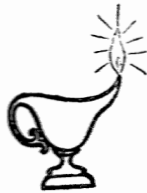


ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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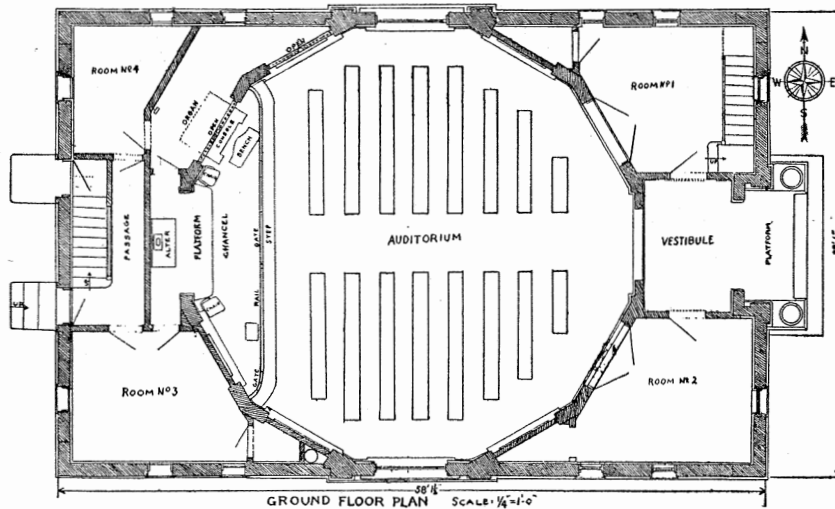
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The Building of the Ecclesia

The Ecclesia will be built. It is to be a center of healing power, even as was the Temple of Healing associated with the Sphinx. Mt. Ecclesia is a natural Force-Center. As such it forms a natural basis in matter for the development into activity of the higher series of powers which inhere, active or passive, in the nature of The Force-Center.

It is mathematically related to all of earth's force-centers and so has its natural connection with them. Through these flow the material and dynamic currents which course the earth in their circuits. Through these same circuits flow currents of thought, of spiritual power, even the essences of currents belonging to the Planes back of and beyond those within the comprehension of man.

Mt. Ecclesia was chosen in accordance with the law in harmony with which the universe operates, and thus takes advantage of the natural forces by virtue of its position. But though the infinity of the entire force-center series inheres in Mt. Ecclesia, these can only be awakened into action by the Mind and Spirit of those residing there and of those in accord with them, be they far or near.

Mind switches in currents in response to the inspiration of Spirit. This awakening into action, or switching in of currents, is progressive. Always is there the material foundation for each series ere its currents can be switched in so that it may manifest.

The printing press was the material foundation of one series. Always do series overlap, and the Pro-Ecclesia was the fore-runner of the Ecclesia, which in turn will be the material foundation for another series. The School for Lecturers, likewise, will be the fore-runner of the College from which those whose tongues are gifted with spiritual fire will go forth, with their messages of love, healing, and inspiration, even to the very ends of the earth. That College will be the material foundation of yet another series, and so will it develop into the Rosicrucian University, with its complete sphere of material, mental and spiritual activities.

Mt. Ecclesia is in accord with the Universal Rhythm. As long as it remains in accordance therewith, so long will it wax and grow in grace, power, and spirituality. But should it ever admit discordant vibrations, its glory will depart; like a tree, it will die from the top down, the inversion of its growth.

Asa Thurston Heydon.

* * * * *

The funds for the building are entirely love offerings from the students. Many have already responded but the amount contributed up to the date of turning the ground was not sufficient to warrant us undertaking the erecting of the Temple as first planned; therefore we have modified the plans somewhat. We have the faith that as the building progresses the necessary funds for its completion will also be forthcoming.

The architect is here from New York and is superintending the construction which has already begun. We are much in need of voluntary workers, able-bodied men for carpentry and concrete work, as few have come forward so far. Those able to offer their services should communicate with us at once.

The Mystic Light

A Hymn of Thanksgiving

JESSIE M. WISE

(Continued from July)

PART III

PROOFS OF ETERNITY AND GLIMPSSES OF HEAVEN

Male

Yearning For Life Assures Eternity
Since the needs of the body are all supplied,
We may know the soul needs will not be denied
The body hath need for things external,
But the soul doth yearn for life eternal.

Soprano

The wildest flights our fancy may take
Through all known regions of time
Hint not at the journey the soul will make,
Having entered eternity's clime.

Alto

Material Blessings, Spiritual Emblems
The blessings Thou dost freely bestow
For our passage through life here below
We accept as Thy earnest to show
A gleam of the life we later shall know.

Male

God's Works Are Complete
All of Thy works are complete;
Thou hast made us, Thou hast made our wants,
And Thou art good, Thou art just;
Thou hast provided in Thine own way
Some condition of eternity,
Else had we never known desire.
Yea, God, the goal of our trend
Hath ever been destiny's end.

Female

The Soul's Joy on Entering Heaven
With what an ecstasy of delight, though parted
for brief intervals of time, does kindred soul
meet kindred soul! These finite minds may not
live and conceive that whole sense of joy that
awaits the final home coming of these souls.

High Tenor

A Dream Picture of Heaven

What sweet elysium hast Thou prepared,
Yea, heaven itself with Thy creatures shared;
Oh, heavenly dream, ecstatic bliss,
All of Thy works are telling us this.
We reel and our senses are whirling,
Like sands in the tempest swirling;
A whelming joy is flooding us o'er,—
A flood of mem'ries lived long before;
Things the soul knew of its home in heaven,
Ere the pleasures of earth were given.
Like to unrav'ling an olden dream,
Wherein beautiful symphonies seem
Rolling from mem'ry's raveling warp,
Or echoes caught from an angel's harp,
And such may be our eternity!

Chorus

Trial in God's Court
Prodigal in Thy indulgence,
Freely taking all God lends,
Mortal, didst thou never question whence,
Nor ever think to make amends?
Thou heedless spendthrift while on earth,
Thou bankrupt in the court of God,
Before the bar of Justice bowed,
Speak and tell us of thy worth.

Nothing in our own right have we,
Stewards here at Thy commands;
E'en our souls must we deliver Thee,
On leaving earth, its goods and lands,
Just borrowed for this mortal state.
Our God is all, His laws remain,
His own dear Son removed our stain,
Jesus is our advocate.

Chorus

Oh Man, Give Thanks
Oh man, give thanks, give thanks, Oh, give
thanks!
Go back to your childhood and scan

The swift fleeting race that you ran,
 So full of its pleasures for man,
 Sweet pleasures that filled out the span
 Of life and unfolded God's plan,
 All carefully laid as He can.
 Then thanks, in loud acclamation, give thanks,
 Oh give thanks.

Yea man, give thanks, give thanks, yea, give
 thanks!

Look inward and catch up the gleam,
 Look forward to heaven and dream
 Of life and the heavenly scheme,
 Long planned ere your birth to redeem
 The soul that went forth, to beteen
 And load it with pleasures that seem
 To call for loud acclamations of thanks!

Bass

And Rejoice

Then rejoice in thanksgiving always:

For life from the fountain of God o'erflowing;
 For sharing the wisdom of God All-knowing;
 For the warmth of God's love forever glowing;
 For heaven's happiness forever growing;
 Yea, rejoice in thanksgiving and praise!

Chorus

Well Done My Faithful Servant

May we so conduct these earthly bodies, after
 blindly feeling toward the Light, that when we
 return this borrowed soul, however soiled in
 its journey through earth (the mere ante-chamb-
 er opening up into the great world of blissful
 life awaiting the blest soul's return,) we may
 approach, not fearful and with trembling but
 confident in Thy great consideration, and stand
 before Thy judgment, ready to hear Thy com-
 manding words, "Well done, my faithful ser-
 vants." A M E N, A M E N, A M E N!

THE END.

The New Science of Corrective Rating

Written in Dialogue Form

BY S. O. H.

*Editor's Note: This article has been awarded
 first prize in the Prize Competition.*



T. BENSON towered up as a back-
 ground to the city. Two men emerged
 from the dense forest growth and scaled
 the rugged bald gray summit. The view amply re-
 paid the effort. To the west, range beyond
 range of densely forested snow-capped moun-
 tains; to the east the blue waters of the Gulf,
 and beyond this the white glistening peaks of the
 Coast Range as far as the eye could see.

The men differed much in appearance. One
 was young and seemed to be a good example
 of the carefree student enjoying a vacation.
 The other was old, and his countenance had that
 expression of calm reserve as if seasoned by
 ages of experience that had developed self-con-
 trol and the wisdom that regards the tempests
 of life with an even mind.

The young man reclining against a huge
 boulder, unpacked a frugal lunch and resumed
 a conversation previously begun.

"Well, Peredur, now that we are resting we

can talk and absorb the beauty at the same time.
 Mark how the fleecy clouds drift across that
 valley. But Peredur, do you really value the
 study of astrology? I do not quite understand
 your remark that every aspect in the chart is
 but an abstract symbol that can be, and will be,
 interpreted in a wealth of concrete experience,
 yet is in itself a generalization of much ex-
 perience in past lives. Suppose you illustrate
 by explaining some actual example. Last night
 you referred to some horoscopes having Saturn
 in Cancer square to Jupiter. Can you expound
 that symbol concretely for me?"

"Yes, Gareth! As it happens, you have se-
 lected a symbol that appears in my own horo-
 scope, causing me many a bitter struggle, but
 ultimately leading to study, experiment, and
 final victory.

"Sometimes we are told that every evil as-
 pect eventually results in good. In my case
 Saturn in Cancer taught me an invaluable les-
 son. It taught me the cause of the diseases
 most prevalent and deadly to-day, and how to

remove that cause. As a medical student you may have observed the almost universal prevalence of catarrhal diseases. To what cause or causes do you attribute this?"

"To no one cause, Peredur, but to many: heredity, contagion, lowered vitality, uncleanness, overcrowding, exposure, and others. Do you think catarrhal diseases have one basic cause, and if so, what has that to do with astrology?"

"Not quite so fast, young man! Firstly will you admit that colds, coughs, bronchitis, influenza, la grippe, pneumonia, pleurisy, tuberculosis, tonsillitis, not to mention measles, mumps and various others, are all catarrhal diseases having similar basic symptoms?"

"That is rather a tall order, but basically we find the same symptoms, yes! But I never classified diseases in that way before, but rather by differential or specific symptoms, or by the disease germ predominant, ignoring, I admit, the common basic factors."

"That is so. But years of study have convinced me that the basic factor or cause of all catarrhal diseases is an excess of carbohydrate, that is, of starches or sugar in the system; eating more fuel food than the system needs or can oxidize into heat and energy."

"But surely wet feet or exposure to cold and damp cause colds."

"On the contrary, in a healthy person, such exposure produces but an exhilarating reaction, a feeling of glowing health and vitality."

"You know what is meant by a saturated solution of sugar. At a certain temperature a given quantity of water will hold a certain amount of sugar in solution. But what happens to a saturated solution that is lowered in temperature by sudden cooling or chilling?"

"At a lower temperature less can be held in solution, so some at least will be precipitated."

"Well said, oh worthy pupil of Socrates. Observe also the housewife and her fruit jellies. She adds boiling water and sugar and you have a liquid solution. If anywhere near the saturation point it "sets" well on cooling. If beyond saturation point you often find a nice coating of sugar on the surface when cooled. If much below the saturation point it does not set easily."

"Consider next our blood and tissues. When

overloaded with starch or sugar in solution, wet feet or sudden exposure to lower temperatures will cause precipitation of excess carbohydrate in the form of copious mucus discharge. All catarrhal diseases are just this precipitation of excess material, an effort of the system to rid itself of unnecessary material that is a clog instead of being of real value."

"What led you to such a strange conclusion?"

"Not strange when you study with that idea as a working hypothesis. But to answer your question. You observed that my chart had Saturn in Cancer, and you are aware that this usually indicates some gastric trouble due generally to over-indulgence. For many years my eating habits were like the swing of a pendulum, at times extreme abstemiousness, at times extreme indulgence. For a time I would live simply, enjoying excellent health, then for a time I would indulge freely in riotous living, no, not alcoholic, but excesses of sweets and starchy products. I bitterly resented these spells during reactionary moods, but I seemed unable to combat them and did not understand myself in this respect. Not until I studied astrology did I get any real light on the matter. You did not observe that Saturn has a trine from Venus as well as a square from Jupiter. This explains the alternation. In past lives I had fought against this tendency to over-indulgence, sometimes losing, sometimes winning, but not having attained full dominance over this sensual pleasure, I brought the struggle over into this life. So far I had involuntarily been recapitulating the past; now realizing the trend of fate I determined to control the situation and learn all I could from the experiences."

"I had observed that when eating starches and sugars to excess I gained in weight, was not so energetic but more or less torpid, and liable at all times to nasal discharge and colds."

"On the other hand I noticed that on a diet in which carbohydrate was reduced to a minimum I was lean, muscular, active, and never had the slightest symptom of catarrh."

"Was this, I wondered, the lesson that Saturn in Cancer square Jupiter, was teaching me?"

"I now decided to experiment. During the following winter my carbohydrate intake was reduced to a minimum, the diet consisting chiefly of milk, eggs, cheese, vegetables, except po-

tatoes, fruits, excluding dates, and a small amount of fats. Daily during that winter, the hardest for several years, I walked home, a distance of six miles, in any weather. Often my lower garments were soaking wet but were allowed to dry on the body. During that period I nursed cases of la grippe, contacted several cases of colds and various winter ailments, but was not troubled with the slightest symptom of catarrh, enjoying excellent health throughout the winter. A wetting or exposure resulted in but a glowing reaction."

"But Peredur, old man, I believe that you are naturally immune to catarrh or colds so your argument is not conclusive."

"On the contrary, most illogical one, I am not any more immune than any sensible person. To answer that insinuation I not only recollect that I suffered from catarrh during childhood, but I later deliberately tested the idea by reducing exercise and oxidation and increasing the intake of carbohydrate, especially of white flour products and sweets.

"Within a month the effect was remarkable. The weight increased but the new tissue was not muscle but false flesh. Nasal discharge and other signs of catarrh appeared, especially if I were exposed to sudden changes of temperature or to wetting.

"These alternate experiments were repeated several times. As a result the logical conclusion is that catarrh is due to excess of starch or sugar in the system, undergoing but few chemical changes and precipitated as excess mucus, either nasally or in the throat, due to contact with lowered temperature of external air, or precipitated in the weakest organ in the body when the body is exposed to changes of temperature."

"Well, how did you fare in the epidemic? Kept much to yourself, I presume, so as to preserve your working hypothesis."

"No! Being an experienced nurse the City Relief Department found me plenty of work. It was a very strenuous time, but no precaution was taken by me against the disease except cleanliness and a frugal diet, mainly protein foods, green salads and fruit, carbohydrates being reduced to a minimum. No ill effects followed, although I handled many cases, often working day and night without any sleep."

