



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE
RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



FEATURES

...

The Resurrection of the Body

Mu for a Day

An Unsuspected Way to Health

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APRIL
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By Max Heindel

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

There was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion*, *Art*, and *Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery Temples. But it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time.

Religion held sole sway in the so-called "dark ages." During that time it bound both *Science* and *Art* hand and foot. Then came the period of the Renaissance, and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. *Religion* was strong as yet, however, and *Art* was only too often under the complete domination of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science* and with iron hand it subjugated *Religion*.

It was a detriment to the world when *Religion* shackled *Science*. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe. Nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous that *Science* is killing *Religion*, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the cosmos. To avert such a calamity *Religion*, *Science*, and *Art*, must reunite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True*, and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and when the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency toward ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took certain steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill the budding *Science* as the latter had strangled *Religion*, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced *Science* has again become a co-worker with *Religion*.

A spiritual *Religion*, however, cannot blend with a materialistic *Science* any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore steps were taken to spiritualize *Science* and make *Religion* scientific.

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

In the past centuries the Rosicrucians have worked in secret, but now the time has come for giving out a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and the scientific aspects; a teaching which makes no statements that are not supported by reason and logic. Such is the teaching promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

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 Resurrection of the Body

BY RUTH D. GOLMAN



HE resurrection of the body has been the cause of much speculation and doubt by those who are not disposed to take its literal meaning. This is not surprising, for it is illogical to suppose that our bodies, which perish at death, are actually raised from the dust and made whole again as implied by orthodox religion. Yet in reality the orthodox Church contains all the essential principles of truth, its difficulties lie, not in what it teaches, but in its inability to explain and interpret that which it feels and asserts to be true.

This is particularly true in regard to the resurrection of the body. If we look for a deeper interpretation from the viewpoint of esoteric Christianity, we shall find that the resurrecting of form, or body, is truer than at first might be dreamed of, even by the most devout orthodox believer, though not in the sense usually applied, that of raising the self-same body out of the grave at the Day of Judgment.

On the first Resurrection Morning, when the disciples visited the tomb of Christ they found it empty. What had happened to His physical body, where it went, and how, has been and still is the mystery of the centuries, for it is the mystery of the Resurrection. And it is not until we begin to try to understand something of the spiritual law behind evolution, vibration, and development,

that we can gain any glimmering of light upon the subject.

The law of vibration holds the key to a good deal of spiritual enlightenment. It is accepted as fact that every thing, every form, has its own vibration, the rate of which determines the kind of form which is produced. A low rate of vibration produces a heavy, dense, and extremely material form, such as is found in the mineral kingdom. Take coal, for instance—coal is carbon vibrating at a low rate. To the physical eye it appears black in color, but in reality coal is composed of minute specks of red, blue, and yellow, the colors of the Trinity of God, but since coal is a mineral, vibrating at a low rate, the color is not reflected, *or given out*; it is merely absorbed, and the result is black. However, what happens when the wonderful forces of nature work upon certain portions of that black mass, refining it, and raising its vibration up and up until the highest pitch of the present mineral kingdom is reached? What happens is that the black is transformed into white, the darkness into light—the brilliant light of the diamond which not only absorbs but *gives back* the light, and reflects the red, yellow, and blue of the Trinity in all the colors of the spectrum. The diamond vibrates at a higher rate than any other jewel, and it is transformed from darkness to light as a result.

Science tells us that every atom of the physical form, be it mineral, plant, animal, or man, is bathed in a veritable ocean of ether. Spiritual science goes further and has found that this ether acts as a binding, or coalescing medium (or wisdom) by which matter is molded into the form best suited to the needs of the spirit behind or within it, the rate of etheric vibration determining the kind of form which is produced. This etheric mold is known as the vital body.

The Earth itself, including the mineral kingdom, of course, has what is known as the planetary vital body, while the three higher kingdoms have specialized this same vital force in an individual vital body drawn from the etheric body of the earth, even as the embryo draws the material for its body from the parent-source. This vital body has as its mission the maintenance and revitalizing of the dense form.

Each body in any kingdom is maintained by the "tone" or vibration of its etheric counterpart, which not only holds the dense atoms together in symmetrical relationship, but each time the physical body of any form of life becomes injured, diseased, or otherwise depleted, the power of the vital body comes to its aid, and redeems, or *re-creates* it by pouring new life and energy into it, until such time as that particular form is no longer required by the evolving spirit. In this way the vital body can be called a savior of life, for it reflects the unifying, redeeming principles of Christ, the Second aspect of the Trinity of God. Furthermore, by the *tonal vibration* by which it molds matter into form, it can be said also to reflect the Creative Word, or Second Aspect of the Supreme Being—the Word—by which all flesh (all which manifests) was created, and Whose power is being brought down to man through Christ.

This law of vibration applies on all planes. A low rate of vibration induces a coarsened type of feeling or thought, but it follows then that the higher the vibrational rate the more refined, at-

tenuated, and spiritual does the resulting form become, until sooner or later the very form itself is so enlivened, so *vibrant* with force and life, that its atoms become filled with light as the diamond, until finally it becomes transmuted into the essence of Life and Light—the spirit itself, and so is *resurrected* and brought into life everlasting.

Before going further let us apply this in more detail to humanity and the earth on which we live. The earth, constituted as it is at this time, is in the middle of its pilgrimage through matter. It was not "earth," however, until it reached the middle of the present evolutionary period, but it was "earth-in-the-making" for millions and millions of years before this. Its pilgrimage is divided into seven periods of time. It is now just past the middle of its fourth period of growth, and up until this time it has been growing denser and denser in form. Becoming more and more crystallized, therefore, its vibrations have been slowing up, even as running water gradually freezes when the temperature drops low enough.

We have reached and passed the coldest, slowest, and most material portion of our journey, and the vibrations of both earth and man have been at their lowest rate, and as a result became filled with darkness, even as the coal. For, like the earth, man has passed through many stages of development, and like the earth also, he has grown more and more dense in form until he has acquired his present dense physical body, which is the outcome of his moral and spiritual development, as reflected through the vibrational medium of the vital body.

The earth began in a gaseous state, a fiery nebula from which its present form has cooled and crystallized. Man also began his journey clothed in flame, or fire, which is the external symbol or garment of the *essence* of flame, which is God—for man is a spark of the divine fiery essence. He has slowly crystallized his vehicles around himself, including the dense physical body, which, material though it may be, nevertheless contains

the color and light of the threefold God, even though, like the coal, owing to the slow vibration of material existence, that Divinity is not yet reflected as it is destined to be in ages to come. In this journey into material substance, or crystallized spirit, humanity has become literally buried in the tomb of matter as coal is buried in the depths of the earth.

For the past three great days of Creation, i.e., the Saturn, Sun, and Moon Periods, under the guidance of great Creative Hierarchies; and in the Earth Period, under the guidance of Jehovah, the lowest-vibrating aspect of the Triune Godhead, man entered deeper and deeper into matter for the purpose of gaining experience, and fanning the spark of fire into the flame of individual Divinity, even as an ember feeds upon fuel, and becomes a flame. However, the time came when this descent into matter reached its depths. Spiritual vibration reached its lowest ebb, and consequently material expression was at its coarsest, most crystallized stage. That part of Jehovah's work was then accomplished, but the pull of gravitation, or the downward, crystallizing involutionary force, was so strong as a result that it was a critical time. Humanity, enmeshed in materialism, and blinded by external ambition, desired more the fleshpots of Egypt than the heritage of the spirit. As a result there was danger that a great number might fail to keep up with evolution, and become seriously retarded, possibly to the extent of losing their appointed place in the ranks of the human life-wave. To avert such a calamity, and to furnish the means of salvation from such a state, A NEW VIBRATION was set into motion by the sacrifice and loving service of Jesus Christ.

Many people may wonder why Easter

always comes on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox. There is a deeply spiritual reason for this. Astrology teaches that when the rays of the Sun are focused through Aries, the sign of the vernal equinox, the keynote of the earth is altered for the coming year. That is to say that the *vibration is set* and the tonal pitch is then intensified. As a result the earth and all humanity thereon have their vibratory rate increased.

The angle of the ray is changed but slightly each year, less than 1/60 of a degree, yet this slight change is enough to affect the entire solar system. The change is not perceptible to the physical senses, but in the spiritual realms it is of the utmost importance. Man **knows** intuitively that the day when the sun reaches the vernal equinox is a holy day, and that then new avenues of opportunity are offered. However, we cannot enjoy these blessings spiritually until the solar and zodiacal forces have been released in conformity with cosmic law. The tremendous spiritual forces



from the Sun are first reflected by the Moon before they reach the earth. Jehovah is Regent of the Moon, and under the Jehovistic law the sun's rays thus gathered cannot be released *until the Moon reaches its full.* Therefore Easter is the first *Sun-day* after the first Full Moon after the vernal equinox.

This is symbolical of the fact that when the work of God as focused through Jehovah, the God of Form, was at its fullness of completion, a *new vibration* was set up, and the entire tonal note of evolution was raised and altered to suit the need of the coming Age of the Lamb of God, the age in which all things are made new. Easter is the annual recapitulation of this cosmic event.

According to the Bible, when Christ was crucified and His spirit entered the earth, there was a great darkness and a great earthquake. This was caused by the terrific change in the atomic vibration of the earth as the Christ-vibration entered into its structure, *thereby changing its tonal note*. The darkness was not darkness but intense light, which blinded the eyes of men even as we are blinded if we try to gaze straight into the brilliance of the sun. From that time on the atomic structure of the dense and vital and desire bodies of this earth have undergone a change, and are in the *process of resurrection*—a resurrection that is continually going on in which the poisoned bodies of man and earth are being revitalized, reborn, into a better and purer condition.

The Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches that in everything that lives the vital body radiates streamers of light from the force that has spent itself in building the dense body. During health these streamers carry away all poison from the body and keep it clean. Similar conditions prevail in the vital body of the earth which is now part of the vehicle of Christ, and from which we draw the substance upon which we build our vital bodies. The poisonous and destructive forces generated by human passions are carried away, transmuted, purified, redeemed, by the life-force of Christ; and by His loving sacrifice and never-ceasing service to us, He is annually, daily, hourly, working to raise man from the grave of materialism, assisting him to use material life rightly, as a means to reach the goal of godhood.

The three days that the body of Jesus Christ lay in the tomb of rock, sealed and under watch, symbolize the three days of creation before this present earth period, when, as said before, man was engaged in the process of descending into matter or darkness. It is also symbolical of the three Revolutions previous to this present one, during which mankind recapitulated his past work and intensified it, thus reaching the nadir of materialism. But the third day Christ rose

again from the dead, signifying that the old regime had come to an end, and that in the fourth day of creation, which is this Earth Period, and in its fourth revolution, there would be a new life and a new day.

The etheric vibration of the earth and man had reached its lowest pitch, but at the advent of Christ a spiritual turning point was reached, and from now on both earth and the life it bears will rise on the return path to the increasingly ethereal spiritualized state which existed at the Beginning, plus all the self-conscious individuality and power gathered as a result of the experience gained.

During Involution the focusing point of gravitation was downward into matter or darkness. As a result death became a process of disintegration of form, or a gravitation back to earth. Under the law of Christ the turning point is made from Involution (or the sealing of spirit in the tomb of form or matter) to Evolution, through which the spirit rolls away the tombstone of materiality, and gains liberation. By the resurrecting power of Christ matter shall be resolved back into spirit, and the process of death shall become, not disintegration, but absorption, or upliftment, toward the Light of Spirit itself.

The law of the visible world is gravitation, the law of the spiritual realms is levitation. Both gravitation and levitation may be said to be one and the same, for each is expressing a pole of the same force, the force of Attraction. The difference lies in *which direction* the force is applied. By the force of levitation as expressed by Christ, all life is being drawn upwards to the Father. This is in truth "resurrection," because as both man and earth increase their rate of spiritual vibration the physical form will alter accordingly, and becoming more and more etherealized it will be gradually absorbed by the spirit by the process of transmutation. It is a fact that many great spiritual leaders are said to have become "filled with light" at the time they died.

It is only natural, of course, that such

a "resurrection" or transmutation is a slow and gradual process, taking lives upon lives of increasing purity and unselfish action, but nevertheless this etherealization is going on now. The very status of the races proves it. The white race is regarded generally as being less sturdy and resistant than other races. The white body is more sensitive to pain and injury, and is more easily shattered as a result. We are more highly-strung and nervous than the so-called "older races," and as a result some consider this a sign of degeneracy rather than progression, but that is not true. The white body vibrates at a higher rate than the colored for the same reason that the diamond vibrates at a higher rate than coal. All are of the same source, imbued with the same force, but at varying states of vibration and development.

The white race being in the vanguard of evolution is being called upon to adjust itself to spiritual vibrations more rapidly than others at the present time, *though the entire human race is being subjected to a period of intense readjustment*, as a result of the Christ-vibration. There is, therefore, a period of extreme difficulty being experienced; a veritable *earthquake* of readjustment with the inevitable accompaniment of the rending of matter in which we see the truth of Christ's own words when He said, "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

However, in regard to the white race, the fact that it is more sensitive in all ways than that of the black, for instance, is proof that there is an attenuation of form going on which will in time result in complete spiritualization of the vehicle and the overcoming of death by increasing life. The coarser a substance is the longer it takes to disintegrate or die, for the simple reason that it is already vibrating at such a slow rate that there is a much larger portion of crystallized matter to be resolved back into its primordial state.

The reason why the body of Jesus was not found in the tomb when the disciples visited it was because Christ had raised

its vibration to such a high pitch by His spiritual purity and power that it was practically *all alive* with spirit—there was little earthy matter left to disintegrate, and what was there was really lifted up, the power of disintegration which follows the law of gravity being reversed and subjected to absorption and upliftment—the law of levitation, and the resolving of matter back into spirit. The acceleration of the vibration of the physical atoms would have shattered the body had it not been held together by the powerful will of Christ, assisted by the skill of the Essenes. As it was, He practically raised His physical body with Him by virtue of the intense purity and power of His spirit.

The rolling away of the stone from the tomb indicates the complete overcoming of all obstacles that prevent attainment, and the power of self-mastery which opens the way of Initiation to all who *will* to come. This overcoming is always accomplished through the resurrection of the Christ-power within man himself. "The works that I do shall ye do also." Through the revitalizing spiritual force of Christ, man is enabled to live lives of increasing purity and service, so building up the two higher ethers of his vital body until both man and earth are filled with Light. Then shall we rise and be "caught up to meet Christ in the air."

In the meantime He is with us always, working for our good, ever lending His strength to ours as we, Christs-in-the-making, strive to liberate ourselves from the tomb of matter which has imprisoned us for so long.

When we stop to consider these things, to *think* about them, and to meditate upon their wonder and mystery, we realize indeed that the resurrection is a great and glorious fact. That the victory of Life over Death is sure and certain, even as dawn follows night. We need no longer merely "believe" but we shall *know* the meaning of Christ's words when He said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," for in His power man shall find the way to Life Eternal.

