He is bound in due course to become a living reality; indeed, we may say that all those actors in that grand drama of the Resurrection Scene were in the requisite attitude of soul for the re-appearing of Christ. Their thoughts were concerned with Him. By faith they still felt themselves related to Him: Thomas struggling with his doubts and wondering in some indefinable way whether they would be dispelled; Peter broken-hearted because of his betrayal, and yearning for forgiveness from the only One Who could grant it to him; the two despairing disciples walking with bowed heads and hearts to Emmaus and vaguely wondering whether the Kingdom

could be set up; Mary with a sorrow-laden heart yet drawn by the cords of a tender love. All in their various ways were questing for their Risen Lord, a questing which was bound sooner or later to bring them into the Divine Presence whether in the upper chamber or the garden.

As Eastertide draws near, we behold a changing world, and the glory of His words will be flooding our souls from every side, “I am Resurrection, I am Life” (Moffat), as we continue to gaze upon the new robe of early green clothing the trees and carpeting the meadows. Shall we not think of Him who said, *Behold I make all things new?*—Who, creating an awakening in the heart of the Prodigal, utters from a heart of infinite love, *Bring forth the best robe and put it on him?* Shall we not also take it as a loving invitation to awake from our blindness, our sloth, our sin, and put on our beautiful garments?

What food for thought is here when once more we see the beautiful flowers springing in nook and cranny and hedgerow and listen with joy in our hearts to our little feathered brothers filling the woods with their full-throated melody.

Is it too much to invite you to let your thoughts go back to the first great cause, and to that sublime being, the Christ, from whom originates all this throbbing, bursting life, pulsating in all things, this riot of rich coloring peeping shyly yet profusely forth in nature's wide domains, this grand chorus from the songsters of earth with their myriad tuneful lays; and then with chastened hearts and bowed heads to try to enter into that still deeper realization of the stupendous sacrifice that was made by Him, His sufferings on Golgotha, the agony and cramping of imprisonment in the earth, followed by a sense of gladness that the last scene in the garden is once more being re-enacted in our midst. Once more this Majestic Soul ascends from earth to His Father and to our Father.

“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.”

The World Between

BY ALVIE JOHNSON DECHENE

(TWO PARTS—PART ONE)

“MARVEL!”
The voice was faint, like a distant echo. I lifted my head from the mass of flowers on the grave. Mother must be calling me, I thought dully. She would be as impatient with my grief as she had been reluctant to let me come here today.

“Marvel!” It came again, soft, caressing, unlike mother’s vigorous tone. Could it be the voice of the woman who was standing a little way off among the graves? I wiped the tears from my eyes—what had become of her? She was there—and now, suddenly, she was gone. Nowhere could I see that tall graceful figure, so like Aunt Emily’s. But nobody ever was, ever could be, so lovely as she. Oh, how could I bear it, never to see her again?

I burst into a fresh storm of sobbing. Then mother, red-eyed but composed, was there lifting me to my feet and leading me down the path to the car waiting at the gate.

All the twelve years of my life I had been Emily’s favorite, getting all the attention and all the gifts. My parents, I knew, disapproved of this partiality, thinking it unfair to Marion and Alfred, who didn’t like it either. But I had never been strong, so they humored me.

As the car rolled along the old brick road I thought with an aching heart of Emily’s red-wheeled buggy and sorrel pony, of our many drives together. She would never replace the buggy with a car, though cars were now plentiful in our town. Emily thought automobiles, like so many modern inventions, noisy and vulgar.

How many happy days I had spent with my aunt in her cottage by the lake, where she lived alone with her yellow

cat, Muggs, satisfied with her books, her music, her love of nature and me, seldom associating with other people. On warm days we ate lunch out under a tree near the water, watching the white clouds sail across the sky in their many curious shapes, “sky pictures” we called them, weaving them into poems which Emily wrote down in the note book she always carried in her pocket.

“Some day we will publish our verses,” she said; “*Nature Lore*, by Marvel and Emily,” making my heart swell with joy. Now that would never be, for Emily was gone. They had buried her yesterday, while I sobbed at home.

Mother squeezed my hand as we climbed out of the car at our door.

“You rest, Marvel, while I get dinner,” said she gently. And when she called me to the table I sat there in silence, eating nothing.

“You must try, Marvel,” urged mother. “We all have to adjust ourselves to loss. Of course this has been a great shock to you, but it is hard for me too. Emily was my own sister. We were children together; memories come surging when a loved one has departed,” her voice broke and tears stood in her eyes. “But I must make the best of it for your sakes, and so must you, for ours. We have to go on living, you know.”

“I don’t want to live,” I sobbed, pushing back my chair.

“Hmmm—sometimes things that seem bad at the time turn out all for the best,” said father.

Resentfully, I pondered these words when I got upstairs. How could things turn out for the best with Emily forever gone? I went to bed with a severe headache, made worse by the remembrance that she couldn’t come to me and lay her cool hand on my forehead.

My mind darted here and there over

our life together, the afternoons when we gathered wild flowers along the lake bank, Emily queenly in pale blue frocks. Even now, after all we endured in the weeks that followed, I can truthfully say that she was the most beautiful woman I have ever known. It was she who chose my name when I was born.

"*Marvel Emily* just suits her," she had insisted, until my parents gave in. "You are a marvel," she said to me so many times that I really began to believe I was.

Emily taught me to play her harp. "Pianos are so tinny and clattery," she used to say. So when father bought us a piano, I refused to play it, saying quietly, "Let Alfred and Marion play. I prefer the harp—pianos are so tinny."

"Well, forevermore!" gasped mother.

"That sounds somewhat secondhand to me," said father tersely. "Whom have you heard say that, Marvel?"

I gave him an offended look and flounced out of the room. Even now as I lay in bed, the memory of their suppressed laughter angered me. Footsteps were mounting the stairs. I jumped up and locked the door. Soon there was a fumbling with the door knob, then mother's voice.

"Let me in, dear, I've brought you a tray."

"I don't want anything," I answered dully from my bed.

"Well, unlock your door!" she spoke briskly. "Father and I have warned you children repeatedly against locking yourselves in. Come, dear!" as I hesitated. "I've made some chocolate like Emily's. I'm sure she would want you to drink it."

I knew no one could make chocolate like Emily, and it choked me to think of swallowing anything.

"No, Mother! I'm all right, I've gone to bed, and I don't want anything," my voice growing high-pitched.

She paused for a moment, then added quietly, "Very well, dear, but leave your door open. We won't bother you."

I heard her footsteps descend the stairs

as I turned the key in the lock, raised my shade and got into bed. The moonlight filtered in through the ruffled curtains, which were like Emily's.

I thought of her poor little cottage standing out there by the lake, without even a light in it. How lonely it must have been too, since that dreadful accident. I hadn't even been able to say good-bye to Emily. I sobbed into my pillow as I thought of that horrible afternoon when I had come home from my half-day at school, to find the police at the house.

"She stepped right in the path of the truck," they explained. "The driver was helpless."

Tomorrow I would go out to Emily's little cottage. What would become of it now, I wondered? Would someone else live in it? I almost stopped breathing. "No, no!" I cried aloud. I just couldn't bear that. All of Aunt Emily's lovely things and her dainty rooms in the hands of strangers! I began to scream and flew to the door.

"Mother, Mother!" I called. In an instant the whole family was at the foot of the stairs.

"What is it, Marvel?" cried mother, white faced, running up.

"Is Aunt Emily's house going to be sold? Will someone else live in it?" I wailed.

"Oh, child, what a start you gave us!" gasped she, seating herself on the top step. "Yes, I suppose someone will. Nothing has been settled about her estate yet. She made a will, didn't she, Mark?"

"I suppose so," my father answered. "Now Marvel, you must get a hold of yourself. Everything is going to be taken care of. He was climbing the stairs as he spoke. Now he picked me up in his strong arms. "You frightened us half to death; I'm going to take you downstairs for some nourishment. Aunt Emily was instantly killed, so she didn't worry about anything. You know her motto always was, 'be calm and cheerful!' She's at rest now, so you must calm yourself."

Then I was ashamed of my outburst.

Aunt Emily most assuredly wouldn't have run screaming from the room. Father pulled the blanket close over my feet and held me before the crackling fire in the living room as I sipped my chocolate, Alfred and Marion standing apart, silently watching, a trifle amused and a trifle envious, I thought. Although younger, Alfred and Marion were taller and much more robust than I.

After I had finished, father got up, placed me gently in the chair, and took my tray to the kitchen, where he remained with the others. I could hear them talking and bustling about the various household tasks which had been sorely neglected the last few days. They sounded happy, not despairing like me. All at once it seemed that I was forgotten—and I didn't have Emily any more! I didn't have anyone, I wanted to die.

I sat there disconsolate, then coughed painfully several times, but no one heard me; they were actually laughing about something in the kitchen. I leaned over in my chair so far that I fell to the floor, knocking over the fire set with a terrible clatter. I lay where I had fallen. The whole family rushed in excitedly from the kitchen.

"She's fainted, poor dear!" exclaimed mother. I kept my eyes closed. "Get some water, quickly," she urged. I was afraid they were going to throw it in my face, so braced myself for it, but they didn't. Mother gently patted my cheeks and forehead with the wet corner of a towel. At last I opened my eyes.

"There, dear," she crooned, "Mother's darling is having a bad time." Then briskly, "Take her up to the spare room, Mark; I'll sleep with her tonight."

