

ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, Calif.

Printed by the Fellowship Press

An Appeal for 3,000 New Subscribers To Our Magazine

Let Us Double the Circulation of Our Magazine Now---

and we can make it contribute largely to the Fellowship Funds during 1921. In the past our magazine has been run at a financial loss; the addition of these three thousand new subscribers will transform this into an appreciable yearly gain.

The situation at present is briefly this: The *first cost* of getting out our magazine, including editorial, linotyping, printing, and presswork absorbs too great a proportion of its *total revenue*. This first fixed cost will be about the same for *six thousand* magazines as to issue our present *three thousand*. The only additional expenditure will be for the paper on which the extra magazines are printed.

Thus our present circulation of 3000 costs us about \$6000.

An additional 3000 circulation will add only \$2000 to the cost.

In other words an extra three thousand magazines can be run off for one-third of the expense of the first three thousand; or, to bring the situation more graphically home:

If each one of us will secure at least one additional subscriber, the result will be an astounding aggregate gift to the Fellowship of \$4000.

Therefore we are especially urgent in our plea for your co-operation, which alone will make this increase possible.

This is a Corollary To the Completion of the Ecclesia

We feel that the time has now come to reach a larger circle with our Philosophy.

The dedication of the Ecclesia will in a measure inaugurate a new cycle in the work of the Fellowship. With increased power we are prepared to meet the test of greater responsibilities.

We are now ready to place our teachings before more of the myriads of overburdened souls who are seeking an answer to their perplexities.

Our magazine is an important factor in this great work; so in co-operating with us to double its circulation, you are increasing the influence of our most important medium for disseminating the message contained in the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

To Aid this Movement for 3000 New Subscribers

We Make the Following Christmas Offer

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In Questions and Answers

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If you can secure three interested people to subscribe to our magazine, you yourself may have a "Web of Destiny" or any of the other books as a Christmas gift, or if you wish to give three subscriptions as Christmas gifts to friends, then you will have a fourth gift added to this for yourself or whom you will.

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These lessons, published in one volume, are the collected fruits of a Mystic's investigations, and include occult information of the most valuable character.

Students of Occult Philosophy will find this book indispensable.

175 Pages

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The Mystic Light.

Love Thyself Last

Love thyself last! Look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last! Look far and find
the stranger,
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand, and lead him out of danger,
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last! The vastnesses above thee
Are filled with Spirit Forces, strong and pure,
And fervently these faithful friends shall love
thee:
Keep thou thy watch o'er others and endure.

Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall
thrill thee,
As never yet to selfish soul was given.
Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,
And earth shall seem the ante-room of Heaven.

Love thyself last, and thou shalt grow in spirit
To see, to hear, to know, and understand.
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mykiadad

MARY-ABBY PROCTOR
(A Personal Experience.)

"Life means to us a thousand different things;
The highest meaning is the one we miss,
And yet a warning voice unceasing sings
'Life is eternity's parenthesis!'"

"**W**HAT IS IT, my child?"
"Oh, the same picture, mother!"
and I came back from something real
and full of pulsating life, sweet and dearly fa-
miliar, to the cold, practical, critical atmosphere
of New England.

In childhood days mother frequently awakened
me from daydreams, her keen, piercing blue eyes

filled with suspicion and disapproval of phases
in an only child's temperament, which in her
practical, intellectual judgment were "not
healthy", and I soon learned to keep things
which I did not understand and of which mother
did not approve, out of sight.

Dear, sweet mother! She had such a whole-
some delight in life; with beaming face she
would exclaim, "I love life! Just to breathe is
a joy."

While I, a little girl, moaned, "I do not want
to live to be old."

Old age always brought the same mental pic-

ture—that of a long, dark, narrow tunnel, with a gleam of bright light at the end.

Or, I would say, "I didn't want to be born anyway. What did I come for?" Or, "I think it's nice to die and live in heaven where I can have everything I want." And mother, much shocked, would say, "Who told you such things?" The expression on her face when I once replied, "God told me when I talked with Him", cautioned me, child though I was, not to let these things over which I puzzled come to her attention.

Among other things, I recall hearing mother say to her older sister, "My little daughter is good and obedient, over-conscientious, in fact, but she has such strange fancies."

And Auntie replied, "Well, it's no wonder, living here with old people, having no playmates but cats and kittens, cows and calves, and the horses. Why, only yesterday that child was playing right under old Jennie's feet, chasing the baby colt in and out under the mare's body! I screamed to father that the child would be killed! But he laughed and said, 'No power in heaven or on earth can make old Jennie step on a child; she's had too many of her own.'"

My mother laughed heartily as she said, "Yes, that bit of a girl declares that old Jennie and all animals, in fact, have souls and that all they lack is 'a talker'; she doesn't want the farm stock killed, insisting that we ought *not to eat our brothers and sisters!* She is most positive that plants suffer. Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

What mother said was true. I have not only felt *for* but *with* everything in nature, animate or inanimate; a decapitated blossom, a thirsty, parched plant awakens sympathy as does a suffering animal or person. I feel my kinship.

As I roamed the fields or swung my little feet from a limb of a favorite apple tree, there frequently came to my mind scenes, people, impressions, bits of conversation, so fragmentary that I could not piece them together, yet they left a near, familiar sensation as though I had been with dear friends and in well loved places. Unable to trace or explain these things I decided they must be dreams, although so out of the ordinary was the feeling produced that I have retained it to this day—an *impression of an im-*

pression, if such an ambiguous expression may be allowed.

The favorite subject over which I pondered and "imagined" was heaven—a sort of home which I seemed to faintly remember and to which I longed to return.

In these "talks with God" I learned a good deal about animals and plants, especially trees, how they felt and how they suffered, and my feeling for high hills and mountains was one of extreme veneration. This Presence with whom I talked but never actually saw, I called "God", as It came nearest my conception of a Supreme Being. I now wonder if it were an Elder Brother comforting and guiding a homesick soul just starting out on a new journey, a journey from which it shrank, still longing for the Elysian Fields so unwillingly left. Or was it the touch with "heaven that in infancy lies about us" and with which I had lost contact?

I married, very young, a fine lad; the short life with him was like a sail on a summer sea, not even a breeze to roughen the waters. With his "foot on the ladder of success" he died after an illness of ten days.

Everything swept away, I went back to my mother, stripped, battered, and torn. The wheel had turned and another kind of life, altogether different from the sheltered, petted existence I had hitherto known, was before me.

Again, shortly, I left the little country home to become this time private secretary to a very wealthy cousin. For a while the new life, learning to keep my equilibrium in the maelstrom of a big city, drove all else from my mind. Gradually I grew to feel that there was more of real kindness and congeniality, for me at least, in the city than in the country; yet I hungered for the hills, the rocks and the trees.

I took up the study of astrology and began to learn "reasons why". The chart of my life explained the rebellion at the apparent injustice in the inequalities of life; and the more I studied, the clearer I saw the perfect justice in Divine Law—Cause and Effect; that I had no right to resent my kind of a life, for it was as I myself had made it. And then I began to remember! For a while old teachings came back with a rush. But I wanted more, and the search led me into

devious paths—spiritualism with its concomitants of table tipping, developing circles, materialization and kindred phenomena, yogi philosophy, and so on. I often marvel at the guidance during this period. It is as though my childhood "God" protected me from the evil forces haunting these channels, yet permitted me to partake sufficiently to perceive that the Truth I wanted was not along these lines.

Prayer for more light has almost invariably been answered with a book—Plato, Levi, Giordano Bruno, Paracelsus, and other savants of greater or less degree, ancient and modern, but since the first edition of the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* was placed in my hands, I turn to that with the feeling that *here is where I find it all!*

Through these years of the hardest kind of living came visions, dreams, lessons as I needed them, but ever foremost was that picture, the daydream from which my mother so often awakened me. Ever the same—a wonderful moonlight night, alone, waiting, expectant in the vibrant shadows of the great pyramids towering above me. The Sphinx, beside which I stood, was dark and shadowy, for the moon shone from the opposite side. Near and about me was darkness. Far out in the desert I felt that lions were roaming about, although I could not see them. The stars sparkled near, big and brilliant, while the moon and its reflected radiance on the desert sands brought out the deep blue of the skies; truly a wonderful picture of intense shadow and gleaming light. I never saw more, or less, just this, for what did I wait here? I had the impression that something of great import took place at this time. Perhaps some wonderful religious ceremony? However there was no emotion of fear, or happiness, simply a thrilling expectancy.

After several years of city life I met a wealthy woman who was called an "occult wizard." While her motives may have been honest, she was not a student seeking high spiritual truths and many of her "pictures" were incoherent, and of absolutely no value. An involuntary medium, she was occasionally able to peer into the Reflecting Ether and get pictures that seemed clear and reasonable. But not being a trained clairvoyant she could not, of course, function in the

Region of Concrete Thought where Nature's Memory is found and which can be voluntarily visited by the properly developed person.

On a special night when I was her guest, she seemed more able to concentrate than usual, and a certain "picture" kept appearing to her until she exclaimed: "Strange! Strange! I wonder if you can tell me what it means. It is so much clearer and stronger than any picture I have ever seen." She studied it for what seemed a long time and then said, "Yes, it is on this earth plane of existence although not of these times". And then very slowly as though picking out the details one by one, she murmured, "Moonlight, a shining desert; all about, towering and massive, are three-cornered structures, one with a great face, black in the deep shadow". I started to speak, but she held up her hand and continued: "Down, down beside the structure with the face, in the dense shadows, infinitesimally small, you wait. Oh, tell me, do you know what it is?"

Then I told her of my ever-recurring daydream, but that I was never able to go further than what she had seen. Hearing this she was interested, persistent, determined to get more. She concentrated her mind with all her power and finally said, "I think it's one of your incarnations thousands of years ago—everything is so dim, but I *feel the ages*." Again she focused her mind: "I see! You are not alone. He whom you await, comes." And then in a puzzled, hesitant tone: "How strange! A blue-eyed, light-complexioned man in this country of black and brown people!" She described "a wonderful person, radiating dignity, power, majesty, his blue eyes ablaze with the shining light of high purpose and noble deeds. Extending from him are powerful golden rays of Love". She told of his height and kingly bearing, garments of white, his hair cut straight across and hanging upon his shoulders. But that which most puzzled her to describe was a marvelous fillet of filigreed gold from which gleamed a very large and magnificent jewel. This jewel rested upon his brow between his eyes and sent its scintillations in every direction; the description of this jewel seemed to perplex her for she could not find words in which to describe it. She told me I would meet this man in this life and that I would shortly learn his name—"a very strange

name which I cannot get, but I hear him call you 'Amalia!' ” She had the impression that while we stood there beside the Sphinx he was trying to protect me, that I had committed a great sin in revealing “temple secrets”, as she put it, that I had misused my knowledge and must suffer the consequences.

“You think you have known joy and love in this life; wait till he comes and illumines the pages of your history, revealing your joy in acquired knowledge, the result of long ages of struggles, the joy of once more realizing that the sacred bond that unites all with the All is Love! And shaking her head, “You think you have known pain and sorrow; wait till you once more sense the wrong you did in the misuse of sacred teachings, wait till your friend and comrade goes, and with him goes the light!” A short interval and then, “Look out! there! there, you are wiped out in a flash!”

A few days after this most interesting experience I was with a dear friend, a young woman of high spiritual aspirations, with whom I was wont to “dig deep”, as Julius Le Vallon puts it, for old memories. Among other things we had been able to recall old associations when her name was Blanche, “ma jolie Blanche”, as I had been wont to call her, and mine “Emilie”. During one phase in her life she could summon up pictures of the past, many times so keen and vivid that she was able to make sketches of faces and places, together with names and bits of history regarding them; she had forseen my coming again into her life, a sort of “boxed-up” individual, i.e., unable to use knowledge, ability, or talents to any degree, living a life of service, learning from the experiences of life and paying a debt at the same time.

So, when I told her of this particular experience and of my daydream, tremors shook her whole body and she gasped, “How strange! I know, I know who it is. I have his picture! I have his name! She brought her sketchbook and, sure enough there was the picture of my Chieftain, everything identical, the fillet, the blazing jewel, and his name, “Mykiadad”.

In 1913 I was abroad; while in Paris I wandered one day down by the cathedral and stood looking up at those awful, fearful, fascinating gargoyles of Notre Dame, dreaming of the red days of the Revolution when I had suffered tor-

tures upon this very spot—(part payment of a great sin? I do not know); bloody scenes soon to be repeated in the world war.

Something caused me to whirl directly about, and I stood looking into eyes, blue eyes that mirrored and knew my soul.

“Mykiadad! Mykiadad!” I whispered, and his sweet, deep voice replied: “You do know me this time, dear Emilie—the first time for many thousands of years.”

I could not speak. I could only gasp with intense emotion, thrilled but confused with the cross-currents of the two existences.

Mykiadad spoke again: “My poor child, how you have suffered! but you have learned lessons of incalculable value”, and his rich, musical tones sounded in my earthly ears once more. He smiled understandingly as he added, “Miscalled ‘love’ has led you into tortuous paths, but now you *know* that there is one love of the flesh—personality, and another of the soul.”

Wave after wave of emotion swept over me as the memories of past ages were awakened; my heart almost burst with joy, and as I gazed into his eyes there flowed over me an understanding of the meaning of life, an understanding so powerful and mighty that it seemed a consuming fire; this was followed by peace ineffable, and an all-pervading serenity.

And then I spoke: “Mykiadad, now are we reunited, we are one in aspiration and purpose. I now see the emptiness of the world. I understand now why I have looked into this man’s face, and that man’s heart, passing them by, coming to believe that all love, so-called, is dross. But now, my old-time friend, my Guide and Teacher, I know: I remember the lessons taught through the ages!”