Vision of Light

BY LIENORE TERRY



HE was a small woman, and so frail that it seemed a breath of wind would blow her away. She was very small, with fair, almost transparent skin, and dark hair which waved softly back from her high, smooth brow, but her eyes attracted me unaccountably. Their grey clearness and depth seemed to hold a comprehension, a sympathy for the world, and all humanity. They seemed to show that she had suffered much, had learned many of life's lessons. Her eyes shone with a light which seemed to reveal that they had looked deeply into things far beyond the ken of most of us.

I do not recall how our conversation began, after I sat down beside her on the park bench, overlooking the shining water, but it was something about the unseasonable warmth of the day. After that we talked of spring, how everything came back to life after the bitter cold and snow, and apparent deadness of winter; how everything seems to be re-born in the spring. Talk of spring led to talk of life, and birth, and death. So through a sun-drenched, pleasurable afternoon we spun our web of thoughts and words, until at last we found ourselves dwelling on the fascinating subject of dreams and visions.

Then my new acquaintance remarked:

"I had a vision once, a strange, awe-inspiring vision which revealed to me more than years of study might have done: a vision which changed the whole course of my life, and which caused me to understand many things. Would you like me to tell you about it?"

Truthfully I answered, "Yes, please do tell me."

I have never forgotten her story, for it brought me a greater capacity for forgiveness of others, a greater tolerance, an understanding of those who appar-

ently have wronged me. I feel that it should be re-told, that others may read, may understand, may find a better way to love.

She sat quietly a moment before beginning—very quietly—then she said:

"My name is Hope, though at one time I had no hope, no faith, no belief in anything or anyone. I felt I was a drudge, or a work-horse, just living to work my young life away for others. I was filled with bitterness; my whole heart, and soul, and mind were bitter. I thought only of some way to compensate for the wrong which had been done me. Why, I asked myself, why, when every inch of my being longed to express itself in pictures, pictures which I wanted to paint, why must I sit, day after day, bent over an office desk, keeping books, taking dictation, writing business letters for an erratic employer, while my sister, younger than I, whom I worked to support, pursued her studies in music and vocal training? Why must I alone be burdened with the responsibility of taking care of our semi-invalid mother?"

"However, my first ten weary years in the office were not fruitless, for one day the president of the company called me to him, told me that for my good and dependable work, they had decided to give me three months' vacation with pay, and also a bonus of two hundred dollars, so that I might spend the vacation where and how I pleased. The remainder of that afternoon I wondered and planned how I might get the most out of my good fortune. Suddenly the idea came to me, that I could cash an endowment insurance policy which I had been paying on for years, that by combining the proceeds of that with the bonus given me by the company, I could go to Europe for nearly three months. There I would study the art of the old masters, and also

attempt to succeed in painting my beloved pictures. Then another thought, I wanted to visit Bohemia. I was tired of the old, conventional way of living—early to bed, and early to rise—the constant office grind. All my young life had been spent in work, I had known no play. I wanted to meet real artists, writers, and musicians. I wanted a glimpse of another side of life.

“That evening I hurried home, half dazed with the happy idea, my head whirling with the countless plans I had made, but I kept wondering how I would break the news to Mother, and Helen, my younger sister. Surely they would be glad to know that at last I had the opportunity which for so many years I had dreamed of.

“I stepped happily up the flower-bordered path to the house, the path bordered by dahlias in full, radiant bloom, for it was early fall. I noticed them especially that evening and enjoyed their glamorous beauty more than I ever had before, for I was so very happy. I know I was humming a little improvised tune which seemed to bubble up from way down inside of me. At last I could do as I wished. For once I would forget my responsibilities. Let Helen work a while, and support our mother, or let them use their savings account to live on. Let them manage for themselves. It would not hurt them—would do them good, and I at last could study, and succeed in painting the beautiful things, the pictures which heretofore I had only visioned in my mind’s eye. When I was in high school a teacher had told me that I had wonderful talent. Here was my chance to prove it.

“‘Mother,’ I called, as I opened the door and hurried into our small living

room, ‘Mother, the most wonderful thing has happened.’

“‘Mother, sitting by the stove where a wood fire burned cheerfully, looked up from the book she was reading. ‘Did you bring home the chops for dinner?’ she asked.

“‘Oh, I forgot them. I’ll go back. But, Mother, listen’—and I told her my good fortune before she had time to again interrupt.

“‘But what of Helen, and her music?’ she queried. ‘What of me? How will we live? Hope, you can’t do that.’

“‘But I’m going to,’

I asserted, and rushed out of the room, upstairs to my own little bedroom. I tossed my hat and purse carelessly on the bed, and dropped onto the stool before the low, white dressing table, and there, with pencil and paper I made my plans, budgeted my money. Everything would work fine the way I had planned. Within a week I would have collected my endowment money. Within two weeks I would be embarked upon my thrilling adventure.

“It is hard to tell you how my mother talked that evening, and tried to dissuade me, how she begged me to lend Helen the money, to let her use it to go to New York and finish her musical education. It is very difficult to tell you how Mother first demanded, then pled, and finally cried, while Helen, across the room, strummed on the piano and said nothing.

“But I remained adamant, though the joy of my p’anning was gone. Still I would pursue the course I had laid out for myself.

“That week passed in a dreadful, strained silence between Mother, Helen, and me. A wall seemed to have mate-



rialized between us. We ate our meals, went about our work without speaking. Only every evening, before bedtime, Mother, in the sweetest voice imaginable, would call to me, and when I answered, she would ask me to reconsider, to give Helen the chance she had longed for. 'Helen will be a great concert singer,' she said, 'while it will take years for you to make one dime at painting pictures—and, Hope, I'll miss you so. I need you. Helen cannot take care of me as you do.'

"Yet every evening I refused to answer her and by the end of the week I had my money, my clothes, everything arranged for my trip. But I had not told John, an old friend. I knew he would be so pleased. So I planned to tell him Sunday evening; and Monday I would leave. Sunday evening John came to walk to church with me. Helen and Mother had told me they meant to stay home, so John and I left the house right away. As we strolled through the pleasantly cool evening, I started to tell him several times, but I sensed something strange in his attitude toward me, and every time I began to speak, something choked back the words in my throat. If I had told him then, things might have been very different. Finally John said:

"'Hope, dear, let's not talk. The night is so sweet, and look at that moon, Hope, the harvest moon. Can't you just see those country homes and fields of yellow corn and golden wheat? You and I must take an autumn picnic in the country before it is too late. This is the time for harvesting, Hope; harvesting of the past actions of good and ill—the time for harvesting, and preparing for winter!'

"I hated to spoil his reverie, his enjoyment of the autumn evening, so I decided to wait, and tell him after the services. The ser-

VICES were more impressive to me than usual that evening. The organ music was glorious, it went swelling through the big old building, and singing through my heart. With it went the thought, 'My great adventure. I'll make them all proud of me some day. Some day Mother, and Helen, too, will be glad.'

"When church was over and we started down the aisle, I decided I would tell John right away. I could wait no longer. I would tell him at the door. But at the door I was startled to see Mother and Helen. It seemed that at the last minute they had decided to come. Helen rushed up to me, smiling. Smiling she spoke to John. Then, 'Oh, Hope,' she cried, turning again to me, 'Mother told me what you said you would do for me, and I'm so happy. Thank you so much!' She put her soft white arms around me, kissed me.

"'What I—what?' I stammered. At first I could not realize how they had put their heads together, plotting against me.

"Immediately Helen turned to John, and continued, 'Didn't Hope tell you about the bonus she received, and how she's going to let me use it to go to New York and get on the concert stage? Isn't she wonderful?'

"'She is.' John answered, looking most astonished but very much pleased. He turned to say something to me.

"But I did not wait to hear him. I turned from them all, from the curious members of the congregation who had stopped to watch us. I turned and ran down the steps, away from the church, up the hard sidewalk toward home, and as I ran the night became chill, and the big, golden moon crept under thick clouds. I rushed into the house and up the narrow stairway. Sobbing, I threw myself onto the

A PRAYER

*Jesus, Savior, Christ Divine,
Breathe upon this soul of mine;
Thought, emotion, and desire
Purify with Spirit-fire.*

*Jesus, Savior, Master, Friend,
In life's woes my heart defend;
Calm the tumult of its sea
With the word of Galilee.*

*Jesus, Savior, Star of Light,
Rise upon my straining sight
As earth's shadows flee away
In the morn of Heaven's day.*

—Julia H. Thayer.

bed. Hating them all I talked aloud. My brain was seething with thoughts of hate, desire for revenge, someway to hurt Helen and Mother as they had hurt me. What had I done to merit this heart-break? I could not understand."

My little friend paused. I expected to see tears in her eyes. Instead she smiled, a slow, sweet smile. Then she continued:

"That bed seemed made of fire, fire on which I tossed and tumbled. The night was very dark, and oh, so lonely. I still talked aloud, for I felt there was no one to turn to, no one to share my grief, my bitter disappointment, no one to offer me consolation. And then, shaken with sobbing, I cried: 'Oh, God, help me—help me!'

"After that everything was very still, and I stopped crying. Time dragged slowly on. Emotionally spent I lay dry-eyed. I felt as if I had shed tears for all humanity, tears for all the people who had been deceived down through the ages, tears for all the hearts that had bled in agony. An immense vacancy seemed to be all that was left of my grief and my anger. I felt that my body which lay so quietly was not part of me. It seemed but a shell, lifeless and inanimate, while my real self was utterly detached. And the seething things which had whirled through my brain were all gone.

"And then, in this vacancy, small new thoughts began forming, pushing their way into my consciousness. 'I had never had faith. I had never really believed that I would get to go, for I knew it was almost impossible for me to leave Mother. I never really believed in the things I had planned. Mother was right. Helen had more talent than I. I had never really known that I would succeed in art. I had only wanted the trip, and the vacation.' Then too, I realized that perhaps Mother really wanted me near her. Then words of a poem I once had read, came whispering:

'Could we judge all deeds by motives,
Know the good and bad within,
Ofttimes we would love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin!' . . .

"And—

'We would love each other better
If we only understood.'

"And then, quite involuntarily, I opened my eyes and gazed into the darkness. Suddenly the end of my room was gloriously bright, filled with light—well, perhaps a radiance would describe the glowing better. I knew it did not come from any artificial light in the house. And I knew the moon was still under heavy clouds.

"Dazedly I watched this growing radiance, wondering— Then I became aware of two figures that had materialized in or behind the light. Gradually they became more clearly defined, and the first, I realized, was Mother, so small and delicate—Mother—though something about her was ethereal—Mother with her arms outstretched appealingly. The other, standing by her, was Helen—soft hair framing her young face, blue eyes opened wide, yet they seemed to be brimming with tears. And there were tears on her cheeks. She, too, had her arms stretched toward me.

"Too surprised and dazed to wonder more, I watched as the radiance grew and shone dazzlingly. Then another figure appeared. It seemed to float, or move without really walking, toward Mother and Helen. I had not noticed Him before, but now He came, beautifully, with both shining arms outstretched, and the light which enveloped Mother and Helen, radiated from His head and hands, and around His face, which was a countenance of such wonderful sweetness and compassion that no words can describe it. The light was almost blinding with its brightness.

"I knew at once He was the Savior, come to help me to forgive and to understand. He was in front of Mother and Helen, and while facing me He lowered his arms, moved them behind Him, so enclosing my mother and sister in their loving embrace. The light around them all shimmered and glowed. Then a great tranquility came over me. Never before in my life had I felt so calm, and so happy.

Aloud I murmured, "I understand. And I do forgive you both. You are still my dearest. Helen shall have the money. Helen may go." And I thought of the words: 'He watcheth every sparrow'— At that the whole room became suffused with light, and the night was filled with peace.

"Then the vision faded, and that moment I heard the front door open. It was Mother and Helen coming home. I arose, went to the door, called to them and told them Helen should have the money in the morning. Then I went to sleep. It was the most peaceful sleep I have ever known. For you know, I had seen the 'Light of the World.'"

My friend paused. Her eyes were shining, and she smiled. I could not

speak, for as I watched her I sensed something awe-inspiring in her face and in her radiant smile.

"That was five years ago," she concluded. "Helen sings now, over the radio and on the stage. You must see and hear her the next time she comes to town."

"But your painting?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I paint sometimes, when I am not too busy. Now I must hurry home to Mother. Good-bye."

She touched my hand, walked swiftly away.

Perhaps I murmured "Good-bye" but as I watched her crossing the park, I whispered reverently:

"Yes, she *has* seen the Light of the World!"

A Meditation

BY MATTIE A. TOWNSEND

The silent deeps in the immensity of Heaven's blue

Speak His glory forth;

Day unto day

The misty gray that veils the rosy dawn,

The high brilliance of the noonday sun

Show His handiwork.

Cloud-streaked rose that pales to amethyst,

The burnished gold, the deepened crimson glow

Of sunset's flaming glory

Proclaim His majesty.

The shining spheres that wheel through Heaven's arch

Their timeless course

Voice His wisdom forth.

Night unto night

The silver light in deep, unfathomed blue,

The myriad blazing suns that are the stars

Shine out the glory of His might.

Silent in love and adoration, waits my Soul

Till all my being moves to lose itself

In Him whose crystal-lighted universe of Heaven

Declares His majesty.

The Vanguard of the Next Human Life-Wave

BY LENA CLARA KOCH



H, you great apes, anthropoids, stragglers of the human life wave! If you do not catch up, you had better look to your laurels, for a very clever animal, one much smaller than you, will overtake you in the race, and be the vanguard of the next human life-wave.

Minerals, plants, and animals in general are not individualized, for they have no indwelling spirit. If one watches a tiger, he will learn how all tigers behave. If one observes the action of a wolf, he will know how every other wolf of the pack acts, for they are yet obedient to the group spirit. Wild animals are, as a whole, the rear-guard of their kingdom division. Their association with man is quite limited, for the "elder brothers" of the furred and feathered creatures have not awakened to their opportunity and duty to any great extent. They are too often enemies rather than friends.

George Romanes, in one of his books, *Animal Intelligence*, discusses monkeys, apes, and baboons. He says they are the most interesting of all animals from the evolutionary viewpoint. "Unfortunately, however, the intelligence of apes, monkeys, and baboons has not presented material for nearly so many observations as that of other intelligent animals. Useless for all purposes of labor or art, mischievous as domestic pets, and in all cases troublesome to keep, these animals have never enjoyed the improving influences of hereditary domestication, while for the same reason, observation of the intelligence of captured individuals has been comparatively scant. Still more unfortunately, these remarks apply most of all to the most manlike of the group, the nearest existing prototypes of the

human race." Such comments are indeed interesting from the viewpoint of occult science, which recognizes the anthropoids as stragglers in the human life-wave.

When we consider domesticated animals, however, we find a great difference in the matter of individualization. Most authorities rank the dog next to the apes and monkeys. Here, again, Romanes says something of much interest: "The intelligence of the dog is of special and unique interest from an evolutionary point of view, in that from time out of record this animal has been domesticated on account of the high level of its natural intelligence, and by persistent contact with man coupled with training and breeding, its natural intelligence has been greatly changed. In the result we see . . . a number of special modifications peculiar to certain breeds, which all have obvious reference to the requirements of man. The whole psychological character of the dog may therefore be said to have been molded by human agency with reference to human requirements, so that now it is not more true that man has in a sense created the structure of the bulldog and greyhound, than that he has implanted the instincts of the watchdog and pointer."