Father picked me up, blanket and all, and carried me upstairs, while mother locked up and followed. He tucked me in the big guest bed, kissing me tenderly. I lay there watching mother prepare for bed. Although

Emily's sister, she was almost the exact opposite in looks, short and stout, with coarse, dark hair which curled about her ears. So different from Emily's soft, blonde waves, which were never out of place; the corners of mother's wide mouth turned up in her ruddy face. She was always enthusiastically hurrying with this and that. "There is never half enough time," she'd lament. She loved people, and often had a roomful of women in for the afternoon. They sewed and chatted, and mother served afternoon tea. I didn't like them; they made too much noise. Emily didn't like them either.

Finally mother was ready for bed. She knelt in prayer, her striped flannel gown stretched across her shoulders as she rested her head on her arms. I closed my eyes, picturing my slender, beautiful Emily in her dainty silks. Tears squeezed out from under my lids and ran down my cheeks.

"Marvel," a soft voice called.

I opened my eyes. Mother was still kneeling there occasionally sniffing. I knew she was thinking of her sister, and I felt more kindly toward her. Then my eyes wandered to the foot of the bed—there, faint and shadowy, stood Aunt Emily. Now I knew the identity of the woman in the cemetery. Emily smiled.

"Oh!" I cried ecstatically. Mother rose then, and Emily slowly disappeared. But she loved me and was coming back to see me from wherever she was wandering, I thought. Comforted, I dropped to sleep feeling her presence, although mother's arm was about me.

"Oh, Emily always gets her way," mother would say when father objected to our companionship.

"Marvel's too young," he would storm. "She should be romping with children her own age. It isn't natural."

"I know it isn't. I've tried every argument I



know with Emily," mother defended herself. "Suppose you try to reason with her. She won't give in, I'm warning you. Sometimes I think she has some hypnotic power."

"Bosh!" retorted father. "I'll manage her!"

Nevertheless, a few days later his resolution was tested. The question was of a three-day trip to the city with my aunt. Father contended that I was too young for so long an excursion, and that I needed the week-end for rest, but Emily held her ground. Her only show of emotion was a slightly heightened color in her cheeks, and just a tiny flash of fire in her half closed eyes, the confident smile never leaving her lips. In the end we went.

Alfred and Marion made every effort to entice me into games, but I couldn't get interested. Daily I walked out to the lake just to see that the cottage was still there and uninhabited.

One afternoon after my return home, I threw myself down on the lawn beside the children, as they played a game of mumble-peg, which I had not the heart to enter. I felt unusually lonely. The green shutters on the little white house were closed, and somehow it had looked so pathetic standing in the midst of Emily's flowers. I began to sob violently. Alfred and Marion at a loss, merely looked helplessly at me. At first I didn't hear it plainly—it was just a suggestion of a sound—then quite clearly I heard my name. I sat up quickly. Through a blur of tears I saw my Emily in front of the lilac bush.

"Emily!" I cried.

Alfred and Marion, frightened, jumped to their feet, shook me and asked what was the matter. Emily vanished. The children urged me to go into the house, and I didn't object; I was happy now, for I knew my dear aunt was never far away.

The next day father and mother conferred in low tones for some time before dinner. They were both solemn, looking strangely at me from time to time during the meal. After dinner father took

me on his knee and said that Emily had left me all her property, both personal and real. These terms he explained at great length, but all I understood was that Emily's pretty things, her house, her horse and buggy, and Muggs, were mine. I was very happy. He produced two keys; one he put in my hand, and the other on his key ring, cautioning me however, against going out to the house—my house—alone. Because it had belonged to Emily, and I loved it, I wore the key on a gold chain about my neck underneath my dress.

I meant to obey my father, but one day as I strolled about the garden, I felt a cool hand on my arm, urging me onward. I looked about, but no one was there. Then I had a sensation of a hand holding mine. I felt no fear, for I believed it was Emily, and gladly responded. The hand led along the by-streets to her cottage. I walked among the flowers for a time, pulling a weed here and there; then suddenly responding to the gentle tugging at my arm, I unlocked the door and entered the cottage.

The familiar rooms awakened memories of many happy days, bringing tears to my eyes. Each piece of furniture seemed almost a part of Emily, and I found comfort in touching the smooth surfaces. Emily was all about me, yet I couldn't see her. I ran from room to room calling her, but she didn't come. I lay down on her bed then, burying my face in the cool pillow, and sobbed. We had been so happy, and now the whole world seemed empty, and dear Emily could never come back! Never! I lay there watching the curtains at the window I had opened, flutter in the breeze, reaching out like arms toward me, then slip back over the sill with a sigh.

At last I dried my eyes and got up. I caught a flash of blue beside the harp, like the blue Emily used to wear. I went into the living room and ran my fingers lightly over the strings, then sat down and mechanically, began to play.

(To be concluded)

Thoughts on the New Race

BY GERTRUDE LAPAGE



T the present time many minds are centered on the thought of a new race, and one frequently hears or reads the statement, "Civilization will destroy itself," caused no doubt by war conditions in Europe and Asia. But this is only partly true, for there must ever be destruction (a leveling) before there can be construction. Though nations encounter disaster, their absolute course can never be retrograde; it is always onward, even if temporarily tending to dissolution. Pascal was more than justified in his assertion that "the entire succession of men through the whole course of ages, must be regarded as one man, always living and incessantly learning."

There is progress for a race which is as well marked as the progress for a man. There are thoughts and actions appertaining to specific periods in the one case as in the other. Groups of men, nations, are disturbed by the same incidents, or complete the same cycle as the individual. Some scarcely pass beyond infancy, some are suddenly destroyed in middle life, while others merely die of old age. Human affairs must be looked upon as in continuous movement and altogether transient.

Through the immutable law of cause and effect nations rise and fall, and new races are born. They pass from infancy to manhood, then to their prime and on to old age, when, in their senility, all power, action, and glory converge into death throes, thence to be swallowed by succeeding nations. Many a conqueror has traversed land and sea with the conviction that his race, his nation, was first and greatest, only, astonishingly, to discover others more advanced.

Alexander in 334 B.C. discovered that the Pyramids had stood for more than twenty centuries, a mighty monument to

a greater civilization. Babylon also had its ancient history in its walls more than sixty miles in compass and eighty feet in height, and so broad that six chariots could drive abreast on the top. Again he must have marveled at the observatory wherein the Chaldean astronomers had studied the stars, leaving a series of astronomical observations ranging still further back. They had detected the precession of the equinoxes and knew the causes of eclipses and could predict them. Great as modern science is we cannot help being overwhelmed when we read of palaces with hanging gardens in which huge trees were growing in mid-air. Alexander must have stood in mute wonderment at the wreckage of the hydraulic machinery that had supplied the gardens with water from the river, and of the tunnel running under the river bed.

Persia offers us the most dazzling tales of splendor, of wealth in gold and precious stones, and a greatness in literature, agriculture, and architecture. We are told Persia had its knowledge of optics, its sundials, water clocks, and its own method of printing and engraving accomplished by a revolving roller which produced the cuneiform letters. The Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Persians, dates back hundreds of years before the Christian Era.

India, country of vast and unknown greatness, can boast of age-old treasures in literature, art, and architecture. Their sacred scriptures, the Vedas, comprise more than one hundred books, and are of great antiquity. The ruined cities of India, with their forests of carving, demonstrate the existence of a high civilization.

Mexico, Central and South America, all possess evidences of culture and of mighty men.

Some have thought that this new race

which is to rise, is with us already in that of Japan: others have claimed Poland, and again others have said Russia. Yet others have their hopes in a renaissance of the Celtic race. It is the United States of America, in the writer's opinion, which holds forth the greatest promise of the future. What other nation has accomplished so much in 500 years? From her primitive forests and vast plains, with scattered villages occupied only by the primitive red men, cities arose in forty-eight states, cities of skyscrapers and educational institutions; laboratories of scientific research, various industries, and the many spiritual and economic movements for the betterment of mankind. All this puts America in the vanguard of the nations of the world.

What is this new race, you ask? Is it not a race born of amalgamation of all races, the Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Indian, Negroid, Asiatic, etc.? Truly, America is a land of miracles and it is to be hoped that she will rise above all the bickerings and greed which surround her, which have been the downfall of other great and powerful nations.

If we are to regard prophecies, this new race which is to be evolved on earth will be a spiritual race. In the past, tribes grew in greatness until with gathered strength and inspiration they expanded and became great nations. The white nations have conquered many tribes and peoples in all parts of the world, and are undoubtedly the wealthiest from the standpoint of territorial possessions, but the new race will hardly be judged by its colonial possessions. The Bible states that he that "leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." God grant that America may be able to point the way to brotherhood of nations.

Again we read: "Another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the world is ripe."

Who knows but perhaps the separation

of the peoples has already begun, and the threshing already commenced—the seeds of the new race already being separated from the chaff. There is no waste in nature, and those who die in wars, pestilences, and catastrophes will be reborn in a new field where they will be given new opportunities to complete unfinished lessons and to reap rewards on earth.

The new age shall breed a race of beings who will restore all the lost mysteries and lost arts, and will make the precepts of Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Brahmah, and Mohammed a living force. And from the hearts of this new race will burst forth joyful song because the Light will have pierced the crustations of malice, hatred, envy, greed, and intolerance.

In the last days, the days of separation of the chaff from the wheat, when the call to arms is sounded, may we be among the valiant beings in shining armor (soul-bodies) bearing the shield of true brotherhood born of brotherly love, worthy to be chosen as seeds of the new race. Remember that "the choosing is not to be done contrary to the will of the chosen. Each man must choose for himself; he must *willingly* enter the ranks" of pioneers of that new great race, warriors who have fought the great battle of life and whose victory has won for them a glorious immortality.

The Law of God is perfect. In that day shall all hands be clasped: African, Egyptian, Hindu, Persian, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Grecian, Roman, Chinese, Jew and Christian.

The Jewish Bible says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Quran says: "Be good to thy neighbor whether he be your own people or a stranger."

