

The ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

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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 prostituted in the service of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science*, and with iron hand it has 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 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 towards 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 has 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.

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

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.

Correspondence Courses in Rosicrucian Christianity, Western Wisdom Bible Study, and Spiritual Astrology, given on the freewill offering basis, are offered to those sincerely interested. Address—

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

The Current Outlook

[FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT]

Morale--In War and in Peace

By JOSEPH DARROW

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



MORALE is one of the most important things in the world today. We find constant reference to it in the newspapers and magazines, and all sorts of things are being done to promote and increase it among all groups. There is so much attention being paid to it that we sometimes wonder how we managed to get along without it, or without knowing about it, in earlier times.

Morale, however, is as old as the world. It is only the present conceptions of it that are new. Going back as far as the

War between the States, SUCCESS DEPENDS ON MORALE morale, although unknown by that name, was actively present in the embattled hosts of both North and South. Morale is perhaps the one most vital factor making for success in any branch of human endeavor.

Morale is a quality of the mind, of the will, of the emotional constitution, and of character. It is a many-sided quality as we shall see when we analyze it in the light of the esoteric knowledge of man's inner constitution. Morale is vitally important in peace if success in peacetime pursuits is to be achieved. It is as necessary to the individual in all his personal activities as it is to the nation in the form of collective co-operation when faced by a world crisis. The individual cannot succeed in his personal affairs without personal morale, and the community, the

state, or the nation cannot make a success of its collective affairs, either in peacetime or in war, without national morale.

Morale depends upon a great variety of conditions. For instance, the morning paper of the day on which this article is being written quotes President Roosevelt as saying that certain recent conflicting reports in the press in regard to gasoline rationing were "disruptive of morale." A few days ago the papers in commenting upon the recent bombing of Tokyo by American planes starting from an unknown base, stated that the Japanese inability to discover that base was a severe blow to Japanese national morale. From time to time we read about numerous similar incidents which either promote or decrease morale on one side or the other. A study of such incidents would seem to indicate that morale is primarily a matter of *confidence*—confidence in the ability to succeed.

One of the best examples illustrating the nature of morale which the writer recalls was described in a magazine article several years ago. It had to do with a soldier who had been condemned to die at the hands of a firing squad. Some time before that, his brother, a spy, had been captured and executed, and had gained a great reputation among his compatriots by his bearing just previous to his execution. He was gay and debonair,

flung defiance at his captors, and maintained great nonchalance right up to the volley which ended his life.

His brother, however, who was captured later was of a different character. He was a coward and had the reputation of cowardice. His mother was aware of this and was afraid he would disgrace the family when brought before the firing squad. Therefore she devised a very ingenious method of building up his morale for that emergency. She managed in some way to come to him secretly in his cell the night before he was to be executed and told him that certain secret arrangements had been made with the officer commanding the firing squad, who for a high consideration had agreed to order his men to aim their guns so that the prisoner would not be hit; that upon the report of the volley he was to sink to the ground and simulate death. Later his mother would request the body for burial, and he would be taken to a place of safety from which he could escape.

This little ruse had the desired effect upon the morale of the prisoner. He immediately became gay, confident, and happy and maintained that attitude right up to the time when the firing squad appeared. He thoroughly *believed* he was not going to have to suffer death and therefore his morale was high, showing that morale is dependent upon what one *believes*.

The denouement to this was sad—but illuminating. The mother had invented the whole story; the officer in charge of the firing squad had made no arrangement to divert the bullets, which immediately following the command to fire reached their destination, and the prisoner dropped to the ground in real, not simulated, death. But with this curious accompaniment, as recorded in the article, that his mind in the fleeting second between the impact of the bullets and the time of death registered upon his face a look of outraged surprise and incredulity. This man actually had a good supply of temporary morale; it

lasted long enough to accomplish his mother's object. It shows how delicate and fragile a thing morale really is. This incident was a case of morale building that saved the day, so to speak, but did not save the life of the prisoner.

Psychology is an important part of the present struggle between the nations. Psychological warfare is waged on the one hand by building up the morale of one's own forces, and on the other by an attempt to lessen that of the opponent. There is a department of morale in every modern army. As an instance of one phase of such a department, Gene Tunney, the Shakespeare-reading boxer, has a commission in the American army, and his work is to systematically, scientifically build up morale among the American soldiers by stimulating the qualities that make for success in athletics.

What is the psychological and esoteric basis of morale building? An understanding of the sevenfold constitution of man, as given by occultists such as the Rosierucians, is necessary in order adequately to comprehend this matter. The first thing we discover when we probe beneath the surface is that morale is primarily a function of man's three invisible bodies or vehicles, namely, the vital body, the desire or astral body, and the mind or mental body. At the present stage, however, it is more particularly a function of the desire body.

The desire body is the vehicle in which originate all our feelings, passions, and emotions. The substance of that body, namely, desire stuff, is the source of these feelings. When the desire stuff of fear is active in the desire body we vibrate to fear and our morale is low; the will to action is weakened, and we tend to fail in whatever we undertake. On the other hand, when the desire stuff of confidence and courage predominates in the desire body, then we vibrate to those qualities, our will is strengthened, and we throw far more power into our actions

than would be possible without this energizing agent driving us from within. Fear is perhaps man's greatest enemy and, conversely, optimism, hope, and confidence are his greatest allies. To be brief, morale building consists in eliminating fear and creating zeal and confidence.

But there are other aspects of morale building which ultimately become of far more importance than the emotional element. First, let us consider the mind or mental body. The mind is purely a reasoning machine, a mechanism for the making of thought forms. It has no feeling whatever, pro or con, on any question, contrary to the popular idea on this subject. Then, you may ask, why is it that the state of the mind has such an important bearing on morale, and why is morale so dependent upon what one believes? The answer is that the thought forms which the mind makes in thinking are *the bearers of the desire stuff* which vibrates either to fear or to confidence. This desire stuff and its corresponding feelings cannot get into the mind except through the medium of a thought form.

The thought form is created by the Ego, the Thinker, out of mental substance, which then clothes itself in the desire stuff furnished by the desire body. Thus only is it possible for us to have any feeling or any emotion. Now if the Thinker in viewing the situation around it formulates the idea and makes the thought form that its body is in a position of danger, instantly desire stuff which vibrates to fear rushes into the mind and attaches itself to the thought form which the Thinker has made. Then and then only do we begin to have any feeling of fear about it. Conversely, if the Thinker is convinced that the environment is one of safety, it makes a corresponding thought form, and the desire stuff of confidence and serenity flows into the mind and attaches itself to that form. Then we are suffused with a wave of con-

fidence and courage. These esoteric facts show us that the common, but lower, type of morale is a product of the logic-forming mind and the emotion-creating desire body.

But there is another element upon which the higher and more permanent type of morale depends. That is the vital or etheric body, which is the vehicle of memory and sense perception and the recipient of the extracted spiritual essence of all experience in life. The great problems in evolution today arise from the struggle between the vital and the desire bodies. The former is the older of the two and has many more aeons of evolution behind it than the latter. Therefore relatively it is more advanced, and is perfected to a greater degree.

The higher ethers of the vital body register man's progress in soul building; they indicate his status in evolution, that is, whether he is an advanced soul or an elementary, unevolved one. The vital body is set and firm in its nature and its actions, whereas the desire body is volatile and unrestrained. The vital body is built up by repetition. The desire body seeks sensation. The vital body is the vehicle of character, what one really is as distinguished from what one's feelings are. If a person has a highly developed vital body, it indicates that he has a strong character and will be relatively unaffected by his feelings and by fear. Therefore such an individual has morale of the highest type.

This article will be concluded in the next issue with a survey of several other factors affecting morale, including methods for avoiding depression; freedom from the fear of death through knowledge that this cannot occur until the spiritual archetype of the body has completed its appointed span of years; and morale development which is to follow the war.

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 Place of Rebirth in History

By ENID S. SMITH, PH.D.



TIME has a way of thrusting into oblivion ideas that are feeble and of immortalizing those that are worthy, true, and of benefit to the race. Says Leon Denis, "The doctrine of rebirth or of successive lives, is the only one which casts a vivid light on the problem of human destiny. Without it life presents nothing but contradictions, uncertainties, and shadows. Rebirth alone explains the infinite variety of characters, points of view, and environments."

Among the many ideas that have lightened the burden of mankind, one of the most serviceable has been that of rebirth. It not only explains why one man is born in the lap of luxury and another in poverty, why one is a genius and another an idiot, but it also holds out the hope that as men now reap as they have formerly sown, so in future lives the poor and the wretched of today will have what they lack, if they work for it. Even the idiot may, life after life, build up a mentality which in far-off days may flower as the genius.

Nearly every one has said of some new experience, "I feel as if I had done this before"; or of some new acquaintance, "I feel as if I had always known you"; or possibly concerning a new place, "I know I must have been here before—but I really haven't—that is, in

this life." Modern investigation in the realm of the subconscious and of cryptomnesia indicates that numerous memories, apparently forgotten, are nevertheless not lost but are able suddenly to reappear beneath the influence of emotion, danger, illness, and similar circumstances. From the experiments of such psychologists as De Rochas on regression of memory it would appear that the subconscious mind, so mysterious and profound, contains in itself the memory and acquisitions of past lives.*

Ideas and innate faculties are the acquisitions of the past that are sooner or latter accessible to the spirit, provided that organic conditions are more or less favorable. Psychic heredity exists; character and the faculties which are brought over at birth are the product of one's own growth and development. Thus, innate ideas are able to manifest often at a very early hour, even before the complete development of the cerebral organs. Infant prodigies are an example of this ability. Says Charles Lancelin, "Infant prodigies have within them the germ of a faculty that was over-

*In Rosicrucian terminology it is the superconscious which does this, while the voluntary memory or conscious mind, and the involuntary or subconscious relate wholly to the experiences of this life. See *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, pages 91, 92.

developed in their previous life, and which in the present life rapidly asserts itself."

There was, for example, a child at the age of two who with strokes and circles created mathematics; who at six had produced the most learned treatise on conic sections that had been seen since antiquity; who at nineteen reduced to machinery what before had existed mentally; who at twenty-three demonstrated the phenomena of the force of gravity and destroyed one of the greatest errors of ancient physics; who at an age when other men are painfully commencing to be born, having completely gone over the circle of human knowledge perceived its emptiness and turned his thoughts toward religion. This genius was Pascal.

Again, among the mathematical wizards of the nineteenth century was Karl Frederick Gauss. An anecdote of his early life indicates his ability. His father was accustomed to pay the workmen at the end of the week and to add to the pay for overtime, which was reckoned by the hour at a price in proportion to the daily wages. After his father had finished his calculations and was about to pay off the men, the child, scarcely three years old, who had followed unnoticed the calculations of his father, raised himself from his crib and called out in his baby voice, "Father, the reckoning is wrong—it makes too much." The infant then stated what the amount should be. The calculation was repeated with great attention, and to the astonishment of all, the child was found to be correct!

Likewise, little five-year-old Zerah Colburn of Vermont, when demonstrating his ability in several large cities throughout the country, would reply instantly with correct answers to intricate problems that were presented to him. For example, when in Boston he was asked the number of seconds in 2,000 years, he replied instantly 63,072,000,000. When asked to raise 8 to the 16th power he answered immediately 281,474,976,710,651. His answers were always correct.

When the words rebirth, pre-existence, or reincarnation are heard for the first time, one naturally supposes they refer to a Hindu doctrine, since the idea is fundamental in both Hinduism and Buddhism. But the strange fact is that rebirth is found everywhere as a belief and its origin cannot be traced to Indian sources. We hear of it in far-away Australia. Balwin Spencer in his *Northern Tribes of Central Australia* tells the story of the Australian aborigine who went cheerfully to the gallows and replied on being questioned as to his levity, "Tumble down black fellow, jump up white fellow and have lots of sixpences to spend!"

Rebirth was taught by the Druids of ancient Gaul. Julius Caesar tells how young Gauls were taught about rebirth of the soul in different bodies, and that as a consequence they had no fear of death. Greek philosophers knew of it. We find Pythagoras telling his pupils that he had been a warrior at the siege of Troy in a past life. It was a common belief in the time of Jesus and of the early Christian Church, but the Emperor Constantine, because of his many sins, preferred the idea of forgiveness to that of sowing and reaping, or of justice. At the Council at Nicaea, 325 A.D. he did much to change former ideas. He had made Christianity the state religion in 324 A.D., but he himself was not formally received into the Church by baptism until on his deathbed (337 A.D.) However, at the present time more than three-fourths of the world hold to the belief in rebirth, among which number are countless Christians.

The idea of pre-existence or rebirth was very obviously held by Jesus Himself and His disciples and followers. The Master tells of His own pre-existence, saying, "Before Abraham was, I am." And again, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day and he saw it." Referring to Moses, He said, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me." Paul referring to Jesus commented, "Though he was rich, for our

sakes he became poor," suggesting a previous state of plenty. In John's Gospel we read, "Ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before." Jesus, speaking of God says, "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Jesus also is reported to have said in the Book of Revelation, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out." There comes a time, presumably, when a person goes no longer into flesh or physical manifestation. Matter no longer attracts him and he becomes a god. The Bible says, "Ye are gods."

Again, Jesus speaking of the fulfillment of Malachi's prophecy (4:5), "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the terrible day of Jehovah come," said in Matthew 11:14, while speaking of John the Baptist, "If ye are willing to receive it, this is Elijah which was for to come." Still again, when the disciples referred to the prophecy that Elijah must come before the "Son of Man is risen from the dead," the Master said, Matthew 17:11, "Elijah indeed cometh and restoreth all things; but I say unto you that Elijah is come already, and they knew him not but did unto him whatsoever they would. Then understood the disciples that He spoke unto them of John the Baptist." Nothing could be plainer than the acceptance of the belief that John the Baptist was indeed the soul or spirit of Elijah returned to earth in another body.

Rebirth or reincarnation was a common belief in Jesus' day. When the man born blind was brought to the Master, the question was asked whether the parents or the young man himself had sinned that he was born blind. People thought that in a previous life he might have done wrong and was now paying the penalty by having to be born blind this time. Herod believed in rebirth and thought Jesus might be John come back, the John he had beheaded. Some of the disciples said that the people thought Jesus was Elijah, Jeremiah, or

one of the prophets come back to earth again.

There are several instances of rebirth mentioned in the Old Testament. Jacob and Esau are mentioned both in the Old and New Testaments—for example, in Malachi, and later quoted by Paul in Romans; we read, "For the children not being yet born, having done neither good nor evil, it was said unto Rebecca, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'" God did not say, "Jacob I love and Esau I hate," but rather, "have loved" and "have hated" are the words used, implying a past state, since we find Jacob and Esau being loved and hated before they were born this time, and this time "having done neither good nor evil." Those holding to the idea of rebirth ask how a God of justice could love one babe before birth and hate another unless these children had lived previous lives of virtue and sin which would call forth commendation and condemnation on the part of God. Rebirth, the "best and oldest of all beliefs" according to Schopenhauer, is the triumph of justice and virtue through action, sowing and reaping.

