



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



FEATURES



"And Ye Shall Find"

Inspiration of Reincarnation

Better Teeth via Natural Foods



APRIL

1940

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The Mystical Interpretation of Easter

BY MAX HEINDEL

In this small book from the pen of the Founder of The Rosicrucian Fellowship are recorded the authentic findings of this gifted writer's firsthand knowledge of the Memory of Nature.

LIST OF CONTENTS

- THE COSMIC CHRIST—*To the enlightened ones Easter brings a keen realization of the fact that all of humanity are pilgrims on the earth.*
- AN EVENT OF MYSTIC SIGNIFICANCE—*Christ came in the body of Jesus to make a New Covenant. We are looking for the Kingdom of Heaven, the New Galilee.*
- COSMIC MEANING OF EASTER—*Is there any connection between the death of the Savior . . . and the vital energy expressing in spring?*
- LESSONS OF EASTER—*The spiritual ray sent out by the Cosmic Christ is about to ASCEND to the Father's Throne.*
- THE SYMBOL OF THE EGG—*It conveys the true knowledge that life is uncreate, without beginning or end.*
- WHAT BECAME OF THE PHYSICAL BODY OF JESUS?—*And if the vital body of Jesus is preserved to be used again by Christ, what does Jesus do in the meantime for a vital body?*
- THE CROSS OF CHRIST—*May we all strive . . . to attain the glorious liberation, the resurrection of life of which the Christ was and is the first fruits for every believing soul.*

“When nothing else could save us from the results of our own wrongdoing the compassionate Christ offered Himself and His great love power to break up the crystallized condition of man's bodies and the earth. For three years He taught mankind by word, precept, and example. When He was crucified on Golgotha His great sacrifice for humanity had only just begun . . .”

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

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Contents

<i>THE MYSTIC LIGHT</i> —		<i>WORTH-WHILE NEWS</i> —	
"And Ye Shall Find" Four Parts—		Will to Power Called Road to Death	175
Part One Rona Morris Workman	147	What Mary—and Her Lamb—Missed	175
Thou Shalt Go No More Out (poem)		One Per Cent for Education	176
Clare Alger	151	Horse Leads Pals Out of Fire	176
The Inspiration of Reincarnation		<i>QUESTION DEPARTMENT</i> —	
Lottie S. Belnap	152	The Ego and Its Vehicles	177
That Glorious Morn (poem)		Life in the First Heaven	177
W. Earlington Whitney	155	Why Give Up Smoking?	177
The World Between (Conclusion)		Perpetuation of the Family Tie	178
Alvie Johnson DeChene	156	When the Life Waves Appear	178
The Light Within (poem)		Fruit Trees Pioneers	178
Cora Cochran Graves	159	<i>NUTRITION AND HEALTH</i> —	
Adventures in Dreamland L. C. Koch	160	Better Teeth via Natural Foods	
Transmutation of Desires		Lillian R. Carque	179
Elizabeth Hansen	163	Our Brother's Keeper Max Heindel	181
Life Everlasting Ann Buell Stark	164	Patients' Letters	182
The Quest for Peace E. Humboldt	165	Healing Dates	182
<i>THE ASTRAL RAY</i> —		What Causes Diseases? Max Heindel	182
Bringing Astrology Down to Earth		Vegetarian Menus	183
(Conclusion) Edith M. Eaton	169	<i>CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT</i> —	
Astrological Readings for Subscribers'		When a Prince Is Born Merle K. Boyd	184
Children:		Illustration by Gedge C. Harmon	
Carl N.	172	<i>ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA</i>	186
Daily Opportunities—April		<i>ROSICRUCIAN NEWS BUREAU</i> —	
Thos. G Hansen	174	News from Centers	188

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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.

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

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

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

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

This serial story received SECOND PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

"And Ye Shall Find"

BY RONA MORRIS WORKMAN

(PART One of Four)

"DUST UNTO DUST" . . . So that was the end of their life together. Sonya Dryden pulled her black veil more closely over her face as she stood dry-eyed watching the undertaker strewing a handful of rose petals on the closed casket. In the old days, she thought, they were more honest; they threw a handful of actual dust as those words were read, and then everyone stayed while the dirt was shoveled in, falling with sickening final thuds upon the box that held one's loved one. Now . . . she smiled bitterly beneath her veil as a deferential hand was slipped under her arm and she was led to the waiting car; now, one did not stay to the end of the play. They glossed the whole terrible tragedy over with words and music and flower petals, but those things could never hide the ugliness of death. She held her head defiantly erect as they drove from the cemetery into the busy streets.

Life flowed all about her and yet John was gone. All that had been grave and tender and gay in her life lay back there in that narrow hole in the earth, which the sexton was doubtless now filling with thoughtless haste, anxious to be doing something more pleasant.

She started suddenly as Nora Gray

leaned over and touched her hand. Nora had been the only one whom she could endure near her these last few days and now she forced herself to listen.

"Sonya," Nora's voice was pleading, "please let yourself cry. This isn't natural, and I don't want you to break under the strain. We know, dear, that John has gone to a better land"—Sonya laughed harshly, and her friend drew back with a shocked, hurt look in her rather childish blue eyes.

"How do you know?" Sonya's voice was brittle with her pain. "Words, just words, to feed your hope and mine. You don't know, nobody knows, but I believe that there is nothing. We drop into utter oblivion—John is gone—blown out like a flame that can never be relighted."

"But, my dear," gasped her friend, "surely you believe"—

"I believe nothing that I cannot prove, and I am sick of words. Ever since they brought John home four days ago I have heard nothing but foolish talk. You have meant to be kind, all of you, but—you don't understand. Even the minister looked shocked when I asked him to produce proof of that life after death of which he prated so glibly. He said it was not God's will that man should know; man must believe without knowing. And when I asked him how he knew so much

about what God wanted men to know, he evaded the question by saying that I was overwrought and that he would pray for me. Pray for me to a God in which I do not believe." Again she laughed a broken, throaty little laugh that was half a sob and worse than tears, and relapsed into silence which Nora did not try to break.

"Redboy, where are you?" Sonya called as she entered her apartment. She had kissed Nora hastily as she left her in the car and begged to be alone. She felt she could bear no more sympathy nor words of comfort which did not console, but she wanted something which had been John's, something which they two had shared and loved together. At the sound of her voice there came from the tiny kitchen the sliding click of nails on linoleum and a golden-red cocker spaniel raced into the living room with a joyous bark, then looked past her to the closed door.

"No, Redboy," she said quietly, in answer to the look in the questing brown eyes, "he isn't coming. He never will come again. You have waited and hoped for four days now, but you will soon learn what I know. We're alone, Redboy, alone, and the years ahead will be empty, lonely years for us. Just you and I to bear them, just you and I."

With a low choking cry she sank onto the floor and gathering the strong warm little body into her arms she rocked back and forth, torn by the agony of tears she had been too proud to shed where her friends could see.

.
 "Pardon me, madam. That is a strange and lovely flower by your gate. Could you tell me its name?"

Sonya straightened up quickly, pushing back with soil-stained fingers the tumbled dark hair which fell about her warm, heart-shaped face. For a moment she gazed questioningly into the brown face of the man who had spoken. So many people passed along the highway, but there was something in the dark eyes smiling from their network of fine wrin-

gles that brought an answering smile to her lips.

"If you mean the vine with the flame-like flowers," she answered, moving toward the gate, "I cannot tell you. It was here when we bought the place three years ago and no one seems to know its name."

Redboy, hearing voices, came rushing up from the river's edge where he had been chasing sandpipers, and upon seeing a stranger pushed in front of Sonya and questioned the visitor with raised hackles and an inquiring nose. A little smile rippled across the man's lips at sight of the small red defender standing so stiffly on guard, and he held out a greeting hand, letting the suspicious nose sniff his fingers, but making no motion to touch him.

"A strange flower," he continued, "and a beautiful one, but you have many lovely ones here. They are happy flowers, madam. I think you must love them."

Sonya laughed. "I think I do—really love them, I mean; and then perhaps, as the Irish say, I have the 'green fingers.'" For a moment she hesitated, then reaching out, unlatched the gate. "Won't you come in and rest awhile and I will show you my garden. It must be warm on the highway today."

"Thank you. It does look inviting inside, and as you say, it is warm along the road." He waited in the open gate, smiling down at Redboy. "May I come, Sir Guardian of the Gate?"

The shiny, golden-red head tilted at the question, then with a little bark of approval, Redboy trotted back down the path toward the wide shady porch that faced the river.

"You may enter now, since he has given permission," said Sonya, amused at the little byplay, then latched the gate and lead the way past the low brown-stained, vine-covered and tree-shaded house to a secluded part of the garden where a stone bench stood near a pool in which goldfish darted among white lotus and where ferns and columbine mirrored in the still water.

"Sit in the shade here," she said hospitably, "while I bring something cool

to drink, or perhaps"—she hesitated. His clothes were well cut and clean, but travel stained, and the little knapsack he had carried over his shoulder had been white with dust. He was beyond doubt, no common tramp, but still he might be hungry. As if reading her thought the man smiled. "Thank you, just a drink. I had a most substantial lunch at the little restaurant down the road." The smile deepened. "I am not a starving tramp, I assure you, madam. During the winter I teach, but when summer comes I take my little pack and wander about the country and into the mountains. If you wish to use a name, you may call me *Traveller*."

Sonya laughed softly. "All right, Mr. Traveller, a drink it shall be."

A hummingbird was hovering over a spray of honeysuckle that lay along the arm of the bench close to his hand when she returned quietly down the flagged path with a pitcher of iced fruit-juice and a plate of cookies.

"So fragile and lovely a thing"—his voice scarcely disturbed the silence and Sonya waited until the tiny creature had flashed to another part of the garden.

"Your dog and I have been having a most interesting conversation," the Traveller remarked casually, holding out a bit of cooky to Redboy who sat watching them gravely. To Sonya's surprise it was taken and the short tail wagged for more. "Certainly you must have interested him," she remarked in astonishment, "for ordinarily he will take food from none but me."

"Perhaps we can function on the same 'plane,'" was the ambiguous reply, and then her guest turned grave kindly eyes toward her face.

"You live alone here, madam?" His voice was gentle and Sonya answered simply, "Yes, since my husband died two years ago. Alone except for Redboy."

At the sound of his name, Redboy twitched his long silky ears, and his stub of a tail wagged his assent, but he did not take his eyes from the Traveller's face.

Suddenly Sonya felt she wanted to talk to this man. The wise kindly face

and gentle eyes were those of one who could understand. Besides, sometimes it was easier to talk to a stranger than to a friend, though this man had not seemed a stranger since that first moment at the gate.

"Yes, just Redboy and I," she continued quickly, "since John died." She was silent a moment, her eyes absently following the flashing movements of a fantail in the clear pool, then she burst out fiercely, "We had planned long years of happiness together—years of travel, of study and work, and then we were to come to this place by the river and make our home." She laughed shortly, bitterly. "We bought this and planned to make it beautiful for our old age, to enjoy before the dark closed over us forever."

The Traveller's heavy eyebrows arched in question. "Then you think that nothingness claims us after this brief life?"

She shrugged. "What else? We had no children to carry on our life and certainly there is no proof of any immortality."

Her listener touched a rose that grew near the bench as if in silent answer and Sonya replied quickly, "But that same rose does not come again. It dies and is no more. New roses come on the parent-stalk, yes, but as I say, John and I had no children."

"But, madam," the deep voice was very gentle, "what proof have you that this same rose will not, in time, return, more beautiful, nearer perfection, because of the love and the care you have given it in your garden. You say," his voice rang strongly, "that we have no proof of a life after death, but I ask you, my child, where do you find proof to support your idea that we go into the dark of oblivion, that we return no more, that our love and hopes and dreams are wasted?"

"But reason—" began Sonya when she was interrupted by a joyous little bark of the dog who had been dozing at her feet. It was his special bark of greeting and every line of his sturdy little body was striving to express his joy, yet he was

not looking at her or any arriving visitor, but across to the opposite side of the pool where stood an empty garden chair. A quizzical little smile touched the stranger's lips and he cast a questioning side glance at his companion, but Sonya did not see it. She was half frowning at the dog who had now gone to the other side of the pool and lain down, his chin resting upon the smooth stone flags as if on someone's foot.

"He does that so often, and I don't understand," her voice was frankly puzzled. "He acts as if he could see things that I cannot see, which is manifestly absurd. You know," she turned to the man beside her, "I thought Redboy would miss John so much, and for the first three or four days he did. He hunted for him all over the apartment and whined and refused to eat, but after we came up here he seemed to cease his fretting and was perfectly happy again." A bitter little note stained her voice as she added softly, "I wish I could forget as easily."

Her companion stirred restlessly, opened his lips as if to speak then closed them. Finally he did speak slowly as if choosing his words carefully: "I do not think your dog has forgotten his master. Rather, I would say that he has been happy since coming up here because his master is here the greater part of the time—" he held up a quieting hand at her skeptical smile—"I know you do not believe in anything you cannot see, and you refuse to accept the fact that others may possess an extension of sight which you have not yet developed. This faithful little dog, for instance, perhaps sees many things that your faulty vision cannot reach."

"Nonsense." Sonya's voice was brittle and her grey eyes glinted with quick annoyance. "Are you trying to tell me that my husband is still living on in another state and that Redboy can see him?"

For a moment the Traveller seemed to be smiling across at someone on the opposite side of the pool, then he rose and spoke with gentle old-world courtesy. "I fear my ideas offend you, for which I am

most regretful. You have been very kind to me and I do apologize for annoying you."

"It is I who should apologize for inflicting my trouble upon a stranger," interrupted Sonya, ashamed of her flash of irritation. "Truly, I am not annoyed. Won't you come and see the rest of the garden? My lilies are especially lovely just now."

Accepting her desire to change the subject, the Traveller strolled with her about the garden paths, talking of the flowers and their various methods of culture, while the red dog wandered with them, or dashed off on little quests of his own. At last their ramble brought them back to the gate where the dusty knapsack still hung.

"I hope you will walk this way again." There was sincerity in Sonya's voice as she swung open the green gate to let her chance guest out to the highway. He reached down and smoothed Redboy's long ears before he spoke. "Thank you, I shall . . ." His voice broke on the word and Sonya's quick scream rang out, but too late. Redboy had leaped forward after a low-flying bird full into the path of the flashing car. There was a grinding of brakes, then the roar of an accelerated motor and the big dust-covered car whirled out of sight.

"Quick, the phone—get a veterinarian," cried Sonya, clasping the broken little body against her breast, but the Traveller took Redboy gently from her and laid him in the soft grass. "No use, madam," he said slowly. Carefully, with sure firm hands, he touched the quivering, dusty form. "He will be here only a moment."

"Redboy, Redboy, don't go, don't go!" Sonya's voice was a low whisper of agony. With shaking, loving hands she caressed the bloody head, and the sound of the voice he loved broke through his pain. His eyes opened and a little plaintive whine answered her, then suddenly his broken body caught a new life; he struggled to rise and gave one joyous bark of greeting. For a moment his eyes

gleamed with recognition of someone standing near, then swiftly they glazed and he crumpled down, quivering once more and lay still.

For long moments Sonya lay with her face in the cool grass while the Traveller waited in silent sympathy, then he spoke softly, "Can you doubt, my friend, that his master came for him at that moment when the dog soul left the injured body? There was love in that bark, and welcome. Do not grieve, but open your eyes and see." She made no answer, and after a little time, with rare understanding, the man rose, softly unlatched the gate and passed out of sight around the bend of the road.