The Christian says: "Let us not love in word or in tongue but in deed and in truth."

The prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth," is destined to be fulfilled, but the *time* of fulfillment depends upon the degree of aspiration and practical effort of every human being.

The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and not to be confused with fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves.

The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that a child is born *at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary* for its experience and advancement in the school of life.

Bringing Astrology Down to Earth

BY EDITH M. EATON

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)

PERHAPS many of us have found it difficult to remember the symbols and understand a science that deals with planets and configurations so many million miles away from us. Maybe we question whether things so far away can have an influence upon our lives. We are told that certain signs are watery, others fiery, etc., and that persons born under each sign have certain characteristics. We look at a chart and are told that certain symbols and aspects mean certain things and still our memory is sometimes unable to retain all these things. But I have found that the science can be applied to our own earth and the characteristics of its composition can be used in describing the traits in character in each sign. It has enabled me to remember these configurations more clearly so now I am going to pass them on to you.

First of all I will begin with the Earthy signs and work upward into the Airy signs. Beginning with *Capricorn*, the 10th-house sign in the zodiac, which deals with our occupation and standing in life, we will have to go deep down into the mines and caverns because we learn that Saturn (ruler of Capricorn) crystallizes and as we look about us while in the

mines and caverns of the earth we find everything in a crystallized state, silent, dark, and mysterious. Saturn also brings gloom and misfortune and we may be more apt to think of these things rather than the benefits Saturn rewards us with, for in reality, Saturn is the best friend we have. The lessons we learn from him stand by us always, molding and perfecting us until we become like the beautiful gems that are found in the mines, or we may be like one of the stalactites or stalagmites formed by the slow process of crystallization, made up of many beautiful colors, and perhaps, if struck with a hammer, musical notes are produced. Then again we may not be like a beautiful, polished gem, worth many dollars, but we may be like the coal that is brought up from the mines. Not very beautiful to look at and not very highly priced, but upon close examination we may find traces of the fernlike growth that was the beginning of coal in ages past, a crystallization from a past life. Hidden in that coal is the fuel which furnishes warmth, cooks our food, provides the power to move engines of industry and propel ocean liners from one country to another.

Some Capricornians may be like these gloomy depths of the earth. Cold, unfriendly, they are apt to look upon the

severe and seamy side of life and very apt to forget that each is equipped with a miner's light in his cap the same as his fellow workers. His light alone does not cast a very bright beam, yet unknown to him it may guide another miner whose light has gone out; moreover, that light he has in his cap is his very own, to work by and help him to mine the coal or the gems that are brought to the surface for the use of his fellow man.

Patience and perseverance mark the Capricornian. Like the miner, he patiently toils until he again comes out into the sunshine. He may have to go back again and again, but he keeps returning to the life and light upon the surface.

I haven't said anything about the goat, the symbol of Capricorn, but a goat is said to be satisfied with a diet of "paper and tin cans," and so the Capricornian has learned to find satisfaction in the smallest and the meanest as well as the largest and best.

For *Virgo*, the 6th-house sign, which deals with health, work and service, we will consider the virgin soil, for is not the Virgin the symbol of *Virgo*? Into the life-giving minerals and moisture of the earth, the fruit trees and vegetables dig their roots. *Virgoans* are very fond of foodstuffs and may have fads in regard to their diet. This type of *Virgoan* we may liken to a strawberry patch. Year after year the ground helps in producing a crop of berries, but there comes a time when the plants are barren and either have to be moved to new ground or the old is allowed to remain fallow. That one who allows himself to remain fallow may forget that another crop of an entirely different kind might flourish there.

Other *Virgoans* may be the type who "enjoy" ill health and imagine they have all sorts of ills. Mercury, the ruler of *Virgo*, which is found in the earth as quicksilver, is the planet of mentality, therefore the ills of these particular *Virgoans* may be purely mental. Without the proper care the natural result is a poor crop of vegetables or fruit. With attention to fertilizing, weeding, and wise

control, the autumn may bring the reward of a bountiful harvest, not only for one individual, but for many.

To become acquainted with *Taurus* (2nd house) we shall just wander over the surface of the earth. To begin with, *Taurians* are firmly fixed in their ways and opinions. Did you ever try to move a huge boulder? It just couldn't be done; neither can you move a *Taurian* if he is of the huge boulder type. Look at the soil beneath your feet. That soil will remain in its place until you pick up part of it in a shovel and move it somewhere else, then it will stay there until you move it again. Only part of it can be moved at a time. Perhaps you have met *Taurians* who will only give in a little at a time.

This 2nd-house sign, which rules our finances and the way we earn our money, is ruled by Venus, and as we wander in the fields and meadows we see long stretches of green grass with occasional patches of daisies, buttercups, or other wild flowers. If we should happen to meet a bull, the symbol of *Taurus*, we might turn our steps quickly to a near-by garden and meet the cultivated type of *Taurian*. Whether it is a clod of earth, a beautiful meadow or garden, the keynote of them all is love, harmony, and rhythm. Storm and drought may destroy the meadow or garden, but the very next spring grass and flowers will spring forth anew.

Should you arouse the wrath of a *Taurian* you may find he is not so immovable a boulder after all, but one who was just waiting for the opportunity to tear along to another level mowing down all that is in his path.

For the Fire signs I will begin with *Sagittarius*, the 9th-house sign, concerning religion, philosophy, and travel. This sign always makes me think of volcanoes: vast, immense, expansive, yet confined; something that fills you with awe. Many *Sagittarians* are religious leaders, priests, ministers, missionaries, philosophers, and travelers, and do they not fill us with some degree of awe? We cannot help but look up to these leaders

in religion and philosophy, for like their ruler Jupiter, they are expansive, awe-inspiring, and bring much that is good into our lives.

Most of us prefer to keep our distance from a volcano because it is apt to erupt and destroy all life about it for miles around, but in reality, most volcanoes do not have an eruption very often. There are intervals of years in between, so if you are very venturesome you can climb upward—and it is an upward climb to the spiritual life—and look into the seething heart of the volcano. Within its depths is kept the secret of the very core of the earth. Sometimes, when there is an eruption, particles of molten earth and fire are thrown about, but instead of showing mortals the real secret of the earth, as may have been intended, it usually only succeeds in bringing fear, death, and desolation. It was the custom of the old-time preachers to hurl fire and brimstone at their congregations but we mortals have to be dealt with gently and by slow stages; we just cannot endure anything so forceful as that. Perhaps in time we can, but not just yet. To many, the secret of the volcano—or the secret of religion—is still a mystery.

The symbol of Sagittarius, the centaur, aiming his bow at the sky, may well be represented by the eruption of the volcano. Always throwing molten lava high into the air, only to have it return to earth again, and yet, each eruption builds the cone of the volcano higher than it was before.

Should we meet a Sagittarian who has ceased to aspire and no longer aims his bow at the skies, then he may be likened to an extinct or sleeping volcano whose fires are spent, yet in the very depths, the secret is still there.

For *Leo*, the 5th-house sign, concerning our children, loves, education and recreation, we will go out and sit in the sunshine, for the Sun is the ruler of *Leo*. The Sun is lord of all it surveys. So *Leo* people are often rulers, leaders, business men, and people with authority.

Some of them just love to shine and rule over all beneath their sway, and like their symbol, the Lion, they are kings of their domain. Some, like the sunlight, bring health, joy, and life to all they come in contact with. Others may be so overbearing they sear and wither the very things they gave life to. Still others may, like the Sun, be hiding behind a cloud and think that because that cloud is before their faces throwing the reflection of their own rays back into their faces, that they are of no use in the world. The rest of us who are on the other side of that cloud and can see the glorious colors reflected in the sky all about the hidden Sun, could tell that particular son or daughter of *Leo* that the cloud is only transitory and when it passes they can once again bring light and life to all.

There may be timid *Leos*, who shine through a mist, giving feebly of their rays; still others may be selfishly using their rays for themselves only, keeping themselves perpetually hidden from sight behind such an immense mass of clouds, many days will pass before their light can be seen.

Aries, the 1st-house sign, of childhood, environment, and personality, we find represented by the cheerful and crackling fire on the hearth. *Arians* do crackle and sparkle with warmth and cheer and certainly do send out bright sparks of wit. But those very sparks may start a conflagration if there are too many, and someone else will have to put out the fire. An *Arian* can start many things, but someone else usually has to finish them. He has all the fire of his ruler, *Mars*, and can start a prairie fire, which destroys all in its path if uncontrolled—and yet, like this very fire which blazes the way for a new crop of grass to follow, the *Arian* is a pioneer, for he enriches so that a more luxuriant growth may come after, and like his symbol, the *Ram*, he just cannot help going right into things, head first, opening the way for others to follow

(To be concluded)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

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

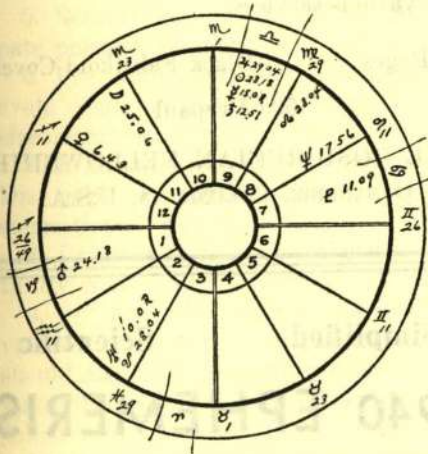
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

A.P. E.—Girl.

Born October 22, 1922—12 Noon.

Latitude 51 N. Longitude 1 W.