In *An Introduction to Anthropology*, Dr. Wallis, of the University of Minnesota, says: "The dog was the most widely distributed of the animals domesticated by primitive peoples, and in Neolithic Europe it was probably the first to be domesticated, at least in the North."

The emotional life of the dog is also more highly developed than that of any other animal. He is very psychic, and sensitive to the emotional state of human beings about him. Well treated dogs possess pride, a sense of dignity and self-respect. Dogs exhibit jealousy like

NOTE: This article received a Fifth Prize in our manuscript competition.—EDITOR.

small children. They show sympathy to a remarkable degree. Because of their affection and fidelity they have become symbols of loyalty and devotion; "faithful as an old dog" is a well-known expression. Dogs are very sensitive to ridicule. I once deceived a little fox terrier of a friend of mine by mewing like a cat. Brownie ran madly around the room, hunting the cat, and when he discovered that I was making the noise, he was covered with shame and embarrassment. As the Chinese would put it, he decidedly "lost face."

One hears and reads about Romanization in ancient times and about Americanization today. It is quite as appropriate to speak of the "humanization" of dogs. The afore mentioned traits of dogs have been developed very much through their association with their human brothers. Romanes says: "Man's thought vibrations have induced in them a similar activity of a lower order."

The humanization process is helped on by the treatment given to dogs. They ride in cars with their owners, sitting on the seat with an air of pride and possession. They have taken on all the self-assurance and dignity of their owners. Dogs are taken into apartments and hotels with people. People speak of their dogs as though they were children. It has been said that because of the constant and close association with people, dogs have become subject to most of the diseases that afflict man.

Because of the value set on the dog and his remarkable response to things done for him, the circle of man's services to the dog is ever enlarging. The matter of dietetics for dogs has become quite important. One can see on the shelves of the grocery stores a large variety of foods for dogs.

In sickness the dog is getting more and better care. San Antonio, Texas, has at least three dog and cat hospitals. I recently visited one of the Dog and Cat Hospitals to see what such places were like. There were operating rooms, examination and X-ray room, rooms with

cages for the individual dogs, and many cages outside in a shady, grassy yard.

There was a case recently of an eighteen-month old Pooch that survived five minutes of carbon monoxide gas in the city dog-pound lethal chamber, from which seventeen other dogs were taken dead. The pound master said he had not had any such case before. The little survivor was "adopted" by the secretary of the Animal Defense League.

A notable example of man's appreciation of dogs and efforts on their behalf is that of a five-year-old fox terrier that was entombed in a fox den for over 260 hours. Rescuers toiled for ten days before they reached the animal. A fireman recently rescued a little dog which was making futile efforts to save her litter of puppies from a burning death in a flaming farm house.

One of the most interesting and unusual services rendered a dog was described on a whole page of a Sunday supplement not long ago. It was entitled, "Mr. MacKenzie Gets a New Set of Teeth." Mr. MacKenzie was a thirteen-year-old Boston bull that was taken to the dentist for an upper plate. The pictures showed Mr. MacKenzie sitting on his haunches in the chair with a towel about his neck, having his broken "bone polishers" removed, an impression taken, and finally the plate fitted in. The paper stated that "a headache tablet concealed in a piece of candy put Mr. MacKenzie in a cooperative mood."

The dog's services to man without doubt justify all the time, money, and effort spent on him. Dogs are certainly learning to be visible helpers. Their devotion to human beings has enabled them to develop a great sense of responsibility for helpless little things both animal and human. They often adopt fowls and little quadrupeds. Nor is it always an older dog or a female that "mothers" the animal. A friend of mine has a three-year-old terrier that has adopted a chick and a duckling and he will let nothing molest them.

Many a dog has risked his life and

lost it in defense of a child or older person. Dogs save people from drowning, from freezing, from burning to death by giving the alarm, and guard people and property in all kinds of ways. There is a story of a dog guarding his master's forgotten lunch pail for over fifty hours, and refusing to let anyone touch it, though he received food which kind hearted neighbors offered him.

The Seeing Eye dogs lead the blind, for which work they are definitely trained. Some time ago a paper carried the story of Peggy Lou, the first dog admitted to classes in the University of Illinois, which her blind master was attending.

Besides doing all sorts of chores, such as bringing in the paper, going to market and bakery, and fetching the master's slippers, dogs have become an ever larger factor in the entertainment world. Aside from circus work, there are dogs that seem to take up stunts independently. Junior, a seven-year-old Boston bull, entertains himself by barking and treading the piano keys in accompaniment. His mistress said he has been doing it for three years. A dog belonging to a movie star has lately gotten a place on the screen. There are several dogs that have done good work in this field. Many people of course recall the famous Rin-Tin-Tin, the great police dog. A dog accompanied his young mistress in song over Major Bowes' hour a few weeks ago. It was comical to hear him "sing" in several pitches, or notes.

Two summers ago, when I visited Headquarters, the Fellowship had a great dog that had come there of his own accord and taken up his residence. He evidently liked the vibrations—which is not surprising, but shows good taste. He was in need of some medical aid, which the employees furnished by making up a purse among them. Plato seemed very appreciative, and continued his stay. Plato could climb ladders, difficult ones, in an amazing fashion. He enjoyed it. He ran down a steep flight of steps into a great empty tank or swimming pool,

dashed across it, and sealed the long ladder at the far end. He repeated the process over and over again. When he got near the top, I called to him, and he turned his head enough so that I was able to get a good picture of him. Whether the employees had trained him or not, I do not know, but he was certainly a clever dog.

And in the matter of training, besides the Seeing Eye training, there are general schools which, I think, are a separate institution. These schools were started in England. There is such a one in New York, of which school a branch has very lately been started in San Antonio. It is held twice a week in the riding ring of Brackenridge Park. I visited it one evening, and found a small crowd watching the "pupils." People who have dogs bring them on the leash. The instructor has her seat on a platform in the middle of the ring, and the owners with their dogs walk around the ring. Commands are given, and the dogs are taught to obey them. The first lesson is that of obedience. There were six pupils on this afternoon, which was their second or third lesson only, two wire-hair terriers, a Chinese chow, two large beautiful German shepherds, and an Afghan hound, one of only seventy in the United States. He was of medium size with tawny long hair, and resembled a lamb.

There are three degrees given to the dogs: C.D. means Companion Dog; C.D.E. means Companion Dog Excellent; and U.D. means Utility Dog. He is one who is trained for police work, scaling walls, and so on. Without doubt, Plato of the Fellowship must have been so trained.

Considering the high degree of individualization of the dog in general, and the versatility of the dog, his cleverness and his fine sensibilities, it is quite probable that he will lead the vanguard of the next human life-wave. Loyalty, determination, love, should be the outstanding qualities of the new humanity, and perhaps a greater capacity for obedience to the higher powers.

He Who Finds the Light

(An Allegory)

BY CAROL CORNISH



HERE was once a man who gave up all thought of self. This he carried to such an extreme that he ceased all endeavors pertaining to the comfort of his body, and he fell ill.

The neighbors and his friends rallied loyally to his need, ministering unto the man, bathing his fevered form, bringing unto him nourishing broths, generally attending to his wants.

The man, lying languorously weak and spent after the fevers of his illness, pondered upon his afflictions, wondering in his heart why these things should be. Had he not, he questioned, obeyed the precepts of unselfishness and the laws governing and differentiating between material and spiritual gain? Then from what cause could come this suffering?

A voice spake unto him, commanding: "Arise from thy bed, sluggard. Gird thy garments about thee and go into the streets ministering unto those whom thou wilt find there."

So the man arose, trembling, for his limbs were wasted and weak. He wrapped about him the rags he had worn when practicing selflessness according to his mistaken ideas, and tottered out upon the streets.

Beggars sat in the sparse shade of the buildings, for it was noon. Children played in the gutters, and merchants displayed their wares openly upon the flagstones. But among all these, the man found none in need of his aid. The beggars fared better than himself. The children ran shouting derision at his rags. The merchants gave him no heed, for they believed him to be but a beggar without his bowl.

The man grew stronger as he walked about the city searching for those in need of his aid, yet finding none of them. So

he returned unto his house and there found the landlord had thrown his effects into the street and taken possession of the premises because payment had this long time been denied him.

Gathering his paltry possessions into a bundle, the man cut a stout rod from a tree growing nearby; slinging the bundle upon it he set out for distant places.

Now the man was little versed in the ways of traveling, and wandered aimlessly, first upon one path and then upon another, abandoning each before reaching any steadfast goal, complaining the while that all ways were but endless misleading trails wrought for the confusion of travelers, like himself, strange to the country in which they traveled.

Meeting a stranger wearing a garb different from that peculiar unto the citizenry akin to the man, he accosted him: "From whence art thou come, stranger? and where leadeth this path?"

The stranger answered him, saying: "I come from the land of Peace and Plenty, and am on my way to the City of Light. Whence goest thou?"

And the man answered, saying: "I come from the city of Toil and Trial, but I go to seek riches. Once I forsook all ways of selfishness, and affliction cast its vile tentacles about me. Now I would acquire wealth that I may know the fullness of joy."

The stranger passed on with bowed head. So the man traveled on and on, still turning this way and that, not finding the goal of his desire.

Shortly the sky became overclouded, and darkness descended thick and black. The man could not distinguish his hand held before his face, so dense was the night overspread upon the land.

The man, frightened, sorely desiring

shelter from the approaching storm, stumbled on, praying that his feet be kept upon the path leading to protection and safety.

As he lifted his voice in supplication, there appeared one walking beside him. This one, clothed in pure white, lighted the way, for illumination glowed from out his pure spirit.

The man welcomed this White Mantled One with joy, questioning: "Who art thou, come at the word of my sincere supplication?" And the white garbed one answered:

"I am thine inner self. I am the wisdom and truth, the strength and beauty that lie buried beneath thy carnal flesh. I am all thou hast known, and all thou wilt know. Follow thou the dictates of thine inner wisdom and thou wilt find the City of Joy and Splendor."

So the man depended no longer upon outer things, nor sought the comforts of the flesh, yet he endeavored mightily, not sitting with folded hands, nor yet catering to the appetites of the body.

The way he traveled was no longer dark, and the storm came not toward him. His ragged garments fell away, and he found himself clothed in robes of fine linen, the quality of these changing from time to time, becoming finer and finer.

When the brightness of his inner self, shining from out the spirit of the man became a visible radiance, there then appeared along the way those seeking aid in their afflictions, and unto these he ministered, brightening their way, lessening their burdens and helping those whose

strength had deserted them. And he was known the length and breadth of the land by his works, and they were good.

And the man paused in his labors in behalf of his fellow creatures, and looked back upon the way he had come, beholding all his mistakes and misapprehensions. He considered his fault of misunderstanding the very urge that had impelled him to go out into the highways and byways ministering and giving comfort unto all living creatures.

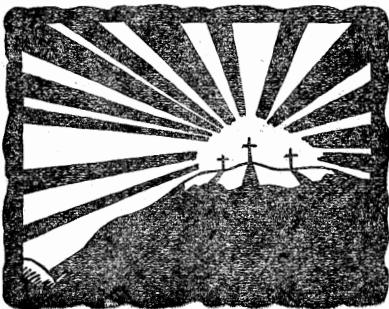
And thus we learn life's lessons by following the spirit of our inner urge, striving to learn the language of its meaning, and only when we have learned, and mastered the knowledge step by step may we be able to help others struggling in the darkness. Our light must shine out, else we be as the blind leading the blind, and both come to disaster.

So let your light shine out—that inextinguishable inner gleam that is the spirit of man—and may it light the pathways of all who will but lift up their eyes to see.

For it is written that but few will be chosen, and man hath not known the meaning of these words, but hath turned the phrase narrowly.

And these chosen ones walk among you, and no man knoweth whom they may be—thy brother, or thyself, for the veil is close drawn before thy understanding.

Let no selfless urge pass unheeded. Let not failure daunt thy courage, nor failure upon failure blind thine eyes, for thy goal is set, and he who will but persevere shall not perish but shall have everlasting life.



Ring, joyous bells of Easter,
 Death hath not conquered Life;
 Victorious is our risen Lord,
 And finished all His strife,
 From Calvary's mount of darkness,
 Lo! starry lilies bloom;
 For by the cross we conquer
 And fearless face the tomb.

—Mary E. Sangster.

Spiritual Lessons from Nature

BY HARRIET B. MERCER

*To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.—Bryant.*



OW great and wonderful is the wisdom of Infinite Love which has blessed us with living examples of spiritual truths, among which we walk daily, most of us neither seeing nor hearing. So engrossed are we with our own little petty affairs, that Truths exemplified everywhere we pass unheeding. Could we but become sufficiently sensitized to what is outpictured in Nature, we would find in these wonders an open book of Truth which would greatly assist in our spiritual progress.

No wonder we were told "Having eyes ye see not and ears ye hear not"! Everywhere we turn in the out-of-doors there is an outpicturing of some spiritual truth, through which we may truly learn and be inspired and uplifted. These are the beautiful manifestations of God's infinite love, and wisdom with which we are surrounded.

We must not fail to recognize that there is only *One Life* manifesting through the myriad forms, from the most infinitesimal to man, who is endowed with all the powers and attributes of a potential god.

In my early girlhood I spent hours in the woods and in sweet reveries along the banks of a lovely placid river near our home. All the living things I saw fascinated me and inspired me with an exhilaration within me which I could neither explain nor understand—nor did I try. I merely enjoyed to the fullest extent those moments which seemed to transport me into a world far re-

moved from the one in which most of my time was spent. This new world was one of peace, and an awakening to a greater realization of a Presence which I longed to understand. I was brought up in a very orthodox church, in which environment I never seemed to feel any *real* presence of God; but out by the river surrounded by the beauties of Nature I felt a nearness that made me long to stay there always.

Recently I found a little poem which seems the epitome of my reaction to one intriguing little creature which frequented the grasses along the river bank; this I will share with you:

The day was set to a beautiful theme
By the blue of a dragonfly
That poised with its airy wings a gleam
On a flower as I passed by.

So frail, so lovely—a touch would destroy,
He seemed but a fancy, a whim
Yet this gossamer thing is a breath of God's
joy
And Life is made perfect in him.

Life—which is God! Life which manifests through innumerable forms, the same life which is in us all! It is indeed wonderful.

The hillside above this river was thick with trees among which, every spring-time, was a thick carpet of the daintiest little flowers, pale pink, white, blue, and orchid hepatica. There they grew year after year, seeking not the approbation of the world, but content to express the beauty of God where only the birds, bees, and perchance a lover of Nature like myself, might enjoy. What a lesson in

humility! How many people are content to live and serve right where they are to the highest of their capabilities! Most folk are giving too much attention to others and wishing to do something for which they are absolutely unsuited, instead of making the most of the opportunities of their present environment and doing perfectly that which is before them. The flowers come to bless and beautify the landscape year after year, doing their part in the great scheme of things. So should we walk serenely through the experiences of this life, intent upon living up to the ideals of the Higher Self. How much more rapidly we would progress in the development of our innate perfection!

