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Rays from the Rose Cross



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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

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

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

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

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

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

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

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

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

The Bible in the Light of the Rosicrucian Teachings

BY JOSEPH DARROW

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



THESE are the days in which religion is being subjected to great stress and strain and critical examination by all classes of society. Therefore it is well to examine our religion to determine exactly what the proofs are which sustain it. The Rosicrucian Philosophy is a Christian Philosophy and in reality is esoteric Christianity. The Rosicrucians endorse every part of the Bible. In addition they are able to correlate the teachings of the Bible with the fundamentals of occult or metaphysical science and therefore adduce additional proof of the soundness and correctness of the Bible doctrines.

The age of faith seems to be passing to a certain extent and the age of knowledge is being ushered in. More and more people are becoming unable to accept religious doctrines from the standpoint of blind faith and more and more are demanding knowledge in support of those doctrines. One only has to observe the decreased church attendance in many parts of the country to have the proof of this. Therefore it is to our advantage to meet this condition and present all possible proof. The Rosicrucians have the key to the Christian Scriptures and therefore the Rosicrucian Philosophy

supports and supplements the doctrines of the Christian church.

How do the Rosicrucians arrive at their knowledge of these things? The answer is that man possesses a sixth sense which has been developed in the case of some but lies latent in the majority. This sixth sense in reality constitutes a form of modern seership. When we say seership we do not mean mediumship nor spiritualism. The Rosicrucians condemn mediumship as being a negative and dangerous form of development. There is a positive development of the sixth sense, however, which enables its possessor to penetrate the veil which separates the physical plane from the higher ethereal, spiritual planes and observe and hear what is going on there. This is true modern seership. This is the source of the esoteric information which the Rosicrucians are giving out today and which they have carefully preserved in their archives for centuries. There is such a thing as the Memory of Nature, called in some systems of philosophy the Akashic records. This Memory of Nature is inscribed in the substance of the higher or spiritual regions and by a properly qualified seer can be read exactly as is a book, or rather can be observed as in the case of a moving picture, because everything in the Memory of

Nature is inscribed by a series of pictures or impressions. This Memory of Nature is the record which the Rosicrucians consulted in obtaining the information which they are giving out today.

Let us examine some of the more prominent doctrines of the Christian church and compare them with the Rosicrucian version of the same subject in order that we may observe the parallel between the two and observe how the Rosicrucian doctrine reinforces and supplements those of the church.

The first subject which we will touch upon is that of evolution. This subject is a sore point with the church people in many places, because the statements of physical science on the subject of evolution so radically contradict the basic conceptions of religion, therefore the churchman is often unable to accept the scientific dictums on this subject. In beginning let us state that the scientific version of evolution is only one-half the truth. The other half depends upon superphysical vision which physical science does not possess; therefore the church is quite right in rejecting the deductions of physical science in totality.

The Rosicrucians endorse the stand of the church and also endorse the findings of physical science as far as that fifty per cent goes but no further. The facts of the case are these: Man is a spirit basically. He is a part of God and as a part of God he is eternal. He did not arise and take his origin from protoplasm or from any of the lower kingdoms. Man never was a monkey. He never was an ape; he never was a plant or an animal. Man has always been a spirit, differentiated within God, not created but differentiated, which is merely another way of saying the same thing.

Science, having no spiritual vision and observing only the material aspect of the problem has come to the conclusion

that man probably in the beginning was but protoplasm and gradually worked his way up through mineral, plant, and animal kingdoms, at least the animal kingdom, until he reached his present state. Science is wrong in this basic concept. It is right, however, as regards the evolving or evolution of man's form or body. Man's bodies or the series of bodies which he has inhabited during the long course of evolution have come up from protoplasm. They have passed through stages which were mineral-like, plant-like, and animal-like. But man himself, the spirit, has never been any of these things and never will be. Thus we see that the Rosicrucians are able to harmonize science with the church, showing that each has

half the truth and the two parts together constitute a harmonizing whole.

The spirit through aeons of time since the great day of manifestation has been slowly involving itself into matter, building for itself vehicles of increasing power and facility. Parallel with the involution of spirit into matter has gone the evolution of form or body, by

which the forms or bodies have gradually improved until we find man occupying the highly evolved physical body with which we are all familiar. When man started to involve into matter that is, to encase himself into matter, his first state of consciousness after it was dulled by the encasing material was that of the mineral, although he never was a mineral. Aeons later his consciousness advanced to the stage of the plant as we know plants today. Finally he reached the animal stage of consciousness, and still later the full human stage of consciousness, but throughout all these stages man has been at all times the eternal spirit, merely improving his vehicles and increasing his consciousness in them.

The anthropoids are a good example of this matter. The spirits inhabiting the anthropoid apes were originally a

*And I will trust that He
who heeds
The life that hides in mead
and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's
crimson beads,
And stains these mosses
green and gold,
(Concluded on next page)*

part of the human life wave but some millions of years ago in that period of time spoken of as the Lemurian Epoch, the spirits which now ensoul the anthropoids began to straggle backward instead of keeping up with the human life wave. They continued to straggle and go backward in evolution, or at least not progress in evolution until they have finally reached their present status, that of the anthropoid. They are in reality a degenerate branch of humanity. They constitute a severe object lesson to the rest of humanity that we must perform our evolutionary work, otherwise we shall become stragglers and fall back into some state comparable with the anthropoids. Progress is forever onward and upward.

We must go forward or we shall retrograde and become stragglers.

The next subject which evolution naturally leads up to is that of rebirth. Is it not reasonable to suppose that man's progress up to his present status has been slow and gradual? Is it reasonable to believe that man was born originally into his present state and that there was no period of preparation and growth before? We know by looking around us that throughout all nature the processes of nature are gradual. There is nothing sudden to be found anywhere. The physical scientist knows this is true, therefore it is reasonable to suppose that man has had a long period of evolution behind him, far more than one earth life, or for that matter, a score of earth lives. The Rosicrucians affirm that this is the case. They affirm that the Memory of Nature shows this to be a fact. They tell us that this record shows that man has had hundreds of embodiments or incarnations on this earth. Rebirth is perfectly logical, perfectly natural, and it supplements all the other known facts of science and religion.

Moreover, the doctrine of rebirth is

not contrary to Bible doctrine. In fact it is supported by it in a few instances at least. For instance, in Matthew 11:14 Christ makes the statement that John the Baptist is Elias; that is, Elias reborn. Referring also to Matthew 16:14, Christ says, "Whom do men say I am?" His disciples replied, "Some say you are John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets." Christ did not contradict these statements. If they had been wrong as to the truth of rebirth it is reasonable to suppose that He would have straightened them out, but He let their statement stand, which is a reasonable proof that they were correct. In John 1:21, the Jewish priests who we know believed in rebirth said,

speaking to Christ, "Art Thou Elijah?" In another place in the Bible the passage occurs, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Christ would not have adjured humanity to be perfect as the Father in Heaven if He had not known it could be accomplished. It is ridiculous to suppose that a mere human being can be

perfect as the Father, therefore this presupposes a long period of evolution of many rebirths on earth before humanity can even remotely approach the spiritual status of the Father.

The person who has properly developed the sixth sense can prove this matter of rebirth for himself. He has the vision by which he can watch a child who dies before the age of fourteen. He can trace the passage of the spirit out of the body and into the spiritual region into which it goes. He can watch the spirit during the next few years and he can observe it being reborn again and reappearing upon the earth scene. When a child dies before the age of fourteen there is a provision in the economy of nature which requires that it shall be reborn within a few years in order to make up for the loss of experience which

*Will still, as He hath done,
incline
His gracious care to me
and mine;
Grant that we ask aright,
from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows
dark, make brighter
every Star!*

—Whittier.

was caused by its dying so young. Thus a seer can watch a child in such a case as this and can prove for himself the reality of rebirth. Then he knows without a doubt that rebirth is a fact. The Rosicrucians affirm that it is.

Moreover, rebirth is the only fact which can account for the conditions of life as we see them around us. If it were not for rebirth it would be utterly impossible to account for the fact that some are born into conditions of wealth and luxury and affluence and others are born almost literally in the gutter. Such conditions would be utterly contrary to Christian principles of justice if there were no other factors in the case, but there are other factors in the case. These factors are that the individual who is born in the gutter, in a preceding life or lives has failed to live up to his possibilities. He may have lived a depraved life. He may have injured others. He may have failed to progress when he could and should have done so; thus he comes back into an environment, taking that which he has created for himself in preceding lives. Thus we see that the doctrine of rebirth is one of perfect justice. The individual who was born into a condition of affluence and luxury has earned those things by his preceding life or lives and therefore he now reaps what he has sown before. There is a basic law in nature, affirm the Rosicrucians, which says that no one can have or enjoy or keep anything in this universe which he does not create for himself, and the law of rebirth illustrates this perfectly.

The twin laws of rebirth and consequence, that is, cause and effect, are sufficient to explain all the conditions of life as we see them around us. We come back life after life, reaping through the law of consequence what we have sown in the past, and thus we are gradually working our way forward in evolution, to higher states of consciousness and spiritual power.

The next church doctrine we will examine in the light of the Rosicrucian teachings is the seven Bible days of crea-

tion. The question as to whether the earth was created in seven days or some other period of time has been the subject of thousands of arguments. The churchman says the Bible is literally true. Science says that each of these great days of creation actually was millions of years in length and that the Bible statement was not intended to be literal. What do the Rosicrucians say on this subject?

The Rosicrucians examine the records in the Memory of Nature and find that science in this case is correct. There were seven great periods of manifestation which the Bible has summarized and speaks of as days, but in this case the days are not those of twenty-four hours each, but are thousands or even millions of years in length. In the Rosicrucian terminology the first day of creation mentioned in Genesis is referred to as the Saturn Period. That is the period in which the earth as we know it was just beginning to arouse from a state of quiescence and to emerge from chaos preparatory to the regime of evolution which was to follow. The second day corresponds to the Sun Period, another period devoted to processes designed to carry the earth forward and bring it gradually to the point that it could be inhabited by human beings. Each of these periods covered millions of years. The third period is known as the Moon Period. The fourth day of creation corresponds to what the Rosicrucians call the Hyperborean Epoch of the Earth Period; the fifth day to the Lemurian Epoch; the sixth to the Atlantean and the seventh to the Aryan Epoch in which we are now living. The facts of geology are entirely in accordance with the record in the Memory of Nature, showing that these Biblical days of creation actually were something entirely different from twenty-four hours of duration. This is not contradicting the Bible at all; it is merely saying that the Bible was written in symbology and must be interpreted in the same sort of manner.

Adam and Eve we are told in the Bible were our first parents, and they lived

in the Garden of Eden. What do the Rosierucians say about this? They say this was entirely true. That is, symbolically true. Adam and Eve according to the records in the Memory of Nature were not, however, just two single individuals. They represented collective humanity, male and female, as it has existed from the remote periods of evolution in the past. Moreover, there was a Garden of Eden. It was to be found in ancient Lemuria in which man lived in a state of adolescence, so to speak, experiencing great happiness and bliss as compared with the strenuous life of today. His consciousness at that time was focused in the spiritual realms which accounts for the fact that it was such an idyllic place.

In connection with Adam and Eve it was stated that Eve was taken from the rib of Adam and that she was created from the rib to be a helpmeet. The skeptics have found this a subject much to their liking. Is it true that woman was actually taken from a rib or is woman actually a reconstructed rib of man? The Memory of Nature or the Akashic records indicate that she was not taken from a rib but that she represents another side of man's nature. The ancient Hebrew language also confirms this. In the Hebrew language in which part of the Bible was written, the vowel points are frequently not put in, and according as they are inserted so does the meaning in many cases vary. The word for rib when the vowel points are inserted in a certain manner is *Tsad*. When the vowel points are inserted in a different way this word becomes *Tsal* which means "side" instead of "rib," and this latter interpretation is the correct one.

In ancient Lemuria at the time of the Garden of Eden it became necessary for man to begin the building of a brain and larynx because at that early stage he possessed neither, therefore at that time one-half of the creative force was turned upward. This necessitated the differentiation of the two sexes because previous to that time man had been bisexual;

hence one-half or one side of him was separated and incorporated in the female form in order that this matter of building a brain and larynx might proceed, and that was the origin of the rib theory. It is all quite reasonable when we know the occult or metaphysical facts.

Cain and Abel were Bible characters who were supposed to have lived a few thousand years ago according to some systems of Biblical chronology. It is stated that Cain killed Abel, and there is a long series of accounts in connection with these two characters. The skeptic is likely to question as to whether these two characters ever lived or not. What do the Rosierucians say about this matter? They tell us that Cain and Abel were symbolic of two different classes of humanity and they do not represent two individuals. The Memory of Nature confirms this. Back in the beginning of human evolution when man was very primitive and simple compared with today humanity was divided into two basic groups or types and these are symbolized by Cain and Abel.

According to Rosierucian tradition humanity originally was under the spiritual jurisdiction of Jehovah. At a certain stage (in Lemuria) Lucifer, the light bringer, together with his millions of Lucifer spirits, forced his way into the consciousness of primitive man and instilled the desire for a more rapid mental development than Jehovah had planned. Lucifer also instructed man in the use of the creative force in such a manner that it caused the rapid crystallization of man's vehicles.

Those members of the human race who remained loyal to the commands of Jehovah are now spoken of as the sons of Seth, who was traditionally born to Adam and Eve after the death of Abel. Those who became imbued with the spirit and surrendered to the influence of Lucifer are now spoken of as the sons of Cain. These two constitute the basic divisions of humanity and these divisions persist to the present day.

(To be concluded)

Shining Interlude

BY GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

Where are we when we slip from consciousness into that fathomless abyss that separates spirit from matter? We have experiences, but, as in dreams, not all of us can remember them. If things like the following narrative can occur in the small space of time that elapses before resuscitation what then will be our wonderful adventures when the etheric cord is entirely snapped and the transition called death occurs? While we sleep or endure coma this cord is merely stretched, enabling us to return to our bodies. It has been said that the dying words of Sir Walter Scott were, "I feel as if I were to be myself again."



LITTLE Miss Matty shook out the folds of the red and gold gauze frock and draped it upon a hanger. It was finished now and ready for young Mrs. Darcy who would wear it to the Country Club dinner. Folks nowadays did not often have their evening frocks made by hand; this was the age of perfect ready-to-wear apparel. Miss Matty was grateful for an occasional sewing job, it helped pay the rent. But Miss Matty was getting old, her eyesight was poor and sewing made her head ache. It was aching now, great throbbing aches that almost lifted her from her chair; she decided to take a warm bath and get to bed; maybe it would wear off before morning.

Last Christmas someone had given Miss Matty some bath salts. She had never used them because she liked to look at them and smell the faint odor of hyacinth that seeped from the cellophane wrapper. But tonight she felt strangely desolate—so old and tired and achy. With the bath tub filled she pried open the salts and emptied them into the water. Maybe they would revive her, freshen her some.