In the book of Jeremiah God tells the prophet, "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee," referring to some existence previous to the present life.

Solomon who was supposed to be the wisest man who ever lived, said, "Jehovah possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, before the earth was. Then I was with him as a master workman. I was daily his delight, rejoicing always in him." In the Apocrypha, in the *Wisdom of Solomon*, we read, "I was an ingenious child and received a good soul; yea, I came into a body undefiled." Again, in the *Talmud*, we read that the soul of Abel passed into the body of Seth and then into that of Moses. The old Hebrew philosopher, Philo Judaeus, writes, "The air is full of souls—those that are

nearest the earth descend to be tied to mortal bodies.”

Numerous Catholics as well as Protestants today have discovered afresh the consoling and logical belief which in the days of early Christianity captivated such Church Fathers as Iamblichus, Origen, Saint Jerome, Saint Clement of Alexandria, Saint Gregory of Nyssa, Saint Pamphilius, Saint Girolamo, Justin Martyr, Saint Francis of Assisi who preached it in the public square, and a host of others. Among later writers, philosophers, scientists, who hold to the doctrine of rebirth are such men as Kant, Bruno, Schelling, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Lessing, Herder, Ernesti, Ruikert, Dorner, Edward Beecher, Flammarion, Brewster, Figuier, Emerson, Henry Hewlett, Browning, Milton, Heine, Spenser, Holmes, Edwin Arnold, Whittier, Walt Whitman, Leland, Lowell, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Schiller, Tatjam, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Ford, and others too numerous to mention.

Many accept the doctrine of successive lives because from a moral point of view it is fully satisfying, from a philosophic absolutely rational, and from a scientific seemingly true. It is based upon immanent justice. The soul never being other than what it makes itself in the course of evolution throughout its successive existences, it follows that its intelligence, character, faculties, and its good and bad instincts are its own work. Each of its acts, works, efforts, pains, joys, sufferings, errors, or faults has an inevitable reaction in one or other of its existences. The enlightened disciple of rebirth will avoid quite naturally every act detrimental to altruism. He will resign himself to those natural and passing inequalities which are the result of the law of individual effort in evolution, but he will do his best to bring about the suppression of disproportionate inequalities, artificial divisions, and unhappy prejudices. He will even extend his kindness and pity also to the animals,

and he will avoid as far as possible causing them suffering or death.

The problem of evil for those who believe in reincarnation or rebirth is one of extreme simplicity. Evil is merely the measure of inferiority of worlds and of beings, or the law of the past. The divine idea, in force in all the physical and superphysical manifestations of the universal life, will tend to realize itself in the course of evolution; at first latently, then in broader outlines, then more and more actively and in evidence. Evil is the goad that pushes us if we remain stationary in our present stage, and which by its painful reactions conducts us back to the right road. Real evil no longer exists in the absolute sense of the world; injustice has vanished from the universe, and everywhere in sight of realization is a higher ideal of goodness, justice, solidarity, and of love—an ideal hastening on for all individuals the certainty of future happiness in the endless development of the human consciousness.

The spirit is immortal, a divine spark on its way to perfect consciousness of itself and of all. This idea of the evolution of spirit is in agreement with all our actual scientific knowledge without being in contradiction with any of it. The philosophy of rebirth, therefore, agrees with all our actual scientific knowledge. Among the sciences, it agrees with astronomy, natural history, geology, paleontology, anatomy, comparative physiology, and the like. The philosophy of rebirth furnishes the key to such enigmas as the innateness of the chief capacities, talent and genius. Character and abilities the soul brings over from birth are the product of its own evolution.


Many people wonder why they forget their past existences. The forgetfulness of these facts, of course, does not destroy the consequences of what has been achieved. Forgetfulness seemingly disappears in the case of those sufficiently evolved. Many do remember their past lives. For the growth of the soul forgetfulness is indispensable even as is death

(Continued on page 313)

War an Operation for Spiritual Cataract

By MAX HEINDEL

(PART THREE—CONCLUSION)

N the concluding paragraph of our article on this subject last month we stated that man is now going through the most dangerous period of his development, "The Sixteen Races," and that the war has saved humanity from an infinitely worse fate than the wholesale slaughter now going on. The facts are as follows:

During the development of humanity in our present Earth Period, the earth has changed to afford man the environment appropriate to his changing constitution, and evolutionary requirements. The great divisions of time occupied in these changes are called *epochs*. The Polarian, Hyperborean, Lemurian, and Atlantean Epochs have passed, and we are now in the Aryan Epoch. When this is past, another Epoch called the New Galilee will be ushered in.

During the first two Epochs man was as innocent of individuality as children in a family, but at the end of the Lemurian Epoch, some were different from the majority, and might be called a *Race*. There were *seven races* in the Atlantean Epoch; *five* have been born and *two* more are due to make their appearance in the Aryan Epoch; and *one* [the sixteenth] will be born in the beginning of the New Galilee. With the last of the Sixteen Races, mankind will be again united in Love and Brotherhood; but while the leaders of evolution had plenty of time to guide humanity through the early epochs, when long spans of time were consumed in evolution of a certain faculty, the *races* are comparatively evanescent, and there is a great danger that some may become so enmeshed in the race ideal that they fail to proceed

to the next higher stage, therefore the Sixteen Races are called the "*Sixteen Paths to Destruction*."

The most far-reaching changes in the geological formation of the earth and the physiological constitution of man took place in the latter third of Atlantis, when the Aryan Epoch was about to be ushered in, for these Epochs always overlap one another, so that one begins before the preceding one is entirely past. The changes were as follows:

1. The dense mist that hung darkly over ancient Atlantis condensed, and rain filled the basins of the earth, leaving the atmosphere clear. Then the rainbow, a phenomenon impossible in a foggy atmosphere, became visible for the first time.

2. Respiration, which had been performed by gill-like organs during the Atlantean Epoch, changed then to the present method of directly inhaling the air and absorbing part into the blood, namely, the fiery oxygen.

3. Then man also began to see his fellow men in clear sharp contours, each different from himself.

These geological and physiological changes have had, as said, far-reaching consequences, and are directly responsible for individual oppression and war, as we shall see.

During the earlier Epochs when the spirit was molding the vehicle it was destined to inhabit, man-in-the-making had almost no physical consciousness, and even in the early and middle third of Atlantis when the spirit had entered its dwelling the consciousness was focused principally in the spirit world. The dark fog made it impossible for the Atlanteans to clearly perceive each other's *body*, but they saw the *soul*. They also "walked with God," the Divine Hierarch who

NOTE: This article was first printed in the January 1916 issue of this Magazine.

guided them as a father, for He was visible to them as a spiritual entity; therefore all was peace.

Then came the flood and cleared the atmosphere with the following results:

Those who had evolved physical sight, saw their fellow men clearly; they learned to differentiate between *Me* and *Thee*, *Mine* and *Thine*, laying the basis for selfishness and strife. Hence, *humanity as a whole could no longer be guided by one leader*, but was subdivided among a number of race spirits who as "powers of the air," took control of the larynx and lungs of the people. With every breath they *breathed* this race spirit, till it permeated their whole being, their vocal chords vibrated in its peculiar key, making the speech of the group different from that of other races, it enveloped all its people as a cloud, coloring both them and the landscapes with its own specific color vibrations, and this was sensed by all its charges as a sacred bond which binds them to each other and to the land which they inhabit. So strong is the grip upon *lung, larynx, and land* held by the race spirit, that its people will fight to the last *breath* for the *mother tongue* and the *father land*.

This fellow feeling instilled by the race spirits in its charges is called patriotism. It was the aim of the race spirit, by fostering the love of *family*, to educate mankind to loving its *nation*, or compatriots. Through *patriotism* they hope to engender *altruism*, which transcends all imaginary boundary lines upon the map in an endeavor to embrace all in *universal love*.

But instead of accomplishing this noble purpose, patriotism, the love of kin and country, has fostered in many a *hate* of all *other* nations and a desire to persecute others and subject them for its own aggrandizement. And insofar as any race, nation, or people has done that, it has proven subversive of the universal good, for it should be remembered that races are an aspect of the personality only: the *bodies* alone are s'amped with the racial characteristics, but the

spirits are under no such illusory restrictions when disembodied.

Thus, there is great danger that through excessive patriotism, the spirits may become so enmeshed in the fetters of family and country that they will not leave the race when the evolutionary impulse moves on. They may endeavor to perpetuate the race indefinitely, seeking to embody themselves repeatedly therein, as the Jews have done, and thus go to ruin in one of those sixteen paths of destruction, as the Elder Brothers call the sixteen races. Therefore Christ said: *I came not to bring peace but a sword*, and therefore the Christian nations have been the most militant upon earth, perhaps with the exception of the Mohammedans, who are akin to them. There is ample testimony in almost every war to show that numbers of people have had their spiritual vision opened at least temporarily; so that war has always been a means of removing the spiritual cataract which blinds us to the unity of all Life.

In the three earlier Epochs, man did not know he had a body, though he used it as we use our lungs, regardless of the fact that we have never seen them. He was unconscious of birth and death, also, though he went through both repeatedly, *for his consciousness was focused in the spiritual world and remained unbroken by the vicissitudes of the body*.

But at the dawn of the Aryan Epoch when the atmosphere cleared, he perceived himself *physically*; he also learned that the consciousness that animates a body leaves it cold and dead after a longer or shorter period. The veil of flesh hid the spiritual world, where the so-called dead dwell, from sight, as a spiritual cataract which grew more dense as time went by, until nowadays those who do not positively deny the existence of the inner world have resigned themselves to the idea that nothing may be known of the state of the so-called dead.

Because of that false idea, *that blindness*, intense grief at the loss of loved

ones who have passed from our physical sight has clouded the eyes of all the world. Tears have flowed in streams from the eyes of the mourners, but not in vain, for *each tear softens the spiritual cataract, each pang of pain at the loss of a loved one is a cut by the knife of the surgeon*, who is endeavoring to restore our spiritual vision, that we may continue our companionship with the friends who have dropped the mortal coil. And as surely as the desire for growth developed and perfected the alimentary canal, and the pre-existent light built the eye for its perception, *so surely will also the intense longing for our loved ones that have passed over the threshold of death, break down the scale and open our spiritual vision.*

Moreover, those who have passed out are not passive either. *Their longings to be seen by their loved ones is a great factor in establishing communication.* Many cases are recorded bearing out this fact: a mother, for instance, materialized and called her little tots away from a well that was being dug. Though not possessed of the secrets of initiation, her *intense desire* wrought for her a temporary physical garment. *How much more when months or years of slaughter have raised the nervous tension of millions of people, all longing for communication with some loved one in this or in the other world—how much more shall this great desire result in awakening permanently the spiritual sight of a number of people too great to be ignored?*

Those who live the so-called "higher life" and are fortified in times of trouble by a more advanced understanding of the phenomenon of death, often feel that the intense grief of the bereaved ones who are ignorant of these facts, is unbecoming, and detrimental to the passing spirit. And so it is, especially when expressed *in the death chamber* during the first few days after the change, but at the same time, this intense grief and the strain incident to the approach of death is a means whereby multitudes who travel the path of evolution will

eventually bridge the gap and regain spiritual consciousness.

In every death chamber we are close to the portal of the invisible world, and great numbers of those who are passing out see their loved ones waiting around the bed to welcome them, rejoicing when death has released them from the body, and they are born on high. The nervous tension felt by the ordinary man and woman is then extraordinarily high, and conducive to bringing about the slight extension of the vision required to perceive the waiting throng, and were it not for the unreasoning horror which causes them to flee when manifestations do occur, and to hide the fact that they have seen something, many would then and there know that *there is no death*, but that the continuity of life is a fact in nature.

This process is slow, however, and periodically people sink into a state of unbelief and indifference. Wars are then permitted in order to accelerate evolution, by the wholesale slaughter that severs spirit from body. People are then turned from the pursuit of pleasure to face the facts of life and death.

The fumes of the blood, the screaming shells, the cries of the wounded and dying, whether audible or inaudible, but surcharged with the most intense pain and grief are felt by all as psychic power having the tendency to draw every one of the participants to the very brink of the Great Divide. What wonder that their eyes are opened temporarily and they see those in the superphysical realms who are always among us, but particularly whenever and wherever someone is passing the borderline from our sphere to theirs. . . .

Therefore, world war will do more than a thousand years of preaching, to end the age of agnosticism and turn the people to God; moreover, when this touch with the spiritual world has been restored there can be no more wars, for all will learn that there is in reality neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Roman, that all races are illusive and

evanescent manifestations and we are all *the children of God*. Thus, through the carnage the danger of destruction in the races will have passed, and mankind will set about in earnest to express the ideal of the next race, which is *Universal Brotherhood*.

NOTE: To the above we add part of a letter on the subject of War, written by Max Heindel to the students, also an excerpt from the lesson to which he refers, both of July 1918.—EDITOR.

WAR AND OUR ATTITUDE

From time to time students in various parts of the world have been asking what should be their attitude toward the war and what purpose it serves from the spiritual standpoint. In answer we have pointed out in various articles the Rosicrucian teachings concerning the object of the war, namely, to turn the world towards God for consolation in its sorrow, and to rend the veil which exists between the visible and invisible worlds by helping a considerable number to acquire spiritual sight and the ability to communicate with those who have passed beyond. But though the explanations given have satisfied most occult students in a measure, there were others who did not feel satisfied therewith; they wanted something more directly bearing on the conditions. To them we pointed out the teaching in Lecture No. 13—"Angels as Factors in Evolution"—showing how human affairs are guided by the angels and archangels who act as family and Race Spirits, causing the rise and fall of nations as required for the evolution of the various groups of spirits under their guardianship.

As a final attempt to satisfy our students concerning this vital matter we send you herewith a lesson entitled, "The Philosophy of War," showing its application to the *present conditions*. We trust that this will give to all the needed explanation and help all to understand what is involved, so that they may render their hearty co-operation to end the struggle as soon as possible and secure

the peace for which we all so ardently long.

But let us realize that there can be no peace worth having until militarism has received such a blow that it will not raise its head again for a long time. Many people hope that this will be the last war, and we ardently wish that we could believe it. People thought the same when Napoleon and his hordes overran Europe a hundred years ago, but time has proved that such hopes were vain. Peace is a matter of education, and impossible of achievement until we have learned to deal charitably, justly and openly with one another, as nations as well as individuals. . . .

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR

From the spiritual standpoint, therefore, the right or wrong of war hinges upon the question, *Who is the aggressor and who is the victim?*

This question is easily answered where war is started for the purpose of conquest and when war is waged for an altruistic purpose such as the emancipation of a subjected people from physical, industrial and religious bondage. It needs no argument to show that in such cases the oppressor is also the aggressor and the liberator is the defender of inalienable rights. . . .