We have for our monthly reading the horoscope of a young girl with the sign Sagittarius on the Ascendant and Capricorn intercepted in the first house. This horoscope has six signs occupying the four angular houses. As two signs are in the first house, this would give two house rulers which would be Jupiter and Saturn. Both these planets are in Libra in the ninth house, which is Jupiter's natural house, and indicates philosophy, religion, etc. With four planets in an intercepted sign in the ninth house we feel safe in predicting that this girl will be greatly interested in religion, and with Saturn and Mercury in conjunction in this house she will be drawn to

think, not to choose religion through the emotions. She will require a scientific religion for she will want to know the why and the wherefore of all things of a mental nature. Mercury was retrograde at birth but turned direct at her fourth year; it is sextile Venus which will take away some of the severe and critical influence of Saturn. Taking it all in all we consider this horoscope as one showing that the native could be successful in mental subjects.

As the ninth house also rules law and scientific interests, if the parents so desired they could give this girl an education in law and the subjects pertaining to the legal side of things. She would make a very keen lawyer, especially in the field of research into old records.

The Moon in Scorpio sextile Mars in Capricorn would add to her interest in secret searches. Mars in Capricorn makes a good detective, one who is keen and alert where secrets or intrigues are concerned. A desire to bring things to the light is indicated.

There are eight planets elevated above the earth, which is a good sign of strength and gives a desire to rise above the ordinary walks of life. Six planets are in cardinal signs, though some of these planets are squaring each other, which sometimes brings stumbling blocks. But a chart with the 26th degree of Sagittarius rising, by progression soon has the determined and positive saturnian sign Capricorn on the Ascendant; this, with the forceful Mars in the first house, strongly influences the life of the na-

tive. Mars in Capricorn may give a quick temper and a rather cruel streak in the nature; this, however, is somewhat modified and calmed by the conjunction of Jupiter and the Sun elevated in the ninth house.

Capricorn people love to rule and with Mars in this sign the manner of ruling may be very severe. This Mars position may greatly injure the beautiful altruistic aspect of Jupiter conjunct the Sun, for Mars is square these two planets, and being the ruler of the tenth house, the martial nature comes strongly to the front unless some effort be made to develop and cultivate the altruistic nature of Jupiter.

Should this girl become interested in the deeper teachings, and take up the study of spiritualism or kindred subjects we would warn her against any efforts to develop mediumistic faculties, for with the Moon square Neptune, and Mercury square Pluto she could attract to herself undesirable entities. We would advise following the slower and safer methods of developing which Max Heindel has always taught. "Self-forgetting service to others is the shortest and safest road to God."

Pluto posited in Cancer, the sign which has rule over the stomach will give her some trouble with the digestion unless she cultivates a desire for wholesome foods. She may save herself much suffering and inconvenience if she begins to study the values of foods and thereby safeguards herself against indulging in food habits which break down and injure the health.

Uranus, the planet of freedom and impulse, is in Pisces and is squaring Venus. This configuration in a horoscope indicates freedom of action between the sexes, which may bring great danger to a young woman. She should at all times conduct herself with modesty and dignity, else men friends may misunderstand her intentions and endeavor to take advantage of her. Mercury and Saturn, however, in good aspect to Venus will act as a protecting influence.

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DAILY OPPORTUNITIES--MARCH

BY THOS. G. HANSEN

[This page each month will bring our readers non-technical information regarding the predominating stellar influences—a friendly word of encouragement, perhaps a timely caution—based on sound interpretation of daily aspects.—Editor.]

1. For security assimilate lessons of past 8 days. An intense period will follow. Build a new foundation.

2. Relax today. Early confusion will vanish. Be considerate.

3. *Sunday*. Progressive facts may be uncovered in congenial association. Co-operate.

4. Progress and early inspiration meets obstacles. Avoid materialism. Work hard.

5. Remove doubt with facts. Anticipate personal obligations.

6. Use judgment, not impulse, and avoid disappointment. Make the best of circumstances.

7. Eliminate jealousy and suspicion. Disregard propaganda. Accept serious suggestions. Build anew.

8. Progress is eternal. A new opportunity is at hand; be alert to it.

9. ☾ Lunation *☿. Co-ordinate values. Constructive genius can and should manifest. Let inner poise radiate strength. Serious and intensive days follow. *Be creative.*

10. *Sunday*. Questions will need attention. Develop compassion and brotherly love. Be constructive. Care in travel.

11. Exercise wisdom and judgment. Strong forces demand independent action. Be considerate of others.

12. Broaden your viewpoint. Search for light with every resource at your command. Use care in making serious adjustments.

13. Harmony may be established; despite increasing tension. Be practical.

14. A fast moving day. Be absolutely honest. Truth is obscured.

15. Do not believe all you hear. Pass opinion *only* after thorough study. *Keep under control.*

16. Keep emotionally calm. An explosion may create terrific havoc. Avoid

tendency to deception and to mental sluggishness. Cultivate selflessness.

17. *Sunday*. Co-operation is necessary; progress may be re-established. Build.

18. Study. Write. Put good ideas into practice. Measure progress with ambition.

19. Success, sympathy, and appreciation expressed today. Consolidate values.

20. ☉ enters ♀. Spring is here. Life increases; energy and action strong these next 30 days. Steady effort brings success today. Be tolerant. Be positive.

21. A solution is here. Dependability brings reward.

22. Deep study is stimulating. Be sociable, even if you don't get your own way. Develop creative talent.

23. Full ☽ in ♋. Analyze your affairs. A constructive energy dominates the day. Do not force a separation. Look to deeper values for progress. Co-operate.

24. *Easter Sunday*. Pleasant relations mark this occasion. Shun extravagance. Think clearly. Exercise for health.

25. An early obstruction taxes effort. Develop intuitive faculties. Satisfy curiosity with study. Enjoy good music.

26. An intensely creative day. Avoid impulsive displays. Be unselfish.

27. Put excess energy to work. Try to combine inspiration with progress. Hold temper. Be cautious. Haste is costly.

28. Avoid indecision. March is closing on a constructive note.

29. Rise above an early temptation. Seek pleasant relations with inspired friends.

30. Harmonize activity for success. Conditions pick up. Catch up on details. Plan now to go to church tomorrow.

31. *Sunday*. A month of valuable experience is past. Today offers unusual pleasure in meditation and study.

Worth-While News



Science -- And 'Imponderables'

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 30.—A warning to the nonscientific public not to translate the dictum of science that "the only reality is what we see" into daily living was given before the American Association for the Advancement of Science today.

Dr. Ivey F. Lewis of the University of Virginia, in discussing cell reactions, said that after laboratory science is through dissecting the orderly, beautiful activity of such cells as algae and plant galls there is a "residuum" left in which lies the mystery of life itself. . . .

"That some force is directing the physical and chemical factors involved in successive stimulation of cells to do some particular thing at a certain moment seems an inescapable conclusion. . . .

"To assume as a basis of research that there is no unknowable is one thing," he declared, "but it is quite a different thing to deny in daily life the reality of 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'"

"The scientist has developed his technique by a deliberate abstraction. The scientific method, the most wonderful tool ever produced by the mind of man, is based on this abstraction, by which we tacitly agree to assume that everything is spatial and therefore within the possible reach of the senses.

"There is, however, another side to the picture when the nonscientific public, somewhat dazzled by the solid results of research, begins to apply to everyday living the formula that has been so fruitful in research. . . .

"Bismarck is quoted as saying that wars are won by imponderables. Now imponderables are not found in the laboratories, but would it not be a service to clear thinking to admit their existence elsewhere?"—Philip Kinsley in *Chicago Tribune*, Dec. 31, 1939.

If the learned naturalists of the scientific world had spent as much time in the study of the Bible, nature's laws, and man himself, as they have used in trying to find some theory which would prove that the creation of the world was accomplished without the existence of a Supreme Architect, they would doubtless have developed the powers within which would have revealed to them not only the existence of a Creator and the origin of creation, but the fact that the creative processes of life are still being carried on

with unvarying, undisturbed exactitude and will continue to be ad infinitum. They might also have proved themselves worthy to meet some of the great Initiates who have forged ahead of the masses and who have in their possession the very secrets which have ordinarily proved so elusive to the search of mortal man. But these great secrets never have been, and never will be, revealed in their entirety until the individual recipient has proved himself worthy to receive them and use the knowledge thus gained, not for selfish ends, but for the benefit of all mankind.

New Rays Hint at Clairvoyance

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 29. (A.P.)—A radio microscope, a new scientific instrument which has disclosed an entire world of unseen rays, was announced to the American Association for the Advancement of Science today.

Man himself as well as all kinds of supposedly inert matter constantly emits the rays that this instrument "sees."

Those who believe in telepathy, second sight and clairvoyance, have in today's announcement the first scientific proof of the existence of invisible rays which really travel from one person to another. . . .

The discovery shows that every atom and every molecule in nature is a continuous radio broadcasting station. That hot atoms broadcast waves has long been a proven fact. But this new broadcasting is by atoms not only at room temperature, but in any degree of cold.

There is nothing in the Columbia experiments to indicate how these weak rays might carry information from one person to another, or to explain how anyone could "get" any kind of message from the jumble.

There is one amazing difference between the new radio rays and familiar rays like light. This is the prolonged time, amounting to thousands of years, which these radio waves will keep on emitting from undisturbed matter. The more familiar rays, like light and heat, are all given off in a short time, as anyone can prove to himself by watching a fire.—*Los Angeles Times*, Dec. 30, 1939.