In one of Emerson's essays on Nature we find: "The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old. . . . Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right. Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in Nature, but in man, or in harmony of both."

From the trees we may learn many lessons. Take, for instance, a tree growing on a stony promontory with very little soil apparently from which to supply its needs. If we will investigate we will find that its roots extend down deep into the quiet recesses of the earth where the streams are silent, unailing and uncontaminated. As it draws from the depths its needed sustenance, it grows in strength and grandeur towards its source of light. So should we, when we find ourselves on rough and stony paths, go deep within ourselves to the Source of all inspiration and help, that we may walk calmly and with assurance toward the attainment of that for which we came into expression.

Still another lesson from the trees may be learned. Many are the storms which they have survived, and though they bend with the fury of the winds, as soon as the storm has passed they raise their heads proudly and stand serene in their strength, none the worse for the passing interruption. Many are the stormy experiences in our lives, but from them we should gain strength and assurance sufficient to carry us safely and unerringly over other rough places on our pathway, until at last we may face the world as liberated souls who have passed the tests and have been purified and have become victorious.

A few years ago I took my vacation up on the slope of Mt. Hood, in Oregon, several miles from any living soul. I slept at night out in the open under a canopy of stars. The tall pines stood guard all around me, stately sentinels of the forest, a symbol of security. I longed to understand the real music of their murmurings but my hearing was as yet too undeveloped, and I thought of Emerson's words:

The countless leaves of the pines are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.

O mortal! thy ears are stones;
These echoes are laden with tones
Which only the pure can hear.

I eagerly asked my indwelling Christ to lead me into that absolute purity of heart and life that I might be permitted to hear and see truly. At last one night for a fleeting second, a strain of music indescribably beautiful came to my ear. I fain would have retained it indefinitely . . . but it was gone, though the thrill of joy it brought me will live forever in my memory. But you see I must completely learn the lesson of patience and perseverance; all Nature teaches that.

An acorn, lying in the dark earth must eventually develop into an oak, a symbol of strength and endurance, but this is by no means a sudden accomplishment. It must first learn the mystery of silence and obscurity. It must remain apparently inactive until it has absorbed all that is

necessary from Mother Earth and has acquired the strength to burst its shell of limitation and reach upward, lifting its head out of the darkness into the light. Never faltering, it submits to Nature's laws and absorbs the elements of the earth necessary to its growth. So must we accept the experiences necessary for our growth and unfoldment. Can any soul hope to attain at a single bound? No; never! Ella Wheeler Wilcox said:

Poor puny man alone doth strive
And battle with the Force
Which rules all lives and worlds, and he
alone
Demands effect before producing cause.
How vain the hope!
We cannot harvest joy until we sow the seed,
And God alone knows when that seed has
ripened.

We must make the heart soil ready for experiences to come, as the earth, with the strengthening tonic of the frost, prepares for winter. Suppose in the coldest time of winter, in response to a deep longing for the summer there should suddenly come a July noon. Would it bring joy? Far from it . . . great disaster would result. We must learn to take all things as they come. How often we, by our discontent and impatience, retard the fulfillment of our desires! Again, how often we try to force the tender shoots of half formed desires to ripen prematurely and so they die. Just as a rosebud will die if we try to force open its petals, so the consummation of our longings and desires cannot survive unless we *let* them develop according to God's law of love and wisdom.

A gardener was given a very choice rosebush, which he planted beside a rock wall. In due time it grew and bloomed, but not to the fullest expectation of those who were watching its progress. One day he chanced to go on the other side of the wall and to his astonishment saw a profusion of roses far surpassing those on his side of the wall. There was more sunlight here and when he investigated he found that the little tender stems of the rosebush had followed rays of light through the wall until they came into the

bright sunlight which wooed them into the expression of their innate perfection. When, figuratively speaking, we find ourselves on the darker side of what seems to be a blank wall, should not we take a lesson from the rosebush and follow every ray of light into the effulgence of God's love and there attain to the fullness of our capabilities?

The rose is of short duration, yet is unmistakably perfected for a purpose. Perhaps in the words of the poet:

To live serene and do my best
Just for a day;
To sweeten life, to cheer and bless
Those on the way;
So reads my lesson of content
In a June rose—
Perhaps for this the rose was meant!
My Father knows!

So no matter where we look, we may see revealed some beautiful truth, even in the most unattractive sights. Must not the caterpillar creep before the butterfly can soar? Must not humanity stumble and fall before it can rise to its perfect expression? Let us learn the lesson of patience until, like the butterfly, we need never more cling to the things of earth. Oh, the marvel of it!

Exquisite child of the air,
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?
From that creeping thing of the dust
To the shining thing of the blue!
God give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis too!

From the fact that nothing in Nature is useless, we learn the lesson of frugality. Everything that God created is of value to something somewhere. As reminded by Lowell in his immortal poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "There's never a leaf or a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace." Most of us have not acquired a true sense of values and are prone to let the glitter of the counterfeit hide the pure gold of reality.

We must strive to see God, or Good, in everything. Spend as much time as is possible in God's out-of-doors where the

(Continued on page 190)

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.

The Song of Deborah

BY ETHEL ALLEN SHANAFELT

"They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."



HIS was the Song of Victory, of attainment, as sung by the prophetess, Deborah. She exemplifies a perfect union of the twin principles of the individual.

The Ego can only express through the human consciousness; there are two powers there, the "male" consciousness is the Will, the "female" is the Imagination. A perfect balance of these two forces must be made before advancement can be expected.

Deborah, the receiving or feminine consciousness, had radiantly accepted fine inspirations. "She" has united these values with the male consciousness, and then she received the power to sing of Victory over Sisera, the highly susceptible sense nature.

The feminine consciousness is the channel through which high intuition must come; it senses the values contained within certain rhythmic lessons which have been prepared for "her" in Music, Poetry, and all True Arts.

Robert Browning knew of these values: What's poetry except a power that makes? And, speaking to one sense, inspires the rest, Pressing them all into service. . . . So, links each sense to its sister sense.

Sisera, symbolizing the lower nature, was finally vanquished by this intense emotional avoidance. The high rhythms were used to counteract debasing effects. The mind and desires were united so that the Ego could make spiritual use of their understanding in a more advanced expression of progress.

As each one does in times of overcoming, so did the prophetess Deborah—she sang! She sang aloud for all to hear; the triumph came from an inspired emotion combined with thought, the perfect union of the twin-consciousness.

Deborah sang with spiritual assurance that she was upheld by followers, by helpers, who also lived in harmony with certain great, immutable principles which guide and guard the progress and evolution in all realms.

The special aids for the Deborah quality in this particular instance were evidently from the place in progress known to us as Capricorn and Pisces. There are ever certain aids assigned to the seeker; the two in this part of the Divine Plan offered the power for organization and a "sense of unity with all life."

The predominance of the Deborah consciousness showed the need for these qualities, and the discovery that she was a leader and prophetess leads us to think of Aquarius as her sun-sign.

We must understand and seek to exemplify the requirement for creativeness, known by the word *epigenesis*. To create is one's spiritual duty and pleasure; the first step is an attempt at expression. The innate urge to create, and "in creating, live as a being more intense" is self-explanatory; secondary desires and thoughts will appear, but they may be drawn into union with the prime motive.

The ancient and long accepted use of affirmations, which ask for a future good, or express thankfulness for that which has been received, contains much of truth. Deborah sang at last from exaltation of the feminine consciousness, after many vital, tragic, and devastating attempts to give forth this hymn of praise and triumph. Slowly she had overcome, until she learned to make of herself a magnet for inviting victory, which is according to the law. Joining the emotional and mental, in harmony, she could work with the great and unchanging laws which govern us. These laws are never changed or broken; we break ourselves upon them, instead.

The completed plan for the Deborah or feminine principle is illustrated by this sacred story, where prophetic vision comes upon the one who continuously affirms in high inspirational contacts.

The Great Ones have placed, along the Way, definite and selected help for those who desire higher forms of affirmation. The help comes through "prepared channels"; these are individuals who have earned the privilege of being called masters, in varying degrees of excellence.

We have been told by Max Heindel that "True Religion embraces Science and Art, for it teaches us a beautiful life in harmony with the laws of nature." Also that "True Art is as educational as Science and as uplifting in its influence as Religion."

In True Art the name of Chopin is illustrative of the feminine attributes. In no way does this mean weakness, but as in every master, there was this velvety quality in his use of inspirational values.

Chopin was a real creative master, expressing the requirements of epigenesis.

The receiving of these high values, of their very nature, precludes a sustained state of mind. The emotional repetition must become a constructive habit; each acceptance taking a normal place—the succeeding one upward and greater, thus the native finds himself farther on the Way.

The masters of True Art were the prepared channels for giving out to those who were in need of inspiration; those who desired could find that which was sought, if spiritually earnest. These masters had transcended ordinary levels.

Through their expressions, we become convinced that music is power; poetry is power. They are filled with something which, "speaking to one sense, inspires the rest."

The true value is this: it is not the words, nor the music, nor any other True Art expression, which is potent. It is the state of mind evoked by their use which is supernally good for one.

Deborah sang her victory after she knew and made use of this truth. She (and when her name is used it is a reference to the feminine principle) laid hold of these forces which then became curative, and responsive to further unfolding.

Particularly adapted to each sun-sign native are certain messages from these True Art masters. Realizing this, each one may come to know that inherent force within these divinely inspired communications. Then we learn to raise the consciousness above the accidents of being, to the plane where there can be no interference from Siserá.

The casual reader of Deborah finds nothing except an account of warfare, with the prophetess finally singing the victory song.

The student of esoteric truth finds the concealed jewels there, with symbolic meanings in each phrase. Siserá typifies the lower senses, the lower desires in control, receiving assents from the mental. Jael presents the Will, exerting its spiritual prerogative to seek the destruc-

tion of the impending evil. Jael struck the blow in the covered head which vanquished the sense rule.

The Deborah quality reacted to this Jupiter influence, which came from the built-up instinct for soul-preservation. The Jupiter rule had gradually stimulated the emotions to the place where there was a combining of the Will and Imagination. This gearing of the entire organism into the completed Plan came by way of the Deborah adaptive capacity. No two natives, of course, will react in the same way. The victory cry or the vanquished wail will contain individually built-up rhythms.

The understanding and use of these True Art values comes from an advanced astrological application. Deborah was the one who had come to the place where there was a conscious flash of the will. When her full realization came upon her, there was the "flash of the will that can!" It was then she sang!

As explanation, when any difficulties appear, by some profound instinct of the Ego for soul-preservation, the native may lift himself to the highest state then attainable.

The commitment of one's life to the Great Adventure implies the directing of all forces toward creative results; gradually the fine experiences become the regular expectancy. Then it is that the entire organism takes on the higher rate of vibrations, in increasingly advanced sequences.

So had Deborah advanced; combining the individual True Art messages to a development where she possessed the expectancy for a spiritual revelation, even prophetic vision. Thus judiciously used we see here the key for progress.

The masters in True Art have meanings for each sun-sign person; majestic power through Richard Wagner; impressions of delicacy through DeBussy; high symbolism to Blake, on and on through all masters.

Wagner offers for the selected group breadth of vision, prophecies for the future. In his Trilogy, *The Ring*, he pre-

sented the Human Will, under the name of Wotan, ceaselessly longing for an ideal by means of which he might express. Wotan is as a deep cavern of Thought, indefinite in extent, from which emerges an appeal for the power to sing.

The sun-sign native who finds his high values in Wagner, so views the Ideal. Wagner's message is redemptive.

There comes a correlated value in Milton; he portrays in words startlingly similar, the ideals from the powers of Light. Milton was of enormous mystical height; he has written:

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul
thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself his own dungeon.

Interpreted, this means that the high rhythmic gifts are valued primarily for the spiritual reaction produced within himself, rather than for the effect one is able to produce upon others.

The first rise of the native through inspirational values from selected masters is to the desired feeling of a perceptible spiritual power; then he senses the contact with the essence of well-being.

There will come a lessening of spiritual power and unfolding if the native ascribes any potentiality to the rhythms or words in themselves. There is no ability within any affirmation or rhythmic form to effect any result—it is the power evoked by their use which is the supernal good to be sought.

Within each sun-sign are individual gifts to be unfolded; this has esoteric value which imparts the meaning for revelation. The hidden beauty of truth is as spring time, when the faint green of that new growth becomes apparent. The seasonal heralding conveys the thought that there is a new time approaching. In the same manner, and just as delicately do the symbolic meanings come to the one who seeks to unfold the Deborah principle.

This urge is from the emotions, and often seems an unaccountable blind in-

citing toward the understanding of the native's place in the Divine Plan.

Such an impulse or insistence is often called an urge from Mother Nature. The title betrays the long ago esoteric truth that Nature is greater than trees, flowers, scenery. In the Great Plan it is a set of Principles, "viewed as creating, controlling, or guiding the universe," a recognition that Nature is the feminine principle.

Deborah attained, after discovering herself in close relationship to Nature. When the student of esoteric truth knows Nature in this cosmic sense, he is prepared to make creative use of suitably correlated masters. These gifts from those who knew more than the "usual" are to be set over against the dominating materialism of the age, to fill life with the reality of the spiritual.

The individual who seeks to express himself does not deny the existence of "shadows" in this life; he merely begins to consciously direct thoughts and emotions toward higher planes. The constant life "in the light, as He is in the light" brings the "fellowship one with another."

Milton offered light from the "co-eternal beam," to foster the impulse toward creativeness. He was of the Sagittarian sun-sign, accepting the fine impressions which were for that place. Milton's own creative period was between "the autumnal and the vernal equinox."

It was at such a time that his creative powers attained the highest point; though this especial period did not limit his inspirations, it presents the information that there are periods of intensity, at which time, one must gauge expectancy.

This truth is sensed from Wagner, Milton, Titian; majesty, authority, dignity for the native of the sun-sign to which they belong. In Titian, is found a master biologically suited to his environment; every aid possible was provided from Nature to this Great Colorist.

The Assumption by Titian presents the "more than usual"; each shade, each hue

in relative intensity is employed to give majestic meaning in this unparalleled message of Light. Titian altered the objective that his meaning might become cosmic-illuminating. Such a message was too great for his contemporaries to grasp; a master is always in advance of his time—else he would not be of that development. The native of each sun-sign looks over great inspirations for the values peculiarly adaptable. Many live through a long life under a sign without ever definitely living *with* the sign. It is only when the individual allies himself with all of his keynotes and makes daily positive alignment by way of the feminine or Deborah principle that he attains harmony enough to integrate with the mental.

No life expression can be permanently free and full until this is accomplished; too mental or too emotional is one-sided, which limits fulfillment.

Each sun-sign native must know his powers; must build his life around the greatness of which he finds himself capable. There will unavoidably come the result of union of heart and mind, every activity marvelously co-ordinated. This brings the feminine and the masculine principles into one, making a magnetic personality, a continuing state of well-being, which is superlatively Good.

Live with the sun-sign, and not under the sun-sign.

"In the sun" is no phrase without worth; inspiration may be found there.