"But your case is just an isolated one."

"On the contrary the principle has been applied successfully in many cases of catarrh of long standing. Study with an open mind and you will see ample evidence of its truth."

"Well! How do you explain that in one person catarrh takes the specific form of tuberculosis, and in another person bronchitis?"

"You will observe in some horoscopes that Saturn is in Leo, in others in Taurus, in others in Gemini. Usually this indicates the organ most weakened by excesses in previous embodiments and most likely to be affected in this. The precipitation of catarrhal discharge takes place in the weakest organ, or in the most exposed part of the mucus membrane. A tube bursts in its weakest part, a chain breaks at its weakest link, so with disease in the body."

And do you not think that germs cause disease?"

"Never! A healthy system can laugh at disease germs, but where the system is already clogged with decaying refuse, with slimy catarrhal material, germs may find a happy festal ground and give a specific trend to the basic disease; frequently, however, they work as scavengers, consuming the waste material. A healthy cell is immune to germ attack."

"The Salisbury diet and exposure system of treating tuberculosis seem to support your idea. But is this idea of yours a consequence of the study of astrology?"

"Certainly, and it is in Saturn in Cancer cases that this tendency to overeat of sweet things is greatest. Let me explain one point here:

"For ages the human race has been undergoing a somewhat unconscious evolution against the dominance of alcoholic liquors, or rather the sensation produced by excessive use of alcohol. Various reasons for this are given, one being that alcoholism was one method of plunging men into the whirl of material life and sensual pleasure, leading later to conquest of his material environment, power of reason, and self-control.

"This alcoholism, however, is a negative phase of evolution, an attaining of control through the long slow process of satiation rather than by direct reason or effort of will. Our disgust at the scenes produced by excesses of this kind is well impressed in our conscience or soul nature.

But to overcome a negative form of temptation through the satiation process is not enough. The temptation will but reappear in more subtle positive form until we learn to control ourselves by reason and will, knowing the laws of well being and deliberately obeying them.

“Has it ever struck you that alcoholic liquors are produced by negative fermentation of starch or sugar?

“Alcoholic excesses lead to such evident degradation that we tend to scorn the drunkard, yet many people, having learned that lesson, have but exchanged that form of intoxication for the more positive auto-intoxication resulting from starch or sugar gluttony. Catarrhal diseases replace alcoholic diseases. Early races drank themselves into the grave; modern Anglo-Saxon races feed themselves into death-dealing diseases. The auto-intoxication or toxemia of catarrh today is the parallel of alcoholism.

“But the whole question of starch, sugar, alcohol, and fermentation, is a fascinating study in organic chemistry too complex for present discussion. Suffice it to state here that men have exchanged one form of temptation and slavery for another more subtle, equally deadly, and needing positive will power and reasonable understanding of nature’s laws for its conquest.

“You may say that all people are undergoing this struggle. To a certain extent that may be true. For example, persons with Jupiter in Cancer adversely aspected are almost certain to be over-indulgent, but they are negatively so, they do not tend to associate cause and effect, they are willing victims, even boasting of their self indulgence, their well laden tables, and their sporty nature. But Saturn the Chastiser spurs to conflict. The lesson must be learned in this case. There is no willing submission. Two souls struggle for mastery in the breast and a bitter conflict must ensue until the final triumph. Time and time again will the Saturn in Cancer person glut himself on the material sweets of sensual pleasure only to curse his folly bitterly during reaction, and endeavor more earnestly to be self-controlled. The Saturn in Cancer man has aimed to conquer, failed, and now resumes a deliberate conflict, sometimes winning, often losing, but resolving to fight to a finish.

“Study life around you and you will see this

symbol expressed concretely in a variety of experiences. Last Christmas Eve I saw two phases: Firstly, a long line of people awaiting their turns to present their signed prescriptions and purchase their regulation quart of bottled demon at the Government Liquor Store. This represents the old phase.

“Secondly, every prominent chocolate store and cake or fancy pastry shop in the city, looking forlornly empty, not for want of customers but the supply was sold out. This represents the new phase of intoxication resulting in almost universal prevalence of catarrhal diseases.

“As a medical student you must have observed the failure of drugs, vaccines, serums, and the expensive operation craze to cope with disease. In fact, despite all treatment of symptoms, disease is more prevalent than ever and the healthy person is the exception. By healthy I mean *healthy* not “*fleshy*.” You observed that the “*fleshy*” persons usually succumbed quickest during the epidemic, mainly from heart failure or lung stoppage due to the clogged system.

“Disease is more fatal than war or famine. Influenza alone recently removed more people than the Great War. Tuberculosis is still the Great White Plague. Not until we remove the cause can we effect a cure, and the way to cure lies in spreading knowledge of the true cause of disease and setting an educational ideal of action in regard to these causes.

“External cleanliness, sanitation, have helped much, but gluttony and internal filth remain. Not until we control appetite and build health can we remove or prevent disease.”

“But, Peredur, do you realize how far reaching is the logical conclusion of your idea? Do you think we could eliminate catarrhal diseases if we individually limited the intake of carbohydrate to the real demands of the system, corresponding to the amount of exercise and oxidation? Remember the old adage of ‘feed a cold.’”

“That is an adage of ignorance; as changed today it becomes, ‘feed a cold and cause a fever!’ Catarrhal diseases can be cured only by lessening the intake of starch and sugar and increasing exercise and oxidation. In case of acute disease nature itself enforces a fast.

“Take the idea as a working hypothesis and

you will soon be convinced of the truth of the law. However, do not be too harsh in your judgment when you study how people do live. Remember that experience is a great doctor, and that all are learning lessons in this great school slowly but surely."

"Thanks, Peredur! Now I understand what you meant by saying that any astrological symbol is but an abstract formula expressed in a wealth of concrete experience. Although you have said but little of your personal conflicts, I read somewhat between the lines, and your experience may be of value to me, for I, too, have Saturn in Cancer.

"Last week I visited a school. Of the children about seventy-five per cent had catarrhal symptoms, running noses, sore throats, discharging ears, yet I never associated these ailments with the vast amount of clogging white flour products, pastries, cakes, and candies, eaten by these children, and their unnatural confinement each day indoors in warm rooms, whilst heavily dressed. With such prevalence of basic symptoms in childhood I cannot wonder

at the prevalence of specific diseases in adults. We cannot expect healthy manhood if disease corrupts the system in childhood, Your hints at the natural method of cure will leave more than a superficial impression on my mind and practice.

"Yes, thanks! My former notions are tottering, for now that the fact is pointed out to me, I recollect evidence of its truth on all sides. Saturn in Cancer may prove a boon to me as to you, ultimately. But you promised to explain the meaning of the detrimental aspects to Neptune, did you not?"

"Young man, you have left your lunch quite untouched. I observe that it is almost entirely of carbohydrate substance. I am loth to leave this grand prospect, but the sun is well to the west and the forest gloom ascends, so we will wend our way homeward, back to the busy city which will provide you with ample opportunity for verifying the ideas expressed today, noting in a variety of ways the expression of Saturn in Cancer adversely aspected.

"Let us go."

Dash's Mission, a Vivisection Story

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE



NITA LONG stood looking out of the window with thoughtful sombre eyes. She was a frail sensitive girl on whom the vibrations of the material world played heavily. All evening she had been wandering, as she loved best to do, among the so called vague, intangible, or transcendent things. Whenever she thought much along these lines the apparent slowness of human progress on the earth appalled her and discouraged her.

Turning from the window with a perplexed sigh her glance fell upon the editorial of an evening paper: "The Crusade Against Vivisection." She had never thought much about the subject; she only knew the idea seemed horrible and repellent to her. Just that day several of her girl friends had insisted that she help them work on the streets to interest the public in the cause, but always averse to the hurrying throngs of a city street she had refused.

Very lonely she was since the death of her constant companion, a beautiful bull-terrier,

just a few weeks before. His collar still hung beside her bed, as he had been accustomed to awaken her in the mornings by laying it upon her pillow; he would stand eagerly waiting as she dressed to go for the morning walk. Hastily she choked the tears back while she caressed the collar. "Dear little Dash, how I miss you!" she murmured as she slipped drowsily down among the pillows.

Suddenly she half sat up in bed. Was she awake or dreaming? Dash stood again in the old familiar place beside the bed, his eyes anxiously entreating her as he used to do. But this time he paid no attention to his collar which she held out to him. He only seemed impatient to have her go with him. There was no longer any playfulness but only a serious entreaty in his manner. This time he must lead and she must follow. Unable to resist the anxious pleading in his eyes she laid her hand on his head and half asleep, half awake, found herself far down in the city before the walls of a

large, stone building. Once inside the building her heart seemed to stand still on hearing the terrible moans of agony that sounded from an adjoining room. Dash, with the same look of dumb pleading in his eyes, led her toward the door where she stood dumb with amazement. Her very breath stilled in terror. In a large cage lay all sorts and kinds of dogs, moaning and panting in an agony of pain. Some had great wounds in their throats through which the blood oozed in little streams as they breathed; others with holes cut in their sides at which they in their anguish bit and tore until pieces of lacerated flesh lay all over the floor of the cage. A great mastiff with streaming eyes and foaming lips grasped the iron bars of the cage with his teeth and in a frenzy of pain frantically tore them apart.

Unable to longer bear the awful sight Anita turned shudderingly away; but Dash reaching up caught her hand in his mouth and drew her further along the room. She saw cages of rabbits, all maimed and blood stained, their soft eyes filled with fear at her approach. Numbers of white rats huddled together, some having died from cruelty and neglect, others awaiting, helpless and defenseless, whatever horrors the morrow might bring.

Sobbing from sheer terror and pity Anita stumbled on. Dash, his great, dark eyes filled with tears, watched beseechingly her every move. In a corner of the room she saw a little calf looking at her with its beautiful eyes strained with agony. Wondering as to the cause, she came closer and found a great hole cut in his side through which she could see the action of the intestines as he breathed. He shrank shudderingly away as she approached and put out a trembling hand to caress him. "God pity humanity," she moaned, "when our younger brothers, who should look to us for guidance and assistance in their evolution are made by man's cruelty to shrink in fear at the sight of a human face. No wonder human evolution is retarded. Not until these atrocious crimes cease and man becomes the protector and defender of his younger brothers in evolution, not until then can he find his own place in God's scheme of things. Oh Dash," she cried, clasping him around the neck, "how thankful I am to you for having taught me this lesson! I know now that your

little life on earth was ended that you might give this aid to your own kind. I shall do my part, dear Dash, to make everybody know and understand." Dash, in a frantic effort of appreciation at her words, barked and bounded about her all the time, licking her hands with delight—when suddenly she was wide awake in bed. At first she was dazed. How real it all seemed! She could even yet feel the warmth of Dash's tongue on her hands. A long time she lay still thinking. Occasionally a shudder of terror ran through her body with the memories of her night's experience.

In the early morning Anita was dressed and on her way to the city. And now every day her bright, cheery face is always to be seen on the busiest corner, while her sweet voice rings out to every passer-by: "Will you not sign my petition to end the horrible torture of animals?" Many people sign because of her sweet face and the pathos in her voice, and many are so touched by the earnestness of her manner that they resolve to investigate the matter right away. Daily her petition grows in length, and with the rapidly increasing numbers the tears often overflow her eyes. "Dear, dear Dash," she murmurs, "we are going to win, we are goin to win. God bless our efforts and speed the day when vivisection shall be numbered among the horrors of the dark ages." And then oftentimes she hears a faint bark sounding through the silence and and feels a warm tongue rubbing softly against her hands.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem so lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;


Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

The Joy of Going On

BY LINN A. E. GALE

OME years ago "Eternal Progress," a magazine published by Christian D. Larson, used to carry under the title on the first page the slogan, "The greatest of all Joys—the Joy of Going On." The words had a special appeal to me then, and as the years go by the appeal grows stronger.

"The joy of going on"—it *is*, indeed, the greatest of joys for the ambitious, high-minded man or woman, anxious to accomplish, to do, to be something of value to humanity.

Did you ever see a person who was really working for the betterment of the race, who was tired of living, or if tired, who could stay so long? And did you ever see a laggard, a loafer, an aimless good-for-nothing, who was *not* tired of living? Look around among your acquaintances. You will find the rule is almost unailing. Even those whose bodies are pierced with pain, sapped by disease, or debilitated by age and infirmity, cling tenaciously to the activities of life when they are engaged in worthwhile occupations. Even those who have suffered rebuffs, persecutions, and defeats innumerable, recover from their disappointment and discouragement and plunge fiercely into the turmoil again, undismayed and unconquered, when fired with the ardor of a noble purpose.

A friend criticising my answer to Robert Minor's dissertation on the comfort of the belief in individual annihilation, points out that Minor does not want annihilation because he is so satisfied with this life, but rather because it is so empty and hideous that he wants to take no chances in similar experiments in the future. My friend argues that so many bright and glowing dreams have vanished before us, so many golden apples of the Hesperides have turned to ashes of regret and bitterness in our hands, that many people have become materialists and actually want death to end all. They feel that this existence has been so filled with cruel deceptions that they prefer not to gamble with unknown and mysterious futures.

I understand perfectly the viewpoint of my friend but can not share his opinion. I am as conscious as any one, perhaps, of the countless crimes that have reddened and still redden the

earth. I am entirely aware of the indescribable brutalities of the system under which we live. I know what it is to grow up in youth with fond imaginings of opportunities for the aspiring, of honors for the brave, of "races to the swift and battles to the strong," and to experience the cynicism and reaction of the rude awakening.

Yet—

If I could have my choice between eternal rest after a life crammed with agonies and horrors, and a continuation of life indefinitely with no assurance that I would be able to crush its evils and right its wrongs, I am sure I would take the latter.

To be sure, I have never lived such a life as I picture. To be sure, my struggles and misfortunes have been no worse than those of millions of others. But I cannot conceive of any struggles and misfortunes, no matter how unbearable, that would make me want to surrender my individual existence. I might want to get rid of the body I now inhabit—it might be so racked and torn with sickness that I would be glad to shed it—but I would still be ready for another adventure in living. I would still want to "carry on" the fight for better conditions, better beings, and a better world.

If, as I continue to believe, there is a purpose in life, then we must "go on" more or less and sooner or later. And such being the case, I want to have my part in that process of progression. I want to do my share while the way is still rough and to participate as well in the consciousness of triumph that will belong to those who have labored and sacrificed to reach the Goal.

If, on the other hand, I do not know and nobody knows what the outcome will be, I am still enough of a gambler to relish a continuation of the game. We who stake our all for the sake of lifting the standards of thought and action, may yet win. If we do, we shall be glad we were sports and stayed at the gaming table. If we lose, if it is all a farce and a grim joke, it will still have been worth the effort.