The sun had long been down and a dust of stars lay across the darkening sky when Sonya moved and gathered the stiffening little body into her arms again. Wearily and moving like one who has grown suddenly old, she carried him down to his favorite place on the ledge by the river. Here they two had spent long hours of quietness when he was weary of chasing the sandpipers, and here she left him in a flower-lined grave.

She was utterly alone now, she repeated to herself dully. There was a numbness that had closed about her heart. First John and now Redboy. Redboy had never

been just a dog to either Sonya or John. He had taken the place of the child they had never had. She didn't remember her mother's going and she and her father had never been more than acquaintances for all her life had been spent in boarding schools. Perhaps that was why she had felt almost no emotion at his death, but John's and Redboy's going had been different. It was love that made death so terrible. The loneliness of living when those you loved had stepped into the black void, had passed from being.

"Everything looks the same," she said wonderingly aloud the next morning as she moved toward the pool. Sunshine lay warmly golden across the lilies and on the worn grey stones that formed the terrace walls. The same hummingbird of yesterday darted his zigzag flight toward the honeysuckle and a golden brown butterfly fanned lazy wings on the back of the stone bench where the Traveller had rested. Through the tall fir tree and the swaying willow that shaded this corner of the garden a slow breeze whispered. All was as it had been yesterday save that Redboy was gone and the petals of the roses had fallen and lay like drops of blood upon the stone flags.

(To be continued)

Thou Shalt Go No More Out

BY CLARE ALGER


*O Master, tell me why I came to Earth,
And why a soul desires another birth—
A score or book to write, a hate to cure,
To master self, to make a talent sure?
Must I remain until all debts are paid?
This haunting memory of pledges made,
Of latent gifts unused, of tasks undone—
Must all be solved before Earth's course is run?*

*"Thou mad'st this promise ere thou cam'st to Earth,
To thine own self, awaiting thy rebirth—
That thou would'st live the law of harmony
To master thine emotions. This for thee
Is freedom from Earth's tragedy and doubt—
This once attained THOU GOEST NO MORE OUT."*

This article received a FIFTH PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

The Inspiration of Reincarnation

BY LOTTIE S. BELNAP

O much in life around us points to the truth of the theory of reincarnation that, to many of us, it seems to be an established fact. Of course many people discredit the idea of reincarnation and still believe in the theory of one earth life and a future Heaven or Hell, as great numbers have been taught in early childhood.

Many movements today give us their reasons for believing in reincarnation but few show us the great inspirational side of such a belief. It is of this that I wish to speak.

However, before going into the inspirational aspect of the matter, let us make a short review of the belief itself.

To me reincarnation seems to be the answer to many puzzling questions we meet in this life. There is just cause for speculation as to why some people come into this world with a great talent and others are born with apparently no leaning toward nor aptness for any form of usefulness.

If all make their original start when they are born into this earth plane, why are not all equally talented? While we are all a part of the one Mind, God Mind spiritually, we are not all on the same level intellectually. And there must be a sane and sound reason for the great difference which we find in those around us. This difference could not just happen. There has to be a real cause back of everything.

Since it is not logical to believe that it just happened, that some are born with brilliant minds and others with dull ones, that some readily learn certain things and climb to high places, while others just plod along, getting nowhere, let us look at the cause and review the ideas of

those who believe that they know the answer.

We who believe in rebirth feel deeply within us that this life we are living here now is only one short span of an infinitely long life. It is only one of a vast number of comparatively short lives which we live here on the earth at varied intervals.

We are born into this life to gain certain experiences, to learn certain lessons from life while we are here. When this life is over the real man, the spiritual man within the body, steps out and goes on, leaving the flesh body which he has worn here, behind him.

And he carries with him the knowledge which he has gained in this life experience. Also he takes with him certain tendencies and the karma or destiny which he has piled up for himself, good and bad.

For the benefit of the new student, let me say a word about the Law of Karma. In plain words, it is a return to us of all good or bad acts or thoughts. We pay in like kind for every act of our lives. If we inflict suffering, we get back suffering. If we are dishonest in the least thing, some where, some time, we lose enough to balance the scale. Life pays us back for everything we do in an exact even weight.

But the nice thing about the law of karma is the fact that we get back all of the good we do, in equal measure. Give happiness to others, help someone over a rough place, and just when we need help, back it comes. Our lives are joyful or miserable, according to our own acts, our karma which we have stored up. And it is possible to carry our karmic debts over from one life to the next, or on down to future lives.

When the Spirit returns again to the

earth plane, he has stored within him those things which he has gained in the previous life, to help him in starting life again, on a higher level.

If one has taken an interest in music in a former life he will be a lover of music in this one. If he has devoted much study and practice to it, it will come easier to him now. It would be the same in art or writing or any other thing. The studying we have done in our past lives shows up again, over and over, in each succeeding life. We can see evidence of this all around us. The people we meet are all more or less marked by their experiences in former lives.

Of course the old question arises as to why we do not remember the events of our past lives. It is a natural question but also one easily answered. How much do you remember of the details of your early childhood? That was a part of this present life and yet its events are very hazy or blotted out altogether by all that has filled our lives and minds in the years between. And so it is with the happenings of our past lives here on earth. The intervening experiences have helped to make us forget.

And what a chaos our minds would be in if we could remember every event. There would, in all probability, be much that would be depressing, failures that would hold us back from new ventures. We would have so much that we wished to forget and so many trivial memories to clog up our minds and prevent us from doing our best work in this life.

It is claimed that there are those who do remember some things but these few are those who have risen spiritually above the disturbing elements of this life.

But who hasn't, at some time or other, experienced the feeling of having been in a certain place before when he knows he has not? Or of living through just the same kind of an experience before when none such has happened in this present life.

Why do we often meet people and feel right at home with them from the start, or feel as if we had always known them, on seeing them for the first time? With others, we meet as perfect strangers, with no bond of feeling between us and them. Is it not possible that we *have* known the former when we were here before?

Too many such experiences occur for us to scoff at the idea of our having lived on this earth plane before.

And this brings us to the inspirational side of the theory of reincarnation. What are we doing *now* to improve our lives in the next many times when we shall return again to earth? If we have been here many times, is it not fairly sure that we shall return many times more before we attain our ultimate goal?

When we are very young we go to school and study to fit ourselves for a good place in life. We learn a trade or take a business course, so that we may have a larger income and life may be more pleasant.

As we grow older we work and save for the future. We want a good home and money to put aside for comfort and protection in our "old age." And that is about as far as the average person plans, just up to the change called death. And I find that the majority of people don't even want to talk about death. Oh, yes, some plan further for their loved ones by supplying a life insurance policy or by making a will, so that those left behind will be taken care of. But how few consciously store up anything of real value for themselves beyond the change called death?

Mention dying to the average persons and they will look sad and say that they know it has to come but that they do not like to think about it or talk about it. It seems to be in the minds of most people a sad, gruesome event from which there is no escape—the end of living and something to be dreaded and not talked about. Just the coming of the grim reaper.

Life is rather a state of embryo—a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—Franklin.

The average person plans to retire from active business after he is sixty-five and to "take it easy" from then on. Most old people seem to just sit around and wait for the end to come. It may be ten years or twenty or thirty, but still they feel that their "active" years are over and all they need to do is to kill time—waste time—till the end comes.

Here is where the inspirational side of the belief in rebirth comes in. To us who regard this life as one of many lives, past, present, and future, it is appalling to see such a waste of valuable years. We regard life as somewhat like a graded school, with each return to this earth plane as a separate grade. What we experience and learn here, we carry on to the next grade. A pupil learns the multiplication tables in one grade and it helps him with long division in the next. We learn many things in this life which are useful to us in the next.

We do not come into the world *conscious* of what we have brought over with us but all of this past knowledge and learning is stored deep within the

superconscious mind and is ready for our use when we need it. A need arises—and we suddenly have an idea of what to do or how to act. The knowledge is handed on to us from this "storehouse of faculties acquired and knowledge gained in previous lives."

Everything we do, see, or hear in this life is stored away also, in the subconscious mind, ready to be brought to the surface by some need or desire. Many students know this and use the knowledge constructively, but what a vast number of people either do not realize it or refuse to accept the idea.

Here we have such an opportunity to store up knowledge in this span of life for our use in the many future lives ahead of us. Nothing we learn is ever lost. We may lose fortunes or friends or any of our possessions but that which we learn can never be taken away from us.

If we were preparing to spend the winter in California or Florida we would

plan ahead, to be prepared for those months in the new locality. We would give much time and thought to the preparation for the journey and see to it that we had every thing possible to make the trip pleasant and profitable. We would not just decide that we would go and then sit down with folded hands and await the time, having nothing in readiness for our months ahead in the new place.

And yet how often we hear people of past middle age say they can't do this or that because it is too late in life to start any new ventures! Or that their time is short here and there is nothing more for them to do but let down during the last remaining years.

The average person today wastes from ten to thirty years of his or her life, just waiting to die! To me this is an appalling waste of time. Why are not all of

the older people reading constructive books or learning some of the many worth-while things, to store them up for use in a future life?

During the early years of life everyone is busy with the daily cares, earning a living or perhaps raising a family. There is less spare time then than in the later years.

Great numbers of people, because of the pressing need of making a living, never have a chance to develop their talents while they are young. They just drift into "jobs" and then, perhaps, get into a rut and stay in it—stay in a line of work for which they are not fitted and which is drudgery. And all the time there is a deep-seated desire in their hearts to do some one thing for which they have a little talent and a great yearning. When they grow older they say "It is too late, now" and sit down and wait for the end.

If people might be aroused to the thought of using these last years for preparation for the next life, it would give zest and inspiration to the latter years of life. Those who have worked hard in past lives and developed their

Life, whether in this life or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character. The conditions are secondary. In what other world shall we be more surely than we are here?—Chopin.

talents, come into this life prepared and find their place and are called geniuses. People say, "Well, they had a great talent and it came easy."

But how few think to develop their small talents so that they, too, may find it "easy" in a future life?

One woman whom I know has been in business all her life and while it has been interesting, pleasant, and profitable, deep down in her heart she has had a longing for work as a Mental Science teacher, lecturer or practitioner. Yet the work she is in has made it impossible for her to achieve this desire. But for many years she has studied and read on the subject, night and day, getting together all of the information she possibly can on the subject. Recently she was discussing this with a friend in New York City. Then her friend asked her what she was going to do with all the knowledge she was getting from her studies, why was she preparing for a career which it seemed was impossible for her to have.

Her reply was that she had always longed to do these things but probably never would be able to *here*. But, she was preparing for her work in the next life. While those present were a little surprised, to her it seemed a perfectly natural thing to do. If she couldn't do what she wished here, she would not waste her spare moments but would gain all of the knowledge possible, to carry over into a future life, to bring into reality the desire she had had for so long.

We are often sorry for old people, alone with their past memories, and with nothing to look forward to. Nothing? Why they have an eternity of usefulness ahead, not golden streets and harps to play, but many lives to live and many things to do. And yet countless thousands sit idly waiting for the "end"!

It would give an entirely new outlook on life if we could all grasp the idea of preparing ourselves for all of the future lives. To build up within us great things to be taken "over" with us to use on the long journey down the ages.

For while we do step out of this body, the Spirit goes on, ever to higher experiences. We bring with us talents and tendencies toward worth-while achievements. Why not add to what we bring into this life, by careful thought and study?

The subconscious mind takes in and stores up all that we give it, and by feeding it with all the good we can here, I believe we may make for ourselves a more abundant life in our future experiences and so, sometime, somewhere, our dreams and desires will be realized. It is really worth giving some deep thought to.

That Glorious Morn

BY W. EARLINGTON WHITNEY

*Why is it that some mortals fear
The unknown frigid breath
Which waits for each of us in turn
And ever named as Death?*

*Is there no hope within yourself
That soul shall live again?
Is not the mystery of birth
Preceded by the pain!*

*As we depart—the mystery
Of life will then unroll.
As portals close behind the dead—
There lives—Immortal Soul.*

*Is there not something in thy heart
Which knows the unbound scope
Of Him who rules the Universe—
To give thee future hope?*

*I know that I shall ever live—
And greet that gloried Morn,
Awaiting those who know the Truth
That welcomes soul reborn.*

The World Between

BY ALVIE JOHNSON DECHENE

(TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION)



H, if Emily could come to me, sit beside me, talk to me as she used to do! I seemed to feel her silently urging me to something, but what, I did not know—only that she needed me, yearned for me, was unhappy without me. At last the tension relaxed—she was there no longer. Remembering my father's command, I locked up the house and left.

After this I spent many happy hours at the cottage. Aunt Emily seemed nearer to me there; and I found more and more excuses for not going there with the family, who, elated, believed I had recovered from the shock of Emily's death—not associating my desire for solitude and long walks alone, with the cottage.

One afternoon I went out to *my* house (mine because Emily had willed it to me) after refusing to accompany the family into the country, pretending an interest in a puzzle given me the day before by a neighbor.

"Don't go away," mother had said; "we'll be back at five."

It was one now; that would give me three hours and a half with Emily. I went out on winged feet. The familiar things made me happy today. I got a cloth and dusted the furniture and knick-knacks, chatting as if Emily were really there beside me, then I sat down to play the harp.

I began with pieces I knew, bringing to mind our happy lesson days, when we struggled gaily over certain phrases until I mastered them; then involuntarily, almost as if some outside influence were guiding me, my fingers struck chords so deep and resonant, and of such beauty, that I seemed to float in a world of joy and peace, forgetting for the time, my grief.

Then a melancholy strain crept in. I grew restless, filled with a dread of something, like a premonition. Now and then as I played, I heard a distinct sigh, filling me with anguish, for I knew that Emily was unhappy—that she wanted me. I felt her cool hands on mine, and I knew she was trying to tell me something; but try as I would, I couldn't understand. I played on and on, the weird chords from the harp reverberating through the rooms. There was no such thing as time. I was in the 'world between' with Emily. Then *crash!* my fingers slid from the strings. All the impetus seemed gone out of me. I looked about bewildered.

"Marvel!" broke through the rumble of tones.

I turned swiftly. In the doorway stood my mother and father, with Alfred and Marion trying to push through.

"What are you doing here alone?" demanded father.

I didn't attempt to answer, but sat there staring at them.

"Play that again, darling," pleaded mother with trembling voice.

I turned toward the harp, my fingers fumbling over the strings.

"I can't, Mother," I whispered.

"Of course you can; we heard you as we came in."

"It just came to me. I can't remember it," I insisted weakly.

Father looked hard at me, then glanced about the room.

"Have you been here alone before?" he asked.

I felt myself growing pale as I looked helplessly at him, then I fell in a faint, a real faint this time.

That ended my visits to Emily's house. I had played on regardless of time. On their return, the family had circled the lake, slowing down in front of the cottage. Puzzled over the strains of music,

they stopped to investigate. I was ill for several days after that—lying in bed grieving over my unhappy aunt.

Some days after my recovery, as we were finishing dinner, father spoke.

"Marvel, how many times have you been to Emily's house alone?"

I gulped. I could deceive my father, but I couldn't lie to him.

"About ten," I whispered.

"Ten!" he echoed, astonished. "Did you see anyone there?"

"No-o-o," I answered uncertainly.

"You saw no one at all?"

"Sometimes . . . Emily."