The Rosicrucian Philosophy offers the antidote for an otherwise defeated humanity. "The law of Consequence also works in harmony with the stars, so that a man is born at the time when the position of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary to his experience and advancement in the school of life."

The fault is not in the stars that we are "underlings," but in us. Each life is as a voyage; storms, dead calms; shoals, driftings here and there. The radiant and joyous voyage depends entirely upon

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Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

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

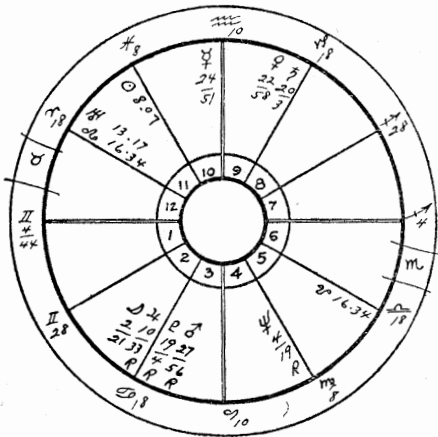
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

GEORGE WM. L.

Born February 27, 1931, at 10:15 A.M.

Longitude 88 West. Latitude 42 North.



We have for our reading this month the horoscope of a little boy with the common sign Gemini on the Ascendant. The ruler of the Ascendant, which is also the life ruler, Mercury, elevated in the tenth house, is making only two weak aspects, that of semisextile to Venus and Saturn, but it is in the mental and fixed sign Aquarius. With Mercury in the active, persistent, mental sign of Aquarius we may predict that he will succeed mentally where others who have not an elevated Mercury would fail. Planets in angles, that is, in the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth houses are also considered stronger than when they are in cadent or succedent houses.

While we consider people with common signs on the angles as being easily influenced and restless, still this boy has fixed signs on the cusps of the tenth and fourth houses which will give him much

stability and will act as an anchor to the restless Gemini on the Ascendant. The Sun is also elevated in the eleventh house and trine the Moon and Jupiter. This will give the boy a very pleasing personality, which will attract helpful and loyal friends. These friends will be of the class who will be able and willing to help whenever he deems it necessary to call upon them for assistance. Uranus, however, is also in the eleventh house (which indicates friends) and as it is square Jupiter, Pluto, and Saturn, he may expect another class of friends who will not be so ready to help. In fact, they will take from him and discredit him, a type of friends who will be jealous and unreliable, but the Sun in the eleventh house will ever be a protection to him.

Saturn and Venus are the strongest planets in the horoscope, Saturn being in its own sign, Capricorn, and elevated in the ninth house, religion. The Saturnian influences will be softened by the Ven-
usian tenderness and softness, but the opposition of Mars and Pluto to both will not be so good; these influences will interfere with the health. Being in cardinal signs (Capricorn and Cancer) we may expect trouble from these afflicting planets, namely, Pluto opposition Saturn and Venus, and conjoined to Mars in the sign Cancer which has rule over the stomach of the grand man. Mars in Cancer gives a ravenous appetite and Pluto interferes with the digestion of the food, especially when opposed by Saturn. We would advise strongly that this boy be taught moderation in eating,

and that his diet be watched very closely. He should not be permitted to eat from the candy counters the things which his appetite will crave. He will not desire to sit down to a normal meal and eat what the rest of the members of the family enjoy, but he will want to eat just what his appetite calls for, which will be an unnatural kind of food and at irregular times. Should he be permitted to cultivate these abnormal tastes and eat what he prefers, his health will break and interfere with his plans in manhood.

Going back to the elevated planets, Saturn and Venus, which are in the house of religion—we may expect that this boy will be drawn towards the study of comparative religion, and if the parents use diplomacy he could become deeply religious. If, however, they use force and cram religion down his throat, as parents are prone to do, then the opposition of Mars may drive him entirely away from this interest. Therefore, make his religion interesting and not compulsory.

There are two very well placed and well aspected planets which will have rule over the native's finances. We find Jupiter conjunction the Moon, which is in its own home sign Cancer, and these two planets are in the second house which is the house of finances. Hence we may expect that George will be greatly interested in the acquiring of wealth and that he will attract money, for the Moon and Jupiter are making some very fine aspects. First, we find the very helpful aspect of a trine to the Sun, also a sextile to Neptune. The Moon, Jupiter, Pluto, and Mars are in Cancer, with the Moon and Jupiter sextile to Neptune, which is in Virgo. All of these planets are in signs which have to do with foods and the care and preparation of same. So we would expect that money might be made through the handling of foods, whether serving in cafés, or in the study and practice of dietetics. Chemistry would also be a most interesting vocation for this boy to follow for Neptune in Virgo will attract him to these studies.

The elevated Sun trine the Moon and

Jupiter, is the ruler of his fourth house, which usually indicates the mother and those in the home. The home influence would be most helpful and beneficial to the future of the boy. We would advise that home be made attractive and comfortable for him so that he will enjoy it and be amenable to the influence of those who have his welfare at heart.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH

(Continued from page 168)

the understanding and actual using of directions from the Divine Pilot.

Our Deborah song of triumph and victory comes only after we have learned to lift the emotional life to the highest plane attainable. This means full living; the careful consideration of the keynotes of the nativity.

We must know that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

Each one has an organism which gives him a physical extent. In the same way he has a mind for intellectual scope. But there is a greater power which is spiritual, "something" which permits him to understand God. It is the feminine principle which may lead to this Wisdom, provided he so desires.

The two forces or principles must "work together for good" in order to open the door for the emergence of the Ego into a required expression. That is a meaning in the above quotation from the *Cosmo-Conception*. We are born at the propitious time, but "all things are added," if, and only when the native brings every force at his command to work in perfect harmony with the great and immutable laws.

The spiritual rhythms take on high effectiveness; not quickly, but through many experiences. Even repeated existences come and go before many gain the spiritual understanding which finally brings the Deborah Song of Victory:

"They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Worth-While News



Protest by Astrologers

The B.B.C.'s proposal to broadcast "Birthday Party" talks on astrology, which aroused protests and indignation in the early part of the month, is now severely criticized by the Council of the Federation of British Astrologers.

The council yesterday sent a protest to the Director-General of the B.B.C., Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, "in an endeavor to preserve the dignity of the Science of Astrology."

"We consider," it stated, "that the presentation of astrology from this standpoint is not only valueless to listeners; misrepresents the true nature of the science; underates the intelligence of men and women who are genuine students and practitioners; but deliberately puts forth a side of the subject, namely, the giving of readings from the Sun's zodiacal position each month, which is not genuine astrology, but a false make-belief savouring of charlatanny, that we, as a Federation, are trying to overcome.

"They raise the indignation of those people who have studied or are studying astrology from the strictly scientific standpoint; who are doing their best to tell the public not to be misled by these so-called 'birthday readings' as well as to protect them from the professional charlatans who give readings without the necessary particulars: Time, date and place of birth, all of which are essential for making the correct calculation of the horoscope."—*The Daily Telegram*, London, England, December 7, 1939.

When rightly understood astrology truly is a phase of religion and therefore should never be confused with fortune telling. The sun is a central point through which the God of our solar system focuses His divine powers—will, wisdom, and activity—in transmitting them to earth. The Seven Spirits before the Throne: Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, are the visible embodiment of great and exalted spiritual intelligences who are ministers of God in their own particular departments of His kingdom, each endeavoring to carry out the will of the Creator, Who always has in view the ultimate highest good of all, regardless of any temporary apparent ill.

Each of these planets not only exer-

cises a particular influence on the beings who evolve on it, but also on the evolving beings on each of the other planets, according to the development attained by the beings on them.

The lower in the scale of evolution a being is placed the more potent are the effects of the planetary influences; the higher, the wiser, and the more individualized a being is, the more it is able to direct its own course and the less it will be actuated by stellar vibrations. It is for this reason that astrology applied in the daily life is of great assistance to the individual. It gives a knowledge of one's weaknesses and the tendencies to evil in the nature, and it also shows one's strength and the times most opportune for the development of added power for good.

Astrology should be used for character development, and because of its potency one can so remodel himself or herself that it is possible to gradually change both one's environment and one's destiny. But no horoscope reading is dependable unless it is based on the year, month, day, hour, and minute of the individual's birth.

Idleness Perils Nation

"If America is to survive it must put an end to mass involuntary idleness on the part of its workers."

That was the warning given by Lewis B. Maier, chairman of the Veterans' Welfare, Employment and Relief Commission, in an address yesterday before more than 500 persons attending a "plus forty" conference at the Biltmore under auspices of the Soroptimist Foundation.

"A hungry man is a dangerous one at any time, irrespective of his training or citizenship, for he is not going to stand idly by and watch his family shiver and starve while others are in the midst of plenty."

Another speaker, John F. S. D'Aule, a representative of the Organization Builders Employment Agency, outlined a program he suggested as a means of assisting men and women over 40 in finding work, explaining

investigation has disclosed that about 37 per cent of all white collar people who are employable are between the ages of 40 and 60. . . . The age limit of 40 is very unhealthy for our economic and political welfare because it throws into the discard uncountable men and women who are just reaching the very best in their talents and abilities and who, when discarded, become bitter and turn away from their own kind of people."—*Los Angeles Times*, February 8, 1939.

The occult scientist divides the life cycle of man into sevens, according to growth. Seven years after the birth of the physical body the vital body matures; seven years later the individual arrives at the age of puberty; at twenty-one the mind matures; twenty-eight marks the beginning of serious life; thirty-five a second growth; forty-two, change of life; forty-nine, prime of mentality. At fifty-six man reaches the ripening stage and should be relieved of the everyday burdens of life and allowed in his own way to give to the world the benefit of his life's experiences.

The government of the world cannot successfully be relegated to the direction and execution of any class of individuals of any certain age. Men and women of all ages from twenty-eight on are necessary in the scheme of governmental affairs, and when their usefulness is ended a wise, divine Providence removes them from this mundane sphere of action and establishes them in other regions where, minus their worn-out physical bodies, they take up a more glorious line of endeavor which greatly assists in preparing them to again return to earth and accomplish greater things along new lines of material expression.

Obscenity Rebuked

Literature's trend toward an embrace of salaciousness will bring an epochal rebuke from Archbishop John J. Cantwell in a letter which will be read today from the pulpits of 285 Catholic Churches throughout Los Angeles archdiocese.

Archbishop Cantwell's denunciation of "traffic in printed obscenity" will be simultaneous with the inauguration of a nationwide campaign of the National Organization for Decent Literature.

Basing its plan of action similar to the

Motion Picture League of Decency, the group was organized recently at a meeting of five Catholic bishops, members of the obscene literature committee.

The organization was developed as an outgrowth of the meeting to combat what the bishops described as "an evil of such magnitude as seriously to threaten the moral, social and national life of our country."

The standards which the bishops said publications may be judged objectionable include:

1. Those which glorify crime and the criminal.
2. Those whose contents are largely "sexy."
3. Those whose illustrations and pictures border on the indecent.
4. Those which make a habit of carrying articles of "illicit love."
5. Those which carry disreputable advertising.

In the campaign in the Los Angeles archdiocese, Archbishop Cantwell proposes to enlist the aid of the 300,000 persons in this archdiocese, as well as members of the Holy Name Union of 50,000 men, the Knights of Columbus and various Catholic women's organizations.—*Los Angeles Times*, February 12, 1939.

The contents of many of the magazines on the newsstands today, the cover pictures, and inside illustrations, have become shocking in the extreme. Immorality is the greatest danger that can imperil civilization and familiarity with it has a decided tendency to dull the finer sensibilities. A country without morals sooner or later is certain to perish.

One of immorality's most efficient allies is alcohol. This pernicious, insidious poison has a tendency to partially paralyze the latest evolved part of man's brain, the cerebrum—that portion which enables him to think, reason, judge, decide, in fact to live in civilized society—and it diverts his activities into the lower channels that served our savage ancestors.

Every citizen in the world, regardless of race or creed, interested in clean living, morality, progress, health, social security, and the development of the higher mental faculties, should rally to the aid of Archbishop Cantwell and assist him in this righteous cause: the eradication of evil and the development of the God-given powers of mankind.

Question Department



The Way to Overcome Untruth

Question:

On page 43 of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* are the statements, "A lie is both murder and suicide in the Desire World," and "Evil and malicious lies can kill anything that is good if strong enough and often enough repeated." If another lied about me it did not worry me for I thought that in time the truth would out. Is it better to at once make known that it is a lie if one has the opportunity? There are circumstances when it is not found out that a lie has been told until so long after that there seems no chance to correct it. Why should not this show up in the reflecting ether so that the truth would be known?

Answer:

The records in the Memory of Nature (and to a certain extent in the Reflecting Ether) are lasting proof of the truth or error of any statement, to the Seer who can read in them. These records, however, can do nothing to correct an error; only the Seer who can read them is in a position to bring the real facts to others. In the absence of such a Seer, it is very possible that the truth may never come to light, and a lie triumph. It is therefore both the duty and the privilege of an individual to deny a lie told about him, at the same time, however, looking for the good in the evil situation, and applying the law of love. To quarrel about it would be merely to aggravate the evil.

However, although evil and malicious lies—if strong and repeated often enough—can kill anything that is good (if the good is not strong and repeated equally often) these evil lies will also kill each other, as explained on page 43 concerning the lie being both murder and suicide in the Desire World. Thus eventu-

ally, evil will be rooted out. The practice of looking for the good in evil will if persistently carried out build strong forms of good which will disintegrate the evil forms rapidly, reducing their harmful influence to a minimum.

In the case of a lie which we can refute, we should certainly do so; but if we do not have the opportunity to refute it, then we must look persistently for the good in the evil done us, sending out such powerful thought forms into the Desire World that the evil thought form of the lie cannot dominate the situation. If that is done, then truth will eventually come out, and the individual will be justified. If, however, the individual is more or less negative, the concentrated force of the thought forms built by the lie being directed against him may result in causing him to fall into evil and do the very thing of which he was wrongly accused. The worry about a lie increases its power, as when we worry about a lie told about us, we picture it vividly again and again, thus unconsciously increasing its power. You are therefore correct in not worrying about anything evil that is said about you.

WHY POPULATION IS INCREASING

Question:

How do you account for the increase in population of the world if rebirth is a fact?

Answer:

Max Heindel tells us that according to his personal investigations it seems probable that we are now approaching the end of the Fifth Epoch, having apparently about three thousand years until the Sixth, and everything is being speeded up. The length of time between incarnations is decreasing; thus a greater number of egos come to rebirth at one

time than formerly. The exact time of the beginning of the Sixth Epoch is only a conjecture, however.

In specific instances, such as the increase of population in the United States and Europe, there is an additional factor besides the one mentioned, namely, that egos in the lower races are catching up in their evolution, and are being reborn in the white races. Thus, as the lower races die out, the higher ones increase in numbers.

WHO POPULATED THE EARTH?

Question:

The Bible story about Adam and Eve populating the earth has never seemed quite reasonable to me. Surely there must have been other people inhabiting the earth at that time. Please give me your opinion on this subject.

