

# THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

Rays From the Rose Cross

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF MYSTIC LIGHT

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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**The Rosicrucian Fellowship**

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

# Current Topics

From the Rosicrucian Viewpoint

BY JOSEPH DARROW

## Saving People from Suicide

IN New York City there is a remarkable man engaged in a remarkable vocation. The man is Dr. Harry M. Warren, founder of the National Save-a-Life League. Dr. Warren, when a young man, delivered an address one day on the futility of suicide, stating it as his conviction that all the cases of suicide with which he was familiar could have been easily prevented by the right sort of guidance. He said: "I wish that all who believe that death is the only solution to their problems would give me a chance to prove them wrong." The results of that statement are described in the *New York Telegram*, from which we quote:

"Next day a newspaper printed the statement. Within twenty-four hours he had received twelve visitors in answer to his challenge. That was the beginning of the National Save-a-Life League. It was twenty-four years ago.

"Today Dr. Warren sits in an office at 299 Madison Ave. meeting an unending stream of despondent humanity. The stories are never new, yet never old. Each case, fit challenge for the finest psychiatrists, offers different, delicate problems

THE  
"DOCTOR  
OF  
SORROWS"  
lives.

which must be met instantly and firmly. Dr. Warren is called the 'doctor of sorrows.' He is happy in the belief that he has saved about 25,000

"There are about 20,000 suicides in the United States each year. Love and sex problems account for about a third of them, with ill health and financial loss next in responsibility. More than half

of them occur among persons 45 years of age and over, and most of them in cities. Suicide more frequently claims the prosperous and cultured than the ignorant and the poor. But it seldom occurs, Dr. Warren has found, among persons devoted to religion. The founder is in search of an endowment to make his league a truly national one. There now are agencies in about a dozen cities to which he can refer applicants for aid. But he still personally handles, in addition to the personal calls, a flood of correspondence from throughout the country, and even from India and Japan."

This raises the question as to whether life is actually worth living. If it is, then suicide is the height of irrationality. If it isn't, then it might under certain conditions be considered differently. A questionnaire entitled, "Is Life Worth Living?" was circulated some time ago by Florence Finch Kelley, novelist and critic. The answers to the questionnaire were printed in the *North American Review*. An extract of some of them appeared in the *Los Angeles Daily News*, from which we quote:

"A naval officer says, 'You've got to have some object ahead of you.' A woman finds that 'it's love that makes life worth living for me.' By and large the replies confirm the general belief that 'more people get their chief satisfaction in life out of work than from any other source.' Some like life because it offers the thrill of a poker game—'your hand may look rotten, but maybe you can make it win if you play it right, and there's always another hand coming, when the cards

may run your way.' Others find the elixir in the 'comforts and assurances of religion,' in the hope of a life to come. A few are despondent and do not think the game is worth the candle."

From the replies quoted it would not appear that those who wrote them were possessed on the whole of a tremendous amount of enthusiasm for life, some of them getting a moderate amount of enjoyment out of it, but probably the majority rather undecided as to its value.

When people are getting real satisfaction out of life, suicide never enters their heads. It is only when things go wrong, when they lose their health, or fail in business, or have some other misfortune that they get into a despairing frame of mind and contemplate suicide as an easy way out of their troubles. Here is where the student of occultism, or mystical philosophy, has a tremendous advantage over the ordinary man, because the occult student knows the plan of life which the Architect of the Universe is working out for humanity. He has enough knowledge of this plan so that it becomes intelligible to him. Life to him has ceased to be the hit-or-miss affair which probably the majority of people believe it to be.

And what is this plan of life which gives the occult student a better understanding of the matter than other people? In answering this, the first thing to consider is the striking fact that the human being is a *cell in the Cosmic Body!* The next question is, what is the

CELLS  
IN THE  
COSMIC  
BODY

Cosmic Body, and who is the owner or indwelling spirit of that Body? The answer is that the planets and the humanity of our solar system constitute the Cosmic Body of the great Being whom we call God. But this God of ours is only one in a great concourse of gods, each with its Cosmic Body. In other words, there is a society of gods, and there are

various kinds of intercourse between them the same as in the case of human beings, only on a vastly grander scale.

In order for a god to take his place properly in the society of gods and carry on his functions there, he must have a healthy body. That is, the humanity of the solar system which constitutes his body must be in a healthy condition, spiritually, mentally, emotionally and physically, and that is where we come in. We know what happens when a group of cells in some part of a person's body becomes diseased, for instance, the cells composing the heart or the lungs or the brain. The whole organism is incapacitated and becomes unable to carry on its functions properly. The person is said to be sick. He has to lay up for repairs. Thus it is evident that it is the business of every cell to keep itself in a healthy condition. When it does this, it contributes to the health and well-being of the entire body, and the various organs in return send it the necessary vitality and nourishment. Thus the body is a great

A MUTUAL  
CO-OPERATION  
CONCERN

mutual co-operation concern. This is a perfect analogy of the Cosmic Body. We as individuals and communities constitute respectively cells and groups of cells in that Body. If we become diseased, the Cosmic Body suffers, and the God ensouling it is correspondingly handicapped. If groups of cosmic cells, that is, communities, states, nations, or races go wrong, the Cosmic Body is hampered to a corresponding degree. If an individual refuses to do his evolutionary work, he becomes a diseased cell in the Cosmic Body. If he becomes discouraged, gives up, and arrives at the point where he is contemplating suicide, he has become a mortally sick cell, one which causes the Cosmic Body much distress.

Evolution, by gradually improving the human beings who constitute the cells in



————— Current Topics —————

the Cosmic Body, is making that Body more efficient and of greater use to its indwelling Spirit. We can't escape from evolution by suicide; we can't escape from the Cosmic Body of which we are a part except at such a terrible cost that it is not to be considered. True, we may, if we persist long enough, lose all the vehicles which we have built up through the ages, and then proceed back to Chaos to wait for the beginning of a new life wave aeons hence which we can join and in which we can again take up our evolution. But this is the greatest calamity which a human being can encounter.

Moreover, the occultist tells us, the suicide suffers a living death after passing out of the body, due to the continued spinning of the archetype, which continues until the time when the person normally would have died.

THE PAINS OF SUICIDE This spinning is said to produce a pain similar to that of toothache, only very much more intense and distributed over the entire body. In addition there is a most terrible mental and emotional depression which is even worse than the physical pain. It is stated by one occultist of note that when one commits suicide he precipitates himself into conditions which are at least *one thousand times more painful* than those from which he was attempting to escape.

Now from the cosmic viewpoint is life sufficiently worth while so as logically to do away with all thought of ending it, even if there were no penalties attached to this? What is the plan of the Great Spirit which ensouls our Cosmic Body, and does that Spirit have rewards in store for us sufficient to justify us in performing our functions in the Cosmic Body? The Rosicrucian Philosophy replies that the eventual rewards are infinitely worth while, superlative in degree, and that when we arrive at the point of realizing them we shall wonder that people ever considered life a tedious

affair. As the individual progresses in his evolution, increases in self-control, and gains mastery over his various vehicles or bodies, including the mind, the desire body, and the etheric body, the satisfactions of living constantly increase. As one becomes a more active participant in the cosmic plan and gets closer in consciousness to the Spirit which ensouls our Cosmic Body, he gains an increasing knowledge of the plan and enthusiasm for it. Moreover, his individual vibrations become higher and higher and consequently more and more enjoyable. Life is vibration. When vibration is low, life is at a low ebb. When vibration is high, life and the joys of living are correspondingly intense.

At the present time *interest* is the mainspring of human action, the thing that keeps us going. But the Rosicrucians state that when we become more evolved, *DUTY* will be the governing motive instead of interest, that is, a sense of duty to the Great Being in which we live and move, based upon the fact that we are cells in its Body.

DUTY TO THE COSMIC BEING Love and adoration for that Being will also increase so that gratitude for the privilege of taking part in its activities, as well as a sense of duty to evolution, will hold each of us unswervingly to our individual job of being *A HEALTHY CELL in the Cosmic Body.*

All this opens up a tremendous vista before our gaze, showing us that the little bit of life which we have so far contacted is as a grain of sand on the shore of the ocean of life, and that if we can but hold this vision, knowing it to be true as the occultist affirms it is, we shall go on unflinchingly with our evolutionary duty, and nothing will ever induce us to consider for an instant trying to escape from it or to find an easier way out.

# The Mystic Light

## The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

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

## The Christmas Tree

BY BEATRICE IRVINE

I am a fragrant giant,  
 Filled with the calm of the forest.  
 I give, and grow,  
 I know not strife;  
 I am enchanted still with earth,  
 Her sweet abundance gave me birth.

Oh, sons of men who walk below,  
 Will you not hear my song of Youth?  
 For some of you have saddened mien,  
 And some of you that seek the Truth  
 seem tired,  
 And some with love of gold are fired.

I clasp the winds,  
 I quaff the light,  
 I bear the burden of the snow,  
 And I am always glad and green.

Halt for a moment,  
*Breathe New Life!*

I give, and grow—  
*I know not strife!*

## Jesus, Who Was Called Christ

BY HARRIETT ECCO WENDELL

**I**T IS approaching the 1930th year since the birth of the babe Jesus. Still we find people who are undecided what to do with Jesus, who was called Christ. Jesus, the Christ, is the most unique character in history. No other man who ever lived has had such a direct influence upon our lives. We call George Washington the father of our country. We call Abraham Lincoln the emancipator of slaves. But Jesus Christ we call the Savior of the world, our Savior. We are taught that every

person's life is affected by the birth, the name, the life, the death and the resurrection of Jesus the Christ. What other name demands so much reverence as the name of Jesus Christ? At some time every man is asked and must answer for himself the question, What shall I do with Jesus, who was called Christ? We must all do something about this question. We must make a place for Christ in our lives, or else we must reject Him. Even our silence is a decision.

We are surrounded by churches and

religious literature on every hand dealing with this and similar questions. Men have sacrificed their lives for the cause of Christ. Insurrections, persecutions, and reformations come and go about Christ and His teachings and followers. For no other cause has so much blood been shed, or about which have more books been written. To no other cause has more untiring study been devoted. The study of science, law, art, and music is exhausting, but not so of Jesus Christ and His teachings. Instead there is an increasingly easy inflow of wisdom as we meditate upon His life.

When we ask ourselves the question, What shall I do with Jesus, who was called the Christ, that other question arises, Whose son was He? Here is a question which does not bother the mind about any other person in history and not because there have been no other great teachers whose births were shadowed in mystery. We know that each teacher came into the world in a certain way, for a certain purpose, to bring a certain message to a certain people at a certain time. The purpose of the Christ was to bring Christianity into the world. He brought the gospel of good tidings of great joy. His message was that of love and altruism. Where there is love there is great joy. Where there is unselfish service we find altruism. He was called the Good Shepherd of Israel. He came to feed his flock the spiritual bread of life from heaven. He said, "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep and am known of mine. . . . The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He was the greatest healer the world has ever known. He came to cleanse the world of sin and to save us when we needed a savior. Other teachers came when they were needed, but we have outgrown them and no longer need their help. Jesus Christ was the last and greatest Teacher, and He gave to the world the greatest message.

He sought no attention for Himself, but humbled Himself before the least among men that through humility and

impersonal, universal love He might be able to serve most, and He became in so doing the greatest among men. Being impersonal and universal His influence was impersonal and universal, yet individual. So His birth, life, death, and transfiguration were not only exemplary, but have for all time a deeper significance in individual application. Instinctively we feel today the great impersonal love of Jesus Christ in our hearts.

The clock of the ages was set anew at His birth. His coming was prophesied. His parents were peculiarly prepared to give birth to such a perfect child as Jesus, whose vehicles were worthy to be used by the Christ, the Son of God, in which to dwell three years on earth among men.

Christ is the central character of the central theme in the greatest Book ever written for us—the Bible. The Bible is a unique book and is worth far more study than is given it by the majority of people who profess to be Christians. Practically the only history we have of our Lord and Savior is recorded there. Today it is the best seller in our book stores. Periodically its characters are portrayed in various ways, as today in such great motion picture productions as "The King of Kings" and "The Ten Commandments," also in the great drama, "The Passion Play," at Oberammergau played every ten years, and which is playing this year. As there have been other great teachers, so have there been other sacred books. But the Bible was given by the Recording Angels for the Western world—for us. It tells us that God is the father of Light, and that He sent His Son into the world to shed that Light among men. It is called the "Word of God." As its central character is called the "Son of God," we must accept the Christ as such. And, "I and the Father are one," He says.

Our Master, the Christ, said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." He has gone before, He has overcome the world and He has laid before

us the plan of our salvation, pointed out the road of our redemption and the way to eternal life for us if we will believe in Him and follow His teachings. But, "Faith without works is dead." We must prove our faith by our works in daily striving for self-unfoldment of the Christ principle. His teachings have various interpretations as they are individual as well as universal and eternal, hence the number of sects which have arisen all founded upon the one Book. Not all can see Christ and His teachings alike because we are not all in the same grade in the school of life.

The mysteries of the Bible have for ages remained but smoldering embers, but they are now being fanned into a glorious flame by the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order, who in the Western Wisdom Teachings have given us to see between the lines and behind the allegories, metaphors, and similes of the Bible into the true meaning of its mysteries, where a life is extended into a hundred lives and a day is as a thousand years, and where Christ is felt within as a guiding, protecting force to aid us on our upward spiritual path to union with Him.

It would be hard for us who feel His influence in our lives to try to get along without His helping hand. We can see the unnecessary misery in the lives of those who do not include Jesus the Christ in their life's program. There are no suicides where Christ has entered the heart, and there is but little progression where He is excluded. But we must not force our views upon people much as we may wish to see them grow. All will come when they are ready, and we must remember that all things are working together for good. A horse will not drink unless he is thirsty, you know. Ever since the advent of Christ into the world His followers have been trying to win people to Him and His teachings, all applying their own interpretation to them. Each group or sect attracts its own.

Everyone has within him an urge to-

ward religion of some sort. Often it is undefined and amounts to no more than a simple recognition of right and wrong, with a desire to follow what one believes is right and to shun what is believed to be wrong. We know that religion goes through a process of evolution like everything else, that past religions have served their purpose just the same as the present ones are serving theirs, and that future religions will serve more advanced souls with high spiritual wisdom which is beyond us now.

We believe that the Rosicrucian Philosophy is the most advanced interpretation of the Bible in the world today, and we believe that it attracts only those who are ready for its advanced teachings. We know that people are thirsty and hungry for our teachings; that they will study them and follow them and strive to live the philosophical life. What we need is more home missionaries who will so live right here in America that it will help to make it the Christian nation we claim it to be.

Truly, Christianity has never been tested, because it has never been put into practice as Jesus Christ would that it should be and knows that it will be some day according to His plan that all shall be perfect even as He is perfect. Yet even as imperfectly as it is expressed today we see its effect upon individuals and nations. Christianity like everything else is working along the upward spiral toward ultimate perfection. As we have been slowly gaining added consciousness from the past up to now where we feel we possess so much physically, mentally, scientifically and spiritually, so shall we grow and develop still farther in the future through awakening the Christ principle in the hearts of men. We shall build better bodies, healthier bodies, more beautiful bodies, and more brilliant intellects, and best of all attain a far greater realization of divine love. Then we shall be true Rosicrucians. As we are gods in the making, so each is a Jesus striving to be a Christ. Jesus lived many lives of conscious effort to become

worthy of receiving the Christ Spirit. We have His example before us to show us the way of attainment. Jesus was a great Initiate. He had passed through all thirteen Initiations into the Mysteries, which means that He had finished all of the work which our humanity must do during the remaining half of the Earth Period and the following Jupiter, Venus, and Vulcan Periods. His parents were high Initiates, and were members of the Essene Brotherhood. They were especially prepared to give birth to this old soul. Although little is recorded of the first thirty years in the life of Jesus, we know that he received the best education possible in his time and that he was taught in the ancient esoteric Mystery Schools by Masters who helped to prepare Him for His great Mission.

Not long ago I heard Manly P. Hall lecture on the subject, "Who are the Rosierucians?" He said: "They are the power invisible behind the power that is visible. They work in the seats of the mighty. They are few in numbers and powerful in purpose. They rule great issues and great crises in the world." He added, "The most any of us can hope for is to be like one." The way we can do that is to live a life of such constructiveness and become so valuable to humanity that our service will attract the attention of one of the Rosierucians, and in that case we might meet one of them. But we would never know we had met a Rosierucian if one should come to us unless he wanted us to know it.

If Jesus had never started to live the life which finally made him worthy of being used by the Christ, He would never have been immortalized as he is today in the hearts of millions who are trying to be like him. If we as Rosierucian students never start to make any definite effort toward living the life which our Philosophy teaches, we can never hope to become like a true Rosierucian. A true Rosierucian is a true Christian. To become a true Christian is to become Christed, even as Jesus did. It is a long road through many lives and through

much hardship, sacrifice, and toil, but Jesus considered it worth while. Why shouldn't we?

A group of men of various nationalities were discussing one day who each would be if he could be anyone of his choice. The German wished to be Bismarck, the Italian wished he could be Mussolini, the Irishman wanted to be Jesus Christ, at which he was taken to task severely for blasphemy. Just then the Jew among them spoke up proudly and said, "I don't know why he couldn't be Jesus Christ; one of our people was."

As the Jews of old looked for and are still looking for the Messiah to come, so are people today looking for a new world Teacher. We are told that the time is drawing near for another such Teacher to appear. When the time is ripe and the way is made ready for him, he will come just as Jesus did through parents who are Initiates and physically and spiritually prepared as were Jesus' parents to give such a gift to the world. If people do not prepare for him, he cannot come. No one knows who is preparing or who is ready to give birth to such a teacher.

What did the great Teacher, the Christ, do for us?

He saved our world by purifying its psychic atmosphere or desire envelope.

He began the emancipation of our world from Race Spirits, under Jehovah.

He made Initiation possible for all.

He helped to save our evolutionary stragglers so there will be fewer outcasts in our life wave.

In this connection Luther Burbank has a lesson for us about outcasts. As a result of his life's study of nature he based his work upon four principles:

1. There are no outcasts with God in nature.
2. Given a proper chance a flower will regenerate itself.
3. Every plant has a soul.