It may be because I have not reached middle age and the flame of youth still burns within

me, that I feel this avid appetite for life and even for an endless life. But I do not think so. I think I shall be just as alert and ready for effort in the brumal days of age as I am now in the vernal, virile days of youth. I know not a few men of whom this is true. If it is true of them, why not of me? Why might it not be true of all men?

My friend and comrade, George D. Coleman, Socialist, thinker, and actor, iconoclast and reconstructor, is 75 years young, and time has not dulled the edge of his literary scimiter nor blurred the clear reasoning of his brain. And Coleman would be as enamored of life if he were 175 or 275 as he is now.

No, I don't think age has much to do with it. It is rather a question of the man and what he is doing. If Coleman had spent his life dancing tangoes at pink teas, loafing on velvet rugs, and figuring out how he could rob his fellowmen, get a political job, and be a deacon in church at the same time, he would by this time have lost all zest and be ready to join the innumerable caravan, if indeed he had not already done so. If such were my occupation, I would be as convinced of the futility of living as any pessimist and as anxious to end the process as the most eager Euthanasian.

Certain mentaphysicians think that annihilation may be true of some spineless, "sissified" souls who are ready to dissolve into nonentity at almost any minute. He may be right, and if he is, annihilation is just what some of these jelly-fish individuals deserve.

But those who "out of the night that covers them, black as the pit from pole to pole," neither yield nor budge nor bow to the powers of unrighteousness and injustice, merit immortality, and I am optimist enough to believe, will get it. To them the briars and brambles along the way will be but stimuli to renewed effort. To them sweet sleep, the "sleep with neither dreams nor sighs," will have no lure. To them the battles, the victories and losses of earth life and of any other life before or after, will be but incidents in the Pilgrim's Progress toward that acme of realization that will not be the nostalgia of Nirvana but the electric consciousness of forever "going on."

I crave neither the restfulness of obliteration nor the narcotic ease of a cloudless heaven.

As long as an iota of wrong exists anywhere in all the infinitudes of space, I shall want my individual life to last so that I may exert all my energies to remove that wrong.

If, as I seriously doubt, the time ever comes when there are no evils to end, no obstacles to overcome, I shall want an eternity in which to pause and scan the long way up which I climbed.

Meanwhile, let us not delude ourselves with dreams of repose in annihilation. All nature belies it. All the best and highest hopes in man repudiate it as craven and childish. We shall not go back into the ground, into dirt, the damp, and death. We shall go forward into fiercer contests, greater deeds, life more abundant, incarnations without number it may be.

We shall "go on."

"When the soul is born again into the divine light, she becometh a humble, loving, winning creature, that beareth every cross and reproach, that regardeth no insult, either from man or devil, that placeth her love and confidence in the heart of God, that is full of joy, that is fed by the Word of God and is a very smile of heavenly triumph."—*Jacob Behmen*.

"Evil must be the cause of the highest good."

ONLY GOD

Only God knows how a heart can break,
 Only God knows how a body can ache,
 Only God knows our innermost soul,
 And the painful striving to reach our goal.

Only God knows all the motives that play,
 Only God knows all the feelings that sway,
 Only God knows how hard we can yearn,
 How somebody's faults can make us burn.

Only God knows, for only God can,
 Disciples, probationers, man is still man,
 But a smouldering spark in the Infinite Fire,
 Mistaking compassion and judging desire.

Only God feels the compassion that saves.
 Only God knows what a soul really craves.
 And only God can be a true friend,
 The life and the staff through days without end.

—*Tessie Lehrer*

The Nature and Necessity of Prayer

By N. L.



PRAYER is the link between man and God, and only by prayer may we reach Him. We go about our daily tasks, we perform our duties as they arise before us, but ever as we work we must be praying, if we are to succeed and do our duty as we should.

Prayer is the earnest desire of the heart to do in all things as we would be done by; striving day by day to live our lives better and more successfully, that we may look back on them and find nothing to regret; that each act may inspire us to make greater efforts to perfect ourselves.

The sweet songbird caroling his lay on tree or bush, is lost in love and prayer to God, knowing he will be fed and sheltered and protected, but helps answer his own prayers by hustling around and getting the food and shelter which have been provided for him so bountifully.

The bee is praying for success in her honey-gathering, to store and lay up for her young, working till life itself is sacrificed to her great effort.

The ant is toiling day by day, always in a hurry to get the home ready for the new lives that will occupy it, always steadfastly walking the well beaten path and laying up store for the time of need, praying, working to fulfill its mission of love in our beautiful world.

The flower is praying when it blooms in its beauty, filling the air with fragrance, truly a breath of God to cheer and help us that we may admire His Works. It is setting an example for us that we may do in like manner,—give out for the help of others, content that we are doing this regardless of self, knowing as the rose that if we are cut off, we have acted our part as God decreed, and that no matter how or when this may happen, we are satisfied, knowing that we have fulfilled our mission.

Even the river, filled with its turbid and muddy water, is showing forth God's love and care, for its channel has been provided to make possible our homes and crops. This is another prayer, to do the work allotted to it, hurrying on to do its share and then join the great ocean where it will be one with that great body of water;

singing its own requiem as death to the stream, but a song of joy that it is one with the great father of waters. It has acted its part nobly, watering and refreshing the flowers, trees, and grass and all the growth of the more elevated lands, soaking and causing to sprout the seeds which have been sown so lavishly, that man and beast, bird and insect, may be provided for; that they may have a chance for further progress in evolution. It has nothing to regret. It has acted its part well even though some grass, plants or bushes may have been sacrificed in its mad rush. The greater number have been served and helped.

It is plain to be seen that prayer is the earnest desire, the desire that will not be turned aside, to do what we have been sent here to do; to live up to the highest thoughts and ideals which have been implanted within us by God's own hand; desiring each day to perform, each his share, in the work before us with willing hands and loving hearts, satisfied if we have succeeded in that; not thinking so much of our reward as thinking and planning how best to accomplish and in greatest measure the work we are fitted to do.

We look around at those in the world who have made a success in life and we find that their success has not been marked by money or possession of material things; but success has been the result of lives full of love and good deeds, the harvest one of great gain in soul-growth which they may take with them on their further journey, and which by its great force will carry them in its pendulum swing farther and farther toward the heights, the goal of all our longings.

Success for each of us can only be measured in this way. We will everyone be fed and clothed, and the laying up of worldly things will not help us one iota in our attainment of the Christ life.

But work we must; not for the sake of piling up riches and treasure for this life, but that we may help in the evolution of Earth itself and all that goes to make the Earth complete, for only as the Earth evolves to better and higher states will we be provided with a better and bet-

ter environment for our evolution.

So no matter what we do, whether it be for plant, animal, or man, for Earth or for God, it all in the end comes back to us as "bread cast upon the waters." We surely reap as we have sown, and "God giveth the increase."

In being associated with those who have succeeded in reaching greater heights of spirituality, or in reading of the Elder Brothers or Masters of nature's forces we see that their lives have been one long and fervid prayer, prayer for light and guidance; and they have listened to and heeded the answer, ever performing the duty nearest, listening to the "still small voice" for the next task to perform, forgetting self in the desire to follow the leadings of the voice within and to let the Christ live in every word and act. Only thus can the highest be attained.

Christ in us is the God enshrined in our hearts, our bodies the temple; and as we labor, watch, and pray, He orders our lives; if we follow His leading, nothing but success *can* crown our efforts.

In the honest and earnest striving to do in the very best way possible the work we have to do that we find all about us, we must look to the guiding voice of the Christ to set us right if we inadvertently or mistakenly start in a wrong way; for if we are so living that our trust is all in the Father, He will not allow us to go wrong without a warning and if we heed the warnings, success will attend our efforts.

Even our coming to Headquarters was and is a prayer, for we realize that we could each help in the work, and each had a prayer in his heart that he might do his bit and do it worthily; and each knew that as he sowed, so should he reap; if perfect success has not crowned our efforts, who shall judge how far away from or how near to success we have come? No one can judge but God, and we have no right to judge another, for who can see into the recesses of the heart and know what is there?

To the world it may seem that we are not accomplishing much in a spiritual way, and even we, ourselves, may feel discouraged and disappointed that we have not been able to accomplish all we had desired to do. But we know how great the trials have been; we thought we were prepared for them as we had been told of their magnitude, but still we have failed in many ways

in spite of warnings and of steeling ourselves in preparation to meet and overcome. Even we, ourselves, knowing all that has come and gone, all our efforts and failures and our, to us, small success, can have little or no idea even, nor can we judge whether we have mounted higher on the Path or not. Only those above us can tell.

The thing for us, however, is to keep trying. No matter how often we fail, if we see and know *why* we have failed, we have gained that much. If we go on and try again with this knowledge before us and resolve to not let the same thing trip us again, even if we do fail repeatedly, still if we try each time to make our will stronger, eventually we shall be able to win and cease making the same mistakes. But we get discouraged and disgusted with ourselves finally. When we feel our unworthiness and weakness and become ashamed to go to the Lord time after time, then we make the supreme effort and *do* overcome.

Can you picture the rejoicing over the success of our efforts? We have all seen this thing,—the effort of someone to break a bad habit, the trials and failures, the help extended by family and friends, the final overcoming, and then how each and all rejoice over a victory won; each will then assist the winner to retrieve his lost opportunities by helping him with all that love and good-will can devise.

It is even so with us when we have gained a victory over self. The Higher Ones will put opportunities in our way and help us to make up for all we have lost in times past. That one victory shows that all can be victory over self and the things of self if we make the necessary supreme effort. The rejoicing in Heaven then is great, and how we are cheered by the strength we have gained. But our failures have been too recent for us to be over-confident, but still how that one great victory does encourage!

When we stop and analyze that which has been so hard for us to overcome, we really marvel why it has been so, it seems so small and slight a thing. We have said, ourselves, so many times: If I were as near perfect as that person, I would overcome that one fault if it required the whole strength I possess. No doubt others have said the same thing about us. We are overlooking the fact of the great effort we should make in our own lives, for each of us, no matter how free of faults we may feel or

think we are, still has that *one* decisive battle to win, the victory over self and its weaknesses. Some have faults and failings of one kind and some another, but we believe in every case without exception they could be covered by the word "selfishness."

Now that shows us what is to be done to become what we desire to be. What matters it what others think or do or say, or how they do things? They are responsible for their own acts. If we do *our* best in every event, ours will be the reward; and if others want all their own way, we do not have to overcome for them.

Some of us have gotten where we can see the selfishness that prompts us, but it is sweet and gratifying to have our own way in all things so we do not try to overcome. But when we realize that it is this which is keeping us back, then we will pray and work earnestly to strengthen our will and success will be sure and certain.

If we weakly allow faults and habits to overpower us, we open the way for the thoughts of others along the same line to influence us, and daily and hourly our task is made harder. Also there are entities on the invisible side of nature which strive to keep us in the same old path, and as long as we keep a negative attitude these grow in number and our weakness is added to. But as William Cowper sings,—

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

It seems as though a stupendous effort must be made and truly there must, but this one effort will be the crowning one and thereafter all things will be possible, for we will go on praying and by making the effort helping to answer our own prayers.

Many think it right and necessary to pray for all manner of things, which if possessed would work more harm than good. But if we pray for strength to live our lives in conformity with the Divine Will, there is little else we need to pray for, for He has promised: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And they will be, in far greater measure than we would have asked.

For what, do you think, were all the gold and gems put into the earth? Why were all the lovely flowers and trees and beautifully plu-

magged song-birds placed here? Why all the music, the art? Just for the one simple reason that God loves us. We are His children. And like any fond father He would lavish the very best upon us to make us love Him more, to keep our hearts and thoughts with Him, and to show us in such a kind and loving way what we are to Him, that we will not want to leave Him and His home; that He is able and more than willing to give us all we need.

In the case of one who is striving for the higher life, his every act, thought, word, and deed is a prayer. He prays constantly and without effort. He prays for the love of praying. His whole life is a prayer. His praise to God is a prayer; the song on his lips is a prayer; the hearty hand-shake and slap on the shoulder of a discouraged one is a prayer. The picture he paints, the flower he grows, the laugh of happiness and cheer, all these are prayers. The thoughts of adoration and worship of the Author of our being, even though our lips be silent when our very soul seems to sing for joy and we are carried on the wings of silence to heights of bliss, these are the prayers of the soul that is longing for at-one-ment with God. Let us never cease from praying.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire that trembles
in the breast.
Prayer is the breath of God in man,
returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within, and prayer
the rising flame."

POETS

Vain is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal bread and wine.
Light songs we breathe that perish with our
breath
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death;
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.
—Joyce Kilmer.

"Faith is nothing less than a uniting of our will with God's will."

The Message of Pentecost

MARGARET WOLFF

(Continued from July)

YOU will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you." (Acts 1, 8.) You will be clothed with power from on high," (Luke 24. 49.) The Comforter, the Holy Spirit whom the Father will send at my request, will teach you everything and will bring to your memories all that I have said to you. When the Advocate is come whom I will send to you from the Father's presence, he will be a witness concerning me. It is to your advantage that I go away for unless I go away the Advocate will not come to you, but if I go I will send Him to you. When he is come, the Spirit of Truth, He will guide you into all truth. He will glorify me because He will take of what is mine and will make it known to you." (John 15.)

Pentecost means the fiftieth day. Fifty days after the resurrection when the disciples were gathered together, "there came from the sky a sound as of a strong rushing blast of wind. This filled the whole house where the disciples were sitting, and they saw tongues of what looked like fire distributing themselves over the assembly and on the head of each person a tongue alighted. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in foreign languages according as the Spirit gave them words to utter. And there were Jews residing in Jerusalem, devout men from every part of the world. So when this noise was heard they came crowding together and were amazed because everyone heard his own language spoken. They were beside themselves with wonderment and exclaimed: "Are not all these speakers Galileans? How is it then that we all alike hear these Galileans speaking in our own native language about the wonderful things which God has done!"

Pentecost was the beginning of the disciples' ministry. From this day on they baptized in the name of the Lord; preached His word in *all languages*; healed the sick and taught their comrades in *all creation the Temple Builder's secret, Universal Brotherhood.*

Three thousand men and women joined the disciples on this first pentecostal day and pro-

fessed themselves followers of the Christ. Three thousand men and women! That means three thousand living stones in the great Universal Christian Church. All the churches built of stone and wood are but outward symbols of this living Temple Structure which is being erected by all mankind, and which cannot be completed until every builder has learned the Master Mason's principle, Universal Brotherhood.

"Behold the *Universal Spirit* came
To all Apostles, not to one alone,
On Pentecostal morn, a tongue of flame
Around each Apostle as a halo shone."

Thus teaches us Max Heindel.

The Universal Spirit! We also find passages referring to Him in the Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception, Questions and Answers, and in Max Heindel's lessons. By designating the Holy Spirit of Pentecost as the *Universal Spirit* Max Heindel disperses the mystery surrounding the Comforter, or Advocate, or Paraklet, as the Holy Messenger is called in Greek.