Having made up our minds on that point, it follows that it is far more noble and heroic to face a firing squad for refusing to enter the army of the aggressor or to flee from our native land or even join the ranks of the defenders in the most menial capacity than to hold a post of highest honor among the aggressors.

On the other hand it is a sacred duty in accord with the highest and noblest spiritual principles to fight among the defenders. The greater the sacrifice, the greater the merit, and he who shirks this sacred duty to defend hearth and home, kin and country, or who fails to fight for the oppressed, is beneath denunciation. Furthermore, the greater the emergency, the greater the sacrifice that is required.

Phantom Child

By LILLIAN CRONE

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



LICE Kennan drank her breakfast coffee in gulps, spilling some of it on the red-and-white checked cloth, then tripping on her long loose wrapper as she hurried to the kitchen and frantically tried to get through her morning work so as to get around to giving Jamie his mid-morning bath and nap. That is, if the hot coffee would ward off another of those terrible spells of nausea that left her too weak and despairing to attend to Jamie or anything else.

It was starting again! That sudden convulsion of her stomach and her very bowels, that terrible nausea that twisted her body as if she were in the brutal grip of malicious hands!

The dish she was drying fell clattering to the floor. She rushed to the bathroom and gave over to the agony of her tortured body.

"Alice! Why, Alice! What is the matter?"

It was her husband, Kirke, lifting her limp body, then gently carrying her to the couch in the living-room. "Alice, are you ill?" he asked, his warm brown eyes close to hers.

Her answer was a burst of tears. "Of course, I'm sick! Can't you see?"

"How long has this been going on?" queried Kirke.

"A month or more, and every day, if it matters to you!"

"Alice, why didn't you let me know?"

"Let you know!" Alice cried, scornfully. "What good would that do? It's going to be just like it was before Jamie came. Nine months of this agony and no doctor able to do a thing about it."

"I'm sorry, darling. So sorry!" murmured Kirke as he took her face in his hands and kissed her tenderly.

Resentment came over Alice as she steeled herself to his kisses. *Sorry!* she thought, as anger and self-pity welled up in her breast. *He's a hypocrite to say that after seeing me suffer like this less than two years ago! He knows I'd have to suffer the same way another time!*

Jamie left his playthings to come and press his face close to hers. "Mommy, Mommy?" quavered the sweet lips.

Kirke lifted the little fellow up beside Alice.

"See, dear, the little rascal is trying to brace you up," and Kirke's cheery voice rang out in a musical laugh as he held his small son and wife close in his arms.

"I'll stop at the doctor's and have him call. Then I'll try to get you a maid. You must keep quiet and cheerful. You'll try, won't you, sweetheart?" he said, as he threw them a parting kiss.

Alice nodded, then closed her eyes and gave up to bitter reflections.

Jamie slid down to the floor beside the sofa and played with unchildish quiet. Then he came back and tried to pull himself up beside her. She snuggled him to herself. He lay very quiet for a time, then sighed and fluttered into sleep.

Asleep, without getting his bath! sighed Alice. *He'll go dirty and neglected most of the time now, with my spells coming on like this.*

True to her prediction, medicines and advice did not relieve her condition. "Absolute rest and quiet," was all the doctor could prescribe. Still, her attacks of nausea came daily, only to increase her bitterness as time went on.

As Kirke played evenings with Jamie, and his big laugh boomed out in the thick of a pillow-fight, Alice reflected grimly,

How little he knows, or can know, what I am suffering or, does he care?

When Kirke threw the baby's big rubber ball high in the air and he shouted "Ante-over!" and both scrambled after the ball at the same time, father, son, and ball landed in a heap together amid screams and screeches of glee.

"It won't be long now, Jamie, till you and your little brother will be playing 'ante-over' outdoors over the roof. Won't that be grand, old fellow? We can hardly wait," and Kirke hugged his son tight to his breast.

"By the way, Alice, what are we going to call Jamie's brother?" he asked suddenly. "About time we decided."

Alice did not smile. A man would think of such things, rather than of the daily agonies of her tortured body.

"You said you liked 'Teddy' for a name, I recall. How about 'Teddy' for the new little Kennan?"

"Makes no difference to me," said Alice, coldly.

Kirke looked at his wife quickly. "I wish you would try to cheer up a bit, dear. Think of what it will mean to Jamie to have a brother. And it will make a lot of difference to the new baby if you think of him with a welcome and love in your heart. Try to think of him, too."

Stung by the implied rebuke in Kirke's words and voice, Alice stiffened angrily. "And *you* talk to me about sacrifice and love! Of course, you and the children will have good times together! But *I*"—she choked before she could go on—"I will have to go through this shattering sickness, time after time. Just so *you* have a good time! *I* am not to be considered . . . but what can one expect of men? You talk a lot about love. But, do you know, if I saw anyone I loved going through the agony I suffered last year to have Jamie, I'd never in all my life allow it to happen again. As soon as it is over, you forget. I used to think marriage involved consideration on both sides, but I know now that the

sacrifice is all on one side. Year after year, I'll be bearing children for you, because you so decree, regardless of my sufferings. That's marriage for you!" Alice stopped, breathless, and burst out in uncontrollable weeping.

Kirke's eyes widened in amazement. Never had Alice seen him look like that before: as if someone had struck him brutally in the face.

"If that is the way you look at marriage and child-bearing, Alice," he said, very quietly, "I'll promise you need never again go through this."

After this, there was a forced restraint in Kirke's manner. Not that he was less kind to her: he was even at times quite apologetic. Still, his boyish abandon was gone, and in its place had come a quietness that would have distressed Alice had not a determined feeling of self-pity shut out all regard for all others concerned. Instead of thinking of the newcomer with love, she thought of him not at all. Or, if she let her mind linger on the future, it was only to steel herself against the cause of her affliction.

One evening, when Kirke came home from the office, Alice was gathering up crumpled papers and little articles scattered on the table and couch.

"Baby-things?" inquired Kirke as he picked up something from the table. "A carriage-pillow with a cute kewpie and the name 'Teddy' below; and little bath-towels initialed 'T.K.' Where did these come from?"

"The girls had a surprise-shower for me today," replied Alice as she gathered up the articles and put them away in the dresser.

Again, the monotonous months of Alice's illness dragged on. Thanksgiving passed quietly, almost sadly. Christmas was approaching, but Alice made no preparations for celebrating at home or elsewhere.

But one day Kirke came in with a smile and handed her a letter. "From my sister Marian out near Ellsworth. She wants us to spend Christmas with them. Won't that be fine? You can

have a good visit without the bother of getting up a meal."

"Sure," said Alice, without enthusiasm.

Kirke borrowed a one-horse buggy of the style of those days from a friend who urged, "Use the horse and buggy whenever you wish. The nag gets no exercise at all: just stands in the barn and eats his head off."

Kirke helped Alice into the high seat, handed Jamie up to her and bundled them both in cozily, and they rattled off over the hard dirt road on their long trip into the country.

It was a crisp, cold day, bracing yet soothing in a quietness that was broken only by little spasms of wind that rattled the dry grass by the roadside. Startled rabbits sat up, then scuttled off into the bushes. Long-tailed pheasants arose suddenly from the stubble and fluttered away to greater safety.

Jamie's bright eyes peered out from his wrappings until he was overcome by the moving panorama and drifted off into slumber.

The bracing air tingled in Alice's veins and charmed her into an unusual feeling of contentment until she, too, was half asleep.

A stronger gust of wind suddenly whirled across the road; it picked up a loose bit of paper and twirled it round and round in front of the horse. The animal shied to one side of the road, then to the other; in mad frenzy at the antics of the unknown thing, he humped up his body in the harness and backed under the buggy. The high wheel under Alice grated sharply; wood splintered; Kirke shouted vain commands; Alice screamed, then felt herself hurled violently into the air with Jamie dropping away from her stiff arms; she struck the hard earth; then there was blackness . . .

The hurried scuffing of many feet on a hard floor; voices giving frantic orders, and Alice felt herself being wheeled along a corridor, the while terrible pains shot through her body as she drew up her knees in agony.

A woman's soft hand was holding Alice's wrist and a low voice asked, "To the labor room?"

"No," replied a man's deep voice, "to the delivery-room. It's an emergency-case; an accident."

A door opened and Alice was wheeled into a white room. A masked nurse was taking surgical instruments from a sterilizer and placing them on a tray beside Alice; another nurse was taking folded sheets from a glass-enclosed shelf. A large man in white was ceaselessly scrubbing his hands at a sink the while he turned his masked face toward the nurses as he gave quick orders: "Get busy doing the prep, Nurse! Drape the patient!"

"Through with the scrubbing?" asked one of the nurses.

"Ready for the solutions," replied the doctor, holding out his hands for her to pour liquids over them.

"All ready for the anaesthetic!" ordered the man as he stepped to Alice's side.

Something was being poured through a net over Alice's face. "Don't cry like that, Mrs. Kennan. Breathe natural . . . take it easy . . . relax . . . relax . . ."

The tearing pains oozed gently from Alice's tortured body; her limbs straightened; she sighed deeply; then felt herself drifting, drifting upward and away . . . then oblivion . . .

(To be concluded)

Evening Bells

By LOUISA D. CREWS

*The softened tone of chapel bell
In rhythmic silver spray
Sprinkles every hill and dell
With dew-drop revelry*

*Then into deep of silence fades—
Peace breathes a gentle psalm
And into stormy waters
There comes a hallowed calm*

On Universal Brotherhood



HE evolution of the human race is moving slowly but surely toward universal brotherhood, which is obviously the next step in our journey back to the Father. We sit back and shake our heads sadly, bemoaning the fact of the greed and hatred rampant in the world, and dream fondly of the time when love only will be the impetus for human action.

It is not enough to dream idly of such a condition. We have been taught the actuality of Thought, how the thought-form is created by intense desire, how it clothes itself with the vital substance of the Region of Thought, and eventually comes into material expression. Therefore in order speedily to bring about this condition of universal brotherhood, to take decisively this next step in our necessary evolution, we must build the thought-form of all of God's children living together in peace and amity, partaking joyously and thankfully of His constant abundance, and working at honest labor for the sheer joy of it. We must build the thought-form definitely, with sharp clarity, and then exult in it, yearn for it with intensity and passion, breathe into it confidence and elation, until it becomes a living, vital actuality. Then only will it materialize.

There are, unfortunately, hindrances. What sort of structure would an architect build if he were blind? No matter how sincerely we long for the day of universal brotherhood to come, *we* are the blind architects so long as we cling to the false, illusory concept of the separate Self. We are, so to speak, but cells in the blood-stream of God. For us to vaunt the Self is as pitiable—and comical—as a very small light globe, vain and smug in its brightness, declaring, "I am Light!" Or for one of the corpuseles in our own body to state arrogantly, "This is *my* concern. I'm boss here!"

Without an instant's thought we know that the same pure life force which flows in and through us individually, vitalizes every other human being on earth, as well as the animals and plant life—every living, growing thing. Therefore how glaring, how indisputable is the fact that we are not, cannot be "better" than the weakest, most "sinful" of our brothers. If one small finger of the body becomes poisoned, the entire body suffers. So we must learn a great encompassing compassion for the frailties of our brother. We must consider his faults *as our very own*, must accept them, no matter how heinous, must take them into our very selves, suffer for them, let our hearts bleed over them, and so purge the body of humanity.

When this becomes our daily habit, when we can no longer in honesty look at our brother as at a stranger and criticize his shortcomings, but accept them as an impurity in our human bloodstream which must be cleansed by our own intense suffering and constant prayer, then the created thought-form will glow with beautiful vibrant life. Then we shall see the physical form of each and all become in reality the temple in which burns brightly, fiercely, and unquenchably the life force of God.

We shall come soon to recognize only that force, to know that within every physical form, no matter how hideous or deformed, dwells serenely and in holiness the Spirit of God. We could not for a moment accord indignities to our brother then. And if his physical actions or words appear unworthy of this truth, it is but a test of our own perspicacity. "Man is inherently a virgin spirit, good, noble and true in every respect. All that is not good is from the lower nature, that illusory reflection of the Ego."

The spirit within is indeed a spark of Divinity.—*M.T.*

"Pray Without Ceasing"



THE following is a most satisfactory demonstration of the above title, and I am anxious to give it out to the world, hoping it will encourage those whose faith is weakening so that they feel it is no use to pray longer.

When my sister was trapped in Singapore last December it all seemed terrible and hopeless and from a materialistic point of view it *was* terrible. And there was nothing I could do—but pray; and pray I did. I prayed without ceasing, day and night. I knew I continued to pray after I went to sleep because I would wake up and be conscious of the fact that I had been praying.

After a short time of this constant praying a printed message came into my hands which read, "He will send them a Savior, and a Defender, and He will deliver them" (Isa. 19:20). That in itself was reassuring and comforting and I kept on praying.

And then one night I had a vision: I saw a large ship plowing through the sea at great speed and completely encircling this ship was a great white, vibrant circle. The purest white I have ever seen and the light from it was beautiful. I knew that no harm could penetrate it; but whenever the light of the circle became dim, which it did occasionally, submarines would appear around the ship and hostile air planes would menace it from the sky, but before they could do any damage the circle would become brilliant again and the threatening danger would disappear, and then I would see my sister standing on the deck of the ship. Every time I saw her I would look all over the ship for her husband, but couldn't find him.

When I awoke the vision was still perfectly clear to me and I knew my sister had escaped, but without her husband. However, I kept on praying and two days later a cablegram came. She had

escaped without her husband. The evacuee ships were machine-gunned for five hours, but the ship she was on, the one I saw encircled by the great white, vibrant light, was unharmed and sister arrived safely in South Africa.

I am still praying, but this time I am giving thanks that my prayers were answered, and the promise in the message I received, "He will send them a Savior, and a Defender and He will deliver them," came to pass just as all our prayers, if they are constant and sincere and free of doubt, will be answered.

I am still waiting and praying for a cable saying that my brother-in-law has escaped alive and I am sure it will come someday, for did not the message say 'He will deliver *them*'?

And here is one of the most glorious extensions ever added to an article. Since I sent "Pray Without Ceasing" to the Editor, the cable has come. My brother-in-law has escaped and has joined my sister in South Africa.

The story of his escape is miraculous. He headed a party of thirty-two men and at midnight, after Singapore had fallen into the hands of the Japanese, they boarded a small launch and made for the open sea. A few days later they rescued some soldiers floating on a raft, who had later news and warned them to change their course as the coast of Sumatra, where they were headed for, had also been taken by the Japs. So again they were miraculously saved. After days of hardship without food, they landed on the island of Ceylon and from there on to South Africa it was comparatively easy traveling. All of the party survived, arriving in Capetown, thin, ragged, and thankful that they were alive, and marveling at their good fortune as most of their friends and neighbors had been lost.—L.L.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

The Symbol of the Cross

By EDWARD ADAMS

Q. What symbol represents the relation of plant, animal, and man to the life currents in the Earth's atmosphere?

A. The symbol of the cross.

Q. Why is not the Mineral Kingdom represented?

A. Because it does not possess an individual vital body, and cannot be the vehicle for currents belonging to the higher realms.