4. It is the spirit that quickens and redeems plants as well as man.

Luther Burbank believed in redeeming plant life as well as human beings. He said: "I often find it necessary to put to death an old plant in order to resurrect a new." He took a blackberry and made a sweeter white berry out of it. He knew what he meant when he said there are no outcasts with God. He said that there is a soul even in blackberries. He called the perfume of a plant its soul. He said that a bad perfume shows a backslidden soul in the plant kingdom. It has become a straggler, a degenerate, and is in need of redeeming. He changed the dahlia so that it had the perfume of the magnolia. The verbena he made to radiate the odor of the arbutus, and the calla lily the perfume of the violet. He said: "Give a flower a new foundation on which to grow, and pour into it new life of regenerative blood, and it will redeem itself." Is not this the language of Jesus the Christ? Is not this grafting Christ into a life?

As we hold Jesus before us as our ideal in living a life that reaches beyond him to the Christ who came to dwell in him, so let us live that we may be an example to some one on the path who is perhaps looking to us as his ideal though we may never know it. We do not always know what word or act of ours may influence a soul for good or ill. An old orthodox phrase applies to us: "'Tis better far not to profess Christ's name if others can not see Christ in us."

We are all brothers and sisters in one great family of which Jesus the Christ is still our Elder Brother, and He is depending upon us as He did upon His followers and disciples of old to carry on His work of raising mankind to a greater consciousness of Him and His father who sent Him. We can be a magnet for the rich substance of spirit, and we can speak forth the Christ message with power.

Having done so much for us, what are we doing for Jesus who was called Christ? Are we ready to say with Paul

that we are willing to suffer the loss of all things and count them as nothing that we may gain Christ? Are we willing to decrease that He may increase in us?

Time and eternity are ours to use as we will. We can make for ourselves a heaven or a hell. We can build a body for a god to use or for demons to torment and destroy.

"Mind is the master power that molds  
and makes,  
And man is mind, and ever more he takes  
The tool of thought, and shaping what  
he will,  
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand  
ills;  
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass:  
Environment is but his looking glass."

It is ours to choose whether or not we will follow in the footsteps of Jesus who was called Christ. Let us prove ourselves to be more advanced souls than our younger brothers of long ago who called for Barabbas, the carnal man, when they could have had the Christ.

"Though Christ a thousand times in  
Bethlehem be born,  
And not within thyself, thy soul will  
be forlorn.  
The cross on Golgotha thou lookest to in  
vain,  
Unless within thyself it be set up  
again."

### Star on the Mountain

By R. B. H.

Once in the dew-hung evening,  
Lit where sweet fires burn,  
I saw the dim form of a mountain,  
Stand like a burial urn,  
Material, solid, sepulchral—  
Moonless the sphere of the skies—  
Couched in the tomb of illusion,  
Saw I the new star rise;  
Rise like the spark of the spirit,  
Immortal, from death in the night.  
Saw I the star on the mountain,  
A symbol in heavenly light.

## Short Articles by Max Heindel

From "Rays from the Rose Cross" of October, 1917.

### THE NECESSITY OF REBIRTH

THE following inquiry has come to us: "To those brought up in the teachings of spiritualism and Swedenborgianism it is easy enough to accept the fact of life hereafter and of incidental purgatorial experience therein, but it is not easy for them to understand why it is necessary for the individual to return to the physical plane for rebirth in new lives. If there be an imperative reason for such return to the flesh, as Rosicrucianism sees it, will you not state this briefly but explicitly?"

The necessity for rebirth has two phases, one physical and one spiritual. If the mineral components of our bodies did not crystallize, and it were then possible for us to keep them young and pliable for millions of years, it would not be necessary to take rebirth; we could learn the lessons of life through the unbroken stretch of ages. But on account of our ignorance and abuse of this body it does not last for more than three score and ten years, as the saying is, and probably not one-half that time as an average. Hence if we lived here only one short life of thirty or forty years, we should be unable to learn all the lessons which are to be taught us in this environment, and that would be a waste of energy.

We as human beings would not think of building an elaborate school and furnishing all the equipment for teaching the pupils and then graduate the students after one day's attendance; but that would be exactly analogous to a cosmic system which would require the attendance of pupils at the school of life during only one life-day. When the first school day is over we send the pupil home to assimilate that day's lessons and to prepare for the next day's schooling, and so on through many days and years.

Similarly the Divine Hierarchies who guide our evolution send us to school on earth each life-day, and at the close thereof we are called to our heavenly home to rest and prepare for the schooling of the next life-day. It would be an absolute impossibility for our schoolmasters to cram all the wisdom to be learned in the school into the head of any pupil, be he ever so precocious, if the time were limited to one day. But given many successive days which in the end amount to years, they are able gradually to impart their knowledge to him. Similarly also in life's school. Cosmic wisdom and cosmic love cannot be taught in a short time; it takes ages, for the divine qualities are not mushroom growths which can be attained over night. They resemble rather the sturdy oak which requires a century to develop, but which has as a compensation a sturdiness and strength which are not approached by the mushroom.

Furthermore, the constitution of and the conditions in the spiritual worlds render them unsuitable for the phase of progression which it is necessary that man learn from the physical world. At the present time mankind is developing the mind by the use of *right thought*, which has to be turned into *right action*, and this can best be done in a realm where conditions are firm and rigid. When an inventor imagines a machine or contrivance, he visualizes it and it may seem to work perfectly *in his mind*. But the wheels which revolve so nicely in the world where interpenetration is the law are often found to rub against each other and to be in each other's way when the model is made in physical material; this shows that his thought was wrong, and he is then forced to go to work and correct the mistake or abandon his project. Thus the physical condition acts as a corrective, and by showing him his



mistake makes it possible for him gradually to learn to evolve the right thought and embody it in a machine that will work.

Similarly, if a man undertakes a business project, he thinks out in detail how it should work, but subsequent developments often teach him that he has miscalculated, and thus he also by his mistakes is shown where his thought was wrong, and thereby given the opportunity to correct it. These things cannot be learned in the spiritual world where one goes out of a window or up the chimney just as easily as through a door, because everything there is fluidic and plastic. Being divine, we have infinite possibilities latent in us, and we are gods in the making.

Thought is the creative power, and unless we learn how to use it in the right manner, it will prove a curse instead of a blessing, both to ourselves and the creatures which are to be helped by us in future ages, for we shall be unable to help them in the creation of suitable vehicles, as we have been helped and are being helped by others higher than us in the scale of evolution. Thus in that case we would create monstrosities, and therefore the school of earth is an absolute necessity to teach us to *think right*, and thereby *create right*, both in the denser and the finer grades of the cosmic substance with which we have to work.

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#### THE TESTS OF INITIATION.

The candidate for Initiation very often does not know that he is a candidate. Usually he is simply living the spiritual life of service to his fellow men because that is the only life that appeals to him, and he has no ulterior thought or object in so doing. But nevertheless he is being tested and tried all the time unconsciously to himself, for that is part of the process. No candidate is ever taken into an Initiation chamber and tried or tested; the tests come in the daily life and in the small things which are seemingly

very unimportant but really of prime significance, for if a man cannot be faithful in little things, how could he ever be expected to be faithful in the great?

Furthermore, the Elder Brothers of humanity, who have charge of this work with respect to their younger brothers, are always sure to pick out a man's most vulnerable point, because if he is tried and tempted and falls, this serves to call his attention to the weakness in his character, and thus he has an opportunity of correcting it which he would not have if temptation were not placed before him. So the tests are not wholly made for the purpose of seeing whether he would keep the trust, but also for the purpose of giving him the chance to strengthen his weak points. The tests are therefore never the same in the case of any two candidates, for what would be a temptation to one would pass the other absolutely without making any impression upon him whatever.

Through a life of unselfish service and through the strength gained by passing the various tests the candidate weaves the golden garment of the soul body which prepares him to enter the invisible worlds, and the process of Initiation consists then in simply showing him how to make use of the power which he has accumulated within himself by his own work. But no one can initiate anyone else unless he has the power within, any more than an empty shell can be exploded.

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## Imprisoned Souls

BY GRACE EVELYN BROWN

**S**UMMIT ISLES seemed to Lambert Forrest a veritable region of picturesque possibilities, and he congratulated himself that he had come here to paint these last two weeks in September. He walked the length of the hotel veranda, and suddenly turning an abrupt corner nearly collided with a little table back of which a woman sat in a high-backed chair. Their eyes met with startling swiftness and intensity. He saw that hers were large, bright, and dark—all the darker because of the light, loose waving hair about them.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid I've startled you—"

"Oh, no harm is done," she replied lightly.

"It was very careless of me," he went on, "but the beauty of the outlook here made me too enthusiastic, evidently."

"I really can't blame you," she answered. "It is lovely."

As she spoke, he had time to observe something more than her eyes, although they still dominated her personality. They were eyes of infinite sympathy and understanding, revealing depths that made him feel that he had always known her; and besides this there was something almost startlingly familiar in the tilt of her piquant nose, and the way in which she carried her delicate head. He did not think of her age. She was one with whom age always lingered in the background. If he had thought of it, he would have applied that elastic term, "middle aged," to her. Yet how inaptly it would have become her. He, himself, was approaching that period, yet at thirty-eight he still considered himself as belonging to the young of earth. He knew that she also was still young, with the subtle charm which enslaves mere years with its superior and youthful atmosphere.

He was imbued with a strong desire to

talk with her. His active mind swung the net of conversation with which to capture this elusive butterfly of opportunity, yet all the while observant of the charm of her low musical voice and of her whole personality, which somehow suggested a long-lost joy suddenly found again.

"I was so eager to see the view," he continued, "that I dashed around as thoughtlessly and as clumsily as the proverbial bull in the china shop."

"Not quite so disastrously, however," she archly returned.

"Fortunately not, or I should have been too chagrined to have borne up under it."

"Then we have to be thankful for the proverbial 'miss', so the 'mile' isn't needed. But take warning and go slower the next time or you may not be so fortunate."

"Shall I interpret that to mean that I'm forgiven, or that I must go further and with the dreadful possibility of faring worse?" He smiled lightly into her eyes.

"I think we'll have to consider it the former," she smiled back, "for you can't go further this way. Just around the turn back of my chair lies the end of the trail. To see the view from the other side, you must go through the hall to the balcony at the end, where you'll find the most beautiful scene of all, facing the open sea."

He hesitated, wishing to ask her to go with him, but he feared if he did so that she might consider him too presumptuous. Anyway at the worst she could only rebuff him. Accordingly he ventured: "Won't you show me the way?"

"Oh, I wish I could," she answered, "but—I'm a cripple."

Then he saw that she was in a wheel chair. "Oh, do forgive me!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I should have

seen it. It was so stupid of me, so obtuse; but somehow I saw only you, and pardon me, but I should never have associated you with anything of that nature."

"Yet I've been unable to walk for twenty-four years, ever since the birth of my daughter." She smiled up at him and still seemed a girl as he contemplated her age with amazement. Then the veil of romantic glamor with which he had been regarding her lifted a little, and he saw that white hairs sparsely sprinkled themselves through the blond ones, that sagging lines slightly marred the beauty of her face, and that unobtrusive little wrinkles lurked at the corners of her wonderful eyes.

He despised himself for noticing such indications of age when she was so utterly charming, and he turned his wandering attention resolutely away from them just as a tall girl suddenly appeared. Her brown tweed walking suit matched her hair and eyes, which met Lambert's with a shy and startled wonder.

"Here's my daughter, now," the older woman said. "Anna, this gentleman—"

"Allow me," put in Lambert, reaching for his card case, of which he had not thought before—their companionship had been too perfect—and he drew forth two bits of cardboard, saying: "I nearly forgot the formalities."

"I, too, was oblivious to mere cards," the older woman returned, with a sympathetic smile as she took two from an iridescent bead bag.

"Real people don't need them," he laughingly avowed, yet looking at the two engraved names of Mrs. and Miss Oglethorpe.

"Forgive my not asking you to take one of the chairs before," said the former, "but I didn't quite consider this little alcove our personal property."

"I'm glad of that," he returned lightly. "It makes me feel a little less the intruder."

"Lambert Forrest could never be called that," she answered, her eyes on

his card. "We're so fortunate in thus meeting you. We've admired your paintings for years."

"Thank you, and you—do you belong to that interesting old southern family of Oglethorpes?"

"My husband was a Virginian, but since his death fourteen years ago we've lived in New York, my old home. I was one of the Van Noyes family—Amie Van Noyes."

Mrs. Oglethorpe suggested that Anna show Lambert the view of which they had already spoken. He turned to Amie as they went. The look in her eyes made him feel something secure and joyous between them. He glowed with a subtle delight as he followed Anna in through the hall to the overhanging balcony facing the north, where flaunting bright scarfs of clouds joined the cerulean east with the rose-hued west.

"Beautiful!" he softly exclaimed.

"Perfectly exquisite!" Anna replied, in an automatic voice and without enthusiasm as if her mind were on other matters. "Mother's never tired of raving over them. But let me take you to the cliffs. There's an even better view there."

They crossed the smoothly cropped lawn and passed through a little forest of scrub pines dropping their pungent needles in moss-covered mounds and on half-submerged rocks, rising above soft-carpeted areas of ferns and checkerberry plants, and came to a narrow footpath winding in and out, under a tangle of branches that often brushed Lambert's head and shoulders. At last they emerged upon a small open plateau just at the edge of the cliffs high above the sea.

"The best view on the whole trail," said Anna. "You can see the hotel from here. Look! There's mother! She sees us! She's waving!"

They returned the salute, and Lambert could feel her nearness through the distance. He would call her Amie—to himself, anyway. He had that privilege. How perfectly it suited her. It

suggested the French *amie, amour*—friend, love.

A week passed, during which time Anna had constantly tried to get Lambert to join her in her games and sports, but he had been absorbed in his painting. He sought Amie during his hours of relaxation, but she seemed to avoid him more and more as the days passed. Then she was always arranging affairs so that he and Anna would be together. Lambert wondered if Amie had not divined his growing love for her, and being unable to reciprocate were not trying to avoid stimulating it by her propinquity.

The following week one of the members of the Summit Isles Club opened the clubhouse for a dance. Lambert had asked Amie to go, saying, "I'll take you over and bring you back any time that you wish. Now that's all settled," and he smiled down at her. The tears came quickly to her eyes. At the sight of them he forgot everything else.

"Dear, I love you," he said. "I've loved you ever since the very first moment I saw you. Can't you love me a little?"

He thought for a moment that a flame of joy burned in her eyes, that she looked at him with a longing all the more poignant because the pain of renunciation lurked in its depths.

"Thank you,—dear," she replied. "It makes me happy to know that. But you mustn't love me. I'm an invalid, a cripple, a drag on everyone connected with me."

"No, you're not," he emphatically denied. "You'd bless my life if you'd only give me the right to love and serve you always."

"I couldn't do that. You must find some one your own age or younger."

"But, dear, you're as young—really younger than I—the very spirit of youth. The years with you only give an added charm of understanding, a depth of mind and heart impossible in the young."

She almost interrupted him as she

looked away and said: "I'm so sorry but it's really impossible."

"Why is it? Can't you give me a valid reason,—none of those are vital. Is there some one else?"

"Yes," she slowly said, "there is some one else."

Then he turned and left her.

The dance at the club was an intimate affair, informal and small owing to the few only who lingered on the island. Lambert wheeled Amie over early in the evening. Anna was with them, so the conversation was necessarily impersonal.

Lambert went the rounds punctiliously, taking Anna for the supper dance, and then they spent the intermission with Amie. It was a strained half hour in spite of the many others who were with them, for Lambert was conscious of a growing inharmony between the three of them. He felt the watchful eyes of Anna upon him every time that he spoke to Amie, and when he noticed Anna, he could not help but feel that Amie was watching him, hopefully, wonderingly.

Would it make Amie happy if he should devote his life to Anna? Some mothers lived in their daughters' happiness even more than in their own. It was the great law of the race, passing life on even to the point of self-sacrifice. He seemed to feel fate pulling him away from Amie and toward Anna. His age was just about between theirs; and convention had dictated for centuries that the man should be the older. Were convention and fate stronger than mere human will; stronger even than human love? With some perhaps, but with him, no, emphatically. Again, was it loyalty to the past that separated them?

He thought over all these aspects of the case as he wheeled Amie back to the hotel, until she broke into his meditations with: "It's so selfish of me to take you away from them all. Some one else could have done this."

"You don't seem to realize how I feel," he burst out. "It's the great fifteen minutes of the whole evening just to be with you."

"With me, a cripple?"

"You're as winged as Mercury."

"Yes, I am, really," she confessed, "and you already know it. I would show you if I weren't chained to my old body. If it could break like the shell of a bird and let me out, I'd run down those cliffs and dive into the sea with you."

"Then let's make a tryst!" he cried, catching her mood. "We'll meet here before dawn, and go down the path until we reach the little plateau above the sea. Then we'll dive into those opal waves and watch the dawn come."

"And the sunrise," she added.

"Yes, dear. Promise you'll go there with me! Meet me an hour before dawn."

"I promise," she returned, but as he bent to kiss her hand, she added: "What nonsense we're talking!"

"Hush;" he returned, "not one word to break the spell, not even one thought of doubt. Promise that too."

"Yes," she answered.

Then he wheeled her in at the low doorway, across the hall to the elevator and up to her room, where her maid took her in charge.

That night he lay looking at the rising moon, hearing the constant slush, slush of the surf along the hard sand of the beach, and the swirlings from its futile flinging against the impenetrable cliffs, feeling the wet salt air on his cheek, and thinking of Amie; hearing again her voice, protesting, but ever more softly.

Finally he fell into such a profound sleep that it seemed but a moment when suddenly he awoke with the consciousness that it was the hour before the dawn. A peculiar thing about the awakening, however, was that he did not seem to be in his usual surroundings. Everything seemed like a dream. Suddenly it came to him that he must be out of his body, for in his earlier years he had studied the occult. Just then the memory of his tryst with Amie came to him, and obeying an irresistible impulse he darted off to find her. As he approached her little corner of the veranda, he caught a glimpse in the moonlight of a fluttering

light green scarf like a bit of imprisoned moonlight. Looking closer he saw that Amie was there and that the scarf floated from her neck as a light breeze grasped it and caressed it with undulating strokes.

"Amie!" he cried; "thank you, dear, for coming." If she was out of her body she did not seem to be aware of it, for she said, "I see you did not forget your appointment."