The three great festivals of the Christian year correspond to the three aspects of the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. We are taught that these three aspects also manifest as Will, Wisdom, and Activity. Christmas is the festival of the Father whose *will* decreed that the evolution of the earth, which had been endangered through mankind's fall, should be saved by the coming of the Son, who would raise the planet's slackened vibrations to the required rate. Easter is the festival of the Son whose *Wisdom*, born of compassion, knew the raising principle, universal love, and demonstrated it in service. Pentecost is the festival of the Holy Spirit whose *Activity*, working through the disciples proclaimed the message of Universal Brotherhood over all the lands of the earth.

Well named the Master him the Comforter. Only such activity as inspired by the Holy Spirit of Universal Brotherhood,—activity for others—could comfort the disciples over their Master's absence, just as it is the only effective consolation to us when ascension into the heaven worlds has removed a dear one from us. On

the strength of universal comradeship the deeds done for one of the least amongst their brethren were done for Him, and whatever we do for our brothers and sisters here is done for the loved ones beyond. When the sorrows of earth life and the horrors of universal suffering crowd in upon us, there is no other comfort left but to preach with words of flame and arouse our erring comrades so that they may cease inflicting pain upon their brothers and in consequence upon themselves through their disregard of universal love. Verily the Universal Spirit is the Spirit of Truth for there is but one truth concerning the progress of our evolution, namely that it entirely depends on the measure of active recognition given by individuals and nations to the law of Universal Brotherhood.

The Holy Spirit is the Advocate, for He pleads the cause of the weaker brother before the stronger. Christ is infinitely higher above man than man is above the animals, yet He went on His knees before His disciples; He saw the potential gods in them—His equals. So if we want to be His followers we must see in the animal the potential human—our equal. The disciples were to bring the good news of universal love, not to humankind alone, but to all the oppressed creatures who are “groaning and travailing” until the day when man will manifest himself as a “child of God” and embrace them as his comrades.

The disciples, after the Universal Spirit had descended upon them, spoke all languages because they understood all languages. They were able to interpret the pleading of each human soul and of each dumb brother in the animal world. In return they found themselves understood by all, for they loved all. No other miracle but that of love made them suddenly preach in all tongues. In fact they spoke in one language only but it was the language of love, and therefore each one present thought himself addressed in his native tongue. And around the circle of human listeners there stand the beasts and birds, “the furred and feathered things” whom man’s cruel conceit tries in vain to shut out from the Father’s universal temple. Christ’s love speaking through the disciples welcomes them all, at last they hear their own language uttered, and eagerly, joyously, lovingly they respond.

The Holy Universal Spirit of Pentecost speaks from the Christ’s own sphere of unifying love. “He will take of what is mine and will make it known to you.”

Until the resurrection the Holy Spirit operated upon mankind from the World of Thought where all patterns and archetypes are made, which in the three lower Worlds appear as forms. Thought shapes form, and form separates, for every form differs from its neighboring form. As long as our consciousness is centered on form we acknowledge divergency; we recognize as our brothers those only who are similar to ourselves in form, and our sense of brotherhood remains limited to the particular nation whose language we speak. whose characteristics of form we bear,—the animals are not considered at all.

But above the World of Thought there lies the *World of Life Spirit*, and of this Max Heindel says: “The World of Life Spirit is the first *universal World*; it is the World in which differentiation ceases and unity begins to be realized.” Forms differ; *the Spirit of Divine Life* which ensouls every form is the same in every form. When our consciousness centers on the *spirit within*, we acknowledge unity and all living beings become our brothers.

The World of Life Spirit had been the particular sphere of the Christ Spirit whence He brought us the principle of Unity. When Christ was resurrected and thus raised the whole cosmos with Him, the working sphere of the Holy Spirit was elevated from the World of Thought to the World of Life Spirit.

While the Holy Spirit under the name of Jehovah, influenced humanity from the World of Thought he diversified them into nations and races; the Holy *Universal Spirit* working with mankind from the World of Life Spirit unifies them until there will be but one nation, one race, one Universal Brotherhood, with the animals reinstated in their own God given rights.

Pentecost, the festival of the Universal Spirit and of the disciples, is the festival of all those who today as Visible and Invisible Helpers are preaching the Gospel of Unity and building the Universal Ecclesia.

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We arouse in others the attitude we hold toward them. —Elbert Hubbard

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

PRENTISS TUCKER

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the things which the Professor had strongly impressed on Doctor George was the cardinal principle that the experiences which he had on the higher planes must never be spoken of or mentioned to others, and to this rule the Doctor had rigidly adhered. But in this veracious narrative, it is a necessity that we should be able to know something of what goes on, so we are at liberty to sprinkle into our shoes some of that magic fernseed which, as the reader well knows, is gifted with the power of making its user invisible to mortal eyes, and with this preparation we may follow the Doctor on his trips of adventure, ourselves unseen.

As the Professor had promised, the Doctor's dreams had ceased and in their place he was dreaming true. He was conscious during sleep and knew that he was outside of the body. Also even while in the body, his spiritual sight was opening gradually. At first he did not know what or when he saw for he was apt to confuse his occasional visions with physical causes, but slowly they developed. One dream, however, was not of the usual "dreaming true" type and he was at a loss to account for it. It occurred three times and each time left him more mystified than ever.

Were it not for the happy effect of the magical fernseed it would not be possible for us to make sense out of many things which the Doctor did or which happened to him. For instance, we would be as much in the dark as were his friends about the causes of his quitting tobacco and meat eating and other things. We, too, would have been apt to lay his few mysterious remarks about a strange visitor who told him queer things, and his peculiar changes in diet and habits to a slight, oh! very slight, but still indisputable—well, weakening of the mental powers.

Miss Frances Edgerly, the young lady for whom the Doctor had shown an unmistakable regard, had herself been candidly of this opinion. She had taxed the Doctor with foolishness in regard to this weird idea that one could

possibly pierce the veil which hangs between this world and the next (if there be a next,) and had tried to show him that if such a thing were possible the ministers, whose business it is to delve into things would have found it out long ago. The Doctor's countercharge that the average minister is more moral, sentimental, and sympathetic than spiritual merely convinced her that she was right.

The Doctor had at first tried to take her into his confidence, in a way, but when he found it entirely useless had given it up and, to his sorrow had seen the chasm widening between them. He had hoped that by the time of her return there might be a change for the better, though just how it would come about he could not guess.

The dream referred to occurred a few weeks after her departure, then again about a week later, and now it happened a third time, and the Doctor was puzzled. Always it was the same thing. He seemed to see Miss Edgerly walking in a meadow filled with beautiful flowers, tall grass, and weeds. As she walked she plucked a flower here and there and he saw the flower change to a nettle in her hand though she, herself, was apparently unaware of the change. All at once he perceived a sheer precipice towards which she was walking. The flowers and grass grew clear to the edge of the cliff and there was no warning of the danger. In vain he tried to call her name. His voice sounded as a mere whisper, and he could only get close enough to touch her dress but never close enough to grasp hold of it. Apparently he could not attract her attention though once or twice she turned her head a trifle. At this point of the dream his efforts to warn her always became so vehement that he awoke trembling with horror.

Three times he had been through that ordeal. He thought of writing her, but did not know whether there was really any danger to her or of what the danger could consist. If he wrote that he had had a dream of her, he knew that she would be even more firmly convinced of his superstition.

So he waited, hoping that if there were any

warning in the dream, the event or which it warned, would like the proverbial coming events, cast its shadows before. This he had determined when a letter came for him. Part of it we may read:

"We have met such a charming man nere (she, with her father and mother and younger brother were at Valparaiso) and he has convinced me of the truth of much that you used to say. He is a man of culture and a great traveler and so well informed. Some of his knowledge seems to me almost uncanny. He is going to visit the States soon and has promised to call. I want you to meet him."

The rest of the letter concerned the incidents of travel and is, to us, uninteresting. The letter did not mention the name of this polished and charming stranger and did not say any more about him but left the Doctor guessing as to his identity and character until, some time later, another missive came along, a letter somewhat soiled and misspelled but far more direct and to the point. It was the composition of the younger brother Billy, with whom the Doctor was a fast friend. Billy threw some light upon the subject though without any intention of telling secrets, a thing which would have been as abhorrent to Billy, who was a square-dealing, manly little fellow, as it would have been to Doctor George. Billy said, in part:

"Say, the folks have picked up a queer bird here and Sis thinks he's a regular wizard. She sits and listens to him talk about some of the things you used to talk about, but gee, he's different. You ought to hear his name. I copied it off his card so as to get it right—Francisco Cabeno Ilvanez da Siletra. Sis thinks it's fine but she don't know him. I've heard him swear at the man who drives his machine for him and I've heard the servants talk about him when they thought I didn't understand. He's a bad one. I don't like his eye. It looks mean. If I was just big enough I'd like to take a poke at it. I bet he'd slip a knife into you just as leave as not. He sits in the house and talks to Sis about spooks and how to infloonce your invironment and then goes out and swears a blue streak at shuffer if theres something he don't like. I know what he says because the shuffer tells me afterward what he says. The shuffer used to be a sailor in the Chilean navy and says when he gets ready to

quit he's going to knock the head off of this Siletra bird for some of the things he's said and so goodbye and no more for the present from your affectionate friend Billy."

This letter of Billy's threw considerable light on the subject, but the Doctor did not realize the full significance of it at the time. He did that later.

The profession of medicine brings its followers into intimate contact with many strange persons and strange situations. This is a fact that every doctor knows but which is, to most of them as to the majority of other people, simply a fact. To most people a strange situation is a strange situation and that is all, just like the man to whom,

"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

So it was with our friend, the Doctor, while his nature was developing and his eyes were gradually opening. He had come to realize fully that there is another world surrounding us, but the tremendous consequences of that fact had not yet dawned upon him. He found that in diagnosing disease he was relying to a certain extent upon his ability to sense the physical conditions of the patient, and lately he had found that he could tell quite readily by the radiations of the etheric body whether the trouble was a real trouble or largely imaginary. He found another thing, too, and that was that he somehow or other acquired knowledge without knowing where he got it. He charged it up against the general term "intuition," but that did not explain much to him since it was practically only a name for ignorance.

One night, some weeks after getting his letter from Billy, he went to sleep after the usual evening exercise of reviewing the day and came to himself standing in the room and looking down on his body lying on the bed. His other experiences of the same nature had always begun with his finding himself a long ways off from home, and while he had been sure that they were real experiences and not mere "dreams," yet there had been something lacking in this conviction. Now, however, as he stood beside the bed and looked at the still form lying quietly there, he began to realize that the body was only a vehicle just as his automobile runabout was a vehicle. It was the thing in

which he, the immortal spirit, travelled about the world; it was a machine, a tool, an implement.

He looked up and around him. He could see much more clearly than on the former occasions when he had found himself away from his body at night, and he began to examine his surroundings curiously. He took a few steps across the room and noticed that the walls were not opaque as during his waking hours. A sudden thought of his body and an impulse to look at it again and he found that he was beside it. He had not retaken the few steps with which he had crossed the room. It dawned on him then that motion was dependent upon the will, not upon the usual methods of locomotion. To test this he willed to be across the room again but took no steps. He moved rapidly to the spot where he had willed to be although his feet remained stationary so far as the rest of his body was concerned. He tried this again and yet again, and always with the same result. He had made a great discovery for he knew now that motion depended solely upon the will or possibly the desire.

He willed to rise slowly from the floor and found himself slowly rising. Evidently the laws of gravity did not apply to him in this state. He ducked his head just in time to prevent it striking against the ceiling and for a moment he hung there in the air then slowly began to sink. This struck him as odd for he had not willed to sink. The moment, however, that he willed to rise he rose, and this time involuntarily threw out his hand to protect his head when he made another discovery, for his hand went through the ceiling as though there were no ceiling there. Then he tried with his head, though gingerly, and was again surprised to find that the ceiling was there and he could feel it. This seemed so like the way that a little baby experiments with the great new world into which it has just come, that he laughed at himself. Just why he could feel the ceiling sometimes and could thrust his hand and arm through it at other times he did not understand, though he was sure there must be a reasonable explanation for the phenomenon. Then he walked towards the door, which was closed, and walked right through it without difficulty. Mentally he determined to investigate these things as soon as he was qualified to do so and to keep a list

of the more prominent puzzles for solution at a later date. In the meantime he would simply accept conditions as he found them, but of one thing he was certain and that was that he had made a great discovery.

It was true that one could leave the body, travel around and return to the body again, and yet why had no one discovered it before? Wait, the thing *had* been discovered before, of course, for all the talk of the Professor had been based on this very fact that there exist other worlds about us. The Professor had been telling the truth after all.

Our friend was now in the hallway of his home, having walked through the door of his room, and the newness of the feat had riveted his attention upon it, but as he looked about him he began to realize that he was by no means alone. A number of people were around though none seemed to pay much attention to him. An elderly gentleman came up the stairs, gliding as was the custom of those who had been long on this side of the veil, but apparently taking a good deal of notice of the house and furniture. He was a pleasant faced man, and as he came up nodded to our Doctor in a friendly way. He hesitated a moment as people do when they are willing to exchange a few words and the Doctor spoke:

“You seem to be interested in the house.”

It was a commonplace remark enough and the Doctor could not have told what made him say it, but it produced a remarkable effect on the old gentleman.

“My! I’m glad to hear you speak. I didn’t know whether you were awake on this side or not. Yes sir, I am interested in the house for I own it.”

“Why, you must be Mr. Meldon. I bought the house from your estate.”

“Yes, you did, and a pretty mess they made out of my estate. They had no right to sell, but I couldn’t prevent it. The house is mine and I tried to tell you so but you could not hear me at the time.”

“But you were-er-dead, you know. I did you do injury in buying.”

“Not intentionally, perhaps, and I am glad to see that you have taken good care of it, but just the same the house is still mine. I admit it’s quite a mixup but I hope to straighten it out sometime. You see, if the house is not

mine then it was the property of my body and not of me, and as I am not dead it's evident the house is still my property. Don't you see how reasonable it is?"

The Doctor sensed the man's trouble. The Professor had spoken a little of the great need for getting the correct idea of life and death known to people before they pass over, but the Doctor had not realized the grim truth of the statement before. He looked at the good-natured face of the old gentleman before him and sympathised with the point of view which Mr. Meldon took.

"But it must be twenty-five or thirty years since you-er-came over to this side isn't it?"

"I don't know. I don't bother much about the time and we don't reckon days over here as we used to. But I must be going. Glad to have met you Doctor. Don't be worried about what I said. The house is really mine but for a while anyhow—well, of course I don't live in it and you are taking good care of it so it's all right for the present anyhow."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Meldon. Would you mind telling me, since you seem to be in a hurry, do you have any business over here?"

"Yes, indeed. You know I had quite a lot of money during what you would call my life, and I am watching over the estate as well as I can so as to hold it together. I have blocked a number of false moves which the trustees would have made and—"

"But why do you care about holding the estate together?"