Q. What did Plato, the Initiate, state?

A. He said "The World Soul is crucified."

Q. What does the lower limb of the cross represent?

A. It indicates the plant with its root in the chemical mineral soil.

Q. Where are the group-spirits of plants?

A. At the center of the Earth.

Q. What Region are they in?

A. In the Region of Concrete Thought, which interpenetrates the Earth, as do all the other Worlds.

Q. Where do the streams or currents of these group-spirits flow to?

A. They flow in all directions to the periphery of the Earth, passing outward through the length of plant or tree.

Q. What part of the cross represents man?

A. The upper limb, for he is the inverted plant.

Q. How does the method of taking food differ between plant and man?

A. The plant takes its food through the root, man through the head.

Q. What is the difference in the generative organs of the plant and man?

A. The plant stretches its generative organs (flowers) toward the sun, man

turns his toward the center of the earth.

Q. What sustains the plant?

A. The spiritual currents of the group-spirit in the center of the earth, which enter into it by way of the root.

Q. Where does the highest spiritual influence to man come from?

A. From the sun, which sends its rays through man, the inverted plant, from the head downward.

Q. What does the plant inhale and exhale?

A. It inhales the poisonous carbon dioxide exhaled by man and exhales the life-giving oxygen used by him.

Q. What part of the cross symbolizes the animal?

A. The horizontal limb of the cross, between plant and man.

Q. What is the position of the animal's spine that makes it amenable to the currents of the animal group-spirits which encircle the earth?

A. The animal's spine is in a horizontal position.

Q. Can an animal remain constantly upright?

A. No, because then the group spirit could not guide it.

Q. As the animal is not sufficiently individualized to endure the spiritual currents which enter the vertical human spine what would happen if it were made to remain constantly upright?

A. It would die.

Q. What three things does a vehicle for the expression of an individual Ego need?

A. An upright walk, that it may come into touch with the currents just mentioned: an upright larynx, for such a larynx is capable of speech: warm blood, owing to the solar currents.

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY



The Crucifixion

By JANE TEMPLETON



And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment and cast lots.

And the people stood beholding him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar, and saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost. (Luke 23:33-36.)

An understanding of the inner meaning of the Crucifixion reveals this experience as a glorious consummation of the Way of the Cross. Instead of exclaiming, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Christ Jesus actually cried in exultation, "My God, my God, how thou hast glorified me." The liberation of the Christ Spirit from the bodies of the man Jesus made it possible that the earth receive an indwelling Planetary Spirit, and the coming of this powerful purifying Force made it possible for all who will to enter the path of initiation and attain to heights of spiritual glory.

The superscription placed on Jesus' cross, *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum*, gives the key to what takes place in man's body on the Path of Initiation. The letters INRI represent the names of the four elements in Hebrew: *Iam*, water; *Nour*, fire; *Ruach*, spirit or vital

air; and *Iabeshah*, earth. Of these is the human being made, and through their spiritualization he comes to the point as had Jesus where he can step out of his lower vehicles and travel in his soul body. As Max Heindel tells us:

"This stage of the Christian Mystic's spiritual development involves a reversal of the creative force from its ordinary downward course to an upward course through the tripartite spinal cord, whose three segments are ruled by the moon, Mars, and Mercury respectively, and where the rays of Neptune then light the regenerative Spirit Fire.

This mounting upward sets the pituitary body and the pineal gland into vibration, opening up the spiritual sight; and striking the frontal sinus it starts the cross of thorns throbbing with pain as the bond with the physical body is burned by the sacred Spirit Fire, which wakes this center from its age-long sleep to a throbbing, pulsating life sweeping onward to the other centers in the *five-pointed stigmatic star*. They are also vitalized, and the whole vehicle becomes aglow with a golden glory.

Then with a final wrench the great vortex of the desire body located in the liver is liberated, and the martial energy contained in that vehicle propels upward the sidereal vehicle (so-called because the stigmata in the head, hands, and feet are located in the same positions relative to one another as the points in a five-pointed star), which ascends through the *skull* (Golgotha), while the *crucified Christian* utters his triumphant cry, *Consummatum est* (it has been accomplished), and soars into the subtler spheres to seek Jesus whose life he has imitated with such success and from whom he is thenceforth inseparable."

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.

This article received THIRD PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

Astrology and the Schools

By JACK L. BURTT

O, this article is not intended to advocate the teaching of astrology in our public schools. While that may be a very desirable thing for the future, at present it is a matter too closely hedged around with traps and pitfalls to be attempted. Rather do we need the intelligent use of this science by teachers, counselors, principals, and the like, which brings the thought that perhaps a little of it *properly* taught in our normal schools might be of advantage.

The writer knows very few teachers who are also astrologers—even in an elementary way—and so this article must of necessity deal largely with his own personal experiences and observations. The indulgence of the reader must therefore be requested in this respect.

There are very few groups indeed which do not include one or more children who come under the class often described as 'problem children,' and it is in dealing with these cases that astrology is of the greatest value, although some knowledge of the astrological charts is valuable even in the case of the so-called average pupils.

While, of necessity, each individual student of astrology must work out his own methods, yet the method used by

the writer has been found to be of considerable value, and so it is offered as a basis from which others may perhaps like to investigate.

It is, of course, generally inconvenient, and often most inadvisable, to try to get the exact birth data of all pupils, but birth dates and places are always available from the official records of the school. The 'flat charts' thus procurable, while not ideal, are nevertheless of great value in many cases, and if desired the 'solar-rising' charts can also be used. If greater accuracy is needed in special cases it is frequently possible to approximate the birth hour by indirect means. For instance, in one case the writer jokingly said to a pupil who had given a very excellent opening by some clever remark, "You're so bright you must have been born at sunrise." The pupil immediately came back with the retort, "Oh, no! I was born just after sunset."

Naturally such devices must be used with great discretion and require an understanding of the individual pupil's temperament, otherwise feelings may easily be hurt.

Another device is to get a probable rising sign from the general appearance, making use, too, of the finger-nail chart given on page 62 of that excellent guide

book by Mr. and Mrs. Heindel, *Astro-Diagnosis*. This can be done quite unobtrusively without the pupils knowing a thing about it.

One thing must be remembered in all this work, and that is that the horoscope is, even in the case of the 'flat chart,' a blue print of the pupil's innermost being and must be regarded as absolutely inviolable and to be used only for the guidance of the teacher in aiding him to assist and understand the pupil. That is one very good reason why the indiscriminate use of this science by teachers needs to be guarded against. We frequently hear, for instance, such remarks as "Oh, I can't get along with So-and-so. How could I? Our horoscopes conflict far too badly."

It is a great pity that such remarks are ever made, or thought, even out of school, and to think them in connection with a teacher-pupil relationship is almost fatal. If, as must often happen, the teacher finds a 'difficult' pupil whose chart seems to conflict with that of the teacher, all the more reason why the latter, having the greater knowledge, should say, "Now that I know why we don't seem to get along together there must be some way I can find of dealing with him without arousing these antagonisms." And the result is frequently a vastly increased understanding and friendly co-operation, with the inevitable satisfactory results.

Numberless examples could be used to illustrate points of this kind and in time it may be possible to collect sufficient data to formulate more specific rules (pardon the word, but it does come fairly near to expressing the idea) of guidance in this science, or rather in this branch of it.

One or two instances may be of interest.

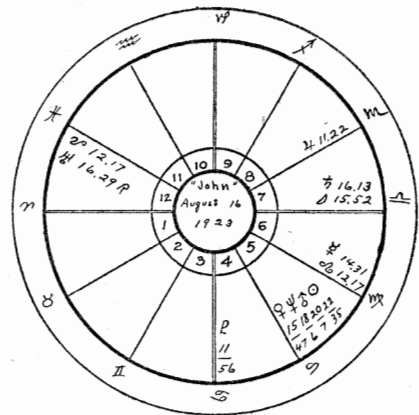
Two boys in the same high school class, both popular, both elected to Students Council positions, both earning money by working out of school hours, and both falling down in their class work. And

there the similarity ceased. 'John' had been given a position of responsible leadership which he was handling excellently, in spite of a rather surly manner. 'Joe' was president of a club which he looked after in a rather haphazard manner but with good results because of his attractive personality.

The question was how to deal with their class attitude. Both boys had been spoken to about it but without much result, John becoming a trifle antagonistic, Joe smiling benignly and promising improvement but immediately slacking off again.

Eventually an incident occurred that brought both of them before the writer for another reprimand. Before interviewing them, their horoscopes were cast and studied, a little piece of work that revealed the necessity of handling each one entirely differently from the other. John's chart (chart A) shows a strong,

CHART A



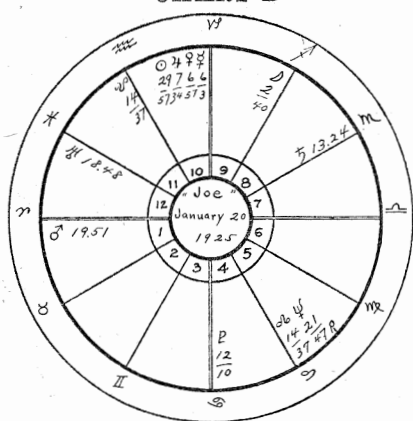
driving personality with very little tendency to give consideration to the other person's viewpoint. He has four planets in the masterful sign of Leo, which makes him intensely anxious to 'boss' others without realizing that he must learn to follow before he can become a good leader. A conjunction of Saturn with the Moon in Libra also tends to give him a sort of obstinate dourness. Obviously it was useless to attempt to drive this lad, and yet he could not be

coaxed as this to him would appear as weakness.

The Saturn-Moon combination being sextile to the Leo planets gave the opening for assisting him because they give him the possibility of balancing out some of the pressure from Leo. Realizing that this lad has a most difficult lesson to learn in this life, the attitude was taken of pointing out to him the necessity for learning to follow if he would become a satisfactory leader, and also the necessity for learning to discipline himself first of all.

He was genuinely surprised when he was told that his reluctance to taking orders was understood and appreciated, and this made a definite impression so that when, instead of removing him from his position of trust as he had expected, he was given a further chance to make good, his attitude of truculence began to soften. His class work improved and he appears to be taking notice of the advice given him. Even so, on account of the strong Leo, it is generally inadvisable to praise him unduly, though a brief recognition of good work will generally bring further effort.

CHART B



Joe's chart (chart B), on the other hand, shows an easy-going, pleasant disposition with very little driving force. He has Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter in conjunction in the cardinal sign Capricorn, which gives him a most attractive

personality. This is augmented by the sextile between Sun and Moon from the Jupiter sign of Sagittarius to the entrance of the Uranian sign Aquarius. Saturn and Uranus are also trine and both are trine Pluto in Cancer, all in the fluctuating watery signs which tends to instability of purpose, though expressed in a very charming manner. Mars is in his own sign Aries but is only weakly aspected, having nothing except a trine to the retrograde Neptune. There is a notable lack of squares and oppositions in this chart and this, considered with the weak Mars, shows that he will tend to drift easily and without effort through life, getting by always without much exertion.

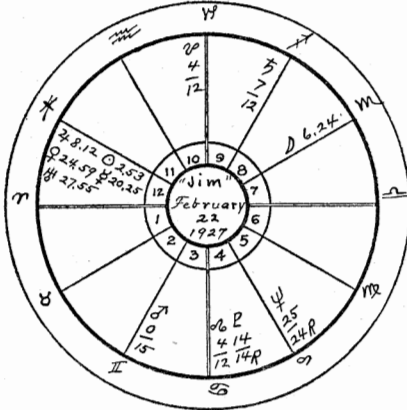
The attitude adopted in his case, therefore, was that of urging him forward. He also received a surprise when told that his pleasing personality was a thing that could easily become his greatest liability, and that while he possessed the knack of somehow getting by with things, yet he could not expect to make the best of his fine chances unless he did guard against that tendency to drifting. He was also given the opportunity to make good in his offices, and again the desired result was obtained, though it is always necessary to give him a periodical prodding in order to keep him from slacking off.

In the case of these two boys, had the astrological insight into their characters not been obtained, there is little doubt that the usual procedure would have been adopted and John, through his apparent surliness, would have been driven into—or more likely, out of—line, while Joe got away with practically anything through his cheerful, smiling personality. The result in each case would probably have been failure to guide the lads rightly.

Again, here is 'Jim's' chart (chart C). Jim is a good pupil and quite bright. His chart shows five planets distributed through Pisces. The indications are that he is an advanced Piscean because his Moon trines his Sun and Jupiter from

the active sign Scorpio, indicating a deep thinker. His Mars, just in the mental sign Gemini, also sextiles his Uranus giving definite mathematical ability and reasoning power, and is also an activating aspect. The square between Saturn and Jupiter probably acts in his

CHART C



case as a restraining and steadying influence, keeping him from the vacillating tendency so frequently shown by one with many planets in Pisces.

The writer had been considering accelerating his progress on account of his ability, but before an action was taken the lad himself came and requested that we consider the possibility of his completing the four year high school course in three years. This was considered in detail and finally worked out in a most satisfactory manner.

The main point illustrated here, however, is not so much the showing of the boy's ability as the showing of the relationship between pupil and instructor that enabled the two to work so well together to the lad's advantage. His Moon is conjoined the instructor's Mercury, while his Uranus is in conjunction with the instructor's Moon, and since the boy has both these planets (Moon and Uranus) well aspected, he is unusually co-operative and easy to instruct, falling in line readily with the ideas and suggestions offered.

A few years ago there was difficulty

with a girl of around fourteen who seemed to be a general center of disturbance in the school, though nothing definite could be brought home to her. A study of her chart showed aspects indicating a deceitful nature masked by a smooth exterior. Observation very soon brought definite proof of this and much to the girl's surprise, she was told that her deceitfulness was known to the writer, direct proof being placed before her. The shock of finding out that her underhanded work was no secret was sufficient to deter her from a continuance of these practices, with a corresponding cessation of the troublesomeness.

One more instance. A boy of nearly fifteen came from a distant school to live with an uncle. He was placed in Grade Seven although really not quite fit for it. To the writer's disappointment he made no effort to progress and so once more recourse was had to astrology. The boy's chart was definitely a weak one. His Mars was totally unaspected, hence his lack of ambition, and in addition his Neptune was badly afflicted in a way that pointed definitely to the danger of drug addiction. The uncle, being friendly towards astrology, was consulted but he too was puzzled about the latter point. However, quiet observation and investigation soon showed that the boy was smoking secretly and very heavily, a fact that had not been detected because tobacco fumes were common in the home.