He kissed her hand, and then suddenly and impulsively took her in his arms and started off with her in spite of her merry expostulations. They reached the beginning of the trail where moss, ferns, and rocks bordered the narrow path, covered with fallen brown needles. The odor of the evergreens mingled with the fresh air fragrant with the tang of the sea.

"Let's rest here," Amie cried. "It's so lovely, so absolutely perfect."

He placed her under a large pine whose long ornamental branches formed a lovely design with a background of the dark sapphire of the sea and sky. He threw himself at her feet. She seemed a veritable moon fairy in her gauzy draperies; and moonbeams, penetrating the masses of foliage, shone like emeralds on her neck and arms and in the waves of her hair.

"How beautiful you are," he cried, "the very spirit of youth incarnate!"

"When you told me that last night I was sad, but now it makes me feel that life is all before me. I feel that I could even dance over the earth. Now that you say it again, I think I could run so fast that even you couldn't catch me."

"Why of course you can. I always knew that. I was just biding my time."

She sprang up and darted down the path. He followed swiftly, keeping just behind her. At a point where the path turned abruptly, a hoary old cedar grasped her floating draperies with its gnarled, moss-hung hands and held her until Lambert caught her in his arms.

"That's not fair," she cried. "The tree wouldn't let me go."

*(Concluded in next issue.)*

## The Name Ineffable

### A Vision of Despairing Spirits

BY PRENTISS TUCKER

THE GREAT old cathedral had never seemed so wonderful to me somehow as it did on that sunshiny Christmas morning when I came early to the morning service and took my seat away up near the chancel. Usually it was my custom to sit as far in the rear as I could get, but this was one of the special days when the music would be particularly fine, and I wanted to be in a position to hear it all to the best advantage.

As was his custom on the days of the special services, the organist entered long before the service time and began the voluntary. I knew this organist, that is, I knew of him, and to hear his playing on the fine old organ was a musical treat of the first order. He took his place on the organ bench, his hymnal and other music on the rack before him, but he did not start immediately to play. For a few moments he sat with folded hands and bowed head, as though deep in thought, before he touched the keyboard, and when he did start, it was to sound slow chords, soft and with a majestic movement. He seemed to be seeking inspiration from the great instrument before him or perhaps trying to establish contact with the wonderful harmony of the heaven world, to draw down some of the celestial music to the dull plane of earth.

Slowly he played, in chords which melted and resolved one into another, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, oblivious to everything about him, even to the music on the organ rack before him, pouring out his inmost longing through the sweet, soft tones he drew from the keys spread out in their bewildering complexity beneath his hands.

At first the music had no theme nor motif—he was praying, not in words but in harmony of chords and sweet con-

formity of tones, all low and soft and lingering, caressive almost in their effect, praying for some inspiration to be granted to him that he might through the wondrous medium of his art in some way touch the hearts of the congregation and bring to them through music and through melody the glorious message which the herald angels sang of old above the plains of Bethlehem.

The chords had that caressing touch which only the master organist can use, chords like a prayer to God, deliberate, solemn, stately. Reverent and devoted they were, supplicating, beseeching. There are some musicians who are such masters of their art that theirs is not the mere succession of note after note with light and shade as they may be called for, but the chords hold each a character of its own; something of the soul of the musician throbs outward on the sweet vibrations of the harmony, and enters into the souls of the listeners and lifts them up into ecstatic consonance with the soul of the master artist. Few there are who thus can touch the keys, few and very, very rare, yet there are some whose souls are so attuned to the music of the spheres, to the grand, exalted worship of the heavens which surely must find its expression in the unimaginable harmony of celestial music, that they can at times almost sense those tones which sweep through the spheres of heaven and sound in throbbing sweetness before the very Throne of God.

Such a one was the organist of this great cathedral. One of those rare souls was he, to hear whom is a treat beyond description, most particularly when, discarding the printed notes of the service sheets, he lifted his very spirit to the heavens to contact there the music of that worship which is offered in the presence of the King.

And so he played, closing his eyes to shut out earthly sights and their distraction, fixing his mind, his soul, his spirit on the inspiration which he knew *must* come, and praying in soft sweet harmony for some bright ray of that super-nal glory to be granted him.

And as he sat there, lifting thus his soul to heaven, through one of the high stained glass windows there darted a beam from the sunlight that was bathing all the world outside in plain defiance of the season of the year. This struck full upon his upturned face, a softened beam of golden glory mingled with a rich, light blue which, lighting on his white vestments, seemed to be an answer to his prayer, for gradually his playing changed from the slow, majestic chords to a swifter movement. More and more brilliant became the execution, although still it was soft and sweet and low. More and more rapid became the action as the golden beam from the stained glass window irradiated his face and surplice with a golden halo. Up and down and up and down the keyboard his fingers flew. Now with hands crossed, now with hands far apart or close together, out of this maze of manipulation came little runs and trills and snatches of melody, now treble, now bass, as though some great concourse of instruments were trying with friendly rivalry to show their skill, subdued, but very sweet and with at times a touch of sadness as now and then the harmony drifted into a minor strain.

And then it seemed to be borne in upon me that the organist was trying to play something which he could not quite remember. There would be little sequences of a melody, a tune, which would die away or pass into something else, yet always to be reborn again in some other part of the keyboard. He seemed to be questioning, seeking, trying for that tune yet never able to remember it. He would get a little of it right, then lose it and the organ would search for it, questioning, asking, the notes taking on a hesitating air as though not quite certain. In the music one could feel the question,

the bafflement of the artist, the disappointment, the inquiry. "Is *this* the way it goes?" he would seem to ask. Then, "No, it is *this* way, surely." And then the harmony would sweep into the minor, and a great sorrow, a great mourning would throb out upon the air.

He seemed to be trying to remember some tune and, moved to sympathy with his persistent search, I wondered in my mind what that tune could be. I too could remember a little of it. Those parts which he got right were all familiar to me. I knew them well. "Let's see. What *is* that tune?" I searched my memory in vain for a while, then like a flash of light I knew. It was the old tune of "Adeste Fideles," the old Christmas hymn, that hymn which has always seemed the one particular Christmas tune above all others: "O Come All Ye Faithful, Joyful and Triumphant. O Come Ye, O Come Ye, to Bethlehem."

Yet somehow he could not remember it. I felt so sorry for him in his earnest striving for it. The emotion which he was pouring out through his beloved instrument touched me, thrilled me with sympathy. He did want so to play that tune, and yet he could never get it right, not more than a few bars, when he would drift off into something else and the organ would seem to shake its head and mourn over his forgetfulness, if an organ can be imagined as shaking its head.

Something of the sort, however, he did express in that playing. Something great and noble and grand *did* shake its head and mourn and hesitate and try again and stop and forget and then try again, murmuring to itself that *surely* this time it would remember. And I was suffering in sympathy, actually suffering in the presence of this great effort of memory, this continued baffling of hope, this throbbing, sobbing grief, for the organ sobbed at each successive failure as no one but the very greatest of masters can make an organ sob.

Then reason returned to me. I *knew* that this man had forgotten no such simple thing as this old, familiar air. This

transcendent music was being poured out from no forgetful, careless source. Here was something deeper than that. I set myself to solve the problem, shutting out from my mind the surroundings and trying to get intuitively into touch with the master mind of the organist. I closed my eyes and listened, forgetting the careless people who were thronging into the great church even so early, and who were whispering and rustling and chatting among themselves.

Then even as the beam of golden color from the high window had touched the organist with an unearthly glory, so something of the sort seemed to flash upon my mind, and I *KNEW*. There were no words—no voice—but yet I *knew*. It was a wonderfully beautiful story which the organist was telling to the careless, whispering, heedless people, a lesson told in harmony beyond their comprehension perhaps, but so wondrously exquisite in its sweet-toned beauty that though they could not and evidently did not understand it, the very atmosphere of it, so to speak, must have had some sort of uplifting effect upon their spirits.

It came to me in a sort of picture, the knowledge did, as I closed my eyes and tried to understand. It was a picture such, I think, as must have been like that before the mind of the organist as he sat irradiated in the yellow glory of the beam from the stained glass window. And this is what I saw :

There was a great plain, a desert almost, hemmed in by rough, impassable mountain cliffs, a trackless desert, inhospitable and drear. Overhead the storm clouds shut off the sun until there was but a gloomy half-light, like the twilight as a thunder storm is coming up. And there, gathered on that desert plain, grouped in despairing clusters, some fallen on their knees and with their hands upraised to ask help from the heaven which appeared so dark and forbidding and hostile, was a great concourse of spirits. How I knew that they

were spirits I cannot tell. The knowledge was given to me with the vision, that is all that I can say. But there they were, some kneeling in prayer, some standing and shaking clenched defiant fists in impotent challenge to the lowering skies, some talking, their gestures indicating despair, all with their robes spotted and torn in greater or lesser degree.

In one place there was a large number congregated about one who seemed to be a leader, and these were singing or trying to sing, now one and now another taking the lead, the director apparently encouraging them although himself in despair over something. Some of these were weeping, moved by some emotion too great for even their music to express, and I wondered what the trouble could be which so distressed them. Then I knew. There was no voice that spoke to me, no words were said. I cannot tell *how* it was I knew. But still I knew.

These were spirits which had passed out from the bright earth life and had found themselves shut in this gloomy region with the impassable mountain peaks hemming them in on every side and with the gloomy skies lowering above them in threatened anger. There was no shelter, no protection from the fury of the elements, and the faint, murky light which filtered through the clouds was barely strong enough to reveal the faces of the throng to each other.

And this group at which I was especially looking were singing, they were trying with all their might to sing the old *Adeste Fideles*, the old, sweet song of Bethlehem and the Savior's birth. They had passed away from earth and found themselves here in this gloomy region. Somehow they had missed the road to the Gates of Paradise; they did not know how, but they had found themselves here, hemmed in with mountains that could not be passed and oppressed with gloomy skies which were like the despair that filled their hearts. They wanted help. They needed, they needed so badly, that some one should come and help them and



tell them what they could do to get out of this somber place.

They could remember that they used to pray. There was some one to whom they used to address their prayers. It was necessary, they felt, that there be some one to whom they could call. It was so in the old days, and they could remember that they used to pray and that they had used a Name, but somehow in this dismal place their memory was not what it had been in the old, carefree days before they had come here. They knew that somewhere there was a Name—a Name of wonder and majesty and power. They felt that if they could only recall that Name and call upon the great Spirit who bore the Name He would help them, for He would answer to His Name. If they could call the Name, He would bend down to see who called Him, and perhaps would send them help. True, the clouds hid Him now, but the call of His Name would reach Him. But they could not remember the Name! Their memory was like a dream memory, uncontrollable by the will. There was a song in which was the Name, that much they could remember. They seemed to feel that if they could only recall that song, then they could name the Name, the Ineffable Name, for the song had the Name in it.

They had known both the song and the Name in the old days and had treated both but lightly—but now! Oh, with what an agony of longing did they yearn to sing that song.

Over and over again they tried, first one and then another, then all together, sometimes getting a little of it right, then forgetting it as though their memory could not be kept from wandering as one's memory wanders in a dream. Their only hope of help was to remember the Name, and the only hope of remembering the Name was to remember the song.

How often in the old and careless days they had sung that song and named that Name, carelessly, almost scornfully at times, heedlessly, never dreaming that it was such a vital thing to them, but now!

Oh! what would they not give if they could only sing that song.

One spirit, with a clear soprano voice, would sing and get a few bars right, "O Come let us adore—O Come let us adore—" and then, unable to proceed, she would wander from the key into a minor wail of sorrow.

Then a bass would take it up and sing, and he too could recall a little of it, "O Come ye, O Come ye, to Bethlehem—," but he also could go no further. He could not sing the Name, the Name of power, but lost his way in a labyrinth of attempts to regain the air, to recall the words.

Whenever any spirit would try to sing the song, all the other voices would soften their singing, for always there was the background of the chorus of voices, singing, trilling, giving little bursts of harmony. And when some one singer would think that he or she could perhaps remember, the chorus would take on a jubilant tone, not louder but more joyful as though rejoicing in anticipation of the recovered Name. When the singer would get a few bars right and hope once more sprang up in their breasts, the leader would grow enthusiastic and the chorus would lift up their heads and the singing would grow brighter, more staccato, full of hope and longing. But when the singer would forget and lose the air, the chorus would sweep into the minor strain and mourn as only spirits can mourn who are shut out of heaven—a mourning filled with the throbbing tremolo of grief and sadness yet inexpressibly sweet.

Oh, the longing of those spirits! How they tried and tried again to sing that song! They knew that if they could only sing it right it would give them the Name, the Ineffable Name, the Name of power and majesty and dread. And, if they could only name the Name, they felt that it would lead them upward to the very gates of heaven. And how they mourned at each successive failure! How they drooped their heads in despair when



each successive singer failed to sing the song!

This was the vision which I saw as I sat with eyes closed, listening to that Christmas voluntary. But even then I was not prepared for the climax. I had thought as I listened that nowhere else in the wide world perhaps was there such a wondrous treat being offered to the lovers of harmony, that nowhere else was there, *could* there be, a musician with so fine a soul, so deep an intuition. But appreciative as I was, I was not yet prepared for the glory of the theme which the organist was developing as he sat there on the organ bench, his head thrown back, the brilliant yellow from the stained glass falling on his closed eyes and ethereal-looking face, the white of his surplice tinged a lovely violet by the tinted sunbeam. And yet the early comers of the congregation whispered and rustled and exchanged their sibilant Christmas greetings, heedless as these poor spirits had been in their earth lives of the song and of the Name. Yet so it was. They heeded nothing of the beautiful story which the organist was telling. They were indeed not "tuned in" to catch this glorious message of the Christmas morning.

How I knew that it was coming I cannot tell. No voice was heard to speak, no prompter called it, yet I knew. I saw the group of singing spirits start, a shudder running through them. I must have seen somehow a little of the vision which was before the eyes of the master at the keys. But I saw it, I saw it, I say, before I heard it. Explain it as you will, I do not care. For myself, I can offer no explanation, only I tell it as it was.

I saw the spirits suddenly start, a quiver running through the group, something like the way a group of soldiers come to "attention," only it was very slight at first. Then I followed their eyes upward to where they were all gazing intently at the lowering clouds, the thunder storm which had been threatening. A change was taking place. The clouds were parting slightly. A beam of

light like the drawn sword of some great angel seemed to pierce them, and as it came I heard a Voice, far away, faint in the distance, and it seemed as though the Voice and the beam of light were one.

Far away it was, that Voice, yet it sounded from above them, and it was growing rapidly louder as the rift in the clouds widened and the light grew more and more intense. This was the Voice of some one coming. It was the Voice of some one who was greater, far, than any of these poor forgetful souls. This was the Voice of some mighty Visitor, of one who knew the song and who knew the Name. No forgetfulness was in that Voice. Clear and distinct it rang, its power growing ever greater and greater, swiftly growing as the rift grew wider and wider in the thunder clouds and the glorious beam of light like some great sunbeam burst its way through, routing the darkness even as the Voice routed the forgetfulness of those despairing souls.

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder grew the Voice. No forgetfulness, no bewildered seeking was there, but it knew the song and it knew the Name. Louder it grew and louder until it dominated all the others, and finally by the compelling power of its own great Will it swept all these poor, forgetful spirits up with it into the old sweet song, remembered at last, the song that held the Name, the song of rejoicing and triumph, of peace on earth and love to all mankind, the song the angels sang, the song that held the Name, the Ineffable Name, "O Come, let us adore Him, CHRIST, THE LORD!"

And then, oh, the joy of those outcast souls! How exultingly they joined in the glorious old song, remembered at last, pouring out the sweet cadences of old "Adeste Fideles" until the storm clouds broke and fled away before the power of the Name, and the clear, bright sunshine of the heavens streamed down upon them. The whole great concourse of spirits joined in, singing the sweet old song until the arched roof of the

great cathedral rang again and the leaded windows fairly quivered. Now, thanks to the great Spirit who had come to help them, they knew the Name, the Ineffable Name, and as they sang, mounting upward and following the lead of the Master Singer, they seemed fairly to dance with joy when the Name of the Babe was uttered.

And then as the chorus of the spirits grew fainter in the distance, the sweet, clear voices of the choir took up the song again, away off in some distant part of the cathedral, and before long they filed in, robed in their snowy vestments and singing as though something of the great Drama of the Spirits had entered into their very souls.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have passed since that voluntary was played. Many Christmas mornings have come since then and gone. Many of that careless congregation who whispered and rustled have passed over into the Other Country have heard, I doubt not, music grander far than any earthly organist can play. The keys of the organ in the great cathedral are silent now. I am living in a distant city, the strenuous demands of life have driven me far from home and from the cathedral where I used to listen to that matchless organist, and yet in memory, especially on a Christmas morning, I go back in fancy and see him sitting once again at the keyboard, his face irradiated with the glory of the tinted sunbeam like the halo about the head of some pictured saint, and still, I am sure, somewhere in the depths of space the notes of that voluntary are ringing. And on through space they shall ring, as they ring in my memory, until some day the Master of the Musicians shall strike the keynote of newer and grander harmonies, and the "Music of the Spheres" shall become audible to us when we too shall have journeyed to that Other Country where harmony, like love, shall reign supreme.

## Rebirth

BY RONA ELIZABETH WORKMAN

How do I know that I have lived in ages  
past,  
Have hated, loved, known joy, and sinned  
In bodies long since dust upon the wind?

Because in quiet hours, when silence  
calms my mind,  
Strange, fleeting glimpses of the past  
come through,  
Bringing the face of friend and foe,  
whom once I knew.

Today I met a woman's brooding, jealous  
glance;  
My soul grew still with fear—a queen of  
ancient day,  
She smiled in hate, while at her feet my  
tortured body lay.

And often in this life, though clad in  
bodies wholly strange,  
We meet old friends, and in the meeting  
dimly know  
That we have once been such, and loved  
and laughed so long ago.

## The Rosicrucian Initiation

The Rosicrucian method of Initiation aims to bring the candidate to compassion through knowledge, and therefore seeks to cultivate in him the latent faculties of spiritual sight and hearing at the very start of his career as an aspirant to the higher life. It teaches him to know the hidden mysteries of being and to perceive intellectually the unity of each with all so that at last through this knowledge there is awakened within him the feeling that makes him truly realize his oneness with all that lives and moves; which puts him in full and perfect tune with the Infinite, making him a true helper and worker in the divine kingdom of evolution.