With the sweetness and power of those wonderful eyes illuminating my vision, I saw the heights, the depths, the vastness of the soul’s journey through matter. I saw the joy of Elysian fields where Mykiadad and I lived between earth experiences, one in thought and purpose—a purpose to grow into the likeness and wisdom of Gods. Now I understood the terror with which I heard the summons, “To earth to learn another lesson!” No wonder as a child “I did not want to be born.” No wonder that long life looked like a narrow, dark tunnel!

Mykiadad slowly shook his head as he said,

“No, Emilie, not yet! Not yet! Although we both have much work to do in this life, our paths are not parallel. As for myself, I am permitted to redeem a great sin. Within a short time, a twelve-month, mayhap, I shall give up earth life in trying to stem the tide of a flood of evil and terror such as the world has never seen; for on the adjoining plane the warfare between Good and Evil is terrific, and sooner or later the forces are bound to find a channel through to this dense plane. Pray that I may be a valiant soldier in this fight for good.”

Oh, the beauty and grandeur of Mykiadad's face! Raising his hand and making the old familiar gesture he impressively said, “Don't dread the long years of dreary life; realize that they are of inestimable value. Make the most of every fleeting moment”. His voice took on more earnest tones: “Remember, remember, remember, long life is a good thing!” And with a smile he added, “At the end you know, you always see light! Au revoir, Emilie, dear old comrade in the battles-of-lives. We'll soon meet

in our home 'over there.' Be patient. Be faithful.” Mykiadad turned on his heel. I watched him cross the Seine and disappear. Blackness like eternal night swept over me. My sun had gone! gone! Yes, it was true; never before had I suffered as now, when my Helper, my Comrade of thousands of years, had taken with him the light which had illumined my path, and once more I must plod on alone, with only a faint gleam from the candle of Faith shining in my heart.

Oh, Friend-of-a-million-years!
 Bound by our joys and our tears
 Together we've trod the One Path!
 Aye, we've shared the same wrath
 Meted out by Gods unto men.
 We've died side by side, and then
 As the cycles came 'round,
 The hand of the other we've found.
 And climbing to planes ever higher—
 Illum'd by Heaven's own fire—
 As aeons of Eternity roll,
 We'll grow! Your Soul and my Soul.

The Spiritual Meaning of Parenthood

ARLINE D. CRAMER

WHENEVER A WOMAN is called upon to go through the long nine months' preparation for her motherhood, surely it would be well for her to meditate upon the spiritual aspect of this period. Through the sublime teachings of the Rosicrucians this natural process is revealed in its sweet, pure relation to Divine Love and natural law.

There is a beautiful mystery behind the act of “falling in love”, for it is related to a very ancient history of the two souls concerned. The two spirits brought together for connubial relationship in this life on earth, have elsewhere, possibly through several lives, been building the strong attraction that culminates in this holy bond of the personalities. The very act of “falling in love” is the admission that we have met an old friend to whom we are irresistibly drawn for long, close companionship. The two egos compel the personalities to come together, as the

egos know that it is for the best welfare of the two souls and many other souls whose destiny is interwoven with these two about to mate.

Hence those who have eyes to see, behold the lovers ever accompanied by “cupids”, who increase the rapture of the kiss and the sweet delights of the propinquity. But, dear heart, these little ones are the spirits of those who have the right, by God's beautiful, perfect law, to be given physical bodies through the service of these lovers. Thus Nature teaches us our need of the help of others. No one lives unto himself alone. Lines of causation reach out from the individual to all the worlds and the beings therein.

Think then upon the sad amazement, the helpless despair of these waiting ones when they are rejected, perhaps through the selfishness of the possible parents who shirk their responsibility to God and to man. Thus bonds of love are sev-

ered that can only be linked again by many a love service ungratefully received. Woe unto him from whom the offense cometh. Not one jot nor one tittle shall pass from the law till all be fulfilled.

In the perfect order of God's law, the rejected ones are taken by angels to the First Heaven, there to wait until an opportunity again is offered. Spirits are always very eager to incarnate as they sense the importance of this opportunity for added experience and soul growth.

As we sow so shall we reap. Those who turn others away shall in turn know what it is to be turned away in like manner, until Christ be formed in them. The sin is purged away when the soul has been softened to receive the lesson.

But some seem drawn to old enemies instead of friends, and some parents feel as though they had given birth to a little enemy instead of one who had a claim of love upon them. There are the bonds of hate as well as love, an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. If we, as parents, have not learned the lesson of LOVE, which is the joyful fulfilling of the law, we must learn it UNDER the whiplash of the law. So some give birth to one from whom life was taken in the past. Such parents scarcely receive much love from the child spontaneously; it has to be cultivated as a flower in a desert. God sent the child to the parents as an opportunity to re-unite two souls in the love of Christ; two souls who may have been driven apart in the past by some terrible tragedy.

Angels minister at every conception, bearing the seed atom about which the new body is built. How clean then should our minds be when this holy office is invited! Is it to be wondered at that the ancients revered reproduction? They knew some spiritual facts about birth that we have lost through our materialism. Science is largely responsible for this materialism as it has confined its studies entirely to the form side of evolution. But science and religion must be reunited in the holy bond of head and heart; then our eyes will be opened to the spiritual causation of every fact in nature.

Parents awake to your holy office! Realize that yours is the debt to your child until it shall have reached maturity in the body. Know that love is the only guide to wisdom in facing the problems that confront you in the unfolding of

a soul entrusted to your care. Watch and pray!

What a beautiful picture grows about those reacting to holy love. First the drawing together of the old friends, the rapture of reunion. Then the love call to other loves, that here is an opportunity for birth in a love center. The coming of the family accompanied by the whispering of angels, and the establishing of a household where LOVE is king. Behold then the rich rewards in benefits to the community, the nation, the world! These children are well-born, and centered in the power that gave them birth they will reflect good upon their fellowmen.

Mothers, strive to understand your children.

Children, be grateful to your parents for they have suffered for you and served you well.

May Christ be increased in the hearts of all.

HE IS NEAR

God speaks to us in the rush of the gale,
That tosses the waves on high,
And gathers the clouds of the on-coming storm,
To fling them across the sky.

He speaks to us in the wilderness vast,
Far from the haunts of men,
And while we are climbing the mountain heights,
We feel His omnipotence then.

His glory we see in a sunset of gold,
In flowers of lovely hue,
In the myriad stars of night's velvet arch,
We feel His presence too.

But only the soul that is chastened by life,
And able to rise again,
Is *selfless* and *loving* and *trustful* enough
To recognize God in men.

Marguerite Brown.

How little we are influenced by thinking as compared with habit! How few of us reflect at table! I never did until I had been reflecting for more years than people on the average live; but now I reflect every time I eat meat, that we are after all in that respect very little removed from cannibals—that it's a queer thing for a refined woman to be tearing the flesh away from a murdered fellow creature's bones, and eating it.

Henry Holt.

A Vision With a Warning

F. J. HAARHOFF

AFTER HAVING spent fifty years of my life in the vain endeavor to find spiritual sight and truth divine in the teachings and doctrines of the orthodox church, the Love which does not leave our genuine prayers unanswered forever but sends to us the real light in due time, at last sent me some books which showed me that there really is a Truth which does not contradict itself, a Light which does not distort, a Love which is divine. Then, at last, when I was ready for it, the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception was sent to me in a most wonderful and unexpected way. Then I began to *see!* My life, my mode of thought, and the direction of my "search" were changed. Slowly I became aware of other influences to guide my progress other than those which were material or visible.

One of the facts of which I became consciously aware was that my hours of sleep were not spent in idleness, in vague and aimless dreams. I *knew* that I was moving in higher spheres, functioning in conscious being amidst wonderful but familiar scenes. I could only recall this in snatches of memory, but those fragments of recollection gave me the assurance that my spirit was moving during the hours of sleep on a far nobler and higher plane than the one where it functioned in my ordinary every day life and consciousness.

Not only did I remember beautiful views of houses, parks, and gardens, but I retained brief fragments of memories of holy communion and deep intercourse with Beings of great wisdom and noble love. I *knew* that I was being taught deep mysteries in those hours of holy communion, mysteries too deep, too great, for me to bring back to the lower consciousness. I was not permitted to remember *all*, but I often carried back with me some final sentence, a concluding fragment from some deep discourse, which far surpassed any wisdom contained in my lower conscious memory.

I rejoiced in the knowledge of what was happening. I believed that I was being given pearls of wisdom from the Higher Spheres, which I would be permitted to bring to my con-

scious memory in due time: that is, when those wise beings who were teaching me should deem me strong and worthy enough to contain such wisdom within my conscious mind. I was being built up, physically and mentally, to prepare me for such attainment. I had many good reasons for this faith. I knew that I was making great progress in other ways, and was quite aware that I was growing toward greater perfection, physically and mentally as well as spiritually. I was also passing through other wonderful experiences,—but that is "another story."

Then, at last, I had a vision which I was permitted to remember, for a purpose. It was a wonderful manifestation of love!

It was the night previous to February 15th, 1919. In the vision I was sitting at a table in a room. Before me upon the table were several pages of manuscript, which I was studying most intently. I was fully aware that a great deal depended upon my mastering the contents of that manuscript. It was of vast importance. What it was or what it concerned, I cannot remember; all that I know is that it was divided into fourteen parts or divisions. With all my mind and soul I studied those fourteen items. The paper scintillated with a tremendous vibration, which moved up and down the pages in rapidly moving waves like the undulations of a wind-swept sheet of water in the noonday sun.

Then I became aware that facing me there was a door leading into another room and that within that other room there were two Beings whom I could not see but whom I could hear talking. They were discussing me and my progress in my studies. Then, after a time, I became suddenly aware that one of them was present in the room with me. He was teaching me, explaining the inner meaning of those important fourteen divisions of the manuscript which I was studying. In a firm, gentle, and sympathetic manner, in tones most sweet and stirring, he was making clear to me the mystery of what was puzzling me in the manuscript. He was standing some two yards away from me, toward the right.

How I knew, I cannot say, but I realized that it was the Christ himself who was standing there teaching me deep mysteries of wisdom. Nothing I saw or heard appeared strange or unusual to me. It did not surprise me to find the Christ teaching me! It seemed just ordinary routine. So familiar was the scene to me that I did not even trouble to lift my eyes from the manuscript to look at my Teacher. He appeared so familiar that I felt no curiosity to study his appearance.

It was just the merest chance, apparently, that while he was saying something very deep and wonderful, I looked up toward him for a moment so as to give him all my attention and grasp the full meaning of his words, which now enable me to remember and describe his appearance.

It was not the Christ of Revelation nor the Lord of Daniel's vision whom I saw. His face did not shine as the sun; no double-edged sword proceeded from his mouth; nor were his limbs like molten brass. It was the Christ of the Gospels, the loving Master, who in tender compassion, in brotherly humility, taught the lowly fishermen the mysteries of "The Kingdom", as he now was teaching me. His whole expression was that of loving tenderness, human fellowship. His presence produced no awe in me, only worshiping love and a passionate yearning to serve.

His garments I cannot describe. All I know is that they were not distinctive enough to draw my attention. It is only the eyes, the face, that I remember most clearly. I am writing this from memory; it is seventeen months since I saw this vision; and yet it is quite clear and distinct before my inner sight. I can yet see that sweet, gentle, loving countenance, without a trace of condescension to be discerned upon it. He wore a short, curly, golden-brown beard; his hair, of the same color, was somewhat longer and more flowing. It was only a fleeting glance of his presence that I caught to impress upon my memory.

Then again I turned my eyes upon the manuscript which was the center of attention. I can still feel the keen attention, the concentration, which I felt impelled to bestow upon my study. My Teacher appeared just as earnest to impress

upon me the importance of mastering its mysteries.

Then memory fades . . . Suddenly I found myself wide awake and fully conscious. I knew that I was lying upon my bed, I knew that I had seen a vision, and I knew that it was most important that I should impress its memory upon my mind. Fully conscious, I was awake yet not awake. My consciousness seemed divided! Part of it was still seeing the vision, while with the other part I was standing *outside* the room where it occurred, below some steps leading down from its outer door. I knew that I had just passed out by this half-closed door, and that the Christ, my Teacher, was standing within, just back of it. I heard his voice. He was beyond my view, and yet, somehow, I could see him. He was standing, leaning in my direction with uplifted hands, with deep intent, to impress upon me the importance of his parting words. Insignificant as they may appear to the reader, to me they seemed laden with the very salvation of my soul! The earnestness of his impressive tones contained volumes of meaning. These were his words:

"The *seventeenth!* Remember the *seventeenth!*"

Then as I listened with all my soul, all my attention, to catch the least vibration of significance in his voice, he turned to some other Being entirely beyond my vision and spoke questioningly: "*Is it the seventeenth?*", and fully as impressive as his own voice, the reply came in singing tones that seemed to thrill through all my being, and with such power that it rang through my physical ears for many days; aye to this very day:

"Yes, the *seventeenth!* Remember, the SEVENTEENTH!"

Then the vision passed; but the deep significance contained in that earnest message remained for days, and the voice continued to ring with power, even through my physical ears, as I lay awake to ponder the meaning of that impressive vision.

I was quite calm after I awoke, fully conscious, but most deeply impressed with the great necessity of impressing the details of the vision upon my memory, so that it would not vanish into misty obscurity as had often happened be-

fore. I was also conscious of a great joy that I should have been deemed worthy of such a vision—the presence of the Master himself.

I went over the details of all I had seen and heard, endeavoring vainly to comprehend the meaning but could not. I did not worry; I felt that if I could only *remember*, the meaning would come with reflection. Especially the parting message I impressed deeply upon my mind, resolved that it should not escape with the coming day as, to my regret, other visions had before.