The uncle took up the matter of the smoking with some result, and a continuous campaign of quiet prodding and encouragement in school got him through his grade. Unfortunately the lad returned to his former home with a rather dissolute grandfather and much of the work done was lost, except that during the period of effort he has discovered a liking for, and ability at, watch repairing which he continued to follow up, and it may well be that this activity may prove later on to be the sheet anchor that will hold him from giving way entirely to his weaknesses.

The above instances will suffice to indicate the value of properly used astrology in a wide variety of cases. The temptation to add a somewhat amusing instance cannot, however, be resisted. A certain Grade Eleven girl was very noticeably co-operative and anxious to please the writer in all her school activities. Since she was an excellent pupil and of a very good type this was most gratifying. More or less out of curiosity, though also with a desire to see what was behind it, her chart was roughly cast and the explanation of her friendly co-operation at once became so obvious as to be almost funny. Her Jupiter and Venus are both exactly conjoined to the writer's Venus!

While the greatest work can be accomplished with individual pupils, yet the use of astrology in guiding, and particularly in starting, school activities and projects should by no means be neglected. The choice of a suitable time for inaugurating new projects is always helpful. To give just one instance. In a certain high school the question of starting a school paper was recently brought forward. The Student's Council discussed it at a meeting held a few days before a new moon. There was little interest in the matter and it was in danger of being dropped entirely. At the writer's suggestion, however, decision was deferred until the next meeting a week later. At this second meeting, held just after the new moon, the project was taken up with much greater interest and recommended favorably to the student body, which voted almost unanimously to "give it a trial."

Enough has been said to indicate what can be done even by those having only a meager knowledge of astrology. Much valuable, as well as most interesting, study can be put into this branch of the work. In fact, very much is urgently needed right now. At the same time it is absolutely necessary to reiterate the warning that this science must be used with the greatest discretion and caution, and certainly only with the very

highest motive of helping our young friends along the difficult paths of their lives. The temptation to use it lightly or for personal advantage and satisfaction is a severe one, as the writer well knows, but this temptation, needless to say, must be resisted absolutely or much harm can easily be done.

It is, of course, unnecessary to add that all charts must be regarded as absolutely confidential, seldom if ever being shown to other parties, and almost never to the pupil himself. In fact, the less the pupil knows that he is under observation the better for all concerned.

And so, having offered these few ideas on a subject that has yet to be developed, we leave it with those of you who sincerely desire to use this science for the benefit of our coming citizens to work out for yourselves the methods, rules, and conclusions of this most fascinating study. And may the Stars themselves guide your efforts to success.

THE PLACE OF REBIRTH

(Continued from page 297)

itself, to force one to constant effort, to multiple experiences, to a continuous development in and through the most varied conditions. Forgetfulness is also necessary for preventing one from being tormented by the memory of the past; for example, by regrets for a happy existence, or by remorse for a tortured or criminal existence. Doubtless, in a higher stage of development, forgetfulness, henceforth useless and troublesome, will no longer exist. From then on, the past, stored up in the greater consciousness, will become little by little accessible in all its fullness. The conscious and the subconscious will be no longer isolated and distinct. Everything that is contained in the memory of the past will be directly accessible normally and regularly. So now therefore, all that you wish to reap later. Justice is a veritable fact, and everything that you do has value for the future.

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.*

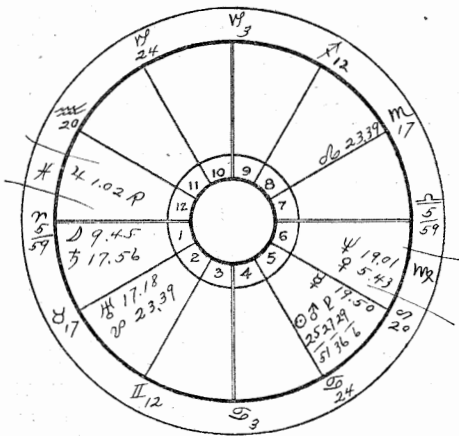
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

TERRY R.

Born July 18, 1938, 10:20 P.M.

Latitude 43 N. Longitude 88 W.



We have for our reading this month the horoscope of a little boy with the fiery martial sign Aries on the Ascendant. As a most unusual configuration, in the first house which indicates the personality we find fire, water, and earth combined. First, we have the fiery sign rising and second, conjoined to this fire we find the watery Moon; third, the earthy Saturn is found with its restricting influence. Hence, we have a boy who will probably be very hard to understand—sensitive and willful, sensitive and yet positive, two distinct individuals.—It will be needful for the parents or guardians to handle him with the greatest patience, to lead but never drive. Aries children want to be at the head of everything, but Saturn is more

conservative and in this chart will hold down the Aries aggressiveness somewhat, resulting in a boy of strange moods and different desires.

The ruler of the horoscope, Mars, is in the watery sign Cancer conjoined with the fiery Sun; again the water and fire. Water and fire together create steam for these two elements do not mix, and are liable to cause disturbances. The question may be asked, what kind of disturbance may we expect? The Aries individuals will demand to rule, and with Saturn in Aries they may become very stubborn, even cruel, if not given their freedom to rule. At one time Saturn gives these tendencies, at another time the Moon will make these natives very restless and visionary, for the Moon is much restricted in a martial sign. The parents should teach the boy poise and kindness, and patience.

There is a very wonderful grouping of planets in the fifth house: the Sun, Mars, and Pluto all closely conjoined in Cancer, with Mercury in Leo in the fifth house. This gives splendid possibilities as teacher or publisher; especially would he be successful in conducting a periodical such as a newspaper or magazine, for with Mercury in Leo trine Saturn the mind will be deep and analytical, as well as having the capacity of patient persistence. He would also be a good manager, severe, but exact in his work.

As to the health of the boy, with the Sun, Mars, and Pluto all conjoined in the sign ruling the stomach, we would advise that he be taught to eat very

lightly. This will not be easy because Mars and the Sun conjoined in Cancer would indicate a boy who was always hungry and who would become a heavy eater. Unless he is restrained and instructed while young so that he forms the habit of eating moderately he may become a dyspeptic at quite an early age.

Uranus in Taurus in the second house (finances in general, and money earned by the native himself) will be active as it has good and adverse aspects. The semisextile to Saturn will have a steady-tendency, while the sextile to the Sun and the trine to Neptune will present unexpected opportunities for gain or success. The conjunction and opposition of Uranus and the Moon's nodes, and the square to Mercury from the fiery Leo show that erratic ideas may often cause him to act suddenly and to his own disadvantage. The trine of Mercury and Saturn already mentioned should help him to hold steady, especially if he has had careful training while young.

The parents, represented in this horoscope by the Moon and Saturn, rulers of the 4th and 10th houses, have a definite influence on this child. Therefore, their responsibility as well as privilege is great.

Wanted: Woman Secretary for Spanish Department

Letters and lessons are translated into the Spanish language and necessary correspondence carried on. A good understanding of the Rosicrucian Philosophy is essential, also some knowledge of Astrology. Shorthand is not required, but it is necessary to be a good typist.

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FEATURES

- 24-hour Table of Logarithms.
- Pluto: Monthly Positions.
- Sidereal Time: Degrees, Minutes, Seconds.
- Seconds Position: Longitude of Sun.
- Daily Aspects with Time of Culmination.
- Sun and Moon: Time of Entrance to each Sign of the Zodiac.
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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THESE PAGES are a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex, place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in the Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 TO 55 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Publisher. Engraver

JOSE C. B. J.—Born July 24, 1925, Midnight. Lat. 40 N. Long. 75 W. With five planets and Dragon's Head in the natural 5th house sign Leo, and Leo on cusps of 4th and 5th houses we would by all means advise this young man to take up publishing house work, as linotypist, printer, or engraver, and eventually publisher.

Realty Salesman. Building

JAMES F.—Born January 2, 1926, 6:58 A.M. Lat. 34 N. Long. 118 W. The Saturnian sign Capricorn is on the Ascendant, and the Sun, Dragon's Tail, and Jupiter are in the 1st house, with Uranus and Jupiter sextile each other and both in good aspect to Saturn. We would advise dealing in real estate, building, and land improvement.

Bank Clerk. Proofreader

BRIAN, B. H.—Born April 14, 1923, 12:15 A.M. Lat. 32 N. Long. 99 W. Venus in the 2nd house (monies), conjoined Uranus and the Dragon's Tail, trine Jupiter in the 10th and Pluto in the 6th house would indicate interest in the handling of monies as banker or clerk in a banking house. Second choice, the Sun conjoined Mercury in Aries in the 3rd house (publications and mercurial pursuits), and Mercury being the planet ruling Gemini and the 5th house of this horoscope, work for publishing houses as proofreader or as newspaper reporter offers attractions.

Designer. Saleswoman

MARION E. H.—Born June 24, 1918, about 7 P.M. Lat. 26 N. Long. 80 W. In this horoscope we find a well filled 7th house, with Mercury, Sun, and Pluto conjoined in the intercepted sign Can-

cer. These planets are also conjoined Jupiter in the sign of the hands, Gemini. Cancer women are usually very fond of fine clothes and pretty things to wear, and with these configurations all in the 7th house this woman should become interested in designing and handling dresses and high class accessories for women's wearing apparel, and in a capacity in which she meets the public.

Institutional Work. Psychiatry

DONALD E. H.—Born March 19, 1917, about 7:30 A.M. Lat. 26 N. Long. 80 W. Four planets, Venus, Mercury Mars, and the Sun are conjoined in Pisces in the 12th house and all four are in trine aspect to Saturn in the 4th house in Cancer, the home. With Pluto, Saturn, and Dragon's Tail in Cancer, and Neptune also in the 4th house but in Leo, this man will not be satisfied nor happy in a vocation in his home environment. He should succeed in an institution where he administers to the afflicted, especially those who are mentally maladjusted. This work would bring out the very best in him.

Bookkeeper. Typist

BERTHA L. C.—Born April 26, 1925, 6:30 P.M. Lat. 46 N. Long. 108½ W. Mars and the Moon are in conjunction in Gemini, the sign ruling the hands and arms, with both Mars and Moon sextile Mercury and Neptune, which are trine. Dexterity of the hands and an orderly mind are shown. As bookkeeper, typist or in other commercial work she should be successful.

Art. Home Economics

CHARLOTTE K.—Born September 7, 1912, 12:05 A.M. Lat. 43 N. Long. 88 W. Cancer is on the Ascendant with Pluto, Moon, and Neptune all near the

Ascendant. Venus and Mars are co-rulers of the 5th house indicating teachers and schools. These planets are conjoined in the artistic Libra, and both are sextile Jupiter in the 6th house representing labor, trine the advanced Uranus in the 7th, the public, also semisextile Mercury in Leo. We would advise teaching as a vocation, especially art, dress designing, or home economics.

Music. Secret Service

DAISY A. M.—Born March 14, 1908, about 5:30 P.M. Lat. 38 N. Long. 93 W. Mars and Venus conjunct the 9th cusp, in the Venus sign, Taurus. Both Venus and Mars are sextile Neptune, while Venus sextiles Mercury and Mars trines Uranus, a very fine configuration for the development of musical talent. A second field is indicated by Pluto conjoined the Midheaven, representing the government, and sextile the Moon in the 12th house (secrets) in Leo. This is strengthened by Saturn conjoined the Sun in the 7th house (the public), but in the 12th house sign of Pisces—secret service for the government.

Army. Executive

VICTOR, E. J.—Born January 28, 1913, 10:30 A.M. Lat. 46 N. Long. 108½ W. Aries is on the Ascendant and its ruler, the war lord, Mars, conjoins the Midheaven, and Jupiter. Mercury in Saturn's sign Capricorn is also in the 10th house (the Government), sextile the suave Venus exalted in Pisces, and trine Saturn, the ruler of the Midheaven; Saturn is also sextile Venus. All these indicate a keen and very diplomatic mind with high executive capacity. If this man chooses the Army as a life career he should reach as high a goal as he is willing to *work to achieve*.

Receptionist. Hostess

JOYCE F.—Born January 25, 1928, 8:45 A.M. Lat. 34 N. Long. 118 W. Mercury and the Sun are in Aquarius, the Sun is sextile Uranus and Jupiter, Mercury sextile Saturn conjuncting the

Midheaven and Venus is elevated in the 10th house. She would succeed as receptionist in a law or medical office or similar work in which she serves the public.

Telegraph Operator

FRED W. D.—Born February 2, 1888. Hour not known. Lat. 43 N. Long. 88 W. The Sun and Mercury are in Aquarius, the sign ruling telegraph and telephone, and elevated in the 11th house; the Sun is trine to Uranus and the Moon, and Mercury is trine Mars and Uranus in the 7th house. We would say that this man made a mistake when he gave up the vocation of telegraph operating for farming. Salesmanship is also a vocation which would be good, for Aquarians can sell anything, especially with Mars, Uranus, and the Moon in the 7th house.

Food Chemistry. Restaurant

THEOPHILUS B. K.—Born February 19, 1921, 11:55 P.M. Lat. 7 N. Long. 0. Saturn is in Virgo, which rules the intestines, sextile the Moon, while the Moon is in its own sign Cancer, ruling the stomach. Pluto is also in Cancer sextile to Jupiter in Virgo. These four planets, namely, Saturn, Jupiter, Moon, and Pluto being the most elevated would have the strongest influence, even though they are retrograde. Mercury in the watery sign Pisces is trine the Moon, with Uranus and the Sun in the same sign and also trine Pluto. Hence we may safely say that work connected with the chemistry of food, or with the serving of food would be successful vocations.

Mechanics. Engineering

MALE. African—Born June 23, 1911, 6:30 P.M. Lat. 6 N. Long. 4 E. With Mars in Aries sextile Mercury in Gemini, both planets are in their own signs. Mars also is trine Venus, and Venus is sextile Mercury in Gemini the sign of the hands, which would give dexterity in mechanics, especially the finer technique of electrical engineering.

Worth-While News



To Heaven and Return

One of the most remarkable life-after-death stories is that of Commander A. B. Campbell, who having been given up by his physician, came back to life to describe how he once walked down the "sunset trail" to heaven and returned to tell about it.

Campbell, a retired officer of the Royal British Navy, describes his weird experience in his book, "Bring Yourself to Anchor," which was recently published in England.

The naval officer became suddenly ill in his London suburban home. For a week he ran a high temperature, and was only semi-conscious. On a Thursday, according to his doctor's testimony, he died only to return to life the following day. But here's Campbell's own story.

"The days passed in hazy recollections of having my temperature taken and my pulse felt. Soon I found myself traveling in far-away countries. I have been around a great deal, but I could not recognize any of the places I saw in my dreams. There were many beautiful mountains with calm lakes and green pastures.

