

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

*Rays from
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES

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"He Is Risen"

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Cosmic Illumination

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OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL
 June 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

April

1949

VOLUME 41

NO. 4



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Subscription in the United States, one year \$2.50; two years \$4.50. Other countries, same rate, U. S. money or equivalent. Single copies 25 cents, current or back numbers. Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the act of August 24th, 1912. Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein.

Issued on the 5th of each month. *Change of Address* must reach us by the 1st of month preceding any issue. Address ALL correspondence and make ALL remittances payable to The Rosicrucian Fellowship.

PRINTED BY

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

"Let Us Attune Our Hearts--"

At the present season the mind of the civilized world is turned towards the feast we call Easter, commemorating the death and resurrection of the individual whose life story is written in the Gospels, the noble individual known to the world by the name of Jesus.

However, the Christian mystic takes a deeper and more far-reaching view of this annually recurring cosmic event. For him there is an annual impregnation of the earth with the cosmic Christ life; an inbreathing which takes place during the fall months and culminates at the winter solstice when we celebrate Christmas, and an outbreathing which finds its completion at the time of Easter.

The cosmic drama of life and death is played annually among all evolving creatures and things from the highest to the lowest, for even the great and sublime cosmic Christ in His compassion becomes subject to death by entering the camping confines of our earth for a part of the year.

During the winter months He suffers agonies of torture, "groaning, travailing, and waiting for the day of liberation," which comes at the time we speak of as the Passion Week. But we realize according to the mystic teachings that this week is just the culmination or crest wave of His suffering, and that he is then rising out of His prison; that when the Sun crosses the equator, He hangs upon the cross and cries, "Consummatum est!"—"It has been accomplished!" It is not a cry of agony, but it is a cry of triumph, a shout of joy that the hour of liberation has come, and that once more He can soar away a little while, free from the fettering clod of our planet.

Let us attune our hearts to this great cosmic event; let us rejoice with the Christ, our Savior, that the term of His annual sacrifice has once more been completed; and let us feel thankful from the bottom of our hearts that He is now about to be freed from the earth's fetters; that the life wherewith He has now endued our planet is sufficient to carry through the time till next Christmas.

—Max Heindel

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Our Annual Easter Symphony

By KITTIE S. COWEN



AN YOU IMAGINE silent music? Yes, that is probably the best way to describe it, if one tries to compare it with ordinary sounds pertaining to the physical world and the physical senses; for this music can never be heard by ears attuned to the physical plane. Yet it certainly is a reality, and it is possible to contact it if one has developed the higher sensibilities to some slight degree, for it is everywhere about us. There is no created thing that is not continuously sounding its own particular keynote which holds its particles together; and that keynote is a musical tone which owes its origin to the Spoken Word of God.

This silent music—faint, so very faint, you sense it, like the strain of some far-off melody slowly coming into being. And the newness of it! Surely it would startle one were it not for the indescribable beauty and the unsurpassed consonance of the tones. Then, too, it appears to come from nowhere—yet it is everywhere about, for its source is the revivifying life force annually released by the great Christ Spirit from Himself on Holy Night, at the dying of the old year and the joyous birth of the new. Its undertones are the sighs of the slowly passing year as it gives place to the new. Its overtones express the freedom of the revivifying life force so freely given to all created beings. The melody intones the sustaining power of the Father who gives purpose to all existing creations, and supplies the will to bring them to fruition. The impelling pulsations of this silent music sound the harmonious love call of the Christ who enfolds all that is with His loving care, from the highest to the lowest, bidding all alike: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Moreover, there is a rhythmic onward movement that calls for action everywhere, and that it be expressed in orderly manifestation. Creation everywhere, newer and improved creations replacing that which is old and no longer of value in the economy of nature—rhythmic, ceaseless vibration, ever moving onward, ever building on that which is.

But hark! Gradually the symphonic theme is changing; the tone is louder, more compelling—it sweeps, swirls, forces—and suddenly the awakened life force within untold billions of slumbering creations bursts forth into a glorious panorama of color, life, and beauty as the dark portals of earth's prison house open wide, and the radiant, risen Christ comes forth to greet the rising orb of day. Easter morn,

—∞∞ The Current Outlook ∞∞—

and the prelude to renewed life sounded by the nature spirits changes as the living Christ, with eyes uplifted, begins slowly to ascend.

The music, soft and slow, gains in volume and tempo as the angelic hosts which literally fill the ether-permeated air take over. A higher octave comes into execution and the power, beauty, and action of the music are intensified, yet lose none of the delicacy of rendition. The theme, floating onward and upward, suggests a feeling of gentleness, adaptability, innocence, kindness, peace, affectionate guidance, all of which are innate qualities of the angelic hosts that flow from them in musical, vibratory tones which weave themselves into innumerable patterns formed by the blending of harmonious sounds.

One would love to linger here and feel himself a part of all this exquisite harmony, but already a change is taking place in the symphonic theme. The Christ Spirit has reached the Heaven World and the archangelic hosts surround Him with soul-stirring, harmonious vibra-



tory power which expresses itself in innumerable colors that coruscate and scintillate in bewildering rapidity, as emotion after emotion swirls to and fro, intermingling, separating, moving on in fascinating, indescribable patterns of heaven world design. Here, sound becomes color, and color becomes sound, interpenetrating and interchanging in one vast, vibrating whole, which glorifies and vivifies all things contacted by its never ceasing motion. The onswEEPing symphony now expresses itself in forms depicting art, altruism, and philanthropy in such exquisite colors and tones as only this higher region is able to produce. This is the music that develops artistic ability in the individual while sojourning in this First Heaven World between incarnations on the physical plane, and that

awakens altruism which expresses itself in philanthropy that manifests as charity toward all who are in need of help. Sound expressed in scintillating color, arousing into activity the potential powers of the evolving Spirit—miracle of miracles. Can this marvelous symphonic production possibly do more, reach greater heights?