"Oh, that is absurd! Emily couldn't possibly be there, you know that. What made you play the way you did?"

"I don't know," I whispered.

"Why did you disobey me?" he demanded. "You know that I told you not to go out there alone?"

I looked at him helplessly, then I began to cry.

Father grew angry. "Now look here, Marvel, stop this nonsense at once! I've had enough of it. We are all doing our best to make you happy, and you won't respond at all. You are selfish, and inconsiderate of everyone about you. Hereafter, you act like a normal twelve-year-old girl, or I'll have to paddle you."

Father had never before spoken like that to me. I was too astonished to continue crying, but stared at him open-mouthed. Then Emily called me. She was standing beside the window back of father.

"Aunt Emily!" I whispered, joyfully.

"Yes," chimed in Marion, "just like she did on the lawn that day."

I heard what they were saying, but their voices seemed far away. Emily could express more sympathy and understanding in one look, than my family could in a thousand words. In a moment she was gone.

Nothing more was said that evening,

though mother wiped her eyes several times as she cleared the table and washed the dishes, Alfred and Marion hovering about her sympathetically, trying to help. Father left the house to have a talk with our family doctor.

The next day there was much to-do at our house, packing, telephoning, and running about. Early on the following morning we started for a resort in the mountains two hundred miles away. Marion, Alfred, and I were enrolled in a play school and swimming class, father returning home the following day to his work.

There was much activity and excitement at the inn where we stayed; the air was invigorating, and I had little time for idleness or day-dreaming. Things went well for a while; I really laughed heartily now and then, and took an interest in my surroundings. Mother, elated, wrote long letters home daily, and she hovered over me like a hen over a lone chick, overjoyed at the turn of affairs.

Then, one day as I sat under a tree idly watching the swimmers, a strange feeling came over me, as if I had forgotten something which I should have remembered. It worried me. I was suddenly unhappy without knowing why. I wanted to get away from all the confusion of the resort, and be with Emily in our little cottage by the lake. I felt ashamed that I had so nearly forgotten her. I began to hate everything around me.

Then mother called me to come for my swimming lesson, and from the pier I heard the instructor's order, "Line up!"

I walked slowly out to the end of the pier, my eyes smarting with the grief I felt. As I looked down into the deep water, I saw Emily's face looking up at me appealingly. "Emily!" I whispered diving into the water. There she was, just ahead of me, seeming to beckon me



on. I followed her under the water which turned suddenly to rainbow hues, through which I saw her face. I had almost caught up with her, when the water turned to gray, and she vanished. Then everything went black.

I heard excited voices, and a command, "Stand back, all of you. Give her a chance!" I opened my eyes, wincing with the heavy pain in my lungs. Blankets were being wrapped about me as I lay on the beach. It was some time before I recalled what had happened; then disappointment for having missed Emily surged through me. The resort doctor ordered me taken to the little hospital, and I was put to bed.

"Must have had a cramp," he said; but mother wept beside me.

"Darling," she whispered when we were alone, "tell me, did you see Emily?"

I nodded dumbly.

The next morning father came in response to mother's telephone call. He stayed until I could be moved, then we went home. Father had haggard lines in his face, and mother's mouth drooped from much weeping, Alfred and Marion following her about as if they thought she could right whatever was wrong. I didn't want them to feel so, I was sorry they worried about me, but that didn't concern me half as much as the fact that Emily was unhappy without me.

After we got home I gradually grew more morose and wretched, one of the family was always beside me. I refused food, and forgot how to smile and laugh, finally taking to my bed. The doctor tried all manner of schemes to rouse me, but all I wanted was to be left alone.

One evening while mother was out of the room for a moment, Emily appeared. My face was flushed with happiness. Mother came in, felt my hot cheeks in alarm and called father to summon the doctor. She held a thermometer in my mouth, stroking my hand nervously the while, Alfred and Marion standing open-mouthed in the doorway.

While mother tried to read the thermometer under the corner lamp, Emily

lifted me gently in her arms, and we sailed ever so slowly, toward the open casement window at the end of the room. I was blissfully happy; now at last, I could be with my dear aunt forever.

My mother's scream aroused me. I looked back and saw myself lying white-faced and still in the bed. The children, father, and the doctor all rushed into the room.

"I'm afraid we're too late," said the latter after one look at me.

Mother knelt beside my bed, my hand clasped in hers and wept; Marion and Alfred, awe-struck huddling against her, while father, his face lined with care, stood quietly at my feet. My sympathy went out to them. I didn't want them to be so hurt. For the first time I seemed really to see my family. They loved me as much as Emily did, and I had given them so little. Perhaps I shouldn't leave them just yet.

"Emily!" I whispered, but she moved slowly on.

Why did I ever want to leave them? How comfortable, warm and homey the room looked! I had never before noticed what a pretty room I had; in the far corner stood a chest filled with bright colored blocks that Alfred, Marion and I used to build with. On rainy days, whole towns grew up under our hands on the floor. Memory reawakened, painted pictures of pleasant scenes; three children making mud pies in the sun; piggy-back rides on father's strong shoulders; three little gardeners, each busy with his own small plot of ground. What had happened? We should still be romping happily together.

"Emily, I want to stay with them awhile longer," I urged.

She made no sign that she heard.

I shivered.

The glowing fire in the grate, the soft shaded lights, my family grouped there, Muggs curled up on the chair cushion; all these things suddenly seemed important and unspeakably precious to me. I struggled feebly in Emily's arms, begging her to take me back. She held me

closer and floated on. Cold winds touched us, and I was afraid. I strove to disengage myself from her arms. "She always gets her way," my mother's words came back to me. I grew angry.

Struggling fiercely in her arms, I tried to shout, "I don't want to go with you! Take me back!" But words would no longer come. I felt exhausted. We were nearing the window now. Mentally, I still struggled, but my body was quiet. Perhaps Emily understood for she paused then.

She was still for so long that I thought she had forgotten me. I grew restless. Looking back, I saw the doctor still working over me. Fearful every moment that my aunt would continue her journey into the cold winds that I had felt, I shuddered inwardly.

Emily stirred. Then slowly, she began moving in the direction of my bed. Her arms seemed warmer and her kiss gentle as a soft breeze, as she laid me down. I lay with eyes closed. After a time I felt warmth flowing again through my veins.

"She's coming to, I do believe," the doctor announced eagerly.

Slowly I opened my eyes, a sigh escaping my lips, half of contentment at being back and half of sorrow for hurting Emily. My family stood there, scarcely daring to breathe lest my spirit again take flight.

I smiled at them.

"Oh, darling," mother whispered, "you must not leave us!"

"I won't ever again, Mother," I whispered happily.

Glancing up at the window through which I had so nearly escaped, I saw Emily's face, now filled with peace and contentment. Then I understood why she had been unhappy. She had been earth-bound because of her unwillingness to give me, her earthly treasure, up. That was why she had been obliged to linger in the world between.

Emily smiled at me and waved her hand in farewell, as she glided away into the unknown. She too had found happiness; she had shed her feet of clay.

The Light Within

BY CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

*I would build my house in a sunny spot,
Where the light shines bright by day;
And at night I would light my little lamp,
To brighten the darkened way.*

*And the lonely travellers passing along,
I would welcome with all delight;
For light and warmth are heaven sent,
To share is our blessed right.*

*And, though the world may be dark without,
The clouds hang heavy and low;
I shall keep my light burning brightly within,
To bless all who come and go.*

*Ah, friends! though the way be as dark as night,
Though the earth be rent with sin,
We may shed God's sunshine in other souls,
If the light still burns within.*

Adventures in Dreamland

By L. C. KOCH



WHAT a weird, fascinating country the land of dreams is! A strange, foreign realm it is compared with that ordinary, familiar one in which we move by so-called day; and travel and sojourn therein are most inviting. Moreover, whether we realize the significance or not, we are all visitors to its shores and investigators of its marvels. Sometimes we recall our adventures, but often we do not. There are those who can recall all their visits to these finer realms, whereas others recall only occasional ones. The dreams herein related are some of those the writer has had all along since early childhood. What a variety of dreams one may have, and how difficult it is to classify them!

There are dreams that are caused by physical discomforts or ailments. When one dreams that all one's teeth have dropped out, and awakens to find oneself lying face down with the mouth pressed closely against the pillow so that the teeth ache, it is easy to understand why such a dream came. It has been said that one may have a physical trouble developing which does not manifest itself during the waking hours while the conscious mind is functioning, but that dreams of such ailments occur when the subconscious mind is most active, and should be heeded as warnings.

One night I half awoke with the distressing idea that my left arm had been amputated. In great anxiety I felt all around me to verify that impression, and failing to find the member, I thought, still only half awake, "Well, I'll feel for it at the shoulder, and if it has been cut off, I'll know it." Then I discovered that the arm was lying above my head. When I attempted to move it, I could not, for the circulation had been cut off. It was necessary to take the other hand and lift the "dead" arm down, whereupon it fell like lead across my body. Perhaps such

dreams are, like the queer, jumbled ones, due to the fact that the higher vehicles have only partly withdrawn from the dense, physical body.

In regard to dreams of warning, it may be observed that besides those referring to physical troubles, there are dreams that warn of matters of the heart and mind, of human relationships. There are people who get messages this way. One of the clearest dreams of warning that I ever had, or thus I regarded it, was the following: I had been considering renewing efforts to help a friend whom I had for several years aided (or tried to aid financially and otherwise), when I dreamed that I was in a great desolate country of mountains and plateaus. No trees or shrubs were visible, only stretches of sand and tall crags and peaks, seemingly insurmountable. I had reached a position high among them, a dangerous place where I felt the need of help, for I was dizzy. Some distance behind me, lower down was this "friend," and still farther down, a casual acquaintance. I called to this friend closest to me among the crags for help, but she paid no heed to me, although I was sure she heard me. She was having no difficulty in her ascent, but was indifferent to me, as well as to the one behind her. Succeeding events have justified my interpretation, and decision not to renew my efforts.

It may be that children dream more than grown-ups, or recall their dreams oftener. They are closer to those invisible realms from which they have more recently come. Perhaps, too, the teachings that are given them color their dreams. One of the weirdest of such dreams was that of a visit to hell. It was the old-fashioned, ultra-orthodox place of fire and brimstone. A great bare room there was, of such vast and indefinite dimensions that the corners were ob-

scured by remoteness and shadows. In the center stood a huge furnace, glowing red hot. By this blazing pool swaggered the traditional medieval devil with cloven hoof, forked tail, batlike wings, and horns, wielding an immense pitchfork. He explained how he roasted those who were wicked enough to be sent there, but I was not disturbed, for I was there merely on a visit. However, the place was empty, except for us two—or seemed to be—not crowded with victims, according to the usual story.

A dream of my eleventh or twelfth year is still vivid. It seems to me one of the best symbolic or allegorical dreams I ever had. I had lost both my parents by the time that I was eight years old, and was living with strangers. One night I dreamed that I saw this family, parents and one of two children, much younger than I, walking in a beautiful garden. It was a veritable paradise. Emerald green grass and shrubbery, and trees flowering and laden with luscious fruits abounded, and there was a riot of gorgeous flowers that filled the air with perfume. There were winding, sunlit paths here and there, and charming rustic footbridges spanning the sparkling brooks that murmured along through the garden. Bright plumaged birds flew about singing joyously. Along these paths of peace and beauty walked this family unconscious of any world outside this heavenly spot.

At the side of this garden and separated from it only by a tall green hedge with openings near the entrance, was a waste, desolate field of vast extent, barren and dusty. No sprig of any sort grew, nor was there any shelter from the burning, brazen heat. Down the middle leading to the center was a wide plank walk which became more slippery the nearer it approached the center of the field, where it was submerged in an immense pool of oozy water. Down this path I was running, thoughtlessly and excitedly, followed by the older of the children whose parents were walking in the garden with the younger one. I was urging her to come on, but she finally stopped, re-

traced her steps, and entered through the hedge, where she rejoined her family. But I continued down the broad path which inclined more and more, until realizing too late my dangerous situation, my feet slipped from under me, and I shot out into the middle of the pool, where I struggled vainly, choking and strangling in the slimy waters, which woke me up.

On a certain dream flight heaven was the goal. I rose easily and lightly and few upward through the clouds and into the blue sky, until I came to a majestic palace of white marble. Through the arched and pillared entrance I glided, to find the interior lighted by a golden glow which seemed to come from everywhere, for there were no lights visible. Throngs of happy people clothed in glistening garments walked about or stood all expectant, as if waiting the coming of a great Presence. And then *He* came, a magnificent being with a radiant countenance, a crown of laurel on his brow and a jeweled, golden lamp in his hand—just as I had seen him in a grand cathedral window. Upon his advent there arose such a paean as was never heard.

A vision of recent years, and oft repeated, is that of a lone visit to a forsaken spot on the edge of the Egyptian desert. There are the ruins of a large building, a school or similar place where great numbers of people formerly lived, and in connection there is an ancient temple also in ruins. The place has a strong attraction for me, and I seem to have loved it devotedly. I stand and meditate before its imposing gateway, seeking and half expecting I know not whom. A feeling of sweet but hopeless longing possesses me, until I realize that my visit is fruitless.

Another experience of the dream world of childhood, though not repeated, is yet an enchanting memory. There appeared a rift in the floor of heaven through which a golden radiance streamed, a vision of fleecy, shining pinions, and such an entrancing, divinely sweet chorus of voices filled the air with melody as was never heard on earth.

Again some of our dreams reveal to us

activities in behalf of others. We are engaged in helping those who are ill or in trouble. Shortly after a very small orphaned nephew had acquired a stepmother, I wakened with a knowledge that I had been far away on the other side of the world, advising and consulting with the new stepmother as to what to do for the boy, and for her own little girl, who was suffering from the same trouble. As I awoke, I heard myself say, "We must give them each some ———." What it was that I had advised, I do not recall, but I knew that I had given definite help.

There are dreams which are surely glimpses of past incarnations, for they are definite and vivid in all their details, as well as being reasonable and logical. Some of these come many times and others come but once. One brief picture which has flashed before me often is a very unpleasant one. There is the hull of a large ship, empty except for two people. On one side I stand—it seems, as a man, and just opposite me, in primitive clothing, a weapon in his hand, and a fierce, sinister expression on his face, stands a great black on the point of attacking me with the weapon.

Perhaps the most complete dream I ever had was that of Rome and the Colosseum. During my childhood and early youth I had very little opportunity to read, so that when I got into high school, I tried to make good that deficiency. One summer I read twenty-two books on Greek and Roman history, until I was so saturated with it, that there came this realistic experience. I was a

Christian girl in pagan Rome in the days when meetings were held in secret, for Rome's spies were numerous and efficient. In one of these meetings I was taken prisoner and brought before the praetor. All kinds of false charges were brought against me, which I denied, but I was condemned and cast into the dungeon beneath the Colosseum, there to await the next circus day, or festival occasion, and the wild beasts. The day arrived and finally the time when I was brought up to the arena. How well I recall that great expanse of white sand on which I stood barefoot, clothed in long, white garments. All around me, and above the high wall, where they were safe from the beasts, were thousands of spectators seated, waiting in eager curiosity for the next act.

I looked up at the sea of faces all around me for some sign of compassion, but saw none. Yet, I thought, surely something will happen, perhaps at the last moment, to save me from the clutches of the savage beasts.