"Suddenly I found myself standing by the bed gazing down at myself. How pinched and grey I was and the stubble on my chin was about four days' growth.

"I felt an urge to get out of the house. It did not astonish me to find I passed through the closed door of the bedroom and the downstairs front door with ease.

"No sooner had I stepped outside the garden gate than I found myself in strange country. I felt terribly lonely as I followed the track, and then saw that it led to a road. I came to it, and was amazed to see it thronged with people. . . . The trail rose to the brow of a hill, and I spoke to the man nearest to me. He was about my own age. 'What road is this' I asked, 'and where does it lead?' I was surprised to hear that I spoke an unknown language to me, but he understood.

"'You'll know all about it when you get to the top,' he said.

"The sky was slowly changing colors. . . . Never shall I forget that gorgeous picture of ethereal beauty. . . . The travelers reached out their arms and uttered cries of delight. I was dumbfounded at the sheer beauty of it all. Turning to my companion, I saw that he was in a state of what seemed to be ecstatic bliss. . . . I asked:

"'Where does it lead?' I was feeling rather frightened.

"'Where to?' said he. 'Why, this is Death.

Isn't it lovely? If only the people on earth would realize it. They are really the dead. We are just beginning to live.' . . .

"His words came as a shock. . . .

"'But my dear wife. . . I can't leave her so suddenly: I must return.'

"The look he gave me was almost pitying, then he pressed on and I was left standing with the throng surging by on either side.

"I turned to retrace my steps. . . . In a few minutes I was in my front garden again. I walked straight through the front door and the door of my bedroom.

"I walked to the bed and there I was, lying snugly between the sheets. I seemed a lot better. Gone was the drawn look on my face, and I could hear myself breathe quietly and evenly. I opened my eyes and certainly felt a great deal better. Then I heard my wife crying softly. 'What is the matter, darling?' I asked.

"She gave a sharp frightened scream, and it so upset me that I relapsed into unconsciousness." . . .

Days later when Campbell felt better, the doctor asked what he remembered about the previous Thursday.

Campbell, reluctant, already had set the incident down as a feverish dream, but he told his story.

The doctor said: "On Thursday you reached a crisis. I left promising to come at once if your wife phoned me. Late that night she did. When I returned she was in tears. She had failed to trace any sign of life in you. You were in extremis. I did all in my power to prevent you from slipping from us, but as we watched we saw and heard the last breath leave your body. I know it too well to make a mistake. Your wife was overcome with grief, so I gave her a sleeping tablet and said I'd be around first thing in the morning.

"You can imagine the smiling woman who met me on Friday morning. Her first words were: 'Take those death papers away, doctor, they're not needed!'

"For a moment I thought that grief had turned her mind, but she led me upstairs to the bed on which you lay. When I saw you I knew that a miracle had happened."—*The American Weekly*, May 10, 1942.

To the occult scientist it is a well-known fact that all things seen about us and contacted with our senses as real, are but the evanescent shadow of the intangible, invisible world. He knows that our visible world has consolidated from the invisible realms, and therefore the

ancient axiom, "as above, so below" is positively true, and he is also aware of the fact that our mountains, lakes, green pastures, trees, flowers, etc., are all exact replicas of those found in the invisible realm and are simply reproduced here in a more dense form.

Futhermore he knows it to be a fact that many people inhabiting physical bodies are able to leave them consciously, withdrawing through the head, and are then able to look upon the inert form in much the same way as one would be able to gaze upon a garment recently removed from the physical body.

Moreover, when one has once been able consciously to leave his physical body, he positively knows that the spirit, the real "I," is not only free of a very dense, hampering vehicle, but he then realizes that the phenomenon we mortals call "death," is only a portal opening into a most glorious region where life more abundant abounds.

The colors pertaining to the First Heaven world are not only exquisitely beautiful but they appear to be alive and actually do glorify everything they contact. The color description of the region visited by Commander Campbell identifies it at once as being the First Heaven familiar to many occult students. It is interesting to note that in this region the confusion of tongues gives place to a universal mode of expression which absolutely prevents misunderstandings of our meaning. There each of our thoughts takes a definite form and color perceptible to all, and this thought-symbol emits a certain tone, which is not a word, but it conveys our meaning to the one we address no matter what language he spoke on earth.

The spirit is not amenable to locks, bars, doors or walls. It passes through them all as readily and as easily as one passes through the atmosphere which surrounds us everywhere. Many people, however, when they first gain freedom from the physical body do not realize this and search for open doors for a time, but having no physical hands they are not

able to open closed doors. Others sense at once that the denseness of an obstacle is no impediment to their progress.

The experiences related in the reprint are just another positive evidence of the immortality of the spirit, which has long been known by the occult scientist, and which in the not far distant future will be common knowledge shared practically by all mankind.

Albert Payson Terhune

The dogs of the world lost a staunch friend when Albert Payson Terhune passed away on February 18th, last. For years his writings were followed by persons of all ages and all creeds, because in the pages of his books they met on common ground.

Yes, this friend of all dogs is gone, but his philosophy and teachings will remain, to inspire kindness and compassion among human beings for their faithful canine companions.—*Our Animals*, April 1942.

The God of our solar system creates in life waves consisting of many billions of virgin spirits. The two life waves in advance of our own are the angels, nearest our life wave on the spiritual side, and the archangels, the life wave just above the angels. The first life wave below our own is the animal; and just below that we find the plant life wave.

All life waves assist more or less in advancing the evolution of those less evolved. The archangels act as Race Spirits for humanity and Group Spirits for the animals; and the angels act as Family Spirits and Guardian Angels for our own life wave.

Man has a great duty to perform in relation to the animal life wave, particularly those of its members that are the most advanced like the dog, the horse, the cow, etc. No animals are more responsive to man than are dogs, and no reasonable pains should be spared in assisting them in their evolution, all of which can be done through breeding, feeding, shelter, training, and last but by far not the least, kindness and consideration. And as we strive to advance our dumb friends on the path of progress so also shall we greatly hasten our own evolutionary growth.

Question Department



Invisible Helpers and Their Work

Question:

Will you please explain to me something about the Invisible Helpers; just who they are, what they are like, and how and with whom they work?

Answer:

There are two general classes of Invisible Helpers—those who are still “alive” and functioning on earth in physical bodies, and the so-called “dead” who function on the invisible planes in their higher vehicles.

The Invisible Helpers who have physical bodies are also divided into two general classes—those who function consciously in their soul bodies (composed of the light and reflecting ether) and those who, although unconscious, function automatically during the hours of sleep in their soul bodies. At the present time those who belong to the last named class are really more valuable than those who are conscious, for the reason that they are not aware of the terrible happenings going on around them, and therefore have no fear and experience no horror. They are directed by capable beings who set them to work and they automatically follow out the directions given in much the same mechanical manner as a machine started in action continues to operate until stopped by its manipulator.

When the Invisible Helper functions consciously in his soul body he or she is free to travel with the swiftness of an arrow wherever he desires, and this vehicle is not subject to the law of gravitation. The basic color of the soul body is a dazzling white with a faint tinge of blue. It is the same shape as the physical body and is practically transparent. When the individual travels on the ground his

body is upright and he does not walk, but glides. When traveling through the air the soul body is straight, but inclines forward slightly and appears to float. The soul body has no wings. It is propelled by the power of the Spirit within. The general appearance of the soul body depends much on the thoughts of its owner. It may appear to be clothed in one's ordinary apparel or that of a filmy, floating robe; but through it all the shining appearance is always present.

The work of the Invisible Helpers is quite varied. They work with the sick, the dying; they meet those who pass out of their physical bodies at death, helping them to realize their changed condition and make the proper adjustments, acquaint them with their new environments, comfort those left behind with thoughts of love, surround evil-doers with thoughts of justice, righteousness, mercy, right action, etc. They are always to be found during war working with those slain while in action; for foes continue to fight sometimes for days in the lower region of the Desire World after gaining consciousness there. This the Invisible Helpers remedy by bringing some loved one from the invisible plane to separate the combatants and watch over them until they are able to find their balance there.

Many interesting incidents of the work of mercy done by the Elder Brothers and their faithful students could be related; but such things are not usually told to the public for several good reasons; it is well, however, to assure aspirants to Invisible Helpership, that whenever they close their eyes before falling asleep with a prayer on their lips that they may *continue* to work in the vineyard of Christ while out of the body, they are automatically borne to the Elder Brothers and accompany them on their errands of mercy and assist in their

systemized work of relief, most of which, at the present time, is done on the battle field.

Note particularly that in the foregoing paragraph, emphasis is laid upon the word *continue*. No one who devotes his or her life to self-gratification in the daytime can *continue* to work in the vineyard of the Christ. The mere fact of going to sleep has no power to transform one into an angel of mercy. One must be a visible helper before he can become an invisible one, and this is done by living a life of loving service day by day. And when one does live such a life, he or she automatically becomes an Invisible Helper at night while out of the physical body, and many times contacts one or more of the Elder Brothers while performing some errands of mercy.

GESTATION PERIOD GAUGED BY THE SEED ATOM

Question:

Why does it take longer for the vital, desire, and mental bodies to mature than it does for the physical body, which is so complicated in its structure?

Answer:

The growth of each of man's four vehicles, his dense, vital, desire, and mental bodies, depends upon seed atoms. All that man learns in all of his various lives is stored up as vibratory power in these atoms; not in the material part of the atoms, but in the spiritual part. These seed atoms were originally given to each individual by the Great Creative Hierarchies who have been and are guiding man on the path of evolution; these atoms have formed part of all the vehicles which each individual has ever occupied since their beginning and as the individual has evolved so have they. Therefore, the task of building a body from a seed atom is accomplished with greater facility in the case of the physical body than with any of the other vehicles, for the seed atom of the dense body has now served as a nucleus for such a vehicle for three and one-half periods (Saturn, Sun, Moon, and one-half

of Earth). Hence the physical body is brought to birth in its present state of efficiency and completion in the short space of nine months.

The seed atom of the vital body, given in the Sun Period has only undergone an evolutionary process of two and one-half periods; therefore it takes seven years longer to complete the gestation of the vital body, which is then almost a replica of the physical body.

The seed atom of the desire body has only been in evolution since the Moon Period, one and one-half periods, and therefore the desire body requires fourteen years longer than the dense body to complete its organization, and even then it is not really an organized vehicle in the same sense as the physical and vital bodies, for the desire body has only a number of vortices which are centers of desire, feelings, and emotions.

So far as the mind is concerned, one might almost say that the seed atom is all there is of it, although that is not quite correct, for man is gradually gathering mind substance in storing up vibratory powers in this seed atom; but so far as the masses are concerned the only way to move them at the present time seems to be through sensation and emotion, both of which are generated by the desire body. These people are slow to reason and apply thought to the problems of life. However, it is encouraging to note that a growing number are learning to respond to the dictates of the mind which is ruled by reason.

The germ of mind was given to the masses of humanity during the early part of the Atlantean Epoch which belongs to the fourth revolution of the Earth Period. Therefore the possibilities of the mind do not become unfolded enough to make it capable of original thought until about the twenty-first year of the life of the individual.

According to the foregoing, it is clear that it is the developmental stage of the seed atoms which determines the different periods of time necessary for the gestation of the various vehicles of man.

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 Astonishing Remedy

By ALICE KWITTKEN



CAROLINE will never be able to erase from her memory that day of utter desolation, when she left the doctor's office. The verdict was like a dense pall of drenching black smoke upon all her shining hopes. It seemed to her that she was stumbling along on puffy, shaky clouds of misty oblivion. Life had suddenly become a sheer blank, a vast emptiness, a dark void.

She had been working very hard at her desk in the advertising office. There was much correspondence and copy to be turned out. Her typewriter had its carriage lever on the lower left side, and being a rapid touch typist, there is no telling how many dozens of times a day she swung the carriage back at the end of each line, as her busy fingers flew about the machine.

Then one day she felt a stinging pain in her left hand. At first, she paid scant attention to it, but soon it became exceedingly insistent and annoying. When she looked closely one day, she found a small hard lump on the middle finger, just where it joined the palm of her left hand. The more Caroline thought about it, the more she believed it was caused

by the relentless swinging on the lever with her curved fingers; *caused by being a too conscientious and faithful worker*, thought she, grimly and resentfully.

She tried to ignore it, but the time came when it was necessary to see a doctor about it. He said it was a growth that would have to be removed. But not now, not until it grew larger. And he also said that after that, there was no certainty about her ever being able to use that finger again. Frightened, aghast, she asked if there was a possibility of her losing that finger. He shook his head; he did not know; he could not say; there were no guarantees about surgical operations, or their results. She came away shocked and surprised.

So now she must go home . . . and must go about her daily duties as usual, with this sword of Damocles ever teetering over her head, and wait . . . wait . . . wait . . . for the impending doom. It would have been far easier to have it over with at once. But no; her torture must be slow, so that she would have plenty of time to feel every bit of it! She must wait until the growth increased to the proper size to cut. (with the daily pain, of course, increasing

also)—and then the dire finish. Myriads were the tears that flowed during the next weary weeks, in the loneliness of her room.

Caroline was tall and lithe. Her sky-blue eyes matched the spun-gold of her hair, and her supple figure was like the gentle swaying of slender trees. She was considered a young lady of promising abilities. She had always dreamed ambitiously of some day carving out a place for herself in the world. It is true that most youthful dreams do not materialize, but yet, those dreams are terribly important then. How many of us can recall those enthusiastic young dreams without a poignant feeling of nostalgia? The copy she turned out was considered original, subject only, as her employers often said, to the softening and subduing influence of time and experience, which, they were of opinion, would take the sharp edge off her brash flamboyant style.

Her whole life received impetus and succor, as it were, from these her dreams. She also dreamed of some day taking up the study of music, when she had a little more leisure and opportunity. A full, busy life lay stretched before her. And now, alas! all was over!

She did not wish to worry her mother or the rest of the family with this: it was her trouble, her burden. She went on working, not even telling her employers. She might lose her position if they knew, and her salary was of extreme importance to her at that time. She asked herself again and again, *What will become of me?* After all these years of struggle and hard work, must she become a misfit, and be content with any place in the world where allowances would be made for her disfigurement, after, perhaps she had spent many weary months in learning new ways of accomplishing things with the lack of a finger? She, who had so many times been complimented on her beautiful, tapering fingers! . . .

The days passed, with self-pity spreading its insidious gloom. But she must

go on—what else was there for her to do? And so she struggled and fought on, willfully closing her eyes to the impending catastrophe for several months. The pain increased in intensity, and it seemed to her that no matter what she was doing, or holding, that particular sore spot in her hand was always the first to feel the touch and friction; thus, the pain and reminder of her doleful future were always present.