—Max Heindel.

## The World's Need--a Scientific Religion

BY ORTWIN SCHAUMBURG

(Concluded)

**T**HERE COMES a time in every man's life when he must face death and thereby pass from a conscious life in the physical world to an existence in the invisible worlds. At death the ego together with the mind, desire body and vital body leaves the physical body. During sleep we have the same separation with the exception that the lower half of the vital body stays with the dense body. When the life-giving vital body leaves the dense body, we say the man has died, when in reality only the dense body of the man has been denied its energy. After death it is impossible for the ego and its finer vehicles to return to the dense body as after sleep, because the silver cord at the moment of death is broken near its connection with the heart.

As previously stated, in the heart we find the seed atom of the dense body with the results of the experiences of the completed life impressed upon it. There is also a record of these experiences impressed upon the negative atoms of the reflecting ether of the vital body. Immediately after death this record or life panorama in the vital body is reviewed by the person and simultaneously transferred to the desire body. This transference is ordinarily not completed until three and a half days after death. This period is a most important one as it is very necessary to have the experiences transferred so that they may form the basis of the purgatorial and First Heaven life. The importance of this period is more striking when we realize that if the proper conditions do not obtain immediately after death, the transference of these records is interfered with. This transference is accomplished with the help of the ego. Should the person be disturbed in his review of the life

panorama, it will be impossible for him to take his experiences with him into the higher worlds, and this will necessitate his being reborn only to die as a child. Thus before he can continue to gather experiences as a grown-up individual it will be necessary for him to go through two childhoods and to have twice the unpleasant experience of passing through the womb.

The sad part of the matter is that the friends and relatives frequently are to blame when the person cannot review the panorama of the past life. Loud cries and lamentations disturb the ego and prevent it from accomplishing this all-important work in the allotted time. The importance of keeping the dead person in a state of calm, peace, and quiet can therefore be realized. It is not only our duty to provide these conditions for our loved ones, but it is also an act of service which will go a long way in helping them to become accustomed to their new conditions. The lamentations and cries may be thought to be signs of love for the departed one, but in reality they are a sign of ignorance. The mere fact that the loved one has laid aside the physical body does not mean that he has left us; he may be and usually is as near to us after death as before, the only difference being that we in our present state are unable to see him and to realize that he is with us.

We must realize that man is only a pilgrim on earth, that man is spirit, and that his home is in the higher worlds. An ego is happy and rejoices when it reaches those worlds and is freed from its old and decrepit body. That is why those who pass on desire that those who stay behind should not mourn. We are desirous that our loved ones should be happy, and we should not prevent the conditions that will give happiness.

It has been said that man is spirit. He is in reality a threefold spirit. This threefold spirit possesses a threefold body and is generating a threefold soul. During millions of years the threefold spirit has been building the threefold body by means of which it gathers its experiences. These experiences are lessons which teach it how to live correctly, in harmony with cosmic laws. The essence of these experiences is retained and builds the threefold soul. The threefold soul nourishes the threefold spirit. In that manner is man eternally making progress in his evolution.

One of the fundamental teachings of the Rosicrucians is the fact of rebirth. For seven years I have been talking about and teaching rebirth, and I have never yet met a person who did not admit that the theory of rebirth is the only theory that is able to explain the apparent inconsistencies of life. The sad part, however, is that though many people have admitted the reasonableness of this theory, they are so immured in their old beliefs that they hesitate to accept it as truth. Should there be no rebirth it would be impossible that a kind and loving God could rule this earth. We are told that we are all children of God. A Father in heaven would not give one many gifts and talents and another none. He would not give life to one who could never hear of religion and the love of God, and because of that lack send him into perdition for all eternity. We know that we are not born equal. A child is born into a certain family, perhaps a royal family, where it is surrounded by parental love; it has a sound body and has opportunities so that it may become a successful man. Another child may be born in the same street under opposite conditions; its parents may not want it. It may have a weak and sickly body, no talents, and have few opportunities to improve itself. Conditions such as these can only be explained by the theory of rebirth. We are all journeying on the way of attainment from imperfection to perfection. We make but slow progress,

and therefore it is necessary that each individual come time and time again to the earth so that all latent possibilities may be awakened and developed. The theory of rebirth teaches that everything which we possess is the result of our own efforts. We have attracted all our possessions by our thoughts and actions, either in this life or in previous ones. In the same way our weaknesses and our capabilities are the result of our misdeeds or our laziness. We have only ourselves to blame if we have weak and ailing bodies.

Are we dissatisfied with our present surroundings, are our bodies sickly, are our friends untrue? Then we can be certain that these are the results of our previous acts. If we do nothing to change these conditions, we can never expect that they will improve. As a man sows, so shall he reap.

Returning to a consideration of the desire body, we find that not only is it the source of our wishes, desires, passions, and emotions, but it also in a measure holds a key to our spiritual development. In the desire body there are seven sense centers. These centers in the majority are latent or inactive because of the materialism of man. Every individual can awaken these centers, and various methods may be employed. The involuntary clairvoyant has awakened them either by negative methods or wrong living. In this type of clairvoyant the currents in the desire body proceeding from these centers flow in a counter clockwise direction. Such a person has no control over his vision of things and conditions in the Desire World, and therefore we can see that such a faculty may not be a very desirable one. We might compare such a person to a prisoner who is not able to see the outside world except when some agency removes the curtain of his window, and then he can see only that part of the outside world which is visible from that window.

The voluntary clairvoyant has been taught how to arouse these centers in a safe way. He has complete control over

the activity of his desire body centers, therefore he is able to see whenever he wishes and whatsoever he wishes. The currents in his desire body flow in a clockwise direction, and this fact gives him the key to investigation of the Desire World, and he can see and investigate as he wishes.

The question naturally arises, How can one acquire such capabilities? Voluntary clairvoyance is a spiritual attainment and can only be developed through spiritual living and spiritual exercises. It is impossible to buy or sell this power. In the brain there are two glands that have special significance in this respect, the pituitary body and the pineal gland. Medical science knows very little about these glands. They are at present dormant in the majority of human beings. In order to establish a conscious connection with the higher worlds it is necessary that these two glands be awakened. This awakening must be the result of esoteric training, and the aspirant to the higher life must live a spiritual life. As he does this he lifts the creative force within himself, which gradually rises and flows up the spinal canal within the spinal cord, passes the larynx, and flows directly between the above mentioned glands. This will cause these dormant glands to regain their long lost activity; they will begin to vibrate, which causes a deflection of the ascending current of spiritual force in such a manner as to bridge the gap between the glands. The result of this is voluntary clairvoyance. We see, therefore, how true it is that voluntary clairvoyance can only be obtained by one's own efforts.

For 600 years the teachings of the Rosicrucians were kept secret, known only to carefully chosen members of the Order. That was because the world was steeped in superstition, and the vast majority of humanity were not ready for these advanced truths. The time has come, however, when these teachings can and must be given to the world because of the advancement of humanity and the general search for truth. When it was

found that the Western people were ready for them, it became necessary to find a messenger to give them out. The chosen messenger was Max Heindel. That the choice was a good one everyone will testify who has in some manner or other come into contact with him or his work. The teachings of the Rosicrucians are entirely Christian.

The majority of people today are concerned only about material things and do not believe there is anything better or greater. But they can not expect that they will ever come in contact with anything superphysical as long as they continue to recognize only the physical. Since man is spirit, it is natural that he should be desirous of coming into contact with his spiritual home. There is in each man a spiritual longing to return to this home. In most people this spiritual longing does not enter their consciousness because of their material desires and thoughts. However, as soon as an individual begins to hear and listen to the voice of the spirit within, he will realize that his material sorrows and troubles are but temporary, and that the only things that matter are those that will help him to awaken and evolve his spiritual potentialities. Not only will the scientific development of the spiritual qualities in man help to overcome individual difficulties, but it will go a long way toward healing our sick world, brought to its present state by the suppression of spiritual impulses and the worship of materialism.

### Whirring Wheels

Lord, when on my bed I lie,  
Sleepless, unto Thee I'll cry;  
When my brain works overmuch,  
Stay the wheels with Thy soft touch.

Just a quiet thought of Thee,  
And of Thy sweet charity,—  
Just a little prayer, and then  
I will turn to sleep again.

—John Oxenham  
"Bees in Amber,"

## A Psychological Experience

BY L. M. CROWDER

**S**EVERAL years ago, during a long visit spent with a friend in London, I had an experience which, with a deeper insight into things occult, I must now regard as intended for divine guidance.

My friend's husband was brilliantly clever—a highly educated and well-read man of the world, extremely interesting to converse with. His library contained books by all great thinkers, ancient and modern, and some of them on theology I read with great interest. Being in my early twenties, I was not too strongly rooted in my religious outlook, but at the same time I did possess an absolutely firm belief in the existence of my Maker and His power to save His children.

In our constant communion my host more than once said how he envied my simple faith in orthodox religion, and my capacity to rest so securely in the promises of a Supreme Being. I sometimes think now, after many years of varied experiences, that my friend had read, and read, and read, until he was bewildered by the many different teachings, and had literally lost the power to definitely grasp any one creed or line of thought. Through my living thus in touch with an out-and-out unbeliever in God (for such he deluded himself into thinking he was), my own religious outlook gradually and also perceptibly underwent a serious change, and I became not quite sure if I were, after all, on the right track; and as the days passed into weeks I grew more and more distressed lest he, my friend's husband, were right, and lest I was putting my trust in a broken reed.

At last I decided to visit my friends who I knew were Christians in the truest sense of the word. They lived in another part of London and in due time I arrived, still disturbed and troubled about

many things concerning my eternal welfare.

On the Sunday morning following my arrival, I remember absolutely refusing to go to church, feeling somehow as if it were impossible for me to worship; but as the time for the evening service drew near, I was consumed with a longing to learn more of the things which I had so recently heard adversely discussed. It was a dreary, drenching night in the midst of an English winter and my friends did not feel drawn to leave their cozy fireside; but I was simply compelled to seek the rather distant place of worship, so I went alone.

I felt most deeply stirred in some strange way as I was shown into a pew and given books, et cetera. After the first hymn and a short prayer, the preacher said: "I am compelled to announce that owing to the presence in our congregation tonight of one of God's children who is earnestly striving to find light in the darkness, I feel it a solemn duty, and privilege, to alter all the hymns which you will find have been arranged on the printed sheets for this evening's service, also to entirely readjust my sermon. I shall therefore take a simple text and pray that, as I have most assuredly been led by my Master to give a direct message to this seeking soul who was sent into this place of worship for special guidance, so, also, may His child be guided back into the glorious light."

I instantly knew that I was the child whom God wished to be redirected, and for whom He had arranged to have the clouds of doubt removed in this most marvelous way.

Enrapt, I listened to the glorious gospel and was renewed in mind, and forever reinstated in the faith as I had understood it as a child.

On my return to my former friends I

told them of my remarkable experience, also wrote to the minister who had helped me back to happiness and contentment, telling him how I had practically been forced to his church that night (a different preacher had conducted the morning service), and how through his direct teachings I had been enabled to reestablish my belief in Christ, the Redeemer of mankind.

About ten to fourteen days passed, I remember, and I was extremely disappointed at receiving no reply to my letter. Then came an answer. The minister had been away from his circuit on house mission work, and on his return found my letter awaiting him.

The sequel to this story of unquestionable guidance was that the minister had prayed that if he had, through the direct alteration of the service, been the means of helping any one in his congregation that night, he might hear from him by post.

### The Carrot

BY GEORGE E. LITTLEFIELD

A woman had lain in Hell a thousand years.

Wearily she moaned her woe, suddenly crying for mercy.

God heard this cry. Release was for her, mercy hers, if the laws of the soul were not broken.

An angel was sent whispering to the moaning woman: "Look, look into your memory: is there not one act of generosity, one impulse of help to some unfortunate, back in your earth life?"

"Ah, no, no, alas!" wept the woman, "and yet, wait—'tis not worth mentioning," she sighed.

"What is it?" quickly asked the angel. "Why, once," smiling faintly, "once I gave a starving man a carrot."

God was listening. "Go, bring the carrot," he addressed the angel.

"Surely that old carrot is rotted away by now," thought the woman. "It will never be found—even by an angel," she murmured.

"O, yes, it will," replied another, a young angel boy, lovely, hope-inspiring. "The evidence of any kind deed is never lost in heaven," he assured her.

The messenger angel appeared again, and with her the little carrot.

"It was there, all right," she said. "There was a little blur against the name—an almost invisible check against the name referring to the number of the proof. But here it is clear enough—she gave this carrot to one who hungered."

As the angel said this a slender wire, like a steel cord, came lowering from above, and attached to it was a carrot.

The woman seized it; seized it with both hands—eagerly, trembling. A thousand years of cramp were in the fingers, but they clamped the carrot, and it began to lift.

It lifted the woman, sitting, upright; her feet were leaving the dark, hard floor. A light like a little lantern glow began to radiate from the carrot. The woman held on and was lifted. Tears fell down her form upon other hands clasping her dress, her feet, and other hands grasping theirs. The whole of Hell seemed to become an endless, living fringe upon the woman!

And they were all lifted!

Suddenly the woman looked down and saw the horde clinging to her.

The carrot was so small, the line so thin. Oh, God! it would never bear such a weight!

She shook herself, kicked out one foot to shake the clingers off; they gripped her tighter, the carrot still rose.

Then in a fierce panic the woman cried in a voice that pierced the uttermost parts of Hell: "It is mine! The carrot is mine!"

And the cord broke.

All fell back into the abyss.

**SELFISHNESS IS HELL!**

—Selected.

God often comes to visit us but generally we are not in.—*Abbe Roux*,



# Worth-While News

## Going Away with Noise in Cities

OMAHA, Sept. 7.—Omaha is a "silent city" today. Mayor R. L. Metcalfe's campaign against unnecessary noise is bearing fruit.

Six weeks ago Mayor Metcalfe inaugurated the campaign. It was laughed at. Now it is praised. And it was brought about smoothly. No harsh measures were used. "It simply isn't done any more" is the sledge hammer used to stop the noise.

Not that there is no law against noise. There is. The City Council passed an ordinance prepared by Mayor Metcalfe making it unlawful to make unnecessary noises. But in only one case has it been necessary to enforce that law.

Newsboys with lusty lungs no longer call their papers on the street corners. And Omaha has discovered that they made a lot of noise. When a bona fide "extra" comes out the boys may call their papers. But not the "regular extras." They are under the ban. A representative of the Mayor's office called on the city circulators of the daily newspapers. He explained matters and asked the cooperation of the newspapers. He got it. In twenty-four hours the loud yells of the boys ceased. "Have a paper, sir" is now the usual solicitation. And it is asked in an ordinary tone of voice.

A number of loud speakers were going all day long and half the night before radio stores. The Mayor's representative called. All but one dealer readily agreed to cease the practice. The objector was shown the city ordinance providing a fine of \$100. His "speaker" stopped that day.

The engine crews of some locomotives seemed to have the impression that one of their chief duties was to toot their whistles and ring their bells. The superintendents of the railroads, when their cooperation was asked, issued orders that this practice must be held within the bonds of the State law on signals.

And the motorcycle with its wide-open cutout. The Mayor's campaign has caused them to go as quietly as a cat on a velvet carpet.

No machinery of any kind that causes a disturbance, is now permitted at night. Steel construction and rivet driving must stop at 10 o'clock and not start again until 7 the next morning. No pile driving at

night. No steam shovels. No pneumatic hammers.

They just don't make noise in Omaha any more. "It simply isn't done."—*Los Angeles Times*.

Omaha is one of the pioneer cities of the United States in starting a practical program for ending unnecessary noises. The above newspaper extract shows how in the short space of six weeks Omaha was transformed from a noisy city to a peaceful, tranquil one free from the ear-splitting, nerve-destroying noises which are so common in our municipalities.

After a city has once tried the anti-noise plan for a short time, it will never voluntarily go back to the old regime. The occult student will be glad when the former becomes general, because quiet is conducive to poise. It is also quite necessary for effective meditation and the various lines of occult development which lead from it.

## Americanization: the Bogey of Europe

"The cinema-play is not as fine an art as the art of Moliere or Shakespeare; but most of the people who now enjoy American talkies have never before had an opportunity of seeing any plays at all. Of course, a cheap motor car is less excellent than an expensive motor car; but the majority of those who now have cheap motor cars have never had any car at all. Machine products may not be as fine as hand-produced rarities; but using machine products is better than watching other people use rarities. That is the fundamental issue.

"In an aristocratic tradition the majority 'look on'; and no doubt they admire what they cannot enjoy. But I do not call that civilized life. American habits of life may be less excellent than the habits of a very few in Europe: they are considerably better than the habits to which the vast



majority in Europe have been hitherto condemned.

"Scholars complain against the creation of Babbitts; but the alternative is the survival of head-hunters. An interest in material welfare is quite 'spiritual' enough to make people less willing to fight one another. Thus the Americanization of Europe may be the first sign of the unification of Europe. And that means Peace."

—C. Delisle Burns.  
In *The London Clarion*.

Europe at the present time is protesting more or less against the introduction of American methods in her factories. She doesn't like the idea of the Fordization of her industries, that is, having them reconstructed on the plan of Ford's factories at Detroit. The Ford idea carries the division of labor to a maximum. Each man performs as a rule only one operation, over and over again all day long. From the machine standpoint this produces the greatest efficiency, but it is bad for the ones who take part in it unless means are taken to counteract the machinelike effects upon the human organism. These effects, however, are not in evidence in all the processes and operations. Some of these, even though they are repeated over and over, still require a great deal of skill and mental keenness in order to accomplish them. But the process of turning a nut on a bolt several thousand times a day is not conducive to mental development or the stabilization of the human personality. Probably this is what the Europeans are taking exception to. It is possible, however, by shortening the hours of labor to six or fewer, and then providing various kinds of recreation and education on a large scale to occupy the people in their leisure time, to overcome quite effectually the machinelike effects of the Ford type of factory labor.

The above clipping illustrates the fact that the American type of factory is bringing to the people a great number of conveniences and luxuries which under the old system they were not able to have. For the people to use machine products on a large scale and enjoy them

is far better than for the mass of the people to watch a few aristocrats use the rarities which alone were produced under the old regime, and which has been the European system quite largely until recently. America is teaching Europe a great many things these days, as well as learning from her; and one of the by-products may be peace, as indicated in the last paragraph of the above clipping.