"Why?"

"Yes, why? I thought that on this side all business was done with."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I thought so too. Doctor, until I got here, but I find that there are many things to do. Now there's a young scapegrace grand-nephew of mine who has an idea of giving away some cottages out in the country to be used for some foolish whim, giving a lot of dirty slum children a country place to go to, I think, and I am trying to block that move. I don't want to see the property thrown away like that. And I know some people who are trying to talk him into it, and when I find them doing it I put thoughts of fear into his mind and stop their game."

"But why?"

"Why, just to be playing the game, I sup-

over here everybody sat around and played harps, but they don't and so I keep at the game to pass the time. Maybe I'll die some day. I don't know."

The old gentleman excused himself and went on his way while the Doctor wondered why it was that a man who was dead should not know that he was dead although he knew that he had lost his body—seemingly a contradiction in terms. Then he turned his attention to the numbers of people who were going by, for, as he soon found out, being on the inside of a physical house did not make any more for privacy to one who was on the other plane than if he had stood in the middle of the street and drawn a ring around himself in the dust. People drifted in through the walls and drifted out again without being apparently aware that they had been in the house at all. Most of them seemed intent upon thoughts of other things and gave their surroundings but a passing glance.

A voice spoke his name and he looked up. The Professor was standing beside him.

(To be continued)

WEAVERS ALL

Warp and Woof and Tangle,—

Weavers of Webs are we.

Living and dying—and mightier dead,

For the shuttle, once sped, is sped—is sped;

Weavers of Webs are we.

White, and Black and Hodden gray,

Weavers of Webs are we.

To every weaver a golden strand

Is given in trust by the Master-Hand;

Weavers of Webs are we.

And what we weave, we know not,—

Weavers of Webs are we.

The threads we see, but the pattern is known

To the Master-Weaver alone, alone;

Weavers of Webs are we.

—John Oxenham.

"What is the life of man?"

Nothing less than a spark of the will of God."

"The Lord of all has become a servant. All the angels of heaven marvel at this, and it is the greatest wonder that Eternity has seen, for it is against Nature—and *this is Love indeed.*"

Question Department.

The Pattern in the Mount



QUESTION:

Where do we find in the Bible any law against the taking of evolving life save in the Sixth Commandment? We have always felt that this law, "Thou shalt not kill," concerned only the life evolving in the human species.

ANSWER:

Reading recently in the book of Exodus we were struck with these words: "And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shown thee in the mount;" and again we read: "According to the fashion thereof which was shown thee in the mount." From this there came a clear realization that for everything that is formed upon earth there is a "pattern in the mount," that is, an archetype in the heaven world; and looking back into the Rosicrucian Philosophy we find that there is a region which contains the models of everything that exists, be it a rock, a plant, an animal, or a man. These models or archetypes are not mere forms into which something is built, but are capable of drawing to themselves material for their existence. They emit a singing sound which marshals the atoms in regular order; this sound is the keynote of the thing which is created.

We talk about all that exists being a part of God, that God is creator of all things from an atom to a mountain. In this we speak correctly for without the creative power of God nothing could exist. But he who creates can also destroy, and the same God who brought the archetypes into existence can destroy them by causing that creative word, the singing sound of each, to cease. This is what happens in the ordinary scheme of creation when rocks disintegrate, when trees decay, when animals die off and nations seem to disappear. This archetype must not in any way be confused with the spirit that lives for ever, and which having for a time used a body of inferior form, gradually builds a new body into another archetype or

"pattern in the mount" that is more perfect in its design.

As there are patterns for all animate creation, there are also patterns for inanimate objects, and everything we see or make has its model in the higher worlds. These models of inanimate objects are but thought forms, and here we build but their reflection with physical matter. These physical constructions are man-made and are not ensouled with the life of God. Therefore if we decide to demolish our own creation, be it a house, a ship or a book, we are not working in the same way against the plans of nature as when we destroy one of those forms made according to the divinely constructed archetypes; for in the latter case the form, for instance, a plant, a tree, a mouse, or a horse, is ensouled by the life of God.

We self-opinionated and conceited men thinking that a life stream may be in our way, that it hinders us, strive to rid ourselves of the presence of its forms. The same God who said "See that thou *make* them according to the pattern given thee in the Mount," also said that you must not destroy the form and thus deprive life of its mode of expression—"Thou shalt not kill." You must not set yourself up against God, your creator. He has patience and long-suffering with you and allows you to live your allotted span although a transgressor of all His laws.

Man is so domineering, so impatient, so un-Godlike in his relations to his younger brothers, that at times we can hardly believe he is a part of God and aiming through evolution soon to reach God again. Just realize for a moment what would be the consequences to us in our evolution if every time we went contrary to, or in any way interfered with the plans of God, that our archetypes were destroyed, our bodies rendered useless, and we as spirits sent back into the Desire World long before the allotted time.

Much has been written about the slaughter houses, much has been said about the cruel sport of hunting and shooting, but we hear very little about the killing of cats and dogs, rabbits and birds, who are all God's creatures, or the mice, the rats, the squirrels who have as much right to live upon the earth as we have. The gophers live in holes in the ground and bring to the surface new fertile soil that improves our fields, but we do not want them here and are continually destroying their bodies built according to the singing model. We cannot get rid of them thus; God, their loving Father, sends them back again all the sooner, that they may not lose any of the experience they must have in order to become human like ourselves.

If we could realize that every time we deprive a life of its expression through its body we are directly fighting against God, bringing His plans to naught, then perhaps we would look upon these animal bodies as something sacred, temples that are being gradually prepared and evolved as a dwelling place for the living God. Some may say these organisms are hideous, so loathsome, that they offend our sense of beauty. Friend, a few ages ago we were much more loathsome and still more hideous, but God allowed us to live and now we return this kindness by thus inhumanely treating our younger brothers. Christ spoke of just such treatment in Matthew 18-23, where the servant who was forgiven by the king whom he owed ten thousand talents, then turned upon his fellow-servant who owed him one hundred pence, beat him and cast him into prison. A little later in the narrative we read the ultimate fate of the heartless servant who was forgiven of great debts but could not forgive the small debts of his fellow-servants.

We had one great advantage when we were at a stage corresponding to the animal. The human beings of that time were our present angels, and were filled with love. No hate, no resentment was in their hearts toward us; nothing but love and helpfulness emanated from them.

It has been stated by some who wish to uphold the killing of animals that we benefit them by so doing, that we thus enable them to gain much more experience in a given time. But

we question the truth of this statement. All kingdoms are related to one another by certain well defined rules, and no one would assert that to help man evolve and gain experience he should be killed off at a very early age. We know from the teachings of the Rosicrucian Philosophy what would ensue. When a human being passes into the higher realms before the birth of the desire body, he returns to re-birth within from one to twenty years instead of 1000 years. There is no logical reason why birds, beasts, and fishes should not follow the same rule and be reborn very quickly under similar conditions. In this case if we kill them to get rid of them we defeat our object, for lo! they are with us again in a very short time.

In order to evolve, every species of life must gain a certain amount of experience before stepping into a higher grade. There is a definite length of time for this work, and if not accomplished in that time those particular egos become stragglers and have to follow on with the next life stream in evolution. Therefore the group spirit guiding any particular life stream strives to send those under its charge back to this world for experience as quickly as possible.

It is stated in the Cosmo-Conception, page 444, that for development it is good for man to live as long as possible in one physical body. And if this is good for man, why not for animals also?

It is still the same old contest that began in the days of Cain and Abel. Cain represents a life stream older and more advanced than the life manifesting through Abel. Cain worked not only with his hands but with his head also, and was able to bring forth new creations; he represents the man of today. Abel, the younger brother, had not that creative ability, in jealousy Cain killed him because Abel's offering had found greater favor with the God Jehovah. But through this act he did not rid himself of a rival, soon a still younger brother Seth was born. The lesson seems to be plainly written through the story of the ages that we cannot rid ourselves of any being by depriving it of its physical body. The Lord Jehovah immediately provides the spirit with a new vehicle, and takes it under His special care.

We have seen the cat catch a mouse and the hawk pursue a smaller bird, and we have heard how wolves will turn and rend a weaker brother. Why all this inharmony and destruction? Because of the vibrations started by man in his work of destruction of living forms. Those who follow us, working their way through this world of matter, are affected by what they find here. In Genesis 1 we read that man was given the fruits and seeds for meat, but to the animals was given the grass of the field. We read in Isaiah that the "lion shall lie down with the lamb," but what are we doing to bring this about? We are also told that the Christ Spirit is imprisoned in the earth waiting for the day of liberation. How can each one of us help to liberate Him? Only by endeavoring to live the Christ life of loving service to all our younger brothers; by protecting them and helping them also towards their day of liberation.

We will quote from Max Heindel's "Rosicrucian Philosophy, Questions and Answers." In answer to question 165 he writes:—"None of the animal forms which we see about us has been created by man. All these forms, from the highest to the lowest are the emanations of the group spirits, which are spiritual entities belonging to another evolution than the human kingdom." "Love does not prompt us to kill in the usual sense of the word. It is true that if we could deal directly with the *life* of evil and poisonous things and help them into a higher form, we might be doing good; but in the first place we are not capable of judging when that present form has outlived its usefulness, and therefore we cannot presume even in loving kindness, to take the responsibility of depriving the informing life of its instrument. The only time when we may sometimes properly kill for love is in case an animal has been maimed beyond chance of recovery, and we kill it to end its sufferings."

In answer to question 164 he says:—"The Bible pictures a time when the lion and the ox, the little child and the venomous reptile, shall all play together in peace. That may indeed become a fact; the beasts of prey have not always been carnivorous. In the far, far, past man has had his share in their development, and in the future it will be his task to change present conditions."

We who are blessed by having the teaching of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, which is the most advanced, most humane, and most Christ-like teaching that mankind has yet received, should make it our life work to help our younger brothers advance, and be careful not to do anything that may retard them upon the path. They and we must be ready to meet the Father together, when the journey is completed at the end of the Vulcan Period.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

THE PATH

I can but choose
 The path I tread,
 Though my feet
 Might like to linger.
 Lazy, are they—and used to the smooth path
 But my soul leads the way.
 I cannot stay, tarry, even would I linger.
 The goal! What is it?
 Methinks I know not,
 Clearly I see not—
 I have no vision;
 But my feet are on the Path—
 The Path which sometime all must tread.
 Methinks it is the Path that leads
 To God.
 Where are we going?
 Each must say—sooner or later—to himself.
 Is the Path easy, smooth the way,
 This Path that leads to God?
 Easy I think, for those who follow the sign posts
 Pointed out by their souls.
 Reach out and follow.
 You cannot stray nor stay
 But reach that goal
 Aspired to, by your soul.
 It is God's recompense, if we linger not,
 But march on,
 Counting nor time nor loss.
 The goal may be obscure,
 And some may say it is not worth the effort,
 But the wisdom of God makes no mistakes.
 Who would have the fulfillment of joy
 When he has not as yet performed his task?
 Methinks there are many such
 For—not crowded is the Path—
 This Path that surely and eventually
 Can but lead to God.

—Gertrude Chatham.



The Astral Ray.

Planets and People

ELEANOR JENNINGS

Note:—This article was obtained through the Prize Competition.

IN THE two subjects of physiognomy and phrenology we find many interesting statements to help us in classifying humanity. The same is true of palmistry. One skilled in observing faces, heads and hands can very accurately place the subject of scrutiny.

It is the privilege of the astrologer to look beyond the external evidence and to see the real foundation—knowing as he does that faces and heads and hands do not “just happen” to differ in conformation. There are some planetary influences so strong that they are unmistakable—and in my study of astrology I have noted with considerable interest some of the physical traits due to special signs and planets. This has been useful in placing the ascendant when the birth hour is unknown, and often in correcting an hour given. It is of a wider value in a general way, since a wise person would not deliberately assign a quarrelsome Mars individual to a task requiring Venus traits, nor expect the placid gentle Pisces man to fill the place which demands activity of mind and body.

The characteristics which I have noted are fragmentary and far from complete. I offer them as one might the notes of a traveler, hoping that they may be of help to other students of astrology. We all know that the limitless combination of sign and planet, aspect and influence, modify any statement. But the notes I have made are of things that I find generally

true, and sufficiently apparent to be at least a clue in the direction of accuracy.

Taking the signs in something of their radical order, let us look first at the Aries face. In general, all students learn that the Aries face has the sheep contour. It is the variation of this basic structure that caught my attention. The nose is the prominent Aries feature. But the nose I have found to range through a wide difference of form. This seems true whether the Aries influence comes through the ascendant or the sun sign.

Aries ascending always gives a characteristic nose structure of which the dominant feature is a fullness between the eyes. The nose bridge may vary from a line nearly straight to the pronounced hump, but the bone between the eyes always indicates the Aries influence. The Scorpio influence is often carelessly ascribed to all noses which curve. I find in cases where I have accurate data from which to work, that the Scorpio nose is usually if not always more delicately cut near the forehead—the bone thinner between the eyes. The curve differs too, in that the Scorpio nose has usually a lower angle to the curve and a clean line with no hump. Some Aries noses are not broken in curve, but they differ so markedly that after a little observation the Scorpio is not mistaken for the Aries. In this respect the Scorpio nose and Scorpio teeth help to decide. Of these I will speak later. To return to the Aries nose—I find four special forms which vary slightly as different planets

influence the ascendant or sun sign:

First, the long curve, beginning high between the brows and usually ending in a rather long point or end.

Second, the straight Aries nose which does not curve but is again high and full between the eyes and brows.

Third, the pronounced hump nose with the very high bridge.

Fourth, the irregular hump nose, which spreads at the bridge, narrows slightly, spreading again at the end of the nose. The upper front teeth protrude in a marked way with this type of nose.

In general the Aries nose is not apt to look so fleshy as the occasional Scorpio nose, its size being due to the large bone, not the overlay of flesh.

The complexion is usually an indication of the planetary influences—and is helpful in fixing the degree rising.

The Taurus influence has in my experience varied greatly according to the sun position. In one instance, Taurus ascending with the sun in Sagittarius, trine Jupiter, gave a pronounced Taurus body and head—the heavy trunk, short legs, large eyes, wide mouth with heavy cusp teeth accentuating the flat line of the front teeth. In the companion sign of Scorpio I find the same tooth structure present, but in a different form. In Scorpio the cusp tooth is often “fang” in shape, heavy, pointed, and widely separated from the other teeth. In Taurus the teeth are usually even and full due to the Venus influence—but with the heavy cusp teeth. Another instance with Taurus ascending and Sun in Sagittarius gave only one Taurus mark, the teeth. The Sun was conjunct Venus and Mercury in Sagittarius, so this person was tall, slender, fair, and very beautiful of face. But the Taurus teeth were unmistakable.