Answer:

Adam and Eve is a generic term meaning a race, and does not apply to certain individuals. The Bible really makes this clear in Genesis where it is stated that the Elohim said, "Let us make man in our image . . . He made them male and female." It was the race to which Adam and Eve belonged that populated the earth at the time mentioned in the Bible.

PAYING ONE'S KARMIC DEBTS

Question:

Is not the suffering experienced in purgatory sufficient, and is it not only after being purified from sin that the ego can rise from purgatory to the heaven worlds? Why, then, should we suffer when reborn?

Answer:

The physical world is at present the laboratory of the evolving ego. The ego is taught the principles of life and evolution on the invisible planes, in purgatory and in the heaven worlds, but it must return to earth and work out its lessons here in the dense physical region. Thus, after an individual has sinned in one life and has been taught in purgatory the evil nature of his sin, he must again come back to earth life *to meet the same sin*

(and its effects) *again and conquer it of his own free will.* The purgatorial process is automatic; no individual can escape it. But true reformation and spiritual development must be conscious and voluntary. That is one reason why the purgatorial suffering is not enough.

It must also be remembered that purgatory has not eliminated the forces which the individual set in operation in his past life, and that those forces will continue in operation *until he makes restitution* for his sins. He may have learned thoroughly the lessons his purgatorial experience taught him, but in addition he must meet and master the forces which he himself generated in a previous life. Repentance and reform are not enough in the processes of evolution: restitution is also necessary, and the working out of restitution may take many different forms.

OBSESSED ANIMALS

Question:

When animals are obsessed by human egos, why would they not act differently from other animals and the egos try to make themselves known?

Answer:

The answer to this is: they do try to make themselves known. Mr. Heindel tells of a visit to the Chicago stockyards in which he personally observed animals mad with terror, who, when they were killed, released from the animal body a human spirit. These "animals" knew what was happening, and were filled with rage and terror. But only a clairvoyant, acquainted with such conditions, could have told what was the matter.

This does not mean that all terror-mad animals killed in stockyards, etc., are obsessed by human egos, but it does show that when human egos obsess animal bodies they are in a terrible plight, for they cannot make themselves known to their fellow men.

The peculiarity of such obsessed animals is ascribed merely to ordinary causes, the true cause never suggesting itself.

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.

An Unsuspected Way to Health

BY LILLIAN R. CARQUE

Carque Natural Foods Research, Glendale, California.



O you know that all consciousness is one—that there is no break, vacuum, or gulf that life does not fill? No single atom is self-subsisting. Stone, plant, animal, and man are the outward expression of the ever concealed manifestation of that All-Comprehending, All-Permeating and Unlimited Source that gives sustenance to the universe and to ourselves—from which all proceeds and to which all must return. There is no thing, not even a grain of sand nor speck of dust, no point in space absent from that Source that sustains the whole manifested universe. Everything is the expression of the one universal creative unfoldment or evolution, moving and acting through such forms, bodies, or coats of flesh as serve as appropriate vehicles through which expanding intelligences or differences in ranges of perception and growing comprehensions may express themselves. Every particle of even seemingly inert, quiet, and solid rock is in constant motion, and is conscious in its own degree on its own plane of development.

Just as a child in kindergarten has the potential capacity for knowledge now



actually acquired by the grown boy in the graduation class, so too do the kingdoms below the human differ from man only in degrees or states of consciousness or awareness. Endowed with the potentialities of life and moved by natural impulse, each individualization of the One Life is ever pushing forth into greater and greater expressions. Thus the tendency of life or vital force is towards differentiations, towards separation into constituent drops—now a bird, then a flower; here a frog, there a beast. This results in a realm of endless diversification, all imbued with the promise, potency, and power of every future and higher form of life.

The essence of all material things and all relationships is vibratory. Only to him who looks upon life as a purely chemical process on a mechanical basis can there be a denial of the existence of successive and progressive expressions of life elements or ranges of accelerated vibratory activity. The human cell, being synthesized under the operation of spiritual laws, has achieved a higher and loftier range in the scale of vibratory activity than the animal or vegetable kingdoms, or the simpler compounds and

crystals of the mineral kingdom. In every higher realm of Nature molecules become more complex, more sublimated or purified and possessed of greater potential energy, because the building of atoms into molecules involves the absorption of more vital force or life element which does the building. The living animal kingdom is representative of ascending life elements or progressive manifestations of vital force. In similar manner each higher expression of vital force liberates energies more powerful with more latent dynamic or potential force, reaching its highest culminating point on this planet in the human kingdom or man. In an infinite universe, there are infinite possibilities.

Thus every man is related to every other man, as well as to every other sentient being by the same origin—by a union so full and eternal that nothing can cleave its oneness. When man understands his true relationship with his fellow men and the whole of life, he will find awakening within himself universal charity and love, *in the absence of which health and happiness are impossible.*

Alienation in consciousness from our Source—the Source of all—has created Dis-Ease; it is like a house divided against itself. As reverence for God, or whatever we may choose to call that divine life principle, departed, so also departed compassion towards men and all sentient beings. Selfishness or Separation is the ruling principle, and evil runs its course of misery and degradation. Every discordant condition in man's relationship to the world is the result of his satisfying his own selfish or *separate* wants and desires at the expense of others. It has been truly said that ignorance is the only sin; ignorance is the bedrock of selfishness. For the world's evil, and attending suffering and disease, the divine life is the only antidote—the true healing power.

We are wounded by our transgressions, bruised by our iniquities. Before a physical malady can be healed permanently, the hearts and minds of men must be cleansed of evil, which is a misap-

plication of natural law. We must realize that every practice that is not in keeping with the ethics of a lofty mind and noble soul is a source of evil or separation, culminating in disease. Sickness, suffering, and death are the work of antagonistic forces *within ourselves.* Health can only be fully restored through obedience to the laws which coordinate the forces of good, obviating the need for the restoration of any violated equilibrium, physically and morally, in the universe, and thus rendering natural law harmoniously operative.

The negative qualities of fear, worry, grief, and discouragement are spiritual diseases, designating a lack of confidence in divine wisdom, and thus *separate* us from the Source of our strength—the inexhaustible energies from the great spiritual vibratory forces. All must be pure, no trace of foulness anywhere. By purity is meant harmlessness; the doing of no harm to anyone or to any life whatsoever. Pure thoughts, pure words, pure unselfish deeds—no lack of courtesy or display of impatience. Only then can we tune in on the universal circuit and touch chords whose vibrations shall ring to the ends of the earth, resulting in a melody that will restore harmony or peace *within ourselves.*

The road to health must be trodden by the healthseeker himself, as the goal can be found only by retracing, step by step, the feelings and expressions which formed the chain of consciousness connecting the disease with its subjective cause—the motive—having its ultimate origin in far interior states of consciousness. Corresponding acts of moral restraint must accompany health-conflicting indulgences and crush them one by one. Thus, the disturbance which manifests in the hyperacidity of the gastric juice has its ultimate origin in an acidified motive. While we readily grant to dietary errors the power to furnish the morbid conditions, we are nevertheless obliged to look elsewhere for the central, determining force which gives the process its specific tendency. On the other hand, the power of a corrected diet to

modify the character of the gastric secretions lies, principally, in its influence on the individual's moral nature, by way of the sacrifices involved in the dietary restrictions. Yet has it not come within the range of common experience that dietary rules and regulations are powerless to sustain a cure so long as the patient continues to acidulate his feelings?

The gamut of cellular processes, namely, the impress given to the cells comprising our body, are 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 activities of the body, while an impure, fitful, purposeless or selfish mind interferes with the naturally harmonic cell-activities and causes disturbance and breakdown in the individual's health.

Evil—or the misapplication of natural law—*condemns* every atom in our body.

That is why *the entire race body is diseased*. Do you know that today perfect health is an impossibility, for by our wrong thoughts, words, and deeds we have so degenerated our vital organs as to make normal function impossible? For man is at once the vilifier or degrader as well as the purifier of Nature, according to the character of his motives; and until he adjusts himself to the laws and principles of health, *in act and thought*, he will continue to demoralize the world and *himself* through the poisons of his selfish emanations. Yet the case of humanity is not hopeless, for while evil poisons, altruism purifies.

As Nature is an expression of divine or cosmic laws, and hence her action is essentially and fundamentally moral, it follows that her constructive and healing powers can be elicited only by the agency of a moral, i.e., unselfish motive, back of which must ever be found moral discipline. This, however, does not prevent healing methods or therapeutic adjuncts from yielding to the coercion of a selfish and immoral motive, apparently resulting in momentary benefits. But the processes are artificial and will not give

permanent results unless accompanied by a resolute desire to render ourselves more fit and valuable in the service of humanity, promoting our usefulness and intensifying our capacity to serve.

Hence where one seeks health merely for the perpetuation of some carnal pleasures, his intemperance and frivolity pervert the noble attributes of his nature. Therefore, while the selfish man may succeed in restoring health in one function, he frequently does so at the expense of a corresponding vital loss of another. The benefits thus derived will sooner or later, in the course of the inevitable, rebound, because of a violated equilibrium, and dislodge the usurped vital vibratory currents. From this point of view any act, solely aiming at personal enjoyment or aggrandizement, regardless of its relations to the rest of humanity is, in principle and essence a downright theft from the general storehouse of universal life. The selfish individual's existence, then, in place of adding power to the cosmic life is a constant drain on the universal storehouse.

Such a one-sided procedure, however, cannot long continue. A withdrawing whirl or backward circling vibratory current sets in, organ after organ fails in its duties, and a general weakness followed by functional breakdown, takes hold of the transgressor. As the vital human engine becomes sidetracked and the vital main disconnected, circuits and cellular systems set up on their own, using the remnants of the great disorganized life to generate noxious growths or insurgent cells of a descending vibratory order.

Cancers, tumors, ulcers, microbial invasion of various kinds and of more or less destructive character, follow the wake of the departing true unified evolutionary life. It starts the spectacle of a state or commonwealth breaking down into anarchy under the stress of vital disunion and moral corruption. Is it not reasonable to conclude that the anarchistic or insurgent cells are merely the end product—the outward manifestation of a persistent inward alienation in

(Continued on page 179)

Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium in Operation

THE new sanitarium is now in operation and admitted the first patient in January. It is prepared to receive general chronic cases, nervous patients, convalescing patients, those requiring rest and special diet, and those who wish to maintain or improve their physical efficiency. Surgical or obstetrical cases, tuberculosis, mental cases, drug addicts, alcoholics, and patients suffering from contagious or communicable diseases are not accepted.

Many favorable comments have been made by our numerous visitors in regard to the beautiful appearance and environment of the sanitarium as well as the technical facilities and comfort provided for patients. The room furnishings are those of a beautiful home and carry no suggestion of a sick room, and each room commands views of ocean or mountain and valley.

The Fellowship has secured the services of Doctor L. B. Rogers, an experienced Medical Administrator, as Medical Director of the Sanitarium. Dr. Rogers was Medical Director of the Hollywood Hospital for the past six years and for the six years previous to that was Medical Director of the St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco. He is well known to the Medical Profession in California, and in New York, Connecticut, and other eastern states. Before coming to California he was Medical Director of the United States Veteran Bureau in Washington, D. C., having 52 hospitals, 18,000 employees, and approximately 75,000 patients under his direction. During his early medical career, following graduation from Bellevue Hospital in New York, he taught in medical school, practiced in New York, and was called to France in 1914 to organize the ambulance service. At the end of the war he was serving as division surgeon for the 7th division.

In accordance with the general policy of the Fellowship, the sanitarium is

operated upon a non-profit basis. The rates established are very moderate when one considers the high type of care and treatment which patients receive.

Weekly rates including outside rooms, meals in the sanitarium dining room, general nursing care by graduate nurses, daily treatments in the Hydrotherapy Department (Sunday excepted), physical coordination under supervision of a physical director, sun baths and admission to all health lectures may be obtained as low as \$24.00 per week, and rates without treatment as low as \$14.00 each person per week for room and meals, for two in a room, with semi-private bath. Beautifully furnished private rooms with private bath are obtainable at \$35.00 per week. No extra charge is made by the Medical Director for physical examinations, consultations or advice, nor for routine laboratory examinations.

Mt. Ecclesia is located on Mission Road, a mile and a half east of the business center of Oceanside, which is 90 miles south of Los Angeles, 38 miles north of San Diego, on U.S. Highway 101, the main Pacific coast line thoroughfare. Oceanside is the gateway to Mt. Palomar, home of the world's largest Observatory. It is known for its equable climate, with day temperatures averaging from 65 to 75 degrees throughout the year.

East of Mt. Ecclesia are the rugged ranges of San Jacinto Mountains, to the West—the wide Pacific Ocean, all of which lends itself to a vast scenic interest.

Oceanside may be reached via the Santa Fe Railroad, the Santa Fe Trail Bus Transportation, or the Greyhound Bus lines, which maintain a convenient all-year-round schedule.

Feeble patients, requiring special assistance, should telegraph the time when they will reach Oceanside, so that proper facilities for conveyance to the Sanitarium can be arranged. All patients are requested to write before coming.

Patients' Letters

California, Dec. 21, 1938.
Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

In one of your late "Rays from the Rose Cross" appeared an article on the Power of Prayer, my following experience may throw some additional light on this fact.

On Wednesday, November 30, 1938, I fell, striking the stone floor of a storm drain very heavily with my right knee.

On Thursday the knee was swollen badly and walking extremely painful, I saw a doctor, who after taking several X-rays assured me that no bones were broken, but that I had probably twisted the leg during the fall and that I must stay in bed for at least two weeks.

As I was closing a project for the County at that time, I could not possibly stay away from work and was much disturbed. Friday night I removed the doctor's bandages and prayed for divine help.

On Saturday morning the swelling had disappeared completely, the flesh around the knee having the appearance of a deflated balloon and the pain left me rapidly. I have not missed a day of work.

Sincerely,

—A.K.

Utah, Nov. 18, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I wish to thank you sincerely for your kind encouraging letter and the Eliminative Diet sheet enclosed. You have been exceedingly kind and helpful and it is difficult to find adequate words with which to express my gratitude.

Since I was placed on the healing list and the Helpers' services were tendered I have been gradually gaining in health and greater strength, and I never before realized so keenly what a truly valuable asset good health is. I mean to safeguard mine more than ever before when it shall have been fully restored.

I am happy to assure you that I always feel so much lighter, happier, and content when the Healers have administered, of which fact I am often aware even though it defies description. Naturally these happy experiences and actual manifestations have served to make my faith more firm, have deepened my thankfulness, and raised within me a song of praise that this so often seemingly dark world does hold many of such truly unselfish beings such as the workers of our dear Fellowship and those Invisible Ones who all dedicate their lives to cheerful, unselfish service.

Sincerely yours,

—Mrs. H.A.L.

Healing Dates

March 1—7—14—21—28

April 3—10—17—24

May 1—7—15—22—28

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.

UNSUSPECTED WAY TO HEALTH

(Continued from page 177)

consciousness—a divorce or violation of the laws of Harmony, Love, or *Unity*?