Even as we marvel, the great Christ Spirit mounts higher, and reaches the region of pure music, the Second Heaven World, where archetypal patterns of all that exists below are formed by means of the power and harmony incorporated in the Spoken Word of God. Here the vibratory tones of the Music of the Spheres introduce their building power and harmonizing vibrations into the grand symphony, and the scope of the theme increases and reaches out into boundless space, glorious, supernal, godlike, marshaling ideas into forms, and placing keynotes of the great archetypal scale in accordance with their destined accomplishments. Here, by means of the power incorporated in the Spoken Word, living, vibrating patterns not only build but sus-

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

tain all materialized forms in the physical world; and when any one pattern ceases to sound its vibratory keynote, the corresponding physical form disintegrates, and its elements return to their original source, there to remain until the sounding of the keynote again calls them into action in the divine plan.

Surely, now this is the end. This tremendous musical score can go no farther? But even as we listen, and ponder on the stupendous scope of the divine plan, the great Christ Spirit mounts still higher, and the powerful symphonic strains merge into one grand, glorious oneness in the home world of the Christ, the Region of Life Spirit, and in one overwhelming, supernal chord, we hear the voice of the ascended Christ, the embodiment of love, utter in tones of sweetest celestial music, "Consummatum est (It has been accomplished)." And as the last enraptured notes drift off into the apparent space, a vision seen only by the god men appears. It is the glorified, compassionate Christ, entering the Region of Divine Spirit, the true home of the Father, who seeing Him a long way off goes out to meet Him; and surely we hear the enchanted words, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."



Long ago, it seems to earth men, that powerful, celestial symphony came to a close; but that is not so. If it were true, then both heaven and earth would have passed away. But in the high home of the Father, another, grander score is sounding forth, in preparation for the Christ to bring to earth on His next momentous return at Christmas time, here to release again its tremendous sustaining building power for the benefit of all created things; and should this celestial harmony fail to sound for one single moment, or should there be the slightest discord in the score, then our entire solar system would be destroyed. But this cannot be, for the celestial symphony is as enduring as God Himself. It is the creative, musical Word and the harmonious enunciation of each consecutive syllable marks the successive stages in the evolution of the world and man. Moreover, when the last syllable has been uttered and the complete Word sounded, we shall have reached perfection as human beings and an enduring union with the Creator of the divine plan, there to become permanent members of the great orchestral choir whose Director and Leader is God. Then we shall not only hear the divine, melodic, never ending score, but we shall be one in truth with the great creative, harmonious power of God.

Few people are aware of the fact that the power and harmony of the Music of the Spheres is the basis of all evolution, and that without this music there would be no progress; and even less are they who realize as yet that when once man's ears have become attuned to this great celestial symphony he will have the "key" to all advancement, and the annual Easter symphony will be to him an anticipated joy too great for mortal tongue to express. Then truly will his Spirit self proclaim, "Glory be to God in the highest."




THE MYSTIC LIGHT



"He Is Risen"

By GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

ylene's mistress was displeased with her, and Cylene's heart was downcast. Today the noon Sun burning down upon the thorny hedge burnishing the tawny uncovered head of Cylene as she bent to her task of thinning the prickly shoots from the hedge that enclosed the poultry yard.

Last night the first feast of the Pass-over had been held in the upper chamber of her employer's house, a strange unreal meal hastily supplemented by an extra baking. Terman, the water carrier, had come from the fountain with a tale that had filled the master with exultation and the mistress with exasperation.

"What!" quoth the good wife. "Twelve men and a *Spokesman* to sup upon a supply adequate only for the family's needs?" It was unheard of and they would be refused admittance. But her husband had been firm.

"The maids but idle away the hours; set ye them to baking the unleavened bread and brewing the herbs and pottage," he said.

There had followed a day of bustling activity wherein the strips of unleavened dough crisped upon the outer edges of the brazier and scents of brewing herbs mingled with the odor of freshly gathered hyssop intended to strew the upper chamber floor. Finally all was made ready for the uninvited guests. Cylene was to assist with the serving. For her it was like a wonderful dream. True, she had not understood the ceremonial words

spoken by the central figure, but Cylene had not needed words to be drawn to the man as to no other person in all of her sixteen summers of life, His placid, gentle manner and grace, his clear low voice, the luminosity of his searching intelligent eyes held her. She felt that she could worship him, as eagerly she sought to serve him deftly and well. He caressed her with a loving glance and called her "My child."

The rugged men grouped about him were roughly clad. They seemed to be laborers, fishermen, hewers, farmers; their table manners were uncouth; their hands were gnarled—even soiled. But they sat entranced listening attentively to the softly spoken words of him whom they called *Master*. Bits of their conversation came to Cylene's ears as she went about serving. . . . Once there came a violent outburst in unison each asking, "Is it I, Master? . . . Is it I?" and their voices were sorrowful.

He whom they called Master had not answered them, but had idly broken off a bit of bread and reaching into the vessel had dipped in. At the same time another hand had reached forth to sop.

A wavy brown lock just over the Master's ear had then fallen forward. With a movement of his head he shook it back. Then he lifted his beautiful eyes and gazed around the table, saying in a low, troubled tone, "It is one of the twelve that dippeth with me in this dish." The other hand was withdrawn

as quickly as though an asp had stung it.