Then I slept again; but not in peace. One after another, nightmares assailed me. Fearful heights tempted me to court destruction by falling from them. I appeared to be tempted to engage in terrible quarrels with those near and dear to me. All these I afterward concluded were desperate efforts of the "Adversary" to cause me to forget my vision, to obliterate its significance from my memory. Even when the daylight at last finally woke me, these attempts to confuse me did not cease. When I was fully awake, the memory of my vision flooded my consciousness with its full impressiveness. I remembered that it was necessary for me to recall all its details; especially did I know that I must remember the parting message. I again went over its details in my mind. What was it, "Remember the *seventeenth*"? Or was it—"No!"

resounded a loud voice from somewhere *outside* of my own consciousness—"No, it was *seventy*, not *seventeen!*"

Instantly I knew that this was an attempt to confuse me, and firmly from within, from my own higher self, came the reply, sharp and distinct, "*That is a lie! It was 'seventeen'!*" And then I *knew* that "*seventeen*" it was. The Adversary, whoever, or whatever it was, became confounded and discouraged and departed to trouble me no more.

And yet I could not remember *all* my vision. Whether this was due to the partial success of the adversary or whether it was intended that I should only remember partially, I do not know. I knew that there were instructions, directions and information which preceded those impressive parting words, but I could not remember them. Nor could I remember the subject matter of those wonderful fourteen subdivisions of the manuscript which I had studied so intently. However, I was content. Sufficient for me to know that I was under the protection and tuition of such exalted influences. So deeply was I impressed with the underlying significance of that parting message that I mentioned to my wife that I had dreamt a peculiar dream which warned me against the *seventeenth*; but that I was puzzled as to its meaning.

(To be continued)

The Immaculate Conception

Purity and Initiation

MAX HEINDEL

Editor's Note: The following is one of Max Heindel's former lessons to students. It is one of a series which we shall publish.

THE PERIODICAL ebb and flow in the material and spiritual forces which invest the earth are the invisible causes of the physical, moral, and mental activities upon our globe.

According to the hermetic axiom, "As above so below," a similar activity must take place in man, who is but a minor edition of Mother Nature.

The animals have 28 pair of spinal nerves and

are now in their Moon stage, perfectly attuned to the 28 days in which the moon passes around the zodiac. In their wild state the group spirit regulates their mating. Therefore there is no overflow with them. Man, on the other hand, is in a transition stage; he is too far progressed for the lunar vibrations for he has 31 pairs of spinal nerves. But he is not yet attuned to the solar month of 31 days, and he mates at all times of the year; hence the periodical flow in woman, which under proper conditions is utilized to form part of the body of a child more perfect than its parent. Similarly, the periodical flow in mankind is the sinew and backbone of

racial advancement, and the periodical flow of the earth's spiritual forces, which occurs at Christmas, results in the birth of Saviors who from time to time give renewed impetus to the spiritual advancement of the human race.

There are two parts to our Bible, the Old and the New Testament. After briefly reciting how the world came into being, the former tells the story of the "Fall." In view of what has been written in our literature, we understand the Fall to have been occasioned by man's impulsive and ignorant use of the sex forces at times when the interplanetary rays were inimical to conception of the purest and best vehicles. Thus man became gradually imprisoned in a dense body crystallized by sinful passion and consequently an imperfect vehicle, subject to pain and death.

Then commenced the pilgrimage through matter, and for milleniums we have been living in this hard and flinty shell of a body, which obscures the light of heaven from the spirit within. The spirit is like a diamond in its rough coat, and the celestial lapidaries, the Recording Angels, are constantly endeavoring to remove the coating so that the spirit may shine through the vehicle which it ensouls.

When the lapidary holds the diamond to the grindstone, the diamond emits a screech like a cry of pain as the opaque covering is removed, but gradually by many successive applications to the grindstone the rough diamond may become a gem of transcendent beauty and purity. Similarly, the celestial beings in charge of our evolution hold us closely to the grindstone of experience. Pain and suffering result, which awaken the spirit sleeping within. The man hitherto content with material pursuits, indulgent of sense and sex, becomes imbued with a divine discontent which impels him to seek the higher life.

The gratification of that aspiration, however, is not usually accomplished without a severe struggle upon the part of the lower nature. It was while wrestling thus that Paul exclaimed with all the anguish of a devout, aspiring heart: "Oh wretched man that I am * * * The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do * * * I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members warring against

the law of my mind and bringing it into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." (Rom. 7:19-24.) Faust, also, in speaking to Wagner, who is yet concerned with material things alone, says:

"Thou by but one impulse are possessed,
Unconscious of the other still remain,
Two souls, alas, are housed within my breast
And struggle there for undivided reign.
One to the earth with passionate desire
And closely clinging organs still adheres,
Above the mist the other doth aspire
With sacred ardor unto purer spheres."

When the flower is crushed, its scent is liberated and fills the surroundings with grateful fragrance, delighting all who are fortunate enough to be near. Crushing blows of fate may overwhelm a man or woman who has reached the stage of efflorescence; they will but serve to bring out the sweetness of the nature and enhance the beauty of the soul till it shines with an effulgence that marks the wearer as with a halo. Then he is upon the path of Initiation. He is then taught how unbridled use of sex regardless of the stellar rays has imprisoned him in the body, how it fetters him, and how, by the proper use of that same force in harmony with the stars, he may gradually improve and etherealize his body and finally attain liberation from concrete existence.

A shipwright cannot build a staunch oak ship from spruce lumber; "men do not gather grapes of thorns;" like always begets like, and an incoming ego of a passionate nature is drawn to parents of like nature, where its body is conceived upon the impulse of the moment in a gust of passion.

The soul who has tasted the cup of sorrow incident to the abuse of the creative force and has drunk to the dregs the bitterness thereof, will gradually seek parents of less and less passionate natures, until at length it attains to Initiation.

Having been taught in the process of Initiation the influence of the stellar rays upon parturition, the next body provided will be generated by Initiate parents without passion, under the constellation most favorable to the work which the ego contemplates. Therefore the Gospels

(which are formulae of Initiation) commence with the account of the immaculate conception and end with the crucifixion, both wonderful ideals to which we must some time attain, for each of us is a Christ-in-the-making, and will sometime pass through both the mystic birth and the mystic death adumbrated in the Gospels. By knowledge we may hasten the day, intelligently co-operating instead as now through ignorance often stupidly frustrating the ends of spiritual development.

In connection with the immaculate conception misunderstandings prevail at every point; the perpetual virginity of the mother even after giving birth to other children; the lowly station of Joseph, the supposed foster-father, etc. We will briefly view them in the light of facts as revealed in the Memory of Nature:

In some parts of Europe people of the higher classes are addressed as "wellborn," or even as "highwellborn," meaning that they are the offspring of cultured parents in high station. Such people usually look down with scorn upon those in modest positions. We have nothing against the expression "wellborn;" we would that every child were well born, born to parents of high moral standing no matter what their station in life. There is a virginity of soul that is independent of the state of the body, a purity of mind which will carry its possessor through the act of generation without the taint of passion and enable the mother to carry the unborn child under her heart in sexless love.

Previous to the time of Christ that would have been impossible. In the earlier stages of man's career upon earth quantity was desirable and quality a minor consideration, hence the command was given to "go forth, be fruitful and multiply." Besides, it was necessary that man should temporarily forget his spiritual nature and concentrate his energies upon material conditions. Indulgence of the sex passion furthers that object, and the desire nature was given full sway. Polygamy flourished and the larger the number of their children, the more a man and a woman were honored, while barrenness was looked upon as the greatest possible affliction.

In other directions the desire nature was being curbed by God-given laws, and obedience to divine commands was enforced by swift punish-

ment of the transgressor, such as war, pestilence, or famine. Rewards for dutiful observance of the mandates of the law were not wanting either; the "righteous" man's children, his cattle and crops were numerous; he was victorious over his enemies and the cup of his happiness was full.

Later, when the earth had been sufficiently peopled after the Atlantean Flood, polygamy became gradually more and more obsolete, with the result that the quality of the bodies improved, and at the time of Christ the desire nature had become so far amenable to control in the case of the more advanced among humanity that the act of generation could be performed without passion, out of pure love, so that the child would be immaculately conceived.

Such were the parents of Jesus. Joseph is said to have been a carpenter, but he was not a worker in wood. He was a "builder" in a higher sense. God is the Grand Architect of the universe. Under Him are many builders of varying degree and splendor, down even to those Initiates whom we know as Free Masons. All are engaged in building a temple without sound of hammer, and Joseph was no exception.

It is sometimes asked why Initiates are always men. They are not; in the lower degrees there are many women, but when an Initiate is able to choose his sex he usually takes the positive masculine body, as the life which brought him to Initiation has spiritualized his vital body and made it positive under all conditions, so that he has then an instrument of the highest efficiency.

There are times, however, when the exigencies of a case require a female body, such as, for instance, providing a body of the highest type to receive an ego of superlatively high degree. Then a high Initiate may take a female body and go through the experience of maternity again, after perhaps having eschewed it for several lives, as was the case with the beautiful character we know as Mary of Bethlehem.

In conclusion, then, let us remember the points brought out, that we are all Christs-in-the-making; that sometime we must cultivate characters so spotless that we may be worthy to inhabit bodies that are immaculately conceived; and the sooner we commence to purify our minds of passionate thoughts, the sooner we shall at-

(Continued on page 350)

Will Lebington Comfort Letter

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To Know What Love Means!

THROUGH several months I have found this to be the most fruitful concept for meditation. . . Both from within and without has arrived a profound realization that we do not know what love is in this Place. Only to those who have opened certain lower and outer dimensions of the love-thing, here, does this realization become apparent. In other words, certain mystical awakening is necessary to realize that Love is not here. Yet, what the world calls love is the dearest thing we have to work with—the way to the Way. Grant that it is unrecognizable from an Harmonic standpoint. So are we, as organic beings. Nevertheless the little force-vibration which the world calls love contains something of basic spiritual nature. Because of this, its devotees are never led astray.

“Just love her,” comes out of the sky to heal the little earthlover in his torture of jealousy. . . “Love more, not less,” is the infallible command to those whose mind-powers are seeking to estrange them, and from whose hearts faith is slipping. . . “Endure, faint not, love unceasingly,” spans every rift or abyss in the marital relation; transcends all seeming facts and reactions. Here follow simple but peerless injunctions for the management of romance in its little orbit here: Do not use intellect, use heart. Forbear to hold or give life through expression of critical thought. Refuse to accept appearances of the mind.

Love is not of the mind, but of the Spirit. The attractions of mind to mind, under the added play of sex power are inevitably atmospherized in glamor. This glamor must be disintegrated before the Spirit can breathe forth its enduring magic. This glamor is personal, selfish, often malignantly selfish. It turns from breast to breast, from eye to eye. It shuts out the world, seeks to lose itself in the one, takes love from all others to give to one, but finds that the one is being destroyed. To breathe at all the Romance that satisfies, means union not of body, but of Being. Lovers entering the Real, yearn for opportunities for world service, in order that they may have more for each other. They learn the

secret of all, so far, that it is only as they find union with themselves that they find union with each other. Is it not clear at last that love is of the Spirit, and that it is only as one co-ordinates mind and body with the Spirit that he can hope to know what Love means for use here in the objective consciousness?

I can give you a priceless bit of teaching on Meditation—at least what is priceless to me. I tell you this in the beginning to raise your expectancy in order to receive it with a more eager grasp: If a Mystic came down from the Hills to the cities, he would be conscious of sewerage everywhere—drains under the roads, under the lawns; the more or less hidden cloacal systems which the senses of ordinary men do not detect. He would find it difficult to stay. He would be hurt by this evil presence, the vibration of his body lowered, even outraged, by the manner of life of common men. When your Spirit comes down to operate in your objective consciousness, it finds an identical condition. It is sickened and hurt by the lowered vibrations of body and mind, by the hideous death-in-life which is our organic condition, even at its best in this place.

The neglect of our bodies through a period of one single day renders us dangerous, even, toward one another. All preliminary training in mysticism, the correction of habits and tastes of body and mind, is but a preparation for the coming of the spiritual guest. Basic spiritual nature is loveliness itself. Its presence in the objective consciousness is nothing less than delight. The first and faintest stirring of this delight brings tears and the tremble of weakness to our vocal cords; an hour in the midst of it exhausts most of us more than a full day of pain. By this you can realize how feeble and pitiful we are to endure the vibrations of Full Being. The most toned and rhythmic of us, in an organic way, is sick and depraved from the standpoint of purity and wholeness.

To give birth to a child of flesh in the midst of these bodies is an ordeal on the part of the coming entity, for which he has to be prepared on the other side by entering into a sleep that

is like death. For the coming of the great teachers, the physical lines are chosen from the fairest matings through many close-watched generations before the Messenger can key to the physical through an earth mother. This is more or less an exact picture of the agony of spiritual being to key to the outer nature. Yet we aspire to entertain our spiritual natures not only in momentary flashes of association, but to sustain Enlightenment through all the actions of our waking hours. The spiritual nature desires this association more than mind can possibly desire it, but the Spirit finds it impossible except when we lift ourselves toward it in highest sincerity of prayer and performance. Only as we render ourselves utterly, such as we are, can spiritual vibration which is Love itself come into us for use in the outer and lower world.

I have explained many times that what we know as Genius and Heroism and Comradeship are flashes of Being, momentary visitations in our objective consciousness of the real Self, the Self we have called God and Christ and Beloved, even the Absolute. When the young workman in mysticism, arrives at the simple fact that life in the outer world does not contain his delight, his inspiration, does not even answer to his forming dreams of wisdom, love and power, he is at last ready to begin a nobler quest. One who still finds his ideals in man-made affairs, in society, in any of the partisanships, even in international divisions of commonwealth, is not ready for unreserved endeavor to find Himself.

But having failed his loves here, having tried even departure from the world, as the elder school of mystics has tried, having been brazed and burned and crucified on the outer planes; having found beyond peradventure that love and life and beauty are not here, except as he finds their Spiritual key and meaning tallying within, he is ready at least to formulate the real prayer for Being, for Unity. For the first time his quest is unconfused. He aspires to make a place in mind and body for the Spiritual guest, not for momentary flashes of association, but for sustained hospitality; not for his own delight, but for Being, which in every tone and gesture and radiation is for the good of others.