A delicious flower-scented steam enveloped Miss Matty's thin withered little body, her head gave one tremendous throb that rocked the universe for Miss Matty. She swayed a little, then it passed and she felt strangely relaxed and freed from pain; her tiredness, her despondency fell away from her like a cloak, she felt light and happy and an old almost

forgotten tune drifted into her mind. The hyacinth scent must have brought this tune to her mind for the tune and the scent always went together. She hummed it beneath her breath:

*Yo he ho; yo he ho, who's for the Ferry
The briar's in bud and the sun's going
down.*

She squeezed the great sponge over her forearm; her eyes following the water over her arm were taking in the fact that where the water touched her arm it left a streak of new, young flesh, rosy tinted and contrasting strangely with the flabby stringy underarm. Bewildered she drew the sponge over the underarm, then hastily she scrubbed at her body, her limbs, her face. She even squeezed the sponge upon her drab, graying hair. A quivering excitement pervaded her being as she stood erect in the tub and cast a frightened look at her nude body.

Her hand flew to her mouth to stifle a scream—A miracle had happened! What? Was she dreaming? Those bath salts? . . . No, no; it was no dream. She stepped from the tub, her body glistening like wet marble; her arms and thighs were firmly rounded, her torso long and slim; her breasts were rose-tipped cups. Her breath came fast as she looked into the cabinet mirror, half afraid of seeing the worn wrinkled face with the crepe tissue-like throat. But instead she saw—oh, gracious loving Lord—she saw her face as she remembered it at twenty years of age. She looked as she did when Phil was alive and they had walked hand

in hand down the hyacinth scented garden and Phil had thrown back his leonine head and sung "Twickenham Town."

*But I'll row you so quick and I'll row you
so steady
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.*

Now Miss' Matty knew why she had kept the bath salts: hyacinth perfume and that old song were inseparable from Phil in Miss Matty's memory.

Back in her bedroom the red and gold frock caught Miss Matty's eye. Never in her life had she ever worn a dress exposing her arms and shoulders. How would she look in this dress now that her arms and neck were so exquisitely young and fair again? She must not bother about what had brought about the change, she must go some where, tell some one, but where and whom? She couldn't just run down the street calling out, "Look at me! I was an old woman an hour ago and now I am young again." No, they would shut her away in the insane asylum. Or else they would ask, "How did it come about? tell us for we too wish to be young again," and she couldn't tell them she had just felt

tired and bathed in some hyacinth scented water and become young again. But she must get out, go some where—a mighty force urged her to some untried adventure.

Miss Matty had some silken underthings that she was saving to be "laid out" in. The mere thought now sent shudders over her, she felt that death was something that would never happen to her now. She pulled on the hoarded things and slipped the red and gold dress over her shoulders. She even tried on the silver slippers that Mrs. Darcy had brought to wear at fittings; the slippers fitted perfectly. Brushing the soft wavy hair away from a center part-

ing Miss Matty remembered that Phil had always likened her hair to the inside of a ripe chestnut burr; and so it looked tonight, so satiny smooth, so richly brown.

Little Miss Matty had often plodded past the brilliant discreetly elegant front of the Delmonica Café; behind its sheltering potted shrubs dined the elite of the town while soft music played for those who wished to dance. Miss Matty knew it was expensive but she had the rent tucked away in the corner of a drawer.

The haughty uniformed doorman did not seem to think it strange that a lady in evening dress should slip past him unescorted; in fact, he did not look at her but away over her head as at something in the distance. Inside the café she found a table and sat down, a lovely happiness pervading her body at the mere contact with this lovely dream-like place. She sat looking about her; there was an aroma of wealth and well-being about the room, a clean, new scent that only money can buy: scents of clothes not worn too often, and of clean,



often washed and scented bodies, scents of flowers on the tables and in corsages, the rich keen scent of well brewed coffee, scents of exotic fruits in colorful salads. There were soft murmurings, tinkling well-bred laughter. Beautiful young Miss Matty didn't mind that the waiters scurried by her none of them stopping for her order. Miss Matty didn't care, she wasn't hungry.

At the table next to her sat a man and woman. The man's face wore a bitter, moody look. The woman's expression was petulantly scornful. They were evidently quarreling and although they kept their voices low, Miss Matty caught every word of their bitter recriminations,

their barbed thrusts. Miss Matty thought how foolish it was to let trivial things warp the happiness of such a wonderful world. (Miss Matty had already forgotten that the world hadn't always been wonderful and bright to her.) But listen! the man was saying, "You must think I am the United States mint," and the woman twirling her glass angrily had replied, "You can always raise money for . . . others—" she bit back a name—"I can leave you and I *will*. I'll not be treated like a mendicant." Miss Matty could scarcely credit her own boldness as she left her table and approached theirs. Words flowed from Miss Matty's lips, soft conciliating words; she seemed inspired, and how had she known that they had lost a child? She spoke of it now, bending close to the woman's ear, so close that one would think her breath would stir the tendrils of hair about the woman's ear but the lady did not so much as move an eyelash but sat there her eyes brooding, changing from the stormy hardness to a soft pain of beloved recollections.

Miss Matty was now at the side of the man and again she was whispering things to him that she had no possible way of knowing, but somehow she knew that what she was saying had been true. She reminded him of the sweet days of courtship when the woman beside him had held his heart in her hand, a lovely, young laughing presence that he had annexed as his own and without which he had thought it impossible to live. He too ignored Miss Matty's presence though his ear seemed attuned to her words for soon he too changed his harsh look for a tender reminiscent one, and by and by their hands crept together across the table and clasped. Miss Matty stole back to her own table.

A waiter came and stood by the table at which Miss Matty was seated and Miss Matty pondered over what she must order. Somehow she did not seem to want the lovely things she had so often yearned for; the boned squab, the lobster salad, planked steak and mushrooms. No,

all that Miss Matty seemed to want just now was that same monotonous homely fare that she was accustomed to at home.

"Just bring me a pot of green tea and some buttered toast," she told the waiter but he gave no sign that he heard her—he stood idly brushing at the spotless table cloth and straightening the container of hyacinths that graced the center. Miss Matty felt a little frightened. What was the matter with folks that they paid her no heed—did not seem to see her at all? Did she look so young, had she dressed so beautifully all to no purpose? was there no one to care, to be amazed and glad?

But suddenly it seemed to be a matter of no importance, for Miss Matty was aware of the waiter's thoughts as he stood at her side. How she knew she couldn't say but she knew that he was unhappy and worried; she knew about the sick wife at home and the brood of children that needed her care; she knew there was another baby coming and nothing laid by to meet his advent into the world; she knew of the exorbitant house payments and interest due; she knew that his situation here at the café was none too secure. Poor man! She pitied him but it would come out all right and she began to tell him so. "There is a sure way to have enough and over," she told him. "The way is easy and sure . . . just be thankful and offer praise for what you have and open the way for more to come," and she talked on and on.

She told him to thank God for everything, even the things that seemed so simple, the breath he drew, the sunshine he absorbed, the water he drank—all these, she told him, were wealth. Money was but bits of metal and paper, it had no real power . . . *power was in praise*; power was in your very *breath*. The old men in the Bible days knew this secret of breath-control. Draw your breath, deeply and thankfully *and prosper* she admonished the man whose face showed a lightening as he straightened his shoulders and left her side with a deep

long-drawn-out sigh that seemed to help him instantly. Miss Matty sat pondering; she reached out and pinched off one of the delicate fluted hyacinth bells and carried it to her nostrils, inhaling deeply of its exquisite perfume. What on earth had gotten into her tonight, preaching to folks like this about things she had never had the least inkling about!

Miss Matty didn't see any use in staying here longer so she left the café and wandered out upon the street; the street lights seemed like clusters of misty blossoms as she wandered along beneath them and through the gates of a park. People were seated upon the benches and children chased fireflies, catching them with little plops of their hands.

Away in the distance someone was whistling a tune, it was the sweet old sundown tune that Phil had loved. Miss Matty looked down at the waxen hyacinth bell in her hand, she had carried it away from the café. Nearer and nearer came the whistler . . . *The briar's in bud and the sun's going down* . . . whistled the tune and then Miss Matty saw him! It was Phil! Phil in the flesh, just as she had last seen him, brave in the blue and gold of his uniform just before he had gone away to war. But he didn't look odd or out of place in this modern park and no one seemed to notice him . . . no one but Miss Matty . . . young beautiful Miss Matty who started running to meet him. He saw her and held open his arms in the old familiar gesture. "Beloved," he breathed, bending to kiss the hair that was like the satiny inside of a chestnut burr. "Beloved . . . very soon now, be patient . . . very very soon." "Phil," she whispered, "Phil, my life, my own!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Darcy looked at Dr. Moore, her eyes excited. "She spoke then—it sounded like she called a name." Dr. Moore straightened up and wiped a bedewed brow. "Yes, she is coming around, she just said 'Phil.' How fortunate that you came for your dress just when you

did; another five minutes and we could never have brought her back." "I suppose she hit her head on the rim of the tub and slid under the water," opined Mrs. Darcy. Dr. Moore nodded.

"Poor little mite," said Mrs. Darcy, looking down at the corded neck and the shriveled wasted form of the little seamstress. "She isn't strong anyway. This will be hard to get over."

"Yes," agreed the doctor, "she is anaemic and not apt to last very long—what is that she has in her hand?" Mrs. Darcy bent over the now gently breathing figure and opened the clenched hand.

"It seems to be a blossom from a hyacinth stalk," she said.

The Promised Land

BY ALFRED H. SURRENCY
(12 years old)

Today I dream more about the Promised Land.

I always sit and look into the sky, and when I look I think, "Some day I will travel the vast sky and vanish into it for there is where I have always wanted to go."

Many times I have felt sad but I have always known that there was still that one thing left for me.

Almost everyone thinks of this place at times.

I look at the clouds and I always know that just beyond them is something I am looking forward to.

Some people think that the Promised Land is made of solid gold and silver, but I think they are all wrong, because if it were it would be a mass of hard matter. I think of it not that way. I always think of it as a pleasant place with pretty surroundings, green trees that never wither.

But what the Promised Land is like is an unknown secret to the living and a known secret to the dead.

This is what I live for: to learn the lesson of life and to have wisdom.

And then, there is always that one thing left for me: *The Promised Land*.

Genius

By O. HARCOURT



HERE is perhaps no word in this or any other language that has been so variously defined as *genius*. The Greeks gave the name of genius to the spiritual guide that accompanies man from the cradle to the grave, which is a very good definition if one thinks of that guide as the Higher Self of man, for it seems as if genius were the outcome of contact with the Divine Power, thus gaining the capacity to manifest it on earth in new forms of Beauty that have not so far appeared. Plato's definition of genius—the finest ever made—is the power to create Beauty—to *create* it, be it noted, not merely to express it or to follow it along already beaten tracks.

The otherwise very unsatisfactory definition of genius as the capacity for taking pains has its foundation in truth. A genius, no matter how great, has first of all to adapt himself to earth conditions, to discover exactly what medium of manifestation is best fitted to convey his message to the world, after which he must master that medium and bring it into subjection to his needs. The manuscript of Keats' 'Ode to the Nightingale' is an example, for it is a bewildering medley of words, of which many are scored out as unworthy, put back again, scored out again, others substituted which are in their turn scored out, until at last the right ones are found and allowed to remain. Thus is the spirit crucified in matter, according to the law.

The ancient Israelites sometimes added to the diagram of the Tree of Life a sphere called *Daath*, or Knowledge, which lies at the junction of the path leading to the first two Great Emanations of the Deity—Wisdom and Love. One cannot, according to this doctrine, reach either Wisdom or Love without passing through the sphere of Knowledge. The genius

serves a long apprenticeship in *Daath* before he is ready to reach out for the fruits of Wisdom and Love and to manifest them in the world of matter in the form of Beauty.

According to the Kabbala there are four planes or worlds of being. The most exalted of these is that of pure Spirit, which is only contacted by the Christs and Buddhas of this world. The second is open to man in so far as he is capable of original creation, for it is the sphere of the Ideas of God, and in a lesser degree, of man also. It is the archetypal world, where the patterns, as it were, of all that takes form on earth are fashioned. The third plane is the World of Formation, where the ideas take shape in mental forms before appearing in this world of matter. The fourth and lowest plane is the Material Universe. Thus we see that when a man attains to contact with his Higher Self which dwells on the second plane, or Creative World, he is capable of creation, for he is working in the Idea World. He then thinks out his ideas in the World of Formation, plans them in Wisdom and finally brings them to manifestation in the material world as Beauty.

Every outstanding genius gives new types to the world. Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, all created types that will live forever. Dickens will be remembered when famous writers upon whom we lavish praise today will be forgotten, merely because he created types. Painters, too, create types that are called schools, the School of Velasquez, the Turner School, and so on. Classical music is music created by men who burst the bonds of the commonplace, who gave to the world types for its future guidance, such as the great composers of the eighteenth century. Bach absorbed the church music of the pre-Reformation

days and put into it his faith and enthusiasm. His belief in a living and omnipotent God drove on his creative genius to infuse beauty and holiness into music so exalted that its heights have not even yet been fully scaled. Handel created the oratorio in its modern shape, Gluck was the father of grand opera, Haydn produced the symphony—all types for future generations. These types have become for us the expression of the peculiar characteristics of these geniuses; their lasting power in the world lies in the fact that they were able to bring through to the material world that upon which personality depends, namely, the Higher Self.

It may be said that talent materializes mind and that genius materializes spirit. A painter, writer, composer, or sculptor puts on canvas or paper, into clay or stone, that which does not exist at all in matter. A book is a collection of little black marks that carry to the mind of the reader ideas that have no existence on the physical plane. Music is said to be the most occult of the arts, perhaps because it is not only put on paper in the form of little symbols which convey the ideas of the composers to the mind of a musical reader who can hear them internally, but can be turned into audible music by means of instruments which also give out that which only exists in the mind of the composer, with the addition of the expression of the emotions awakened by those ideas in the minds of the performers. Upon meditation all this assumes the aspect of the miracle.

Mozart once said, when questioned as to how his ideas came to him, that he first of all *saw*—not heard—a composition as a whole, and that the writing down of it was mere child's play. The truly great often bring through much more than they know or intend, just as a teacher, when instructing a pupil, often finds himself imparting knowledge that he did not know he possessed, and which he is astonished to discover contains real and helpful truths.

Undiscovered genius is rare in the world today, when there are so many channels for its escape into the outer world. Talent, however, is lying hidden all around us for want of training and opportunity. Genius, on the other hand, trains itself if it can find no teacher, and makes its own opportunities. Unlike talent, it is not much troubled by diffidence. Blake said that a great man who does not know that he is great must be a fool. Goethe, himself a genius of the first water, remarked that only a dolt is modest—meaning, of course, that anyone who possesses great powers is not shy about them. Conceit is a different matter; it is not so much undue confidence in one's powers as expecting others to have a high opinion of them.