Just then in the hush of expectancy, I heard the jailor pull back the iron grating, and out upon the arena bounded an Asiatic lion. When he caught sight of me, he came toward me slowly, no doubt feeling the strangeness of the place and the presence of the multitude. But these did not for long distract his attention, which was centered on me again, all too soon. I watched him breathless, fascinated, until he crouched for the spring, his claws extended and his yellow eyes gleaming. Just as he leaped, I, unable to move or speak, woke up. I felt that I had relived an actual experience.

It should be understood and borne in mind that man is a composite being, having finer vehicles which interpenetrate the physical body, usually regarded as the whole man. During death and SLEEP this dense body is unconscious on account of a complete separation between it and the finer vehicles; but this separation is only partial during DREAM-FILLED sleep. The inevitable result of partially disconnected vehicles is confused dreams. . . . Not all dreams are confused, however; those which bring logical solutions to problems or prophetic warnings generally occur just before waking and only when there has been a complete separation of the vehicles previous to the awakening.—Max Heindel in "Rosicrucian Christianity Lectures."

Transmutation of Desires

BY ELIZABETH HANSEN

"I WANT." "I desire." These cries are universally understood. People spend their entire lives in frantic efforts to obtain the realization and fulfillment of their varied and multitudinous desires. Actually, just what is desire? To some, the word describes a burning passion, to others it symbolizes the most natural expression of their lives—an instinct which governs their entire happiness, and the fulfillment of which is their main reason for existing.

To the Rosicrucian student, desire is far more. It is a holy power—the third aspect of God—the expression of the Holy Spirit, which is creative. But the manner in which we use this creative power is another matter. Here is where we need the balance of head and heart to guide and direct this energy into constructive action, for this is the basis of progress.

In many eastern philosophies, we are taught to kill out our desires, to attain to that peaceful state of bliss where desire is non-existent. To progressive Western peoples, where does this road lead? To stamp out, suppress or kill out desire might take us into negative passivity—inertia—retrogression. Our way lies not in suppression, but in *transmutation* of our lower desires into their higher expressions. We start with our lower desires and gradually purify and transmute them into their higher octaves; passion becomes love, and, later on, love becomes altruism. The same force which expends itself as anger, rage, and temper can be used to accomplish some particularly difficult physical task of a constructive nature.

For an example, let us take the desire for personal glorification, which burns so deeply within the hearts of many. Some call it fame. Here we have a drawing-in

and shutting-off expression which separates us from others, so that we will stand out, surpass, and "shine" above our fellow men. This leads inevitably to the spirit of competition in all its forms. We want to go the other fellow "one better." Do we hear a voice crying, "But competition is the basis for all progress"? This may have been true for our past evolution, but we have advanced beyond that now; we are approaching a new age, and if the brotherhood of man is to become an actuality, *competition* must give way to *cooperation*.

Let us analyze the desire which is the basis for the competitive spirit. Cannot we realize that while we are each individual egos in actual expression, we are fundamentally one inseparable unit of Spirit, which is God? Thus the development, progress, and growth of "one of the least of these," unmistakably affects the development of all. Let us reach outward in the spirit of helpfulness to others and glory in the achievement and progress of even our next-door neighbor, without jealousy, envy, or resentment. *Think* what would happen if big business were to transmute competition into cooperation with the welfare of all as their ideal!

This is just one example—we can transmute every destructive desire we may possess from its selfish expression into its higher octave, and radiate outward from ourselves the altruistic Christ love, instead of drawing inward and shutting ourselves off from our Spiritual Source through personal self-love. The latter all too often forms the basis for our present desires, hopes, wishes, and ambitions. Let thoughts for the *good of all* replace thoughts for self alone, and thus we truly work His Will.

But don't kill out your desires—thank

God for them; they are your incentive to action. Action leads to experience, experience leads to soul-growth, and soul-growth in turn unfolds all the beauty and glory of latent spiritual powers which carry us to the very goal of perfection, at the Throne of the Father.

Make your desires work for you—don't work for them. Strive to become a true

alchemist and transmute all your "baser metals into pure gold." *It can be done*, and you will open undreamed-of channels in your own being through which God may express. Dare to desire and do—controlling this dynamic power with Will (reason), tempered by Love (wisdom), and the whole universe lies within your reach!

Life Everlasting

BY ANN BUELL STARK



ARTH is not new to me, for I have walked this planet many times. Out of the past, as from some old forgotten dream, fragments appear, clear and sharp. Only a glimpse here and there, but down through the ages I have always been I.

I knew the scent of steamy jungles' rank growth, that eons hence was to burn as coal upon my hearth.

I watched giant beasts wallow in ooze, and fled from them on swift feet.

I knew the bitter cold of glaciers creeping across low plains, and heard the wolf packs yelping on the frozen hills.

Caves were good shelter then; warm with firelight flickering on the walls. And my hands were skillful to shape flint points through the long darkness. Points that went sharp and true to their mark. I knew the secret of mixing bright pigments to paint pictures on the cave walls. Colors that have lasted down through the ages.

We were not the fearful folk that a later people picture us. We were free and swift-footed; close to the earth and the mystery of the stars.

Always my hands have loved to work with stones, for they are not cold, inanimate things, but plastic material, waiting to be shaped into beauty—beauty of great circles, where we worshiped the warm life-giving Sun, and Mother Earth that

never tires of pouring out sustenance to her children; and who, in her body, holds close and nourishes the tiny seeds of life.

It is good to walk barefooted on new, rich soil; to lie close to the Great Mother and feel her strength flowing through your body.

Strange how the memories of when the world was young are so clear-cut and vivid. Is it because life was simpler then? that we knew our oneness with all life? knowledge that we have forgotten down through the years?

Is that the answer to our restlessness? That we instinctively know we have lost our heritage, and we are seeking in vain for simplicity, and unity with the One Life Force, for the peace of quiet places?

The scent of newly turned earth; fragrance of hot sun on pine trees; the beauty of white mountains. These can heal the lonely soul, for they give, and ask nothing in return. They are; steadfast and eternal.

In the springtime, sun and rain pour out their life-giving forces on the Earth Mother. And in autumn she yields in full measure the bounty of harvest.

Autumn is lavish with its promise of renewal. Although for a time the life-seed may lie dormant and rest, always there is rebirth and growth, until the perfect life-plan is finished, and the soul merges at last with the Divine Over-Soul.

The Quest for Peace

BY E. HUMBOLDT

I



HE Angel of Death overshadows the face of the earth; fear, despondency, ruin, and starvation follow in his wake where trust, happiness, and the enjoyment of plenty should reign supreme—all because of greed, parading under the guise of a quest for freedom and peace.

In the fullness of their power and arrogance, the Romans cherished a maxim upon which they had pinned their faith: *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, which, in plain English means: If you want peace, prepare for war! The maxim has survived and is still the guide of the peoples now occupying the earth, just as it had existed and had been followed for untold ages before the Roman Empire. But the Roman Empire is no more. It has gone the way of all things which are not sufficiently near perfection, and cannot be allowed to live forever. So have disappeared the great civilizations of the past, with their greatness, their conquests, and their greed; and so will those of the present age, because they carry within themselves the germ of decay.

And, for that reason, as every student of history knows but too well, in spite of all the preparedness and of all the efforts at maintaining an armed peace, the world has not really known peace.

It is, perhaps, significant that while Clarence K. Streit was lecturing in Los Angeles some time ago about his proposal "Union Now," Mussolini was delivering another speech before his Supreme Self-Sufficiency Commission of Italy.

"In so-called peace times," he said, "warlike methods are practiced in preparing for real war with arms. It is, therefore, a fact that war with arms must and does dominate our economy. There is only war economy because it has been

historically demonstrated that a state of war with arms is the normal state of peoples—at least of those living on the European continent."

The sophistry of this mode of thought is not necessarily apparent at first glance; at least not to those who believe in the power of the strong arm and who stand ready, even eager, to back their convictions with a display of force at the first opportunity. To be strong, to be well armed, to feel able to successfully resist any attempt at coercion by others, seems to them the ultimate in safety; hence, it must be a guarantee of peace, if peace be desired.

But, what kind of peace?

Preparedness for war indicates the willingness to go to war when it is thought to be necessary; else, why the armament?

The neighbor, being of the same turn of mind, will surely look upon the warlike preparations as a possible challenge or a potential means of attack. Hence, applying the same reasoning, he must proceed to insure his own peace and safety by arming himself so as to be at least a little stronger than the other. Not until this has been properly accomplished will he dare to sleep and rest with a feeling of reasonable safety.

Then the race is on. Everyone who is looking for peace and safety from his neighbors will proceed to arm and equip himself so as to feel a little stronger than the others. And since modern armament is costly and exceedingly wasteful, the end of the race is either bankruptcy or war.

Then, it frequently happens that one, overconfident in his own strength and righteousness, will carry the well-known chip on his shoulder, eager to take offense when really no offense was meant. A weaker man might simply have over-

looked the occurrence and forgotten all about it before the next morning; not so with the strong-armed one, however. He will nearly always enforce what he calls his rights and act like a bully.

And thus, preparedness defeats its own ends.

It could not be otherwise. The very fact that anyone will prepare for a struggle implies a conviction that the struggle must come. It is immaterial whether that conviction be spoken or merely implied: it is deeply rooted somewhere and it must bring fruit according to its kind. It always does.

An old Sage was asked by a disciple for a rule of conduct that would apply in all cases where the issue might be doubtful. He answered simply: "When in doubt, mind your own business and carry your own burden, and nothing else. And mind it yourself, alone."

There cannot be any difference in ethics between the behavior of the individual and that of a nation, for Truth is one, eternal and immutable. Right is right and wrong is wrong, regardless of time, place, object, or any other conditions; the only criterion is Cosmic Law which states most emphatically and strongly: "Do unto others as you would like to be done by."

For most people, a more intelligible statement would be: "As you do unto others, so shall it be done unto you."

Any infraction of the Law will surely, sooner or later, and in some way that may be entirely unexpected, bring its own retribution. It is not a matter of punishment inflicted by Deity or by some Super Being: Cosmic Law is self-enforcing and requires no outside help for its execution.

In the light of the above statements, it should be a very simple and easy matter to preserve peace between nations and between individuals. But man's ignorance and cunning always are unknown factors which cannot be accurately gauged; they always step in to complicate matters with the result that real peace is not to be found anywhere in the world and that whatever passes for peace

is a state of the most transient and evanescent character.

Moreover, Cosmic Law has but seldom meant anything to the world at large. Individuals, as well as nations, always judge others according to their own point of view. They always follow, in their dealings with others, that line of action which they believe will bring them the most satisfactory results, regardless of what it may mean to others. Lying, cheating, promises that could not be kept and were not intended to be; any subterfuge that looked promising; anything and everything, in fact, has been used in getting business and favors. It also happens that one will impose his will upon another for the specious purpose of helping, protecting, educating: the result is the same in all cases, be it slow or quick in coming. The Law works impartially because right is right and wrong is wrong. Regardless of purpose or conditions: *the end never justifies the means!*

That the Law never fails and cannot fail is a matter of pure logic. Some may be able to observe its action; others must take that statement on faith until such time as they may be able to observe it directly. All the Great Teachers have declared that it is so.

II

Everyone is what he is, where he is, because of his own thoughts and of his level of consciousness. The Law gives him exactly, impartially, what he deserves, what he has earned. It treats all alike, individuals and nations that are bound together by legitimate ties, and, as they have sown, do they also reap. Hence, the only way to real peace is a peace-conscious behavior in *all things* and toward *all men*.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," said the Master, "for they shall be called the children of God."

The children of God are those who are always working to render war obsolete or impossible. They work consistently and do not waste their time in an endless prattle about peace. Much talking about

peace implies a danger of war which is to be feared and which must come to a full realization. The children of God do not engage in any sort of activity that is destructive, no matter what the reason may be. Neither will they ever allow themselves to be forced into any line of action which is sure to result in nothing but negative debts of destiny. They know that destructive activity and coercion of any kind carries with it a terrible retribution which they have no desire to face.

They agree with the true philosopher that there cannot be any peace in the outer life of man until it already exists in his inner life; until man has acquired complete control of his faculties and activities on all planes.

Once, the Christ looked over the world around Him and re-proved it for its wickedness. He foresaw the terrible retribution that was sure to come to balance the awful amount of negative karma they were piling up. At the same time, a deep feeling of pity, of love and sympathy welled out from His great heart as He stretched out His arms to the weak and misguided ones and called out:

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

He wanted that poor suffering humanity to join the ranks of the elect, to come in with those chosen few He was teaching with great care to form the foundation of His Kingdom. How many, or rather how few answered His appeal, no one knows. To be sure, some made good resolutions which, however, did not last long—like the seed that fell in the brambles, germinated, but never came to fruition. A few, of course, had a glimpse of the light and tried to follow in His steps, whether they succeeded immediately or not does not matter greatly: hasn't it been said that no good thing is ever lost?

Very likely most of His hearers shook their heads in disapproval and went their way, sad and disappointed. They represented the seed that fell by the wayside.

And yet—who has not found himself, at sometime, longing for rest and peace, for a surcease from the turmoil and strife that seem to be an integral part of our daily life?

The strain, the wear and tear on the various vehicles is terrific and almost unbearable. And the most pitiful thing about it is that all that evil is self-made, and the awful torture, self-inflicted. Fear, lust, and greed join hands to rule man's activities and to ride him unto death; those foul things must be completely eradicated before there can be any possibility of rest and peace.

For the man of the world there is no such thing as peace. In his ignorance, man has erected around himself a barrier to separate him from his fellow men; that barrier shuts him in and he cannot pass it. By differentiating between himself and his fellow men, between his own and their own, he has become a thing apart

from the rest of the world. To him the meaning of brotherhood and of universal life is a purely academic one, something that may possibly be realized later on—when the rest of the world has reached perfection. It will be time enough then, to see about it.

Truly, the business or professional man is not altogether indifferent to the suffering of his fellow men: their troubles disturb him and he pities them a little. Very likely he is contributing liberally to various charities and helps support a church; he may even be sorry for some poor tramp that passes by, to the extent of buying him food or lodging.

And he feels himself righteous because, as the old saying goes: "Right is right to the righteous man; he always takes care



of his own." He does that thoroughly, regardless of others. Because things ride him he is constantly worrying about something: money losses, bad business, the possible loss of a job, his health, his family; and what not!

He expects evil to come into his life but he is surprised and shocked when it does come; he blames everything and everybody else but himself for the trouble that comes to him. Indeed, how could he do otherwise, since he is absolutely unable to correlate cause and effect save in the most limited manner? As a result, he refuses to acknowledge that he himself at all times is the architect of his own fortune; that what he is must be exactly what he has made himself.

Probably a still small voice whispers to him now and then, reproves him for his wrong-doings and tries to prod him into doing better: does he listen to it? If he has witnessed the workings of the Law in his immediate surroundings, his natural cunning prompts him to disregard the warning: perhaps he may be above the Law, or he may be able to circumvent it.

Thus, he goes on, accumulating a great amount of negative karma that not even a whole lifetime of unselfish service could neutralize. Should he realize his shortcomings, chances are that he is unwilling to make a change *NOW*: Tomorrow, next month, next year; anyway, later on but not right now. There is plenty of time!

But is there plenty of time? Before he knows it the hands of the cosmic clock point to the hour of reckoning: how will the account balance?