Every effort of an individual to gain health, strength and power, if the motive be selfish and inconsiderate of general human interests, leads with terrible surety, not only to failure in holding possession of new and undue gains, but in the very loss of powers already attained. For in due time the *vibratory forces of equity* or laws of compensation assert themselves, and the intruder, caught in the rebound of the force he himself generated, is compelled to yield in retreat under fire his usurped health possessions through the mansions of death.

It is an incredibly easy task, as well as an incredibly fruitful one to dispel unbrotherliness in our attitude of life, and displace it with feelings of tolerance, sympathy, patience, charity and good will towards all that lives. It is imperative, however, that we make the application of the one basic *One-Life* principle a part of every thought, word, and deed.

EASTER DINNER MENU

Vegetable Oyster Soup

Celery

Radish Roses

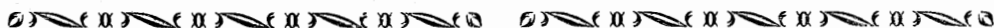
Artichoke Cases

Fresh Green Asparagus Sweet Potatoes

Spring Salad

Rhubarb Sherbet

Assorted Nut Meats



RECIPES

Vegetable Oyster Soup.

Ingredients: 1 quart diced vegetable oyster, 1 quart water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cream, chopped parsley, salt to taste.

Cook the vegetable oysters in sufficient boiling water to cover. Rub them through colander, add the cream, seasoning, and chopped parsley. Serve hot.

Artichoke Cases.

Wash and trim enough artichokes for number of cases needed and cut off tops about two inches deep, enough that all which remains may be eaten with fork. Boil from one-half to one hour in boiling salted water. When tender, pour off water and turn each artichoke over to drain. When cool enough to handle, separate petals to form cup and remove fuzzy choke with spoon. Place cups in pan with a little salad oil in bottom and fill each with well-seasoned creamed mushrooms, or any preferred creamed mixture. Sprinkle top with buttered crumbs or grated cheese and crumbs and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 to 25 minutes.

Spring Salad.

Ingredients: 1 cup diced cucumbers, 1 cup cut celery, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup diced olives, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated onion, 1 dozen medium-sized romaine lettuce leaves, dressing.

Prepare the grated onion and mix with the other vegetables. Blend all together with the dressing and serve upon a lettuce leaf. Garnish with strips of pimento.

Sweet Potatoes and Apples.

Ingredients: 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes, 6 tablespoons butter, 2 cups thinly sliced apples, brown sugar if desired.

Pare the sweet potatoes and cut into thin slices, steam or cook in boiling salted water. Pare apples and cut into thin slices. Arrange potatoes and apples in layers. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until apples are done.

Rhubarb Sherbet.

Ingredients: 2 cups unsweetened strained rhubarb, $\frac{1}{3}$ oz. vegetable gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, 2 egg whites, sufficient honey to sweeten.

Soak the vegetable gelatin 20 minutes; cook in boiling water until clear. Heat rhubarb, add honey and stir until well blended. Add gelatin, lemon juice. Chill till it begins to thicken. Beat egg whites stiff, and add powdered sugar. Beat gelatin mixture and fold the two mixtures together. Freeze, stirring at 20 minute intervals till firm.

Children's Department



Mu for a Day

BY RUTH WAINWRIGHT



AS Jack took another step forward, the overhanging edge of the cliff gave way. He slid down the slope in a sickening cloud of dust, trying in vain to stop his downward rush.

Suddenly his foot caught on a root, and his body, kept in motion by the miniature landslide, turned so that his head struck a rock. All was quiet then.

Presently he sat up and rubbed his head. As his vision cleared he stared in astonishment. Instead of the familiar Palos Verdes Hills, he was in a land entirely unknown to him. Where the blue Pacific had shimmered in the sun, and splashed against the rocks of Malaga Cove, now all was level country. Here and there stood a giant redwood tree, or a grove of eucalypti. Not a breath of wind was stirring the trees, and the intense heat and the glare of the sun made his head ache.

He sat with his elbows resting on his knees, and cradled his head in his hands. He'd wake up from this nightmare soon, he hoped. After a while he raised his head. Still the same unfamiliar country. He'd better look around for some more comfortable spot.

There was a grove of redwood trees not far away, just across a small plain. Beyond that there seemed to be houses or buildings of some sort, barely visible among the trees. He started toward the nearest trees, and as he drew close to them, he heard the sound of hammering. He started to run, tottered and fell, just as he reached the edge of the grove.

When he opened his eyes, a boy and a girl, both in their early teens, his own age, were bending over him. His first thought was that he had never seen such beautiful children before. Their skin was a light golden brown, their hair was wavy and thick, and just a shade darker than their skin. Their eyes were golden brown, too, and large and lustrous.

"He'll be all right now. He must have had a bad fall." The girl was putting cool leaves on the place where his head had hit the rock, and he felt better. It didn't occur to him until much later that it was strange that he understood them.

"Get him a cool drink, Moya. Then make him comfortable and let him rest until he feels better. I wonder where he came from. Such queer things he wears! They can't be comfortable. No wonder he fell." The boy was kneeling by him, gazing at him in mild curiosity.

"It was the cliff's fault. It gave way



when I stepped near the edge." Jack felt he should defend his clothes. Certainly they didn't seem queer to him. All the boys he knew played around in jeans and polo shirts. But these children looked as if they were dressed to take part in a play about Roman history. Their clothes were loose, sheet-like things, like Roman togas.

Presently Moya gave him a cool drink and helped him into a more comfortable position. The boy went back to the work he had evidently left in haste when Jack had fallen. He started humming to himself very happily as he took up a chisel and mallet, and began carefully chipping a rock.

Moya sat down by Jack. "Gurn is so happy," she said. "The elders have just decided that he may carve tablets all his life."

"You mean that work he is doing now? Does he like to do that? And why can't he do anything he wants? And what is he making those things for?" Jack asked one question after another without waiting for an answer.

"My, so many questions at once! Yes, that is the work he is doing now and he likes it very much. He does it so well, too. All his letters are so clear and even and can be read so easily. And of course he can't do just anything he wants any more than any one else. Why, if people did just what they wanted to, they might all want to do just certain things, and there would be no one to do the other things that must be done," Moya explained.

"But what are they for?" Jack persisted.

"To let future peoples know about us. But," and Moya looked at Jack questioningly, "don't your people make them, too? The tablets, I mean?"

"Oh, no. We don't need them. We have books, millions and millions of books. They tell all anybody would ever want to know. And more, too," he added as he thought of his school books and the hours of home work.

"But what are they made of?" Moya wanted to know.

"Paper, of course. We don't use stone any more, you know." Jack felt very superior. No doubt this was a very primitive people.

"We have paper books, too. But fire and earthquakes and floods are all able to destroy these, and we want to leave something indestructible."

Jack was beginning to get hungry. By this time the sun was right overhead, and no doubt they would soon eat their mid-day meal. He hoped they would invite him, and they probably would as they were such kind-hearted children.

Soon Moya got up. "Come, Gurn, it is time to eat. And no doubt our friend is hungry, too. You haven't told us your name. What shall we call you?"

"My name is Jack. I'll say I'm hungry. I could eat a horse."

Moya and Gurn looked at him in surprise. "Do you eat horses?" Gurn asked.

"Oh, no, I should say not! That's just an expression. You know—just an emphatic way of saying I'm very hungry," Jack hastened to explain.

They walked in the shade of the eucalyptus and redwood trees for several minutes. Soon they came in sight of the home of Moya and Gurn.

"Well, here we are at home," Gurn said.

Jack looked at the house in delighted amazement. "Oh, boy, when I wake up, if this is a dream, I sure can say 'I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls!' Are you sure this is your house, and not the village bank?" he asked Gurn.

"I don't know what a bank is, but this is certainly our house. There isn't anything unusual about it that I know of."

It may not have been unusual to Gurn and Moya, but to Jack the house was certainly unique. It was built of gleaming marble, and was long and low. The eaves stretched out for some distance beyond the walls. It had a graceful dignity that pleased Jack.

The inside of the house was delightfully cool. Moya helped the mother set food on a table, while Gurn and Jack

talked, sitting in the shade of the eaves, against the house. Gurn explained that his father was away for awhile, making arrangements for a colonization expedition, and when he returned, they might all leave this country, and settle in some new place. Gurn did not yet know where the new place might be.

When the food was ready, Moya called to them. They took their plates, which seemed to be thin, shining rounds of marble, and having filled them, settled themselves just outside the door. There were several kinds of food, and one in particular pleased Jack. It seemed to be a sort of bread made of Indian corn, only much tastier than any cornbread Jack had ever eaten.

"Hot dog!" he exclaimed, as he tasted it.

"Do you eat dogs, too?" Moya asked.

"No, no! That's just a way of saying it's good. Of course, we don't eat dogs." Jack could see they weren't sure just what to believe. They politely refrained from saying anything more about it, but seemed rather shocked at the thought of eating horses and dogs. If today's menu was a fair sample, they were probably vegetarians, so eating any animals must seem pretty awful to them. He'd have to be careful of his slang.

When the meal was over, Gurn and Moya led him to one side of the house, where there was a comfortable grassy slope. They lay down here and sighed in contentment.

"We always rest here at this time of day. Later it is not so hot and we can work better. It is dangerous to go out in the sun right now." Gurn stretched and relaxed. "What do you usually do in the early afternoon, Jack?"

Jack answered sleepily, "Have to go back to school if it's a school day. I like this better, though. I always get sleepy at this time of day so I might as well do nothing." Just then he sat up suddenly. "A zep. Do you hear it?"

The children looked at him, unable to understand him. Gurn asked, "What's a zep?"

"An airship. Don't you hear it? That loud buzzing noise. It's coming close, too," Jack was looking up at the sky between the branches of the trees.

Gurn and Moya rolled over, helpless with laughter. At last Moya was able to speak. "That's a bee, silly. Don't you have honey bees where you come from?"

Just then the bee flew in sight. No wonder Jack had thought it was a zep. It was at least four inches in length, and an inch broad.

"Will it sting us?" he asked.

"Oh, no. They are harmless. Why should a bee hurt us? We wouldn't hurt it," Moya said.

"Is all the land around here like this? I mean with trees and grass and all level?" Jack asked after awhile.

"No," Gurn answered. "Much of the land to the south and east of here is flat like this, but there are few trees, and it's mostly hot mud. It bubbles up, like things cooking, you know."

"Why is that?"

"The world is still being made. I don't suppose it will ever be all finished or at least it will never stay the same for very long. That's why we are making those tablets. Because we know the world will change and lots of things and people now living will be destroyed." Gurn seemed to take this as a matter of course, but cold shivers rippled up and down Jack's spine.

"Well, boys, time to get back to work. I help a little, too, by sharpening tools," Moya said.

"That's Moya every time. Never even has to look at the sun to tell the time. And won't let a fellow rest a little overtime, either." Gurn stretched, yawned, and got up. The others followed as he led the way back to the stone tablets he was carving.

"We will go a slightly different way when we go back. Then you can see the river where we fish and swim. Do you swim?" Gurn asked.

"I certainly do. But I swim in the ocean. Is the ocean far from here?"

"No, but we don't swim there much because there are so many sea serpents there." Gurn spoke as if sea serpents were everyday events in his life.

"Huh. Next you'll be telling me you have dinosaurs and such things, I suppose," Jack said scornfully.

"We have, and there's one right now," exclaimed Gurn. "If I hadn't been so interested in you I would have known it was coming. Run for your life!"

Jack thought he was joking, but turned and looked the way Gurn pointed. He could feel the hair rise on his head, and his knees turned to water. There really was a dinosaur coming through the trees toward them. With a gasp of fright, he forced himself to run after the others. There was a clearing ahead, and on the near side was a marble house, much like the one in which Gurn and Moya lived. Once inside there they would be safe from the beast.

Moya was in the lead, as she had wandered ahead of the boys. Gurn was next, and Jack made a poor third. The others had just entered the house when Jack caught his foot on a root, rolled over and over, and landed sitting up, just inside the doorway. The others laughed at his unintentional acrobatic antics.

"Whew!" he gasped, and then gulped in surprise. An ant was walking toward him over the floor, and what an ant it was, fully two inches long and broad in proportion. He could imagine he could see an expression of contempt for him on its face. "What a country!" he said, as he mopped his face with his handkerchief. "If you have any more surprises will you please postpone them for a few minutes, until I get my breath again?"

"But how could an ant surprise you? And dinosaurs are common enough, too, goodness knows. The funniest things seem to frighten you. But that dinosaur will be gone in a few minutes. It may not have even noticed us," Moya comforted.

They rested where they were for a while, until they were sure the dinosaur was gone. Then they started out again.

Gurn showed Jack his favorite places for fishing and swimming, and they talked awhile about these sports. Jack noticed the immense ferns that grew along the path. There were flowers he had never seen before, large ones with vivid colors. Everything seemed to grow on a grand and brilliant scale here.

"Where is your nearest town?" he asked Gurn as they walked slowly along among the trees.

"I don't know what you mean by *town*," Gurn answered.

"I mean a collection of houses, stores, and such things. Where lots of people live close together," Jack explained.

"We haven't any such place. We like to live by ourselves. And we have plenty of room so we don't have to crowd together."

After a little they got back to the place where Gurn had been working on the tablets. Gurn resumed his work, while Jack looked on and wondered what the writing meant. He didn't ask Gurn to read it for him, though, as Gurn seemed so preoccupied with his work that he didn't want to disturb him.

As the sun began to near the horizon, Jack became uneasy. He should be getting home soon, but he had no idea how to start.

"What do you call this place?" he asked Moya.

"Mu," she answered. "Where do you live?"

"In California. I . . . I don't know just how to get back there. Do you know which way I should go? My mother and father will be getting anxious."

"I've never heard of California. We'd be glad to have you stay with us. Maybe some of the elders will know where California is." Moya felt sorry for him, he seemed so worried. "Which way did you come from?"

"Over that way, I think." Jack pointed through the trees.

Gurn put down his tools. "Come, Moya, let us walk over that way with Jack. Maybe he will recognize some

landmark." He turned to Jack. "We aren't in a hurry to have you go, but of course you must not let your mother and father worry about you any longer than you can help."

They started out in the direction from which Jack had come. They emerged from the trees, and approached a marshy spot. Suddenly Moya stopped and seemed to be listening. The boys stopped, too, and looked at her to find out what was wrong.

"We are going to have an earthquake in a few minutes. But don't get frightened of it, Jack. You either get hurt or you don't and you can't do anything about it," said Moya calmly, just as if she were announcing that it was going to rain.

Surely enough, she had scarcely stopped speaking, when the earth began to sway under their feet, with a booming noise. Trees seemed to wave as if in a high wind. There was a musty smell of dust in the air. Jack tried to stand quietly, but the earth under him jiggled about so, that he could not help losing his balance. He slid into a pool of muddy

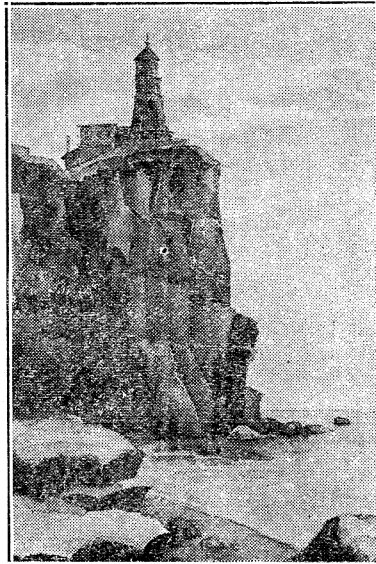
water at the edge of the marsh with a splashing noise.