Summer was now here—lovely summer, that she had always looked forward to with so much impatience. But Caroline's heart knew no joy. Her vacation would be due in a few weeks. After that, she thought, she would see. After that, of course, matters will change. But what rankled most in her heart and mind, was the idea of an injustice rendered. Why should *God* want to punish her because she was a good and faithful worker? Was it not a duty to earn every tittle and farthing paid to you by your employer? And she murmured against Him, and was indeed bitter against the world. And faith was beginning to leave her.

She sat one day nibbling at her lunch, self-centered, dark thoughts whirling through her head. And then the fantastic episode that was so absolutely and completely to change the preconceived course of events, suddenly began to take shape. An acquaintance whom she had not seen for years came into the restaurant, and catching sight of her, made her way towards her table.

"Going on a vacation?" she asked, during the conversation.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the spiritless reply.

Her friend eyed her keenly. "You look very tired," she ventured. She knew nothing, but mental struggle must have written some telltale lines in Caroline's face.

"If I were you," she went on, "I would go to a nice, quiet place for complete rest and relaxation. I know of just such a place. A secluded farm,

with no modern improvements, but lovely green hills, and peaceful surroundings, and plain farm folks who will try to make you comfortable. Of course, you will have to take your bath in the river. And go to bed early, as there are no amusements like the kind they have at the hotels. But if you want lots of sunshine and good, clean, fresh air, you will have it. You see, I have known these people for a long time. They could use the proceeds from a few summer boarders this year for the necessities and education of their growing children."

Caroline pondered. She was in no mood in her present despondent condition to go to a swanky summer hotel, as she had always been in the habit of doing, and join in the fun and jollity with the other happy young people. Their thoughts were not like her thoughts now. Their lives were not like her life now. She would only make a spectacle of herself with her moroseness. And so it was agreed. She went to the farm.

Little did her friend know that she had innocently set the stage for a very strange and exciting bit of drama, that was to completely alter the present and accepted pattern of her future!

did she find solace, for at least the twinkling stars at night, and the radiant dawn at morn, could not be hid from her.

The meals consisted of too much fried food, and not enough fresh vegetables and fruit (which was certainly surprising to a city-bred person visiting in the country). The dining room was a new annex, which had been started but never finished. A long table of rough boards had been built along the length of one side of the large, almost bare room, with benches on either side of it. The windows and doors were there, but no sashes and screens in them. So the barnyard animals came in through the open door, (which faced the back yard), and visited while they ate, and more than once a chicken would weave its merry way around the table, until everybody began to shoo at it; and the buzzing flies boldly capered about at will. It was all very irregular.

The farmer and his wife were good, simple folk. They had ten children, boys and girls. All the children seemed bright, but one, a boy of about seventeen. John's intelligence was not considered equal to that of the other children; but he was big and strong, a great



The conditions on the farm did not exactly please the fastidious tastes of Caroline. Her room was small and bare. Her bed was hard. The wallpaper was discolored and faded, the cracks in the wall separating the gaudy flowery pattern here and there. She had no bureau, but distributed her clothes and belongings in various places about the room, dividing them among a small shelf, a few nails behind the door, and on the one chair in the room. Only in the window

help on the farm, and although slow of understanding, was gentle and accommodating. The many blunders he made were overlooked by all with good-natured tolerance, of which his sluggish susceptibilities made him blissfully unconscious.

But Caroline could not agree with the others about him. To her he seemed but a dreamy boy, his retiring nature mistaken for slowness of intellect.

One day, when she came out, and stood drinking in the fresh morning air, John

came to her, his pails clanking with each step. He stopped and gazed at her.

"Miss Caroline," he said slowly, "just now, with the sun shining on your hair, you look like a sunflower."

"Why, John," she laughed, "that was a real poetic compliment!" He turned, abashed, and walked away quickly. But more about John later.

It was lovely, glorious summer in the country, and after a week, she felt much calmer and more rested. She reveled in the beauty of the majestic green hills, standing like faithful sentinels over the fields of waving, shimmering yellow goldenrod. The air was like a buoyant elixir, and the unhurried life at the farm was like balm unto her troubled spirit. Still, a drear, poisonous shadow stole in, ever and anon, to permeate her thoughts. She had one more week to stay.

What to do then? The growth on her finger was larger now, and pressed into her palm. The one-time inviting typewriter loomed up before her like a black demon. And then, very soon, one memorable, never-to-be-forgotten day, it happened, swift as lightning!

It was a week-end bustling with activity. There was much noise and to-do. Everybody was getting ready to bathe in the river this day. The river! Would she ever forget it? But you shall hear. They called to Caroline to come along. She roused herself from her bleak thoughts, gathered up some things, and went out with them.

The morning was bright and gay. The river rippled and glistened and gleamed in the warm sun. She went in for a dip, and came out shortly, and sat on the grassy bank, watching others cavorting and splashing about. John was quite a distance away from the bank, washing himself with soap. When he was through rubbing himself, he held up his cake of soap, wondering what to do with it. He looked about him, and suddenly spied her sitting there. His round simple face lighted up.

"You, there!" he shouted. "Catch!"

He lifted his arm. In his hand was a large square bar of laundry soap.

"No, no!" she called back excitedly. "Don't throw! I'm a poor catch!"

But John paid no attention to her. Caroline caught a glimpse of a wide, childish grin, and then something large and white hurtling through the air towards her.

Oh! her face! and her eyes! Panic was upon her. Quickly she put up her hands, with palms turned outward, shielding her face with them. Better for her hands to receive that fearful blow than her face, flashed through her mind.

It came, a stunning blow that left her quivering from the impact, with giddy little rings and circles and spots dancing before her eyes. On the left hand. Right on the growth!

She dropped her hands, her whole body becoming limp, the soap ricocheting and finally settling on the grass. She sat very still for a while, a sharp pain throbbing in her poor hand. When she was able to look about her with some composure, she saw that John was splashing about and enjoying himself with the others. They were wholly unaware of the tempestuous moment she had just gone through.

Her hand felt quite numb at dinner that night, but she said nothing about it. She would not hurt these kindly people for anything. Surreptitiously, under the tablecloth, she felt for the growth, as she had anxiously grown into the habit of doing, lately, but it was not there—only a heavy, dull pain.

She could not sleep that night. What fearful injury had now been added to injury? Did she not have enough? But the next morning, she still could not find the lump, and the pain had lessened. She felt for it many times that day, but it was not there; nor the next, nor the next. And the pain was gradually disappearing!

Caroline could never explain just what had happened. She only knew that help had come to her in a strange in-

explicable manner. That was many years ago. She has never had that growth or pain since.

How can anyone explain? Consider. A friend, whom she had not seen for many years, suddenly came into her life again (but only for a brief moment) and directed her to a farm she knew nothing about; there she met a modest lad, whom she had never heard of before; then that day at the river, a hurtling inanimate piece of ordinary laundry soap—and a permanent healing! A surgical procedure, with its complicating, uncertain methods, accompanying heartaches, and perhaps sad results, had been averted. Their mission ended, all these new scenes and people passed out of her life as quickly as they came. She never saw them again. Even the farm people moved to another part of the country.

Strange are the ways of God. In a dark moment, when she was doubting and murmuring against Him, He was not far away.

The years sped on. Caroline married and had a busy time bringing up four children; they married too, in time, and soon had homes of their own. And all the leisure that she had so desperately wanted in her younger days, came to her.

"Too late, too late," she lamented. "What good is leisure to me now? The fires of my ambition are now burned low. Oh, why should life be so full of disappointments and frustrations?"

She went about dusting and cleaning the quiet house, that had once been so noisy with the sounds of running, romping, quarelling children. Whenever she dusted the old piano, she remembered how she had to scold, cajole, and threaten to get them to practice. Her sons and daughters now had shiny, new-style pianos of their own. Those yellow keys! How many times had she made the children wash their sticky, grubby fingers, before they started to play on them!

As she stood near the piano one day, her fingers gently running over the keys,

a sudden thought came to her. Music! Could she study music now? The music she had wanted so much all her life!

But a forbidding voice within her said, sharply, "No! Do not think of it at this time. Why, look at your old hands. Are you forgetting that you have more silver in your hair than gold? And you flatter yourself if you think your old brain can now grasp the intricacies of music."

Caroline looked at her hands. "True," she said, "they are not as pretty as they were, but they are still strong, and can do plenty of work yet."

"But they are not flexible," argued the voice. "How can you expect to make music with those stiff joints? The sunset of life is upon you. Accept it meekly, and await the end."

Caroline was about to retort that her mind did not feel old, and that it was never in her nature to be too submissive to life's hard blows, when another voice broke in upon her—masterful, and strangely convincing.

"Listen," it said firmly, but gently, "you can still study your music. Remember, what you learn now, will be of value to you some time in the future. Do not worry about the sunset of life. There is no end to life. Life goes on forever, and every bit of preparedness and knowledge you acquire here, will be used by you in another life. Music comes not only through the fingers alone. Music comes also through the heart and the mind and the soul as well. True, speed and brilliance of technique and performance may not be yours—but there is beauty, too, in slow music and lovely resonant chords."

So she is studying music now on the old friendly piano. Some think it a little too late for her, but she is not too downcast about it, for even though she may not become a master, the study of music seems to fill a long felt want in her life.

And whenever adversity and life's disturbances knock, as they always do—Caroline remembers, that God acts in a way that passeth understanding.

Patients' Letters

Kansas, April 19, 1942.

Rosicrucian Healing Department,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

The extraction of X—'s tooth was accomplished on schedule. There wasn't a single hitch, the tooth came out clean and unbroken. A remarkable feat, considering half the tooth was gone. The whole matter took only about 15 or 20 minutes. She is resting as comfortably as can be expected. She will add a few words. Thank you for the help you have given her and God bless all at Mt. Ecclesia. We will not forget you.

Sincerely and gratefully,

—Mrs. G.C.M.

Dear friends:

Thank you so much for this marvelous demonstration. I am sure that we were all divinely led, and I know you will be glad to learn that I was perfectly calm throughout and suffered no terror, mentally or physically, which is indeed a triumph for God. At present I am not very comfortable but am praying for this also to pass quickly. God bless you, and please don't forget me entirely just yet.

X.

April 19, 1942.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Mentally ——— is very much better and for the first time in about three years, had a normal bowel movement. Her epileptic seizures have been very few and she seems much better in every way.

I cannot express to you my great appreciation to you and hope to be able in a short time to send you a thank offering.

Sincerely,

—M.I.C.

Washington, D.C., April 9, 1942.

My Dear Friends of the
Rosicrucian Fellowship:

On April 11, 1941, I was struck by a street car. The experience left me with a double rupture. Was unable to work for at least nine months afterward until once more I had to place my entire faith in the Invisible Government which *never fails*.

The healing which followed was miraculous for in a few short days after writing to you, was able to lift trays weighing 50 to 75 pounds over my shoulder and carry them quite a distance. That was indeed a spiritual gift from the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross Invisible Government.

I have placed my entire faith in their sublime teachings of Christian Mysticism and their practical application in every day affairs of a higher and larger life.

Yours in the Spirit of true Universal Brotherhood.

—A.X

Healing Dates

June 7—14—21—28

July 4—11—19—25—31

August 8—15—21—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.

Bless the Burden

By DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

*Bless the burden and the cross,
Bless the sorrow and the pain,
Know there is but victory,
God in you is power to gain.
Bless the day, the hour, the scene,
Bless your enemies that seek
Your destruction—bless them all—
Scorn the thought that this is weak.*

*Silently as does the plant
Break the rock that bars its way,
So your prayers, your faith, your praise,
Conquer force that would delay
Or restrain you from your good;
All unseen by mortal eyes
Love goes forward, it will win—
Victory within you lies.*

*Bless the burden, rise and say,
Christ is here, He leads the way.*

Children's Department



Lotis, the Water Nymph

By DELLA B. JOY



H-H! How delightfully cool this water feels to my feet. Thus thought Lotis as she sat on her favorite lily pad, idly dangling her feet in the quiet water of the beautiful pool, deep in the

heart of the forest. Little splotches of sunshine kept shifting here and there as the trees gently swayed in the breeze. Lotis lifted her face to the sky, her long dark tresses sweeping the lily pad as she clasped her hands behind her shapely little head.

"Ah, me," she said, "it is good to be alive!"

She glanced down, wiggling her pretty pink toes. How blue the sky, how fluffy the clouds, reflected as they were in the mirror-like surface of the lily-pool, displaced only when she wiggled her toes. She then held perfectly still, allowing the surface of the water to become quiet again.

Lotis was a beautiful water nymph. She lived among the lilies and rushes, mostly beneath the water. She was also becoming a very advanced nymph, for every day she hopped up on the lily pads to receive an extra quantity of ultra-violet and to exercise and breathe in the air. Shortly she would have to plunge beneath the surface again, as soon as the air felt a bit dry. Air intoxicated her, lifted her for the time out of her watery-element thoughts and ways. Each morning after exercising she sat upon the lily pad luxuriating—wondering what it would be like to be able to travel off in

the air like the sylphs who played in and out of the clouds. Lotis often watched the sylphs. They had such good times. When the clouds grew too dense, off they scampered in great glee, disappearing over the horizon with the speed of the wind. Lotis had never been away from the pool. There were other nymphs who lived in the forest, the meadow, the brook, the rivers, the waterfall, and sometimes rode the raindrops; but Lotis had never dared do that. She never dared leave the pool.

There were many interesting things in the lily pool. It was resplendent in beautiful colors, like living jewels. Then—there were the "slippers." They were rather stupid things, greedy, and mostly stomach. They seemed to eat and eat and eat until they actually split in two. But they didn't mind that. They didn't die as one might think they would. Each half-slipper went right on eating until it was large enough to split in two again. Had it not been for the fish who kept devouring them, they would soon have crowded every one out of the pool, themselves included.

There were also the algae . . . one of them had such a long name that Lotis never bothered with it. What interested her was their beautiful cilia which they used with great power, like tiny propellers for waterplaning around the pool. Of course there were water dogs, and thousands of gleaming, scintillating creatures, but for sheer fun there were the fish. Lotis would often pounce on the Big One as he went idling by, causing him to dart instantly to the other end of the pool and hide under the big rock.

It was fun to ride across the pool on the Big One—to feel the terror of the big fish who did not know what had struck him when Lotis landed upon his back. All he could feel was imminent danger and an instinct to rush for cover. As Lotis skillfully slipped from his back to avoid the impact, there he was eyeing her from under the overhanging rock as she pulled herself up on the lily pad shaking with glee and excitement.

"O, but you are so stupid you're funny, you big hulk," Lotis would giggle.

A terror had come to the pool for Lotis too, of late. Some great creature had made periodic visits. Lotis did not know at first who, or what, this great creature was. All she felt was terror, as she dived to the deepest darkest corner behind the tallest rushes. There she would remain still as stillness until she knew that the great creature had left.

One day she shyly peeked out, and the man—she thought he must be a man, was dangling something right beside the Big One's nose.

"Don't take any notice, stupid," Lotis called right out loud to the Big One.