To *that man*—the Yoke of the Christ feels very heavy; indeed, he would not consider shouldering it for a minute. And yet, as the Master said Himself, that Yoke is light and it brings rest and peace to the soul. It is the only way out of this slough of despond, its sufferings, its anxieties and its terrors.

That Yoke, or that Cross, it means meekness and lowliness of heart; it means a complete severance from all those things the world esteems as desirable and worth while. To take it up is not always

an easy thing for the individual who is steeped in desires that cannot be satisfied. Yet it must be done.

It is true that at some time in the past it became necessary for man to build up his individuality, but Cosmic Law has always decreed that it should be done with due regard for the rights of others. As a whole, humanity has failed to do so; as the result of that failure, it must retrace its steps, burn its false gods and worship Truth alone. That lesson is a painful one to learn. Not until it has been burnt into man's consciousness through suffering can he ever understand the true meaning of renunciation.

When one has seen the Light, firmly set his foot on the Path of Righteousness, grasped the true meaning of the Cross and eagerly decided to shoulder it, he soon finds that it is, indeed, light. Instead of being a burden, it proves to be a source of joy and contentment.

Carrying that cross as your own, taking that yoke upon you, means that you are living in harmony with Cosmic Law and the rules of conduct given by the Great Master in His Sermon on the Mount. It brings to the burden-carrier the realization of his unity with the Creator and of kinship with all His creatures. It brings him the power to do well that work which is allowed him as his share of the Great Work; it does so because of his faith and willingness, because of his unselfishness.

That man claims nothing as his own, knowing that he is merely the instrument directing and using in his surroundings the powers that flow in from on high. He receives merely to give, being only a temporary custodian of those things that come to him to use and to pass along. He knows that he is working with the Great Ones—not for them—to help uplift and redeem a humanity that is too ignorant and too listless to help itself. He feels that it is a great privilege to be allowed to add his tiny efforts to those of the Compassionate Ones Who never err and

(Continued on page 187)

The Astral Ray

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

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

Bringing Astrology Down to Earth

BY EDITH M. EATON

(PART TWO—CONCLUSION)



HE Watery sign *Cancer* brings us to the seashore where we may see the symbol of Cancer, the crab, scuttling about among the rocks or digging down into the sand. We have often heard that the waves vary according to the phases of the Moon, and the Moon is the ruler of Cancer. This 4th-house sign, representing the mother, the home, is truly represented by the waves. Watching them we shall see, that motherlike, they are constantly tossing and molding all objects that come within reach. They are crablike, tossing objects upon the shore, only to reach out and grab them back again. Sometimes they succeed in pulling these objects back again, but occasionally a stick or a stone is tossed too far by the angry waves to ever be brought back. The plants and crustaceans that are found living along the shore and always remaining in the water, may be likened to the children who are content to remain at home. Others, like the crab, if the waves become angry, will dig deeply into the sand, and all efforts on the part of the waves will not bring them to the surface again until the storm is over. Again, like the waves, the Cancer temperament is changeable and emotional. Some have that selfish

grabbing back to themselves more pronounced than others.

There are times when those children who have been tossed too far and perhaps have been carried off through unexpected circumstances, may be unexpectedly brought back and returned to the ocean. Motherlike, the waves will welcome them back as though they had never left.

Scorpio, governing the 8th house, and the sign of death, legacies, and the occult, can be likened to the fresh-water lakes, ponds, rivers, and glaciers. A depth of character and a knowledge of things hidden deeply within themselves permeate the people of Scorpio. What is beneath the surface cannot always be seen. If you wish to learn from Scorpio, you can be rewarded with a few of their secrets of life. Each time we go fishing or boating on lake or stream we discover new things, yet life always leaves whatever we take out of the water. Perhaps some Scorpions may seem to you to be rather dour persons whom you think you should keep your distance from, but it may be only the reflection upon the surface of passing storm clouds, for underneath Scorpio is just as placid, calm, and secretive as ever.

If Scorpio becomes sarcastic, his tongue can become like the sting of the scorpion, the symbol of the sign. Like his ruler,

Mars, his energy must find an outlet. It is then we see the Scorpios become like an angry torrent, overflowing its banks and destroying all in its path or else carrying everything along with it.

Should Scorpio become crystallized, like the glacier, he may be hiding something frozen within. This may be dead, a thing of the past, but just as long as he holds on to it he will remain in that crystallized state until he learns to let the dead past go, even as the melting glacier releases the things that have become frozen into it, and as it melts, it rapidly gains momentum; from a stream it becomes a river and soon reaches the sea where an entirely new life begins, for here the water is salt and all that lived in the fresh water cannot exist in the salt sea water.

This brings us to the sign of *Pisces*, the 12th-house sign, of secrets, sorrow, and self-undoing. This sign, characterized by the sea, is so deep and vast, even a lifetime will not reveal all its secrets. *Pisces* is the sign of spirituality, mysticism, and occultism. Neptune, its ruler, we have learned from the Greek fables, rules the sea, and its co-ruler, Jupiter, is as expansive as the sea itself. One has to be fully equipped to withstand the pressure of the depths of the sea, and we also have to be similarly equipped to withstand the pressure of the occult and mystical life. We can only explore at brief periods, for we still have to return again and again to the material life before we can experience the spiritual life.

Pisces knows many sorrows and tragedies, even though not a particle of evidence shows upon the surface of the ocean. Or if occasionally sunken ships are raised from the depths, there are still many tragedies at the bottom of the sea that only *Pisces* is aware of.

We cannot sail upon the surface very long without food and drink, neither can we explore the depths without air, so if you never fully understand your *Pisces* friends, just realize that you never can, for even *Pisces* himself may not know all

that is hidden in the very depths of his being. Some *Pisceans* may just let themselves drift with the tide, too lazy to exert themselves, or they may become so immersed in the depths of their own being they may become mediums of the worst kind. Like their symbol, the fishes, one swimming one way and the other the opposite, so the *Piscean* is often swayed by his desires and emotions, first one way and then another.

Gemini, the 3rd-house sign, of correspondence, short journeys, and brethren, and one of the Airy trinity, may be typified by the breezes that blow over the surface of the earth. If we watch the weather vane we will see it constantly twisting and turning, now to the South, now to the North, then to the Southwest, and so on. *Gemini* is just the same—now hot, now cold, now gentle, now wild and stormy, but all of short duration.

Like their ruler, Mercury, their thoughts are ever changing, so if you have a *Gemini* friend who just travels from one subject to another or one place to another, he or she is only living up to the airy characteristics of the sign. We cannot confine the air. It will either grow stagnant or expand and expand until it bursts its bounds. *Gemini* natives in their many travels, physical and mental, are constantly gathering new thoughts and experiences; therefore, if they change the subject of their conversation in rapid succession, it is because they are trying to give out their thoughts as rapidly as they change.

The air is at home almost anywhere it happens to be and so the *Geminians* are adaptable and versatile and can engage in more than one occupation. Their symbol, the Twins, is expressive of their dual nature, now a Dr. Jekyll, now a Mr. Hyde; now a pleasant companion, now a disagreeable one. It is as impossible for *Gemini* to remain the same as it is for the winds to remain the same.

Libra is the 7th-house sign, marriage and partnerships, and the region of the clouds. The ruler, Venus, is expressed in the beautiful formations and delicacy

of the clouds and the many colors and tints of the sky at sunset.

If we travel in an aeroplane in this region of the clouds, we will soon experience the symbology of the Scales, which is pictured for the sign Libra. We may fly evenly along for quite a distance, then suddenly strike an air pocket and fall several feet. Like the aeroplane, Librans are able to regain their equilibrium and attain their former level, or may be content to remain at the present one until another air pocket drops them still lower. We may see the clouds floating evenly and lightly, then with a smooth gliding motion, following a current of air that is rushing into a valley. So we find Librans either up in the air, optimistic, cheerful, and happy, or suddenly in the depths of despair. They are either at the very top or at the bottom. They take up a vocation with enthusiasm and suddenly drop it for another. As the clouds are driven by the wind, so they are sensitive and susceptible to the moods and emotions of those around them.

Last of all we come to *Aquarius*, the 11th-house sign, of friends, hopes, and wishes, typified by the still, silent, transparent ether. Their ruler, Uranus, is symbolical of the etheric altruism of Aquarius. Being so high above all, they can see, intellectually, for vast distances. That is why we find the Aquarian so hard to understand. He sees so far ahead that others cannot accept his forward-looking ideas and thoughts.

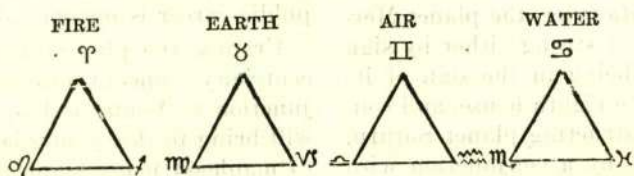
Aquarius is the sign of friends and being so high in the ether there is room for

all. He shows no partiality in either creed, class, or color. Being up so high he can also look down upon his fellow men, and as things seen through etheric and atmospheric layers may become magnified, so the Aquarian is apt to magnify the qualities of all whom he meets. He treats you in a certain friendly way because he sees you not as you are, but as you can be, and should be.

The symbol of the Water Bearer is typical of the friendliness and altruism of the airy Aquarian. He simply has to pour it all out upon all who are willing to take of his friendliness. If Aquarians are not allowed to distribute their bounty they may become melancholy and retiring, showing more of the traits of their co-ruler Saturn, rather than Uranus. The Uranian type acts or changes as quickly as the lightning, without warning. The Aquarian himself may not have known that he was going to act as he did, therefore he is unpredictable.

So, my friends, I hope I have succeeded in bringing astrology down to earth where it can be a little more understandable. If we are apt to dislike or misunderstand a person for certain traits, or So-and-So talks beyond our comprehension, it is because each and every one of us is reacting to our Sun signs. Moreover, each and every one of us is needed, for without the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water we would not have this planet upon which we live, and all the traits and characteristics of each sign help to make the perfect wholeness and completeness of life.

The Triplicities of the Four Elements



Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

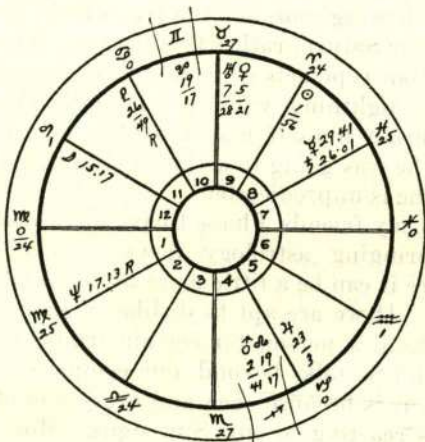
We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each FULL year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber 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.

CARL N.

Born March 22, 1937, at 3:31 P.M.
Latitude 34 N. Longitude 118 W.



Our subject for this month's reading is a young boy with the negative and common sign Virgo on the Ascendant, and this sign is strengthened by the fixed sign, Taurus, on the cusp of the Midheaven, and Scorpio, another fixed sign, on the cusp of the fourth house, making six signs in the four angles. When intercepted signs are in the tenth and fourth houses, if a common sign is rising these intercepted signs will then fortify and strengthen the Ascendant.

We take for life ruler the planet Mercury, which is not strong either by sign or by position, being in the sign of its fall, Pisces, in the eighth house, and conjoined to the obstructing planet Saturn, also burned up by a conjunction with the fiery Sun. These aspects, the sign

and position, will hold the mind in a vice. Mercury in Pisces is frequently mentally lazy, indicating one who prefers to dream and sidestep any mental problems which he meets in school. Saturn slows up the mind but gives thoughtfulness and deeper thinking. If the mind can be stimulated by the three good aspects which Mercury is making, namely, a trine to Pluto, the advanced and mystical planet; a trine to the stimulating and active Mars which should awaken the dreamer; and also a sextile to the steadying and generous Jupiter, these three aspects should help the boy, if he receives the encouragement of the parents to overcome the weaknesses first mentioned.

Uranus in the ninth house, conjunction Venus in Taurus, which is Venus' home sign, and Uranus being the ruler of the sixth house, the house which governs employment, would indicate music or art of an unusual nature. As Mercury is co-ruler of the tenth house, semisextile Venus which is the sign ruler of the tenth, if the mind could be directed towards a musical career, this would then bring him before the public at some time in his life, for with seven planets above the earth and Venus and Uranus conjoined and elevated in the ninth house a public career is not impossible.

Uranus, the planet of originality, eccentricity, unconventionality, in conjunction to Venus and square the Moon will bring to this young boy as he grows to manhood many unpleasant entanglements. He will be apt to become very

erratic and eccentric, and should be trained while young to respect and regard the sacredness of the generative faculties and to cherish the virtue of the young women with whom he may be thrown during his musical career. Uranus conjoined to Venus and square the Moon may cause him to throw away his very best opportunities through his careless and unconventional associations with the opposite sex. This same planetary configuration when used rightfully may bring him the greatest success.

Mars in Sagittarius trine both Mercury and Saturn will give him a love for sports, especially with horses, and with Neptune trine Jupiter in the fifth house, horse-racing and horseback riding will have a great attraction for him. Should he, however, become too much attached to horse-racing, the Uranus-Venus-Moon affliction will bring him many losses financially.

Neptune in the sign Virgo, which rules the small intestine, and Pluto in Cancer opposition Jupiter, his tastes for food will be very strange; he is apt to want to live on the sweets which may be found in the drugstore fountains and candy stores, and not want to eat the foods which really feed the blood and the bones of a small boy. His food should be carefully chosen for him else when he grows to manhood he will be apt to become anemic and lacking in vitality.

The Sun in Aries where it revels and is exalted, trine Pluto, sextile Jupiter, conjunction both Mercury and Saturn, and semisextile both Venus and Uranus, gives him a very active and aggressive Sun which will help him much in guiding his life and to overcome some of the afflictions. But the Aries Sun is also hard to rule and will rebel at force. Love and a kindly guiding hand can and will bring out the very best in him; it were well if the father would make a pal of him and guide him through love into pure and constructive paths. The good mental aspects in this chart enable him to understand, and to respond to reason on the part of parents and teachers.