I have in my records a case of interest in the comparison of a child’s chart with her father’s. He had Taurus 12 ascending. The little girl is his physical duplicate in face, body, walk, and every way—she was born when the new moon fell in Taurus 15. Her father’s sun is in Sagittarius and she has the companion sign of Gemini on her ascendant. This gives her the same finger nail formation, typical of Sagittarius as possessed by her father—the thin delicate nail,

curving over the finger end as it grows. The mother has some trouble with the child’s little toes—as this curve in the nails has to be watched and carefully cut back to prevent soreness. I do not know if the father has this same trouble or not.

Another child with Taurus ascending and Sun in Scorpio bears a remarkable resemblance to her father, who has Scorpio ascending. In her case the fang teeth so noticeable in her father are present, while both have straight finely cut noses, and well marked dimples, the child’s due to the Venus influence on her ascendant, the father’s due to many planets in Taurus though he has Scorpio ascending. Venus usually gives charming dimples when she rules either ascendant or sun sign—this fact is a help that I have found useful very often.

Gemini people can usually be recognized at once by the quick grey or hazel eye, the slender hands and feet, and the short, high bridged usually straight nose. I find in my personal study of astrology that Gemini as a sign is more influenced by the sun and moon positions than stronger signs like Aries, Taurus, Scorpio, Leo, or Aquarius. I recall one gentleman having a charming type of the Gemini body, whose sun was in Gemini. Sagittarius was ascending and was shown by early baldness and in the structure of the head—of which I will speak later. His moon in Libra gave him the heavy Venus chin, Venus beard, Venus teeth and dimple. Antares in Sagittarius 8 is conjunct his ascendant, opposition his sun—his eyes show this affliction.

Leo on the ascendant is very easy to recognize. The head shaped by this sign is almost invariably the large round head, well proportioned, and the complexion is usually fair. The rather bushy eyebrows I find present, especially where Mars is on the ascendant or strong in the chart. The physiognomist says that bushy eyebrows indicate the organizer and executive. The astrologer seeing them knows that they mean the Leo traits of leadership and dominance.

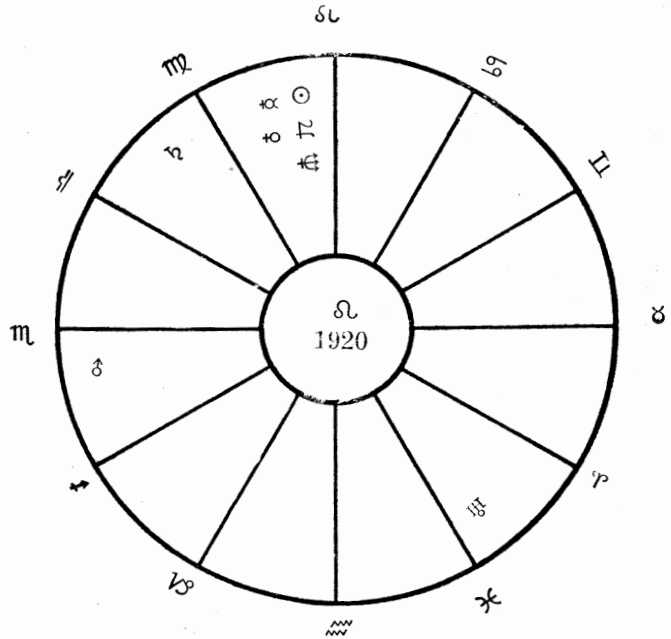
The planets on the Leo ascendant have much to do with appearance. One example I recall has Leo 15 ascending. Uranus is there, giving very long legs. Jupiter gives the wavy bronze-brown hair, and the two crooked front teeth

(Continued on page 150)

The Children of Leo, 1920

Born between July 23 and August 22, inclusive.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign which the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. This should give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 20c each.



THE children born this year between the above dates have the Sun in the magnanimous and masterful sign of Leo, the sign of the heart, where it is in its own home, and through which the life forces flow most freely. This sign is one of the most interesting and vital as it is the giver of life. This year and month we have a collection of five planets all transiting through this sign of the heart: The planet of music and art, Venus, the law-abiding and benevolent Jupiter, the quick-witted and dextrous Mercury, and the inspirational and devotional Neptune, in addition to the Sun, all in this one fixed sign.

With this wonderful combination of benefic planets, truly these children have the possibilities latent within them, if properly developed, to make their mark in the world. As humanitarian workers they will be ready to make great sacrifices, and will willingly give time and money to alleviate suffering for their heart will be as big as their body. With Neptune and Venus, the planets of inspiration and harmony, in this sign of love, the parents should give them every advantage of art and music.

They will, however, be easily imposed upon, for with this idealistic nature they will expect every one to measure up to their standard of honor and will suffer many disappointments through their affections, as Leo is the natural 5th House sign, ruling affection. Leo people are very magnetic, the love nature strong.

The martial planet Mars in its own sign of Scorpio, in mudane square to the planets in Leo, will have a powerful influence, giving more force. To some extent this square will turn the loving, mystical, and musical nature of these children into more mercenary lines. They will be apt to commercialize their art and use the money in riotous living, for Mars square Venus and Neptune brings out the lower nature. They will be very fond of rich food and will be apt to gourmandize, which might in time undermine the health, for with Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in the negative, nervous sign of Virgo, ruling the intestines, should these children over-indulge in food they would be apt to suffer with intestinal trouble.

(Continued on page 150)

Your Child's Horoscope

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

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

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

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

CHARLES R. M.

Born August 13, 1909 12:20 P. M.

Lat. 42, Long. 71.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Leo 28, Virgo intercepted; 11th House, Libra 0; 12th House, Libra 26; Ascendant Scorpio 16-48; 2nd House, Sagittarius 16; 3rd House, Capricorn 21.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 17-53, retrograde, Capricorn; Mars 6-9 Aries; Saturn 23-10, retrograde, Aries; Dragon's Head 13-12 Gemini; Neptune 18-4 Cancer; Moon 24-8 Cancer; Sun 20-16 Leo; Mercury 29-41 Leo; Jupiter 17-20 Virgo; Venus 18-45 Virgo.

We have here the horoscope of a boy with the martial and fixed sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant, and with the Sun in its own sign, the sign of the heart, Leo, near the cusp of the Midheaven in square to the Ascendant. As both Scorpio and Leo are fixed signs and signs of impulse and force, Charles is very apt to want to rule and run over others in a rough-shod manner. As the nature of Scorpio is severe, the temper fiery, especially where the Sun is so strongly situated in the Midheaven, this boy will resist all authority, will want his own way, and will be very domineering.

The mind is deep and penetrating, with Mercury on the cusp of the Midheaven and trine to the thoughtful Saturn in Aries. This boy will have excellent executive ability and will be able to manage large corporations; especially will he be fortunate in affairs of the government and will be able to hold positions of trust. He will

not be fortunate however in seeking employment as Mars, the ruler of the 6th House, labor, and the 1st House, the personality, is unaspected, which weakens the planet and the native can gain little experience through same. The martial tendencies are latent, but with the dignified and masterful sign of Leo on the Midheaven, the Sun so strongly situated, and the Moon also in its own sign, the mystical 4th House sign of Cancer conjunct to the occult and spiritual Neptune, and with these latter two planets sextile to the harmonious Venus and the opulent Jupiter, there will be another side to Charles' nature that if fostered by the parents will develop the spiritual and humanitarian tendencies. For with the generosity and love combined in the sign of Virgo, the 6th House sign, ruling sickness, labor, and the common people, Charles will be keenly interested in bettering the condition of the masses. His heart will feel keenly the suffering of the down-trodden and those ill and unhappy. And if he can be trained along these humanitarian and spiritual lines, with the magnanimous Sun so high in the heavens in the masterful sign of Leo, when the unselfish Charles is awakened he will be a force for good. The parents should ever hold the idea of compassion before him, teaching him to feel for the animal, and at all times to give up his own selfish pleasures, for Scorpio and Leo are signs of cruelty and if allowed to drift into these channels the higher and more noble side will be overbalanced. Also Saturn when afflicted can be malicious and cruel, especially when placed in a martial sign as in this case, and in square to the erratic and emotional planet Uranus in the saturnine sign of Capricorn. Hence, Charles when provoked or crossed may be very critical, sarcastic and cruel. But

he has much good to overbalance this last named aspect and his early environment will do much to develop the good. Therefore the parents have a great responsibility in this child.

We find Uranus in opposition to the Moon and Neptune in the mystical sign of Cancer and the 9th House. Charles should be cautioned as he grows older against developing clairvoyance as there is great danger of obsession or hypnotic influence.

As to health, with the Moon and Neptune in conjunction in Cancer and in square to Saturn and opposition to Uranus, he will have strange likes and dislikes as to food, will be apt to want to drink too much with his meals, and should excesses be permitted he will have trouble with the stomach and headaches.

Taking it as a whole, Charles' life will be very interesting, for his planets are making so many aspects and are in such strong positions. This usually brings many interesting experiences.

VOCATIONAL

WILEY P. M.

Born October 9, 1899.

2:00 P. M.

Long. 104 W., Lat. 38 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Scorpio 22; 11th House, Sagittarius 15; 12th House, Capricorn 6; Ascendant, Aquarius 0-52; 2nd House, Pisces 16; 3rd House, Aries 24.

Positions of the Planets:

Neptune 27-0, retrograde, Gemini; Sun 16-20 Libra; Venus 22-35 Libra; Mercury 22-37 Libra; Mars 12-47 Scorpio; Jupiter 13-14 Scorpio; Uranus 5-22 Sagittarius; Moon 16-21 Sagittarius; Saturn 18-56 Sagittarius; Dragon's Head 23-35 Sagittarius.

This young man has a most interesting grouping of planets, with Aquarius on the Ascendant and with the ruler, Saturn, in conjunction with the magnetic Moon and Dragon's Head in the Jupiterian sign of Sagittarius and sextile to Mercury, Venus, and the Sun in the Venus sign of Libra and the 9th House. Saturn with the Moon is not at all times an afflicter for he deepens the mind and makes concentration possible; with their many aspects we would consider that in this case Saturn is truly a benefactor.

We find Venus in its own sign of Libra in the 9th House of law and religion, in conjunction with the Sun and in good aspect to the Moon and Saturn. As Libra is a sign of the voice, the above indicates that this man would be very successful as a public speaker, in law, or religion, especially if he should take up the occult teachings. Neptune in the mercurial sign of Gemini and in the 5th House is trine to Venus and Mercury, indicating inspiration in speaking and also in writing. Should he write, indications point favorably to its being accepted and printed by a publisher, as the ruler of the 5th House is well fortified. As a judge he would also be very successful, with the humanitarian and benevolent Jupiter in conjunction with the determined and martial planet Mars in its own sign of Scorpio. This young man should at some time in life occupy a prominent position before the public. In the employ of the government he would also be successful.

As to the health, Saturn here has a different effect. He is in conjunction with the watery Moon which rules the white fluids of the body, and in Sagittarius. The planets as well as the signs often act in opposites; Gemini, the sign ruling the lungs, is opposite to Sagittarius, and therefore afflictions in Sagittarius often affect the lungs. There is a tendency here to coughs and colds, but he should be blessed with an abundance of health and could readily rid himself of them.

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE FREE!

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

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 113-121 Cosmo-Conception)

- Q. Which world is the world of Color?
A. The Desire World, where we find purgatory and the first heaven.
- Q. And which world is the sphere of Tone?
A. The World of Thought, where the second and third heavens are located.
- Q. What do we learn about celestial music?
A. That it is a fact and not a mere figure of speech.
- Q. Why was Pythagoras right when he spoke of "the music of the spheres?"
A. Because each one of the heavenly orbs has its definite tone.
- Q. What else can you say about celestial music?
A. Goethe also mentions the celestial symphony in the prolog to his "Faust," where the scene is laid in heaven.
- Q. Do the echoes of that heavenly music reach us here in the Physical World?
A. They do, and they are our most precious possession.
- Q. What contrast is there between music in the Physical World and that in the first heaven?
A. In the Physical World tone dies and vanishes the moment after it is born. In the first heaven these echoes are much more beautiful and have more permanency, and the strains are sweeter.
- Q. What is said of the experiences of the poet?
A. They are akin to those of the musician, for poetry is the soul's expression of its innermost feelings in words, which are ordered according to the same laws of harmony and rhythm that govern the outpouring of the spirit in music.
- Q. What additional inspiration does the poet find here.
A. The pictures and colors which are the chief characteristics of the Desire World. Thence he will draw the material for use in his next life.
- Q. If the author or philanthropist failed in one life, what will he learn in the first heaven?
A. He will learn how to overcome the obstacles and avoid the errors that made his plans impracticable.
- Q. What is finally attained by these lessons?
A. In time a point is reached where the result of the pain and suffering incident to purgation, together with the joy extracted from the good actions of the past life, have been built into the seed-atom of the desire body.
- Q. What do these experiences constitute?
A. Taken together they constitute what we call conscience, that impelling force which warns us against evil as productive of pain, and inclines us toward good as productive of happiness and joy.
- Q. What then happens to man?
A. He leaves his desire body to disintegrate as he left his dense body and vital body.
- Q. Does he take anything with him?
A. The forces only of the seed-atom which are to form the nucleus of future desire bodies, as it was the persistent part of his past vehicles of feeling.
- Q. What does the materialist say of force and matter?

- Q. What does the materialist say of force and matter?
- A. The materialist contends that they are inseparable.
- Q. What does the occultist know about force and matter?
- A. To him they are not two entirely distinct concepts, but the two poles of the one spirit.
- Q. What is matter?
- A. It is crystallized spirit.
- Q. What is force?
- A. It is the same spirit not yet crystallized.
- Q. Can you give an illustration that is helpful in this connection?
- A. The illustration of the snail in a previous chapter. Matter, which is crystallized spirit corresponds to the snail's house, which is crystallized snail. That which is now the snail will in time become the house, and that which is now force will in time become matter when it has crystallized further.
- Q. Is there a reverse process of resolving matter back into spirit?
- A. There is such a process and it is continually going on.
- Q. Where do we see this process in action?
- A. We see the coarser phase of this process as decay when man is leaving his vehicles behind.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE
(Continued from page 145)

which Jupiter gives when in a fiery sign. Mars also lends his influence and accentuates the ruddy skin, gives a keen grey-blue eye and the bushy Mars-in-Leo eyebrows. The beard is red, while the hair is brown. This man's sun is in Libra, so we find the Venus chin and dimple. Venus is squared by Saturn, so the morose expression is due to him. This was the case of working out an ascendant from the appearance and finding later that it was exactly correct.

(To be continued)

1921 Ephemeris

This is about ready to go to press and will be ready for delivery July 20th.

Place your order now and it will be mailed you on the above date.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR LECTURERS

The preparations for our new Training School to be located here at Mt. Ecclesia are in progress.

We are now corresponding with our prospective students to determine when the school may be opened. The date will be announced as soon as determined.

We are still hoping that a larger number will see their way clear to take up this work, which will be a part of the great work of preparing the world for the advent of the Aquarian Age. It is a great opportunity for those sufficiently discerning to see its possibilities.