The presence of spiritual light reverses every

policy and action of the mind without it. The agony of the mind for the welfare of the self is a false and futile agony. The welfare of Self in the real sense is the dear care of every other being in the Universe. The powers of the real Self glow and radiate and send forth their individual perfume and light and color only in the supreme forgetfulness of their own nature. Even the great moments of men here whose performances are memorable in history, in literature and ethics, reveal this spontaneity, which is Spiritual charm. Not one has ever thought out a great policy of performance; he has risen to it in a flame of Being and Doing for others; he has found himself one with them in the mystery and beauty of spiritual action.

Finding himself ready at last to call to Self, having tried all other ways and failed, having brought down his purpose to a science and built his faith upon knowledge, the young mystic formulates his prayer for swift and certain co-ordination. Remember by this time he is fundamentally disposed to the good of others; he has risen above the fears and pains and wants of the little self; he is hungering, thirsting, yearning with every tired energy of his objective consciousness for that Union which will set him free—a healer, a teacher, a lover, a comrade, a hero, in the midst of men, *for their sake!*

Still he stands in his outer consciousness. He does not say, "I am Holy, I am God, I am All, I am Absolute," for he is none of these things, but a creature far from Home, just risen from the husks, remembering at last his Father's House and determining to return thither, resolving to stop for no other purpose than to help another on the way; to arise and go! At last he prays without confusion, without sophistry, prays not from the standpoint of God, because he is not, nor from his own Spirit, because he is still in the mind which for ages has imprisoned his consciousness. He prays from where he is, in the objective consciousness, from earth in this year of our Lord; from the fetor of the drains and bottom-lands, and their tallying conditions in his own body and mind. He prays:

"I am lonely. For ages I have tried to do without you, tried ambitions, loves and wars, misuse and violence. All men and things, which I have abused, have risen to hold me in their

bondage. Now I have put away, so far as I know, the terrible passions and purposes of life here. I do not want to run from them, because I realize that I am placed here in this objective consciousness to do my task; but I can no longer tolerate the hours here without You. I, a mind and a body, render myself to You.

I know it is hard for You to come down and dwell with me in the corruption which I am. I know it is as hard for You to come down and dwell with me as for the mystic of the High Hills to descend to the packed cities of men. Yet I am making myself as clean as I can with Your guidance, as kind as I can, even in the mind and the body, knowing that kindness and cleanliness are Your ways.

"I ask you to be with me. I ask you to Be

I; to tolerate me in Your great mercy for a little time; to warn me when I am ignorantly astray. All else has failed. Many times I have wished to come to You more completely by putting aside this slow, cold, gray thing which is objective being on the face of the earth, but now I know it shall have its good use, as You use it; that it may be a mouthpiece for Your utterance to others here; that as You take possession of it, You may render it a medium for the reduction of Your force to such terms of voltage that it may be received intelligently by others here. I come. For the great thirst and hunger and yearning within this heart, I would find, through You, that love of all men and creatures, which even now, before the dawn of You in my being, I seem dying for."

The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms

PRENTISS TUCKER

CHAPTER IX

HE TURNED to da Siletra and his words cracked like the lash of a whip in spite of the fact that his voice was never lifted above the cultured even tone of a gentleman:

"Your friends on the other side have misinformed you, Senor, if they have really told you that rebirth is not true. They have likewise misinformed you when they have stated that they are preparing to give out great and altruistic truths through the hand of Miss Edgerly here when she shall have finally been hypnotized into compliance with their wishes. The facts of the matter are patent enough and I cannot but think that these friends are deliberately misleading both you and her. That they should begin their education with a lie is the stamp of what they have to give, and while you may not know it to be a lie they most assuredly do so know it; the very fact that they are at present engaged in their black magic while they are attempting to impose their will on Miss Edgerly is sufficient proof of their falsity."

As the Doctor said this the spirits, realizing that he was able to see them, leaped away from Miss Edgerly, and the contortions of their faces while they glared at the Doctor, were horrible to witness. He himself did not realize at the time

why it was that they were so quick to stop their unholy work when they found themselves detected. Later he learned more about the matter, but for the time he wondered a little that, since he could not touch them, they should stop so quickly and show such fear and disturbance. All this, however, was a by-play, and he continued without a break.

"They know, or at least they should know, that the whole end and aim of evolution is self-control and the whole force of evolution and of evolution's God is behind this trend; that whoever sets himself up against it is nothing more nor less than a black magician, and while he may seem to be successful for a little time, yet, whether he be on the physical plane or any other plane, the great Cosmic Law is too strong for him and he will merely lay up an awful debt to that Law by opposing it and causing by his opposition the downfall of one of God's little ones.

"Just what your own purpose may be, Senor, I do not know though I might form a guess, but what the object of your friends is I do know, and I know something of the trouble they are laying up for themselves. You should know, if Miss Edgerly does not, that the end of this automatic writing and of all such subjective attempts

to break into the unseen is insanity and loss of health. You should know, if Miss Edgerly does not, that of all the automatic writing that has been done not one single line has been of general value or productive of great moral teaching. It has been, from first to last, nothing but a mass of piffling nonsense with a lot of goody-goody platitudes thrown in to sugar the mess."

The Doctor paused, partly from lack of breath, partly because he regretted for some reasons having shown his hand, and partly to watch the effect of his words. Unwise and badly chosen they may have been, but firm conviction was behind them, and he hoped that perhaps the very vibration of truth in them might reach below the veneer of vanity and curiosity and make Frances realize the seriousness of her position.

The Senor was fairly purple with rage which he found it difficult to conceal. He was so angry, in fact, that for a moment he could not speak, and Frances came to his rescue as her laugh, somewhat forced it is true, rippled out.

"Really, George, you seem to take this a great deal to heart. What possible harm can it do if I try automatic writing? You must not think that I should ever let any one get control over me in any way, and the very suggestion of such a thing is ridiculous and not at all complimentary. When you speak of the Senor's having friends on the other side you must remember that he has never denied the fact, but if you say that you know what they are doing now you are laying claim to far more clairvoyance than he has ever claimed and more, I am sure, than you really possess. I think that you are making a mountain out of a molehill and it seems to me the best thing you can do is to go home and go to bed, for I am sure you have an attack of fever coming on and that you are really not yourself."

Da Siletra had by this time recovered himself to a certain extent but still had quite an apoplectic appearance, though he had keenness enough to see that since Frances had taken his part any exhibition of his natural temper would only spoil things.

"Senor Bidlow," he said, "is making a great mistake for which I am very sorry. It is but a poor reward to those great ones on the other side to speak of them in such a manner, but I am sure they will forget and forgive since it is not in the

nature of the great masters of wisdom to bear malice. I can only think, with you, Miss Edgerlee, that the Doctor is suffering from an attack of illness coming on."

The "masters of wisdom" having sprung away from the immediate proximity of Miss Edgerly when they found that the Doctor really could see them, were engaged in shaking their fists at him and vituperating him in language whose foulness shocked the Doctor, and he could hardly realize that Miss Edgerly could not hear it. Their profanity proved that the "masters" had not brought it with them from the seventh sphere but must surely have picked it up by contact with this miserable and naughty world.

Doctor George turned to Frances, determined to make one last appeal to her. He held out his hands to her as one who pleads before a judge.

"Frances, is this your last word? You have known me for years. We have grown up together. You know me well. You know that I am not a knave nor a scoundrel nor a trickster nor a liar. I have told you that I have seen these people on the other side whom this man calls his friends. I told you the truth. You have known him but a short time, you know nothing of his character, nor do you know whether he can do the things he says he can do. Are you going to disregard the warning of a lifetime friend for the promises of a man whom you hardly know at all?"

Had Frances been discerning, had she been able to discriminate between the true and the false, she would have known without further discussion who was false and who was true. But, unfortunately, the Doctor, while a promising occult student, a good physician, and a man honest to the core, was no psychologist and could hardly have made a worse appeal than the one he did make.

The Chilean, who had taken some of the above as a reflection on himself and was sputtering with rage, here burst into a torrent of words but had not regained sufficient control of himself to make his outburst coherent, when the Doctor, his gray eyes cold as two pieces of steel, stepped up close before him and looked him straight in the eye. Doctor George said no word but in a moment the Chilean dropped his gaze and began to stammer. The Doctor's eye never left da

Siletra's face which turned pale, while an expression of something akin to contempt flitted across the Doctor's face as the Chilean, murmuring something about having forgotten an engagement, hurriedly picked up his hat and left the house.

Frances, however, came of a different race. Her forefathers had met the boasted Armada with its blasphemous commissions and its blue blooded dons and had exposed the falsity of the one and had forever broken the power of the other. She came from a long line of hard riding, hard fighting, honorable and square dealing ancestors. She had failed to attribute the Chilean's discomfiture to its true cause but had thought him unwilling to make a scene in her house and so had somewhat raised him in her estimation, strange as it may seem. But Doctor George had deeply offended her. She was, in truth, not in the least afraid of any power dominating her because her training and her ancestry made her unafraid of anything on the physical plane, and her entire ignorance made her fearless of anything on the other planes. So to her, a harmless amusement had been magnified into a crime and a guest had been insulted in her house. Only her long friendship for Doctor George made her control her anger.

She turned on him as da Siletra made his exit.

"Well, I do think, George Bidlow, you must be crazy! I can't imagine what you mean by acting so. You have insulted a guest and a friend of mine right here in my own home, and I don't want you to enter this house again until you have apologized to him for such extraordinary conduct. I can't think what has got into you!"

He held out his hand impulsively as though about to make defense of his conduct, then slowly drew it back as though he realized the hopelessness of his position.

"Is that your last word, Frances?" he said at last.

"If I did not think you are really ill and not yourself I would never want to see you again. I think the least you can do is to apologize to the Senor for your extremely insulting conduct, and until you do I don't care to have you call."

She turned and left the room without another

word while the Doctor, in a preoccupied manner, picked up his hat from a little table and walked quietly from the house.

He felt as though the end of everything worth while had come, for he was sure that when da Siletra learned that the coast was clear the arguments for automatic writing and all the other subjective and negative development would be renewed with vigor. At times the Doctor felt an impulse to seek out the Chilean and compel him to leave town or thrash him or do something equally desperate, then he would realize that such a course would accomplish nothing for he had to remember that to Frances the larger part of the interview at her house was a blank. She had not seen the entities who were trying to hypnotize her. She had not seen their evil, sneering faces nor heard their horrible oaths and blasphemy. When he recalled that part of the conversation which she had heard and visualized, the things which she had seen, he had to admit she was largely justified in her position. It gave him a feeling of helplessness to realize this but he had to admit its truth. It even entered his mind once to seek out the Chilean and offer some kind of apology for the sake of patching up the matter with Frances, but the very thought was repulsive and so he finally settled down to try to forget the matter as far as possible. Frances still spoke to him when they met in society, but her bow was so cold and so formal that he knew she would adhere to her ultimatum and so the case seemed hopeless.

(To be continued)

THE PLACE OF PRAYER

The place of prayer is of very vital importance for a reason not generally known even among students of occultism; it is this: Every prayer, spoken or unspoken, every song of praise, and every reading of parts of the scriptures which teach or exhort, if done by a properly prepared reader who loves and lives what he reads, brings down upon both the worshiper and the place of worship an outpouring of spirit. Thus in time an invisible church is built around the physical structure, which in the case of a devout congregation becomes so beautiful that it transcends all imagination and defies description.

Max Heindel.

Question Department.

The Philosopher's Stone

QUESTION:

I have seen many references to the Philosopher's Stone in the works of Max Heindel and other occult writers, but I have not yet been able to form a clear conception of it. Can you aid me in realizing what it is and how formed?

ANSWER:

The subject of the Philosopher's Stone should be and is of deep import to every one. This stone can only be made by a philosopher for his own use. Each stone has an individuality corresponding to that of the philosopher who has made it; therefore no formula can be given to the world at large, but only to each one as he has gained the right to manufacture it.

It has been stated by some that the alchemists of the Middle Ages were engaged in this work, also transmuting baser metals into gold. All this is true but not in the usually accepted meaning of the terms used.

When the philosopher has attained to sufficient wisdom he will be instructed by his esoteric teachers how to proceed in the manufacture of the coveted stone. (Cosmo 483). Each one who does not fear trouble and arduous work may make this coveted jewel for himself. To describe it fully we must glance backward over the path we have traveled, beginning with the time when God differentiated us within Himself, sparks of the Divine Flame. The divine hierarchies worked upon us and upon all creation and by their powerful will and imagination formed archetypes for our physical forms. Gradually man has learned to build more and more usable vehicles to manifest in, but his education does not end with a perfect physical body; he must be taught how to become a creator.

Not very long since, religious prejudice was so great that the teachers of esoteric knowledge had to hide their lessons from their enemies by using symbolic names; but to students of the Rosieru-

cian Philosophy such words as "Salt," "Sulphur", and "Mercury" are no stumbling block. The student will remember that during the earlier period of his existence man was a hermaphrodite, with a plant-like consciousness and able to create from himself by the casting off of a part of his body, which, as it were, had budded from him. He was then in a very negative condition without incentive to action. After a certain period had elapsed, his creative force was taken charge of by the angels and part of it was directed to the building of a larynx and a brain in order to teach him to create by thought, and to express thought by language. As a result he became unable to create from himself alone, either physically or spiritually, for half of the sex force had been drawn upward to build the brain. This was designed to be placed under the care of the Lords of Mercury who would teach mankind to use the creative word in place of the unisexual method then necessary. But this plan was frustrated by the Lucifer Spirits who, obtaining the control of these new vehicles, filled them with passionate desire.

The ancient guardians of the truth, the alchemists, when indicating anything connected with the angels, who are under the guidance of Jehovah, the regent of the moon, used the word "salt," because the moon rules the salt ocean. The Lucifer Spirits were described as "sulphur", because this element is as noxious and detrimental to man as were the teachings given by the Lucifers. As the Lords of Mercury possessed much knowledge in handling nature's secrets, they were spoken of as "mercury".