It is true, however, that this knowledge of power often makes a genius an unpleasant companion, because he regards the rest of humanity merely as instruments for the furtherance of his aims; and because genius is often devoid of moral sense. The Higher Powers do not seem to regard this deficiency as a bar to the delivery to the lower world of the fruits of the higher planes. They become aware of a little being crawling on the surface of our earth who has, by means of many struggling incarnations and adherence through them all to standards of beauty, developed certain qualities and capacities. "Ah!" say the Powers, "here is the channel for which we have been waiting. Let us pour through it the wonderful new message which we have for the world!" Genius being a lopsided development, in which one special faculty or capacity has outrun the others, the genius is not necessarily a moral man. Goodness has its own form of genius to represent it on earth, namely, the Wise Man.

Much of the attitude towards life which is so disturbing in the genius, and which is put down to conceit, is the desire for a public, the need for an audience to receive the message which is waiting to be delivered. Everyone who has

something to trumpet about needs a trumpeter, failing which he must do the trumpeting himself. No message can be carried out unless there is someone to whom to deliver it. This lack of an understanding public is the direst handicap of genius. A famous German musician once said that a great artist's reputation is not made in the first place by the public, but by his fellow-musicians. His initial audience, then, is small, for great art is spirit manifest in matter, and only spirit can speak to spirit. The expression of spirit may be appreciated by many, but can only be understood by those who are on the same level as the one who expresses it.

Talent is limited to the period in which it lives but genius is for all time, not only because of its peculiar quality, but because it works for and in the future, and foresees that which humanity will understand the better as it develops and expands. The great works of bygone ages are profiting by this foresight, for ways and means of producing them improve with every age. It is not that the powers of genius are limited, but merely their manifestation in matter.

Genius knows its ability to tap the Creative Plane, but talent is often painfully aware of its limitations. Lessing, in his play, *Emilie Galotti*, describes this attitude of mind. His hero is a talented young painter who takes his portrait of a beautiful princess to show to her husband. The prince expresses his delight, but the painter knows that all is not well with the portrait, and tells him what he feels about it in a passage that is still famous among artists:

"All the same I am not satisfied with the picture. Yet I am glad of my own dissatisfaction. Oh, if I could but paint straight from my eyes! It is such a long way along my arm from my eyes to the

paint-brush! And so much is lost on the way! But I am proud to know how much is lost, and how and why, far prouder than I am of all the skill that has not been lost, because the possession of that knowledge shows me that I am really a great painter, and that it is only my hands that cannot paint."

What he intends to express is that his Higher Self knows how to paint, but that his physical self cannot get it through to the material plane. Lessing is describing talent, not genius—genius does not speak like this, it gets through.

William Blake believed in working with trembling; not with the trembling that comes from lack of belief in one's powers, but that which overtakes him who works with the Divine Vision ever before his eyes.

One wonders, when reading the lives of the great, at the terrible difficulties with which they have to contend, at the obstacles that stand in the way of fulfillment. It may be that a happy and financially easy life would serve as a garment to cover up the

beauty and limit the movement of the spirit within. Dr. Jacks finely says that "man is not made for a comfortable existence, but for difficult and dangerous operations." The operations of genius have for their base the Cosmic Intelligence.

The Israelites thought of the Universe as created by the Divine Power by means of Wisdom and Love. These two Divine Forces combine to form Beauty, whose home on the Tree of Life is in the sphere of the Messiah or Messenger, Who brings the message of Beauty from the Spiritual Plane. The genius is he who can draw upon these Forces—he is himself a messenger. The German philosopher Krause remarked that the ultimate goal of man is expression in Beauty.

Sir James Jeans tells us that the great



discoveries of science are in the last resort intuitional, revealed to the genius of science in terms of pure mathematics, and found on examination to be correct. The mind of such a discoverer is in touch with his Higher Self.

In all occult systems of development great stress is laid upon balance. It may be that the miseries suffered by the genius are salutary because they force him to balance his elements and to keep his feet firmly upon Mother Earth. To all of us it is necessary to balance the four elements that are within us all, not only in our physical bodies as warmth, air, liquids, and solids, but also as the Fire of the Spirit, the Water of the psychic nature, the Air of mentality, and the Earth of our physical part. The attainment of balance is the most vital necessity of spiritual development, and the most difficult of all the tasks that confront humanity.



The Gnostics posited a plane which they called the *Ogdoad*, the sphere of final initiation, where the consummation of man is accomplished, "where all are fellow-members, one in Thee." Its emblem is the astrological symbol of Mercury completed, in which the crescent which surmounts the circle has become a second circle, thus representing perfect balance, without which no perfection is possible. One-sided development is imperfect development. We are made of spirit and matter: if we leave out the spirit part we shall be cast into utter darkness; if we try to be all spirit we be-

come unmoral and useless. The right attitude towards the things of matter is expressed most beautifully in that little poem by a tired servant-girl, which so powerfully struck the Reverend Campbell Morgan that he read it to a large congregation:

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since
I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things and watching
late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawn-light or storming
Heaven's Gate,
Make me a saint by getting meals and
washing up the plate.
Although I must have Martha's hands I
have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots, Thy sandals,
Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth what
time I scrub the floor.
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time
for more.
Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and
light it with Thy Peace,
Forgive me all my worrying and make all
grumbling cease.
Thou Who didst love to give men food, in
room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto
Thee.

It is a happier destiny to first make the balance between matter and spirit, adding in later life or in subsequent lives the faculties and the knowledge that are necessary to the state of Man-made-Perfect, than to start as an unbalanced lopsided intellectual and be obliged to balance one's elements afterwards—always a long-drawn-out and terrible experience.

One of the most potent means of raising one's consciousness while here in the body, and of making it ready for the inrush of creative power, is meditation. By withdrawing for a period it is possible to cut off the physical consciousness, thus banishing that which veils the higher planes, and allowing free passage for the Spirit. We can train ourselves to be mediums in the best sense of the word, to be channels for the communications from the Higher Self to pass through. To the more developed among us may even arrive the power to bring through magnificent messages to illumine the minds of our fellows.

The whole aim of religious practices and of occult training is to make the link between the Higher Self and the lower. This life on earth offers endless opportunities for opening up our powers, which may be the reason for our being hurled into this seething whirlpool of existence.

Seeds do not germinate until they are put into the earth, the life-force within them does not awaken without the aid of the lowest element. The law of analogy: "as above, so below; as below, so above," is at work here also. The spirit of man, maybe, cannot develop unless it is planted in earthly bodies to push its way to the Light in spite of frost, drought, hard soil, dark corners, and bad gardening. "In Darkness and Mystery all things come to birth."

All great teachers emphasize the necessity to development of creating something in matter. Keyserling says that

without the feeling, or at least the illusion, of creation there is no progress possible. No matter how feeble our efforts may be, let us paint, or write, or compose. The important thing is to make the start, help will surely come. As soon as one begins any earnest study with enthusiasm and courage, one finds just the right book which one needs almost pushed into one's hand, or the very bit of information for which one is looking comes out of the mouth of a friend.

William Blake tells us "to carry out all our spiritual desires, whether the spirit or the body be the medium of action."

If we fail to lift ourselves up on the Cross of matter we shall draw none of our fellow creatures towards us, and we shall be committing the sin against the Holy Ghost—that is, we are denying the Divine Spirit within. And that brings bitter and lasting remorse.

The Awakening

BY HUGH WHITNEY

*Close by an open window
Weary, and all alone;
Watching a tiny sparrow
That from its haven had flown;
Tired of all things mortal
Seeking peace—sweet gift from Above
A voice from the Heavenly portal
Speaks gently in soft tones of love.*



*'Know ye not your mission of learning?
A page in the great book of life
Has been written and brought forth a
yearning
For worlds which are free from all strife;
Your chart of life is for giving
To others weaker than thou;
Your mastery of self is the living
Of wisdom—much greater than now.'*

*And I knew that the Master had spoken—
His image so clear to behold
A bond that could never be broken
A truth which faith would unfold.
Each fibre of self—with emotion
Rose swiftly to heights of great joy
Tingling with wild exultation
To riches—which hope would employ.*



*Oh, weakness of flesh, how prevailing,
How mortal is finite me!
Bring forth the shroud, the unveiling,
The greatness of Eternity.
Each life—its beginning, its ending
With perfection the ultimate goal—
Has Infinite mercy descending
Upon man—his mission, his soul.*

Art and Reincarnation

By E. L. H.



UMANITY, individually and collectively, makes up a momentous mosaic that must of necessity be more beautiful as the ages pass and we advance step by step toward the goal set for our attainment. The artist who has been true to his art runs more swiftly and the rough diamond of his soul is cut and polished into glistening symmetry by his earnest intensity and love of beauty.

Perhaps this flat statement is open to challenge. Let us reason together and remember that *The Arts* cover a much wider field than this article is designed to serve.

First, let us consider that band of artisans who wrought in stone, for they have been more fortunate than those who depended on pigments in highlights and shadows over smooth surfaces.

The oldest examples of sculpture so far as we know are those to be found on Easter Island. Many of these great stones stand thirty and forty feet in height and they graduate down to only six feet high. In the quarry on the mountain side are images by the score in all stages of evolution just as they were left by the workmen when they departed for the night, or were called away never to return. Most of these are fast in the matrix of the hard volcanic tufa.

These grotesque but unmistakably human figures are not glyphed or marked in any manner that our civilization can recognize except for a *crux ansata* cut deeply into the backs of some of them. Thus these cyclopean statues can be linked definitely with something we know and understand.

Mexico's sculptured statues and bas-reliefs are speaking evidence of that urge within man to leave to posterity records of his achievements in statesmanship and religion. Beneath and

within the great Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza, Yucatan, stands a restored and much older temple called the Fossil Temple with its Atlantean Chac Mool figures before the doorways. Only one of these Chac Mool images is considered a masterpiece. It is hewn from a solid piece of limestone so hard that it rings almost like metal when struck with a hammer handle.

There is something about these squat reclining figures that reminds us of the Easter Island stones. Most of the Chac Mools were fashioned by rather unskilled workmen.

The Temple of the Warriors is magnificent with its symbolic decorations, its serpent capital stones and the enormous plumed snake heads which appear at the top of the ramp of the stairways. These are something to give us pause when we consider how many artisans must have been employed to complete such a building.

One wall of the temple that was preserved in its original state under the fallen masonry is a beautiful example of the artist's eye for color. The pigments are as bright as when first applied to the sculptured frieze, and they are very lovely.

We are all familiar with Eastern examples of architectural art in Chaldea, Egypt, India, and China while the Western world is represented in the annals of art by Greece and Italy. We are reminded quite naturally of the great Michael Angelo. Do we always remember that when he became architect of the Church of St. Peter he had reached the age of seventy-two? Our imagination is fired at the marvel he designed and labored upon at an age when other men are inactive and often feeling very old.

May we not in fancy move back the curtain of time and try to catch a glimpse

of this powerful ego that became the great artist we all reverence?

Can we not see him, stone hammer and chisel in hand working in the quarry on the mountain side of Easter Island. He is fashioning one of the colossal images from the flinty stone. He is almost as ugly in appearance as the fear inspiring statue he is working upon. The burning sun causes the sweat to stream from every pore of his body enhancing his ugliness.

We close our eyes on this primitive scene to open them upon another tropical one quite different in character. We catch a glimpse of a splendid physique of a man. Is that he?

Yes, he is laboring on that wonderful image of Chac Mool. He has improved in skill and very much in looks. Joy beams from the dark eyes as he stands back and gazes fondly at the almost finished masterpiece of that age. It stands before the temple doorway.

As we watch, this temple fades into another, a larger and somewhat different one and our eyes search about quickly to see where our hero may be. We find him standing at the head of the ramp of the stairway beside a great stone serpent head, the likeness of the American rattlesnake.

In Egypt this ego had better and finer tools with which to work and reason points to a period of activity in the land of Khem, when the temple with the avenue of sphinxes was being fashioned. Let us look for him there.

Ah! yes, here he is, giving the final survey to be sure that all of the imposing stone creatures, seventeen feet six inches in length, are perfect and set the proper distance apart. There must not be guesswork with these sphinxes, the first ones representing the animal nature of mankind, equal distance apart, followed by those representing the intellectual desires, and lastly those glyphed to symbolize the spiritual nature of the aspiring neophyte.

We gaze with rapture at the magnificent picture that the past unfolds to our vision but we are spellbound by the

change in the ego we have followed. We see a physique so co-ordinated that the result of his labors carries the beauty and nobility of the understanding heart that fashioned them.

We must not speculate too much or we will be lost along the way and forget that we have arrived in the present century. Chaldea, India, and China beckon to us; not only to see the path that this ego trod but to observe the progress he has made since the time he began to observe outlines in far away Lemuria.

We rejoice over his spiritual growth which shines as a resplendent light through the windows of his soul.

Even so, we must stop long enough to wonder what heavenly beauty of outline his chisel may have unveiled from a marble block in ancient Greece. Did he, near the close of each earth life, speak as he did in his last?

When nearing his ninetieth year, very feeble and blind, his servants would carry him to the temple and he would run those marvelous hands of his over the statues and decorations and exclaim, "I still learn!"

Earl H. Morris who was in charge of the restoration work of the ruined Mayan city of Chichen Itza, Yucatan, tells an exciting story in his book, *The Temple of the Warriors*. He states that he discovered only two treasures unrelated to the masonry of the massive temples, i.e., a pipe or incense burner of beautiful pottery and a most exquisite turquoise mosaic plaque. This composite jewel measures eight and three-fourths inches in diameter. The largest turquoise in it measures seven twenty-fourths of an inch square. The smallest of the gems is only one forty-eighth of an inch square. The tiny pieces are not much thicker than flakes. "Slightly more than three thousand turquoises were shaped and fitted to compose the disk." How many lives must the artist have devoted to patient effort to have fashioned this beautiful mosaic to represent the Plumed Serpent? Where is that ego now? How many centuries have passed since his hands were stilled? What beautiful jewel is he

fashioning in the world today and in what form does he worship the principle behind the symbolic Plumed Serpent?

Who has not stood before a collection of miniature ivory carvings of animals produced by the patient artisans of the Orient and been swept into the deepest admiration of their delicacy and beauty, only to turn away with a sigh at the thought of the time and effort involved.

How many of us go quite harmlessly mad over various art treasures? Some of us select pottery, porcelain china. Others revel in metals of steel, gold, silver combined with gems. Still others select woven fabrics, rugs, tapestry or lace. Is there a soul who is unaware of finely carved rare woods? What fortunes are spent on the glamorous beauty produced by the skilled hand of the artist.