Cylene trimmed the wicks of the small flat lamps and left the upper chamber. As she swished the clout around in the basin of soiled goblets she heard their voices singing a hymn. Suddenly enlightenment came to Cylene, and she knew who this man must be. He was the Nazarene of whom she had heard at the fountain, the man who called himself the Son of God, the man who, 'twas said, could heal the blind, the lame, and those afflicted with demons. He had even raised the dead, so ran the rumors. A great noise pounded in Cylene's ears and a pulse throbbed in her throat with the emotion of her sudden hope. If this, then, was the healer, this gentle friendly person who had smiled so kindly upon the little maid . . . then . . . if she asked him. . . if she fell upon her knees and implored him . . . would he not take pity upon her and heal the misshapen foot that she dragged about with a painful lagging limp? Cylene dropped the clout in the basin and limped as swiftly as she could back to the upper chamber praying to Jupiter all the while that the healer would still be there.

But the upper chamber was deserted, the flames flickering low in the squat lamps, goblets overturned, the purifying hyssop trampled upon the floor. But the hope in Cylene's heart would not subside. Limping down the stairs, she followed the trail she thought they might have taken, while hope surged in her heart like a captive bird.

It was slow progress even though a full Moon lighted Cylene's path, and once she stopped undecided which turn to take. There were sweet scents released by the night air, and she followed the scent of the water mint which she knew would lead her to the sparkling brook Kidron. Turning west, at the foot of Mount Olivet, she approached the garden of Gethsemane. Creeping cautiously through the outer court, she came to the center of the garden, and there kneeling

all alone beneath the Moon's soft ray was the Master. About him in attitudes of weary abandon slept the twelve. The Master's rapt face was lifted upward, his flexible hands outflung. The wavy ear lock swept his cheek unheeded; his face was a study in emotion, tenderness, agony, trust. About his head Cylene seemed to see a soft steady glow, a circle of radiance.

She longed to rush forward and kneel beside him and worship also the God to whom he was so earnestly praying. It was not Jupiter. . . of that she was certain, for no one approached the honored God of Olympus with the softly spoken earnest words used by the Master. No, people hid their eyes and humbled them-



selves before Jupiter, while here was the Master speaking softly and intimately as one would speak to one's own father. As she stood undecided what course to take, she heard the Master's words and knew that he was, indeed, talking to his Father. Quietly she remained hid by the olive tree nearby, her hands pressed over her fast beating heart, her eyes fastened upon the rapt figure kneeling in the Moon's golden spray of light. There she stayed, satisfied only to be near him. Then she heard him end his prayer. . . Yes, he *had* been talking to his Father, for now he said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible to Thee, take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt"—and he ended his prayer.

Behind the olive tree Cylene was a much puzzled little maid. Of which cup

spoke the Master, and how could one speak to one's father and the father not be present? As she stood musing the garden was suddenly alive with a motley, group of people. The soldiery swarmed over the tender grass and seized the Master and the sleepers. Roughly they hustled them to the open road, their ribald voices disturbing the calm of the night. Swords and staves clanked, shouts and curses rang out. Cylene followed at a safe distance, her heart sore with a dreadful foreboding.

Finally they arrived at an inn where sat the chief priests, the elders, and the scribes. Not even by putting all of her weight upon her lame foot and tiptoeing could she see above the heads of the throng that surrounded the Master. She waited quite a while then turned in despair to leave. Suddenly she spied the form of a man sitting alone on the portico, warming himself over a brazier of coals. Cylene's heart leaped for she recognized him as one of the twelve whom earlier in the evening she had served. She had seen him leaning fondly against the Master's shoulder, his eyes upturned in adoration. Cylene was glad. Here was one who knew him. . . . here was one who could tell her what had occurred.

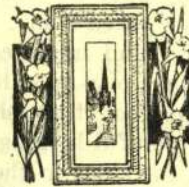
Timidly she addressed him, "Sir, tell me truly, is this man Jesus of Nazareth? Thou also were with him this night."

Angrily the man glanced up at her, a look of cupidity playing across his face. Harshly he spoke. "What, another one! Begone, maid. I know not, neither understand what thou sayesth."

Cylene looked at him, sheer dismay upon her features that one should tell so great a falsehood. Words of scorn formed themselves to be uttered, but she did not voice them for just then out of the distance came a clear call. It broke the early morning stillness. Again it came, the challenging cry of a barn yard chanticleer. The man before the brazier dropped his head upon his hunched up knees and wept. Cylene crept away.

Thus it happened that Cylene's mistress was displeased with her. Had she not taken herself into the night leaving her besom and goblets untended for no reason of which she would tell? Was the maid a wanton that plied her trade upon the darkened streets? Verily she deserved, and rightly, a flogging with new reeds. But her husband was soft hearted and would have none of his servants beaten, so to punish Cylene the good wife had set her to thinning the thorn hedge that fenced in the fowls' yard.

A most dismal and painful work it proved to be, as the thorns pricked blood from Cylene's fingers and left long wicked scratches upon her tender arms. Quite a few of the overshoots lay outside the hedge in a pile when Cylene



heard a great commotion down the highway. Presently a great crowd came into view. They were jostling, shouting with mocking words, and in their center, spurred on with spear points, walked the Master. His hands were crossed and tied before him, his garments were dust-soiled and rent.

As they came abreast of the hedge behind which Cylene worked they halted. Here beneath a sycamore tree they began to disrobe the Master. Tearing his robe from him, they cast it aside, laughing uproariously the while.

"By Jupiter's beard, we must array the King in garments befitting his rank!" cried one. "Ho! Anilea, bring hither the purple robe thou didst filch from thy master's wardrobe! 'Twill look more kingly upon this Jew than upon thy fat back!"

With gestures of mock humility they wrapped the purple robe about the Master and bowed before him as to a king but

the Master gave his tormentors no evil looks or stinging words. Calmly he gazed over the heads, a meditative half-smile upon his lips.