"What did you say?" boomed the man.

Lotis was frightened and drew into her corner, and kept silent.

"That's queer; I could swear I heard a voice."

"Oh, never mind; come on home, Priapus, or we will be late for lunch."

Lunch—thought Lotis—every thing feeds and feeds and feeds. Well, I suppose that is the way you grow. But who wants to grow? Priapus! Well, I wish "Priapus" would stay away from our pool . . . we all wish it . . . he's terrifying and dangerous too. If I hadn't called out to the Big One

he might have been snatched from our pool forever.

This day as Lotis dangled her feet and practiced her breathing, taking in the sunshine, and feeling generally happy and exhilarated, a voice suddenly said,

"Now, my little beauty, you shall not escape me."

Lotis caught her breath, and with a movement full of terror, she jumped quicker than ever the Big One did, but away from the pool instead of into its sheltering depths. Now the dryness was coming into her lungs; she must surely die, or be caught. If she were caught by a mortal, she would die anyway. She must appeal to the gods. Nothing could save her now but them, and she couldn't see how they could, but she poured out her heart in supplication and prayer. "O save me, save me, Blessed Ones, lest I perish." In desperation she flung her arms around the rough bark of a slender tree. It was a young tree and somehow she melted *right into* the tree.

"Well," said Priapus abashed, "I swear that young-one disappeared right into this tree." With that he grasped the tree and tore it from its root-bed, saying, "I'll just take this home and

plant it in that newly prepared ground outside my study window. I'm sure I don't know what kind of a tree it is, but it will make shade anyway."

As Priapus strode homeward he thought about the tree. At first he thought he might call it *nymph*, then he remembered that the water lilies were named after the nymphs. Then the name Lotis popped into his mind. "That's it. I'll call it 'lotus,' it shall be a lotus-tree."

Poor Lotis, she never saw her pool again. By the alchemy of the gods her life was saved but it



had been transferred to the tree. Henceforth she would breathe and live as the tree, her feet would be planted in the earth, she would now feed on the minerals of the earth. She would grow as she had never been able to grow before and give whatever expression she was able through the tree.

The tree grew and thrived. Thorns began forming along its branches. It stretched itself to a great height, and when blossom time came, it was covered with blossoms that grew in long fronds, lovely as Lotis's tresses, only they were pure white. Perhaps the fright had caused that. The bees came by the thousands, like the slippers in the pool. Sipping, sipping, sipping the sweet nectar and packing it away in the little hexagon cells. The pollen the bees packed in their leg pockets. That was to be the living bread of hormones and vitamins for the very young baby bees, little bare white things with no fur or wings. There was "Royal" honey too, for the Queen Bee.

The perfume of the lotus blossoms was that of the water lily, only much more

intense, and was carried long distances, possibly by the sylphs, who rode the winds. It delighted as well as directed all it touched.

Lotis learned to love mankind and in time was glad to have lost her nymphhood to become a tree. She learned to love Priapus, too, and he loved her. He came daily to sit beneath her shade. Heaving a deep sigh he breathed, "O Beautiful One, what is so lovely as a tree! My sweet—my beautiful Lotus! Your soothing whisper, your cooling shade, your feathery leaves, your exquisite perfume lull a tired soul to sleep—to rest." He glanced quizzically along the branches. "Your thorns! What are your thorns for?" he wondered dreamily."

A voice which seemed to come from the tree itself said, "The thorns? O, yes, the thorns! I built them once when I was afraid, and now I must wear them always."

"Oh," said Priapus, as he drifted into sleep. "Always?"

TWILIGHT

» » »

By KATHERINE BREID

I listen for the voice of God
In the stillness of twilight:

I hear it in the soundless rhythm
Of the ripple on the surface of the lake;

In the silent embrace of the clouds
As they meet overhead;

In the dark silhouetted trees
Mutely extending their arms heavenward;

In the hushed beat of the bird's wing
Flying nestward to rest;

In the lengthening shadows creeping
Like soundless footsteps over
The fading sunset reflected on the lake.

I listen—
Not a sound in the descending twilight
But the voice of God
In the contented rest of all Nature,
And in this Oneness with God
Silently my soul is merged
In deep communion.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



MEMBERS are beginning to write us that they are planning to visit Headquarters during their vacations, even though we have announced that there will be no Summer School session this year. We shall be happy to welcome them for we know that the spiritual atmosphere and the great physical beauty of Mt. Ecclesia bring blessing and inspiration to all, as well as rest and relaxation. Many visitors who know nothing of our teachings tell us that they feel "different" as soon as they enter the grounds—what do we teach here? have we literature to give out or to sell? what is our method of teaching? It is not unusual for such questioners to enroll for some of our correspondence courses. They often say that the explanation of our teaching given in answer to their inquiries has opened up a whole new field of thought.

It did not seem, after all, that we could let the summer season pass without making some effort of a special nature; therefore five special "Summer School" *correspondence* courses are being prepared. There will be six lessons in each course, one a week for six weeks. Any one who is interested is invited to drop us a line or a post card asking for an Application Card. The subjects are: Philosophical Astrology; Astro-Diagnosis; Divine and Human Analogy (Bible); Philosophy and Cosmic Law; Rosicrucian Principles in Healing.

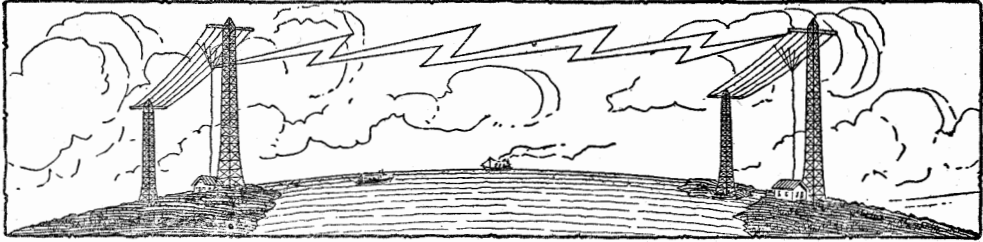
The summer courses are quite different from our regular correspondence courses. The lessons will be mailed one at a time to those requesting them, and it is hoped that answers will be returned promptly each week so that the work may be completed during the usual summer school period of six weeks. The two courses in Astrology are of intermediate and advanced grade, respectively; therefore at least an elementary knowledge

of Astrology is necessary. The other three courses will be found complete in themselves, so that answers can be given by studying the lessons, without the aid of a textbook, or of preliminary study. We shall be glad to hear from interested friends as soon as possible, as this would help us in calculating the number of lessons to prepare.

The fourth edition of our booklet, *Salads and Vegetarian Menus*, has just come from the presses in our own printshop. It has an attractive yellow-golden art-paper cover, and the 41 pages are in large clear type. This will be especially timely for the summer and autumn seasons when fresh vegetables and fruits are in season. The information and menus and the tasty recipes are as apropos as if the book had been written for the purpose of co-operating with the government in its efforts to see that meals for all our people shall contain the necessary amount of vitamins and minerals.

The Rosicrucian Magazine is placed in hundreds of libraries free of cost to the libraries through the generosity of friends who regularly subscribe to a special fund to carry on this fine work. Recently we sent out inquiries to the libraries in the form of a questionnaire to which they could merely check Yes or No. Practically 100 per cent co-operation was accorded us in number of replies received, and in addition many busy librarians were so kind as to add personal notations. Following are examples: Thank you very much. Many of our readers look for it. . . . Not only read in library but circulates also. . . . Yes, even back copies are loaned. . . . We are very glad to get this magazine. . . . Yes, and our two branch libraries would like to be added to your mailing list. Subscriptions for libraries are given at half price, and we know of no better way to carry the message of this teaching to the world.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • •

The conquest of the air by modern aviators is a fascinating promise of what man will do some time in the future on the spiritual plane. The "wings" now used by thousands of daring flyers all over the world pattern in a small way the spiritual wings a portion of humanity are growing by constant endeavor to free the spirits housed in human bodies from their prisons of materiality. We are actually nourishing into being the wings, or soul body (a spiritual emanation), by means of which we will in the future traverse space as easily as we now walk in physical bodies on the material earth.

The successful present-day aviator must be well balanced physically and mentally. So it is with the spiritual aviator of the future. He will have acquired his spiritual wings by the unfolding of faculties pertaining to both the head and the heart, the intellectual and devotional aspects of the nature. He will have acquired a balanced development of inner powers as taught in the Western Wisdom School. He will have reached a considerable degree of self-mastery, that golden key to spiritual power indicated by the initiate Goethe when he said,

"From every power that holds the world in chains,
Man frees himself, when self-control
he gains."

The spiritual aviator will have learned through arduous effort to *stand alone*. He will have ceased to follow outside influences, solicited or otherwise, and will follow only the voice of the *Christ Within*. He will have freed himself from the fetters of race, creed, and sex, and will function from a stage of consciousness wherein is heard the inner prompting of the spirit. He will have reached the stage described by Max Heindel when he said: "*We are to learn the lesson of working for a common purpose, without leadership, each prompted alike by the Spirit of Love from within to strive for the physical, moral, and spiritual uplift of all the world to the stature of Christ—the Lord and Light of the World.*"

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

A recent letter from the secretary of the Group which meets at 1424 Wick Avenue in this city contains a generous offering to the Work, and brings the welcome news that classes are still being conducted regularly there.

Although reports from these friends come rather infrequently, it brings especial joy to our hearts at this time to hear that they are continuing during these crucial days to "lift with all our might." The tremendous task confronting the Elder Brothers in their work of transmuting evil into good at this period in our evolution surely sounds a call for the *best every spiritual aspirant can give*,

and every effort we make, individually and collectively, to assist them in carrying their burden is doubly blest. May abundant blessings come to these friends as they labor "in His vineyard."

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The nicely made out reports from the secretary of this Group indicate that the friends there continue loyally in their endeavors to "keep ablaze the beacon light of true spiritual fellowship—the only panacea for the world's woe."

Recently the lessons on "Nature's Laws" sent with the monthly Center material from Headquarters have been used to advantage in the Philosophy classes. We hope to have more of the enlightening lessons on this subject for future Center use.

An encouraging average in attendance at the Philosophy and Astrology classes gives added testimony to the substantial nature of the work being done by these faithful laborers in His vineyard.

HAVANA, CUBA.

Continued activity goes on among the friends of this Group in carrying forward the Work, with gratifying interest and enthusiasm being manifested by the students. Classes in the Philosophy and Astrology are conducted regularly, and a goodly number of applications for lessons sent to Headquarters, as well as orders for books, bears witness of the constantly widening circle of contact made with the Teachings there. The possibilities of using the radio to carry the "good news" to an even larger audience is being investigated by the alert leaders of the Group.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

From the two Fellowship Groups in this city, the regular Center and the Young Aquarians, come reports indicating that considerable time and energy continue to be expended by the members of both Groups in disseminating the Western Wisdom Truths to a widening

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

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Denver, Colo.—P. O. Box 3,
Detroit, Michigan.—115 W. Adams.
Fairmont, W. Va.—1118 Fairfax St.
Grass Valley, Calif.—Off Byrens' Drive.
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Los Angeles, Calif.—511 N. Eastern Ave. (Spanish Group)
Minneapolis, Minnesota.—420 Masonic Temple, 6th and Hennepin.
New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St.
New York City, N. Y.—160 W. 73rd St.
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Auckland.—C. 2; People's Health Club Room, 4th Floor, Victoria Arcade, Queen St.

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Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

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Apeldoorn.—Lavendellaan 16.

Arnhem.—Mesdaglaan 18.

Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Sadeestraat 12.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.

Zeist.—32 Jan Meerdinklaan.

URUGUAY

Montevideo.—Galicia 2137.

circle of friends. In addition to the weekly Philosophy and Astrology classes, the Center conducts the weekly Healing Service, a Sunday School, and the Sunday Devotional Service.

The Young Aquarians, a fine, earnest group of students, also conduct classes in both the Philosophy and Astrology. A lending library of Fellowship books is a part of their equipment used to spread the Teaching into new fields.

Recently a social evening was held at the home of one of the members, attended by both the Young Aquarians and the friends of the Center. A feature of this get-together was a talk given by a guest aviator from London, a member of the R.A.F., who gave an encouraging report on the work being done by the London Center.

Left-Overs

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

I had a little laughter left
I shared it with my neighbors
It made the longest hours seem short
And lightened all our labors.

I had some courage I could spare,
So up the street I hurried,
To give some to a person who
I knew was badly worried.

I had some joy that I could share
I knew a place where sadness
Had entered in, and so I went
And gave them of my gladness.

I gave a lot of hopeful words
To people who were fearful,
To bring them smiles instead of frowns
And leave them feeling cheerful.

But oh, *the more* I gave away
The more I had for giving!
For these things hoarded—quickly die,
But shared, they go on living.

A Friend Says --

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Sometimes I wonder whether any one could enjoy the Rosicrucian Magazine more than I do. In fact, I keep it handy and have one friend read one article that I know will particularly be helpful and of interest to her, while another article may just fit the needs of another friend. My magazines certainly are kept in circulation.

In a recent issue, I think February, there appeared an article "How Colors Affect the Mind."* This article I presented to the psychiatrist at our State Institution, whom I know quite well. He was most interested in reading same, and you see it served another purpose—of introducing the philosophy to him.

Recently my son redecorated two rooms according to the color article. In our living room, he painted the ceiling pale blue while the walls are painted sunshine yellow. Flowered chintz swing curtains grace the two windows. He did the work himself and the new decorations were quite inexpensive. You haven't any idea how restful this color combination is and almost everyone who enters this room remarks about the soothing effect. The other room has the white ceiling with pale green walls and we like this one also.

Regarding the magazine, I have solicited three-month trial subscriptions from some of the attendants at Mr. X—'s classes. Others, I am sending to a few friends where they have access to spread the philosophy. Am enclosing cash to cover these trial subscriptions.

Lovingly and Fraternally,

—G.H.

*By Edward Podolsky, M.D.

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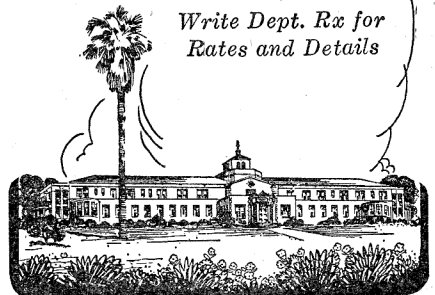
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- Buenos Aires, Argentine.—Nicholas B. Kier, Talcahuano, 1075.
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- Kansas City, Kans.—Astro Science Pub. Co., 723 Highland Ave.
- Kansas City, Mo.—T. O. Cramer Book Store, 1321 Grand Ave.
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- Los Angeles, Calif.—The Church of Light, 818 Union League Bldg.
First Temple & College of Astrology, 733 S. Burlington Ave.
Philosophical Research Society, 3341 Griffith Park Blvd.
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