Science is rapidly becoming a valuable ally of the occultist. The very things

which the occultist proclaimed to be provable facts a few years ago, and at which the material, scientific thinker scoffed, this same class of scientific explorers are today discovering to be demonstrable truths. Mental telepathy, the aura surrounding each individual, the existence of ether surrounding the earth, a first Great Cause, and now clairvoyance have all at last been admitted by that very exclusive circle of scientific investigators as partly if not wholly scientifically demonstrable realities. But that which the material scientist has not yet discovered is the fact that within his own physical body he has all the necessary apparatus with which to make all of his laboriously long-drawn-out scientific discoveries, and that all of his discoveries and an unlimited additional number will be opened up to him when he turns his energies within and arouses into action the combined spiritual powers contained in the pituitary body and the pineal gland located in the brain.

Amid War--Peace Plans

Of all curious features of this curious war not the least strange is the amount of attention which is being devoted to what may come afterwards. For perhaps the first time the old adage is widely reversed, and men all over the world are being adjured that if civilization is to be saved they must "in time of war prepare for peace."

Some of these preparations directly concern the United States, others seem local to Europe. But so small has grown the world, and so big the United States, that anything which affects the fate of Europe is necessarily important to Americans. And the best way to begin to understand the whys and wherefores is to get down the old school globe and take a look at our two very different continents. . . . Unity of one kind or another is the purpose of all the planning for peace that goes on in the midst of war nowadays. . . .

If the dictator plans for unity by conquest frighten Europe, the plans for unity by peaceful cooperation are receiving the attention of thoughtful and influential men in many countries.—*Independent Woman*, December, 1939.

The strong trend to prepare for peace even in the midst of war is certainly most encouraging. Nothing happens in the

world that has not been brought about by thinking.

Ever since the great World War we have heard people talking about the time when another war would be waged and practically all nations have been preparing for the time when it would occur. Had the people of the world been as diligent in preparing for peace and the general welfare of mankind we would not now be met with wars and rumors of wars on every side.

It would be just as easy, much less costly, and far less ghastly to weld the nations of the world into one united brotherhood wherein each worked for the common good of all, than for the strong to start in subjugating and annihilating the weak, destroying property, food, clothing, and shelter, and spreading fear and desolation over the world which God has given to us for our maintenance and well-being. However, this much-to-be-desired condition will not prevail until mankind ceases to strive for personal gain and selfish aggrandizement and comes into a realization that none can be truly prosperous and happy until such blessings are the property of the whole mass of humanity. All the people of the world are indissolubly united in the body of God, the Creator, and that which affects one must to a great extent affect the whole. No one entirely goes his way alone.

Apparent separativeness has brought about our present deplorable condition, and it is only when mankind becomes truly united in love that anything like permanent peace will be acquired. The great Christ Spirit brought this message to us while on earth. When through suffering and strife man has finally learned that lasting peace comes not through pillage, killing, and usurpation, but rather through the application of the Golden Rule, then and then only, will men beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and nations no longer shall lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Question Department



Power Over Animal Kingdom

Question:

How is it that some men, like Daniel mentioned in the Bible, are able to control the various members of the animal kingdom? Also what was the source of the power of St. Francis, who was able to communicate with the birds?

Answer:

Man possesses power over the animals in exactly the same degree that he possesses mastery over his own inner nature, namely, his desire body and mind.

There is a certain correlation between the desire body of the animal and that of man, the lower phases of man's desire body being symbolized by savage beasts. When man has mastered his desire body (spiritualized it) he has mastered fear within himself, and likewise he has mastered fear of things without. Then the group spirit of the animal recognizes man's power for good, and the fact that he is no longer inimical to its charges, hence through the power of instinct instructs them to obey.

The ability to commune with birds, and other animals as well, comes through spiritual development. This alone enables man to contact the group spirit of the animal, and by this contact to hold communication with its charges.

SEPARATE DESIRE BODIES THE SEAT OF FEELING

Question:

The *Cosmo* states that feeling is the expression of the self-conscious immortal spirit. Is this to be interpreted to mean that man alone experiences feelings of pleasure and pain, love and hate? Surely the animals have a sense of feeling.

Answer:

The enquirer is quite right; animals do express the sensations mentioned in

the question. This is brought out in a number of statements in the *Cosmo*. There we are told that feeling is an expression of the desire body, and that animals as well as man have a desire body.

Animals are virgin spirits as well as man, but the spirits of the animals have not become wholly indwelling, and therefore they are still under the guidance of a group spirit; that is, a single group spirit has charge over a number of animal virgin spirits which function through animal bodies. The virgin spirits of animals are self-conscious to a great extent, and are immortal the same as those belonging to the human life wave, and naturally are able to experience feeling. The plant and mineral kingdoms, however, do not experience feeling in the ordinary sense of the word because they do not possess separate desire bodies.

SPIRITUAL POWER USED IN HEALING

Question:

I have prayed to Christ at times in the past to give me power and authority to command my various organs, nerves, muscles, et cetera, to perform their special functions properly, and I have mentally talked to them and visualized the parts I desired to cure, asking the Christ to work through me in obtaining the desired results. Would you consider this a wrong use of spiritual powers?

Answer:

The Father who works directly under the direction of God is the Great Physician and all healing force in the ultimate proceeds from Him. Christ is correlated to the second power of God, the life spirit, and the vital body of man, and has jurisdiction over all vital forces. It is therefore perfectly right and proper to pray to either of these great Beings for relief from physical ailments. It is also legitimate mentally to talk to the

various parts of the body, holding in mind the idea of the perfect functioning of those parts, since such mental instructions are in reality in the nature of auto-suggestion to the subconscious mind, which then proceeds so far as circumstances permit to bring the desired condition into manifestation.

This is not a misuse of spiritual power unless accompanied by a positive demand that the cure be performed regardless of whether destiny permits it or not. When we *demand* we attempt to set aside the laws of nature in relation to the destiny which we have created in the past, and although we may temporarily accomplish our object, we must take that which goes with it, and in the end we will find that we have only temporarily put off the fulfillment of our obligations, for God is not mocked: "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

DIVINE PROTECTION

Question:

Last summer I was riding in an automobile and was caught in a cyclone which did great damage all around me. I immediately sent up a silent prayer to the Invisible Helpers for protection. Almost at once a great calm swept over me, and I escaped unharmed. Was it right for me to ask for this protection, or would I have been shielded in any case without requesting it?

Answer:

It is always quite permissible to ask for protection from inimical forces, and it is not at all certain that protection will be forthcoming if we do not ask when there is apparently great need for it.

All storms are produced by the nature spirits, and they work under the direction of higher Beings bringing about retributive justice. But retributive justice is not an attempt to punish an individual for certain wrongs which he or she may have committed. It is the working out of the law of cause and effect; and as causes are traceable to individuals, they then are subjected to the resultant effects. However, there are cases where

an individual or individuals are in a certain locality who are in no way connected with the collective destiny which is due for payment there. In such instances a way is always provided for escape, one of which is through the aid of Invisible Helpers who are ever ready to render assistance when it is merited.

SHOULD WE TRY TO ALLEVIATE PAIN?

Question:

If it is true that sickness and pain are the result of our own misdeeds, then is it not interfering with cosmic law to try to heal the sick and remove pain?

Answer:

In reply to a similar question Max Heindel gave this paraphrased reply:

Such a question reveals an attitude of mind that is extremely deplorable. One might as well ask if it is right to try to save one's self if drowning, for falling in the water is also an effect of some self-generated cause. Certainly it is our duty to call for qualified help when in sickness or distress, or to attempt to cure the ills from which we suffer. We should be doing decidedly wrong if we allowed our physical instrument to suffer or deteriorate for lack of proper care or attention. It is the most valuable instrument that we possess and unless we use it circumspectly and care for it to the best of our ability, we are amenable to the law of cause and effect for that neglect.

Such a question as this reveals an altogether erroneous conception of the law of cause and effect. It is our duty to try to rise above adverse conditions instead of allowing them to dominate our lives. If we endeavor to direct our lives aright, we shall always be able to modify, if not to altogether change conditions, and make them what we will instead of sitting down and supinely waiting for adverse conditions to pass by, simply because we have made these conditions ourselves. The very fact that we have made them ought to be an inspiration to give us courage and energy to unmake them, or overcome them as quickly as possible.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

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

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

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

The Blood, Anaemia, and Vegetarianism

BY HAROLD B. REX

DURING the convening of the Academy of Science in Washington, D.C., in April of 1937, a popular lecture was given by Dr. G. H. Whipple of the University of Rochester on the subject of the blood and anaemia. Dr. Whipple is one of several associates, who, a decade ago were largely responsible for the laboratory investigations which pointed to the efficacy of liver as a dietary factor in overcoming anaemia.

Dr. Whipple first discussed the blood. The blood, he pointed out, is approximately 50 per cent fluid and approximately 50 per cent red cells. Except during leucocytosis,* the white cells of the blood constitute a small minority relative to the number of red cells. The red cells are found to be approximately 95 per cent of hemoglobin.

Hemoglobin was found to consist of globin (which is a protein), iron, and a pigment known as hemin. Red cells have a life of about 100 days, after which they are broken up and certain of the component parts are made over and used again. The iron is hoarded by the body "like a miser hoards gold." The globin is probably used again but science is not certain of this. The pigment, hemin, is discarded and appears as the yellow or green pigment of the bile. Apparently

*"Leucocytosis—a transient increase in the number of colorless blood cells."—*Gould's Dictionary of Medicine*.

the body can manufacture the hemin freely.

A 154-pound person has about 31,200 billions of red blood cells which have an average life of 100 days. They pass from the heart to the lungs, back to the heart, through the arterial system to the various tissues of the body and through the venous system to the heart, in about fifteen seconds. Thus they may average 575,000 cycles of the circulatory system in 100 days. The frequency of circulation accounts for their short span of days. It should be noted that the body must create 312 billions of red blood cells per day, or about 3,600,000 per second. This is a sizable production and it may readily be realized how important it is to continually keep the red-blood-cell creating mechanism in proper operation. When the body fails to create these cells in the required amount, the result is a deficiency which is designated as one of the various forms of anaemia.