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Calculating Positions of Planets	The Aspects	Making the Index	Philosophic Encyclopedia
Table of Logarithms	Table of Houses—Sample Pages	Ephemeris—Sample Pages	Tables of Planetary Hours
Index			

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DAILY OPPORTUNITIES--APRIL

BY THOS. G. HANSEN

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

1. Look beyond temporary obstacles. Use energy wisely. Friends are helpful.
2. General success today. Superiors are favorable to effort. Keep poised.
3. Stop and think. Selfishness is not worthwhile; try to be thoughtful. Study. Applied effort will control aggressive tendencies.
4. Write or plan to visit someone who needs a sympathetic boost. Generous attention to needy cases brings inner peace.
5. Unexpected progressive opportunities today. Meditate. Do not be confused.
6. Pleasant and active affairs continue. Study and write. News is stimulating. Travel over week-end.
7. *Sunday. Annular Eclipse*, ☿ Luration $\delta 24$, $\delta 28$. Look for the best. Co-operate. Future success depends upon honesty and sincerity.
8. Accept responsibility. Tremendous energy is present. Be practical and considerate.
9. Do not neglect personal opportunities. Make the most of friendly help. Look for co-operation.
10. Co-ordinate efforts for practical advantage of all. Pay no regard to intrigue and confusing statements. Keep active, mentally and physically.
11. Ideas are good. Life, optimism, generosity paramount. Conciliatory action is not weakness. Lend a helping hand to a needy brother. Think clearly.
12. Continue in yesterday's pattern. Do a good job. Study.
13. Don't hesitate; be practical. Early confusion is soon past. A quiet week-end. Keep steady.
14. *Sunday*. A day of rest. Enjoy your home. A sociable visit is stimulating.
15. Develop inner sense of security. Recognize truth. Place affairs on a good foundation.
16. Obstacles are no bar to progress. Develop ideas. Note good suggestions.
17. Steady progress follows effort. Self-reliance and ability overcome an early erratic tendency.
18. Get to the bottom of things. Analyze all affairs. Think twice. Curb hasty words or a flash of temper.
19. Early co-operation is advantageous. Seek inspiration in meditation.
20. ☉ enters ♋. Persistent, steady, thorough, and conservative tendencies are strong for the next 30 days. Today closes on a constructive note. A pleasant though serious evening.
21. Avoid excess and separations. Responsibilities increase.
22. Full ☽ in ♍, $\delta 5$. *Pay up!* Someone wants to know what you are worth. Keep steady.
23. Do not resist a change. Watch expenses. Halt impulse. Investigate.
24. Conservative trends are present. *Facts* sell ideas. Do not be discouraged. Prepare. Discard worthless factors.
25. Go slow; keep cool. If you demand an answer today, it may be NO. Hold a positive thought.
26. A constructive turn today. Be very practical. Every effort has been appreciated.
27. Well directed energy has an unusual reward. Be helpful. Don't waste time. Get a good night's sleep.
28. *Sunday*. Excess or dissipation is costly and confusing. Overcome sluggishness with exercise. Be positive.
29. Blue Monday! Attention to detail is necessary. Things speed up.
30. Time spent in study in April has been well worth it. Today is exceptionally constructive. Personal magnetism and friends help to fulfill hopes.

Worth-While News



Will to Power Called Road to Death

Declaring that the "will to power" is the road to death, Bishop William P. Remington, missionary bishop of Eastern Oregon, in his Lenten address at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday said that love is the only force that can bring peace to individuals and nations.

"Facing this new decade, we are confronted with what seems to be the most colossal conflict humanity ever has known," said Bishop Remington.

"This conflict will not be solved on battlefields, but it may be resolved as men face the problem of whether they shall allow themselves to be ruled by the Divine within them or by the beast which clamors for expression.

"Man has not yet eradicated the savage within him, and the present war is but an outward expression of an inward condition," said the speaker. "Nations, like individuals, have their complexes.

"When we worship the will to power we are selling our souls and are ready to sacrifice love and security in order to appear significant.

"This lust for power sometimes is found even in the church," said the speaker. "We like to exalt our religious organizations and to dress our priests in purple and gold. Sometimes I wonder what Jesus would think of all this, for His will was the will to gentleness, humbleness, love. On the night before the crucifixion He washed the feet of His disciples in an attempt to make them realize that he who would be greatest must seek not mastery over others but an opportunity to serve the great and the humble."—*Los Angeles Times*, February 14, 1940.

The three great powers of the God of our solar system and of man as well are: will, the power to do; wisdom-love, the power to attract, to hold, to bind; activity, which includes germination.

Will can and often does force people into hard work and subjection, but the moment the will ceases to act the individuals subjugated almost immediately seek a means of escape from the enforced environment, even to the extent of resorting to bloodshed if necessary.

Love forces nothing. Its power of attraction is so great that when actuated by it people are not only eager but happy to serve; they need no outside stimulus. Their service, too, is of a lasting nature. They are anxious to stay until the work is completed, and then to render ever further service. Furthermore their activities are so filled with zeal and confidence that the task before them is always performed in a harmonious, proficient manner, for there are no distractions to render their services inadequate.

Christ Jesus knew well the unbounded potency of love when He admonished the people to love one another, to do good unto others, to love one's neighbor as one's self.

The Reverend Bishop has certainly found the one and only remedy for the abolishment of war and the security of lasting peace. We are glad to hear him announce: "Love is the only force that can bring peace to individuals and nations," for that was the true mission of the Christ. The force that attracts also binds; but the force that compels ultimately separates and something worthwhile is always destroyed.

What Mary--and Her Lamb--Missed

Last October the children of the elementary school at Westbury, Long Island, adopted a baby pig as pet and object lesson. For three months they fed him, groomed him and observed his growth and habits. Then the other day, their science teachers announced that the time had come for "Fat Stuff," now a sleek 140-pounder, to make the supreme sacrifice in the service of progressive education.

So the pupils gave him a final feast, bade him an affectionate farewell, and assembled in the school yard to see their pig butchered. Attendance, it is reported, was not compulsory, but most of the children were present, though "a few little girls averted their gaze"

and a number of tears were shed. A janitor struck the fatal blow. A government food inspector certified that "Fat Stuff" had been healthy to the last. An instructor removed and identified the vital organs. The remains were scalded, scraped and cut up to be used for meat-buying demonstrations in the home economic classes and later served in the school cafeteria.

Progressive education, eh? Poor, poor Mary! If her teacher had been a progressive educator, instead of a sentimental foggy, Mary might have enjoyed the privilege of seeing her little lamb slaughtered, skinned, disemboweled, drawn and converted into chops and roasts.—*The Columbus* (Ohio) *Citizen*, Editorial, Jan. 27, 1940.

The above reprint gives a striking example of one way to teach children to disregard the sacredness of life, and to instill in them a form of cruelty which may later on develop into a tendency to commit murder should the provocation arise. It is not such a very far step from the butchering of this defenseless pet to the execution of human beings on the guillotine. In this so-called civilized age one is shocked that such a cruel, uncalled-for performance was ever permitted in one of our public schools, and wonders just what kind of teacher could have conducted it.

If we wish ever to banish war, surely we must begin right now to educate our children relative to the sanctity of life. It is high time that not only children, but all humanity as well, came into a realization that all life comes from the Creator of our solar system, that we are committing a crime against cosmic law when we deliberately take that which we cannot give, and that in time somewhere, somehow we shall surely pay in full the penalty for such wrong doing. "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

One Per Cent for Education

The National Resources Planning Board has just issued the following figures on how the Nation spent its \$59,300,000,000 income in 1935-6: Food, 29 per cent; housing 16 per cent; household operation, 9 per cent; clothing, 9 per cent; automobiles, 6½ per cent; medical care, 4 per cent; recreation, 3 per cent; personal care and tobacco, each about 2 per cent; transportation, 1½ per cent; education less than 1 per cent, which ranks lowest except for a few miscellaneous items.

According to the above figures 85 per cent of the total income was spent for current consumption, 10 per cent was saved, 4 per cent was given away to relatives, friends, churches, and philanthropies.

Almost 6½ per cent of the total consumer income was expended for the family car; only 1½ per cent to all other kinds of transportation, which included bus, taxi, subway, railroad, streetcar, airplane, steam-ship, motorcycle, rented automobile, horse-and- buggy. The total spent for autos is \$3,800,000,000.—*Scottish Rite News Bureau*, Dec. 11, 1939.

Certainly these statistics are most appalling when one fully realizes that the most efficient method of enlightenment and governing the destinies of the world is through our educational system.

In the entire world today there is no excuse for gross ignorance. It is the mind that lifts man above the level of the animal, and every normal human being is capable of some degree of mental improvement.

The mind is the most important instrument possessed by man and his special instrument in the work of creation. Mind is superior to matter and molds it into the necessary forms by means of which the work of the world is carried on. It gives purpose to action, confers the separate personality, shapes our ideas, connects the spirit with its vehicles, and contributes to spiritual growth.

Considering the extreme importance of the mind, thinking men and women in the world should unite in a forward movement which would make education free, and available for all mankind.

Horse Leads Pals Out of Fire

TUCSON, Arizona, Nov. 14—(A.P.)—"Dick" was a hero among horses, as well as men, today.

When fire broke out in Deputy Sheriff Al Franco's stables, "Dick" a pet pony, calmly unfastened the gate with his nose, as he had been taught, and led five other horses to safety.—*Lewiston Morning Tribune*.

Was this *instinct* or *reason*? Looks like deep thinking to the Editor.—*The Vegetarian*, January, 1940.

Each species of the animal life wave is under the guidance of a group spirit known as an archangel. This group spirit

(Continued on page 191)

Question Department



The Ego and Its Vehicles

Question:

I would like a short definition of the use of man's various vehicles and the ego's connection with them.

Answer:

The dense body connects the ego with the physical world which is its present scene of action.

The vital body is the channel through which vitality flows, making action possible.

The desire body is the one from which come the desires that compel action.

The mind furnishes a brake on impulse and gives purpose to action.

The ego is the source of the motive power which starts the various vehicles into action and gathers experience from their activities.

LIFE IN THE FIRST HEAVEN

Question:

In the *Cosmo* the statement is made that in the First Heaven "all who have been studious . . . will have instant access to all the libraries of the world," et cetera. Is the knowledge which is obtained while there retained; that is, is it stored in the mind and brought back to earth when the spirit is born again in a physical body? Can one really continue study there and benefit by it in the next life?

Answer:

Yes, that is true. We do have great opportunities in the invisible world while we are existing there if we wish to take advantage of them. The great majority of people, however, seem to live there practically as they lived here. While they do not need to eat, still they do eat, as the spiritualists say, and they do have houses over there. In other respects they seem to live much as they lived here, just having as good and easy a time as they

possibly can, and enjoying themselves in that way. Of course that class of spirits are not getting any great good out of their post mortem existence, but those who are studious and try to serve humanity have a great field and do a wonderful lot of work that does help them. It does not seem to bring soul growth in the same sense that their work does here; but just the same it promotes their standing, gives them greater spirituality, and helps them in their evolution to a wonderful extent.

WHY GIVE UP SMOKING?

Question:

Can you give any very serious reason why a person should give up smoking? It seems such a harmless habit, and so many people appear to derive so much enjoyment from the use of tobacco.

Answer:

A very pointed answer to this question lies in the fact that every selfish, nonproductive desire continually indulged in forms a desire body habit which must be expurgated in purgatory at the expense of great pain—a pain which is approximately three times as great as that which is involved in getting rid of the same habit here on earth, where we have the free use of will power. Therefore it is only good sense from a purely materialistic or selfish standpoint, if from no other, to get rid of the habit of smoking at the least possible cost while one has the opportunity.

Smoking is not a harmless habit. Tobacco smoke contains not less than nineteen poisons, of which nicotine is one. Nicotine acts temporarily as a heart and brain stimulant. The excitation, however, is soon followed by a state of depression or restlessness which creates a demand for its repeated use in order to keep up the feeling of physical and men-

tal fitness. When the effect of one smoke wears off the nerves cry out for another, and they are not quieted until another smoke is taken. It is this dependence upon tobacco as a nerve quieter, coupled with other disastrous effects, that stamps the tobacco habit as a pernicious physical danger.

PERPETUATION OF THE FAMILY TIE

Question:

Will family ties be obliterated in the Sixth Epoch and the race perpetuated as are high bred stock now, with the object of producing only the best of which humanity is capable?

Answer:

At the beginning of the Sixth Epoch all races including such stragglers as have been able to catch up in their evolution will be amalgamated into one great final race and all racial distinctions will disappear. The unity of all life will be universally recognized and there will then be no "I" nor "you," no "mine" nor "yours," but all will be "ours." This condition, however, will not obtain for thousands of years yet to come; moreover, it will apply only to an increased degree of consciousness, for humanity will still continue to inhabit physical bodies, not only during the Sixth Epoch but also during the Seventh. Both of these Epochs will have their field of operation in the chemical region of the physical world. However, the consciousness of man during these Epochs will have been extended to include the etheric world, and he will be able to function to some extent in his soul body.

The differentiation of sex will remain through both the Sixth and Seventh Epochs and the propagation of bodies will take place through that medium; but the spiritual status of humanity will have so improved that the creative force will be entirely restricted to its legitimate use—that of generation and regeneration. Family ties and family love will still persist and certain groups of egos born in the same family will find their destinies linked together and will most

profitably work them out in that relationship. The perception of the fact of the unity of all life and that all egos spiritually are equally brothers and sisters will do away with the possessive family ties now so much in evidence, but this will not diminish the existing true love exemplified there: it will increase the regard of friend for friend, and soul for soul, which is one of the most perfect results of evolution.

WHEN THE LIFE WAVES APPEAR

Question:

Is there a particular order in which the members of a life wave appear at the beginning of a new Day of Manifestation, or do they all appear at approximately the same time to begin their work?

Answer:

At the beginning of a new Day of Manifestation, or Period, the highest evolved life wave appears first and prepares conditions for those less evolved. Then the life wave next highest appears, followed in order according to development by the other life waves until all have appeared on the scene of action. When the time begins to draw near for the close of a Day of Manifestation the last life wave to appear withdraws first, followed in successive order by the other until all, from the lowest to the highest, have withdrawn. Then the globe disintegrates and later a new one is formed to continue the work begun on the old one.

FRUIT TREES PIONEERS

Question:

I have become very much interested in the various species belonging to the plant kingdom. Please tell me which of these species is the highest and which the lowest in the evolution of this life wave?

Answer:

The plant life-wave began its evolution in the Moon Period as minerals, and the pioneers of that kingdom are to be found among the fruit trees, while the stragglers have ensouled all other plant forms, the mosses being the lowest degeneration of the plant kingdom.

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.

Better Teeth via Natural Foods

BY LILLIAN R. CARQUE

Director, Natural Brands Research Foundation, Glendale, California.

LITTLE did Benjamin Franklin realize the import of his statement many years ago that "America is noted for poor teeth and as a soup-eating nation." This remark implies that even then foods were too soft and not well selected for the function for which teeth have evolved. Teeth are supposed to last as long as any organ of the body endures. Strikingly significant was the condition in which the skulls of primitive people have been found. Not only was the absence of teeth exceedingly rare, but equally noteworthy was their freedom from caries and unsoundness.

The uncivilized man in all climes lives on naturally organized, unsophisticated foods, which obviously necessitate the vigorous use of the teeth preparatory to the process of digestion. The great dietetic and hygienic value of natural foods is amply demonstrated by the fine white teeth of the native Africans; their pearly purity has long been the envy of many a belle of our present-day civilization. A close examination of the pictures of people whom we call savages reveals beyond dispute the whiteness and perfection of their teeth. Without care, without tooth brushes, without dentifrices, they possess



and maintain teeth that are the despair of their more civilized brethren.

In the brute creations of past and present, domesticated or untamed, it is gratifying to note the infrequency of unsound teeth. The possible exception must be attributed to abnormalities of birth, disease or accident, but the universal condition is normal, sound, and regular teeth. The ox, the horse, the sheep, and other domestic animals, when not interfered with by man, instinctively choose such foods as require thorough mastication. The animals of the jungles likewise invariably have perfectly formed molars. Do not these interesting facts suggest the superiority of the simple, wholesome foods of Nature, untarnished by preservatives and adulterants and undiminished in nutritive value by mechanical and chemical processes?

An investigation of the diet of our prehistoric ancestors will disclose that it consisted largely of nuts, tropical fruits, succulent roots, leaves, vegetables, and wild honey, with the possible addition of a few other simple uncooked edibles. There was no bolted flour; no cooking and parboiling, followed by the draining

off of the best portion and the subsequent consumption of the residue, absurd practices which regrettably are still the vogue in our homes today. Naturally organized foods make possible natural good teeth. The attempt to improve on Nature's produce is largely the cause of physical degeneracy, the evidence of which is prominently manifested in poor teeth.