### Abolishing Prize Fighting in California

Delegates at the annual convention of the California State Church Federation, meeting here, yesterday set in motion machinery designed to effect the repeal of present boxing laws which legalize "prize fighting."

A resolution adopted by the body calls for a statewide campaign to bring about "the repeal of that part of the state boxing laws which legalizes prize fighting, which has resulted not only in the death of a number of participants, but also in debauching the community conscience as well as the individual conscience of those who attend these brutal exhibitions."

Questions as to whether the Federation opposed all forms of boxing were raised by William A. Monten, local attorney and Episcopal Church delegate, who spoke against a broader form of the resolution at first submitted. The measure was later changed to refer specifically to prize fighting.

It was understood that a propaganda campaign will be instituted by the organization, which represents eighteen denominations, and that referendum proceedings will be started to repeal at least certain portions of legislation relating to boxing.—*Los Angeles Examiner*.

At the recent convention of the California Church Federation which met in Los Angeles a movement, as noted above, was started to repeal those portions of the California boxing law which legalize what is in effect brutal prize fighting. The death of a number of prize fighters has occurred during the past year or so under the present boxing regime. Legitimate boxing is one thing, but prize fighting which appeals mainly to the instincts of the savage is quite another.

# Question Department

*Questions from our readers on occult philosophy or mysticism are answered here as space permits. Inquirers should look for questions similar to their own, for we often combine two or more of the same character and answer them as one. Once each month the questions not answered here are answered by letter.*

BY KITTIE S. COWEN

## The Prerequisite to Initiation

### Question:

I read in a book that as a prerequisite to Initiation the individual must have been forsaken by everyone; that he must stand alone without a single friend in the world, and that he must have forsaken the world and been forsaken by it, after which the true teacher would appear. It would seem to me that a person must be pretty mean to be forsaken by everyone and not have a single friend. The aspirant who has reached the point of Initiation is supposed to be very highly developed and to have reached the realization of universal friendship. Is there not something wrong somewhere, some contradiction here?

### Answer:

The object of evolution and Initiation is for the higher self, the spirit, the ego, to gain union with and control of the lower self. Ordinarily, however, the lower self will not subject its will to that of the higher self until it is compelled by circumstances to do so. The lower self is illusionary, possessing no spiritual intelligence, and is subject to constant delusion. It is the human animal, and was intended only for an instrument of the ego; but the desire body, having become very strong, has taken control of the lower self and tends to run amuck, following its own deluded ideas, and constantly disregarding the warning admonitions of the spirit.

Unfortunately it is true that in general will not forsake its own way and accept the guidance of the spirit until it has reached the end of its rope and brought itself into such dire conditions of misery and desolateness that it is forced to turn to the god within, the ego, for help. When it has finally been convinced that there is no help for it in the outer world or in its own outer imaginings, then it is willing to accept the guidance of the spirit. It seems that the majority of the race have to go through this unfortunate state in evolution before they are willing to accept spiritual direction.

When the aspirant to the higher life turns face about, so to speak, and begins to follow the dictates of the higher self, his worldly friends who found him so companionable while he was indulging in the pastimes dictated by the lower self, note the change in him. They have not changed, and his altered viewpoints and actions puzzle and annoy them, with the result that they draw apart from him. They are still of the world which he has forsaken, and so for the time being he finds himself alone. However, when he has finally overcome the lower self and the spirit begins to shine through, then he becomes a veritable magnet, so to speak, and not only new friends attuned to his higher vibrations are attracted to him, but the old ones are irresistibly drawn to him also. The new friends recognize him as one who has attained, and the old ones sense in him something desirable which they do not possess but which has a strange, unaccountable attraction for them. To him the world is no longer a playground, and as such he is not a part of it. Looking at it with his

awakened spiritual vision he discovers that it is the great workshop of the Creator of the universe, in which he as a part of that Creator has an important, definite work to perform in the service of mankind.

*Asking the Invisible Helpers to Aid Others*

*Question:*

Is it right for us to ask the Invisible Helpers to minister to those who are in sorrow and distress when we ourselves are restrained by convention or differences in faith from attempting personally to be of assistance?

*Answer:*

Yes, if necessity requires it, it certainly is permissible to call on the Invisible Helpers to aid those in distress. It quite often happens in a case such as you mention in your letter that one who longs to be of assistance to another in distress, meets such a one on the invisible plane during sleep, and there gives to him or her the comfort and consolation which convention prevents that person from giving on the visible plane.

*The Horoscope as a Gauge of Evolution*

*Question:*

Is there any way of telling by the rising horoscopical sign the state of advancement of an individual? Is there any regular fixed way in which a person advances through the signs?

*Answer:*

The stage of the individual in evolution is represented by the horoscope at birth as a whole, through the fact that it shows the power or lack of power which the individual has developed in previous lives and which is now usable in the present one. It also shows the spiritual influences to which the individual will be susceptible in this life and to which he is likely to respond; but it does not offer any actual gauge of his status in evolution. This can only be determined by one who has spiritual faculties

developed above those possessed by ordinary humanity at the present time. The prenatal epoch, that is, the horoscope of conception, is said to indicate more particularly what the ego has accomplished up to the beginning of the present earth life. The horoscope of birth shows more especially the conditions under which the present earth life will be lived. There is no regular way in which a person progresses through the signs. His placement as to signs depends entirely on the lessons which he has come to earth life to learn.

*Unconscious Agents of the Lords of Destiny*

*Question:*

When a physician hastens or retards the birth of a child does he interfere with the time set by the Lords of Destiny for the child's birth?

*Answer:*

In the light of occult investigation it appears that birth is an advent which man is powerless to control; therefore when human beings seem to control it in a degree, they are in reality acting as agents through which the Lords of Destiny are working to precipitate the birth or delay it until the right moment arrives at which the planetary rays are such as to bring the incoming ego the destiny that it has earned in previous lives.

*"Carry On"*

*Question:*

When reading a back number of the "Rays" I found an article in which you state that one should not become disappointed and discouraged over his failures. But it seems to me that when a person really tries to be a success and falls short of that which he desires to accomplish, it does look as though his efforts are useless, his energy wasted, and that there is little use to try to "carry on."

*Answer:*

The purpose of life is not success in

some particular undertaking, but rather the acquirement of added self-consciousness, the development of character and mental faculties, and the unfoldment of spiritual powers. We are in the school of evolution for the purpose of acquiring these things, and we are gradually developing them regardless of whether the projects upon which we are engaged are temporarily successful or not. In the process of learning and developing we are sure to make mistakes, but if we are sincere and earnest, we shall learn by our failures and become more efficient than we were before we made them. And with the added knowledge and experience gained through repeated efforts to achieve, we shall eventually arrive at a place where we shall no longer fail, for the reason that we have at last developed the power within to overcome the obstacles that present themselves to us and which in the past retarded our progress.

#### *Breaking Down Tissue by Thinking*

*Question:*

Thought is often carried on in an abstract way. Concrete thinking may be carried on without the desire body being called upon to produce action and without the use of the physical senses. In such cases how does thinking break down physical tissue?

*Answer:*

No conscious thinking, when the ego is in the body, can be carried on without the use of the brain, no matter whether it be abstract or concrete, for the brain is the ego's instrument which correlates it to the physical world. Occultists recommend the study of mathematics to those who wish to develop abstract thought power, and anyone who has studied higher mathematics knows that in the beginning prolonged thinking along that line often becomes positively painful to the physical brain. Thought, whether abstract or concrete, stirs the brain cells into activity, and it is this activity that breaks down the physical tissue.

#### *Status of the Christmas Tree*

*Question:*

Does the evergreen tree used and referred to in a recent article in the "Rays" as a Christmas tree show its advancement in the plant kingdom by the fact that it does not shed its foliage as other trees do?

*Answer:*

Ordinarily the plant kingdom responds only to the planetary currents which have their origin in the earth and ascend into the roots of the plants. However, the most advanced members of this life wave are getting ready to function in separate desire bodies. The desire currents circle around the earth and enter the horizontal spine of animals. Plants preparing to function in separate desire bodies spread their branches out as nearly as possible in a horizontal line in order that these desire currents may sweep through them. All plants with horizontal limbs are further advanced than other members of the plant kingdom, regardless of the species of the kingdom to which they belong. It is not the fact that trees shed their foliage or not that indicates their advancement, but rather whether or not their limbs are horizontal.

#### *Stepping on the Accelerator*

*Question:*

Is it possible for a Negro to be born into a white body without going through the intermediate races?

*Answer:*

Yes, it is possible for an ego living in a Negro body to make the necessary progress in one life which will enable him to skip all the intermediate races, so that when he is ready for rebirth he is born in a white body. However, this is not the general rule. Most of the Negroes who are reborn into white bodies are first taken to the Hawaiian Islands or the West Indies, and on these islands through the process of one or more rebirths gradually take bodies of lighter color until they finally enter the white race.

# The Astral Ray

## The Rosicrucian Conception of Astrology

Astrology is a phase of the Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals and not to be confused with fortune telling. As the tides are measured by the motion of sun and moon, so also are the eventualities of life measured by the circling stars, which may therefore be called the "Clock of Destiny." A knowledge of their import is an immense power, for to the competent astrologer a horoscope reveals every secret of life.

## The Astronomical Aspects of Astrology

### Illustrating Elementary Principles

BY E. G. PHIPPS

**S**TUDENTS in general, those who go to make up the great student body that is continually searching and striving to fathom the depths of knowledge and science as a whole, as well as the students of that particular science known as astrology, are divided into two separate, specific classes or types: first, the class that is contented to take the rules, methods, and modes of procedure laid down in books and given by teachers and instructors, and then study, measure, and work out results without giving a thought to those great fundamental causes or natural phenomena that are back of these rules and methods of procedure; second, the class, a smaller one, an analytical class, that must know the why, the wherefore, and the object of these phenomena and the power, the force, that causes them to manifest.

Of this latter class I seem to be a member, for in taking up the study of astrology some few years ago I could not work up any great amount of interest in aspects, ascendants, houses, signs, etc. and their effects in our individual lives until I had fathomed and pictured in my mind's eye just what their objects were and what the powers and forces were that caused them to manifest. I had to endeavor to find out what the machinery was behind natural astronomical phenomena that formed the basis of this great science which we know as astrology. In the study of these aspects I have used

a few ideas that may perhaps be of aid to other students similarly inclined in the study of this complicated subject.

Perhaps the one thing beyond all others that confuses the student and prevents his obtaining the proper point of view in the study of our solar system and the planets in their courses is the simple fact that it is necessary in the making of maps and pictures of the planets in their courses to place them in an altogether false light in regard to their distances from one another. We learn to think of them as we see them on the maps as it were, instead of as they really are in their relation to one another. I will try to illustrate this and make it more clear as we go along.

To enable the student to obtain a better idea of what I am trying to convey refer to Figure 1. Here we have a picture of our planetary system, a picture, however, that is in fact very confusing and deceptive in showing the planets in their relation to each other as regards distance, as we shall see by Figure 2. The paramount thing that prevents one from obtaining the proper point of view in the study of the planetary system is the fact that we do not comprehend the vast and stupendous distances that separate the planets from one another, as the following illustration will show. Let us take the orbit of Venus for example, within which is enclosed the orbit of Mercury and within it the sun. It really

appears to us in looking at them from our earth as though we were looking through a cone, the small end of which is at our eye with the large end covering a space the size of the orbit of Venus, or  $93^\circ$  out of a total of  $360^\circ$  comprising the circle of the zodiac. This is shown in Figure 2.

Perhaps one of the most common mistakes made by the novice or the beginner in the study of astrology and one that is very difficult to overcome is the habit of considering our earth as the center of things. We lose sight of the fact that the sun is the great stationary center, and that all our calculations are made on a very fast-moving ball going around a stationary center, the same as all the other planets. In one sense, in our own horoscope we are the all-important center of things; however we are not a stationary center but located on a fast-moving globe with two swift motions.

Now what are the important factors and aspects of astrology? The factors are the sun with its planets, our moon and the zodiac. The aspects are the conjunction, opposition, square, trine, sextile, and parallel. Now the question is, how can we make our mind's eye see these aspects as they actually occur in the planetary system? Let us refer to Figure 2, and with our mind's eye see the planets Venus and Mercury travel around the sun, each in its own orbit. When we so place Venus that it is either between the earth and the sun, or the sun

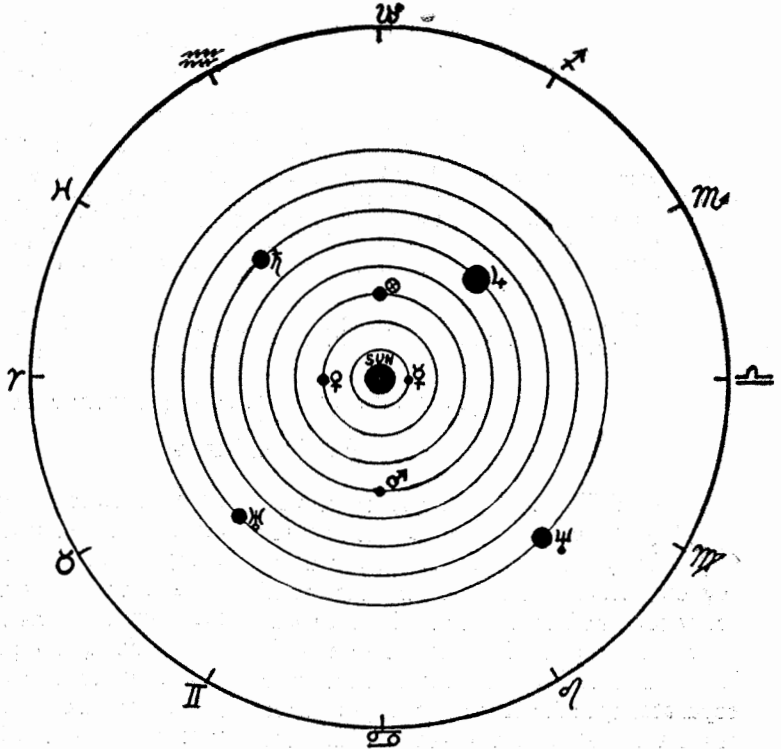


FIGURE 1.

is between Venus and earth, we have a conjunction of Venus and the sun in whatever sign of the zodiac the two appear to be in. If we similarly place Mercury we have a conjunction of Mercury and the sun. When Venus and Mercury in their respective orbits occur at the same time on any straight line drawn from the earth, there is a conjunction of the two. The only other aspects we can have between these two planets are the sextile and the parallel. The former can be readily seen by placing Venus and Mercury in such positions in Figure 2 that there is an angle of 60 degrees between them.

In considering the remaining five planets let us turn to Figure 1, and we shall see that their orbits are on the outside of that of the earth; that is, we circle in our orbit between them and the sun. Now, in our mind's eye let us set the eight planets, including the earth, to moving around their common center, the

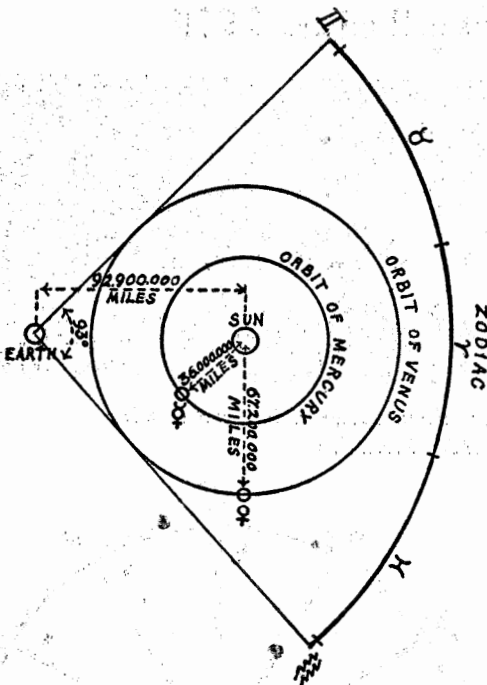


FIGURE 2.

sun, and as we do this and study their various motions and speeds, we can learn many things. Mercury makes its orbital revolution around the sun in 88 days, Venus in 224 days, and the earth in 365 days. During the time of each revolution of the earth, Venus has made almost two revolutions, and Mercury more than four. Mars, moving outside the earth's circle but at a slower pace, requires one year and 322 days for its revolution. Jupiter requires 12 years, Saturn 29½, Uranus 84, and Neptune 165. While our earth is making one complete revolution, Neptune has only passed through approximately 2 degrees of one sign.

Now as we sit in our chair and imagine these planets going round and round in their courses on Figure 1, bearing in mind their relative distances apart and their respective speeds, we can see all the phenomena and aspects of astronomy and astrology displayed before our eyes. We can plainly see the retrograde movements of the planets. For illustration, consider the earth traveling twelve times faster than Jupiter. If we place them both on

the same straight line extending outward from the sun, the earth will travel entirely around the circuit and be on that line again in one year, while it will take Jupiter twelve years to complete the circuit. At the end of the first year the earth will be coming up behind Jupiter, which it will soon pass, forming an opposition between Jupiter and the sun. Then as the earth, traveling at its higher rate of speed, forges ahead of Jupiter, witness the phenomenon of Jupiter appearing to move backward in the heavens, which we call retrogradation. This apparent backward motion is not real, however, for Jupiter is actually moving forward in its orbit all the time.

Now let us have two of our planets make a square to each other. Draw a straight line from the earth through any planet, for instance, Mars. Then draw another line from the earth at an angle of 90 degrees to the first. Any planet found on the second line will be square to Mars. In Figure 1 Mars and Jupiter are very nearly square. We must not lose sight of the fact that this aspect may occur any place around the circle. When a planet makes an aspect to any other planet in the heavens, it is the centers of the planets which are considered and not any part of their surfaces.

The converting of an aspect in an individual horoscope into its personal effects is astrology. The first process in astrology is to figure out the aspects by mathematical calculations involving latitude and longitude.