Is it not beauty that the heart of man craves? With this longing stirs the desire to create or copy what he sees. Figuratively speaking, does man not constantly "sell all that he has to go and buy the one perfect pearl of great price"? The soul is forever seeking life more abundant and the esthetic sense as it unfolds to appreciate more subtle degrees of the sense perceptions feels that larger life to be happiness indeed.

We call this the machine age but there must always be the plan or pattern behind the product of the machine. How often do we give a thought to the craftsman who first designs the pattern of our table silver? What hand painted our china? What brain conceived the design of our rugs, our wall paper, or the new linoleum?

We watch a workman set the small pieces of a mosaic in the forum of a public building. Do we ask, Who is the artist? We may ask, Who is the architect? Do we ever stop to think of Michael Angelo as an architect? No.

So often we think of the artist who paints magazine advertisements as one who prostitutes his art, but again we wonder? Skill in action is the demand of each ego that comes into a mortal body. The soul is here to learn something more. What matter then if the numerous drawings are soon destroyed and lost? The hand or brain behind the effort is like Michael Angelo, still learning. Each attempt is a step toward perfecting his art, day by day, and the mind that stores this knowledge can always reproduce the pattern again for it is never lost.

Eternity invites us as we lift our eyes toward the vision that grows clearer with each conscious forward step, till at last we may see the beauty that is in the mind of God as it really is.

This beauty calls to all of us all the time. We can behold it in the curl of the ocean wave, the poise of the sea gull, the texture of a rose petal. We can see it in the strength of the massive rock where the marching waves ever hurl

No thought, no word, no act of man ever dies. They are as immortal as his own soul. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruits in part; somewhere in the future life he will meet their gathered harvest.—Author Unknown.

themselves in vain; in the poppy fields of Flanders, the delicate maiden, the smiling babe. Have we not rejoiced in the perfect muscular symmetry of the athlete? Have we not all watched a playful kitten? Those of us who have never seen a huge seal sporting in clear, deep ocean water have missed a rapturous experience. Let us also remember that our philosophy teaches us that this perfection of movement, of outline and color, has been evolved through such vast reaches of time that our puny minds cannot grasp the figures.

Now let us turn to a personal experience of the author. These are always more or less interesting, if not convincing, to the investigator.

About a month after the loss of an only son, when life seemed very drab, a friend who had been dabbling in art lessons conceived an idea. Her desire to

lighten the dark clouds of sorrow was very sincere. She brought to the house a few pounds of modeling clay and insisted that I try to model some small object that was simple enough for my absolutely unskilled hands to attempt. I was forty-nine years old and had never held modeling clay in my hands, much less felt any urge to try fashioning an object of artistic value. In my youth I had made several creditable charcoal drawings of animals, having caught the desire to do so from watching a student from an art school at her easel.

To please this good and anxious friend I consented to try my luck. She explained the process and showed me how to begin, then put the prepared clay into my hands with a look on her face such as an anxious mother might have had when a new remedy is being tried on a beloved child that is sick unto death.

I held the wet clay—pinching and squeezing it. Suddenly the spirit of some past life stirred, as if awakened from a long sleep, and leaped into action as the feel of the clay rang the rising bell in its sleeping chamber within the ego. It brought a quiet joy to my burdened heart as this creative spirit remembered and directed my fingers.

A few days later a woman before unknown to me called at the house. During our conversation she mentioned the fact that a friend of hers had some small heads he had picked up while he was in Mexico with an expedition to the Temple of the Sun.

It was not long before he loaned me two of the best preserved of the little heads to copy and enlarge. I felt as joyous while at work as only a human being can who was once more at creative self-expression with a medium of material that was utterly familiar. How I loved it, how naturally the memory of how to do this or that came up from

somewhere in the inner mind. The knowledge could not have been from this one life, that was certain.

Seven years have passed. Last week opportunity placed in my hands two little heads from Yucatan to copy. There was something so intimate about them, I might have just finished the little age-old things. This is equally true of the few pieces of Egyptian art that I have had opportunity to reproduce. I seem to be one with the ancient craftsman immediately.

In attempting to analyze the feeling I have concluded that it is one of returning to labor on a sculptured fresco or statue after a night's sleep, picking up the tools and continuing the pattern with no sense of the passage of the centuries between. I place the time when the skill was acquired in the old Mayan and Egyptian civilizations because when I model the face of a friend, for example, I am obliged to experiment and sometimes work for days before I achieve a certain expres-

sion that is clearly discerned but just how to mold the recalcitrant clay to catch the expression on the type that is the fifth-race man is another matter. Thirty minutes of actual work will reproduce a striking likeness of the fourth-race types.

The various plaster casts that have been accumulated since that memorable day are mute evidence of some dexterity that was developed long ago and brought to this conscious mind late in life. Without question all persons are unconsciously responding to this same memory impulse in many and homely phases of life that have been nurtured and developed through the ages.

We are what we are and where we are on the journey of lives, treading the highway swiftly or slowly, to the degree that we are able to discern the resplendent glory of God. When men were young

*Be like the bird, that,
 pausing in her flight
 A while on boughs too
 slight,
 Feels them give way be-
 neath her, and yet sings,
 Knowing that she hath
 wings.*
 —Victor Hugo.

on the earth this nascent sense of beauty and the urge to do something about it began with crude sculpture and glyphs to their God. Personal adornment played a part. A feather headdress, a necklace of teeth and shells. Ceremonial-painted bodies, war-painted ones, all add their quota to the sum total of human effort to know and understand.

Today we strain every nerve to surround ourselves with beautiful things in our homes, to raise our standard of living. We try to gratify the esthetic sense to whatever degree it has been developed within us.

To what or whom do we owe this power to see and enjoy, but to those egos who first saw the symmetry of a God-made man and fashioned what he saw in stone. Later, he designed and decorated great buildings, training the hands of his brothers until they too became skilled in action, and creators of design.

Since the days of crudely sculptured

stones as places of worship through the civilizations that have come to their flower and passed away, up to the present ones, seems a far cry. We feel justly gratified over our progress, but there are still high peaks to climb, much more to learn and so much to do before the race is run and the goal is ours.

The greatest of all arts is the art of living wisely and well. Most of us are rather indifferent artists when we work and worry over the canvas of life. Perhaps we have lost sight of the model that we were attempting to copy. If this is so let us take wings and mount to the zenith of our aspirations and brush the crude colors with such a flood light that only pure fine pigments remain within the circle that we call our life.

“By culture of the soul through things, the chord attenuates, and under the hand of the spiritual tuner is worked into a perfect vibration in accord with God.”

The Oasis in the Desert of Heaven

BY RAYMOND McDERMOTT

THE great moment for me had come. My hunger for karmic food was growing unbearable; my thirst for the waters of experience was driving me with resistless yearning towards the Well of Time; my longing for more Life was urgent and compelling with restless and eager hopefulness. The stars in their courses were about to describe a fate that could fittingly be mine; and when the horoscope would be cast my destiny could be read by physical man. The thirst, the yearning, and the stars, all seemed ready for the long and joyously anticipated event. For I was about to be reborn to earth.

A thousand times had the Sun circled the Zodiac since last I had seen my own tears fall. Unnoticed Time had been flowing by while I feasted: feasted in

the nightless halls of Heaven upon the banquet garnered from my last visit to the World of heat and cold. Long had I tarried and wandered in the Gardens of my Loves; and, as perfume is won from roses, so had I distilled from the fruits of my incarnation the quintessence of coloring for my spiritual vestments.

Then the famine in my Paradise had come. No more wisdom, no more wondrously colored light could be enchanted from the thoughts and feelings and deeds of my last earth life. Heaven was vaguely dissolving into barrenness, dreariness, like that of an unfruitful desert. As the wanderer in the wastelands, with his canteen dry, craves water and is ceaselessly driven onwards in search of the living fluid, so was I, without fresh water and filled with thirst,

craving with burning desire for a drink of Time; every atom of my Spirit was throbbing with the ache for the cup of experience.

From the album of past lives a friend had come into incarnation. Students of the Star-Lore were she and her mate. Years ago in her heart she had proclaimed that when Venus smiled at her ascendant and the moon favored she would give birth to a body for a human being. The hour had now come for the planting of the seed that would fulfill that pledge. So, winged with sweet gratitude and joyous hope, I hastened down through the worlds of melodious Light and colored Sound, down to the chamber where the sacred rites of parenthood were being performed.

There I hovered and flitted about. My being was expanding with the dance of life; my anticipations glowed and surged with enthusiasm; my thoughts were bright with eager plans. Like an imprisoned bird flapping against its bars I was impatiently striving for incarnation; to be reborn was my burning ambition.

There were a hundred reasons why I was craving physical life; and a thousand plans were forming. Tasks there were to be done; half-finished work was to be completed; errors to be corrected; and neglected duties to be fulfilled. There was my ancient hatred for Estahadda; I regretted it now, seeing its foolishness, and was firmly resolved to change it to friendship. Then there was my age-old love for Sumelo; I ardently hoped we would be sweethearts again; in Egypt our love had been so idyllic, and perhaps it would be that way in this life. There was also the evil deed done to Kemetes, and I passionately desired another opportunity to treat him more kindly. Oh,

there were so many things I was anxious to do over again.

It is a wondrous feeling to know one will be given another chance to correct all follies, and right all wrongs. That is why I was so immensely glad—even though I knew that to go through the portal of birth meant the plunge into the River Lethe, and that the passage through the ethers would obliterate my memories. Still, so great was my joy at the approaching rebirth that I was highly hopeful, and felt sure that some of my plans would seep through to the brain consciousness.

So with undisturbed gladness I hovered in the chamber of creation. The rites of parenthood seemed completed. My being swelled with blissful gratitude and the ecstasy of hope about to be realized, for in the Tabernacle of Life within my future mother a faint glow was shining; and by that did I know that the Seed for my physical body was made fertile.

And then, a terrible thing happened, an appalling misfortune befell me; came a calamity that nigh shattered my soul. In an instant hopes and plans were crushed by an agonizing shock. Into the Tabernacle of Life they who might have been my parents injected a chemical poison which deadened the glowing spark, and killed the seed-germ that could have become a body for me. Pleasure for them; Life for me.

I could not bear to be there longer. Desolated with disappointment, sad and distressed, my heart heavy with woe, I stumbled back through the shining worlds to the famine-land of my Heaven. From the vision of an oasis, I dragged my hurt Spirit back to the desert of my Paradise.



The Astral Ray

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

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

Aquarian Astrology Flowers Friendship

BY JOHN JOSLING



MAN cycles through the zodiacal signs life after life, learning the lessons of each until his cross brings him the Crown of Christ in Aquarius, for it is here perfection flowers, for the forces of all signs are drawn up to converge here.

Who else but Christ spoke of Friendship? Others may mention fellowship and brotherhood, but One Alone, the Christ, said, "Ye are my friends," and "I have called you friends" as the Aquarian Gospel of John declares.

These two mighty truths make potently self-evident the force and source of Astrology and the power which Aquarian Astrology will wield in making friendship a living factor on earth. Astrology so fraught with complete understanding as that furnished through the animating Uranian sign Aquarius fosters and fertilizes that great boon and beauty, one with God, which is *friendship*. And the greatest need today is the understanding born of friendship so that all men and races will know and realize fully their unity in diversity as Christ-Individuals in the One Body of God.

Astrology in past centuries was used to take selfish advantage of others, especially those of high and noble estate, through a knowledge of their weakest nature, and even today we find numbers

using the Stellar Script not to help others, but to divine their negative qualities that they may injure them through evil gossip. To be able to survey a soul, to appraise it, and not use one's thought and action in constructive helpfulness to lift and light that soul is not only to trample upon opportunity but also upon the Idea of God.

Astrology is like an edged tool, it may be used to kill and maim, or to produce useful results in skillful action. All depends upon the man and motive. What a disservice people render themselves when they speak with disfavor or in opprobrium of this sign or the other, as if each sign of the zodiac were not of God, for God is manifested in the zodiac. Deep in the depths of every soul lies a Divine Drop which is a part of God, even if few yet show that Glory. As men become illuminated through the Christ-Uranian Water of Aquarius, it is their loving joy to help others to the Light as much as lies in their power. This comes not by destructive criticism nor malicious gossip through a very little knowledge, which is dangerous here as with other subjects, only more so, because we are dealing with Soul and Spirit and not merely with form.

In Aquarian Astrology, in virtue of its correlation with the Christ, the



Astrologer must needs become a soul-artist and thus he cannot think of nor hold the idea of dangerous prejudice where souls or signs are concerned. He has in some degree become Christ-aware, being born spiritually and truly baptized as a living experience.

There are many people of little knowledge and less wisdom whose shallow minds erect barriers to loving understanding by their misuse of Astrology. Such souls through prejudice serve evil and set up walls of separation between people, preventing the goodwill of friendship which Christ comes to give all mankind. And the world never needed it more than it does in this time of soul-exhaustion which is the result of man's ignorance of the spiritual water of Aquarius being poured down now, yet not being properly utilized or applied. Such is the delay and danger of vast spiritual ignorance!

Those who would approach Astrology and practice it under the aegis of Aquarius which speaks of wise compassion and intelligent thought must engrave the five following facts into the permanent atoms of their hearts if they would dissolve the danger of holding prejudices which create hatred and separation.

(1) The zodiac is an expression of God, therefore all signs are a part of God, and He would be incomplete if one were gone.

(2) There are twenty-four phases to the twelve signs, for the signs are positive and negative in character. How else could man evolve without these polarized forces in a world of duality? It would mean perfection before he arrived were there not this negative and positive ac-

tion. But it is seen that prejudices arise from people noting the negative reactions made by the majority because living personal lives unawakened to Spirit. Too many judge signs in this way.

(3) The intolerance caused by observing differences in people must be changed, can only be changed to understanding tolerance as astrologers become Christ-Uranian and learn to look out of not just their particular window or sign, but out and through every window of the soul and sign of God's zodiac. All signs must be impartially known and the fact recognized that each personality has specific individual lessons to learn, and this involves his or her unique life, requiring a horoscope different from ours. Humanity stands at different levels on the ladder of evolution and thus is its development much varied. But we hinder ourselves and others when we advance adverse unfriendly criticism, and the more so as the soul is ill-evolved.

(4) No matter the immense diversity of individuals with their various temperaments, races, languages, religions, and customs—all have but *One Source* as Sons of God and cells in the Grand Heavenly Man. Ray energies and zodiacal potencies are arranged differently in each person's horoscope because of the unique stellar baptism each receives; nevertheless, there flow the same forces into all of us and from the same Source, but in varied combinations and proportions, just as by combining the same substances in different proportion, a variety of cakes can be made. And as the recipe shows the ingredients of the cake, so does the horoscope reveal the ingredients of the soul. The ingredients are the forces of

the zodiac and the planets, combined in different proportion in each soul. But note that they are the same potencies, and we are all of the same Substance and are truly all united and cannot separate ourselves from each other in reality, though we attempt to do so in thought.