The earth quieted, but the splashing, booming noise continued. He sat up. The tide was coming in, and little waves were showering him with spray as they struck the rocks right at his feet. The water shimmered with opalescent light from the setting sun. Pelicans were playing their evening fishing game, a fishing boat was puffing along, accompanied by a crowd of wheeling, mewing sea gulls. He turned his head and there at his back was the cliff he had fallen down that morning.

He got up dizzily and started north over the rocks to the smooth beach. As he walked along his head cleared and he felt better. It did not take him long to reach home.

When he got there he was met by his small sister. "Where have you been all day?" she asked.

"Mu," he answered, and was still too preoccupied by his day's experiences to see her look of disgust at what she thought was a faint-hearted attempt to frighten her.



Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



N token of early spring the narcissus beds are a mass of fragrant white; the Watsonias, like a sheet of tall flame, guard the entrance to the administration building and brighten the foot of the palm trees. The terrific windstorm which did so much damage in other parts of Southern California was merciful to us—with one exception. In the mighty wind battle the tip of Mt. Ecclesia's beloved Christmas tree, the majestic star pine facing the entrance, was broken off, to our sorrow.

The traditional gathering at the foot of the cross, as the worshipers expectantly wait to salute the symbol of the Risen Christ as it slowly ascends heavenward from behind the rim of the world on Easter morning is perhaps the most impressive of all the ceremonies. Mrs. Heindel will put into words the message to be carried away in each and every heart, there to shine and light up the spiritual pathway that lies ahead. Her subject is, "Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead?" The address at the morning service in the Chapel will be given by Judge Carl A. Davis, whose logical mind always so ably interprets the inspiration received by his heart. A guest speaker will deliver the lecture at the evening devotional service.

No religious festival is complete without the sacred garment of beauty. Music, the highest expression of art, weaves it most effectively. On Saturday evening before Easter, at our usual entertainment, we shall have the pleasure of listening to the Fide'io Ensemble, which Mrs. Zinaida Moiseieff of Los Angeles directs with such brilliant skill. Further numbers will be contributed by our own people.

As growing interest in Mt. Ecclesia's spiritual feasts crowds its facilities, it is specially requested this year that those

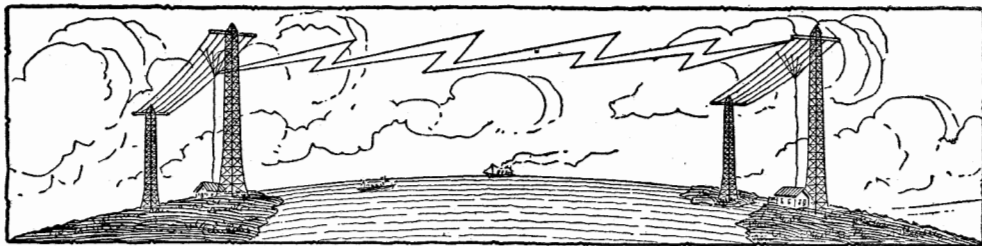
wishing to come make their intention known in advance. This is not only a courtesy, but a part of the spiritual responsibility of cooperation.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday another opportunity will be given to guests to visit both the Healing Department Building and Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium. News in regard to the Sanitarium, which is now in operation under the able management of its Medical Director, Dr. L. B. Rogers, is given in the article on page 178 of this issue.

We are very happy to announce that the Dutch Department is rapidly being set in order by our new Dutch Secretary. Born and educated in Holland, he has been eight years in America, a sufficient time to make him fluent in the English language. He therefore is at ease in handling translations and correspondence. In addition, a gift for organization enables him to carry out his many duties with great efficiency.

New arrivals—departures; the active life of Mt. Ecclesia is full of changes; some gay, some sad. Another old member of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, present in the days of Max Heindel, has been called into the Great Beyond. Mr. Louis C. Vogt, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who had recently returned for a stay of several months at Mt. Ecclesia, later moving to Oceanside, died of a heart attack at the local hospital on February 3. He was a noted landscape artist whose talents ran in many directions. He laid out the beautiful winding road to the Temple known as Ecclesia Drive and gave the first four of the palms which border it. He also helped with the interior decoration of the Pro-Ecclesia and made the painting to the right of the alcove—"Christ Kneeling in Gethsemane." Residents and guests will cherish as keepsakes the many sketches of Mt. Ecclesia which he distributed with lavish hand.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



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To the occult student it is quite significant to observe the general increase of attention and emphasis being given to the subject of thought power and mind training. In addition to the countless schools and so-called schools offering instruction in training the mental processes, we notice also in the public schools and universities an increasing recognition of the intrinsic value of disciplining the creative mental faculties.

Since one of the principal lessons humanity has to learn during this stage of evolution is *thought control*, we can see that the Elder Brothers are using every available channel to teach this vital lesson. However, like any other force, thought power may be used destructively as well as constructively, and it is essential to the progress of humanity that the dangers involved in the misuse of the mental faculties become well known. The most serious misuse of the mind is the practice called hypnotism.

We read today of an increasing number of physicians who are learning that they can use hypnotism to a certain extent in the place of anesthetics, and since they do not know the insidious effects upon themselves and their patients of such mental assault, they are unwittingly laying up for themselves a most unenviable destiny. We are taught in the Western Wisdom Teachings that hypnotists are frequently reborn as congenital idiots, while those who foolishly allow themselves to be hypnotized weaken their wills and place themselves

entirely at the mercy of the hypnotist. Hypnotism may truly be called the "greatest crime on earth and the greatest danger to society."

In the Philosophy Classes of our Study Groups and Centers especial emphasis may well be given to the harmful effects of hypnotism. A leaflet on the the subject will soon be available from Headquarters.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Through the intensive work of our field worker, Mr. F. A. Jones, in this city, a Study Group has been formed and meets at 736 No. Euclid Avenue. Philosophy and Astrology Classes are held on Tuesday and Friday evenings, the public being cordially invited by newspaper and radio announcements.

The splendid spirit of enthusiasm being manifested by the members of this Group augurs well for its future growth and efficiency in disseminating the Fellowship Teaching in that section of the country.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, S. AMERICA.

A very comprehensive yearly report from our Center in this city indicates that the year of 1938 was one of much activity and accomplishment in spreading the Teachings in that vicinity. Regular classes in Philosophy, Bible, Astrology, and Public Speaking were conducted, in addition to the Sunday Devotional Service, weekly Healing Service, New and Full Moon Meetings, and

World Headquarters

OF THE

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MT. ECCLESIA
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

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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. Magdelina Goveia, 4921 Montana St.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 916.
Columbus, Ohio.—259 E. Long St.
Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd Floor.
Denver, Colo.—1155 30th St.
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Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
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Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—4830 Floral Drive.
Milwaukee, Wis.—234 Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—1008 Nicollet Ave.
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New York City, N. Y.—160 W. 73rd St.
Omaha, Neb.—301 No. 31st St.
Reading, Pa.—W.C.T.U. Hall, 6th and Franklin Sts.
Rochester, N. Y.—307 Burke Bldg.
San Francisco, Calif.—1141 Market St.
Schenectady, N. Y.—13 Union St.
Shreveport, La.—1802 Fairfield.
Seattle, Wash.—611 University Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.—318 Midland Trust Bldg.
Tampa, Fla.—405 Grand Central.
Toronto, Canada.—c/o Mary Tambllyn, 158 Hallam St.
Utica, New York.—11 Clinton Place.
Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

special programs at Easter, Founder's Day, Christmas, and Fellowship Day. Helpful advice was given to numerous inquirers who came to the Center for assistance.

The report enthusiastically states that "the progress of the Center is a source of much satisfaction to those who are carrying on its activities, and our purpose for this new year is a more efficient activity in disseminating our lofty Teachings. We earnestly hope that all the members and Centers of our Fellowship throughout the world will increase their enthusiasm and efforts to spread the Fellowship principles during the year of 1939, so that a greater peace and progress will exist among humanity."

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

As a result of the zealous activities of Mr. Alfred Johnson in this city a Study Group has been formed and meets at the home of Mr. E. Billberg, 30 Washington Avenue. It is a pleasure to welcome this new Group into our midst, and we anticipate for it a rapid growth in strength and numbers.

ASUNCION, PARAGUAY.

Recent reports from this Center indicate a stability and growth which we rejoice to see in our Centers. The weekly meetings are well attended by the members, and there are always a goodly number of visitors present. At one of the recent meetings the entire evening's work was conducted by the feminine members of the Group, and from the report was very successful. Some poetical selections rendered by the younger members were especially enjoyed.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

It was a pleasant surprise indeed to receive a short time ago a letter signed by twelve friends in this city, telling us that they "are meeting regularly every Thursday evening, using the 'Cosmo' and Mr. Heindel's astrology books as textbooks." A generous contribution was enclosed with the letter, which ended by stating, "We will try to prove our

sincerity by being worthy of the knowledge and by spreading it through doing good to others.”

Such a beautiful spirit of sincerity and cooperation will surely bring further growth and progress to the Group, and Headquarters appreciates deeply the attitude expressed. Classes are held at the home of one of the members at 154 W. Dennick Avenue, and anyone in that vicinity who is interested in the Teachings is cordially invited to attend.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.

One of our members in this city who has been working with a Study Group there for a number of years recently gave an illustrated lecture supplied by Headquarters as an experiment in attracting new people. A well-worded advertisement was placed in the local newspaper, and a notice was courteously given in the Greater Miami Round-Up section of “The Miami Daily News.” About fifty people attended the lecture, and considerable interest and enthusiasm were manifested in the Teachings, a number commenting especially on the fact that the Fellowship Teachings are put out entirely on the freewill offering basis.

We intend to have more of these illustrated lectures to lend our Groups in the future, and we hope that more of our small Groups, in particular, will take advantage of this means of disseminating the New Age Truths.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

It is indeed a pleasure to hear from the Secretary of this Group that the interest “seems much increased since the first of December. Even during bad weather our attendance has increased, and there seems to be the most harmonious feeling among the members since we began attending, which is nearly three years now. We all give thanks for the privilege of helping to carry on this wonderful Work, realizing that the Cause is so much greater than we, and that we must be faithful and carry on, keeping in mind that ‘the only failure is in ceasing to try.’”

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Sao Paulo.—7 Rua Parana, 29.

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Sekondi.—P. O. Box 224.

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NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—C. 2; People's Health Club Room, 4th Floor; Victoria Arcade, Queen St.

NIGERIA

Lagos.—c/o Mrs. G. La Page, P. O. Box 202.

PARAGUAY

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Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

PERU

Lima.—Box 637.

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Vergaderplaats: Sweelinckstraat 62.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

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SPIRITUAL LESSONS

(Continued from page 164)

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beautiful truths of life may be intuitively felt. Thus our awakening may be brought about more rapidly. If we will allow ourselves to become attuned to the music of the spheres we will realize the vastness, the wondrousness, the Infinite Love which is the Source of all the glories about us and, our *oneness* with it all. Emerson said, "If we were sufficiently attuned, when we pass a flower garden we could hear a symphony orchestra." Every color is also a sound. Nature tones! Isn't it wonderful?

Let us, as John Muir said, "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings; Nature's peace will flow into us as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into us, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away like leaves of autumn."

Let us learn from Nature's textbook and live up to the high aspirations it will awaken within us. Let us live and serve perfectly right where we are, and glorify our loving Father in every thought, word, and deed. Let us spread love and sunshine into all the world until every dark corner will be flooded with the light of Infinite Love and the Kingdom of Heaven will be established here and now!

A final lesson from the rose I will share with you in the words of a poet whose name is not known to me:

That overnight a rose could grow
I one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one
They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
Through cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;

And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?
Nor did it know the weary while,
What color and perfume
With this completed loveliness
Lay in that earthly tomb.
So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, someday, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

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LECTURES

Besides the class lectures there will be regular Sunday evening addresses by Rosicrucian Fellowship speakers; also special lectures by guest speakers will be arranged from time to time.

SOCIABILITY

The Friday evening "Sing" and Social is a Mt. Ecclesia institution in which workers, students, guests, and the stranger within our gates forgather for fellowship and frolic. On Saturday afternoons, trips are usually planned to beach, mountains, or neighboring towns.

ACCOMMODATIONS

A deposit of \$5.00 is required in advance to secure accommodations. This will be applied on the first month's room rent. Working for board and room will not be possible.

Vegetarian meals are served in our co-operative Cafeteria at the following rates: Breakfast 30 cents, Dinner (at noon) 40 cents; Supper 30 cents. A weekly rate of \$6.00 during Summer School.

There are no fees, but the expense of conducting the courses is met by voluntary contributions from the students.

PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL

This school will give instruction in the above-mentioned subjects to all who are interested in the New Age teachings; it also aims to prepare teachers and lecturers for the field, and for Center instructors.

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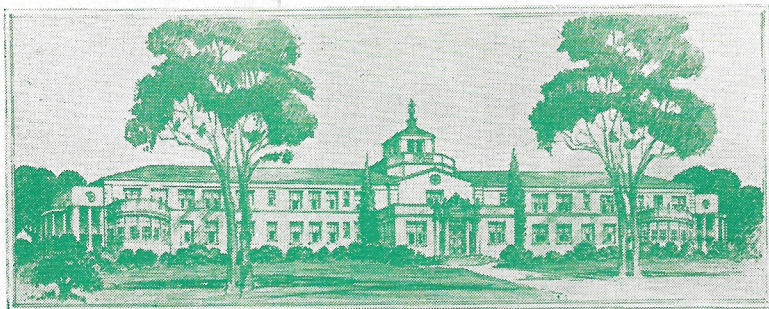
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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium



INVITES THE PUBLIC TO BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH ITS MODERN FACILITIES, QUIET ENVIRONMENT, AND BEAUTIFUL LOCATION OVERLOOKING THE PACIFIC OCEAN, A MILE AND A HALF TO THE WEST.



This Sanitarium is equipped to follow the latest methods of treatment in hydrotherapy and physiotherapy; departments for both men and women. Also facilities for colonics; massage; physical co-ordination; light and music therapy.

Cheerful Rooms, Excellent Vegetarian Food, Graduate Nurses

Weekly Rates, including Meals, Private Room, Hydrotherapy Treatments, and Services of Medical Director, from \$30.00.

Weekly Rates for Guest-Patients, Meals and Room, from \$14.00.

A new, spacious institution prepared to care for chronic cases; nervous, convalescing, and aged patients; post operative and heart cases; and guest-patients whose chief need is for relaxation, proper diet, and instruction in right living. Fifty acres of grounds.

The Sanitarium does not offer either Surgical or Obstetrical Service, and cannot accept mental cases, drug addicts, or alcoholics.

Medical Director in Charge

An experienced, full time Medical Director who is a Doctor of Medicine is in charge of the Sanitarium and all medical and administrative activities are under his jurisdiction.

L. B. ROGERS, M.D.

Medical Director



THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

SANITARIUM DEPARTMENT

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.