Archæologists who excavated the tombs of Egyptian rulers were astonished to find that the mummies of the nobility displayed signs of extensive tooth trouble, while the mouths of the servants failed to reveal the slightest indication of degeneration of the teeth or gums. It is idle to deny that the indolent life of the rich, aggravated by their luxurious diet, was the cause of dental decay. Conversely the servant class and laborers who toiled hard each day, and contented themselves with bread comprised of the whole kernel of the wheat or corn along with simple raw fruits and vegetables enjoyed greater physical well-being. It was also the custom of the Israelites in the time of Moses and the patriarchs to preserve all the natural elements of the grains, which practice still prevails in all Eastern countries.

Pioneers among the early colonists on the American continent told of the exceedingly low frequency of decay in the teeth of the American Indians who lived in their natural environment. Their food embodied all the life-giving principles stored therein by Nature. Corn, indigenous to America, has long been a staple food among the Indians; its predominance in their diet was analogous to the appearance of potatoes or cereals in our daily menus. Obviously corn eaten from the ear or coarsely ground in some crude motor requires much chewing before swallowing. Such was equally the case with the nuts and fruits relished by the Indians, all of which were consumed in their natural state as Nature planned and organized them.

Victor Hugo in his immortal *Les Misérables* portrays the character Fantine, who sold her upper front teeth be-

cause they were sound. They were to be affixed to the plates of one of the "stylish stout" court ladies who apparently lived a parasitic existence with little or no exercise and who, in all probability, feasted on over-rich prepared foods. Fantine worked hard, lived on coarse black bread and vegetables, which undeniably contributed in no small degree to her perfect teeth.

Explorers into uncivilized countries have observed white and shiny teeth to be the rule, wherever the natives lived on fruits, nuts, and fibrous vegetables, such as roots, which required a great amount of chewing. Even where it is part of the tribal ceremonies to mutilate the teeth by chipping away part of them, often to the extent of removing much of the enamel or outer coat, their teeth do not decay. The exercise incident to the thorough mastication of tough substances, renders the teeth self-cleansing.

Scurvy has caused the loss of teeth throughout the centuries. In the days of the sailing vessel, this disease was feared by sailors more than the unknown terrors of the seas. When the apple barrel gave out and other fresh foods were exhausted or lost in a storm, the pernicious influence of this dreaded disease took hold of its victims with viselike grip, exhibiting in its initial stages puffiness of the gums and looseness of the teeth. Pyorrhæa is considered by many progressive practitioners a mild form of scurvy, resulting from a deficiency in the body of those organic salts abounding in raw fruits and vegetables. Bleeding gums and a fibroid degeneration of the pulp of the teeth have assumed alarming proportions simultaneously with the increased consumption of devitalized cereals and other deficiency foods.

The gums, moreover, are made up of powerful muscles supplied by blood vessels and these muscles require exercise. They were developed by Nature for the heaviest, most strenuous work and lacking such activity, the gums become weakened and the blood nourishing them is diminished. A lowered state of supply

inevitably follows inaction, and the tissues lacking sufficient blood ultimately lose their tonicity and strength. Any muscle or organ or any other part of the body which is not used, Nature seeks to discard. Were a man to tie his arm against his side and keep it there for several months, the arm would become weak and flabby and finally atrophied. With the teeth, the same process takes place. When they are not used for hard biting and grinding, the gums become soft, the teeth decay and other tooth troubles make their rounds of misery and degeneration.

The child's natural instinct causes it to chew on everything; thus unconsciously it makes the gums healthy and eases the process of teething. This is because our teeth are so constructed that when we bite down, the tooth is pushed down into the socket, forcing the lymph drainage out, and when the bite is released, the tooth springs back and sucks into the socket more lymph nourishment for the tooth. Proper mastication is thus imperative for the preservation of the teeth, and the continued and persistent massaging effect produced by the rising and sinking of the teeth in their sockets tends to promote the circulation to the pulp or nerve.

The chewing of hard and tough substances automatically brushes the teeth, the exercise strengthens the muscles in gums and jaws; the alkaline juices released from raw fruits and vegetables prevent the formation of any acid deposits; the sufficiency of organic salts contributes their proper quota of lime; and the alkalinity of the blood stream is assured because raw fruits and vegetables yield a decided alkaline reaction. Thorough grinding by the mechanics of mastication insures swift and easy solution of the food by the gastric juices; it prevents the accumulation of mucus and bacteria, resulting in increased sanitation; it also increases the size of the salivary glands and causes them to produce sufficient fluid to change the starch to maltose. The digestion of starch commences in the mouth.

The best antidote for the ravages of soft foods lies in the increased consumption of raw fruits and vegetables. Indeed, the entire diet must be more natural. The food must not be bolted or washed down with some beverage; eat without drinking. Everything must be chewed thoroughly, as the fare must be such as to furnish some resistance and some exercise for the teeth and gums. Good health in any part of the body is impossible without proper living. That is why a clean tooth does decay and why all the brushes and dentifrices, while a wonderful aid, are not sufficient.

Our Brother's Keeper

Looking at the matter of flesh-eating from the ethical side, it is against the higher conceptions to kill to eat. In olden times man went out to the chase as any beast of prey; now he does his hunting in the butcher shop, where none of the nauseating sights of the slaughterhouse will sicken him. If each had to go into that bloody place where all the horrors described in Upton Sinclair's book are enacted day after day to be able to satisfy an abnormal injurious habit which causes more sickness and suffering than even the liquor craving; if each had to wield the bloody knife and plunge it into the quivering flesh of his victim, how much meat would we eat? Very little. In order to escape doing this nauseating work ourselves on occasion, we force a fellow being to do it; we brutalize him to such an extent that the law will not allow him to sit on a jury on a capital case. . . .

It is no use to say that he need not do it. When hunger drives, a man will refuse no means of livelihood; and we, society, who demand this food, force some fellow being to supply it and are therefore responsible for his degradation. We are our brother's keeper both individually and collectively as society.—*Rosicrucian Christianity Lectures*, by Max Heindel.

Patients' Letters

Washington, November 9, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Please continue to pray for me. I'm making rapid progress, my whole body is getting stronger, and I praise the Lord for my increasing spiritual and physical strength.

I feel that the prayers of the Elder Brothers are helping me to keep in tune with the Infinite, and I am very grateful for your loving kindness.

Your sincere friend,
—E.E.

New Jersey, Dec. 5, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I have asked you to put me back on your healing list a few days ago, and right away the next day I felt the help and healing relief, I did not have another heart attack since and my great pains are all gone. Why to be sure it is almost uncanny as one would say. I feel a new energy and strength since that day. I really don't know how to thank you and God. It seems strange to me to be without pains for a change. Thank you very much.

Loving thoughts for all the Fellowship.
—D.L.J.

England, Oct. 7, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I am still making progress and gaining strength every day. When I look back a few weeks and remember how hopeless I felt, I can't be too thankful. It's just wonderful.

With renewed grateful thanks for all you are doing and have done.

Yours in fellowship,
—W.M.

Michigan, Dec. 26, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Am improving, my eyes are much better, and I do thank you for the kind thoughts and prayers sent out for me. Have a feeling that the Invisible Helpers are very near to me these days.

Wishing the Fellowship a prosperous New Year, I remain

Sincerely yours,
—I.F.I.

Healing Dates

March 3—10—17—24—30

April 6—14—20—26

May 4—11—17—24—31

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

People Who Are Seeking Health

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

What Causes Diseases?

Until the *Christ* life illumines us from within we do not comprehend, neither do we follow, the laws of nature, and consequently we contract diseases by our ignorant contravention of these laws. As Emerson put it, a man who is sick is a scoundrel in the act of being found out; he has broken the laws of nature. That is why it is necessary that the gospel of Christ should be preached; that every one of us should learn to love our God with our whole heart and our whole soul and our brother as ourselves, for all our trouble in the world, whether we recognize it or not, comes from the one great fact of our selfishness. If the alimentative function is deranged, what is the reason? Is it not that we have overtaxed our system because we have been angered, and exhausted our nervous force by trying to get someone to serve our selfish ends, and we feel resentful because we have not succeeded? In every case selfishness is the prime cause of most diseases; selfishness is the supreme besetting sin of ignorance.—*Max Heindel.*

VEGETARIAN MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Grapefruit Juice 8 oz.
 Cornmeal Mush with Dates
 Poached Egg on Toast
 Applesauce
 Cereal Coffee and Cream

—DINNER—

Mushroom Rice Soup
 Bean Croquettes
 Baked Potatoes
 Cauliflower au gratin
 Lettuce, Thousand Island
 Dressing
 Pineapple Sherbet and
 Cookies

—SUPPER—

Washington Chowder
 Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
 Combination Vegetable
 Salad
 Boston Cream Pie

RECIPES

Cornmeal Mush with Dates.

Ingredients: 1 cup cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cold water, 2½ cups boiling water, 1 cup stoned dates.

Moisten the cornmeal with the cold water and turn immediately into the actively-boiling, salted water. Stir constantly until the mixture is thickened and cook in a double boiler, three or four hours. Wash the dates in cold water, remove the stones and measure. Cut them into small pieces and add to the corn meal ten minutes before serving.

Bean Croquettes.

Ingredients: 2 cups stewed or baked beans, 3 cups corn flakes, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons condensed tomato, 1½ teaspoons salt.

Soak one cup of beans in cold water over night, or for several hours, then put to cook in three or four pints of water and cook until tender; when cooked down quite dry, add the butter, strained tomato and salt. Fold in the corn flakes (the quantity of flakes will depend upon the dryness of the beans) and form into croquettes. Place in a hot oven on a well-greased pan and bake till browned.

Cauliflower au gratin.

Ingredients: 1 medium-sized cauliflower, 1 cup thin white sauce, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter.

Wash the cauliflower and soak in water to which has been added a tablespoon of salt to a quart of water. Cauliflower may

be cooked tied in a cheesecloth or broken into flowerets. Cook in boiling, salted water. Drain, place in a baking dish, cover with thin white sauce then sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs and bake till brown. Grated cheese may be added for flavor.

Washington Chowder.

Ingredients: 2 medium-sized potatoes, 1½ cups water, ½ small onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup stewed tomatoes, 1 cup corn, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream.

Slice the onion and cook a few minutes in the boiling, salted water. Then add potatoes. When tender, add the tomatoes and corn and bring to the boiling point. Heat the cream and milk and add to the vegetables just before serving.

Boston Cream Pie.

Ingredients: 1½ cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup shortening, ¾ cup sifted sugar, ¼ cup condensed milk diluted with ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg whites.

Sift flour before measuring. Re-sift with baking powder. Cream shortening and sugar. Add flour and diluted milk alternately, mixing well after each addition. Add vanilla and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in one layer in moderate oven (350 F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cool, cut through the center and spread with custard filling, whipped chocolate sauce or any of the cream sauces.

Children's Department



When a Prince Is Born

BY MERLE K. BOYD

VHY, yes, we always know when a prince or princess is born. When a prince or princess is born the fairies visit them and bring them gifts. And if you look very, very carefully you too may see them. You may see the gifts and read the fairy prints.

Once in the lovely, golden land that lies far, far to the west a baby boy was born. I know that the fairies must have been listening and waiting. For no sooner had he drawn his first earth-breath than the moon fairies came sliding down the shining shafts of moonlight. Their pale robes shimmered as they leaned gently over the little one and placed a clock beside him.

"This is a fairy clock," they said. And their voices were like bells chiming, "Its time is true time. Keep it always for it will tell true time for no one but you."

They kissed him and quietly slipped away. But with the little prince there remained a shiningness that touched his flesh. Yes, you are right. It was like the fairy glow that shone in their moon-beam dresses. And if you looked at the clock very, very carefully you could see, hidden away in the back, a tiny mark— D . It was the print of the moon.

Next came the fairies from Mercury. How pretty were their violet blue dresses. They put a round, reading glass beside the clock.

"This is a LOOKING glass. When you look through it you can see more clearly. All the things that are seen through it shall be first and highest, for, don't you see, the glass is purple and purple is the color of royalty." And,

yes, there was the fairy mark— ♃ in ♈ . (Mercury in Aries.)

The Neptune fairies came in so silently that no one knew they were there until the colorful bird they had brought with them, began to sing so clearly. They placed the cage beside the other presents and spoke earnestly.

"This is a magic bird. Care for it well for it has come from the fairy isles Somewhere to the West. When it sings true love shall spring up in the hearts of the listeners." Woven into the design of the cage was the mark— ♆ in ♌ . (Neptune in Leo.)

So the fairies came, one after another, until there was a pile of beautiful and useful gifts for the new baby. Everyone was busy admiring and exclaiming over the presents when S-W-I-S-H, ROAR, and a couple of Bang-Bangs! Gracious, what a racket; and what a noise and yelling on the stairs! The Mars fairies! It seems that, being so very loud and strong, they thought that they should be the first ones to see the baby. But they weren't. That was because they hadn't listened long and carefully enough. Here they were at last with their beautiful red cloaks all splashed and muddy and what a dust and ugly glare there was in the room. The face of the clock grew dim with dust and the magic bird, frightened by the noise, broke out of its cage and flew out of the window— ♂ in ♈ . (Mars in Aquarius.)

"A-ha!" they mocked. "Now all the gifts are useless. The clock can't tell the time any more and you won't hear the magic bird singing. Ho, ho!"

Gradually the dust settled and, as the

ugly glare faded away, the prettiest of all the fairies could be seen standing in the middle of the room. They were the fairies from Venus with sweet, rosy cheeks, blue eyes and golden hair and the loveliest, loveliest rose pink gowns you ever saw. Their hands moved swiftly as they shaped an exquisite garment.

"We have been so busy weaving robes for new babies," they explained, "there has barely been time to finish this one. We know a secret that we will tell to you. Our fellow workers, the Uranian fairies, have been helping us. See, where they have woven the cloth the colors are far more beautiful than ours." They smiled happily.

"We see that the Mars people have been here. Don't you worry." Carefully they spread the new robe over the sleeping baby. "As long as he wears this robe the mischief of the Mars people can only become a blessing. Because the moontime is dimmed he shall go out into the fields and cities to tell the time by sun-time. The magic bird shall fly to far places singing as he goes of Fellowship to All Men." The exquisite, fairy pattern woven into the robe was like this—

♀, ♃ in ♋. (Venus, Uranus in Pisces.)

Now it happened that all the friends and relations were still so busy rubbing the dust out of their eyes, feeling their ears to see if they had been deafened, or if their toes would still wiggle after being tramped upon, that they hardly saw the robe or heard the fairies speaking. But the baby prince's mother smiled and answered:

"Thank you very much. I shall take care of this beautiful robe. I'll keep it washed and mended so that my son may wear it always." She was trying to tuck the garment more firmly about the baby when the nurse, seeing her, stepped eagerly forward.

"May I help you," she said.

And, now, comes the nicest part of all—for this is a true fairy story. Yes, there really is a lovely, golden land far, far to the west. There really is a prince. There are many, many princes and princesses, too, who live in this beautiful land of sunshine and flowers. We only wish that you too were here, my darlings. You and you and you—and you.