(5) To truly know the inner and outer nature of the signs, planets, and their configurations with the effects they produce in life, is to become patient and tolerant with the weakness and ignorance of others, and to understand them fully as they fall into adversity and failure. And only as we become possessed of wise compassion with its spiritual intelligence—a true insight into human souls—can we offer that right help which is their urgent need. It is necessary to become something more than tolerant and patient; it is necessary to become wisely helpful to those with severe lessons through very inharmonious horoscopes, especially as they come under a cycle of adverse progressed directions. Elucidation of the laws of life and the necessity shown for a new right attitude toward experience, that it is right attitude and not the experiences that count, invariably brings this changed state of consciousness, I find.

Only as we become truly intelligent do we become wisely compassionate so that we can properly help to heal our fellows, and if we do not become such lightbearers, all our Astrology is utterly vain. A true insight into souls, that vivid vision which instantly intuitively tells the truthful facts, can only be secured by an Astrologer aspiring and working to make himself "pure as He is pure." Not otherwise dare we use Astrology, much less offer that right help which is the urgent need of the world. A friend who is this kind of an Aquarian Astrologer can help to forestall the ill effects resulting from inharmonious progressions, while the unknowing often are the tools of the adverse directions and precipitate the evil.

The Christ enunciating the Aquarian Age of conscious goodwill and the unified

illuminated consciousness of humanity says, "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you Friends." A friend in the Aquarian sense of impersonality knows all about his friends, and in virtue thereof the friendship is deepened. As friendship is the forte of Aquarius, so is impersonality its extracted essence, and only as an Astrologer acquires this impersonal quality can he safely know all about others. Yet only as a man knows the soul of another in deepest wisdom of love through true intelligence can friendship flower and the deep root of humanity realize the Aquarian Blossom of the Christ.

The Adventures of Rex and Zenda in the Zodiac

BY ESMÉ SWAINSON

Rex and Zendah were only children but they *knew* that Pisces was the *last* sign not the first, so when Hermes, their guide, started their journey through the zodiac at Pisces they at once asked *Why?*

"Because," he answered, "in Star-land everything is reversed!"

Go with Rex and Zendah through their amazing topsy-turvy adventures in all the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

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

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

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

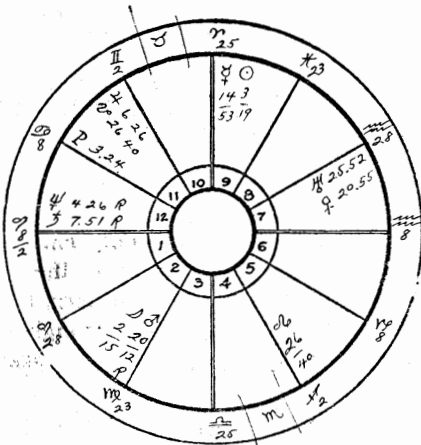
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

DOROTHEA B. B.

Born March 24, 1918, at 2:00 P.M.

Latitude 42 North. Longitude 83 West.



In the reading of this horoscope we find an unusual grouping of planets and some of these planets have quite a number of aspects. It is generally conceded that the planets which have the largest number of aspects are those which will have the greatest influence on the life for good or evil. Especially do the planets which are in the cardinal and fixed signs leave the greatest imprint upon the life of the native.

In the horoscope of this girl we find fixed and cardinal signs on the angles, namely, the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth houses. There are seven planets in cardinal and fixed signs, and the fixed

sign Leo is on the Ascendant while the fiery Aries is occupying the Midheaven. These two fiery and positive signs will give this young girl a nature which will enable her at all times to guide her own ship of life, especially as the Sun is the life ruler, that is, the planet which has rule over the Ascendant, for this planet is usually considered the one which has a powerful influence on the life.

The Sun is making six aspects, namely, trine the Ascendant, sextile Jupiter, semi-sextile Uranus, square Pluto, and trine Neptune and Saturn. Taking into consideration these aspects and also the position of the Sun in the fiery Aries, the sign in which the Sun revels and has a very strong influence, we may expect that Dorothea will be able to choose what she wants and how she uses her talents. There are two planets, however, which, if she is not careful, will undo much of the good which we find in the horoscope.

Neptune, the mystical and occult planet, when well posited and aspected may be most helpful, but when afflicted as it is in this case by a conjunction with the obstructive Saturn and when it is as prominently situated as in this horoscope Neptune may become a very vicious and destructive planet. It may be well to caution this girl against forming the habit of secretiveness or doing things that she would not want her parents to know. She should always confide in those who have her welfare and her success at heart. Her parents should be

consulted when things must be decided about which she feels a little uncertain.

As her Sun is exalted in Aries in the ninth house and makes many aspects, and as Aries is representative of her father, he would be deeply interested in her welfare; also the mother, represented by Venus which has rule over the fourth house. Venus, however, is conjoined to the erratic Uranus which might cause some uncertain and impulsive advice, but we would nevertheless advise Dorothea to act openly and fairly with all, lest Neptune and Saturn interfere with her best intentions.

Neptune and Saturn, however, are retrograde at birth. Saturn again turned direct when she was sixteen but Neptune will not assume its full activity till she is twenty-two years of age when the aspects of these planets will be more effective.

These last named planets, Neptune and Saturn, being in the twelfth house and in conjunction will have direct influence on the health, as Saturn is also the ruler of the sixth house which is the house signifying the health of the native. We would caution her against taking up any studies which have for their object development of the psychic powers. Mediumship and clairvoyance should be avoided. Unless this girl is under the most reliable teacher, attempts to develop the higher faculties would be hazardous, and would have an evil effect upon the heart action.

With Mercury and the Sun elevated and making good aspects to Jupiter, Neptune, and Saturn, and with Mercury sextile Venus, we would advise executive work, for she will attract positions of authority and will at all times be trusted by her employer. Her mind will be clear and quick, and her reasoning powers will be active; hence she will find success when she is placed in charge of things. With Venus conjoined to Uranus in the seventh house and in the humanitarian sign Aquarius she will be successful in positions where she meets the public, also on the lecture platform.

The Art of Living

AMONG the millions of human beings that are here upon this earth, there are but few that really know the Art of Living, and how to practice it.

If we can awaken, in the morning, with the love of life surging through every cell of our body; giving us the keen desire to accomplish some great thing, and use that desire to bring forth that accomplishment, we shall be able to look out upon the Universe and realize its oneness with the Father. When we are able to do this, we know that all men are our brothers, even our so-called enemies; and we feel an overwhelming love for all creation that gives us the incentive to produce the greatest good for all.

If we are able to look upon the grandeur of the eternal hills, to see Life in the constant, restless motion of the ocean waves as the glorious sun goes down behind the horizon, and know, that even as the sun sets for the night, so do our lives close for a short time to rest—we are beginning to live.

Each and every living thing chants in its own way a hymn of praise to the Father. Shall man alone be silent—man, to whom life should mean attainment, joy, strength to climb to the top of the world if need be and place the banner of his ideals high among the clouds.

Man looks eternally for peace, harmony, and happiness. He seeks these in outside, exterior things, not realizing that they are found within his own nature, waiting to be awakened through loving and living, and in the quiet of a few moments alone with himself. The ability to enjoy solitude is one of the joys of life that few know, and yet it is one of the greatest blessings of mankind.

If we can live, keeping control of our emotions, our thoughts, and our actions, seeing the beauty that lies around us, so that in looking backwards, we have nothing to regret, but everything to remember that is kind, good and joyous, we can truly say that we know the art of living.—T. H.

Worth-While News



Our Brave Young Crusaders

Young people have assumed successful leadership in attacking gambling and other vices of the country in several communities. Their achievements in this respect are easily understood. They are fearless and aggressive, and like to do things.

Recently seven school boys in Riverside, Ill., studied the evils of the slot machine. They observed that small children almost daily spent their lunch money in slot machines at the neighborhood store and then often went without food; also that many of them resorted to tricks and even theft to get money to play the machines. To prove to their fellow-pupils that playing the slot machine was a "sucker's" game, the seven school-boy investigators installed a borrowed slot machine in a classroom where mathematics were taught. Eighth grade pupils played the machine to the amount of \$16.25. The return to them was only \$9.60, or 59 per cent of the amount they put in the machine.

These boys then covered the city, playing the punchboards and the slot machines and keeping track of the results. Their experience showed that the 59 per cent take of the classroom machine was liberal compared with the average take of 78½ per cent of the city-wide machines, and that the punchboards kept 89 per cent of all money played.

But the activities of the young people of Joplin, Mo., were broader. They waged an anti-vice campaign throughout Jasper County, which resulted not only in 108 grand jury indictments against 62 persons, with fines ranging from \$200 to \$1,000 each, but also in criminal charges of nonfeasance in office and ouster suits brought by the state against Marshal John Tryon of Carthage, the county seat, Charles R. Warden, the prosecuting attorney of that county, the mayor of Joplin, Arthur C. Maher, and Harry J. Mead, chief of police of that city.

The campaign was simple and direct. It was opened in the early spring of this year by Ed. Cleaver, a twenty-two-year-old youth who spoke to a group of young people of his church about the slot machine operations, other gambling schemes, and vice generally in Jasper County and Joplin. Supported by his coterie of young people, they circulated a petition among high school students and the young people of the city churches, which asked that the city council enforce the law against gambling and other vices and that they be granted a hearing.

Most of the owners or lessors of the machines didn't wait for the mayor's order to remove their gambling devices. They knew

they couldn't trade with the young people, for these young people were not politicians—they were crusaders with no entangling or underground alliances with the vice mongers. Some 2,500 slot machines and marble game devices went quickly into hiding, and some of the office holders are now suffering the shame and humiliation that does not come often enough to those who protect evil doers.—*Scottish Rite News Bureau*, Nov. 22, 1937.

That vice truly carries the seeds of its own decay is beginning to show exemplification, as the article from which excerpts are quoted, proves most clearly.

During the last two decades, approximately speaking, a class of Egos have been born who are above the average, both mentally and morally; and it is to them, principally, that we must look for future progress and reforms. These clear-sighted near-children have discovered that gambling, drinking, and smoking are becoming a menace to our people, and that if these vices are to be stamped out, to a great extent it is going to require their fearless courage and dauntless energy to do it. No clean, sweet-breathed, innocent, adolescent boy or girl enjoys contacting the sour, whisky-saturated breath of a father, or the stale, contaminated, tobacco odor that fills the atmosphere which surrounds and exudes from the body of a cocktail-drinking, cigarette-smoking mother.

Drinking, smoking, gambling, and loose morals have never made a single man or woman a better parent or citizen; and these clear-eyed children of the present generation through the clarity of their more highly evolved senses, in many instances, are beginning to sense the truth; and their heightened powers of observation and discernment, coupled with their brave fearlessness, is urging them to attack and overthrow the evils which, if not wiped out of existence, will sooner or later bring about the downfall

of the race, thereby seriously impeding the divinely instituted process of evolution.

Every thinking, righteous-minded man and woman should get behind these children and assist them to the limit, in their meritorious efforts to bring about the improved social order which is the goal of their worthy endeavors.

Ye Must Be Born Again

The Investigators' Report

The case of Shanti is one of world-wide importance, with a direct bearing on the Philosophy of Life. In ordinary parlance it is called a case of re-birth and we may mention here that every possible care was taken by us to verify all the relevant data that came to our notice.

In the early years of her life, Shanti was almost silent up to the fourth year, but after that she began to say a few things which appeared to be the result of her recollections of her past life, mostly caused by association of ideas. For instance, when she was offered food, she would say:

"I used to take such and such sweets, etc., at my house at Muttra." . . .

In the beginning, her parents thought that her random talks were of "childish" nature, and they paid no particular attention to them. She, however, persisted in repeating her recollections often. Her parents did not like to pursue the matter any further, hoping that she might be made to forget.

Until the last two years before this, the girl did not disclose the name of her husband (in her previous birth) and when asked by her parents to do so, she bashfully said that she would be able to recognize him, but never gave out his name.

One day, about a year and half ago, Mr. Bishan Chand, a teacher in the Ramjas School . . . called on her, and wanted her to tell him the name of her husband in her previous life, assuring her that if she would give out the name he would take her to Muttra. The girl then whispered into his ears that the name was "Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey."

On the last Dushera festival, the said teacher related the incident to Lala Kishan Chand, M.A., a retired Principal, living in No. 7, Darya Ganj, Delhi, who expressed desire to meet the girl. The meeting was arranged and she gave out the address of "Kedar Nath" and the description of his house. Lala Kishan Chand took down the address, and dropped a letter to Pt. Kedar Nath.

To the surprise of Lala Kishan Chand and others, the letter fetched a reply from Chaubey Kedar Nath who wrote back that the facts stated were substantially correct.

Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey came to Delhi with his ten years old son and his present

wife to see Shanti Devi. At the very first sight, the girl recognized Pt. Kedar Nath as her husband. The son also attracted her attention. Their presence reacted on her in such a manner that she burst into tears, and kept sobbing heavily for about an hour. Pt. Kedar Nath was allowed to put a few questions to the girl of more intimate nature, in order to test the reliability of her recollections.

He found the replies to be quite correct and was moved to tears! It was as though his dead wife was speaking.

When questioned as to his impressions about the girl, he gave out that he was fully convinced that it was the same Soul, namely, that of his first wife who had died in Muttra. . . .

But strange enough when we took her to her "parents'" house, situated in a neighboring street in Muttra, she not only recognized it, but was also able to identify her old "father" and "mother" in a crowd of more than fifty persons. The girl embraced her "parents" who wept bitterly at her sight.—*Los Angeles Examiner*, Nov. 12, 1937.

In the article from which excerpts are printed a clear case of rebirth is recorded. The little girl born and reared in Delhi, India, now being eleven years old remembers clearly her past life when she was a wife and mother. A committee of careful investigators took her from her home town to Muttra ninety miles away where she had never been before in this life, but which she declares to be the town where she lived during her former earth existence, and there she picked out the man she claims was her husband, his brother, and father, her own former mother and father, and the house in which she spent her married life.

"The scenes that were enacted here," report the committee, "dispelled all our misgivings as to the truth of her story."

Again we find scientific investigators verifying a fact that has always been taught by occultists; and it is interesting to know that the little girl in India is only one among many people who distinctly recall one or even more past existences in physical bodies.

The occult scientist teaches that what we are is the result of all our past existences; and what we will be depends on how well or how poorly we grasp and take advantage of the many opportunities presented to us during our future lives.

Question Department



Sensing the Experiences of Others

Question:

Does one feel the sensations of those whose experiences he may be observing when reading in the Memory of Nature located in the Region of Concrete Thought?