The process of *generation* was carried on under the guidance of the angels, but the Lucifer Spirits led man into *degeneration*. Now through the help of the Lords of Mercury, *regeneration* may be accomplished. Thus salt, sulphur, and mercury symbolically cover the whole scheme,

with the addition of a further element, "Azoth", which we will describe.

All creation has been brought into manifestation through the two forces, will and imagination, positive and negative forces, male and female. When man was bi-sexual, both forces were within one body, but part was diverted to enable him to create by the mind, as noted above.

The spinal cord forms a path between the two creative organs, the brain and the genitals. It is composed of three parts. One section governs the building up of the body and is therefore under the lunar angels and designated "salt". A second section governs the motor nerves. It represents dynamic energy and is readily connected with the Lucifers or "sulphur"; while the third section registers nerve sensations and is under the rule of "mercury".

Hidden within these three sections runs the spinal canal, which is filled with gas. In the gas the spiritual beings from Neptune are able to work; it has been named "Azoth". This gas or spiritual fire differs in every man according to his advancement. It is the creative force in man, and when used for purely altruistic purposes, it is gradually drawn higher and higher until it at last touches the pineal gland and the pituitary body. When they vibrate in unison, the heaven worlds are opened up to the gaze of the man and he can communicate with the Gods.

This spirit fire then radiates through his whole aura with a lustre beyond that of diamond or ruby, and he is then the "Philosopher's Stone".

Do not think that the Philosopher's Stone can only be attained by the occultist. In that wonderful mystic guide book, the Bible, you will find the truth about it, and in "Revelation" (which book is a true account of initiation to be read by those who have eyes to see) Chap. 2-17, is written: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it".

Each may make this precious jewel for himself and become a living stone, but purity must be the key-word if we desire to be its possessor. There must be no giving way to sense gratification; all creative energy must be under the con-

trol of the mind. As a man was once a hermaphrodite physically, he must aim to become a hermaphrodite spiritually. The dual creative force is the true "elixir of life".

Seek the living stone prayerfully. "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

The Rosierucians do not teach absolute celibacy in order to obtain spiritual advancement. Better once or twice in a lifetime make a sacrifice to afford an incoming ego a suitable spiritual environment in a well ordered home. We must consider the advancement of others as well as ourselves, and in this sacrificing we are never the losers.

MOSES AND ELIJAH

QUESTION:

In the "Cosmo", p. 405, is the statement that Moses was reborn as Elijah; if so, how did both appear as separate persons in the Mount of Transfiguration?

ANSWER:

Christ Jesus was showing his most advanced disciples the two previous lives of John the Baptist. The spirit that had reflected the personality of John the Baptist, had previously reflected the personality of Elijah, and before that had reflected the personality of Moses. This is an excellent lesson upon the evanescent nature of personalities, they being but temporary garments of the spirit. One individual spirit may reflect any number of differing personalities at different times. The Memory of Nature holds clear, living records of all the personalities in which each and every spirit has functioned. Time exists but in the mind of man. Therefore it was possible for Christ to show these two reflections at once, or in close sequence, while the disciples were functioning with Him, probably in the World of Concrete Thought in which all is the "Eternal Here and Now". But we must remember that it was not necessary that the spirit that reflected as Moses and Elijah should be present in either of the "records" that were shown the disciples. They were but looking upon the "eternal moving picture show of the Region of Concrete Thought."

(Continued on page 350)



The Astral Ray.

Determination of the Rising Sign By Face, Hands, and Fingernails

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

Aries

ONE OF THE most difficult problems which the student of astrology has to meet is that of finding the Ascendant of a horoscope when the hour of birth is not known; at least two-fifths of the people we meet are not certain of their hour. Some have never had opportunity to ask their parents about the hour, having wandered hundreds of miles from their early homes. Some parents do not remember the hour, while others may have passed into the higher life. And so the astrologer is left to find the hour, spending much time in the process. Often, where the planets are scattered all over the horoscope, where no two planets are in the same sign, he finds it a difficult task. Many claim to be able to rectify horoscopes, but these are not always correct. We have had a number come to us after well known astrologers had charged them high prices for finding the hour of birth, but after meeting them in person we found that the rising sign given them did not fit.

After years of study of the human body through physiognomy, phrenology, chiromony, astrology, etc., and by comparing the faces, hands, and fingernails with the horoscope, the writer has found that the time of birth can be judged by comparing the various traits with a horoscope set in a flat figure. What we mean by a flat figure is, that we place the sign Aries on the cusp of the first house, Taurus on the sec-

ond house, etc., and then copy the planets' positions with their degrees and minutes found in the ephemeris for the day, month, and year of the birth. (See Diagram 0). After having carefully complied with the above, if the student is familiar with the descriptions of the various signs which are given in the "Message of the Stars", chapter 5, page 92, let him take this flat figure and turn it until that sign is on the Ascendant which fits the person whose data he has under consideration.

Now let us see if we can place the native. What does an Arian look like? The symbol of this sign is the ram, and a true Arian usually resembles this animal in many characteristics. A wide forehead with the hair very scarce on each temple; a protruding sheep nose; clear, sharp, gray eyes, sometimes hazel; ruddy complexion; tall, slim, graceful and well shaped body; quick in action with an over-abundance of confidence in his ability; impulsive, bold, wanting to lead and chafing under the leadership of others. He will enter into everything with impulse and fervor, but will soon tire and be ready for a new venture. Aries is the sign where the Sun crosses the equinox, the exaltation sign of the Sun, the head of the cross where Christ, the great Sun Spirit, was crucified. The four cardinal signs constitute the four points of the cross. Aries is the sign of crucifixion, of liberation, the head; Cancer, the summer solstice; Libra,

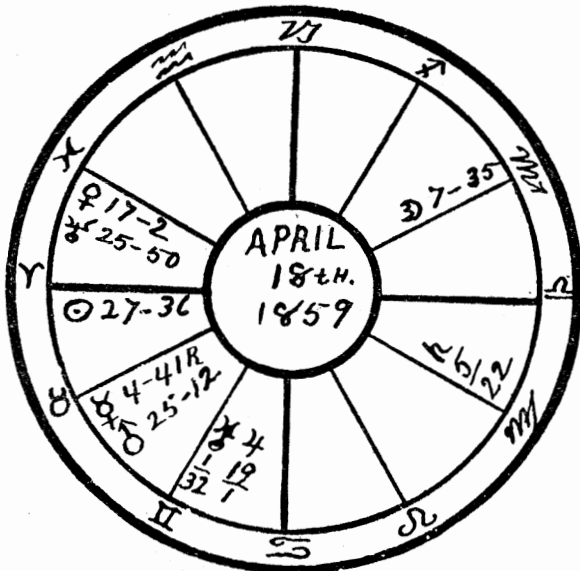
the autumnal equinox; and Capricorn, the winter solstice. The four points where the Sun crosses the line of the equator also represent the four seasons of the year. The disposition of the Arian is spasmodic; his nature compares well with the changeable conditions of the weather during the spring equinox, forceful, sweeping everything before it, its storms lasting but a short time during which their fury is spent.

Now, in order to prove whether Aries is rising the students of Astrology must take the place

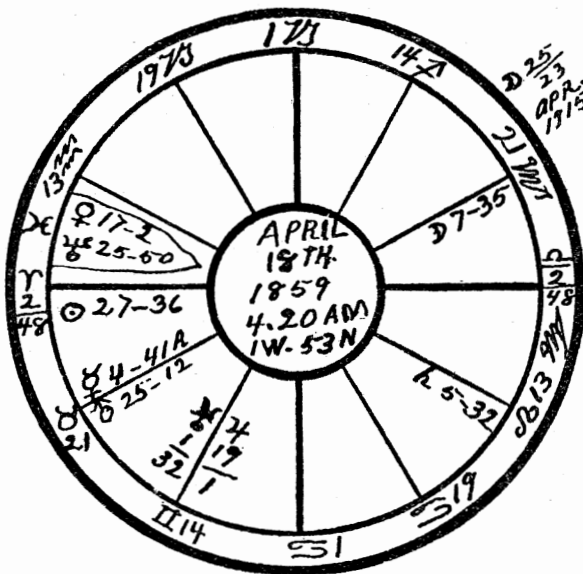
of the planets into consideration. If there are no planets in the sign, the above description will fit, but if the fiery Mars is in this sign, its home, we may expect more fire and force, a ruddy complexion, nose large and curved, hair of a reddish tinge, body more bulky, voice loud and sometimes coarse; one who laughs boisterously; the full force of Aries is then expressed. We must also take into consideration the aspects, for if Mars is square to Mercury, we may expect a bitter tongue, if afflicted by Saturn, a revengeful and morose disposition. So we see that the student must use discretion in reading the influence of each planet when placed in this sign. He must first become familiar with the nature of each planet and its effect when conjoined to or afflicting the planet on or near the Ascendant. For instance, the Moon or Saturn rising or afflicting a rising planet, will make the complexion paler, hair and eyes darker, and will chain down much of the Aries fire, for water and earth quench fire; the Sun will bring more force and a stronger will, while Venus or Jupiter will soften and beautify the nature, also the personal appearance, turning the angularity of Aries into softer and more beautiful lines.

In the year 1911 the writer accompanied Mr. Heindel on a lecture tour through the north-western part of the United States. In one city we met a woman who had been studying astrology but a short time, but who had had her horoscope erected by a professional. She was not certain of her hour of birth, but the astrologer had placed the Ascendant in the last face of Pisces. She asked if it were correct. The woman's face was a perfect type of Aries, and Mr. Heindel laughingly replied: "No, you are a decided type of the Arian; you have even the sheep nose". After examining the shape of the fingernails we were positive that the Pisces Ascendant was incorrect and that she had the first face of Aries rising.

Aries rising, when free from planets on the Ascendant, gives a medium sized and nicely rounded fingernail as shown in Diagram No. 1. If the Sun is also in Aries, this will broaden the nail towards the fingertip as in Diagram No. 2. Hands of the true Arian are bony, slightly enlarged knuckles, as in Diagram No. 1, with the mount of Mars well developed. The first or in-



NO. 0.



NO. 4.

dex finger is long, indicating one who wants to lead others, and the third or Sun finger is also a little longer than the average, indicating one who is ready to risk, to plunge into hazardous speculations. If, however, we find the Sun in Taurus, the nail is longer, larger, with a well shaped finger as shown in Diagram No. 3. The beauty of this Venus sign is then mixed with Mars. The Taurian nail is large and almond shaped, a little heavier than the Aquarian, which

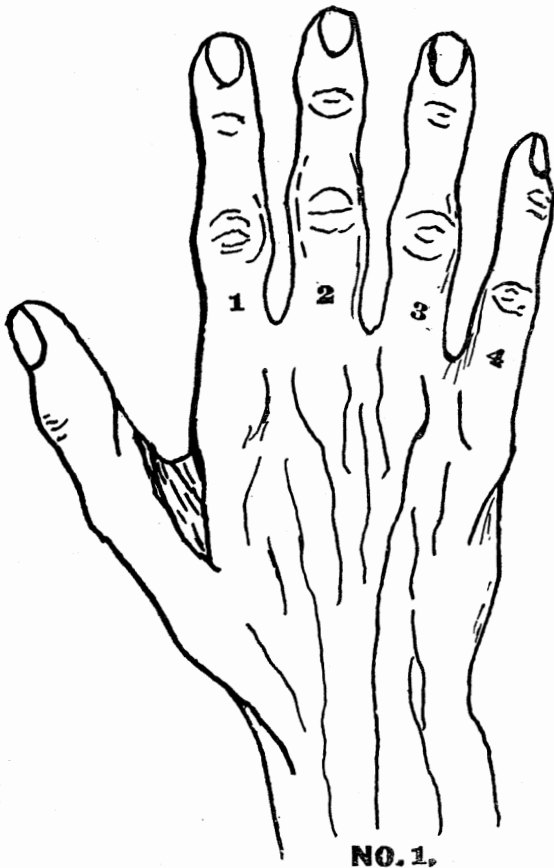
is also long and graceful. When we have studied the shape of the nails of each sign we can more readily place the Ascendant, but when we find a number of planets placed in one sign, especially if it be a fixed or cardinal sign, then we may find it more difficult to judge.

Now to get nearer to the degree rising after the ascending sign has been found: If we are certain that Aries is rising, we then consider the first face of this sign, which is ruled by the planet Mars; if the person expresses the boastful, officious, martial side, then we place him in one of the first ten degrees of the sign. But should he be proud and lordly, less selfish and inclined to extravagance, wanting to do things in a big way, we place him in the second decanate or face of Aries which is ruled by the lordly Sun. But should he be musical, inclined to art, fond of pleasures and the social life, we may be sure that he will come under the third face of Aries which is ruled by the pleasure-loving goddess of music, Venus. The question will then be asked: How can we get closer to the degree rising; is there any way by which we can prove the exact time of birth? Yes, this is possible to prove to the very minute.

We will now see how the time of birth can be determined, and will use the horoscope of a man who spent some time at Headquarters where we could study his traits of character. By comparing his temperament, personal appearance and the shape of the fingernails with events in his life, we proved his hour of birth. The writer met him in the spring of 1915, Aries was plainly stamped on his face, walk, temperament, and nails. The Ascendant was judged to be the first face, and from various weak traits of the character shown we could well see that women would be his undoing. We therefore placed Venus and Neptune in the 12th house intercepted in Pisces, as they both made a sextile to Mars in Taurus in the second house, also to Uranus in Gemini. He was very extravagant in his expenditures, and especially was he very ready to entertain his women friends.