About to ride on, one centurion espied the pile of thorns outside the hedge. With a swoop the man caught up several long lengths and twisted them together in a circle, cursing roundly as the sharp points drew blood from his fingers. Finishing the crude diadem, he rode his horse to the Master's side and jammed the platted thorns upon the placid brow. The wavy ear lock was in this manner pinned back, but tiny globules of blood escaped from beneath the thorns and trickled down the calm serene face. Cylene twisted her hands in an agony of pain at this gross cruelty. Tears flowed down her cheeks. Over the heads of his tormentors the Master's eyes met Cylene's and he smiled at her—as a parent smiles when he wished to comfort a grieving child. Through the mist of tears that hung on Cylene's lashes the crown of thorns seemed to blossom into a pearly radiance, like the aura she had seen above his head in the moonlight.

On they went, spurring the Master before them. Their mocking laughter rang out a long time after they had passed from Cylene's vision, and always they called him *king!* "On to the Praetorium!" they shouted. "On with the King!" They smote his head, driving deeper into his brow the platted crown. Many spit upon his face. Cylene cast herself upon the ground and sobbed. This then was the end of her dream. . . Here was no king, no son of God, no worker of miracles. . . But just an erring man condemned to be crucified upon a cross on Calvary's hill. Long and bitterly the little maid wept.

Three days passed. The mistress had restored Cylene to favor once again, and on this Sabbath after the full Moon Cylene was to have a few hours to herself. She had resolved to walk far out, breathe the sweet spring air, see the upspringing of the flowers, and commune

with this new-born self of hers, for Cylene had changed. She knew that they had slain the Master on Golgotha. There had been whispers of startling manifestations that had attended his passing upon the cross, but Cylene understood them not. She knew only that some way, somehow, a great and overwhelming peace had come upon her. She had destroyed her cherished idol Tammuz to which she had nightly appealed for healing. She no longer prayed to Jupiter with covered head and bowed body, she no longer desperately desired the neat and perfect foot that would match her good foot.

But for three nights the girl had knelt



with body upright, face upturned, hands outflung and repeated word for word the ending of the Master's prayer. She hardly sensed their meaning, but she had faithfully said them aloud each night since the words had been spoken in the Garden of Gethsemane beneath the Moon. In return she had experienced a feeling of resignation to her affliction, a feeling that it was unimportant, a sense of gladness that she too suffered innocently an oppression as had the Master, for she had been born with this clubfoot.

Cylene chose a path unfrequented by passers-by and fell to gathering the dwarf pomegranate blooms whose waxen stars dotted the sward. The day was of exquisite beauty. The sun cast a warm and scintillating brightness over the green of the new grass; a tiny breeze sprang from brook Kidron; a few early air flies danced in swarms, up and down, seeming to compete with one another in activity during their short life span. Cylene watched them, wondering at the inscrutability of life and

death. Suddenly a shadow fell across the sward. She looked up, startled, leaning backward as she knelt, her hands filled with the fragrant, waxen blooms. About six paces beyond grew a blossoming almond tree and beneath this tree passed a figure. It seemed at first to be but an ordinary man walking abroad in his Sabbath vesture, but as he passed from beneath the tree's shade Cylene sprang to her feet, forgetting the lame foot in her eagerness. The man so nearly resembled the Master!

But no . . . she was surely fevered . . . going mad, for had not the Master been crucified three days ago on Golgotha's hill? How then could this be he? Just then the man turned his head and looked at Cylene. His face was as shining as the bejeweled day—a rapt, exultant, triumphant look worn only by those

who have achieved and overcome.

Cylene started forward, arms outstretched, her lips framing the word "Master." At her movement forward he held up his hand—as in warning, and she fell back abashed. As the man passed on his smile caressed her with a warm assurance, and something burned like a newborn bud within Cylene's bosom. Exultation filled her, for, as the man turned to smile a farewell, she saw upon his smooth brow the scars of many thorns. She fell to her knees, the music of the spheres rang in her ears, and she cried out "'Twas he. . . and he is risen . . . There is no death!" She wanted to weep, she wanted to sing. She rose to her feet after awhile and wandered back toward town. A long time she walked before she was aware that she walked on *two perfect feet*.

The Spirit Within

By S. B. McINTYRE



T WAS THE Saturday before Easter in West Coast City.

James Macey stood in the entrance to a small room adjoining the auditorium of the Metaphysical Building. His calm blue eyes lighted with joy as for a moment he glanced over the twelve young men and women who occupied seats arranged in a semicircle before a vacant chair, their folded hands, bowed heads, and closed eyes indicating that all were engaged in silent prayer.

But deep sorrow replaced the joy in James' eyes, as they became more particularly focused on the inflamed lids, and red, swollen face of Mary Thornley at the far end of the group. He had begun to wonder what he could say that would be comforting to Mary over her recent separation from her infant son, when a far-off chime of a silver-throated bell signalled the hour of eight, and

duty called him to the vacant chair before the now alert group.

"Good-evening everybody!" he had exclaimed, when he corrected himself. "I'm sorry! I should have said 'every one' instead of 'every body!' We all know—or should know after all our studies—that we are not speaking to inanimate bodies when we talk to others, but that in reality we are addressing the Spirit *within* those bodies. Bringing this subject down to a fine point, we are Spirit, and through the power of words we are trying to communicate our ideas to the Spirit within the material bodies that are necessary for us, while we are obliged to gain experience through our conquering of conditions in this material world."