Answer:

Reading in the Memory of Nature is much like viewing the films of a moving picture, except that the events recorded are presented in reverse order. That is, if one were examining the life of a certain individual, for instance, the life in the Memory of Nature would be presented in reverse order beginning with the individual's death bed scene, followed by the cause of death, and in the same reverse order the entire life cycle would be presented.

The one viewing the scene might feel an intense sympathy, interest, or even aversion, according to his or her temperament, but he would not be able to experience the actual pleasure or pain incident to the various happenings that occurred in the life of the individual being examined.

THE CAUSE OF PLANT MALFORMATIONS

Question:

How do you account for the malformation in plant life since the life wave composing this kingdom have no will of their own?

Answer:

The building of the dense forms of the plant kingdom is carried on chiefly by nature spirits. These beings are evolving like ourselves, and the very fact that they are evolving shows that they are imperfect, and therefore liable to make mistakes, which naturally result in malformations in the plant forms on which

they are working. As these beings become more skillful, we will see less incongruities in the formations belonging to the plant kingdom.

WHERE EXPERIENCES ARE RECORDED

Question:

Is the experience gained in each incarnation recorded separately and added to the previous ones, so that in the end the spirit will be entirely conscious of the complete sum of its experiences, or is the experience of one life more or less unconsciously absorbed by the next succeeding incarnation, so that only a general effect is obtained?

Answer:

When we were children we learned to write and we went through many awkward motions before we had finally cultivated the faculty. In the years that have gone by we have forgotten all about the experiences we went through while learning, but our faculty remains ready for our use at any time required.

In a similar manner, experiences we have had in different lives are usually forgotten by the man, but the faculties he has cultivated remain and are ready for his use at any time. Thus we sometimes see a man who has never had a lesson in painting who is nevertheless an artist to the very tips of his finger ends, able to paint the most wonderful pictures. He has brought over from past lives a faculty which he is now able to use. When we hear of a Mozart composing at three years of age, that also shows the accumulation of the sense of harmony in the past. Thus it may be said that, although we do not remember, we always have the faculties cultivated in our past lives for use in the present. It is that which makes the difference between man and man; between the dunce and the sage.

There is, however, also a record in nature of our past lives in their minutest detail. The trained clairvoyant who is able to read in the memory of nature can follow the past lives of a man backwards, as, for instance, the film of a moving picture is unrolled in reverse order. He will see the man's present life first, his birth, his previous sojourn in the invisible world, next the death of the previous life, which will then unroll itself in reverse order through old age, manhood, youth, childhood and infancy, back to that birth, and so on through the various lives.

ENDURANCE OF SENILE DEMENTIA

Question:

Will you kindly tell me what the after death state is of one whose mind is in a condition of "senile dementia" before death?

Answer:

The one whose mind is in a state of "senile dementia" will find himself normal after death, since this condition is a disease, generally speaking, due to the old age of the physical vehicle itself.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE VIRGIN SPIRIT

Question:

Can you give me some idea of what the virgin spirit, that is, the *real* man or woman, looks like between lives when coming down to rebirth?

Answer:

In the Third Heaven before the spirit comes down to rebirth it appears as a spark of dazzling white light from which there flows a vibrating stream of force composed of three delicate scintillating colors, blue, yellow, and red.

In the Third Heaven the spirit has with it the seed atoms of its former dense, vital, desire, and mental bodies. On its journey toward rebirth it reaches first the Region of Concrete Thought where it collects enough material to build its new mental body. This material forms itself into a sort of bell shape, open at the bottom with the seed atom of the mental

body at the top. Next the Desire World is reached and the necessary amount of material from this region is formed into another bell inside of the first one. The seed atom of this body is placed at the top of the bell. The spirit next enters the Etheric Region where the Recording Angels form the matrix for the new physical body. This matrix is composed of ether, and is placed in the uterus of the future mother. Under the direction of Jehovah the seed atom of the dense body is placed in the body of the prospective father. After conception the etheric matrix of the vital body and the fertilized ovum enter the bell-shaped vehicle containing the incarnating spirit and the bell closes at the bottom. From this time on until birth in the Physical World the spirit broods over its slowly developing dense body, entering into it at the time of the quickening.

THE ODIC FLUID

Question:

Will you please tell me what the odic fluid is which scientists are beginning to talk about?

Answer:

Each of the prismatic atoms composing the chemical and life ethers of the vital body radiates from itself lines of force which set spinning a corresponding atom in the physical body in which it is inserted, and which it imbues with life. These lines of force radiate toward the periphery of the body and extend beyond it in straight streams driving out poisonous gases, deleterious microbes, and effete matter, thereby assisting the physical body greatly in preserving a healthy condition. These radiations also prevent disease germs from entering the body.

It is these vital-body radiations that have been observed by a number of scientists from time to time under varying conditions, and which have been named "odic fluid" by them. One group of scientists called them N-rays after the city of Nantes where they were observed.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

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

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

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

Why Vegetarianism Sometimes Fails

BY LILLIAN R. CARQUE

Kar-Kay Natural Foods Research
Glendale, California



ALL HUMANITARIANS agree that with the establishment of a saner social order, we would destroy many seemingly permanent sources of misery and hindrances to happiness. True, the organization of society is such that it awakens all evil tendencies. A favorable environment will develop, however little, the weak social instincts of man. But we must not attribute our present world unrest to sociological causes only. These, of course, do influence the scheme of things. Yet man's struggle with his environment is a negative rather than a positive issue. The defeats or triumphs of his social institutions are really the redemption and vindication of his own thoughts and motives. Is it therefore not reasonable to assume that one of the cures for world disease is to be found in living more in sympathetic relation to the laws of Nature, for are they not the laws which govern our being?

Thus we obviate the need for the restoration of any violated equilibrium physically, mentally, and morally in the universe. Harmony can only be restored when we permit the divine spark within us to shine forth steadfastly in change-



less glory, for by opening our hearts and minds to nobler virtues, we co-ordinate the forces for good, and thus render natural laws harmoniously operative. A purity and sobriety of heart and mind, fortified by a nobility of character must inevitably accrue to ourselves as virtues, when we learn to keep our

base animal appetites and passions subservient to the commands of our higher mind and nobler soul.

Gluttony does not control our minds without our consent. In every instance the individual holds a position where he deliberately chooses to be controlled. The character of food selected reflects consciously and unconsciously the individual's own character and motives. The evolution of the mind must inevitably be in advance of dietetic progress.

The mental and psychic impulses arising from sluggish, indifferent or even corrupt and brutal minds, impelling morally purposeless deeds and perverted gratifications, correspondingly crave degenerate foodstuffs poisoned with unspeakable putrefactions. Some wayward races are reputed as eating grasshoppers and even poisonous snakes; others crave flesh foods and cheese when they are

pungent with rot. Obviously their hearts and minds are of a character that seek affiliation with the lower elements of Nature—the destructive and disintegrating entities.

The quick ambitious mind is driven by desires of personal possessions, aggrandizement and achievement, where each object acquired becomes cumulative and desire is never satiated. The unduly accelerated physiological activity stimulated by desires for more and more excites with corresponding avarice every cell-life comprising the human edifice. Since spices and condiments stimulate the appetite for food far in excess of physiological needs, bitter, too acid, excessively hot, and salty foods are actually craved by the cells of a body quickened by unsatiated overbearing mental and psychic impulses.

Conversely, where there is a burning zealotry within ourselves to be efficient intelligent vehicles for human service, the foods selected are of a purity that will maintain the temple of the soul at the highest point of efficiency for work and constructive endeavor, to thus intensify our capacity to serve.

The nutritive elements harmonious to human cells exalted by a pure mind and noble soul instinctively seek and thrive best on such foods as contain their nutritive elements in a purer, more refined or vitalized condition. Hence the nutritive elements intended for the human cells, subjecting themselves to the will of infinite divine wisdom directing the temple of the soul, must range much higher in the scale of vibratory activity than the katabolic processes or descensive vibratory forces found in disintegrating foods.

In response to the emergence of more refined impulses towards a higher, more sympathetic life, there ensues a dietary response in the more hardy vegetables, tubers, and legumes. The refreshingly invigorating green-leafy vegetables and tasty nuts subsequently make their appearance in the rational dietary, followed by their fitting companion—Nature's alluringly palatable luscious fruits.

Yet dietetic purity is sought and craved only in direct ratio to moral purity. A persistent demand for a pure, wholesome diet will arise within ourselves only proportionately to a mind whose own purity demands a corresponding purity of foods. The gamut of physiological processes, namely, the impress given to the food subsequently to become an intrinsic part of replenished bodily cells, is progressive or retrogressive, constructive or destructive, according to the purity, intelligence, and power residing in our *thoughts and motives*. For only the pure mind can give a sound and progressive direction to the digestion and assimilation of pure foods, while an impure, fitful, purposeless, or selfish mind interferes with the higher rhythmic rates of vibration of wholesome sustenance, thus inhibiting harmonious metabolic processes.

The foods we eat are vehicles of power, charged with every elemental energy and potency of the solar system, but it depends upon the constitution of the eater, on his power to unlock the vital storage batteries of the foods, and to elicit their creative and sustaining forces. Without being energized by a morally enlightened will, the mind is powerless in bringing out the finer forces of natural foods—forces that express in organized vitality the moral dynamics of a spiritual universe. An impure mind with its demoralized will-power is capable of effecting the same diseased fluids in the digestive secretions as would result in the consumption of diseased food itself.

The criminal mind, vibrating to the keynote of criminality; the incensed mind, gravitating to a lurid vortex of destructive passions; fearful, envious, lustful, corrupt, and degenerate minds impress the nutriment consumed with their own specific destructiveness and rank vibratory energies reducing to ruin and ashes precious nutriments, once pillars of vital strength.

Hence the inadequacy of the human organism of an eccentric, passionate, and ungovernable subject to adjust itself to

the rapid heat evolution of fruit sugar, for example, would render the use of such fuel for bodily energy not only impractical, but dangerous. While a diet of fruit, in a refined self-composed and idealistic nature would insure most beneficial digestive and assimilative action, it would give rise to extreme physiological disturbances if consumed by a gross animal-disposed and animal-fed nature. More tardy means of combustion are needed as are inherent in stimulating foods, or more powerful in ignition as are unfortunately available in the temporarily explosive action of alcoholic beverages to replenish the tremendous leakages of vital force dissipated through assorted forms of mental, moral, emotional, and physical misconduct.

It is idle to deny that natural foods have remedial powers, for our Great Sustaining Source has fortified them with therapeutic properties to help Nature's erring children in their stumbles on their upward and onward evolutionary flight. Hence a natural diet may be prevented from yielding to the coercion of a selfish and immoral motive, apparently resulting in momentary benefits to one seeking health merely for the perpetuation of some carnal pleasures. But the processes are artificial and will not give permanent results, for intemperance and frivolity pervert the noble attributes of our souls; and must, in the course of the inevitable, rebound, due to a violated equilibrium and devitalize the usurped vital energies. Evil condemns every atom of the human edifice.

The power of a corrected diet to modify the character of the physiological processes lies principally in its influence on the individual's moral nature, by way of the sacrifices involved in the dietary restrictions. Hence any attempt to fundamentally effect any radical changes in a person's diet without previous knowledge of his moral needs and shortcomings is mere guess work or a play with chance. Moral regeneration side by side with physical development alone can ultimately evolve digestive and

assimilative powers harmonious to a purer hygienic diet.

But you may ask, "Is not man's vital relationship forever fixed?" Most assuredly natural foods are the natural diet of man. The fact that the majority of our flower-bearing plants and fruit trees are unknown in a fossil state clearly demonstrates their recent origin, which may have been simultaneous with that of man. Back of a rational dietary, however, must ever be found moral discipline, accompanied by a resolute desire to render ourselves more fit and valuable in the service of humanity, promoting our usefulness and enhancing our capacity to serve. Such ethical progress and purification will render a finer evolving and regenerated human body more harmonious to man's natural diet and Nature's immutable laws. Aroused by the awakening of a higher consciousness, man will moreover content himself with dietetic frugality—with the strengthening and beautifying discipline of self-control and refined dietetic reserve. Sumptuous dinners, complex and artificial foods and beverages are a sign of decadence. True progress is of the soul, and hence is most incompatible with the perversions and excesses of unmoral and luxurious living for the mere gratification of sensuous indulgences or distorted egotistical motives.

When men are building—if they do not like the workmen they dismiss them and hire others. You cannot do that with the workers in your body. If the workers in your living temple do not do their work well it is your fault, not theirs. If you injure them or destroy them you cannot have others to take their places. There are no others that could do their work. Each cell of the body has its own place and its own work. It can do just the one thing it was made to do and nothing else. If it is injured or dies its work is left undone. Its fellow workers will do what they can to carry the extra burden but they cannot fill the lost cell's place.—*Rossiter.*

Patients' Letters

Utah, Sept. 15, 1937.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,

Healing Dept.

Dear Friends:

As I write, I feel already so much better that it is almost a miracle. And, yet, when I wrote to you for help a few short weeks ago it was in despair and agony of mind over my critical condition. I didn't see how I could possibly be helped without the aid of surgery, and yet resisted the idea of mutilation with my whole soul.

From the time after I wrote I followed closely the work of the Helpers upon me. They were able to reduce the pain and calm my fears and make me sleep but I felt impressed that they needed help from the physical side. I didn't know what to do but I let them guide me, being very attentive and prayerful. And I was inspired and guided miraculously to a sane and natural treatment, which is absolutely in harmony with the laws of Nature. I know the work has just begun, but, helped as I am from both planes, I, for the first time in years, dare to lift up my eyes with confidence toward the future, knowing that with the help of God and His Divine Messengers of mercy I shall win the race and become healthy and sound and useful once again.

May God bless you and my dear Helpers, I pray.

Very lovingly yours,
—N.R.J.

Illinois, Sept. 6, 1937.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I want to thank the Invisible Helpers for that wonderful visit yesterday morning. I simply cannot tell you how much it helped me. I have come to depend so much on my dear friends for help and inspiration and I receive it beyond my expectation. There is never a problem nor an ache or pain that they do not help me solve or bear. Sometimes they are there before I am aware that I have consciously summoned them. May God bless these fine souls in their selfless, beautiful work for humanity. Please know that I am grateful for your loving service.

Sincerely,
—M.L.E.

New Zealand, Aug. 10, 1937.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I have to report steady progress since asking for help. My chest troubles are very much improved and my vitality has increased tremendously, allowing me to do heavy work again.

May our Father-Mother through his ministers enfold the Invisible Helpers in greater strength of love and wisdom to do their work of love.

Yours in fellowship,
—T.L.