The earth has two motions: the first is its continual, never ending revolution in its orbit through space around the sun. It is this motion, as well as that of the other planets, which produces all the aspects, be they good, bad, or indifferent. The earth's second motion is its rotation or spinning around on its axis once in every twenty-four hours. It is this rotary motion on its axis that places the planets in the houses of the horoscope, where we can study their effects on ourselves and in our lives. As simple as

(Continued on page 639)



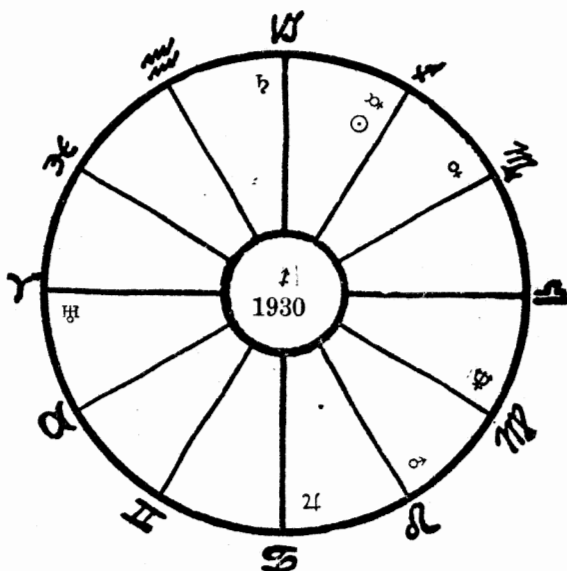
## The Children of Sagittarius, 1930



*A Character Delineation of the Children Born between November 23rd and December 22nd, 1930, inclusive.*

Sagittarius is the ninth sign in the zodiac and has rule over law and religion, and Sagittarian people are often religiously inclined. The jovial Jupiter is the ruling planet, and the Sagittarian is therefore of a most happy, kind, and good-natured disposition, seldom harsh. Jupiter, however, is the inverted Saturn, and when the good nature of Jupiter is imposed upon and he turns his other side, he can be very stubborn and sometimes very cruel. The Sagittarian is intuitive and absorbs knowledge readily, but he will not dig for it. Sagittarius is the sign where Mercury is in its detriment, and therefore the Sagittarian does not like to assert himself. He must keep himself under restraint, for his love of athletics and games of various kinds is very strong, and he has little control over his emotions along lines of pleasure. He is therefore prone to go to extremes, which often cause him to suffer in health on account of the accompanying excesses. Sagittarians are very courageous. When provoked they may show resentment, but they prefer peace at any price. They are very fond of animals, especially horses, and of horse racing.

The children who are born this year during the time the sun is passing through Sagittarius will be very versatile, for the planets are scattered over the horoscope. People who have their



planets scattered in this manner can fit into almost any environment, but they are not especially strong in any department. They can, however, make themselves at home anywhere.

Mercury, the planet of reason, being in the sign of its detriment, makes the native somewhat careless and lacking in energy to accomplish or carry things to

*(Continued on page 638)*

**NOTE:**—We keep back numbers of this magazine in stock so that parents may obtain a reading for children born in any month after June, 1917. Twenty-five cents each.



## Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

BY AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

We delineate each month in this department the horoscopes of two of our subscribers' children, ages up to fifteen. We also give one vocational reading for a young man or woman between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The names are drawn by lot. Each full year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to an application for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading.

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

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

ALICE PATRIA M.

Born March 11, 1918, 7:30 A. M.

Lat. 34 N., Long. 118 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Capricorn 12; 11th house, Aquarius 6; 12th house, Pisces 6; Ascendant, Aries 19-51; 2nd house, Taurus 24; 3rd house, Gemini 19.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Sun 20-15 Pisces; Venus 14-16 Aquarius; Mercury 18-54 Pisces; Moon 3-21 Pisces; Saturn 8-21 Leo, retrograde; Jupiter 4-32 Gemini; Mars 25-18 Virgo, retrograde; Uranus 25-12 Aquarius; Neptune 4-38 Leo, retrograde.

When the clock of destiny struck the hour which was to register the birth of Alice, the planets were in a position which would bring to this soul many ripe debts of destiny.

She has the cardinal and fiery sign of Aries on the Ascendant, which gives her Mars as the life ruler. Mars is in the sixth house, retrograde, in opposition to the sun and Mercury. Mars is also in the sign of Virgo, whose natural ruler is Mercury. Such a life ruler will have a strong influence upon the health, and will be very apt to affect the nervous system. Mercury conjunction the sun in Pisces in the 12th house, opposition Mars, may give a tendency to worry and fretting, and cause the native to hold resentment against those with whom she disagrees. Also the above planetary positions and aspects may cause her to disagree and

argue with people. This will be exaggerated by the moon conjunct the nervous and erratic Uranus and square to Jupiter. Therefore this girl should be taught to continually guard herself against becoming distrustful of others or holding resentment.

She will attract many good friends who will be helpful to her, for Venus is in the house of friends, and Uranus is there also in its own sign of Aquarius. With Venus in Aquarius opposite Saturn in Leo, and with Saturn conjunct Neptune, she should be careful during the period of puberty. The parents should instruct her very carefully to avoid wet feet and exposure. During this critical time she should eat lightly of vegetarian food, including plenty of red beets, red grapes, spinach, and beet tops so as to make healthy blood. With Jupiter square the moon and Uranus, and Venus opposition Saturn, the circulation of the blood will be sluggish. Sun baths will be very helpful.

With Neptune conjunction Saturn in Leo and sextile to Jupiter she should be encouraged to take up teaching, or nursing in a children's hospital.

BETTY LOUISE E.

Born December 14, 1921, 1:10 A. M.

Lat. 37 N., Long. 96 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Cancer 4; 11th house, Leo 7; 12th house, Virgo 7; Ascendant

Libra 3-35; 2nd house, Scorpio 1; 3rd house, Sagittarius 1.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Sun 21-47 Sagittarius; Venus 8-09 Sagittarius; Mercury 14-22 Sagittarius; Moon 11-02 Gemini; Saturn 6-36 Libra; Jupiter 15-10 Libra; Mars 22-48 Libra; Uranus 6-05 Pisces; Neptune 15-47 Leo, retrograde; Dragon's Head 14-36 Libra.

When Betty entered the arena of life, the planets were more in her favor than they were in the horoscope of the little girl whose reading appears on the preceding page.

We find cardinal signs on all the angles, and the life ruler, the lady Venus, in Sagittarius in the 3rd house. Venus is making six aspects, namely, conjunction Mercury, sextile Saturn and Jupiter, trine Neptune, opposition moon, and square Uranus, which indicates that Venus will be very active in the life. With Venus conjunction Mercury in the 3rd house and trine to Neptune, we would prophesy that at some time in Betty's life she will, if she lives up to her planets, be successful in the use of the pen in writing for publication. Saturn exalted in Libra, the home of Venus, conjunct the Ascendant and sextile to Venus, will help to give persistence and perseverance.

Betty will have a strong personality. With Saturn exalted as just stated, with Jupiter in the 1st house conjunction the Dragon's Head, with the vital and active Mars also in the 1st house, and with the favorable aspects of the moon, Neptune, Venus, Mercury, and the sun to the planets in the 1st house, this native will make herself felt wherever she may be. She will radiate good will and happiness. With Mars in the first house sextile to the vital and life-giving sun she should enjoy good health.

The guardians should by all means give her an education and training in the use of the pen so that she may express herself in writing. With the moon in Gemini square to Uranus and opposition Venus in common signs there may be a tendency to coughs and colds, but with

care as to her diet and with plenty of exercise in the fresh air this can be overcome.

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VOCATIONAL

NORVAL B. K.

Born November 16, 1911, 7:30 A. M.

Lat. 34 N., Long. 118 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Virgo 18; 11th house, Libra 19; 12th house, Scorpio 14; Ascendant, Sagittarius 5-39; 2nd house, Capricorn 7; 3rd house, Aquarius 12.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Sun 23-10 Scorpio; Venus 6-47 Libra; Mercury 6-43 Sagittarius; Moon 4-33 Libra; Saturn 16-14 Taurus, retrograde; Jupiter 24-43 Scorpio; Mars 5-01 Gemini, retrograde; Uranus 26-08 Capricorn; Neptune 23-42 Cancer, retrograde.

In our vocational horoscope we find common signs on all four angles, and the ruler of the Ascendant, Jupiter, is conjunct the vital sun in Scorpio in the 12th house, also trine to the mystical Neptune and sextile to Uranus. These aspects coming to the 12th house, which indicates hospitals, and to the healing sign of Scorpio, Norval will have talent for nursing and healing, especially along the new-school lines.

But we find another group of planets which are stronger and which should bring very good results: the lady Venus is strong in her own sign of Libra, in the 10th house, conjunct the moon, trine to Mars, and sextile to Mercury. These positions and aspects are strong indications of musical and artistic ability. This may especially be used in architectural drawing, for with Mars in the sign of the hands, Gemini, the native should be very dextrous with his hands as a draftsman.

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THE CHILDREN OF SAGITTARIUS

(Continued from page 636)

fruition. We often find the Sagittarian and the Piscean people mentally indifferent. They are swayed by their emotions and get knowledge through intuition.

Mars in Leo gives emotional energy of an aggressive nature. With the sun and Uranus in trine to Mars these children should be given every opportunity to work with electricity, automobiles, radios, and the newer inventions, for they will be very clever with machines of all kinds.

With Jupiter in Cancer and Mars in Leo they will also be very fond of good things to eat, and they will want their food in large quantities, which may in time, if they are not restrained, undermine their health.

**ASTRONOMICAL ASPECTS**

*(Continued from page 635)*

these facts may appear to the trained and learned astronomer and astrologer, it took me a long, long time to get them firmly grounded in my mind, to get a comprehensive grasp of the exact functions of these two motions of the earth in an astronomical sense and with reference to astrology, and I presume they have puzzled many another student.

**The Astrological Origin  
of Conscientiousness**

Conscientiousness is the positive quality of the negative conscience. Conscience prompts us *not to do* the things which are wrong; conscientiousness prompts us *to do* the things that are right.

Mythologically Saturn is the Reaper with his scythe and hour glass, the Angel of Death who ushers us from active life into the purgatorial existence where we reap what we have sown. Therefore in that sense Saturn is at the root of conscience; he always warns us, saying don't, don't, don't. If by listening to his voice in the past we have him in a position where in this life he aspects the other planets well, notably Jupiter, the planet of law, order, and ethics, and the sun, which gives us our loftiest ideals, then we have the conscientious man or woman who always fulfills every duty in life no matter how arduous the task, what perseverance and persistence is required, or what self-sacrifice is in-

involved. Thus conscientiousness is not given by one planet alone but requires a combination of the highest virtues in several of the planets to bring it to its highest and most noble expression. Of course there are many people who are conscientious because of minor benefic configurations (astrologically speaking), but the highest phase requires the cooperation of the sun, Jupiter, and Saturn.

—*“From the ‘Rays’ of March, 1918.*

**Correspondence Courses in  
English and Foreign Languages**  
*The Rosicrucian Philosophy Courses:*

For those who wish to study the Rosicrucian Teachings we have a course of 12 Preliminary Lessons, using the *“Cosmo-Conception”* as textbook. Instructors well versed in the Philosophy correct these lessons and return each with a new one to the student.

Our Preliminary Course in the Rosicrucian Philosophy is also published in French, German, and Spanish, and is sent to students in the various countries where these languages are spoken. These lessons may be obtained by applying direct to the Rosicrucian Fellowship at Oceanside, Calif. *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* textbook may be obtained from Headquarters in the bindings and at the prices noted below:

- French, cloth binding ..... \$2.00
- German, heavy paper binding .... 2.00
- Spanish, cloth binding ..... 2.00
- Spanish, paper binding ..... 1.50

*The Astrology Courses:*

Of these we have two: the Junior of 26 lessons for beginners, and the Senior of 12 lessons for the more advanced student. We teach the spiritual side of Astrology, for to us it is a Divine Science. Anyone not engaged in commercializing spiritual knowledge may apply for these courses. The Rosicrucian Teachings are free, but the cost of printing and disseminating them is met by free-will offerings.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP,  
Oceanside, California.

# "Cosmo" Studies

*This department is devoted to a study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy by the Socratic Method, the material being taken direct from the "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception."*

BY ALFRED ADAMS

(Continued from November)

- Q. What did this Race God give in return for such allegiance?
- A. In return he was a friend and mighty ally, fighting man's battles and giving him back many fold the sheep, bullocks, and grain which he sacrificed.
- Q. At what stage had he not yet arrived?
- A. The stage where it was possible for him to understand that all creatures are akin. But the Tribal God taught him that he must deal mercifully with his brother tribesmen, and gave laws which made for equity and fair dealing between men of the same race.
- G. How were these successive steps taken by man?
- A. It must not be thought that they were taken easily or without rebellion and lapses on the part of primitive man.
- Q. What is ingrained in the lower nature even at our present stage of development?
- A. Selfishness is ingrained in the lower nature even unto this day, and there must have been many lapses and much backsliding in the past.
- Q. Where do we find many examples of this backsliding?
- A. We have in the Jewish Bible good examples of how man forgot and had to be patiently and persistently "prodded" again and again by the Tribal God. Only the visitations of a long-suffering Race Spirit were potent at times in bringing him back to the law, that law which very few people have even yet learned to obey.
- Q. What about the pioneers?
- A. There are always pioneers who re-

quire something higher. When they become sufficiently numerous, a new step in evolution is taken, so that several gradations always exist.

- Q. When was such a step taken?
- A. There came a time nearly two thousand years ago when the most advanced of humanity were ready to take another step forward, and learn the religion of living a good life for the sake of future reward in a state of existence in which they must have faith.
- Q. What characterized the old form of sacrifice?
- A. It was comparatively easy to take a sheep or a bullock to the temple and offer it as a sacrifice. If a man brought the first-fruits of his granary, his vineyards, or his flocks and herds, he still had more, and he knew that the Tribal God would refill his stores and give abundantly in return.

(To be continued)

## Freemasonry and Catholicism

BY MAX HEINDEL

An Exposition of the Cosmic Facts Underlying These Two Great Institutions as Determined by Occult Investigation.

NEW LIGHT ON TRADITIONAL CHARACTERS  
*King Solomon; Hiram Abiff; The Queen of Sheba*

Partial List of Contents:

Lucifer, the Rebel Angel.

The Masonic Legend.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The Mystery of Melchisedec.

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*The Rosicrucian Fellowship,*  
*Oceanside, California.*

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT



### The White Rose Chain

Today I will think good thoughts,  
 I will do only good deeds,  
 And I will be kind to every living thing;  
 My heart will then be pure as a white  
     rose,  
 And I shall see God in everything.

### The Prince's Return

BY FLORENCE BARR

THE SUN was sinking slowly behind the purple and gold hills as the rose color of its last rays rested lovingly upon them. The purple and gold and rose grew fainter and fainter, until the light of day softly faded away.

Twilight came and the sky grew misty grey. The sweet Spirit of Night tenderly spread her mantle over the earth, and then one by one the stars began to peep out. As if to follow their good example, candles began to glow from the windows, and soon bright lights were everywhere just as in the long ago on Holy Night, the gladdest night that ever had been or ever will be. A hush and such a feeling of peace came over the world, it seemed as though the earth and sky were blended in a song of praise.

Rosalie and Dick were at last on their homeward way after a happy day. There had been so many loving errands to do, so many precious gifts to carry: a sur-

prise for the Little Stone House at the turn of the road; a soft, warm scarf for the dear old lady who lived in the White House away down the road. How happy she was to see the children. You see, she lived all alone, and a house without children is a lonesome place sometimes. It was pleasant to have the laughter of children ring out, especially on the day before Christmas when all should be happy and gay. As the children were leaving, the old lady gave them a sprig of mistletoe, "a present from heaven," she said; "that is what the people of the long ago called it."

"Merry Christmas" they called to the little lame boy across the way as they left a gift for him. And a beautiful doll they carried to the little shut-in girl. A talking doll—what do you think of that? She would not mind having to stay in just a little longer now that she had such a lovely doll.

The children had thought of so many things for others that it would take too long to tell you all about them. But you may be sure that they were like little candles themselves, lighting up the dark corners with their love light. Perhaps the Angels of Gladness went with them, for the Angels may come in the song of a thankful heart or the sweet smile of a happy child—one never knows.

As they neared their own home, the light from the candle in the window threw its light ever so far to meet them. Soft music floated out to them on the night air; what a cheery home coming!

Just as they were about to go through the open door, a wee voice whispered,

"Look." There was Elf-kin pointing up to the sky. "Wish," he said. And the children wished on the bright new moon, a luminous crescent which seemed to say, "Remember, remember." And they knew quite well what they were to remember, for this was Holy Night, the night of the Prince's return.

Once inside there were the cheeriest of greetings from grandpa and friends who had dropped in on this gladdest of all nights. In the fireplace the logs were blazing, and the sparks darting up the chimney seemed eager to be on their way back to the Living Spirit who has chosen fire as His symbol.

In one corner of the room stood a beautiful tree waiting to be trimmed. This was one of the joys the children had looked forward to, and they had many treasures to hang on the tree. Their busy fingers had made surprises for all who were to come to the Christmas party. Grandpa had told them that the people of the long ago had beautiful ideas about giving, that the toys were really to represent all the good things of the earth and were hung on the tree as gifts to the Christ Spirit, who had given all these good things to the earth children. The first Christmas gift of all was the Christ Child Himself. And now at Christmas, which is really His birthday, we give gifts to one another.

So the trimming of the tree was a real treat. At the very top was a bright star, like the wondrous star of long ago which lighted the way to the place where the Christ Child lay. Then there were candles, and tinsel, and sparkling trinkets which gleamed in the bright light like so many diamonds. When the tree was trimmed, the mysterious little packages were spread under the tree, and then the real fun began, for all the gifts were opened on Holy Night. What a lot of merriment there was and what a gay time they all had. But, would you believe it, even on that glorious night the Sand Man slipped in, and it was hard work keeping one's eyes open. Finally Rosalie and Dick said their good-nights

to the merry party and went off to dreamland. Soon all was quiet in the house.

In the silent night a wondrous thing happened, for you know it was Holy Night, the gladdest night of all the year. The Prince of Peace has said in the long ago, "I will return," and His promises never fail. He planned His coming. Far away in the Kingdom of Happiness He was waiting—waiting for the pathway to be lighted. "The time is not yet," He said. Then suddenly a light leaped up to meet His light, for the key of love had unlocked the earth world. The shining pathway appeared, the golden stairway which led from the Kingdom of Happiness right to the threshold of the earth world. The King of the Kingdom of Happiness and the Queen of the Angels watched over the Prince of Peace as He came down the golden stairway to where Mother Nature and all the earth children were waiting for the Prince's return.