"After years of thinking of ourselves as bodies, James, most of us have found it hard to switch to the idea that we are

not bodies, but Spirit within those bodies," declared John, at the right of the group. "I think it would be helpful to all of us if, instead of our regular lesson this evening, you would tell us how to accomplish the switch. Wasn't it hard for you?"

A nod of assent from each member of the group encouraged James and he began: "Yes, indeed, it was hard, very hard until I began to bring statements of the Lord Christ to bear on the subject, in a way hook them up with one another, and co-ordinate them with other statements in the Bible, as well as in our *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, when glimmers of light began to seep into my consciousness.

"Christ has told us that God is Spirit. The *Cosmo-Conception* tells us that God—Spirit—permeates all things; that He is closer to each of us than hands and feet; that we began our evolution as Virgin Spirits set apart *within* God, the One Spirit, and on our way to becoming self-conscious, individualized parts of Him, which at present we members of the human race have become. You have grasped that more or less fully, John?"

"Mostly less, I'm afraid, James," was the answer.

"I was at that stage too, when early one Sunday morning I set myself down on a wooded hillside overlooking the Pacific, and declared to myself that I would not leave that spot until I had solved for myself the perplexing problem of how God and I are one. When evening came my prayers and meditations had—in fewest words—brought me this enlightenment: God is Spirit. I, too, the real I within my body, am Spirit, an individualized part of that One Spirit. God—Spirit—dwells in His Kingdom of Heaven, which is within each of us. That is the Secret Place of the Most High, the closet which we may enter, and when we have closed the door of our mind against the thoughts of mundane affairs, we lesser Spirits—even as drops of ocean

water are parts of the mighty ocean—may for the time being become wholly one with Him, the Mighty Spirit, communicate to Him our problems, ask Him for special help in solving them, and He who heareth in secret will answer us openly.

"But we should seek that Presence only when our whole being—the Spirit within—is filled with love and adoration. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God Hath prepared for them that love Him."

James glanced over the deeply thoughtful faces of the students for a moment, then said: "As it was hard for me to grasp how God and I could be one, it was also hard for me to understand how the Lord Christ is part of the Father, even as I am. Though as He is Spirit with a garment of clay—the earth—much of the year, even as I am, it should not have been so hard. But not until last Easter was that cleared up for me.

"For years I have been in the habit of attending Easter Services in the Chapel at Stanford University. There is a memorial window of the Ascension there, and when the Sun shines through it, the face of the Lord Christ appears to be smiling on the congregation, and His hands extended in blessing us.

"Last Easter clouds obscured the sun, and as I raised my eyes to the glorified face in the window, a wave of disappointment swept over me at the thought that I should not this day experience the uplift that viewing that radiant, smiling face had heretofore always given me.

"The service was most inspiring, and as the congregation rose for the last hymn I thought, 'Now if the sun would only shine through that window, what a perfect ending to the service that would be.' Imagine my amazement and the thrill of ecstasy that swept me, when the words 'He is risen' were being sung by all, most brilliant sunlight illumined the figure of the Savior in the window

until it was a breath-taking, glorious spectacle. As in ecstasy I continued to gaze at it, I seemed to hear the voice of the Savior joyously exclaiming over completion of His work of the year for us: 'It is finished!' and to see Him—pure radiant Spirit—winging His way to the arms of the Father.

"But as I drove away from the Chapel I thought, 'Inspiring and enlightening as that experience was, no imagination could possibly visualize the glorious spectacle of the true Spirit within—the God part of us, as I in reality have seen it.'

"Many years ago my brother Charles, nearly two, was very, very ill. One day Mother bade me, just past four, sit by Charles and try to entertain him while she for some minutes was obliged to be absent from the room.

"I had begun to tell Charles some childish story, when I saw a golden light in oval shape form at the head of Charles' bed. While I stared at it the figure of a woman, brilliant as the Sun, took shape within the oval, and held out her arms to Charles. He must have

seen the woman as plainly as I, and have known her, for he smiled, extended his arms, and in a body as ethereal and shining with glorious golden light as her own, he sprang to her. The woman hugged him to her breast, he turned for a moment to smile at me, then snuggled his head in the hollow of her neck, and they passed through the wall as if it were no obstruction to them at all, and disappeared.

"I was still gazing after them when Mother came, and I told her, 'An angel came and took little brother away!' Speechless, Mother sprang to the bed and found Charles was indeed gone."

Silence had reigned but for a moment in the little room, when Mary Thornley rose, walked to James, for an instant pressed her lips to his hand as it rested on the arm of his chair, then with bowed head she silently left the room.

As the distant chime signalled the hour of nine James murmured, "Prayers for Mary and her little one, please."

Instantly heads were bowed, eyes closed, hands folded.

The Guardian

By V. E. KURTH

Silent, lofty, cool, and serene,
Thought rules alone on a mountain height,
So far above the churning Stream
Of Words that tosses into futile flight
Hot swirling mists that seek to blind
His eyes that see, then judge, and know.
Sure guide through yet strange worlds of mind,
Thought drives cool mountain waters' flow
Where, far beneath, that river, tossed
By lava springs within earth's core,
Is calmed through labor not quite lost—
This cooling earth transmutes the molten store.
Transcending feeling, above all time,
He waits for only those who climb.

The Problem of Evil

By V. S.



N A BOOK by a well-known English writer there appear the following words: "How could any Lord have made this world? There is no reason, order, justice; but suffering, death, the poor."

Such an attitude indicates a misconception of who we are, where we are, and why. Nevertheless there are many people who think the existence of suffering and evil an argument against Divine Intelligence; who cannot see that man alone, by his violation of Divine Law, has introduced all the trouble of the world, and that God's hands are tied, as it were, by the fact that He has granted free will to man.

The consideration of the statement above quoted, brings up the question of acceptance of a cosmology such as the Rosicrucian philosophy.