To prove that we were correct and to determine the exact degree on the Ascendant we observed the effect of the progressed Moon in Scorpio in the 8th house, in opposition to Mars in

(Continued on page 350)



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

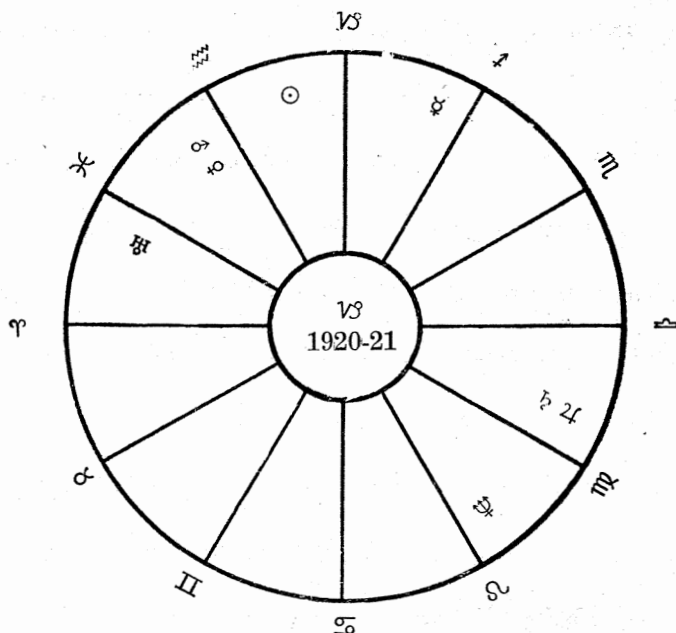


NO. 3.

The Children of Capricorn, 1920-21

Born between December 22nd, 1920, and January 20th, 1921, inclusive.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign in which the Sun is at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign in which they are during that month. This will give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.



THE CHILDREN born during the time the Sun is passing through the Saturnine sign of Capricorn are usually of a serious nature and extremely sensitive; their feelings are easily hurt, and it is difficult for them to forget an injury. Capricorn is the natural 10th house sign, indicating leaders, those in authority, people who do not care to follow others but who wish to lead. It will be especially difficult for the parents to lead the children born in Capricorn this year, for we find Mars, the aggressive and fiery planet, in the fixed and positive sign of Aquarius. Aquarius is ruled by the planet Saturn and is of a fixed nature. The fiery planet Mars in Aquarius will have some of its martial energy chained down, yet it enhances the determination and stubbornness of the Capricorn and the desire to rule is also stronger. These children will be natural politicians, very diplomatic.

The children born between the 22nd of December and the 7th of January will be social leaders. With the suave and sociable Venus and the gallant and enthusiastic Mars both in the house of friends (Aquarius), they will attract many

friends and will be social and political leaders; also very glib with the tongue, for with Mercury in the Jupiterian sign of Sagittarius, the sign of impulse, quick action, and in mundane sextile to Venus and Mars, they will be able to express their thoughts in a manner so as to be very convincing. Therefore they will have great influence as leaders of reform in the social and political world.

Venus and Mars pass into the sign of Pisces, between the 5th and 7th of January, and soon after they pass the conjunction of the erratic planet Uranus in Pisces, which is the 12th house sign of secretiveness and things hidden. Children born during the above period will have much to overcome, as the lower nature will be very apt to express itself in unnatural and secret habits. With this dangerous combination of planets which are conjoined and afflicting one another, the sex nature is very strong and may be expressed as indicated, which will in time undermine the health. It would be well for parents to make companions and confidants of these children.

(Continued on page 350)

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

Editor's Note:—We give below the cusps of the houses' and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

SUSIE, IRENE L.

Born Dec. 4, 1914.

12:15 P. M.

Long. 153 E., Lat. 28 S.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Sagittarius 17; 11th House, Capricorn 18; 12th House, Aquarius 19; Ascendant, Pisces 17-24; 2nd House, Aries 15; 3rd House, Taurus 15.

Positions of the Planets:

Jupiter 19-16 Pisces; Saturn 15-22, retrograde, Cancer; Neptune 2-27, retrograde, Leo; Mars 25-29 Leo; Moon 3-23 Scorpio; Mercury 4-17 Sagittarius; Sun 10-50 Sagittarius; Venus 1-38 Capricorn; Uranus 12-30 Aquarius.

This little girl is blessed with a wonderfully sweet disposition, with the peace-loving, romantic, and dreamy sign of Pisces rising, and the life ruler, Jupiter, in conjunction with the Ascendant. Jupiter is the ruler of the personality of this child. She will be good natured, and sunny, and she will attract many friends of the intellectual and advanced kind, for Uranus is strongly situated in its own sign and house, the 11th house, ruling friends, and is sextile to the magnanimous Sun in the 9th house and near the Midheaven.

Mercury, the planet of reason, is also in the 9th house in conjunction with the Sun and trine to its higher octave, Neptune, the planet of devotion and harmony, which is situated in the music-loving sign of Leo and in the 5th house, ruling theatres and places of amusement. We also find Venus, the goddess of music, in the

10th house, sextile to the Moon. Hence this little girl will be very musical and may some day come before the public in concert; she would also have ability as an organist in a church. Mercury, the ruler of the 7th house, the public, is in good aspect to Neptune in the 5th house and also in the 5th sign, Leo, and the Sun, the co-ruler of the house of pleasure, is elevated near the Midheaven.

All these indications point to public work and of a musical nature. We would advise the parents to give this child an education along these lines, especially on the church organ, for the 9th house, ruling churches, is well fortified. With Uranus so strongly situated she will find many friends among theatrical people, and with the sextile to the Sun, the lure of the footlights with its many dangers will be very strong. But should she take up a theatrical vocation, Jupiter, her life ruler, trine to the serious and well balanced Saturn, will protect her against any frivolity.

Neptune afflicted by a square to the Moon from Scorpio, the sign ruling the generative organs, may cause her some trouble at puberty. With Saturn in Cancer, we would advise a simple vegetarian diet. Teach her to masticate her food well, for Saturn restricts the fluids in the stomach that assist digestion.

VOCATIONAL

LESLIE RALPH W.

Born April 1, 1903,

6:40 A. M.

Long. 0, Lat. 51 N.

Cusps of the Houses

10th House, Capricorn 17; 11th House, Aquarius 8; 12th House, Pisces 10, Aries intercepted; Ascendant, Taurus 10-40; 2nd House, Gemini 10;

3rd House, Gemini 29.

Positions of the Planets:

Moon 20-39 Taurus; Neptune 1-1 Cancer; Mars 6-18, retrograde, Libra; Dragon's Head 16-23 Libra; Uranus 25-36, stationary, Sagittarius; Saturn 7-28 Aquarius; Jupiter 9-23 Pisces; Mercury 28-39 Pisces; Sun 10-22 Aries; Venus 9-29 Taurus.

This young man has the stolid and persistent sign of Taurus on the Ascendant. Taureans seek their own comfort at all times and nothing must hinder them from having their bodily wants supplied. This man has Venus at home in Taurus and on the cusp of the Ascendant, square to Saturn, powerfully situated in the 10th House and in Aquarius, one of its home signs. This aspect will dominate the young man's life. As Venus is the planet of beauty and art, a well aspected Venus loves things beautiful and neat; but when Saturn afflicts, he brings out the lower aspect of Venus and the native is apt to drift into untidy and careless habits and to dream away his time; also to brood over disappointments, for this square will bring many disappointments, especially in love affairs.

The Moon is exalted in Taurus in the 1st House, but unfortunately it is void of aspects; therefore it will not give him much assistance, for this plastic and vacillating planet when unaspected only creates a restless and discontented feeling and will not help him to express what is latent in the horoscope.

But we find the opulent and benevolent Jupiter in its own sign of Pisces in the 11th House and sextile to Venus. Venus is also very strong in its influence and is in its own home of Taurus, indicating that this man will have a struggle between the three planets, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn, all in their own signs and forming the aspects of Venus square Saturn and Venus sextile Jupiter,—a balancing of good and evil. But Saturn being in a fixed sign and elevated above Jupiter, which is in a negative sign, will have the greatest strength. However every cloud has its silver lining, and we find the authoritative Sun in its exaltation sign of Aries, making a sextile to Saturn. This will to some extent help to balance the scales in favor of Jupiter and bring out the good influence of Venus. The young man can help to strengthen this, for knowledge is power, and if we know

our weak points we can help to overcome by developing the good.

As to the mental qualities, we find Mercury, the planet ruling the mentality, in its detriment in Pisces and in the 12th House where Mercury is handicapped; also square to Uranus in the 8th House in the emotional sign of Sagittarius. Mercury in Pisces is lazy, indifferent; he does not wish to work for the things of the mind but will make the other fellow do it for him. With this configuration the young man will not make the mental effort to qualify for a vocation where the mind would be taxed. He will find more success in the use of the voice, which should be cultivated.

He will have difficulties with employers, as the Sun, exalted in the martial sign of Aries in the 12th House, is in opposition to Mars in Libra in the 6th House, labor; he will easily show resentment toward his employer. The Sun in the 12th House also indicates self-undoing; he will be his own worst enemy and very apt to think that he is the abused one when he may be standing in his own light.

“So long as the smallest spark in a human soul longeth for God and would be saved, so long is God's door of mercy open.”

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore we will give each month, in the Astral Ray department of this magazine, a short delineation of the character and tendencies of three or four children. However, we cannot guarantee a reading in every case, since the number of names received usually far exceeds the number of readings to be given. *Parents who wish to submit the names of their children must be YEARLY subscribers.*

1921 Ephemeris

This Ephemeris is now ready for delivery. Orders will be filled the day received.

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 129-133 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What choice do we have in gaining experience?
- A. We have the choice of whether we gain it by personal experience or by the observation of other people's acts.
- Q. How should the occult student learn?
- A. By the method of observation.
- Q. What advantage does this method give us?
- A. We avoid the stinging thorns of "the path of pain" and quickly gain "the path of peace."
- Q. If we have not learned all there is to learn in this world, what must we do?
- A. We must come back to it.
- Q. Why is this the case?
- A. Because we cannot stay in the higher worlds until we have mastered the lessons of earth life.
- Q. How is this point illustrated?
- A. By the fact that it would be no more sensible than to send a child to a kindergarten one day and to college the next. The study must be gradually developed as must also man's evolution.
- Q. Is man also in school?
- A. He is in the school of experience, and he must return many times before he can hope to master all the knowledge in the world of sense.
- Q. Could one earth life furnish the experience and knowledge necessary for man's complete development?
- A. It could not, so nature decrees that he must

return to earth after intervals of rest, to take up his work where he dropped it.

- Q. Is it an argument against this theory to say that man does not remember his former lives?
- A. It is not, because we cannot recall all the events of our present lives. All the faculties we possess are a proof that we acquired them sometime, somewhere.
- Q. If there were no return to earth, what condition would it bring about?
- A. There would be no necessity for living or striving for anything. No benefit could come from a good life in a heaven where everybody is already happy. There would be no need for sympathy, self-sacrifice, or wise counsel.
- Q. What does the Great Law, which works for good, do for humanity?
- A. It brings man back to work again in the world for the benefit of himself and others, with his acquired treasures, instead of letting them go to waste in a heaven where no one needs them.

PREPARATIONS FOR REBIRTH

(Pages 133 to 139 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. Previous to its dip into matter what is the condition of the three-fold spirit?
- A. It is naked, having only the forces of the four seed-atoms, which are the nuclei of the three-fold body and the sheath of mind.

- Q. How may this descent into matter be illustrated?
- A. By the putting on of several pairs of gloves of increasing thickness, as previously described.
- Q. Where are the forces of the mind of the last incarnation awakened?
- A. They are awakened from their latency in the seed-atom.
- Q. How do these forces manifest themselves?
- A. They begin to attract to themselves materials from the highest subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought, in a manner similar to that in which a magnet draws to itself iron filings.

PURITY AND INITIATION

(Continued from page 335)

tain. In the final analysis it only depends upon the earnestness of our purpose, the strength of our will. Conditions are such now that we can live pure lives whether married or single, and cold, sister-and-brother relationships are not necessary either.

Is the life of absolute purity beyond some of us yet? Be not discouraged; Rome was not built in a day. Keep on aspiring though you fail again and again, for the only real failure consists in ceasing to try.

So, may God strengthen your aspirations to purity.

THE CHILDREN OF CAPRICORN, 1920-21

(Continued from page 346)

The Capricorn children this year will be most staunch and enthusiastic friends and will shower their friends with love and gifts; they will be very ready and willing to serve them; but should these friends offend them, they can turn and be bitter enemies and will find it very difficult to forgive and forget.

With Saturn and Jupiter in the sign of the small intestines (Virgo), this part of the body will be the first to become weakened should excesses in food be permitted.

MOSES AND ELIJAH

(Continued from page 342)

The above revelation was not made to the disciples to satisfy curiosity but that they might be informed with authority to meet the various

attacks of the orthodox Jews of the time, who had accepted one meaning or interpretation of the scriptures. The Jewish churchmen, being spiritually blind leaders of the blind, could not see how Christ Jesus fulfilled the Scriptures, because they were bound by the accepted interpretations. Something of the same nature is now hindering many of the leaders in the Christian churches. The statement of a spiritual truth by a Great Spirit to guide mankind in evolution contains within it an application to natural law as reflected in the seven worlds; therefore it has at least seven interpretations, none of which are contradictory in essence.

DETERMINATION OF THE RISING SIGN BY FACE, HANDS AND FINGERNAILS

(Continued from page 345)

Taurus in the 2nd house. (See Diagram No. 4). This position indicated that there would be some affair come into the life of this man in which women were concerned, and we knew this would act as a gauge, or time maker, to give the exact degree rising. On April 2, 1915, he left his wife and children and spent much of his time and money on another woman in a city nearby. When his money was gone he returned to his home, but the relatives turned him out, he lost his position, and the woman on whom he had lavished his time and money also turned him out.