The mechanism for the creation of the red blood cells appears to be included in the intestines, the liver, and the bone marrow. The raw materials, as required anew, are supplied by the intestines by assimilation from the food. These raw materials pass to the liver where certain of the recovered components from the disintegrated worn-out cells make their appearance (via the spleen), and partial chemico-biological assembly is made. The

liver seems to have a function similar to a factory where certain parts of a mechanism are made complete but in which the final assembly does not take place. The final assembly, the creation of the red corpuscle, takes place in the bone marrow. The disintegration of the worn-out cells of the blood appears to take place in the spleen and liver. Not much is really known about this process.

The following brief press report appeared in the Washington, D. C. Star:

How the body remakes red blood cells was explained before the academy last night by Dr. G. H. Whipple of the University of Rochester.

When red blood cells wear out in the circulation, Dr. Whipple said, they disintegrate, and the hemoglobin, or red coloring matter, breaks down into three fractions—iron, a protein and a pigment known as hemin. The iron is stored for future use. The hemin is thrown away. The protein is probably used, through a process not yet understood, to make up new blood cells.

"Infection will slow down or stop the mechanism which produces new red blood cells, and this explains many of the human anaemias," Dr. Whipple said. "This is due to an upset of the internal mechanism which relates to the liver and the bone marrow."

The problem of overcoming anaemia, which is the problem of creating red blood cells in quantity, was attacked by experimentation with diets. In these experiments, a surprise discovery was made by Dr. Whipple. He found that certain fruits were about half as potent, weight for weight, as is pig liver. Furthermore, he found that the ashes of these fruits were equally useful. The fruits are peaches, apricots, and prunes.

In addition to the dietary experimentation (which was concerned only with the effect of the food in overcoming anaemia), results were also noted as to the effect of infection. It was found that during the period of infection the body mechanism for the creation of red corpuscles failed

to function so as to overcome anaemia, regardless of diet. After the removal of the infection, the blood supply mechanism operated to overcome the anaemia. Although the red cells were not produced in sufficient quantity during the period of infection to overcome anaemia, the body appears to store up the essentials necessary to overcome anaemia. With the removal of the infection the blood count increased.

The point of all of the information given out by Dr. Whipple is the importance relative to the diet of vegetarians. Apprehensive and thoughtful students sometimes refuse probationership or fail to live the harmless life, and sometimes probationers fail to live up to the same standard because they feel that unless they eat a minim of flesh food they may become anaemic. The work of Dr. Whipple has blasted this erroneous idea, once and for all time. As a result of his thousands of experiments, he has definitely proved that anaemia can be overcome on a diet which includes certain fruits or their ash. How much less chance is there, then, that a vegetarian diet should induce anaemia in human beings who are at least omniverous if not herbivorous (as judged from the size of the large intestine). Let the present or prospective vegetarian have no fear of anaemia. The use of peaches, apricots, and prunes in the diet will certainly prevent it if not overcome it. The experiments would indicate that if a person who would use these fruits in his diet should become anaemic, it would probably be the result of the failure of the blood-producing mechanism as a result of infection, and it would probably not be the result of a vegetarian diet if that diet includes apricots, peaches, and prunes in abundance.

Most people feel that a meal without meat is incomplete, for from time immemorial it has been regarded as an axiom that meat is the most strengthening food we have. Nothing could be more erroneous; science has proved by experiments that invariably the nourishment obtained from vegetables has a greater sustaining power, and the reason is easy to see when we look into the matter from the occult side.

—Max Heindel.

New Studies of Mysterious Enzymes

Reprinted from Health News, Edited and Published by Clark Irvine

ANY food, no matter how good and natural, taken into a body which lacks enzymes, becomes a deadly poison!

So conclude three physicians of Columbus, Ohio, A. W. Oelgoetz, Paul Oelgoetz, and J. Wittekin. Their studies of the mysterious substances called "the bridge between animate and inanimate matter," only recently made public, show death inevitable where enzymes are not active.

Physiology students are initiated into the study of these wonder-working chemicals by a simple experiment. They mix starch with water. Nothing happens, chemically; the starch is not changed, merely wet. But when they mix starch with saliva, the starch becomes sugar. The unseen magician in the saliva that causes the change is an enzyme. It is called ptyalin. Even after the starch is transformed, the ptyalin is unchanged. That places it into the class of substances called catalysts, things that cause other things to change without undergoing any change themselves. Every enzyme is a catalyst. No matter how astounding the effects it produces, it never changes.

Housewives wishing to get acquainted with these chemicals do not need any test tubes for starch experiments. They notice that when apples, bananas and peaches are sliced, they turn brown. The cause is the enzyme called peroxidase. It makes juice acids unite with oxygen. To prevent this, commercially, sulphur dioxide is used to destroy the enzyme. Housewives avoid it simply by dipping the slices into orange, lemon, pineapple or grapefruit juice. This contains a sulphhydryl compound that kills the enzyme and keeps the slices fresh-looking.

Ptyalin, in the saliva, is only the first of many enzymes that have to act on food to make it fit for the body to assimilate. In the stomach are two, pepsin and rennet. In the pancreatic secretions

are three more, and the intestines have still more. That means that the work of digestion is not completed in one place but has to be distributed over several places. This is why the stomach does not digest itself.

Each enzyme is a specialist. It does only one particular job, and that under a limited set of conditions. It works only in a temperature range of 98 to 104 degrees Fahrenheit, the normal and fever range of a human body. Higher temperatures inactivate or kill it. The principal task of each enzyme is to break down some complicated organic structure into a simpler chemical substance.

At the famous Gorky Institute in Moscow, scientists like A. E. Braunstein and S. M. Bychkov are probing deeply into the mysteries of the enzymes. How can it be that they should be so sensitive, acting like something alive, and yet not be living organisms? How is it that they cannot reproduce their kind? Are they the long sought link between dead and living matter? Do they contain the secret of life's origin on this planet? Will they supply some way to conquer disease?

The Russian chemists claim that they have separated five enzymes from their cells. Others doubt this but agree:

Before life became possible on earth, there had to be enzymes.

They are absolutely indispensable for life and health.

By their strange powers, they bring about quickly and at low temperatures, changes that scientists require a long time and intense heat to produce.

In the coming months, health students may anticipate many advances in enzyme research. Already predictions are heard that they may prove to be among the most potent factors influencing life and health.—(Dec. 15, 1939.)

Patients' Letters

New York, Sept. 6, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.
Dear Friends:

Pardon my delay in answering your letter. I am happy to inform you the condition in my ear is much improved. The doctor was amazed that it healed so rapidly, he said he expected it to last 8 to 12 weeks. So, once again, the Invisible Helpers have proven the wonderful work they do while we sleep. I herewith enclose my offering, but, I feel I won't need to keep in direct contact any longer, you might now drop my name from the healing list.

Thank you.

Yours sincerely in Faith,
—F.M.E.

Texas, Sept. 26, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.
Dear Friends:

When I asked for healing I was in a low attitude of mind; however, you have helped me wonderfully. I know when one asks in need, one does receive. After receiving help, I pray that I might be shown the way, to do my bit in helping others. There are many who need help, that even do not seem to have this knowledge. I would that every living creature might feel the urge to ask, when they are depressed, and then in turn feel the urge to serve, when they have been made strong.

Yours in service,
—W.H.W.

Michigan, Aug. 23, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.
Dear Friends:

Am writing to tell you, you may discontinue healing prayers for me. I am completely healed. It has been a pleasure and a great spiritual uplift to be so closely associated with you. I thank you for the personal interest you have taken in me and I know God will reward you accordingly.

To the great band of Invisible Helpers, I say God bless them in the great work they are doing for humanity.

Again, I say, God bless you and thank you all.

—H.K.L.

California, Oct. 25, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.
Dear Friends:

This is the first letter after applying to you for healing, and am happy to inform you that my shoulder is coming along very nicely. The bones, of course with the aid of the Invisible Helpers, are beginning to knit together.

Lots of love and thanks to the Invisible Helpers.

—A.O.J.

Healing Dates

February 4—12—19—25

March 3—10—17—24—30

April 6—14—20—26

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

People Who Are Seeking Health

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

Desert Rains

By W. S. JOHNSON

Gaunt from weary waiting,
Disdaining to complain;
Without hesitating
The desert gulps the rain.

Joyously the flowers
Are deluged from above
By the warm spring showers
That bless them with their love.

Long have they been hiding
Unseen beneath the sod,
Blissfully abiding
Within the realms of God.

Patiently preparing
In nature's magic ways—
Glorified by sharing
The rainbow's vanished rays.

VEGETARIAN MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Pineapple Juice, 8 oz.
Oatmeal with Cream
Boiled Eggs

Whole Wheat Muffins and
Butter
Hot Chocolate

—DINNER—

Vegetable Soup with
Noodles

Peas Patties
Scalloped Corn
Baked Spinach
Stuffed Pears molded in
Lime Gelatin
Chocolate Cake

—SUPPER—

Cream of Tomato Soup
Mushroom Croquettes
Vegetable Salad
Pineapple Ambrosia
Fruit Cup

RECIPES

Peas Patties.

Ingredients: 1 cup split or Scotch peas, 3 pints water, 4 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon onion.

Put the peas to soak overnight, cook in three pints of water. After having been rubbed through a colander, there should be about two cups of rather dry puree. Stir the beaten egg, salt, onion, and butter into the puree; add the cup of bread crumbs or enough to absorb the moisture. Shape into round cakes, place on an oiled pan and bake in a quick oven. Brush the tops of the patties with milk several times while baking. Serve with a sauce.