When one sees the acute misery thoughtful people experience, particularly as they grow older, because of this very lack of understanding of the Divine Plan; he longs to give them this teaching; yet there can be no acceptance by them of any such teaching unless and until there is a certain amount of heart development, the love-wisdom or Christ principle operating through faith to give the inner vision.

One can understand the fear of the scientifically minded: that he might be tempted to believe a theory merely because he wanted to believe it, because it would give him a foundation on which to build; the fear that he might be led into error by fitting the facts into a preconceived theory rather than building his theory from the evidence. Yet the facts themselves can be very misleading, if they are not complete—and the knowledge of exact science today is still far from complete.

However, the average educated per-

son today knows enough of psychology to realize how he may delude himself into various beliefs, and if his desire for truth is strong, he will refuse the consolation of a belief unless he can assure himself by personal experience and testing that it is so. "How do you *know* there are such things as invisible planes and bodies, continuation of consciousness, and all the rest of the things you teach?" That is what people, especially the younger people, demand; and failing a practical demonstration they are unconvinced.

Yet as occultists point out, there can be no demonstration until we have built for ourselves the machinery that can "tune in" on the higher vibrations; and there can be no building of that machinery until for life after life we have lived correctly; and there can be very little living correctly unless we accept on faith the laws of God (of course we speak here of laws, not of creeds).

The woman who wrote the book I mentioned is the daughter of a noted agnostic, has a brilliant mind, and presumably she has followed the same path as her father. The whole tone of the book is heartbreaking. The bewilderment of the various characters, the earnest seeking, the everlasting "coming out by the same door wherein they went"—the whole made poignant by an unforgettable beauty, for the writing is an exquisite piece of workmanship. It is all quite discouraging in its picture of modern man "wondering what is the meaning of it all."

So I began to think, what are the various outstanding evils of the world? Suppose they were tabulated and the reasons given for each according to the Western Wisdom Teaching—would we still say "there is no God, no reason, order, or justice?"

Let us start with generalities and look at the world in which we live. Men see it rent by earthquakes, devastated by cyclones, tormented by extremes of heat and cold. Floods, droughts, electrical storms, all overwhelm man, who cries that it is an unjust, monstrous, soulless scheme.

One might ask the intellectuals, is it really so far-fetched to say that the forces of nature are subtly keyed to the finer forces of man, so that man's mass wrongdoing brings these disturbances? That earthquakes and electrical storms are linked to immorality; droughts and crop failures to greed and wastefulness; crops good in appearance but with poor yields to man's deceit, and so on?

But you say, these things fall alike on the just and the unjust.

How do we know? How do we know what destiny draws a man to the place where he will experience these things—what debt of the past he may be paying? Or it may be collective destiny; perhaps he was part of a tribe, city, or nation that entered upon some course of wrongdoing, and he did not lift his voice in protest. Now it is necessary for the whole group of them to experience retribution.

Allied to the atmospheric conditions are insect plagues, animal and plant diseases. Isn't it strange how all the life waves are interlocked? When man fell into sin, began the misuse of his developing powers, he dragged down all the lower life waves with him. Animal, plant, mineral, and the subhuman entities who work with the nature forces—all have had to suffer for man's wrong, and it is only natural that man should experience a decided reaction from them. In *Paradise Lost* Milton pictured the Garden of Eden before the fall, symbolizing the innocent and happy state when the beasts of the field lived in harmony together; but when man learned to misuse his creative power, discord began to manifest throughout nature.

Vermin and parasites are said to be an expression of immorality; the misuse

of the creative force started emanations which have crystallized into these forms. For those who think of a literal hell, surely no worse form could be imagined than that man should be tormented by destructive insect life, of all things the most difficult to meet and control. We have read only recently of the newly-discovered insects which are rapidly destroying the forests of the Rocky Mountain area, and which cannot be wiped out even by powerful DDT. If God were ever to weary of man's iniquities, and abandon him to his fate, He need only leave man to the insect hordes which *his own* evil has brought into being. The miracle is that we have survived so long.

All plant and animal diseases come under the same head as man's own ill-



nesses—the disharmony and dislocation of a life motivated by selfishness, greed, and sensationalism. How can there be health in our bodies, when murder, hate, violence of every description, every sort of acquisitiveness, and slavery to violent sense stimulations—when all these are twisting and wracking the finer vehicles—to say nothing of anxiety, worry, criticism and all that host? The long sweep of the desire currents is distorted into whirling eddies; dark coarse matter takes the place of luminous glowing colors; the higher ethers are conspicuous by their absence, and the lower ethers are dark, heavy, lacking in vitality—very poor conductors for the electrical impulses which mean life to the physical body.

All this is man's evil—not God's. The conditions which man creates in his own aura, and that of the earth, have an immediate effect on the lower kingdoms,

aside altogether from man's direct cruelties to them, intentional and unintentional.

Because the animals and plants have not yet attained free will and are innocent of evil in themselves, they have not degenerated as far as man, but by his treatment of their environment, the earth itself, he drags them down with him. It is said in the Rosicrucian Teachings that following the cleansing of the earth by the Christ at the time of the Crucifixion, there was a great improvement in plant life—that is, there were improved conditions in the finer bodies of our earth which resulted from the work of the Christ Spirit, and this enabled better plant growth.

Man does the same thing in reverse, by his pollution of etheric and desire matter. When a sufficient number of men are able to live spiritual lives and assist the Christ in this cleansing and revivifying process, much of the so-called evil in nature, the weakness, illness, and failure in the lower kingdoms, will disappear, even as will man's own pain. So much of our suffering is caused by the direct conflict between the incoming Christ vibration and man's crystallization.