Healing Dates

January 1—8—14—21—28

February 4—11—17—24

March 4—10—17—24—31

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

People Who Are Seeking Health

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

To You Who Serve

You have many friends you have
never seen,

People you do not know,
Yet into their lives you have sown
a seed

Of love to blossom and grow
Into gentle thoughts, or a helpful
deed

As on their way they go.
And blessings will flow to you constantly
From those you do not know.

As you day by day send into the
lives

Of those you do not know,
The beauty and joy that is in your
heart,

As on your way you go
Seeking to serve in the name of Him
Whom some day all will know,
You attract to yourself the helpful
thoughts

Of those you do not know.
W. S. JOHNSON.

VEGETARIAN MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Before Breakfast
Fresh Grapefruit Juice
8 oz.

Surprise Muffins
Large Baked Apple
Coffee Substitute

—DINNER—

Celery Juice Cocktail
Egg Foo Yung
Fresh String Beans
(Buttered)
Baked Potatoes
Health Salad
Acidophilus Ice Cream

—SUPPER—

Cream of Spinach Soup
French Cole Slaw
Rarebit Delicious
Apple Gingerbread
Cobbler
Strawberry Tea

RECIPES

Surprise Muffins.

Ingredients: 1 cup malt-o-meal (uncooked), 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, orange marmalade.

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat the egg; add milk and stir into dry ingredients. Add melted butter. Fill buttered muffin pans one-third full. Put a spoonful of orange marmalade on top and cover with more of the batter. Pitted or steamed dates may be substituted for the marmalade. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes.

Egg Foo Yung.

Ingredients: 2 cups mushrooms, 1 cup bean sprouts, 6 eggs, 1 cup diced celery (cooked), 1 tablespoon butter. Salt to taste.

Cut mushrooms in pieces, and brown in butter. Beat the egg yolks; add the bean sprouts, well drained; mushrooms, celery, salt, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop by tablespoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or skillet, and bake until brown on both sides. Serve with savita sauce.

Savita Sauce.

Ingredients: 1 tablespoon savita, 2 cups water, 4 tablespoons butter, browned flour for slight thickening.

French Cole Slaw.

Shred finely crisp cabbage; add sour cream dressing, minced parsley, a little minced green pepper, and chopped nutmeats. Serve on garnished plate.

Acidophilus Ice Cream.

Ingredients: $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cream, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups acidophilus milk, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

pineapple juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chipped orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{8}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated pineapple.

Make a syrup of the sugar, water, and the thinly chipped orange rind. Mix the fruit juices, grated pineapple, salt, and buttermilk. Pour the syrup through a strainer into this. Mix well, freeze slightly; add cream and finish freezing.

Rarebit Delicious.

Ingredients: 1 pound cheese, 2 cups tomatoes (mostly pulp), 1 chopped onion, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, salt.

Brown the onion in butter. Add tomatoes and simmer awhile. Then add cheese, grated or broken in small pieces, beaten egg and salt. When cheese is melted, serve on hot toast.

Apple Gingerbread Cobbler.

Ingredients: 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 tablespoon lemon, 4 medium sized apples.

Pare and slice apples. Mix half of the sugar with the apples and place in buttered baking dish or muffin pans. Sprinkle with lemon juice and bake in oven for 20 minutes while making batter.

Beat egg, add remainder of sugar, sour milk, and molasses. Mix and sift dry materials, and stir into the liquid ingredients; add melted shortening, mix well and pour over the hot apples and replace in oven. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with a preferred sauce.

Children's Department



The following story received FIFTH PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

The Magic Trail to the Lighthouse

BY W. S. JOHNSON

(IN FOUR PARTS—PART TWO)

WHAT THE FAIRIES DO

WEE Whisper was first to awaken. He looked around, for he sensed something unusual and he was a little frightened. He thought he heard voices laughing and singing, soft and low.

Gently he shook Tiny Tinkle. When she awoke, he tried excitedly to explain his fear. Tiny Tinkle listened, and she too heard soft laughter and singing.

Then she smiled and said, "Don't be afraid, Wee Whisper. The voices you hear are those of the Meadow Fairies. They are beautiful and friendly little beings who will be happy to see you. I know them well and have visited with them before. This is named the Magic Meadow, because it is the home of the Meadow Fairies. I had forgotten to tell you, when we stopped to rest here. But hush, they are coming!"

From out the shadows of the big forest which surrounded the meadow, came a group of lovely creatures like a gorgeous bouquet of flowers. Their gaily colored wings were radiant in the sunshine and in their garments there was every color of the rainbow.

All of them wore odd little silken shoes of that lovely shade of green which only fairies wear. They made a beautiful picture, and Wee Whisper stared in amazement, hardly daring to breathe for fear of frightening them away.

As they came nearer, the Queen of the Fairies, her glistening wand held high

above her head, bowed gracefully and said: "Welcome, Tiny Tinkle! Welcome, Wee Whisper! We are greatly honored by your presence. Our home is your home as long as you care to stay."

"Thank you," replied Tiny Tinkle. "You are very kind to us. We should like to stay here at least until tomorrow morning."

Wee Whisper, who had been listening quietly to this conversation, now bowed politely to the Fairy Queen.

"Thank you, Fairy Queen," he said. "I shall be glad to accept your invitation, for I notice that the sun has traveled a long way toward the western horizon while we have been asleep. I fear that we should not be able to get to the Big Blue Lake before nightfall."

"Oh, no," replied the Fairy Queen. "It is still a long journey to the Big Blue Lake. You would miss much of the beauty along the way if you made the trip at night."

"I should not want to do that," said Wee Whisper. Then he told the Fairy Queen about his trip and how he had come to take it.

"I want to tell you," said the Fairy Queen, "that tonight we are to perform an important ceremony in the meadow. I am glad that you and Tiny Tinkle will remain with us to see it. The ceremony is known as the Festival of the Full Moon and is held each month during the summer."

"How exciting! I am sure we shall enjoy seeing it," Wee Whisper answered.

"All the fairies who live in this part of the country will be here to take part in the Festival. You and Tiny Tinkle can make yourselves comfortable while we go to prepare for it." Saying this the Fairy Queen and her friends departed.

"What beautiful creatures the fairies are!" exclaimed Wee Whisper, turning to Tiny Tinkle.

"Just as lovely as they are beautiful," Tiny Tinkle replied, "and they do a wonderful work in the world."

"What is it that they do?" asked Wee Whisper. "This is my first trip away from home and the first time I have ever seen them."

"Are there flowers where you live," Tiny Tinkle inquired, "and are they colored beautifully?"

"Oh, yes; we have many gorgeously colored flowers."

"Wherever you find flowers," explained Tiny Tinkle, "you will find Flower Fairies. The sun gives life to the flowers and helps them to grow, and the rain and the dew give them food. But the fairies give the flowers their radiant colors."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Wee Whisper. "How do they do it?"

"Did you notice that each fairy carries a wand? That is what they use for coloring the flowers. The fairies work together in small groups, and each one has a different color in her wand. They gather around a flower when it is very, very small. Each fairy in turn passes her wand gently over a part of the flower until the entire flower is colored, stem and all. All living things that grow up out of the earth are colored by the fairies."

"Have you seen them do it?" asked Wee Whisper, his eyes wide with interest.

"Yes," replied Tiny Tinkle. "I have seen them many times, and you can, too, if you wish. Instead of going to bed when the sun goes down as you always do, stay up some night until it grows dark and the stars come out. Keep very quiet wherever you are, and as soon as the moon peeps up over the horizon you will begin to see the fairies moving about among the flowers. Their tiny wands will glisten in the moonlight. I have heard that human beings mistake the swiftly moving fairy wands for fireflies.

Few human beings can see the fairies," Tiny Tinkle explained. "Most of them do not even believe that fairies exist, but human beings don't know very much. They only think they do."

"But where do the Flower Fairies get the colors for their wands?" Wee Whisper wanted to know.

"They get their colors from the Sunset Fairies," Tiny Tinkle replied.

"Sunset Fairies!" exclaimed Wee Whisper. "Who and what are they?"

"They are the most brilliant of all the fairies," said Tiny Tinkle. "They furnish all the other fairies with color for their work, and they teach them how to use it. Have you ever seen a rainbow?"

"Yes, often."

"Then listen carefully and I shall explain. After it has rained, the Sun colors the rainbow with his love for all living things. When all have had the opportunity of seeing its beauty, the Sunset Fairies come and take the colors away. That is why the rainbow disappears so quickly. But the Sunset Fairies use all this color to make the world a more beautiful place in which to live. They in turn give the colors to the



different groups of fairies to work with. When there is color left over, they save it to tint the western sky at evening. So you see, if it were not for the fairies there would be little real beauty in the world."

"That is a pretty idea, Tiny Tinkle. I never gave any thought to these matters," Wee Whisper said.

His new friend continued: "Although human beings don't know it, the fairies come to them while they are asleep and give them beautiful thoughts. When they awaken they forget that they have been talking to the fairies."

"How marvelous!" Wee Whisper exclaimed. "How is it that you know so much about these things?"

"Though I am very small as you now see me," explained Tiny Tinkle, "you must remember that I have made many trips to the Big Blue Lake, who is the mother of all little streams in this part of the world. She is wise and old, and very beautiful. When we return to her for a visit, she tells us many of the wonderful things she has learned."

"I was fortunate in meeting you," said Wee Whisper, "and I am grateful for all that you have told me. Besides, we have had such fun today that I have enjoyed every moment. I wonder how soon the Fairy Queen and the rest of the fairies will return. The sun has already disappeared behind the distant hills and—oh, look, look! The Sunset Fairies have colored the western sky while we have been talking. Oh, how lovely!" Wee Whisper danced about in his excitement.

"The fairies will return before long," Tiny Tinkle said. "Come and sit down beside me in this nice soft grass and we shall wait and see what happens. We must be quiet and not disturb them."

So Wee Whisper sat down in the soft grass beside Tiny Tinkle and hand in hand they waited for the return of the Flower Fairies.

The purple hush of the summer evening filled the Magic Meadow. Wisps of silvery mist rose from the damp earth like thin clouds, and drifted slowly

away. Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle watched the moon as it climbed up into the sky, star by star. The sight fascinated them. Soon the Magic Meadow was flooded with mellow moonglow.

Against the blackness of the forest there suddenly appeared countless twinkling lights.

"Look," exclaimed Wee Whisper. "I see the fairies waving their wands. They are coming toward us."

In no time at all the Magic Meadow was filled with myriads of fairies. They hovered over each little flower. Their fluttering wings were so brilliantly colored that even in the moonlight they looked like butterflies.

Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper gazed in speechless admiration as the fairies danced lightly from flower to flower. When the moon reached the top of the sky at midnight the fairies ceased their dancing.

The Fairy Queen came over to Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle. She greeted them with a wave of her wand, then turned to the assembled fairies.

"Beloved companions," she said, "never before have the flowers in our land been so gorgeously colored. Each of you is a real artist. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. That we have been able to create so much beauty brings happiness to all of us. The world becomes a beautiful place in which to live when all work together in love and harmony. The flowers that you have tinted so lovingly will soon be gone; but next summer there will be many more for us to color. What a happy time we shall have."

This pleased the fairies so much that they clapped their tiny hands together softly and smiled and nodded to one another.

When the applause ceased, the Fairy Queen continued, "We are also indebted to the Woodland Fairies and to the Sunset Fairies for the wonderful things they have done. It is because the Woodland Fairies love the trees so much that we have such lovely forests. And were it

not for the Sunset Fairies, we should have no colors with which to do our work, and no brightly colored skies to enjoy at evening. It gives me great pleasure to see so many of them here with us tonight.

"And now," continued the Fairy Queen, "I have a delightful surprise for all of you.

"This afternoon while passing through the meadow I met two lovely little travelers. They were on their way to the Big Blue Lake and had stopped to rest. I invited them to be our guests and to spend the night here. They graciously accepted my invitation. I now want to present to you Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper."

The Fairies were delighted and welcomed them by waving their star-tipped wands. Ripples of softly colored light swept back and forth across the Magic Meadow as the jeweled wands caught the glow of the moonbeams. It was a magnificent sight.

Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle thanked the Fairy Queen for her kindness. Then each of them made a pretty little speech. They told the fairies how much they had enjoyed their dancing and thanked them for their warm welcome.

"Won't you sing a song for us?" asked the Fairy Queen, again turning to Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle.

"We shall be glad to sing," they replied.

Wee Whisper began to hum an old melody he had learned from the friendly pines who lived in the Big Forest near his home. Tiny Tinkle joined in at once. Her voice was like the soft chiming of silver bells and blended perfectly with the resonant measures of Wee Whisper.

The fairies were so delighted that they waved their wands again and again. They wanted to hear more of this lovely music. So to please them, Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper sang song after song.

When Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle had sung their last song, the Fairy Queen thanked them graciously.

"I have a surprise for both of you," she whispered to them.

Raising her star-tipped wand, she turned and again addressed the fairy gathering. "A lovely thought has just come to me," she said. "I think that as a further expression of our love for these two little travelers, it would be well for one of us to go with them to their destination. Who will volunteer?"

"I will," said a little Sunset Fairy, as she came forward and bowed to the Fairy Queen. "I have never been to the Big Blue Lake. To go with Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper would be delightful. I could be of help to them for I have many friends among the Woodland Fairies who live near the Big Blue Lake. They would be glad to have Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper visit them."

"It is your privilege as a Sunset Fairy to go with them if you wish," the Fairy Queen replied. Turning to Wee Whisper and Tiny Tinkle she said, "It gives me great pleasure to introduce Sky Blush to you. She is a Sunset Fairy and she is as lovely as she is beautiful."

Tiny Tinkle and Wee Whisper were delighted to meet Sky Blush. They told her how happy it would make them to have her as a companion on their journey. What a lot of fun they could have together!

While they were talking excitedly together, the Fairy Queen pointed to the moon as a signal that she must leave them. She kissed each of them and after wishing them a safe journey, vanished into the silver mists of the Magic Meadow.

"Oh," sighed Wee Whisper, "hasn't it been wonderful! I didn't dream that so many things could happen in one day. It seems a long, long time since I left home. Yet it was only this morning. I started out alone for the Big Blue Lake, and now I have two lovely companions."

"It has all been very beautiful," replied Tiny Tinkle dreamily, "and isn't it lovely that we can have Sky Blush with us?"

"I thank you both for your kindness," said Sky Blush. "I feel sure that we shall be happy together. But it is getting late now. Let us sleep and start our journey early in the morning."

They all agreed that this was an excellent idea. Tiny Tinkle went back to her place in the little bay and there she curled up comfortably. Sky Blush, with the help of Wee Whisper, made a soft bed for herself from petals that had fallen from the meadow flowers. Wrapping her little red cloak tightly around her, she was soon fast asleep.

After making sure that his companions were comfortable, Wee Whisper stretched out lazily in the long soft grass. He, too, was soon in the Land of Nod.