DREAM BOAT

When I'm asleep I feel all airy
And sail along with my friend,
the fairy.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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The Easter Program



PROGRAM of unusual merit is reported by the Committee in charge. They have arranged a series of impressive addresses for the three services to be held on Easter Day: "Christ's Mission to Mankind" by Mrs. Max Heindel at the sunrise service, which has been set for 5:40 A.M.; "On This Rock Will I Build My Church" by Mr. Rex McCreery at 11:00 A.M.; "What Is the Resurrection?" by Mrs. Arline Cramer at 7:30 P.M. Devotional readings and special Easter music will add to the inspiration of the occasion.

At the Saturday evening entertainment Mr. Roy Gourley has generously consented to play several piano selections. Vacationing in California, Mr. Gourley is a musical director at evangelistic meetings. From Los Angeles, Messrs. George Schwenk, Louis M. Bratten, and Russel Whitesell are also expected to contribute musical numbers. The Mt. Ecclesia male quartette will sing, and Miss Joan North will read "Mansions," a one-act play by Flanner.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Lynn Vivian, who has been welcomed home after his extended trip to the East and South, will give a special talk on the work of the Fellowship in the field.

It is hoped that many members and friends will come to partake of the blessings poured forth so abundantly on Mt. Ecclesia at Eastertime.

With characteristic simplicity Mrs. Max Heindel passed another milestone of her busy career. On January 27 she celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday.

The day before, in her honor, the students of the Expression Class spoke on the distinguishing traits of Aquarians

and incidentally paid graceful tribute to her as exemplifying their qualities. At the close of the session they presented her with a potted plant for her patio.

On the day itself, at supper time, the male quartette sang "Lead, Kindly Light," one of her favorite songs, and Mr. James Menzie played two clarinette solos, "Alice Ben Bolt," a favorite of Mr. Heindel's, and "Allegretto" by Gounod. Mrs. Heindel, who had invited her fellow Aquarians (those born under the sign Aquarius, January 20 to February 18) to sit at her daintily decorated table, shared her towering birthday cake with all those present. Many guests came to offer congratulations.

Energetic and keenly alive to all that goes on at the Headquarters here in Oceanside, and in the world at large, Mrs. Heindel is young at seventy-five. Co-founder with Max Heindel of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, she has been actively engaged for over thirty years in making known its teachings. She has lectured all over the United States and Canada; since the death of Max Heindel in 1919, with little interruption she has written the monthly letters and lessons sent to the membership. She is editor of the Rosicrucian Magazine. In addition to her responsibilities as President of the organization she has undertaken to write for publication later in the year her memoirs of the pioneer Rosicrucian work and of Max Heindel.

A succession of events has set the month of February apart as unusually active and pleasant.

Molli Juin, an artist in many fields who spent a week at the Sanitarium, gave an hour's talk on her specialty, enameling, which she learned in Vienna. She awarded a lovely enameled cross to the

one who most successfully answered a questionnaire based on her lecture.

Fifteen members of the Spanish Class attended an all Mexican program at the Spanish Theatre in Carlsbad. This program, composed of dances, musical numbers, and sketches, was sponsored by local organizations and received an enthusiastic reception.

On February 10 a gay Valentine Party was presided over by the King and Queen of Hearts, who graciously provided varied entertainment for their loyal subjects. Decorations and refreshments bore the royal insignia.

Mr. Albert Tessier, a concert pianist from Los Angeles, while a guest of the Fellowship gave a short but delightful program composed of classical pieces and several splendid improvisations. Members of the Expression Class who had prepared maiden speeches with slides were unexpectedly confronted by a large audience, who stayed on to hear them after the music. That they rose to the occasion was due to Mrs. Heindel's patient training and encouragement.

THE QUEST FOR PEACE

(Continued from page 168)

never fail, presiding almost Godlike over our evolutionary work.

The peace of the cross-bearer does not spring from idleness; it comes from the inner satisfaction of doing important work and of doing it well; it comes from the knowledge that one has forever left the vale of illusions to walk in the footsteps of those who have achieved, or are approaching liberation.

The cross-bearer is not lonely; indeed, he could not be, for he shall never be left to stand alone as long as he treads the road traced by the Master's feet. He has become a part of a Brotherhood that will always stand by him, and all the Powers of the Cosmos are his, to be used when he needs them in his work. In his inner being, peace reigns supreme, a peace that nothing can disturb, that the world could not give him; and also a peace that the world *cannot* take away from him.

Mt. Ecclesia

Sanitarium

**NON SECTARIAN
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OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

This new sanitarium is one and one-half miles east of Oceanside on a commanding eminence overlooking ocean and valleys. It is reached by Santa Fe Railway, Pacific Greyhound, and Santa Fe Trailways busses.

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Short wave diathermy; fever therapy; hydrotherapy; general massage; colonics. Experienced operators.

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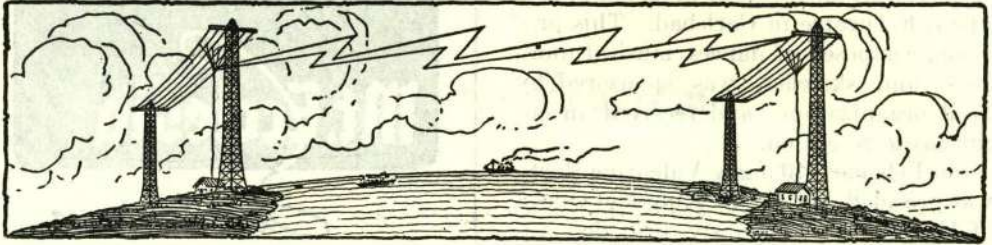
The Sanitarium does not accept surgical, or obstetrical cases; alcoholics, drug addicts, or mental cases.

Public patronage is invited.

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Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • •

A year ago in The News Bureau we called attention to the nature and dangers of hypnotism. Due to the increasing interest and publicity being given to the exercise of hypnotic powers at the present time we are reiterating some of the statements given out by Max Heindel, an Initiate of several degrees in the Rosicrucian Order. He states that:

“To control others by exercise of will power is mental assault, and is even more reprehensible than assault on the physical plane of action. It is this mental assault which is called ‘hypnotism.’

“The man who uses his mental powers unworthily is the worst as well as the most dangerous kind of criminal. The most insidious of all wrong is that done upon the mental plane of action, where a man under the guise of perfect respectability, often under the cloak of benevolence, can blight the lives of others, bend their will to his own ends, yet seemingly remain irreproachable himself, and even be looked upon as a friend and benefactor by his victims. His transgression is seldom punished in the same life in which committed, but often in later lives finds its expiation in congenital idiocy. The crime of the determined hypnotist is in fact a phase of what the Bible describes as the ‘sin against the Holy Ghost’, spiritual evil; and hypnotism may well be said to be the greatest crime on earth and the greatest danger to society.

“It is sometimes contended that hypnotism may be used benevolently for the

cure of drunkenness and other vices, and it is readily admitted that, viewed solely from the material standpoint, that appears to be true. From the viewpoint of occult science, however, it is far otherwise. . . . The only way to master a vice permanently is by one’s own will.”

It is deplorable indeed to notice the tendency among the medical profession to substitute hypnotism for anesthetics, for the effects can in the ultimate be only unhappy. Those who foolishly allow themselves to be hypnotized weaken their wills and place themselves entirely at the mercy of the hypnotist.

Our Groups are urged to use all opportunities possible in disseminating the truths given in the Western Wisdom Teachings concerning hypnotism. A leaflet giving complete information concerning this subject is available from Headquarters.

FIELD ACTIVITIES

After having visited a number of Groups in the Gulf States and Arizona, our field representative, Mr. Lynn Vivian, has completed his lecture tour and is now back in California. The various Groups visited are unanimous in expressing gratitude for the assistance given them.

The secretary of the New Orleans Group writes: “It is with real pleasure that we express our sincere appreciation of Mr. Vivian’s visit to our Center. His first lecture Sunday evening on Rebirth was truly a spiritual message, presented in a manner indicative of the speaker’s sincerity, devotion, and knowledge of the

Teachings. As one of the Probationers afterward expressed it, 'Surely it was true that in the hearts of many present the spiritual fire was kindled anew, and in the hearts of members and students it was fanned into a brighter flame, emitting a glow that will light their way farther along the Path.'

"Three other lectures were given: The Creation of a Solar System, The Mystical Interpretation of the Rose, and New Age Methods of Healing. Each message was well received by the audience which would undoubtedly have been larger but for the unseasonable weather.

In San Antonio, Texas, in addition to a public lecture, a meeting was held of Fellowship members, where Mr. Vivian "gave a very fine message which went to the hearts of all those present."

Although the heavy rain interfered to some extent with the attendance, the public lecture in the Munger Hotel was well received by a very appreciative audience. Our correspondent writes that "his lecture was very appropriate: enough of the occult to give occult students some food, and yet enough sound 'orthodoxy' to prevent offending any who were new to occultism. It was not too technical, either, as are so many lectures, but a deeply spiritual one, sincere and effective."

In Tucson, Arizona, in addition to a talk given to the members and public in general, an address was also delivered before the Woman's Club, which was composed of a large and appreciative audience.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

It is a pleasure to hear from this distant Study Group that the regular classes are being continued, with the encouragement of occasional visitors. The secretary also writes, "We had a very enjoyable gathering of about twenty-six students and friends at the close of the year, comprising various items, musical and elocutionary, and as is always our custom at this time of the year, a reading from *The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas*, which was especially enjoyed."

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Chartered Centers

Services and classes are held in the following cities. The public is cordially invited.

CHARTERED CENTERS IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA

- Boston, Mass.*—168 Dartmouth St., Rm. 201.
Burlington, Vt.—91 No. Union St.
Calgary, Alta., Can.—108 14th Ave. W.
Calgary, Alta., Canada.—Young People's Group, 1318 15th Ave. W.
Chicago, Ill.—Room 802, 155 N. Clark St. Ashland Bldg., 8th Floor.
Chicago, Ill.—c/o Mrs. Magdelina Goveia, 4921 Montana St.
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Grass Valley, Calif.—118 Bush St.
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Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
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Tampa, Fla.—405 Grand Central.
Toronto, Canada.—c/o Mary Tamblin, 158 Hallam St.
Utica, N. Y.—11 Clinton Place.
Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

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Liverpool.—71 Upper Huskisson St. Telephone, Heswall, 304.

London.—95 Belgrave Rd., Victoria, S.W. 1.

GOLD COAST, WEST AFRICA

Kumasi.—Mr. Ben T. Vormawah, Box 69.

Sekondi.—P. O. Box 224.

Takoradi.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

JAVA

Bandoeng.—Lembangweg 77.

MEXICO

Mérida, Yuc.—394 de Calle 65.

NEW ZEALAND

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

NIGERIA

Lagos.—P. O. Box 202.

PARAGUAY

Asunción.—Louis Alberto de Herrera, Republica Francesa.

Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

La Paz, Iloilo.—19 Burgos St.

Manila.—1324 Espiritu, Singalong Subdivision, Santa Ana.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon.—Rua Renato Baptista 43 - 2°.

THE NETHERLANDS

Amsterdam.—20 Nickerie St.

Apeldoorn.—Lavendellaan 16.

Arnhem.—Mesdaglaan 18.

Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Roelofsstraat 88.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.

Particularly commendable work by this Group is the placing of copies of the *Cosmo* in the various military camps throughout the country. We add our prayers to those of the Group that the copies of the *Cosmos* thus placed will bring the blessings of the New Age Truths to many readers.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Although this item from a friend is not strictly "Center news," it carries such a delightful inspirational note for those interested in Rosicrucian Fellowship Sunday School work for children that we consider it a privilege to share it with our readers:

"My sister has fitted up a beautiful meeting place in her home for a group of neighbor children, her two girls, and my little daughter. This room is large, being the result of lining the attic with varnished cedar, and commands a sweeping view of Lake Washington and a chain of inspiring mountains, including Mt. Rainier. Spiritual pictures and child-study pictures line the walls. At the head of the steps where they enter is a little organ which supports a beautiful picture of Jesus as a boy of about three years . . . and a lighted candle to greet them. They call it the 'Joy Shop.'

"The group range in age from four to fifteen years, each girl having a companion her own age. The shop being open from 4 to 6 p.m. daily, they drop in after school and make useful articles. Each month end the completed things are wrapped and delivered to some needy family. There is a little basket where they drop in pennies and small change to be used for buying outing flannel to make layettes for needy new babies, and incidental supplies. The tiny tots make paper doll sets and cut out beautiful pictures from magazines and make scrap books for little shut-in children. Nothing is compulsory, and the attendance is almost perfect every day, with oodles of enthusiasm and joy registered in their faces and in their work.

“We have been very careful in choosing types of children who seem ready for something like this, and do not invite those from families who profess a definite creed. We therefore feel that the present group have long ago outgrown creeds. They gather around the organ and sing joyous songs about their work, and beautiful songs to God. There is much talent in the group, as most of the girls are studying music, piano, singing, classical dancing, etc. They are working toward a recital at the present time. Once a month we have a little social party to which parents are invited. It is for these lovely children that we would like to have a Sunday morning hour devoted to the occult teachings of the Christ, embodying the Rosicrucian Philosophy.”

Needless to say, we are only too glad to give all the assistance we can to arranging the “Sunday morning hour devoted to the occult teachings of the Christ.”

HORSE LEADS PALS OUT OF FIRE

(Continued from page 176)

directs and guides its charges by means of the third part of its individual silver cord. This direction is known as instinct. The time is coming, however, when the animals will each be given the germ of mind, and then this third part of the cord will be connected with their mind seed-atom and they will be able to do their own thinking and thereby direct their individual activities.

Many of the most advanced animals, horses in particular, through their long, close association with man are being prepared for this great change. They are developing a faculty not yet possessed by the other animals, and man’s thought vibrations are beginning to induce in them some degree of thought activity of a low order which is akin to reason. It is therefore quite evident that the animal mentioned in the quoted article was directed in his efforts by both instinct and reason.

Additional Dealers

- Washington, D. C.—Kennedy Warren Hotel, Newsstand.
 Mayflower Hotel, Newsstand.
 G. C. Murphy Company, Department Store, 1214 G. Street, N.W.
 Roach Drug Co., 8th and G Streets, S.E.
 Wardman Park Hotel, Newsstand.
 The Willard Hotel, Newsstand, 14th and Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
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 Alexandria, Va.—J. E. W. Timberman, Druggist, King & Washington Sts.
(Please see next page)

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The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception .. \$2.00
 Paper bound 4 for \$2.00; single copies .75
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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California, U. S. A.

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- Bellingham, Wash.—W. C. Orrill, 1237 State St.
- Bombay 7, India.—The Popular Book Depot, Grant Road.
- Boston, Mass.—Metaphysical Club, 25 Huntington Ave.
- Buenos Aires, Argentine.—Mrs. Henny C. Scheffer de Valentin Andreae, Avenida del Tejar 2319, Belgrano, F.C.C.A.
- Nicholas B. Kier, Talcahuano, 1075.
- Buffalo, N. Y.—The Sun Publishing Co., 532 Elmwood Ave.
- Calgary, Alta., Canada.—J. J. Gamache, 1002 1st St. W.
- Capetown, South Africa.—Utting & Fairbrother, Ltd., 129 Longmarket St.
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- Los Angeles, Calif.—Advance Book Co., 628 W. 8th St.
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- Manila, P. I.—H. F. Tibayan, 1324 Espiritu St., Singalong Sub-Division
- Merrick, L. I., N. Y.—Disciples Retreat, Gormley Ave. and Nassau St.
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