Those who are familiar with the Rosicrucian Teaching know the explanation of man's various personal sufferings. For instance, the man in reduced financial circumstances has at some time been wasteful, intolerant, or did not properly use his material assets, or it may be has even robbed and oppressed others. However, he would be highly indignant at such a suggestion.

Most people do not want to accept such ideas, particularly if they are very much attached to material possessions; but such is the truth, as the occult investigator often finds when he turns back the pages of the Memory of Nature. Privation and hardship have their place in shaking us loose from the life of the senses and opening the way to spiritual understanding, and also have their roots

in past misuse of assets.

The principle of past karma, of the unresolved evil in ourselves being worked out, holds true as we contemplate the wilderness of hatred, persecution, robbery, assault, murder, and all the dark and horrible depths of human degradation. Until a sufficient number of men have a sufficiently strong vision of the ideal and give themselves wholly to it in the tremendous experiment of spiritual living—until the cleansing fire of repentance, restitution, and reformation grasps the hearts of men, individually—we shall be faced with this evil.

There are many, many people of good will in the world today who are struggling earnestly to do what is right, and it is to them, to those who are consciously or unconsciously aiding the efforts of



the Christ, that we owe the fact of our earth's being preserved at all. As long as a few are found worthy, God considers the experiment worth continuing.

It is quite possible, indeed, some occultists do assert that the tide has already turned; that the long battle of love and hate has already been won on the inner planes by the forces of love, and that this will presently become evident out here in the physical world. Meanwhile, to say that there is no God because many men are vicious, most men are weak, and even the best have human failities—to say there is no God because the undeveloped creature that is man is only beginning to show within himself the form of God-to-be—that to the intelligent person is really absurd.

To judge man from the little span of recorded history and say he has made no progress, is equally absurd. It is only when we study occult philosophy that we gain an inkling of whence we came and whither we are going, and the problem of evil is seen as a passing phase—though indeed it is not passing as quickly as it should have done.

To return to ourselves. It is an intricate and subtle business, to sort out the relations of evil to our present lives. In *The Web of Destiny* Max Heindel mentions that as a result of investigating many lives, he found that individuals born into a hard, unsympathetic environment had themselves in previous existences refused love and sympathy to others. There are many such people, and they may become very bitter because no one loves them. Most of us have known such pathetic cases. Very few of them think of blaming or examining themselves, yet according to the investigations of the trained seer. It was found that in all the cases examined, the person was simply experiencing the results of past experience and his own *evil* or neglect.

The manifold forms of human distress come to our minds: trouble in homes, between husband and wife, children and parents—strife and abuse and disharmony—dark and strange and deep are the lessons to be learned.

We often hear of a person marrying beneath him, or above him. "He is not good enough for her," or "she for him," as the case may be—this is a common saying. Yet those who impartially examine and dig deeply enough to the recesses of the soul in the endeavor to help such persons adjust themselves, can usually find that the incompatibility is only apparent. Actually in marriage we find our own level. Some deep inner urge or need—perhaps some evil in ourselves that has to be brought to light and remedied—draws us to a relation with an apparently unsuitable person. The person who seemed superior may not be so superior after all; and it may be in

the end, the interaction of the two will bring about a refining and ennobling influence, if they have the insight and the strength to meet the situation.

For in the end, evil can be overcome only by good. Platitudinous as that may seem, it yet remains the key of evolution. It is a hard, hard saying, and only to be interpreted by the inner light of Spirit playing upon the tablets of mind and stirring the alchemy of the heart.

Then to be friendless, alone, unloved, the evil of blank, of negation. These are the people who most easily cry. "There is no God. No loving God would have made me what I am." To which the occultist replies, "God did not make you what you are; He gave you the opportunity to make yourself anything you desired." To the evil of blank, negative



emptiness there must be the good of positive action, and it is the most difficult of all good to put into effect. It means starting in small strange ways, and struggling perhaps for years until the spiritual living suddenly puts forth its blossoms and the barren heart knows its springtime. An Ego may have to toil unremittently for years in great hardship and with little encouragement, except that he will be given the power to live each day as it comes.

Such a one may have to forego all material happiness and seek first the kingdom of God; when he finds it, all other things may be added—although having found the kingdom, he will not need them. He will know then that there is no evil except our sins that come between us and our God. What we have done or omitted to do down the long path of destiny crystallizes into conditions that bring us to despair, until out of the

depths of that despair we are stirred to agonize our way back to God.

The person who is enjoying life, and finding everything very easy, is the one who might most truly say that there is no God—for it is when we are *not* being tested that we might most logically say that God has forgotten us! As long as we are being disciplined we know that we are in the army—God's army—and the more strict the discipline, the more strenuous the courses, the greater the future responsibility and power and privileges that will be ours.

The most painful evils of life are impossible to understand, except from the occult standpoint. The loss of loved ones, form, but moral growth would be entirely the passing of fine and talented young people, the wrecking of a career, the loss of a work of art or something on which a man has spent great creative power—these are things which only the seer can explain when all the threads of the past have been untangled, as well as the deep secrets of the present consciousness. This again we have to take on faith, although the prayerful and earnest person seeking the reason for his suffering may receive profound enlightenment on these mysteries of apparent evil.

When we multiply individual cases by whole races of men, and look at the massed evil and misery of the world, it can be a very depressing picture. Sometimes we ask, "Will God permit His children to destroy themselves?"

In *A Romance of Two Worlds*, Marie Corelli depicts a moving scene in which the heroine is functioning on the higher planes and imagines herself creating a world of people who misbehave themselves as the dwellers on our planet have misbehaved. She then experiences the overwhelming love of the Creator for His children, with His endless patience and tenderness that must draw them eventually to Him. She realizes then, why God does not, cannot destroy what He has made. He loves us too much.