The moon looked down with a kindly smile and continued his journey down the sky. A great white owl, flying as silently as a ghost through the silvery mist, saw them. Circling the meadow to the spot where they lay, he perched himself on a nearby stump. There he sat the rest of the night watching over them, a faithful, silent guardian.



The owl's keen, solemn eyes gleamed like beacon lights, and there was not a sound that escaped him. Had any harm come near the three little travelers, he was ready to protect them with his sharp claws and powerful beak. But nothing

happened to disturb them and when the first streak of light appeared in the eastern sky, the owl spread his great soft wings. He circled around the three travelers once, and then flew off to his home in the big forest. The little sleepers never knew that he had kept steadfast watch over them during the night.

When Wee Whisper awoke, he rolled over two or three times and rubbed his eyes. Then he laughed so loudly and so boyishly that he sent a ripple of excitement through the long meadow grass.

"Oh," exclaimed Sky Blush, sitting up quickly, "how you frightened me!"

"Me, too," cried Tiny Tinkle, jumping up. "What is so exciting?"

"Nothing," said Wee Whisper. "I am just happy! It is late, too, and we should be starting on our journey. Look at the sun. He has been up a long time. If you are wide awake and ready, let us start at once."

"We are ready," agreed Tiny Tinkle and Sky Blush. So the three joined hands and started off across the Magic Meadow. Tiny Tinkle, as usual, wanted to zigzag here and there, as she was very curious. In following her, Wee Whisper and Sky Blush had to wander all over the Magic Meadow before they finally reached the Big Forest at the southern end.

It was an interesting trip. Sky Blush told them all about the different flowers that grew in the meadow. She called each one by name and explained with great care how the Flower Fairies work with them. She told how all of the beautiful designs are made so that each flower is perfect, according to the color scheme of the Flower Fairies.

The tall grass and high reeds that grow in the meadow, she explained, are cared for by an entirely different group of fairies who do most of their work in the early spring before the Flower Fairies come. That is why they had not appeared in the meadow the night before since they were now working far away.

(Next month—*The Skeleton Forest*)

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

Christmas at Mt. Ecclesia

BY JACK L. BURTT



CHRISTMAS at Mt. Ecclesia is an experience that is almost unique. The festive spirit is felt just as strongly here as elsewhere, yet there is a marked absence of the tenseness and strain so commonly felt at this season. Instead, there is a sacred uplift that is truly the Spirit of Christmas.

The festivities really began on Wednesday evening (Dec. 22) when Mrs. Heindel gave a most inspiring talk on the Christ to the workers and such visitors as had already arrived.

During the following days much activity in the line of preparation, decoration, etc. was seen, and by Friday afternoon the beautification of chapel, dining-room, etc., was completed.

The weather appeared somewhat threatening, light showers making us wonder what sort of Christmas we should get, but, after all, the Weather Spirits were kind and gave us a delightful, sunny Christmas.

On Christmas Eve, by which time Mt. Ecclesia was filled with happy guests, the workers treated us to a delightful program in the sun room of Rose Cross Lodge, the house being packed. The audience also joined in singing carols—and did they sing!

This entertainment included a most instructive illustrated lecture by Mrs. Kittie Cowen on "The Redeeming Power of the Universe."

After the concert, refreshments were served and we all got acquainted. It surely was an international gathering, representatives of at least a dozen nationalities being present.

Then, at 10:45, we made our way to the Pro-Ecclesia for the Holy Night service, at which Mrs. Heindel gave us a

wonderful talk on "Lighting the Christmas Candle."

Christmas morning dawned with bright sunshine and, after the chapel service, we all adjourned to the dining-room to discover the center pillar magically transformed into a Christmas tree, at whose foot lay brightly-wrapped parcels, presumably put there by our mysterious friend St. Nick.

The chapel was crowded for the Christmas service, for, in addition to those staying at Mt. Ecclesia, dozens of friends came from Oceanside and neighboring cities. At this service, Judge Davis gave an excellent address on "Giving and Receiving."

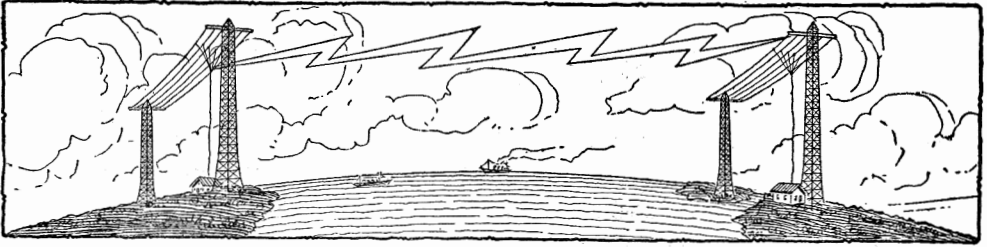
Christmas dinner in the dining-room was a masterpiece. How the kitchen staff managed it will always be a mystery, yet there they were, happy as the rest, serving generous platefuls to a hungry crowd that taxed the capacity of the dining-room to its limit. And somehow that meal seemed even more enjoyable because none of our "little brothers" had been sacrificed for our food.

After dinner, Mt. Ecclesia became strangely silent, though a few valiant souls appeared at five-thirty for supper, being rewarded by the charm of a candle-light meal.

The festivities concluded on Sunday with the evening service, at which Mary Hanscom gave still further inspiration in an illustrated address on "Soul Growth."

And now the guests have departed and Mt. Ecclesia seems almost deserted, yet the inspiration of this glad Christmas remains in the hearts of many, to whom this holy time will be a memory to carry them forward through the coming year with renewed strength and courage in their service to humanity.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



In the past humanity lived in groups, directed in their evolution by higher Beings Who dealt with groups as entities. There were families, tribes, and races, each looked after by a Being Who circumscribed the consciousness of Its charges with Its own. Man's consciousness was thus too limited to permit extending his interests beyond his prescribed sphere.

Our future consciousness is to be on a higher spiral, no longer limited by the interests of a few. It is becoming a state of being which enables us to work in groups for mutual benefit and at the same time include all other individuals and groups in our interests and plans. In the past we had only a limited sense of unity. Under the influence of the Christ we are unfolding into a full sense of unity, a oneness of highly individualized, self-conscious egos being our ultimate goal. This is the consciousness which enables us to think and act unselfishly and impersonally.

Groups are no longer for the purpose of carrying out the mandates of a leader—seen or unseen. We now function in groups to learn obedience to the Higher Self—the Christ *within*. Lessons in unselfishness, tolerance, self-control, etc., offered in group associations must be mastered by the spiritual aspirant, and until they are mastered there is definite progress to be made in group work. Only by self-mastery do we rise out of limited group consciousness into the soul satisfying freedom of universal brotherhood.

THE NETHERLANDS.

A recent letter from one of our Grass Valley, California, members, who visited The Netherlands during the summer of 1937, gives some interesting news which we are sure our friends will enjoy sharing with us:

"This summer I was a leader for a group of Boy Scouts from California who attended the World Scout Jamboree in Holland. During our stay at the Jamboree I took the opportunity of going up to Amsterdam and visiting the Rosicrucian Center there. I had a nice visit with the President of the Center, and he said that the work there was getting along fine. They have about eighty in their Center. In Rotterdam they have a larger Center of about one hundred. The group at the Hague also is active, as well as five small Groups in five other Dutch cities.

"The Jamboree in Holland certainly was a wonderful affair. Over 30,000 Scouts were there from almost every country in the world, camping side by side for two weeks, making friends, talking to each other the best they could in some cases, swapping and exchanging things, and exhibiting their own customs and modes of living. It was a wonderful sight at the close of the Jamboree to see those 30,000 boys in the huge arena, their hands clasped together, singing the Jamboree song, each in his own language, and then giving a cheer for Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting, at the conclusion of his closing talk to the

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

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Addresses of unchartered Centers and Study Groups may be had on request.

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Burlington, Vt.—91 No. Union St.

Calgary, Alta., Can.—108 14th Ave. W.

Calgary, Alta., Canada.—Young People's Group, 1318 15th Ave. W.

Chicago, Ill.—Rm. 802, 155 N. Clark St.
Ashland Blk., 8th Floor.

Chicago, Ill.—c/o Mrs. Magdalena Goveia,
4921 Montana St.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220
Huron Road, Room 708.

Columbus, Ohio.—253 N. Hague Ave.

Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room,
2nd Floor.

Denver, Colo.—1155 30th St.

Indianapolis, Ind.—319 N. Pennsylvania
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Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.

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Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.

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Scouts. Baden-Powell then gave a Jamboree emblem to the leader of each country as a token of good will. The whole Jamboree was really a wonderful demonstration of world peace and brotherhood.

Recent reports from the Rotterdam Center at 308a Bergweg state that the attendance at the Sunday Service has become so large that it will be necessary to find a larger meeting place.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

The latest reports from this earnest Group give encouraging news of additional interest being manifested in the Teachings and of progress made in increasing the attendance at classes. A leaflet setting forth the principles of the Teachings is printed in Spanish and used for distribution among those who may be interested.

Two lectures given by Sr. Antonio Paciello of Asunción, Paraguay, during a recent visit there served to stimulate interest and enthusiasm in the Fellowship work among the members and friends present. Sr. Paciello is one of our most zealous pioneer members in South America.

Future plans for the Center include the acquiring of a library, which is expected to be of much help in spreading the Teachings in that section.

CHAPMAN CAMP, B. C., CANADA.

"Our greatest activity right now is distributing literature," writes our Study Group correspondent in this little town. The distribution of eight copies of the "Cosmo" during the preceding two weeks sets a fine record for this activity, and in addition, pamphlets are mailed to those having newcomers in the family, as well as to those who have recently lost loved ones.

Monday nights are reserved for a study of the Philosophy at the home in which the Study Group meets, and a class in the Bible, using the Correspondence Course from Headquarters as a basis for study, is to be started soon. The sincerity of purpose and eagerness to take advantage of every legitimate

means of passing on the Teachings to others, as indicated in the letters from this friend, can but lead to much actual accomplishment in guiding others into the Light, as well as to much storing up of treasure "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

From our energetic friends in this Group comes encouraging news: "So large has the Class grown that while this is being written contract has been let for the building of our new Ecclesia. The lot has been donated and the money for the building is coming from donations and loans. Each member is contributing either in money or loving service. . . . The stereopticon slides are being used, not only in the Class and Sunday School work, but also in civic organizations which have requested lectures along the lines of the Rosicrucian Philosophy."

It is indeed encouraging to witness the requests coming from civic organizations and Church groups for lectures embodying the Western Wisdom Teachings. Such evidence of the growing results from the spiritual leaven at work should inspire us all to greater endeavor. Truly, "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

So much is being accomplished by the Young Aquarians in this city that we gladly give space to passing on the inspiring news. The recent addition of eleven new students to the Group has necessitated arranging sections, the newer students being grouped into one section, and the more advanced ones into another. In the Astrology class, which follows the Philosophy, the advanced students assist in teaching the newer ones, thus insuring the individual attention which is of so much value in teaching Astrology.

Even more inspiring than the above, however, is the news of the work being done in connection with the Youth Council and the Church groups in Calgary. Through association with members of these groups, one of our members

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THE NETHERLANDS

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Vergaderplaats: Sweelinckstraat 62.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

Zaandam.—Oostzijde 386.

received an invitation to speak before a young people's society of about one hundred. So much interest and enthusiasm were manifested at this lecture that another invitation was immediately extended to the speaker. Our correspondent writes:

"They not only ask questions but also wanted to know where they could learn more about such Teachings and where books were to be obtained. I told them of our Class, and if even half those come after Christmas who said they would, it's going to take some careful planning to look after them all."

We cannot commend too highly the service being rendered by these wide-awake young people in giving out the Western Wisdom Teachings, and we hope that more of our members will take advantage of such opportunities in the future.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The radio is being used by one of our alert members in this city to help spread the New Age Message. Membership in the Women's Club of her county brought an invitation to give a fourteen minute talk on "The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas" as a part of the Christmas Program broadcasted over station WMAS. Another invitation has been accepted by this earnest worker to speak over station WBZ in Boston at a later date.

We look forward to seeing the opportunities offered by the radio taken advantage of to a much greater extent during the year of 1938 by those desirous of serving humanity by means of the truths contained in the Western Wisdom Teachings.

The Rosicrucian Magazine Index for 1937

It is very much worthwhile to be able to turn instantly to a favorite article or poem or story. Also, with the Index one may locate by author, title, or subject matter any desired material which appeared in the Magazine during any month of 1937.

We will gladly send it you on request.
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

New Cover Design

It is our custom to have a new cover design for our Magazine for each year, beginning with the January issue. This year we are one month late because the publication date was set ahead ten days just at that time.

The symbolism of Ruth Harwood's drawing is rich in suggestion. The white rose of Purity is placed in the center of the seven red roses on the emblem for all healing services, and its position in the design indicates the heart of the Rose Cross upon which the Seven Spirits before the Throne have focused their Rays of love and healing that pour forth through it to humanity in streams of glorious light.

The figure rising in adoration from the Rose of Purity with uplifted head and outstretched arms is further suggestive of the Triumph of the Cross, and will be interpreted by each for himself. It is said that every symbol has at least three meanings, applying to the physical, mental, and spiritual planes.

Our thanks are extended to Miss Harwood for this kindly gift to the Work.

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"What Has the Rosicrucian Philosophy Done for Me?"

Before answering the above question, I must thank the Publications Department for giving me an opportunity to express in words (very poor vehicles of expression) my indebtedness to the Rosicrucian Philosophy. I write, not so much for the prize to be won, for that is immaterial to me; but to show so far as I have studied (a student) what the Philosophy has done for me.

The Philosophy has completely changed my outlook in life. From childhood I had been groping in the dark, seeking for something to satisfy my hungry soul. The orthodox religion failed to give my spirit a rest. Thanks to heaven, that through Madam G. La Page I was able to enroll as a student. From the time I bought the *Cosmo-Conception* I began to get satisfaction that defies words to express adequately. Scales seem to fall off my eyes as I read this Wonderful Book. Still there were some things more to come—the monthly letters not to talk of lessons were to me God-sent. Often when reading these lessons I feel almost translated. These lessons are so spiritually elevating and mentally satisfying that I often think that I could never have led a happy life on this earth plane without this Philosophy.

My thought of God is entirely changed from that of a fearful and relentless being to that of a loving Father. The relation of God with man especially in this seeming inequality that exists is admirably explained in the doctrine of Rebirth.

At this stage of my infancy on the Path I experience such wonderful blessings, what of other vistas of truth that will open themselves as I get along on the Path?

E. N. I. EDET.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Change of address must reach us before the 1st of the month preceding current issue. If it is too late for change of address to reach us before the 1st please arrange to have your magazine forwarded by your local postmaster.

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