This data enabled us to determine the rising degree, basing our calculations upon the assumption that on April 2, when the man left home, the progressed Moon was in exact opposition to the radical Mars. In the ephemeris for June 13, 1859, the date representing the progressed position for 1915, we find the Moon in Scorpio 29-47, which must be its position on the Adjusted Calculation Date, (See "Message of the Stars", page 470.) The difference between this and Scorpio 25-12, the point opposite the radical position of Mars, is 4 degrees 35 minutes, which divided by the monthly travel of the progressed Moon gives 4 months, 10 days. This added to April 2, gives August 12 as the Adjusted Calculation Date. Figuring backwards from this we find the G. M. T. of birth to be 4:24 A. M., April 18, 1859, the local time 4:20 A. M., and the sidereal time 18-03, which gives Aries 2-48 as the rising degree.

Children's Department

The Little Temples

MARY LOUISE BRIDGES WITT

(Continued from December)

"YES," agreed the Wise Master, "I see. It is well for them to live in harmony but not at so great a sacrifice. Each must have a chance to work and exactly the same chance in the work as every other. And, too, they must learn to think and act separately, so we must think up a plan to help them learn, each for himself, how to carry on the work."

Now, up to this time, the little ones had never thought of themselves in any way except as parts of the One. They worked and played together, and while each had a set of hands, feet, eyes, and other members, all could use them at will for were they not One? So each one used such members as were convenient, lending a helping hand to anyone who was lagging behind, and all bearing in mind the needs of his neighbor. At first this was all very well, but some began to advance in skill more rapidly than others, and in their interest in the great deeds they were working to accomplish they neglected to observe the needs of their companions, and so there was confusion and the work was retarded. For the real work that was most important of all was the development of the little souls.

So the Wise Master and the Good Mother called together all the willing helpers and held a council with them as to a plan for the salvation of all. After thoughtful discussion it was decided that each little soul should have a temple, that is, a body of its own in which to work, and that no other could work there with him except by invitation; then only in certain ways could assistance be given. Each little one would then learn to depend upon himself and to use his own working members to the best advantage. And before they could again be admitted to the work in the great temple each must learn to think of his neighbors in all the other temples and render

assistance gladly and cheerfully whenever a call came.

Two of the most loving and helpful of the little ones were chosen to be the first to try out the plan. Each was given a temple (a body) like the Great Temple but, very much smaller, and these smaller ones were to be cared for and kept beautiful and true, just like the Great Pattern. Each body was provided with enough members to accomplish all the work to be done. The most of the members were furnished in pairs. There were two feet, two hands, two eyes, two ears, two air passages in the nose, but only one mouth through which to take in the material for food. The temple-bodies were to be kept pure with the finer materials as far as possible. No temple builder could have the use of any other members except through the willingness of the builder of whom aid was asked.

The bodies were not all just alike. There were two different and distinct types of work wanted, and it was thought best to give to one set of workers strong, sturdy, bodies for the heavier and more dangerous part of the work, and to the other set lighter and finer bodies for the more delicate and careful forms of work.

The two little ones were delighted with their beautiful, new temple-bodies. They began to feel proud and important on account of living by themselves. This grieved the Good Mother and the Wise Master.

"What can we do to help them to remember that they are still only little ones?" questioned the Good Mother.

"We will put them first into very small bodies and let them grow. Then they will always remember how little and helpless they were at first," replied the Wise Master.

So all the other little builders were first put into very small baby body-temples, and the

builders in the larger bodies who had come first were given the task of helping them learn to use their members and carry on the work. Some of them did their work well and others were not so capable. Helpers were occasionally sent out by the Wise Master to instruct and assist them, but they were left to themselves as much as possible. "For," agreed the guiding Powers, "that is the best way for them to learn. And when they have learned to know within themselves that they are still only little parts in a great and grand whole and to conduct themselves accordingly, then will they be ready to return and dwell again in the Great Temple."

So each of the smaller temples was fitted out with all the completeness of the great Temple, though on a smaller scale. The Builder was the Master of the small temple-body, with complete means of sending to and receiving messages from all parts of the structure. Thought messages can go more swiftly over the nerves than any message ever sent by telegraph or telephone. The materials for repairing and building are all that the Master needs to provide, for this won-

derful body will keep itself in good condition provided the proper materials are furnished. Sometimes when a Builder neglects his temple or becomes too much interested in other matters to understand its needs, it becomes hardened or wasted and gets very uncomfortable. Then the Great Powers permit the Builder to discard that temple-body, and after a rest in quiet and harmonious surroundings in which the lessons of the past are reviewed, another temple-body is prepared and the builder comes again to learn the great lesson, the lesson of loving and unselfish helpfulness.

Some learn to care for their bodies and help their neighbors more readily than others, because in the long ago these spirits became more advanced in the work than others. Some find the work of building hard but the work of helping easy because in the past they didn't have the chance to build in the Great Temple but learned what it means to need help and so to feel the needs of their neighbors. All are learning the lessons needed, under the guidance of the Helpers sent out and instructed by the Great Powers, the Wise Master and the Good Mother.

The Story of Gypsie

ANITA RAU

NEW HOMES VIII (Cont.)

QUICKLY they ascended the stairs, Mr. Smith following. Not a word they spoke; it was as if they had entered a sanctuary.

Then Mr. Meier opened a door, a sad shadow crossing his face, as he held tighter to Gypsie's hand. There at the window behind a pair of long, white curtains sat a sweet-faced lady, her eyes gazing far away. It was a beautiful picture. She had not heard them.

"Elizabeth!" Mr. Meier called sadly and gently, "crying again?" as he saw the tear-stained face that turned toward him.

Grasping Gypsie's hand tighter he advanced toward the quiet form. "Elizabeth, you are crying for your daughter; here is a poor little girl crying for a mother." But already Gypsie had broken the ice.

At sight of the sweet face wet with tears her

little heart ached. Freeing herself the child climbed into the lady's lap, threw a pair of strong young arms around her neck, and pressing her soft cheek to the tear-stained one said, "Don't cry. I will love you."

Not a word had Mother Elizabeth uttered so far, but her arms drew close around Gypsie. Taking off the little girl's hat she kissed the up-turned face then looked wonderingly at her husband, who gave a sign of relief at seeing how well the child pleaded her own cause.

In a few words he explained the presence of Gypsie and her little brother and also how Mr. Smith was willing to take Johnny. He described the scene at the attempted parting of the two and asked, "What say you, Elizabeth?" The latter had been playing unconsciously with the tangled hair of the little girl and a warm moth-

(Continued on page 356)

Nutrition and Health

Too Much Food

HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK, N.D.

In Los Angeles Times.

IT MATTERS comparatively little what you eat, if you eat no more than you can digest and assimilate, and no more than you need to maintain heat and energy, and to replace the small amount wasted by the body. Ninety-nine per cent of "civilized" persons eat from two to three times as much as this. Hence the prevalence of sickness, suffering and premature death. And the surplus food eaten would feed every starving person in the world.

I tell my consultants that it is much less harmful to undereat of bad food than it is to overeat of good food. Of course, you need not do either.

We have heard much about temperance in drinking, but little is said about temperance in eating. Yet consider this: For every person who becomes sick or dies prematurely from excessive drinking, there are a thousand who become sick or die too soon from overeating. Some of these people—may we say unfortunately?—don't die, but linger on for many years, getting dyspepsia or rheumatism, according as their digestion is weak or strong, making life a hell to themselves and to all around them. Surely, therefore, we are justified in saying that intemperance in eating does vastly more harm than intemperance in drinking. Moreover a condition of chronic blood poisoning from excessive waste matter in food may easily lead to a condition of mind in which a man gravitates naturally to deeds of violence.

A man who all his life has been what is known as a "moderate drinker" was in the habit of boasting that he had never been drunk in his life. He gave up alcohol altogether, and a few weeks later told a friend that he had been under a delusion—that he had never been sober in his life. This is as true of food drunkards as of liquor drunkards—of those who habitually overeat, go-

ing to the table simply because it is meal time, or because they have paid their board—of people who eat a variety of ill assorted, sloppy foods at a meal, turning their stomachs into fermenting vats. And this includes a large majority of men and women.

Such people pass through life after a fashion, but they don't really live. They only exist. They are never quite up to the mark, physically mentally or morally—never capable of doing the very best that is in them. They suffer from a chronic form of more or less severe auto-intoxication, with partial paralysis of the internal organs from gas pressure.

During a recent hot spell in New York State, more than half of a company of National Guards succumbed completely to heat and fatigue, during a five mile march. Those who eat too much, and who eat largely of stimulating foods, can never expect to begin to be able to successfully undergo any manual test of endurance like this, although it would be easily borne by one who habitually leads the simple life, and adopts a truly temperate and natural dietary.

How often we read of people collapsing during an excessive heat spell. This is not at all surprising. What would you think of a man who, on a warm Fourth of July, would light a big fire in his parlor stove, put on a fur overcoat and sit in front of it? Yet, that is just about what people do who continue to take into their bodies in summer the same amount of heat-producing fuel that they consume in winter, when they are probably eating even in winter two or three times as much as they should. No wonder people get sick. It would be a miracle if they didn't get sick. Yet again, how often we hear or read about some fine looking, big, bulky, fleshy man dropping off suddenly, like the snuf-

ting out of a candle. Watch your weight.

As I have said 99 per cent of what we call "civilized" people eat from two to three times as much as is necessary or desirable, the working off of the surplus matter involving an immense strain upon the system. Sometimes, when the depurating organs are not vigorous enough, the surplus is stored up in the shape of fat, which is potential disease matter, to make trouble later on.

This surplus of food is the cause of more than nine-tenths of our ailments. It immensely reduces our mental and physical power. By eating half as much and chewing it thoroughly, we could do twice as much work, with more ease and comfort. The careful and complete investigations made at Yale, by Prof. Chittenden, have shown that a man possesses vastly more endurance on one-third of the amount of proteid usually consumed.

Isn't it strange, you may say, that the members of the medical fraternity never tell their patients about these simple, yet striking facts? Well scarcely, because a great majority of them have no knowledge of the rudimentary facts in regard to food and food values. It has not been taught them in their college routine. And since leaving college they have devoted themselves to doping sick people, or cutting them up. Then again, if every one learned that by cutting down his food half or two-thirds he might get well and stay well, it would not be a very profitable sort of a proposition for the doctors, would it?

It is true that some physicians are beginning to pay attention to the important subject of diet, in treating their patients. Most of these, however, still impress upon their patients the idea that dope is the main thing, and diet only a side issue.

Surely, even a fool may see that the weight and strength of a person does not depend on the amount of food that he takes into his system, but upon how much of that food is digested and assimilated. How often do you meet thin, cadaverous looking people, who eat two or three times as much as some of their fat friends. Remember, however, that all fat is potential disease—stored up effete matter.

Every ounce of food swallowed that the gastric juice cannot digest and the lungs aerate is

a poison. And remember this: Nature does not furnish an amount of gastric juice sufficient for the food you may eat, but only for the food that your system requires at the moment.

Following is from "Diet in Disease" by Dr. Linda Hazard:

"Digestion requires expenditure of vital force. And every manifestation of vital force exhausts a portion of daily supply. He who pursues a sedentary vocation, and eats three meals each day, must perforce expend one-third to one-half of his vital power in the labor of digestion, and of eliminating a surplus of material, since his body needs are low in comparison with those of the day laborer; yet his vital organs are given work far in excess of their ability to perform. The banker, the shopkeeper, and the clerk, more often than not, shorten their lives, exist in comparative misery, and go through their allotted days with two-thirds or one-half the energy they might possess were they to adopt a diet proportioned to actual necessity. In these instances, food rubbish in excess quantity ferments and putrefies in the alimentary canal, its products are absorbed into the venous circulation, already vitiated by tissue refuse, and the subject is continuously stimulated by septic poison—is auto-intoxicated, or drunk with the results of his own decomposition."

Is it wonderful, however, that so-called civilized human beings eat too much, when, for hundreds of generations, their forefathers have eaten too much before them, when their mother has been urged to eat two or three times too much while carrying them in her womb, and when as infants they have been grossly overfed, this being the sole cause of a vast majority of "infant complaints." Dr. Charles E. Page, in his book "How to Feed the Baby," shows conclusively that three daily feedings of moderate quantity—and none at night—are all that should be allowed the infant, from birth. Dr. Page brought up his own exceptionally healthy and robust baby on two meals a day. Compare this with the ordinary feeding of infants. Poor little tots!

Whenever there is any reference to diet, you are sure to run across the figures of Voit—about four ounces of albumen daily. These writers either do not know, or else ignore, the fact that

later Voit reduced his figures to a little over one ounce, or not more than one-fourth of the original estimate. Think of the harm that must be done by this enormous over-consumption of proteid food, that cannot be utilized by the system. It is, indeed, the cause of most of our ills.

You may say this is all right for a man who sits in an office, but it would not do in the case of a hard working man. Nay! Nay! The hardest work in the world—the greatest feats of continued endurance—are performed by those who eat the least food. A bowl of grain and a handful of fish is considered an ample meal for the Japanese coolie, who is called upon to perform ten or twelve hours of hard manual toil in a day, sometimes running at a dog trot for thirty or forty miles, hauling a white man, who, on his three big meals of rich food daily, could not begin to think of performing a third part of such a task.

Cornaro was a good example of what true temperance in eating will do for a man. Cornaro was an Italian nobleman, who lived about four hundred years ago. Before he was 40 years old his dissipation and riotous living had brought him to a point where his doctors gave him up as an "incurable." He determined to fool the doctors and to save himself, so he adopted a most temperate dietary, which he has described in a charming book that he wrote. He reduced his food to twelve ounces a day, with fourteen ounces of light Italian wine. These twelve ounces did not probably represent more than six ounces of water-free food, or only from one-half to one-third of what the average person consumes. Cornaro lived to be over a hundred years of age, retaining his faculties and thoroughly enjoying life until the end.