Now for a secret: while Rosalie and Dick were in dreamland, a wonderful thing happened. They saw a bright light that was like a moonbeam, and they followed it. It led them to where a beautiful Babe, bathed in light, was sleeping in his lovely Mother's arms. It was the Christ Child—and then they knew the Prince had returned.

The Angels of Gladness were everywhere with their bright lights, and the Angels and the Stars sang together:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

---

### The Christmas Child

Little one, who straight has come  
Down the heavenly stair,  
Tell us all about your home,  
And the Father there.

"He is such a one as I,  
Like as like can be.  
Do His will, and by and by  
Home and Him you'll see."

—George MacDonald.

# Nutrition and Health

## Rosicrucian Ideals

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

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

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

## Methods of Healing

BY E. HUMBOLDT

**B**Y HEALING we mean the ensemble of those processes by which the functional disturbances of the human organism are corrected for the purpose of re-establishing normal conditions of growth and well-being.

The various bodies of man are so closely interrelated that any disturbance in one of them immediately affects all the others to some extent. Consequently any healing work to be satisfactory and enduring must take into consideration the whole system as a unit; any attempt at treating one of the vehicles separately without due regard to the other's conditions is largely a waste of time. It may bring temporary relief but not a cure. Whenever a real cure has been effected, we'll find that the treatment has penetrated the whole system; whether consciously or unconsciously does not matter in the end.

The human organism is wonderfully made; a masterpiece of the Creator's wisdom. It is to a great extent self-regulating and self-repairing; and it will take care without any outside help of any slight disturbance caused by the ordinary course of events provided the work of repairing is allowed to proceed without interference. However, this repair work will nearly always leave a

mark, which may show as a weak and tender spot, a sort of open door to relapse; or it may result in an actual shortening of the life span through weakening of the whole machine during the last stages of its functioning.

If the injury is too grave or too deeply seated, there may be an overloading of the recuperative powers, and as a result conditions will grow from bad to worse until dissolution eventually liberates the man from his vehicles long before the appointed time. In such a case, and provided the archetype is not near the end of its appointed activities, if the life forces are given intelligent and properly timed help, their burden may be lightened and their work of repair may meet with success in bringing conditions to that normal state we call "health."

Mother Nature seeks neither revenge nor punishment; but her laws are immutable, and whoever breaks them must suffer; it is the only way our misdeeds can be brought to our consciousness. When such a thing happens, the only thing to do is to stop and investigate, then repair the damage and start up anew; this can always be done as long as the archetype remains alive to guide the forces at work. Otherwise the case is hopeless; ripe destiny, when the time has



come for the liquidation of old debts and for the reckoning, must be met. Even then the gentle ministrations of a healer may soothe the last moments and bring the patient peace and happiness with the knowledge that the debt now falling due will be paid in full. And thus any healer worthy of the name is primarily and above everything a "physician of the soul."

#### THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Leaving aside those afflictions which are brought in through ripe destiny and as a result of past actions, we can safely say that man can blame no one but himself for whatever befalls him. While the relation between cause and effect is not always immediately apparent, yet it will nearly always become so as we investigate a little deeper in or below the consciousness. The forces which take care of the physical body work through the etheric body, some in the two lower ethers, some in the third. Even the fourth or reflecting ether must be taken into consideration since it is through that ether that thoughts are impressed upon the physical brain.

The etheric vehicle is very intimately related to the higher ones, and consequently the physical body must reflect every change in the equilibrium of the others. Trouble and indiscretions of purely physical origin are but a small percentage of the total, while the remainder are the immediate results of disturbances in the higher vehicles: wrong or uncontrolled thoughts or desires. No one can transform those vehicles into a cesspool of passion and base emotions and expect to remain healthy. Sooner or later the strain will be felt, and sickness of apparently unknown and unaccountable origin will be the result. Moreover, if we stop to think that these subtler vehicles are much more mobile and responsive than the physical body, we can only wonder that the results do not become apparent any sooner than they generally do.

Worry and anger will generally dis-

turb a sensitive person in a very short time; sometimes the reaction is almost instantaneous because the processes of assimilation, elimination, and blood circulation are almost paralyzed temporarily at least. All these facts must be given due consideration by the healer who hopes to be successful.

We now come to those causes which we may call more nearly physical. The human body is born, matured, and kept in repair without any direct volition; and the life forces attend to their work along the lines laid down in the archetype as long as this latter vibrates, unless man in his ignorance tries to interfere. The cells which form the physical body have a life of their own independent of that of the whole; but their activities are subordinate to the group work they must perform according to their function in the organism. Normally team work is as good as could be expected. Once in a while, however, it happens that some particular group of cells refuses to perform in a cooperative manner and ventures to strive for "self-expression"—just as we humans are very fond of doing, and with exactly the same measure of success. The result of such attempts can be seen as an abnormal growth of some kind—cancer, tumor, wart, et cetera—obstructing the work of the whole for the sake of some modicum of self-progress which is useless and meaningless and must result in the untimely destruction of that group of cells, either with the body or without it.

Or, some group of cells becomes tired with overwork, discouraged or sluggish, and its work lags behind the proper required minimum. As a result we may have a torpid liver, sluggish bowels, weak and fluttering heart, poor circulation, et cetera. Or again, it may happen that wrong or unnecessary stimuli cause a group of cells to react in a protective manner forming corns, callouses, boils, et cetera.

All these processes are abnormal and have no place in a well directed life and

a well governed body. To correct them we take advantage of the fact that all cell life is amenable to suggestion, and that its activities may be controlled by a positive will and the cells directed along their proper lines according to their place and duty in the organism.

The most important work of the healer when dealing with undesirable manifestations will thus consist of consciously directing the work of the life force into the proper channels, at the same time compelling the cells with the bolshevik tendencies to resume their normal activities. Stimulating them to response by gentle manipulations may help to a great extent. And finally, correcting the mental processes which are either responsible for the trouble or closely associated with it forms the most important part of the work. Unless this be done successfully by either the healer or the patient himself, consciously or unconsciously, there can be no permanent cure.

In the case of bone fractures, deep cuts, or injuries of a serious character it is evident that any mechanical help obtainable will also be valuable. There is absolutely no doubt that some great and exalted being could handle such cases without the help of mechanical means and cure them instantly, but the great bulk of humanity have not yet arrived at that stage. Consequently anyone with even the most elementary glimpse of intelligence will gladly use anything that may facilitate the work and insure its success.

#### THE HEALER AND HIS WORK

To be successful the healer must have absolute faith in himself and in his ability to cooperate with the Powers which govern our evolution. He is only the instrument which they use, the channel through which the life forces are consciously directed. And with very few exceptions such faith comes only through deep and unselfish love and a feeling of fellowship with all sentient life. It brings him in tune with the creative forces, and whether this is done consciously or not does not matter greatly.

Under such conditions his words and actions carry with them power and authority in a gentle but unmistakable way. This is absolutely necessary. Could any one imagine the gentle Christ casting out devils in a deprecative way, or calling forth Lazarus with a supplication?

The patient's faith in the healer is a great help, although it is by no means indispensable. Of course, there should be no antagonism. Even the Gospels quote the Christ as saying He could do no mighty works among His own people on account of their unbelief. But His works were really mighty, and there is but little doubt that the "unbelief" mentioned bordered very closely upon real antagonism.

There are plenty of cases on record, however, where cures but little short of miraculous have been done without any faith or even cooperation from the patient. A few years ago there could be found all over continental Europe healers who had "specialties," and operated either by "laying on of hands" or by murmuring a prayer or formula of some kind. Some treated burns, others sprains, chills, fever, and even cataract of the eye—and they did it successfully, often without the patient's cooperation. Sprained ankles, badly swollen, have been reduced within less than a minute and healed without any feeling save probably a little weakness which would last at most a day or two.

The writer when about a year old upset a pot of boiling soup upon his right foot. It was midwinter and he was just beginning to toddle. The hot soup went into a heavy knit woolen bootie, and instantly the ankle was practically cooked clear to the bone. In the twinkling of an eye he was scooped to his mother's arms and packed over to an elderly woman neighbor who was well known for her skill. A laying on of the hands, a few muttered words, and the pain was gone entirely. Within less than a couple of weeks the burn was well healed, although there is a scar as big as a man's hand showing plainly the depth of the burn.

Evidently the faith of a one-year-old child could not be a factor in the healing process. As for the woman she was a person of but little education but one of those good old motherly souls who delight in helping others; and she had an absolutely unwavering faith in the power of the words she spoke when laying on the hands.

The same can be said of many other healers, some of whom were well known to the writer in his youth, and who were often resorted to when medical skill had failed. Most of them had specialties, claiming they did not know the prayer to cure other ills. Some treated pleurisy, bronchitis, cancer, and even apoplexy with great success. Every one of them, claiming no special power, attributed his success to the prayer or formula which he used and which had been imparted to him by word of mouth, being considered a sacred trust and only transmitted to another of good character. Let it be said also that they never charged for their work, being under the impression that such an action would result in a loss of the healing power. It might be well to quote another case of a different kind, one of many of that kind, by the way. The proprietor of a little hotel in a small Canadian town had a number of enormous warts on the back of his fingers, which were naturally very tender. One evening he happened to stub one of his fingers against the edge of the desk, and the result was the immediate use of rather strong language. A stranger sitting by saw the performance and came over to the desk.

"What's the matter? Warts? Oh! that's nothing," said the stranger. "If you don't want them, I'll buy them from you; give you a nickel for them!" And pulling a nickel from his pocket he tossed it over to the host, who caught it playfully and put it in his own pocket.

"And now," said the stranger, "they are mine, don't forget it!" Other people came in and the incident was forgotten, but in the morning the warts were gone without leaving any scars or

marks beyond a slight roughness of the skin on the knuckles. And they never came back, either. The stranger? Oh, he was just a plain traveling salesman working for a well-known firm, in Toronto, I believe. One could hardly claim that there was any faith on the patient's part for he regarded it simply as a joke and nothing else.

Would you say that such cases are all fakes or deceptions, the result of an overwrought imagination? Not so! To the patient who has been healed truth is truth even though he knows nothing of the processes which have wrought the cure. If anyone has doubts, let him remember the well-known words of the Master Healer about faith (in this case of the healer) being able to remove mountains. Remember also that in the cases mentioned above there was no question of diagnosis and no wordy argument about the merits of the case; the healer simply went about his Father's business.

Magnetic healing is not a science; it is an art, as broad as the activities of life itself. Consequently it cannot be confined within the limitations of school, creed, or dogma. Neither can it be hampered by a babel of terminology or by the paraphernalia of a diagnosis which is as often as not painfully inaccurate. If you can command and guide the life and activities of the individual cells, you can cure a cancer just as easily as you can "conjure" away a wart, and you'll do it regardless of its location and of its character. If you cannot control cell life, you'll neither cure cancer, nor wart, nor anything else.

Healing work calls for a knowledge of the soul, whether deductive or intuitive. That knowledge is not acquired in the universities or the theological seminaries, neither can it be crammed into a student at so much per hour. It springs from within and is made manifest as a feeling of sympathy and of kinship with all the world in general, but most particularly with those who suffer and are bowed down under a heavy load, and it may appear just as often in the rough person

as in the refined one. Its growth may be stimulated by that kind of education which is nonconformist and teaches a man how to think for himself, an achievement which is rather scarce nowadays, particularly among the young.

(Concluded in next issue)

### A Miraculous Healing

Lincoln, England,  
September 17, 1930.

On the evening of July 2nd I was involved in a motorcycle accident, and received serious head injuries consisting of fracture at base of skull and severe concussion at the right side. I was taken to the hospital bleeding profusely from the nose and right ear, and the medical officer in charge said there was no hope of recovery. My wife traveled through the night, and after visiting me in the hospital wrote to Rosicrucian Headquarters asking that I be put on the healing list. Although having long periods of unconsciousness I realized that I was being helped, and the fact that I continued to live was an obvious puzzle to the doctors. They sent for my wife on four occasions, saying I was dying, and each time I recovered and felt strengthened.

At the end of five days meningitis was setting in, but this, to the great mystification of the ward sister, passed off, and I then commenced to make sure recovery. At times the pain in my head was terrible, and I used to feel that I couldn't possibly stand it, but all through I had an inner consciousness that I should recover. I could see by the way the doctors and nurses regarded me at times that they sensed that some healing power outside their knowledge was at work.

Twice the night doctor was going to draw fluid from the spine to ease the pain, but each time I was put into a deep sleep by the Healers, and the doctor left me alone. I am convinced this sleep was induced to prevent the doctor operating.

After giving out to the press that there

was no hope of my recovery, the only reason they could give for my doing so was that I did not use alcohol nor smoke.

Although not yet up to standard I am back at work, and feel that I am a living example of the wonderful powers of the Invisible Helpers.

As you are aware, I am a renegade Probationer, but am glad to say that my recent experiences have "let in the light," and I am hoping that I shall eventually be permitted to enter again into the work of the Fellowship, and so try to pass on some of the good I have received without stint and without price.

With all kind thoughts and good wishes,

Yours in fellowship,  
Arthur Rice.

### THE LIGHT BEARER.

In each age some certain one is chosen to hold aloft the Torch of Truth that the path may be flooded with light, and the mass of humanity have guidance and help to climb ever higher until all at last reach the top and stand where the Light Bearer stood. Such a Light Bearer was Max Heindel. He left behind him true guiding lights that all who cared to might walk the path which he followed. His books are the result of years of study along occult and mystical lines. His knowledge is first-hand knowledge.

In "**Gleanings of a Mystic**" he deals with practical mysticism, telling in simple forceful language how to live by the great Law day by day, and directing the student toward the Light of Understanding and Truth.

Some of the chapter headings are:

Initiation, What It Is and Is Not.

Magic, White and Black.

Practical Precepts for Practical People.

Sound, Silence, and Soul Growth.

The Mysterium Magnum of the Rose Cross.

196 Pages. Cloth Bound. \$2.00 Postpaid.

*The Rosicrucian Fellowship,*  
*Oceanside, California.*

## Vegetarian Menus

### —BREAKFAST—

Baked Apple  
Cheese Omelet  
Boiled Rice and Cream  
Entire Wheat Gems  
Cereal Coffee or Milk

### —DINNER—

Stuffed Green Peppers  
Escalloped Salsify  
Browned Sweet Potatoes  
Hot Corn Bread  
Cranberry Sauce

### —SUPPER—

Pineapple and Celery Salad  
Nut Sandwiches  
Plum Pudding  
Diluted Grape Juice

## Recipes

### *Escalloped Salsify*

Scrape and dice salsify, boil for fifteen minutes in hot salted water; drain. Place layer of salsify in oiled baking dish, then a layer of cracker or bread crumbs, another layer of salsify and crumbs. Beat two eggs and mix one pint of the juice of the salsify and one of milk; pour this over salsify. Dot with butter, and bake for twenty minutes.

### *Browned Sweet Potatoes*

Wash medium size potatoes, and boil in skins for twenty minutes in salted water. Drain and allow to cool. Peel and dip potatoes in sweetened milk. Place in oiled baking pan, and brown in oven.

### *Stuffed Green Peppers*

Remove stem end and seeds from pepper. Stuff with dressing made by grinding toasted stale bread with one onion, two cold boiled potatoes, one cup of cold boiled beans, and miscellaneous vegetables from the day before. Brown in skillet. Season with celery salt, paprika, nutmeg, sage, etc. Add one egg just before filling peppers. Place in baking pan, and baste from time to time with tomato sauce. Bake one hour.

### *Pineapple and Celery Salad*

One can of sliced pineapple cut in squares. Stalks and leaves of one head of celery to be sliced very fine and mixed with the pineapple. Place on plate garnished with lettuce or celery leaves. Sprinkle chopped English walnuts over top.

### BEHOLD THE LIGHT

In all of the ancient writings we find Rebirth to be an accepted fact by those who were the teachers and leaders, while the masses were allowed to lose this and other occult truths for a time that they might better center their efforts in learning the lessons that the physical world had to teach.

As ages passed even the leaders and teachers lost contact with higher knowledge. As civilization went forward, materialism usurped the place of spirituality among the advanced races until we were in danger of actual spiritual blindness.

The Great Ones took pity on those struggling in the darkness of ignorance and prepared messengers to bring the Light of Truth again to all of humanity. Max Heindel was chosen by the Brothers of the Rose Cross to give out to all who thirsted for knowledge, the facts of life here and hereafter as known and taught by the Rosicrucians.

We find a wealth of spiritual truth in the 97 letters which he sent out to his students and which are now gathered into one volume. In this book will be found the explanation and answer to many of the puzzling questions that students wish to have cleared up, such as the reason for belief in life after death and subsequent rebirth, as held by the Wise Ones of all ages.

### Letters to Students

BY MAX HEINDEL.

237 Pages. Cloth Bound. \$2.00 Postpaid.  
*The Rosicrucian Fellowship,*  
*Oceanside, California.*

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

MEDITATION FOR THE SOLAR MONTH OF  
SAGITTARIUS

November 23rd to December 22nd,  
Inclusive.

The keywords for this month, *Idealism, Reverence, Benevolence, Kindliness, and Generosity*, represent those qualities which intensify the inner urge that is called "Aspiration."

### PATIENTS' LETTERS

October 29, 1930.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

While staying at beautiful Mt. Ecclesia I had the most wonderful experience of help from the Invisible Helpers when my ankle bone, which has been dislocated for six months, snapped back into place without pain, while I was standing upon my feet without any support. The foot has been swollen and painful but from that moment the swelling has gradually gone down and has been perfectly all right, for which I give thanks. This has been set twice at the hospital, but was never right, although the compound fracture which caused the dislocation knitted together very easily and quickly.

Very sincerely,  
—E. M. M.

So. Pasadena, Calif., Oct. 6, 1930.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I am delighted to inform you that I can hear now better than for twenty years—far better indeed. In fact the Helpers performed so strenuously that I was awakened and knew they were there and suddenly realized that the great buzzing in my ears was gone after bothering me for twenty years or more. Praise God that He is so merciful to His wayward children. My spine is also vastly improved, and my digestion is much better. I have had a cold for the past three days but it is much improved.