Pineapple Ambrosia.

Ingredients: 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 banana, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, 2 oranges, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cocoanut, 8 strawberries or Maraschino cherries.

Dice pineapple and peeled oranges. Mix all ingredients. Stand in cool place 1 hour before serving.

Baked Spinach.

Ingredients: 2 pounds spinach, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated cheese, 4 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 3 raw eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, paprika.

Pick over and wash spinach thoroughly. Parboil five minutes. Drain, salt, and cook for twenty minutes in the water adhering to the leaves. Drain and chop. Mash yolks of cooked eggs and mix thoroughly with spinach. Add salt. Line a deep, well-buttered baking dish with prepared spinach. Dot with bits of

butter. Beat eggs slightly and add milk. Add cheese, minced hard-cooked egg whites, salt, and paprika. Pour into spinach mold and put mold into a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 F) for twenty-five or thirty minutes until custard is set.

Scalloped Corn.

Ingredients: 5 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 pint corn, 1 cup bread crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk.

Make a white sauce of four tablespoons of the butter, the flour and milk. Then add the corn, the salt and the sugar. Let come to the boiling point and turn into a baking dish. Cover the top with the buttered bread crumbs and bake fifteen to twenty minutes.

Stuffed Pears Molded in Lime Gelatin

Ingredients: 12 pear halves, 1 pkg. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped nuts, 2 pkgs. lime gelatin.

Drain pears well. Blend cheese and nuts thoroughly, spread six of the pear halves with cheese mixture filling cavities completely. Top with remaining halves and press firmly together. Arrange whole pears in an oblong pan (8x12") equal distance apart. Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water according to directions on label. Chill until gelatin thickens slightly then pour over pears. Continue chilling until firm enough to slice. Cut into six squares having a pear in center of each. Place each square in a bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

Children's Department



"Little Light"

BY NGAIRE RODGERS



AT the foot of a solitary golden moonbeam which had filtered down to earth knelt a tiny figure. In his hands he held a silver flute; a basket of sweetly perfumed flowers hung upon his arm.

If we were to look a little closer we should find that a pair of tiny wings were attached to his small body, for he had been sent from the realm above and his mission on earth was to be one of love. That is why he had gathered the choicest of flowers from all the glorious blossoms in the Great Garden and had brought them with him so that they might radiate love and beauty wherever he should strew them.

His tiny flute was to be the means by which he was to bring to someone on earth the beautiful and harmonious strains of music which emanate from Heavenly Places and are sometimes given to our great artists by Divine Inspiration, as a result of earnest endeavor.

Just now he remembered the words of the Angel at the Gate as she bent low and whispered, "Little Light, thy mission on earth is to give Love, Hope, and Peace, through music to someone who is waiting to receive it. Go forth! oh, Little Light, and give thy message." Then the Angel at the Gate had lifted her voice in sweet refrain and he had come down upon the moonbeam, all radiant and bright, each moment drifting further and further away from the Kingdom

until the last harmonious note had faded away and he could hear the Angel's song no more.

He was now down on earth—such a different place from the one he had just left. Carefully selecting a flower from his exquisite bouquet, Little Light placed it at the foot of his moonbeam staircase so that he would be sure to find it when his task was completed.

He now began to pipe a melody upon his fairy flute; and what music it was. Quite suddenly he stopped for he found himself in a huge theatre. Little Light drew back. Now he understood just why the Angel at the Gate had sent him, for in the middle of the stage stood a small and very frightened little boy. He too held a flute—very much larger than Little Light's—to his lips but no sound would come. The boy's face turned a deep scarlet and overcome with embarrassment he stood there in silence.

The people laughed outright, being very thoughtless, but Little Light felt sorry indeed for the little lad who once more raised the flute to his lips. As he did so Little Light piped upon his own flute sweet and beautiful music from heaven and it was as though the tune were coming from the boy's instrument. Very soon the crowd was hushed, listening, but the boy on the stage did not notice them. He played on and on, inspired by the great love for music in his heart, his instrument giving forth glorious strains of melody.



With the final notes blending into a great silence, the boy became aware of the unseen presence of Little Light and offered up his prayer of thanks and gratitude that his prayer for help had been answered in his time of need.

Now the thunderous applause of the audience greeted the musician, who realized now that the music he had been playing was the echo of the divine harmonies of the Heaven Worlds.

His mission on earth completed, Little Light joyfully danced back to his stairway of light, finding the little flower he had placed there to be his guide still as fresh and fragrant as when he had

plucked it from the Garden of Song. On ascending to the realm of Light and Love the Angel at the Gate opened her arms to welcome him as he came, and whispered, "Little Light, you have done well. Would that the people on earth could learn in just one day." Encircled in the Angel's loving arms Little Light fell asleep to her glad refrain.

Whenever you see a solitary beam of gold in the night and hear the strains of heavenly music, if you look hard enough you may see a tiny figure kneeling there. Take inspiration from his presence for all is Love, Harmony, and Music in the Great Beyond.

The House Inside

*I have a house inside of me,
A house that people never see
It has a door through which none pass,
And windows, but they're not of glass.*

*Sometimes I like to go inside
Where no one sees, and hide, and hide,
And doctor up my wounded pride
When I've been treated rough outside.*

*And sometimes when I've been to blame
I go inside and blush for shame,
And get my mind in better frame
And get my tongue and temper tame.*

*I meet my heavenly Father there,
For He stoops down to hear my prayer,
To heal my wounds and cure my care,
And make me strong to do and dare.*

*Then after I am made quite strong
And things are right that were all wrong,
I go outside, where I belong,
And sing a new and happy song.*

*And then I hear the people say
"You're blithe and bonny, good and gay,"
And it's because I feel that way,
But they don't know the price I pay.*

*You have a house inside of you,
Where you can fight your battles through
And God will tell you what to do
And make your heart both strong and true.*

(Author Unknown)

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

• • • •

IO those who have not experienced it, the life of Mt. Ecclesia is somewhat legendary. Even passing visitors do not always read it accurately. With considerable truth G. L. Brahy, a Belgian writer of note, and a Fellowship member of many years' standing, writes in his recent book, *The United States Through the Eyes of a Tourist*, just received at Headquarters: "During the few hours that I spent (in the summer of 1937) in this lay monastery, I conversed with men and women who are not dreamers, but practical apostles . . ." Still, he did not perceive that Mt. Ecclesia is an unusual combination of the religious and the secular, for the Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches above all a normal, practical existence as free from excessive austerity as from the flesh pots of Egypt. Truest and best example of his own teaching was Max Heindel, who encouraged social life as a means to learn human nature and to devise ways of friendly cooperation.

It is a fact, misleading perhaps in the impression it gives, that holidays—notably Christmas and Easter—are met from the point of view of the visitor who comes to drink from a well of peace and inspiration. Energies are bent toward making others happy. There is little private life; weeks ahead classes are suspended and social amenities are pushed into the background.

January, then, marks the return to a more normal rate of living, a catching up of odds and ends, as well as a new beginning. The steadying influence of classes brings its call to serious thought, the urge comes to renew the Mt. Ecclesia family ties. This year the month brought a number of social gatherings.

At the New Year Party grown-ups re-

turned to the magic land of childhood, carefree and happy for a few short hours crammed full of the delightful episodes of school days—a spelling match, recitations and songs, the distribution of prizes and cards of merit, Teacher's Treat of punch and big sugar cookies in fanciful shapes. That was a large party of eighty, counting the laughing spectators.

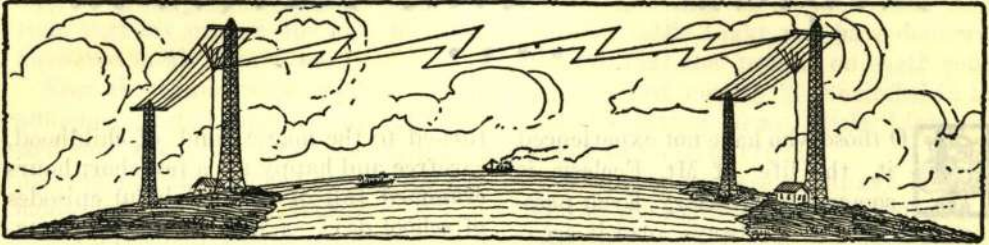
Quite different was the Spanish Party. Every week a class meets under the leadership of one of the Spanish Secretaries, and a serious effort is made to master the beautiful language and to exemplify the old-world graciousness of our Southern neighbors. This party, the first to be held by the class, took its guests, in make-believe, for a night over the border into Mexico. After typical music by Mexican visitors games were played with directions given in Spanish. Mexican refreshments were served.

Of still another kind was the informal gathering held as the Sun was about to enter Aquarius, the House of Friendship. Here, everyone joined in game after game, developing surprising ingenuity in himself, discovering new things about his neighbor. A party of this kind probably comes close to Max Heindel's ideal of recreation: it keeps folks human. If Mt. Ecclesia were to lose touch with the pulse of life and become a monastery, how could it remain practical?

EASTER AT MT. ECCLESIA

An exalting Sunrise Service in front of the Cross, with an address by Mrs. Max Heindel, and a special Chapel Service at 11 o'clock will make Easter Day, March 24, notable at Mt. Ecclesia. If the many who find it convenient to stay overnight will send in their reservations early they will help us to plan ahead.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



*"Progress is
The law of life: man is not Man as yet."*
—Robert Browning.

Students of the Western Wisdom Teaching believe the purpose of evolution to be the development of man from a static to a dynamic God—a Creator, and in order that he may become an independent, original Creator, it is necessary that his training include sufficient latitude for the exercise of the *individual originality* which distinguishes creation from imitation. The Power within the evolving being which makes evolution what it is and not a mere unfoldment of latent germinal possibilities, which makes the evolution of each individual differ from that of every other, which provides the element of originality and gives scope to the creative ability which the evolving being is to cultivate that he may become a God—that Force is *Epigenesis*.