INCREASE IN PRICE OF THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE

Owing to the increased cost of material, labor, etc., we find it necessary to raise the price of the Magazine to \$2.00 per year, beginning with the October number. We are sorry to do this, but apparently there is no other way.

We would suggest that all who contemplate subscribing, either for themselves or as a present to others, do so before Sept. 6th when the October number is issued, so as to take advantage of the present price of \$1.50.

THE CHILDREN OF LEO, 1920

(Continued from page 146)

Mars is also square to the mental planet Mercury which would make them very quick and active mentally but of a nervous, irritable nature, quick in speech, and sometimes they may be very cruel. Leo is by nature impulsive and quick tempered, but his big heartedness soon causes him to regret any act of impulse and he is very ready to apologize and make amends. Uranus in the mystical sign of Pisces, in mundane trine to Mars, will offset to some extent the square of Mars to the planets in Leo, and will give originality and inventive ability. With proper environment and harmony in the home these children should make their mark in the world as leaders in art and music.

7th Edition Cosmo-Conception

This is now off the press and all orders will be filled as fast as received.

Price \$2.00.

Children's Department

Lessons

MARGUERITE BROWN

A tiny maid stood before her mother and stamped her foot and shook her golden curls. Her baby features were twisted into the most awful scowl. The mother picked this little animated bundle of temper up and held her before a mirror. "Just look at that mouth, my child. See how it turns down, oh so ugly and cross. Now turn the corners up and make them point to Heaven, where nice, happy children belong."

The child forgot her anger, her interest was aroused. Her eyes grew round with wonder to see a little smile begin to dimple and to spread until it ended in a merry peal of laughter.

"Why mother, isn't that funny? I have to smile to make the corners turn up," she marvelled.

"Of course, my dear, and when you are cheerful your mouth will point to the happy Heaven World," replied her mother.

The tiny maid was wise, for she had been to Sunday School. She knew that heaven, with its streets of gold and with the shining, singing angels was up somewhere in the bright blue sky with God. She had also learned about the region of fire and brimstone down somewhere in the depths of the earth. This was ruled over by a dreadful person named Satan, who often leered at her from the pages of a big book called "Pilgrim's Progress."

She pondered awhile. "Mother, when I'm cross, where does my mouth point?" she questioned.

"Where do you think, my dear?" replied the mother, wisely letting the child solve the problem herself.

Then began a delightful game, which the little girl played in front of the mirror for a long long time. No matter how hard she tried, she never could scowl and make those stubborn little corners of her mouth point up. At last she ceased her efforts, deciding that it was much

easier to smile, anyhow. Besides, the little girl in the glass was prettier with a smile on her face.

As the months and years went by, the child learned to find amusement in a crowd by dividing the people into two classes, those whose mouths curled up and those whose mouths turned down. Although her ideas of heaven and hell underwent a change, she was always glad to see the heaven which some had created for themselves reflected in their faces, and sorry for the misery of the others.

A little girl of eight was slowly climbing the stairs. Her eyes were fixed on the blackness of the hall above. Who knew what dreadful things lurked in the shadows and behind the doors, ready to pounce upon the unwary? Perhaps a bear was there, or a burglar, or even a ghost. What was that spot of light in the blackness ahead, a reflection from some light outside, or the glowing eye of some dreadful monster?

At last her reluctant climb entirely stopped and she leaned over the rail to see whether the light and cheerful warmth below were indeed realities.

"Oh, Daddy," she begged, "please come and make a light." (It was in the days of gas, when little girls had to stand on chairs to reach the lights.)

A hearty, jolly voice arose from the cheerful depths below, the very sound of which dispelled at least half of the imagined terrors.

"You go right on and make your own light, little girl, for you won't find anything worse than yourself to be afraid of up there."

Cold comfort then, but how often has the memory of the episode helped the little girl to make her own light in the dark places of life, and to overcome the only thing she has ever found to fear—herself.

The Mother Pepper Tree

LADY JANE

WHO wants to go for a walk?". Of course all the children echoed "I do", "May I come too?", "Where are we going? Who is going with us?"

"I am going," I said, "and if I can get company I intend to visit the Mission." "Oh, how lovely!" said Rose, "how far is it, Auntie? I have never walked there but I have heard that it is between three and four miles."

"That is fine!" Charlie declared, "but it will take us a long time."

"Oh, Auntie, do let us have a picnic," cried the younger ones. So it fell out that we packed some lunch for each to carry made of sandwiches of good whole wheat bread which our dear little cook had lovingly prepared, also apples and nuts, and each had also a piece of her delicious ginger bread. The four children had not long since arrived from the East, and California trees, flowers and animals were still strangers to them.

While on our way Charlie asked what was the name of the wide valley below us which is really the river bed but now almost dry, for southern California rivers have to be taken more by faith than sight. He had heard the name San Luis Rey previously, and soon we were all talking of the San Luis Rey Mission which stood out ahead of us on slightly rising ground, beautifully white and picturesque in the sunlight.

The children were attracted by the beautiful feathery flower balls of the eucalyptus trees. Rose has quite a talent for painting and wished to see them closer. In handling them she found her fingers covered with a yellow dust and of course Auntie was expected to explain all about it. The bees buzzed thickly around our heads as we plucked the blossoms, and the children recognized that the bees had come there for something—honey? Yes, honey, which they carry home to their hives. They had also something to do for the beautiful flowers; when they took the honey away from a flower they left a little of the yellow pollen carried from another flower.

When we were at the foot of the hill, Charlie, who was ahead of us, signaled us to come quiet-

ly, and we saw a flock of quail, evidently father, mother and twelve children. They were chasing some kind of flies for lunch, for they are not yet vegetarians as we are. They seemed quite tame for we do not shoot them.

On the way I had time to tell the children about the wonderful old pepper tree that grows at the Mission, planted there by one of the mission Fathers perhaps one hundred years ago. When I told them that it was the mother of all the other pepper trees in the country around, the question arose as to how a tree could be a mother. By this time we had arrived at the famous tree and saw it decorated with its many bunches of beautiful, red fragrant berries. But some of the other trees, tho their leaves were green and healthy had no fruit.

I told them of the time when the pepper trees were decked with graceful bunches of tiny pale cream flowers and how the bees were then very busy gathering the honey; and as they went from flower to flower the yellow pollen stuck to them, and thus they carried it along, leaving a little with and taking a little from every flower. This pollen is just what is needed to cause the flower to grow into a fruit or berry. The berry has all within it to make a new tree; therefore we call the big tree a mother tree.

But the flowers of all trees will not grow into berries. Some of the trees are the father trees; they have flowers with pollen in them, and when it is carried by the bees or the wind to the flowers on the mother tree, then it makes it possible for them to become baby berries. But the father tree never has any of the red baby berries on his tree. This is one of the wonderful plans of God. It is the plan with every plant. Sometimes, however, fathers and mothers are both in the same tree or plant. Mother flower must in some way get the pollen from the Father flower before the little baby seed can grow, and if there were no baby seeds there would be no more flowers or trees.

Everyone, even little Grace, knows that there is a father and mother in every family, but fathers in the plant family do not take much responsibility for their children.

The little ones were greatly interested in the "Mother Story" as they called it, and on the way home the road seemed short for they were seeking all kinds of flowers and trying to discover which were the mothers. Every step of our trip was full of interest. When we were

home I read them "Questions and Answers" by Max Heindel, page 61, where he tells about the little boy knights mounting their steeds, the bees, and going to visit the little girl flowers.

Some day soon the children and I are going to do some gardening and plant seeds.

The Story of Gypsie

ANITA RAU

IV.—THE FIRE

IT WAS bitter cold. The snow was frozen hard and only a few people who had very urgent business were seen on the street. The rest kept wisely in the house near the big old fashioned ovens. Gypsie and Johnny also were locked in. Old Mary had made a good fire, and being in a hurry to meet a friend of hers, closed up the drafts and placed the wood in the oven to have it well dry on the next day. She had also securely fastened the windows and put away the matches so the children could not get into trouble, then commanding them not to be noisy, closed the door, put the key in her pocket, and was gone. For a while all went finely. Gypsie and Johnny played with doll and horse. Chairs were turned upside down to represent the carriage and the horse had to draw the family of father, mother, and baby to fairyland. If one tumbled out, Johnny was doctor and gave medicines. For a while they played Sunday school, Gypsie being teacher and organist.

But the morning seemed very long and they began to wish Mary would come because the room was getting so very warm and they felt so thirsty. They tried to go to the kitchen for a drink of water but the door was locked. They both began to have headaches and their throats pained them because the room became filled with smoke. They were afraid and called for Mary but nobody heard the poor little things.

The smoke became denser and denser. Suddenly Johnny fell to the floor. Gypsie fearing he was dead became frantic. She pulled with all her might at the door, but it would not move. Wildly she knocked at the windows and in her terror she just kicked through a pane and called fire. As soon as the fresh air came through

the opening, the fire which on account of the closed drafts had been smouldering in the large oven broke out.

There was a great tumult on the stairs; the door was broken in by a stout policeman. He picked up the struggling girl who cried, "My baby Johnny is dead near the window." Without loss of time the policeman picked up the apparently lifeless little form of Johnny and hurried into the street where he found that both children were in a dead faint.

When Gypsie came to again she found herself in a strange room. Baby Johnny was still asleep beside her. Her head ached dreadfully. A kind old lady sat beside her bed, knitting; some medicine bottles stood on the table. Seeing the child's wondering eyes open the lady laid down her knitting, placed her hands on Gypsie's aching head and gently asked, "How do you feel dearie?" "My head hurts much, please give me a drink." Quickly the good lady gave her a drink of milk and laying her gently back upon the pillow said, "You must keep quiet a little longer and try to sleep, and then you will feel better."

But Gypsie's anxious eyes turned to the pale face beside her. Her hand stroked the white cheek. "Oh, he will be all right," assured her gentle guardian," the doctor says you will both be well. But now you must sleep."

Presently Gypsie learned that the house was burned. Old Mary never returned. She and Johnny were to stay with the lady until their stepfather had provided a new home for them. Now Gypsie willingly lay down again, but before closing her eyes, she said, holding the old lady's hand, "Oh God, I am so glad you made the house burn."

(To be continued)

Nutrition and Health

How The Rosicrucians Heal the Sick

THE ROSICRUCIAN work of healing is carried on by the Elder Brothers through a band of Invisible Helpers whom they are instructing.

Who are the Invisible Helpers? They are Rosicrucian Probationers who during the day time while functioning in their physical bodies live a worthy life of helpfulness and thereby fit themselves for and *earn* for themselves the privilege of being helpful through the instrumentality of the Elder Brothers at night while functioning in their etheric bodies;—according to the words of the Rosicrucian Evening Service: “and to-night while our physical bodies are peacefully resting in sleep, may we, as Invisible Helpers, still be found faithfully working in the vineyard of Christ,” These Probationers are gathered together in bands according to their temperaments and their ability. They are under instruction of other Probationers *who are physicians*, and all of them work under the guidance of the Elder Brothers, who naturally are the moving spirits of the whole work.

Who are the Elder Brothers? They are high spiritual beings through whom the Christ Spirit is working for the benefit of humanity.

The Rosicrucian healing work is conducted according to the commands of Christ Jesus, namely, “preach the gospel and heal the sick.”

The Invisible Helpers never refuse to answer an appeal for help, but in order to respond to the Divine Healing Force patients must adopt the gospel of right living; they must observe a pure meatless diet; must fill their living and sleeping rooms with pure air, their minds with pure thoughts and their daily lives with pure actions, The Divine Healing Force is pure; if you ask for it in order to be relieved of your ailments you must be willing to conform to the natural laws of purity. Pure air, pure food, pure thinking and pure living! If you ignore these great health giving factors you may have called in vain upon the Divine Healing Force.

All healing force comes from God, our Creator and Heavenly Father, the Great Physician of the Universe; it is latent everywhere; by prayer and concentration it is liberated and directed to the sufferer; it manifested through the Master, Christ Jesus; it goes forth from the weekly healing meetings held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Rosicrucian Headquarters. Through the workings of this supreme force the Invisible Helpers raise the vibrations of the patient to a higher rate, thus enabling him first to eliminate the disease poison from the system, and, second, to re-build every blood corpuscle, fibre, tissue, and organ until the whole body is made new. This is done, not in a miraculous manner but in accordance with nature's laws. If the patient continues to break these laws and by a wrong mode of living to accumulate poisonous substances in the system, he frustrates the healing work.

The wonderful organism called the human body, is governed by immutable natural laws. All disease results from wilful or ignorant violation of nature's laws. People are ill because in this earth life or in a previous one they have disregarded the fundamental principles on which the health of the body depends. If they wish to regain and to retain their health, they must learn to understand these principles and to regulate their daily habits in conformity with them.

This is what the Master Healer, Jesus Christ, meant when he said to the man who had been a cripple: “Thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee,” (John 5-14.) Even the Christ could not give lasting health unless the recipient of the healing force refrained from wrong habits which cause disease and lived in obedience to the God-made laws that rule man's body as well as his relations to his fellow creatures.

Some people “demand” perfect health and claim they have a right to it. They forget that

either in this or a former life some have forfeited their own God-given right through disobedience against nature's laws which are God's laws. Through suffering they have to learn obedience. When they have mastered their lesson and are willing to "sin no more," their right to health will be restored to them.

The Divine Healing Force is constructive; wrong methods of living which disregard the laws of nature are destructive.

The omissions and transgressions responsible for wrong living and consequently for disease, are many; the following are the principal ones: unnatural food; too much food; ill-proportioned food; lack of fresh air and sunshine; lack of cleanliness; lack of exercise; lack of rest and sleep; lack of self-control; sleeping in unventilated rooms; harboring thoughts of anger, hatred and resentment; yielding to a hasty temper, gratifying low desires; harming fellow creatures whether human or animal; abusing the sacred generative function.

Since all the organs and functions of the body are interdependent, the abuse and consequent affliction of one part hurts all the others, furthers the accumulation of disease poison throughout the system, and lowers the vitality of the whole. The local symptoms are only evidence of the whole body being at fault. Therefore, all true healing in order to achieve lasting results gives its attention not to the suppression of symptoms but to the removal of the cause that made the symptoms appear.

Spiritual healing operates on the higher planes of being but is effected in strict adherence to natural laws which prevail below as above; consequently all *natural* therapeutics applied on the physical plane are in harmony with the work of the Invisible Helpers on the higher planes.

As the body is built up of the physical substances introduced into the blood by the daily food, right food is the *natural* medicine which the patient must take in order to co-operate with the Invisible Helpers in their task of reconstructing his system.

Not infrequently patients are aware of the presence of the Invisible Helpers.