More power to your Great Organization. I hope I may live to spread the Gospel among the many who are in need.

Sincerely yours,  
—J. P. G.

### People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done entirely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Head-

quarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information and application blank, address,

Healing Department,  
The Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

### HEALING DATES

November . . . 3—10—16—23—30

December . . . 7—14—20—28

January . . . 4—10—17—24—31

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

### How Shall We Know Christ at His Coming ?

BY MAX HEINDEL

*The Western Wisdom Teaching of the Rosicrucians relative to Christ.*

*Explains the status of Christ; why He came; why He must come again; and how we shall know Him when He appears.*

**LOOK FOR THE CHRIST WITHIN**  
is the message given in this lecture.

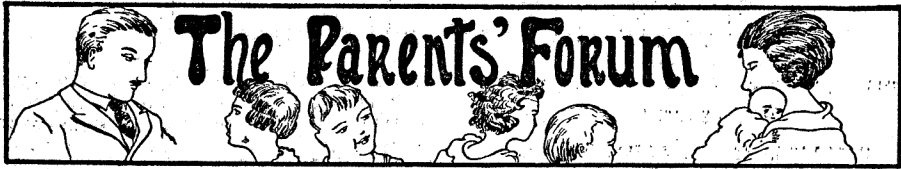
27 Pages. Paper Bound. 15 Cents

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP,  
Oceanside, California.

### Holiday Discount Offer

To enable our students to give presents of Rosicrucian books where otherwise they might not be able to do so, we offer a special HOLIDAY DISCOUNT of TWENTY PER CENT on all book orders amounting to \$5.00 or more reaching us by December 31st. That is, an order which at regular prices amounts to \$5.00 will be filled for \$4.00; a \$7.50 order for \$6.00, and so on. All orders must be accompanied by cash and reach us by December 31st. Request for this special discount must also accompany the order.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP,  
Oceanside, California.



*The Parents' Forum aims to help parents properly guide their children in accordance with scientific and spiritual principles. They are invited to send their child problems to this department.*

BY ELOIS JENSSON

"And the Angel said unto them, Be not afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a savior who is Christ the Lord."—*The Bible.*

Mothers, may we once more urge you to spend one evening at least in the discussion of the true spiritual reasons for the celebration of the Christmas holiday. Read aloud from Max Heindel's "The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas," and help the children to realize that Christmas holidays mean something more than the mere exchange of gifts.

#### *Sunday School Sesquicentennial*

During the past summer the Sunday School leaders of various churches celebrated the 150th birthday of the Sunday School. The celebration took place in Toronto. The Sunday School is the brain child of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England. Mr. Raikes was not a churchman, and his school for many years was not a church institution; in fact, it was bitterly opposed and denounced by the church fathers, and its usefulness was not recognized by the churches until a much later date. The Christian churches have an annual income of something in excess of eight hundred millions of dollars, yet it is estimated that only about one-third of this vast sum is used for the Sunday Schools. Yet children make up about 85 per cent of the church membership. Now there is a movement on foot to have only trained Sunday School teachers, pay them a decent salary, have their work properly supervised, also do away with

the basement of churches for Sunday School purposes.

#### *Living Christmas Trees*

May this column join the many newspapers and magazines in a plea to parents to give their children only "living" Christmas trees, thereby helping to eliminate the terrible destruction of these trees so much needed for our forests, and at the same time instilling reverence for God's handiwork.

The following tribute to a living Christmas tree by Pearl H. Roberts, in "Better Homes and Gardens," could well be printed and hung on all Christmas trees:

"To a Living Christmas Tree: From all adults, to all children, greetings. We, the big people, do hereby give unto you, the little people, this tree, to be yours as long as its life shall last. *Little people*, we charge you that you hold this tree very precious, protecting it at all times and from every enemy; removing with your own hands (if need be) such insect pests as may seek to devour its beautiful foliage. And we further charge you that you be ever alert lest some thoughtless person pierce its smooth bark with cruel nails, or torture its branches with sharp pocket knives. *Tree*, we charge you that you stand erect in this place, through sun and storm, for countless years; that you be ever green, symbolic of the springtime and summer of childhood; and that you bear in your leafy arms the nests of birds in season, offering protection from the winds of winter to all feathered creatures. And in return for these things you may hold in your hands the twinkling lights of the Christmas time in celebration of the birthday of your Creator. *Little people*, behold this your living tree! *Tree*, behold these children, your friends!"



# Local Center News

From the Local Centers of the Rosicrucian Fellowship

## *Amsterdam, Holland.*

Following is a translation of a letter from one of our Dutch students, which we know will interest our many English-speaking friends:

"At the opening of this Center the rooms were splendidly adorned with flowers, and they are nicely furnished. One hundred forty persons had been invited, and seventy-three were present, twenty of whom were from Haarlem. Mr. des Amorie van der Hoeven gave a cordial introduction, and the older faithful workers were given special mention, particularly Mrs. Van Warendorp, who for such a long time gave her valuable services to disseminate the teachings of the Rosicrucian Philosophy."

This Center is publishing a periodical called the *Centrum Bulletin*, which is attractive in appearance, and we are sure will prove a great help in promoting the Rosicrucian work in Amsterdam.

## *Cleveland, Ohio.*

It is a real treat for us when the *Cleveland Mercury*, monthly bulletin of the Cleveland Study Center, comes to our desk. The editorials are always accurate in content and well expressed, showing a real grasp of the fundamentals of the Rosicrucian Philosophy. We know that the members of this Center are finding *Mercury* of much assistance in their studies.

## *Kansas City, Missouri.*

"My dear friends," writes the secretary of this Fellowship Center, "we have changed our location from Room 306 New Center Bldg. to Room 203 Armour and Troost building. We have a much better location now, and hope to gain ground and new members more rapidly. We are starting a reading room. We have Sunday evening healing and devotional meetings, and Philosophy and astrology on Wednesday evenings."

## *London, England.*

We take pleasure in sharing the following note from this Study Center with our friends: "The autumn session began on September 10th, when our Center reopened for public meetings at 85 Lancaster Gate, to which address we moved in the beginning of this year. Mr. Schaumburg kindly arranged to give us the benefit of a series of eleven lectures. The first lectures have been given, and have been well attended, and a considerable percentage of strangers have been attracted."

## *Long Beach, California.*

The following was sent us by the president of this Fellowship Center: "The Long Beach Center is progressing very well. Much interest in our Thursday evening class in the study of the *Cosmo-Conception* is manifest. The teacher is showing much ability and his work is greatly appreciated. The speakers for the past month were Mrs. Arline D. Cramer, Mr. John Wierz, Dr. Gerald Bryan, and Mr. Rex McCreery, (all of the Los Angeles membership group)."

## *New York City, Manhattan Center.*

"Will you kindly note in the *Local Centers News*," requests a member of this Fellowship Center, "that Mrs. Josephine Ryan, previously associated with the Los Angeles Center, is visiting in New York City for an indefinite period. She will lecture for us here soon at the Manhattan Center concerning children's work. She is actively helping at the several New York Centers. Her music has served us very beautifully at several of our evening devotional services, and we feel happy and truly fortunate in her ready cooperation."

## *New York City, Three-Eleven Center.*

This Center continues its promising career with its progressive Sunday Afternoon Forum, its health ministra-

tions, and its classes and lectures. A circulating library is maintained, and a noon meditation held daily. We quote a letter from one of our students who visited this Center as well as the Harlem Center:

"I think the readers of the 'Rays' will be interested in my visit to New York, which gave me an opportunity to visit 311 House and the Harlem Center. Three-Eleven House, beautifully situated in the quiet park at 80th Street near the Hudson River, gives one the impression upon entering, of harmony and peace. The rooms are large and spacious, beautifully finished in oak, with those adorable fireplaces which speak of home. Here Mr. Theodore Heline's smile greets and welcomes one and makes one feel that in the turmoil and hustle of this great city you have found a real resting place. Flowers were in abundance everywhere. Amid these surroundings a goodly number had gathered to attend the opening class in Philosophy, conducted by Mr. Heline. At the conclusion of the class Mr. Heline and I visited the Harlem Center, and found about 75 or 80 people gathered for a birthday party. They have a very attractive, beautiful place, and here I met many earnest, charming people; my one regret was that I did not have more time to spend with them. If you visit New York, don't fail to spend a part of your time at the Centers, and meet their leaders, and see the work they are doing in a great city.—Mrs. L. P. L."

*Salt Lake City, Utah.*

A letter from this Center embodies a suggestion for helping the Rosicrucian work: "We have started a subscription contest for the 'Rays,' and have three students who want to go into it in real earnest. We are allowing them the commission on the subscriptions which they get, and are working it as a contest, taking care to eliminate any destructive element as far as possible. It seems that too few of our students are subscribers to the 'Rays,' and it will be a means of keeping them in closer contact with our work for a whole year's time. It is hoped

this will spread the teachings where they would not otherwise penetrate."

*San Francisco, California.*

The San Francisco Center *Bulletin* with its monthly thought-provoking article by Mr. S. R. Parchment comes to us. His monthly discussions are very worthwhile, giving helpful bits of advice to aspiring students under the title of "Advice to Those Who Have Entered the Path."

*St. Paul and Minneapolis.*

From St. Paul comes a suggestion for Sunday School instruction which may prove helpful:

"Instead of having the regular lessons (on October 26th) Mrs. Florence Kohl gave a very interesting stereopticon story of foreign countries, particularly China, Japan, and India, showing the need of education and how many students of those countries come to our own country to learn and then go back to their people to help them and bring them out of their suffering. There were about 25 slides showing many different kinds of churches, schools, homes, and also factories. The children consider these stereopticon stories a real treat and find them very interesting."

*Washington, D. C.*

*The Insurance Bldg. Center*

Another friendly note for Center News readers: "Recently I visited the Rosicrucian Center at Washington, D. C. You can't imagine how much fellowship and joy I felt in meeting with that little handful of people. Though very few in numbers they are ardent workers and have accomplished a great deal for such a tiny group. I felt the Brother's influence there in those *Cosmo* class meetings. They are indeed fortunate to have Mr. Peters, a brilliant and highly developed occult student, as their *Cosmo* teacher. They were so kind in receiving me, and I did feel keenly that they were friends, real, lasting friends. We felt as if we belonged to one another. If every Center would radiate such good fellowship to all newcomers, the world would be a lovely place to go round in."

### Rosicrucian Field Lecturers

Mr. Ortwin Schaumburg will give a public lecture at Central Hall, Renshaw Street, Liverpool, England, on Tuesday, December 9th, at 7:30 P. M. His subject will be, "Ancient and Modern Rosicrucians." This lecture will be followed by others and by classes at Central Hall and also at 25, Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Schaumburg will continue to give various lectures throughout England until the latter part of January, when he will return to the United States, reaching New York February 1st. He will then continue his lecture work in the United States. He has been engaged in Rosicrucian lecture and class work abroad for over two years, Germany and Switzerland as well as England having been the scene of his activities. He has been very successful in putting the Rosicrucian Teachings before thousands of waiting students in those countries. He is now returning to America to supply an urgent need here, as at present we have only one field lecturer in the entire United States who is devoting all her time to lecture work.

Miss Annella Smith, after a successful series of lectures in Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, is now in Vancouver, B. C. where she began a new series on November 7th in the Moose Hall. She expects to remain here for two weeks. She is now making arrangements for lectures in Everett and Spokane. Students will find it well worth their while to make the effort to attend Miss Smith's lectures, for there is a power in her messages which every sensitive student will perceive and understand. A letter from the Max Heindel Center in Seattle will give an idea of the work she is doing:

"Miss Smith has just finished a series of lectures in Seattle, and we have all benefited by her visit. Her talks were instructive, scientific, and elevating. We would like to offer a suggestion for the benefit of the Centers that Miss Smith

will visit on her tour. It is this: give her all the publicity possible, before the lectures begin, because her first talk will convince the public of her ability, and the numbers will increase as the lectures proceed."

### Local Rosicrucian Speakers

Miss Gladys Rivington, of Headquarters, spoke at the San Diego Fellowship Center on October 19th. Her subject was, "Do the Rosicrucian Teachings Satisfy the World's Need?"

Miss Harriett E. Wendell, of the Los Angeles Fellowship Center, gave a very interesting lecture at Mt. Ecclesia on October 19th, her talk being entitled, "Jesus, Who Was Called Christ." It is published in this issue of this magazine, and we are sure will prove worth-while reading for our friends.

### A Lecture on Rectification and Prediction

Mr. Robert DeLuce, instructor in the Llewellyn College of Astrology in Los Angeles, gave a most interesting and valuable lecture at Mt. Ecclesia on October 15th on the rectification of the horoscope by primary arcs of direction. Mr. DeLuce has just published a new book on the subject, entitled, "Rectification of the Horoscope," in which he has reduced to tables the complicated trigonometrical calculations which were formerly necessary in computing these arcs of direction. It does away with practically all the mathematical work, making it only necessary to take the various quantities out of the tables. Primary directions are generally accepted as being much more accurate as a basis of prediction than the more often used secondary directions. This new book makes it possible for the average student to utilize the benefits to be had from primary directions. In producing it we regard Mr. DeLuce as a benefactor to the great body of astrological students.

# Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

## Chats with the Editor

**ONE** OF the events at Mt. Ecclesia this month has been the hanging of new doors at the front entrance of our Healing Temple. These doors are the generous gift of Mrs. Alma Lloyd, and greatly add to the beauty of the entrance of our lovely Temple. The design carved on the doors was obtained as the result of a competition conducted by Mrs. Nelbert M. Chouinard and Miss Elizabeth Gleason. The competition was open to certain students of the Chouinard School of Art of Los Angeles, and the winning design was embodied in the doors. The checking of the design and the supervision of the carving was very kindly done by Mrs. Chouinard and Miss Gleason. The design symbolizes the astrological signs of Aquarius and Leo. Aquarius is represented by the figure of a man pouring water from an urn, and Leo by the figure of a lion.

Even the wood, Spanish cedar, which was selected for these doors seems to be symbolic, for do not the Scriptures frequently refer to cedar as a symbol of strength and longevity? The Arabs regarded cedar trees as being endowed with the principle of continual existence, and with prescient powers which enabled them to prepare for the changes of the seasons. We who enter within these doors trust that by constant striving we shall develop those powers which will enable us to adapt ourselves and help others to adapt themselves to higher conditions. It requires two years for the cedar cone to mature, and it also requires two years of study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy before students may enter these doors as Probationers.

Our annual picnic, which is held each year on the birthday of our beloved Mt.

Ecclesia, October 28th, was an event long to be remembered. Quite a number of automobiles were lined up before the office at ten o'clock. Some who had extra room backed their cars up to the kitchen, where they were loaded with good things to eat, such as sandwiches, cake, cheese, tomatoes, lettuce, fruit of all kinds, and ice cream. Seventy-six sat down at the picnic tables. Among them were the children of our New Era School. These little children's voices in unison gave the blessing at the table, and the writer and others among the grown-ups, she believes, received a real spiritual thrill when they heard these little folks speak.

Mr. Frederick Ackemann of Elgin, Illinois, who has been with us since last April, acted as toastmaster. Speeches and stories were indulged in. Later all took part in a grand march led by the organist, and all joined in singing "America the Beautiful" while marching.

The lovely park in which we have this annual holiday is filled with live oaks, so massive and aged that some are said to be over one hundred years old. The branches meet so as to make a canopy of green overhead, and they are green all the year round. The ground is covered with a layer of dry leaves, which makes a soft carpet underfoot. Large ovens and long tables with benches made of cement have been erected by San Diego County so that as many as one hundred people may sit at tables, where hot food can be served. We look forward annually to this day of relaxation and cooperation, which refreshes us and makes us ready for better work the next day.

The writer wishes that some of her

readers could sit with her here where she is writing these "Chats" in front of an open window with the sunshine streaming in and the temperature eighty degrees. November and December are considered ideal months in Oceanside. Our garden is being planted with winter bulbs and seeds which will blossom in January and February.

As a matter of actual fact we only keep what we give; our bodies decay and our possessions are left behind, but our good deeds remain ours for all eternity.

—Max Heindel.

### New General Manager at Mt. Ecclesia

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees held on Oct. 25th, Mr. Charles I. Starrett of Los Angeles was elected General Manager of the Fellowship. Mr. Starrett is Vice-President of the Los Angeles Center, also one of the Trustees of the Fellowship. Before coming to Los Angeles four years ago he occupied an important executive position for a number of years with one of the large steel companies of the East. He was also connected at various times with other manufacturing concerns in the East and Middle West. Mr. Starrett is a man of executive ability and wide experience, and approaches his new work at Mt. Ecclesia in a judicial spirit and with a conscientiousness and devotion to the Rosicrucian cause which we are sure will make him eminently successful in this position. We consider that the Fellowship is to be congratulated in having attracted so able a man to take charge. Mr. Starrett has only agreed to take the position for the time being, but we hope that conditions will develop so that he will eventually decide to stay permanently.

### Help Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

From time to time we require at Mt. Ecclesia the services of workers of various grades and capacities. Therefore it

is necessary that we have on our files at all times a list of applicants who will be available as vacancies develop. At the present time we should like to have applications for the following positions:

Stenographers (particularly those acquainted with the Rosicrucian Philosophy and astrology.)

General clerical workers.

Vegetarian cook.

Cashier and dining-room girl.

A hostess for Mt. Ecclesia.

Assistant manager.

Field lecturers to spread the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

We should be glad to have those of our students write us who feel that they are eligible for any of the above positions, stating definitely their qualifications in the matter of experience, education, and knowledge of the Rosicrucian Philosophy. Then as we have vacancies they will be filled from our list of applicants. Preference is given to our regular students and Probationers in filling positions. An employment blank will be furnished upon request.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP,  
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There is a world of wisdom in Max Heindel's twenty lectures known as the Rosicrucian Christianity Series. They are in elementary form and clearly and concisely written so that the beginner can read through the series and gain thereby a comprehensive understanding of the Rosicrucian Philosophy. Even to the older student these lectures are invaluable, for they contain information not found elsewhere in Mr. Heindel's writings.

They are in pamphlet form, durable paper binding. The 20 pamphlets may be had for \$1.50. 10 cents for single copies, postpaid.

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