Much lack of progress among occult students may be due to the mistaken idea that everything which happens to us is the outcome or effect of some cause or action of our own in times past, usually in a past existence. It is true that this destiny from the past gives us a certain bias or trend toward a particular line of action, but, nevertheless, there is comparative free will in a large percentage of our actions, leaving scope for the exercise of epigenesis, that divine creative activity which is the basis of evolution.

If we intelligently endeavor when considering the problems of life, to seek out the principle of epigenesis and watch its

operation, we shall find opportunities for manifesting originality and initiative to an extent we have never before believed possible. At this time of the year, as the sun goes into the fiery sign of Aries, there comes the call to action, and for those who respond on the spiritual plane, there may result a new enthusiasm and zest in accomplishing spiritual aims and ideals.

Free will! Originality! Initiative! *Epigenesis!* God given powers which may be unleashed and directed toward greater spiritual progress—toward service to a larger number of people—toward the upliftment of all humanity to that higher stage of spiritual consciousness which will identify the Man of the Future!

FIELD ACTIVITIES

A number of appreciative letters have come to us recently from Florida telling of the splendid work which has been done by our field representative, Lynn Vivian, since his arrival there. The president of our Miami Group writes:

"We all liked Mr. Vivian very much, both personally and as a lecturer. He is an excellent speaker, having that happy faculty of expressing himself so that you see the picture he wishes you to see. We have received many sincere expressions of appreciation from both students and visitors for the help he has given them. Many have said that he cleared up points that had bothered them for years. He spoke for three or four other organizations (musical and literary) by invitation, and thus reached many people with the Teachings whom he would not otherwise have contacted. We feel that inter-

est in the Fellowship Work has been greatly stimulated by his visit here, and we hope that we may have him with us again some time in the future."

From Ft. Myers, where three lectures were given, comes word that "his lectures were attended by a rather small but very interested Group. He delivers his talks so beautifully that those who heard him were deeply impressed. It is impossible to express how much we enjoyed Mr. Vivian's visit in Ft. Myers, and we only wish that more of the people here displayed an interest in spiritual teachings."

After leaving Florida Mr. Vivian will spend some time in Georgia and other States along the Gulf Coast.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Slides from Headquarters were borrowed by this Group to give an illustrated talk on the growth of Mt. Ecclesia at the program held on Fellowship Day. The secretary writes us that after a dinner, which was attended by about one hundred people, there followed "a splendid program consisting of talks on the Rosicrucian Philosophy and Astrology, slides of Headquarters, vocal and instrumental music, etc." The enjoyment and enthusiasm expressed by those present marked the occasion as one of general uplift and encouragement toward greater effort in the Work.

Some most commendable extension work is being done by the members of this Group, we are especially happy to report. Tacoma and other near-by cities will be included in the Center's efforts to widen their sphere of activities in disseminating the Teachings, and Study Groups will be formed wherever there are friends interested in mutual study of the higher truths.

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Weekly classes and steady efforts to disseminate the Teachings are being continued by this Canadian Group. During the Christmas holidays advantage was taken of a visit to friends in the city by Mr. Jack Burt of Kimberley to arrange for a public meeting on the evening

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

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Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Roelofsstraat 88.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.

of Sunday, December 24th. The Secretary writes us, "A hall was secured and thorough advertising done. Mr. Burt gave a fine address on "The Christ Within" to a very appreciative audience. We held the regular Sunday Service, with the addition of Christmas carols and a Christmas solo by a splendid contralto singer. Samples of our books and Magazine were displayed for those interested to see, and the whole Service was really very beautiful and uplifting. We also had the pleasure of listening to talks by Mr. Burt at our regular meetings on December 20th and 27th, and were much encouraged thereby."

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

It is a pleasure to announce that a Study Group has been formed in this city, and has been meeting since the early part of December at 1935 So. 25th St. As many as ten friends have been present at the Group classes we are informed by the secretary, and much interest and enthusiasm have been displayed in the Teachings. We join the friends of the Group in looking forward to the year of 1940 bringing them much progress in their work and a gradual enlargement of their sphere of service in disseminating the New Age Truths.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Copies of radio talks which have been given by one of our members in this city under the auspices of the Women's Club were received at Headquarters a short time ago and perused with much pleasure. A copy of one of these, "The Mystical Interpretation of Easter," is being sent to all our Groups with the February first Center material so that it may be available for use during the coming Easter Season.

Astrology has also been used as a subject for these radio talks, and the doctrine of rebirth has likewise been brought in wherever possible. Placing the New Age Truths "on the air" becomes more and more definitely a part of our program to reach the ever-increasing number of people ready for the occult truths which are in reality *postgraduate Christianity*.

NEW MANUAL OF FORMS

We are pleased to announce the compilation of all the Fellowship Services into one booklet about 6½x4¼ ins. in size. This will be found very convenient for use in our Groups and Centers. It contains forty-eight pages and is bound in black fabrikoid. Contents are as follows:

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Rosicrucian Fellowship Closing Hymn

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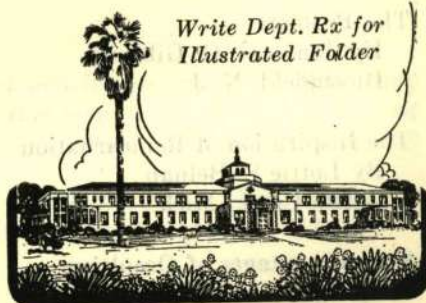
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Manuscript Competition Awards

The following is a list of the articles submitted in our Competition ending December 1, 1939, for which prizes and subscriptions to this Magazine are given.

Although but one Fifth Prize was offered, the judges agreed that six additional articles tied in meriting this prize. Therefore we are happy to announce that these six additional articles were also given equal awards.

FIRST PRIZE

The Woman Who Wanted to Know God
By Victor Lockhart,
San Juan, Puerto Rico.

SECOND PRIZE

"And Ye Shall Find"
By Rona Morris Workman,
Westfir, Oregon.

THIRD PRIZE

The Oneness of Life
By Mary Megaw,
Cleveland, Ohio.

FOURTH PRIZE

The Earthy Trinity
By Alfa Lindanger,
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE

Cosmic Illumination
By Edna Tradewell,
Rosamond, Calif.

ADDITIONAL FIFTH PRIZES

The Problem
By James O. G. Gibbons,
Bloomfield, N. J.

The Inspiration of Reincarnation
By Lottie S. Belnap,
Battle Creek, Mich.

The Advantages of Occultism
By Myron H. Frick, Sr.,
Findlay, Ohio.

"The Thread of Life"
By C. Dudley Roberts,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Continuity of Being
By Mrs. I. A. Gilman,
Seattle, Wash.

The Sublimity of Astrology
By Josephine Popovich,
Cleveland, Ohio.

**ARTICLES FOR EACH OF WHICH A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE
ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE IS GIVEN :**

Building Health vs. Curing Disease
By Alma Kline Eckard,
New Kensington, Pa.

Half-Steps in Evolution
By C. Dudley Roberts,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reincarnation
By Rona Morris Workman,
Westfir, Oregon.

What Can I Do to Help?
By C. J. Lenihan,
Auckland, New Zealand.

With Christ in Action
By Ruth D. Golman,
No. Vancouver, Canada.

Jackie Frost Junior
By Gussie Ross Jobe,
Jefferson City, Mo.

Lessons from the Rose Cross Emblem
By Albert E. Gebert,
Chicago, Ill.

They Called Me a Tramp
By Florence Louise Paige,
Watsonville, Calif.

The Vibrant Life
By Olive Harcourt,
Bristol, England.

The Mystic Cowhand and His Story
By Katheryn Kehn,
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

The Vision
By Helen Treadwell,
El Monte, Calif.

Geba's Reward
By Walter Belasco, Jr.,
Oakland, Calif.

The Quest for Peace
By E. Humboldt,
Burbank, Calif.

The Technique of Evolution
By Marthe Gordon,
New Westminster, Canada.

All Things New
By Katharine Hillwood Poor
Vista, Calif.

The Changelings
By Ethne Rayden,
San Diego, Calif.

Instinct or Wisdom?
By C. Dudley Roberts,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Garden of Dreams
By Grace Evelyn Brown,
Brookline, Mass.

We wish to thank all those who submitted articles, and we hope that many of them will become regular contributors to this magazine. Articles of merit from our students and friends are always gladly received, and will be published as space permits.—EDITOR.

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The Mystical Interpretation of Easter

BY MAX HEINDEL

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LIST OF CONTENTS

THE COSMIC CHRIST—*To the enlightened ones Easter brings a keen realization of the fact that all of humanity are pilgrims on the earth.*

AN EVENT OF MYSTIC SIGNIFICANCE—*Christ came in the body of Jesus to make a New Covenant. We are looking for the Kingdom of Heaven, the New Galilee.*

COSMIC MEANING OF EASTER—*Is there any connection between the death of the Savior . . . and the vital energy expressing in spring?*

LESSONS OF EASTER—*The spiritual ray sent out by the Cosmic Christ is about to ASCEND to the Father's Throne.*

THE SYMBOL OF THE EGG—*It conveys the true knowledge that life is uncreate, without beginning or end.*

WHAT BECAME OF THE PHYSICAL BODY OF JESUS?—*And if the vital body of Jesus is preserved to be used again by Christ, what does Jesus do in the meantime for a vital body?*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST—*May we all strive . . . to attain the glorious liberation, the resurrection of life of which the Christ was and is the first fruits for every believing soul.*

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