Before the Invisible Helpers can work with the patient they must have effluvia from his vital body which is the etheric counterpart of the

physical body and the operating sphere of the vital forces. The effluvia are obtained by having the patient write every week a letter consisting of a few words or a few lines with *pen and ink*. This is important as a pen charged with fluid is a greater conductor of magnetism than a dry pencil. The ether which thus impregnates the paper upon which the patient writes week by week gives an indication of the condition at that particular time, and furnishes an entrance key to the patient's system. *It is something which he has given voluntarily and for the express purpose of furnishing access for the Invisible Helpers*. Unless the patient does his part in this respect, the Invisible Helpers are unable to do any thing with him; so it may be seen that it is of the utmost importance to keep up the weekly letters to Headquarters.

Instantaneous cures are frequent where the Invisible Helpers are called upon to assist in cases of acute disease. In the case of a chronic ailment which is of long standing and has taken years to develop, a certain amount of relief may be experienced immediately, complete recovery however, which is equivalent to a renewal of the whole system, can only be achieved in gradual stages. As said before, the healing work of the Invisible Helpers is not suppression of symptoms but reconstruction of the whole system, and in order to be accomplished it requires time as well as the patient's faithful and constant co-operation along the lines indicated above.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

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

"When we live in gentleness and love, we overcome the world in Christ."

"Eternity consisteth indeed of much power and many wonders, but Love alone is its very life."

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

One-half Canteloupe
Toasted Corn Flakes and Cream
Scrambled Egg on Toast
Coffee or Milk

—DINNER—

Boiled String Beans
Fried Summer Squash
Browned New Potatoes
Whole Wheat Bread, Butter and Honey
Milk

—SUPPER—

Asparagus Salad
Young Radishes
Hot Corn Bread, Butter and Honey
Tea or Milk
Custard Pie

Recipes

String Beans

Get young tender beans, string carefully, boil in salt water until tender, use just enough water to cover, add salt and butter to flavor.

Fried Summer Squash

Use young Hubbard or Summer Squash, peel and slice half inch thick, boil ten minutes in salt water, drain, roll in thin pancake batter and fry to a deep brown in hot oil. Serve at once.

Browned Potatoes

Pare the amount of potatoes wanted, leave in cold water for an hour, to make crisp. Season with salt and boil until soft, drain. Have ready a skillet of hot oil, enough to cover the bottom. Place the potatoes carefully with a fork in this hot oil, let fry to a nice brown, turning so that they get an even color. Serve hot.

Asparagus Salad

Select freshly picked tender asparagus, cut off all the woody part and boil in salt water until tender, drain and set aside until cold. Place this on plates and garnish with lettuce leaf; serve with mayonnaise dressing.

HINTS ON VEGETARIAN LIVING

If you find that you have gotten to be a vegetarian, then a little counsel that may be of help to you: Don't simply drop the meat from your ordinary diet. Travel the whole way of dietetic

reform or stay where you are. Meat and greens are not nearly so bad a combination as some put up by vegetarians. One living on meat, potatoes, and white bread will show signs of starch poisoning by simply cutting out meat. Don't think you must eat more than before. You will need less food, if you use judgment in selection and masticate well. Don't be alarmed if you lose weight and vim at first. When you get adjusted to a natural diet you will have more energy, strength, and endurance than before, and your weight will be about normal. Don't imitate meat dishes. Don't parade your mode of living. Keep quiet as though you were doing the natural thing—as you are. Let people ask you about vegetarianism.—Dr. Walter E. Elfrink, Editor of *The Vegetarian*.

EPHEMERIDES BOUND

We are now ready to receive orders for "Simplified Scientific Ephemeris" bound in cloth and sewed on tape to make the binding extra durable. The set consists of 60 pamphlets covering the period from 1860 to 1919. At the regular price of 25c a year, the set would cost \$15 unbound. We sell them bound in three volumes of 20 years each, \$17 for the three, post free.

Single volumes of 20 years may be had for \$5.75, post free.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

New York, April 30, 1920.

Department of Healing, the Rosierucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Cal.

Friends:—It is with the deepest gratitude that I acknowledge your kind and helpful letter of April 23, and I shall to the best of my ability strive to develop the spiritual side of my nature. Thank you for the suggestions about foods, as well.

Already the Invisible Helpers have given me wonderful help. On the night of April 12—just a week after I had written for help—I was conscious of what seemed to me in my sleep to be an operation. There was an adjustment of something inside which caused intense pain and soreness of all the muscles of the abdomen. I cried from pain. I distinctly heard voices, but did not hear what they said. On waking I was quite rigid; when I tried to turn over, I could not for my muscles were so sore. In the morning I got up as usual, but feeling faint and weak I did not go to business. About noon I felt much better and had a strange feeling of *peace*. I realized that something wonderful had happened.

I am so grateful for the help. After a few days the soreness was all gone and I have been better and stronger than for *months*. I eat better and sleep so much better. My father says I sleep quietly now and do not moan and make distressing sounds as I have for ever so long.

I am sorry I did not know about writing each week, but I thought I had to wait until I heard from Headquarters. Hereafter I shall be prompt in making my weekly report.

Gratefully, F. B.

New York City, 4-6-20.

Dear Friends:—Thanks very much for letter sent last week acknowledging all my reports.

Words fail to express my gratitude to you all. I do feel a world better as regards my eyes and I feel stronger than I've been for years. In other respects I am getting normal as

before. I know I shall be quite well. Praise be unto God! and may He bless you all in the good work you are doing to help others.

A thousand thanks and good wishes from,
Yours truly, L. L. Y.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 3, 1920.

Dear Friends:—A word or two telling you I am feeling fine. The hard work I did last week has not bothered me. I am very glad for it shows that I am getting stronger again, which I would not be if it were not for the help and care the Invisible Helpers have given me. I wish to thank you again for what you have done for me. I remain as ever,

Yours respectfully, A. D.

HEALING DATES

August.....4—10—17—24—31
September.....7—13—20—27
October.....4—10—18—25—31

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

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

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

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

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

Breaking Ground for the Ecclesia

By A. D. C.

California climate, fair and cool, did not fail us on the great day, June 29. People began to arrive early in autos; some came from San Diego, Los Angeles, and even from as far as Sacramento. Some of the guests had come Sunday or Monday, and these were provided for in tents as there are not enough cottages on Mt. Ecclesia to accommodate all who would like to come there. Great preparation was necessary in the kitchen to feed the thirty or more expected friends. The shortage in chairs was overcome by carrying the dining room chairs to the Pro-Ecclesia and back again as needed. Food, shelter, and seating capacity having been provided for the friends, all made ready for the ceremony on Ecclesia point.

At 11:45 a. m. we met at the Point, and after singing the Rosicrucian Opening Hymn, we were addressed by Mrs. Heindel with a few opening remarks, impressing us with the sacredness of the step about to be taken in the work. Then following Mrs. Heindel, the disciples, probationers, and students each turned a spadeful of earth and prayed silently for spiritual strength and guidance in the work.

After the ground breaking Mrs. Heindel spoke to us of the building of the true temple of healing where the physical symbol, the Ecclesia, was about to be established. She impressed upon us the truth that no pile of stone has the power to do the work, no building of a great church can suffice, but only never-failing loving service and the inner dedication of students, probationers, and friends to the vitalizing of that pile of stone by their unceasing prayers for those who suffer,—by their awakening of the true *CHRIST PRINCIPLE* within themselves, the power of love, and thereby surrounding and impregnating that structure with a radiant, etheric building not made by hands but established in the power of Christ.

This is not to be the accomplishment of a

month, a year, or ten years, perhaps. The time it takes to build in that vibration of love depends upon the sincerity, purity, and strength of those dedicated to the great work. The Fellowship is but ten years old, and its accomplishments at present may be but as those of a ten year old child, compared to what we hope for when it becomes matured.

Let us meditate upon this sublime privilege which is ours:—to focus our loving thoughts upon the Ecclesia and to invoke the downpouring of Christ love upon what is done there in His name for the healing of the nations. Divine love never fails, but it needs pure, strong channels through which to flow in power. Our failure to measure up to that need is what has caused healing, true spiritual healing, to become so rare.

Just as breaking the hard crystallized earth is the first step towards the erection of a new building, so must our first work towards regeneration be a going within and a breaking up of crystallized conditions, habits, that are not of Christ, our ideal.

Sixty-five in turn used the shovel at this breaking of the ground for the new work. When the first ground-breaking took place in 1911, there were but nine, so there is growth. Many an extra shovelful was turned for those not able to be present in the flesh.

Following the simple service of song and prayer, we all adjourned to the Pro-Ecclesia where the services were concluded with the unveiling of the emblem and a talk by Mrs. Heindel elucidating the method of preparation of the panacea and the administering of it to those who suffer, as described by Mr. Heindel in the lessons, "Our Work in the World."

The main point brought out in these lessons is the absolute necessity of purity and selflessness in those who give out the panacea. Let all who are dedicated to this work, all over the

world begin the purification of the daily life, that when the time is ripe they may be "called out" for this sacred ministry.

The happy day was concluded with a musical entertainment in the library.

It may be interesting, to those who seek "the signs of the times," to learn that woman and man had equal share in staking out the site of the building, as in all other work of the Fellowship.

Let your thoughts and prayers during the coming year often center on the Ecclesia, Consecration, the Panacea.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES

Manila, P. I.

Dear Friends.

Some time ago I sent for the ephemeris for 1920. I mention it because since we have been working under Filipino rule, things are a fine illustration of the proverbial "sixes and sevens." Letters arrive or they do not arrive,—*Quien sabe?* No hay importa, manana por la manana a Dios! ! ! It is quite typical of the people and the country but a trifle irritating to western minds. Well, as I say, since we were fools enough to come here and are idiotic enough to remain, we have no kick coming. Let us get out and let the natives have their rights, their tight little Island to play with according to the dictates of their own undeveloped ideas. Strength comes with doing, but it will be many a long year before the rank and file will be able to *do*; in the meanwhile the politicians will be up and *doing* and woe betide the poor Tao for it will be his *undoing*.

Japan is corrupting the leaders of Northern China. The fate of the Celestial Empire lies in the hands of Southern China with Canton as a center. There are concentrated all the young, enterprising, progressive Chinese who are able to size up Japan's schemes, and in a way they have frustrated them by declaring a boycott on Japanese goods; they have made it stick, too. If only the U. S. would let effete Europe settle its own problems and turn her face westward, she would be doing something worth while. Time enough there is for all things; I have always wanted to hustle the East, but now I feel

like jogging the West a bit. It does seem so clear out here. The Japanese have Honolulu; they are quietly but inevitably getting hold of the Islands. Two-thirds of the hemp plantations in the southern islands are in their hands.

One of our leading Filipinos visited Japan last month and came back with a lot of sentimental slush about their common interests and the purely disinterested attitude of Nippon. Even a school boy could read between the lines. *Il Allah!!* I get a trifle worked up when I let myself go on that line! Let's stop and talk about the weather.

While I am considering stopping, I might as well make it permanent as this letter has stretched itself pretty well beyond the usual limits of an ordinary epistle.

Wishing you all you deserve, I couldn't wish more. I remain,

Cordially yours,

Nadyene.

"The soul is an eye into the abyss of the Eternal."

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION

We shall announce in the September number the conditions and details of a new Prize Competition for written articles for this magazine.

Four prizes will be offered. The nature of these will be announced later, but they will be of a different character from those given in the first competition.

The prizes will be well worth working for. We would suggest that those who contemplate competing, start their articles now instead of waiting for the formal announcement in September. Two or more articles may be submitted if desired, as this will increase the possibilities of winning a prize.

The subjects of the articles may be along any of the following lines:

Occult Stories and Personal Occult Experiences.

Philosophy.

Astrology.

Health and Diet.

The articles should have not less than 1500 words.

Prize Competition Awards

The prize winners in the competition submitting articles for this magazine, which competition closed June 1st, are noted below together with those articles for which a year's subscription to the magazine has been awarded.

A large number of excellent articles were submitted, all of which will appear in the magazine as soon as space allows. We judged the articles from the following standpoints:

Interest to the Reader

Educational Value

Style and Composition

In the awarding of the prizes we wished to give one to each of the three following departments:

(A) Occult Stories or Personal Occult Experiences.

(B) Philosophy.

(C) Astrology.

The article which was awarded first prize and which is published as the leading article in this number, has as its main theme the very important subject of what diet specialists are finding out about human diet, and the fact that probably 90 per cent of all disease is due to age-old delusions regarding diet. This article also has an astrological basis and was therefore awarded the prize allotted to division (C). Either one of the two very excellent astrological articles submitted by Eleanor Jennings would under ordinary circumstances have won a prize in this division, but the importance of the subject of "Corrective Eating," together with its astrological basis decided us in its favor.

The article which was awarded second prize, entitled, "Awake!", is an inspirational and very helpful article along the lines of a practical application of philosophy to every-day life. It was awarded the prize in division (B), and will be published in the September number.

"A Glimpse into the Unknown" took the prize in division (A). This is a very interesting dream experience showing how the heaven worlds may be contacted when out of the body in sleep. It will be published in the October issue.

A number of other articles submitted were excellent from the standpoint of literary merit, but some of them were built up around the themes of affinities, crystal gazing, and mediumship, subjects on which we hold adverse views, and for this reason they could not be considered as prize winners.

Altogether we are much pleased with the results of the competition and wish to thank all

the contestants for the general excellence of the articles submitted. The contestants themselves will all be the gainers by the effort they have made, regardless of whether they won a prize or not, because by writing the various articles they were giving out to others the benefit of their knowledge and experience, and giving out what has been received is the only thing that paves the way to receiving more.

See notice elsewhere in this issue of another competition to be announced in the September number.

PRIZE WINNING ARTICLES

1ST PRIZE—The New Science of Corrective Eating.

S. O. H., Nanaimo, B. C.

2ND PRIZE—Awake!

Gordon Shaw, Victoria, B. C.

3RD PRIZE—A Glimpse into the Unknown,

Mrs. Wm. Kurt, Phoenix, Ariz.

The following articles have been awarded a year's subscription to the Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine, Rays from the Rose Cross:

Mykiadad,

Mrs. Mary-Abby Proctor, Boston, Mass.

Ye That Have Yearned Alone,

"Aurora," Carrollton, Mo.

Dreams—Just Dreams,

Mrs. Mabel Trott, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Astrology for Every Day,

Eleanor Jennings, Seattle, Wash.

Planets and People,

Eleanor Jennings, Seattle, Wash.

Christianity in the Light of the Rosicrucian Teachings,

Gladys M. Robinson, Southport, England.

Death and Life,

Hannah Ashton, Vancouver, B. C.

Physical Culture,

Ernest Heckler, Brawley, Calif.

Service,

Sydney H. French, New York City.

Rebirth,

Ella Sutton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Wrestling of the Not-Self with the Self,

Chas. Kauffman, New York City.

Abundant Life,

Herbert E. Baker, Ottawa, Kans.

The Little Temples,

Mary Louise B. Witt, Wælder, Texas.