Here is a communication sent some time ago to the editor of the "Care of the Body" by a well known Los Angeles man. The correspondent added that during the period referred to he had been doing a very largely increased amount of hard mental work:

"For sixteen months my wife and I have been following the no-breakfast plan, and often one meal a day, especially on Sunday. Tea and coffee have been eliminated from our diet and only about one-fourth the amount of meat and milk consumed as formerly. We would not go back

to our old plan of living for any consideration. Net result for myself:

"1. Perfect health. A keener relish and thorough enjoyment of all my meals.

"2. I have control of myself, instead of being controlled by my several habits.

"3. No doctor bills to pay, nor one ounce of medicine taken during the period.

"4. Have accomplished more than I ever did during the same length period.

"5. Catarrhal affection removed.

Net result for my wife:

"1. [Very poor health with all hope of recovery abandoned, to begin with. Not an ounce of medicine taken nor a dollar of doctor bill.

"2. One-third saved in labor and household duties.

"3. Indigestion cured in three months.

"4. Severe headaches cured in three months.

"5. A most obstinate case of constipation of ten years' standing completely cured at the end of thirteen months of hygienic living.

"6. A keen appetite for each meal, without that ever present fear of suffering from the effects."

(To be continued)

WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

Here is what a writer in "Our Dumb Animals" says of trapping in the Canadian forests:

"To be caught in a steel trap, not fatally, perhaps just by the forepaw, and thus to await the worst—his own woodland enemy, perhaps, or the call of near-by young to whose helplessness the woodland enemy hastens; to starve during the long day, the longer night, and to know that the little ones starve; to be gripped in swollen, festering pain by the cold foe that will not honestly fight, will not explain, will not let go; to wait, motionless, because every movement means pain—even until the madness of motion comes irresistibly on; and then contortions, frantic pullings, gnawings at skin and flesh and nerves and sinews, bitings of bones, which seems better than that motionless waiting. And the dwellers near the forest can't sleep by reason of the torture cries."

Who, after reading this true description, could ever again bear to wear, or see worn, another scrap of fur of any sort, knowing what it meant?

—Selected.

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

Prunes Puffed Wheat and Cream
Rice Muffins

Cereal Coffee Milk

—DINNER—

Vegetable Puree
Pctato Balls Curried Vegetables
Whole Wheat Bread Milk

—SUPPER—

Hot Gingerbread Apple and Celery Salad
Bran Muffins Milk

Recipes

Vegetable Puree

Wash, but do not peel, and cut fine three onions; two each of turnips and carrots; four medium sized potatoes. Put in a saucepan with four tablespoons of oil and a little chopped parsley. Let this fry for ten minutes, then add a tablespoon of flour, allowing it to brown. Add two quarts of boiling water and boil for twenty minutes. Press through colander, return to stove, and allow it to come to boiling point. Season with salt and paprika. Serve with croutons.

Potato Balls

Wash, peel, and boil six large potatoes in salted water for fifteen minutes. Drain and grate while warm. Stir in two tablespoons of butter. Season with salt, paprika, and one-half teaspoon of mace. Beat yolks of two eggs and mix all together with one-half cup cracker crumbs. Form into small balls and brown in hot oil.

Curried Vegetables

Wash one head of cauliflower and separate into sprigs. Peel and dice six medium sized potatoes. Put them into a deep frying pan with a large tablespoon of oil and a rounding teaspoon of curry powder. Let them simmer for a few minutes. Before they begin to fry, add two tablespoons each of tomatoes and chopped onions, one clove of garlic sliced fine, and one chopped green pepper. Cover the vegetables with boiling water and allow to simmer until they are tender. Add a teaspoon of flour, tablespoon of butter, and salt to taste. Cook for five minutes. This stew is better when warmed over the next day.

Rice Muffins

Boil a scant half cup of rice in salted water half an hour; drain well and measure out four heaping tablespoonfuls of it into a mixing bowl. Stir into it while hot a heaping tablespoon of butter. Beat one egg light, add to the rice and butter with a little salt, sift half a pint of flour with half a teaspoon of baking powder, and stir in alternately with half a pint of milk. Pour the mixture into muffin rings or gem pans, which must be heated thoroughly and well buttered. Bake about twenty minutes.

THE STORY OF GYPSIE

(Continued from page 352)

erly feeling had invaded her. Putting the child down, she caressed the shy little boy, who, strangely enough did not shriek now but seemed glad of the kind attention.

"The poor things seem tired out and, Mr. Smith, if you don't mind, I'll give them both some bread and milk, and put them to bed. We will later make arrangements as to the future care of them. I am glad you did not let them go to the farmers. Poor things, they look as if they have had a hard time!"

Ringling for a maid she ordered the necessary milk and bread and prepared the two tired children for their simple evening meal. While the two gentlemen retired to Mr. Meier's office, she ordered and saw to it that everything was made ready. And as later she stood before the bed in which the two little strangers lay in a tight embrace even in sleep, she felt that her own sorrow had diminished in trying to lift that of these two mites.

(To be continued)

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 17th, 1920.

Dear Friends:—

Received the little book on "Natural Dietetics", for which I thank you. It is full of good suggestions and I shall try to follow them.

Am rapidly gaining in health and spirits, so that friends notice the quick improvement. It is an inspiration to be helped from such a source.

With grateful heart,

E. R.

Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 8, 1920.

Dear Friends and Helpers:—

Another week and I am feeling very well. Since the day I first wrote you I have been much better. I have never felt as well as I do now. I am not as nervous and have gained in weight somewhat. In fact, I am different—I look at everything in a better way. I am noticing the best and brightest things in life.

Indeed, I am grateful to you and those Invisible Helpers. The help that they are giving me tells me that I shall in time receive a permanent cure.

Wishing you great success with your good work, I am,

Very sincerely,

Mrs. E. B.

Ceylon, Nugegoda, 21st May, 1920.

The General Secretary Rosierucian Fellowship,

Dear Sir:—I last addressed you on the 14th instant, since when the pains I complained of have gradually left me, and for the past few days I have been quite free from pain; except for this my condition is the same. I would like to mention that I perused the little pamphlet of "How We Heal the Sick" with much interest. Please convey my personal thanks to the good Elder Brothers for curing me of my pain. With kindest thoughts to all I remain

Yours sincerely,

A. H. de S.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

Rosierucian Fellowship:

I want to thank you for the prayers offered

for me. My knee has healed much sooner than we had expected. I am now resting here by the sea and still continue to improve.

Trusting you will succeed in your good work I am

Yours truly,

E. C. L.

HEALING DATES

January7—15—22—28

February4—11—18—24

March3—10—17—23—30

Healing meetings are held in the Pro Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 P. M. The virtue of the Cardinal Sign is dynamic energy which they infuse into every enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 P. M., meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM

Written from the viewpoint of the mystic giving the cosmic origin of these two great institutions and their influence in the evolution of mankind. This book consists of nine lessons by Max Heindel. It has about 100 pages, printed on eggshell paper, bound in cloth, with Max Heindel's portrait.

Price \$1.00. Postfree

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

A New Year's Greeting

The Workers on Mt. Ecclesia join in wishing you a Happy and Spiritual New Year. May the coming year bring you many opportunities for service and soul growth.

The True Echoes

LIZZIE GRAHAM

WHAT ARE the echoes saying?
Many people come and go, but never hear the true echoes.

Bend low and listen, for Mount Ecclesia is a sacred place. Hear them whispering, "Watch and pray," as the bell peals forth for our morning and evening services in the holy precincts of the chapel, where we give thanks and praise to our loving Father for the abundance of His goodness and love, and carry away new strength for the hours that follow.

Can you read in the hearts the song that is singing when we partake of our meal, while we remember the words of Christ: "Take, eat, this is my flesh. . . . and my blood of the new testament which is shed for many"? Also the words of the Father: "As long as the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, . . . shall not cease".

Each one sets forth to the work of the day with echoes ringing around him: "Work, for the night is coming, when man's work is done".—love strengthening the arm and devotion making every act a prayer.

During the burden and heat of the day come many lessons in life's school. The echoes bring us sighs from sad hearts that we may carry to our compassionate Elder Brothers, groans from those who suffer which we lay at the feet of the Father, loving offerings to place at His disposal; and also many a hard knock, sometimes the blow that almost stuns us, but we must remember to be thankful for every experience.

Before we started to climb the rugged path the Master questioned: "Are ye able to drink of

the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with"? And we answered: "We are able".

We must not, we cannot fail. We live not to ourselves alone. We are as a "city set upon a hill"; the light must radiate from us as from a candle in the darkness.

Do you hear the prayer arising from every worker here? "Lord, wash not my feet only, but also my hands and my head; may I be found worthy to help in this great work even in the most menial position."

Love is pouring *over* Mount Ecclesia from the divine storehouse. Love is pouring *from* Mount Ecclesia to the ends of the earth. Each soul at Headquarters is being tested as by fire that only pure gold may remain for the Master's use; that only the absolute truth may be carried forth by those who aspire to go into the world as the messengers to tell the story, "There is no death" and "Whosoever will may inherit Eternal Life".

Although this magazine will bear the date of January 1st, 1921, at the time of writing this it is only November 29th by the calendar, for the magazine goes to press about the 1st of each month previous to date of issue and is sent out on the 15th.

Today a new feature has been inaugurated in our work: A meeting of all probationers directly after evening service for praise and thanksgiving and singing of the Fellowship hymns; this to draw the workers still closer and make a stronger force for the spiritual healing work to be done in the Ecclesia.

It is but a few days since Thanksgiving. We were a large party upon that day. Two tables were set, each seating thirty-three, both tables being in the form of a cross. The flower-dressed chair was placed, as usual, for our absent leader. Our repast was simple but delightfully prepared. No conscious younger brother was called upon to give up his life for our feast. In the after-dinner speaking all voiced sentiments of gratitude to the Giver of all good, mingled with descriptions of joyful experiences and happy tales. In the evening the young people had a frolic in the dining hall.

The beloved Ecclesia, how it grows! See it in the moonlight, the dome looking as if covered with glistening snow. It seems at times as if one could hear the beating of hearts there and feel the prayers that are being built into it. On Sunday morning when the workmen are absent and the rising sun floods the building with golden light, one can feel that the higher powers are there in holy conclave.

The plasterers are still busy, now placing the mouldings. As soon as they finish we will lay the floor and place windows and doors. While the plasterers are working there, the carpenters are building a second story upon Ecclesia Cottage. This will give us six extra sleeping rooms which are already much needed for our workers. But to accommodate the visitors for Christmas time we are endeavoring to secure all vacant rooms in the city of Oceanside, which is but one mile distant.

Have You Seen This Man?

AN APPEAL TO MINISTERS OF ALL RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS:

We are asking your Christian help through your members to inquire if any one knows the whereabouts of Rev. Black Hawk George Rothman, (he may be using only the name George Rothman), a young man, age 24, dark brown hair, dark eyes, Roman nose, fair complexion, slender built, 5 ft. 8 in. Please tell him to come at once, or get in touch with Dr. Fred J. Everts, 411 Forest Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. His companion, Rev. Red Fox, is very sick and needs him.

Appeals have gone to all Governors of the Middle West, and various Christian organizations,

trying to locate him. These young men are engaged in the Indian work in the Northwest. We believe him to be in the southwestern part of the country. We beg you to spread the news and try to locate this young man through your papers and those of towns in your locality. We ask the Masons, Odd Fellows, Boy Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls for help. Whoever shall locate him and send word of his whereabouts and whom he is with, will receive a gift.

Will any person locating him please wire at once to Gov. McKelvie, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dr. Fred J. Everts.

The Training School for Lecturers

The Training School is progressing well. There are eleven students at present, seven of whom are taking the full course and four, a partial course. Others have signified their intention of joining the school later.

The instructors are making their work as comprehensive as possible. Much enthusiasm is being shown by students and instructors alike.

We believe that this school will eventually develop into the Rosicrucian College and become a very important factor in the work of carrying our philosophy to the world.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the higher degrees depends upon merit.

POCKET EDITION OF COSMO-CONCEPTION

Many have expressed a wish for a pocket edition of the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception. We have therefore printed a limited number on thin Bible paper, hand sewed. They are bound with flexible cloth covers in black and gold. Max Heindel's portrait as frontispiece.

The Cosmo-Conception as an exposition of the Western Wisdom Teachings is well known by all occult students.

Price \$3.00.. Postfree

Prize Competition--

For The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine

THE EDITOR OF THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE,
"RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS," OFFERS FOUR PRIZES
FOR THE FOUR BEST ARTICLES, ONE IN EACH OF
THE FOUR DIVISIONS NOTED BELOW, SUB-
MITTED BEFORE JANUARY 15, 1921.

First Prize; Fifteen Dollars

Second Prize; Ten Dollars

Third Prize; Five Dollars

Fourth Prize; Three Dollars

IN ADDITION—All other articles received in this competition which we can use for publication will be retained and one year's subscription to the Magazine given to each of the writers.

CONDITIONS:

Articles submitted must have at least 1500 words. They may be along any of the following lines:

- (1) Occult Stories and Personal Occult Experiences.
- (2) Philosophy.
- (3) Astrology.
- (4) Health and Scientific Diet.

Note: We are not in need of articles on the technical features of philosophy but can use articles on the practical application of philosophy to daily life. Therefore articles submitted in division (2) should conform to this condition.

All manuscripts should, if possible, be typewritten and in double spacing. However, legibly written long-hand will do if typewriting facilities are not available.

We sometimes find it necessary to make slight modifications in articles in order to adapt them to our requirements. We accept literary contributions only subject to this provision.

All manuscripts intended for this competition must be plainly marked "Prize Competition," and number of words stated.

All articles submitted will be examined at as early a date as possible, and the names of the prize-winners announced in the Magazine.

Manuscripts, whether accepted or rejected, will not be returned unless requested.

NOTE ESPECIALLY: The object of this competition is to stimulate our members to literary effort so that they will become regular contributors to the Magazine. As a result, they, we, and our readers, will all benefit thereby.