God's idea of what man shall be, is not that of a puppet pulled by strings,

or a robot doing what it is told. God's idea of a man is a free, strong, godlike creature who will some day be a companion to Him, a fellowworker, sharing the same joy of creatorship. To reach that ideal, man *must be free*—free to choose, free to grow in grace and power—or free, if he will, to disintegrate his vehicles and resolve himself back into chaos. There can be no forced love, no forced labor.

So, while God may give every possible guidance and help, and try to draw man to Himself, He must—by the very law He has made—He *must leave man free* to express himself, even if that expression *involves evil and pain*. Only when



the evil reaches such proportions as to threaten the safety of the planet, and the evolution of those who *are* following the right path—only then may God reluctantly withdraw the evil-doers from manifestation. They are given every chance right up to the last.


Thus to those who ask, "Why must there be evil?" we can only reply "So that man may know and do good." The evil can touch us only in proportion to our own evil, our own inadequacy; and it is always our privilege to make of such contacts, steppingstones to wider understanding and deeper love.

Many years ago, Ada Melville Shaw published a poem entitled *Janus*, (The two-faced God) which expresses with beauty and power the whole problem of evil.

(Continued on page 191)

Mrs. Field's Logic

By HAROLD HELFER

T WAS HIS first year at a regular pastorate but the young Reverend Farham, full of spiritual zest and physical energy, was having a great success. The mortgage was diminishing, the congregation was increasing, the annual bazaar for the neighborhood's needy had netted \$970.00, almost twice that of previous years. In every way, indeed, the church was progressing. Even old Mr. Syche, who turned atheist years ago, was back in the fold, thanks to the winning persuasion of the young preacher. There was no doubt about it, the Reverend Farham had a way with him that was hard to withstand.

Only one thing kept Reverend Farham from experiencing a sense of complete satisfaction with his work—the case of Mrs. Fields. Of course, Harry had been her only son and his loss would naturally have hit her hard. However, her reaction was anything but natural.

The Reverend Farham had in the past been able sooner or later to bring solace to wives and mothers who had become morose or bitter, but Mrs. Fields had become neither of these. She remained blithe and unconcerned—by the simple method of refusing to consider that her son was dead.

The first telegram, which came in June, had perhaps left her some justification for hope. It had said that Lieut. Harry Fields had failed to return from a bombing mission and had been placed on the missing list. The tone of the message was definitely not encouraging. Reverend Farham had learned about it from other church members and had promptly called to console her.

He found Mrs. Fields attending her household chores with sprightly good humor.

"It is good to see you taking the news in stride, Mrs. Fields." Reverend Far-

ham remarked.

"Oh, that," she replied. "I'm not paying it any mind. I know Harry will come back."

The other telegram came in August. It stated that the Navy regretted that it had to abandon all hope for Lieut. Harry Fields and that he was now considered dead.

Reverend Farham came around early to extend his sympathy. Mrs. Fields was putting up some curtains.

"They're for Harry," she explained. "He always liked bright, cheerful curtains for his room and I was tickled pink when I ran across these in a store yesterday. I know he'll be crazy about them."

The vague sense of alarm her pastor had felt about Mrs. Fields at his first visit was confirmed. He considered it best not to say anything then, but he came back next week.

He interrupted her at letter writing but she welcomed him most cordially.

"It's a letter to Harry," she said cheerfully.

"To Harry?"

"Yes. I write to him every day."

The young preacher squirmed a bit in his seat.

"Mrs. Fields," he began, "faith is an admirable quality—but we must be realistic too. The Lord set a big store on truth. He would not want us to shirk facts."

With good taste, subtly but with unmistakable logic. Reverend Farham spent two hours bringing her the point that it was not wise to hope when there is no hope—that we must accept facts as they are.

When he finally bade her goodbye, she smiled sweetly and asked him to come again.

"I'll mention your visit to Harry,"

she said. "He always enjoyed the church."

Reverend Farham thought perhaps that with the passage of time Mrs. Fields would adjust herself to reality but, if anything, her case became more pitiful. Each time he called the poor, white-haired woman seemed to be more blissfully unaware of the real situation.

"Yes I become happier by the day," she told him once, "because I know that each day brings him closer to me."

One day the local papers broke the story of Lieut. Fields' last mission. A buddy told about seeing Fields' plane, in a dogfight with a Jap plane over a Chinese river, suddenly burst into flames and come hurtling downwards. No chute emerged.

In vain, Reverend Farham tried to open the mother's eyes to the stark truth of the matter. She just wouldn't recognize as having taken place a thing that happened.

She continued to sew sweaters for Harry and she sent him off his "very favorite" candy for Christmas gift.

The war had been over now for months and the faintest chance that the confusion of conflict might have somehow kept hidden a miraculous escape was gone. However, in January Mrs. Fields was putting up her son's favorite marmalades and jellies; in February she had his room redecorated; in March she had his automobile put in order.

"I want everything ready for him when he shows up," she said.

A less determined person than the young Reverend Farham would have given up, but he kept calling on her, hoping gently but firmly to restore her to the ways of reason.

Finally, the young pastor came to the conclusion that he must have a showdown with her if he was to save her from the world of nebulae and unreality. So it was that the next time he called on her he went so far as to say: "Mrs. Fields, death is an inevitable something and

like all inevitable somethings it is part of the logic of God."

To this Mrs. Fields replied: "That is a beautiful thought, Brother Farham. I shall remember it and tell it to Harry."

Reverend Farham decided that the next time he called on her he must come out and tell her that unless she was willing to face facts her reason might begin to slip away from her.

It was the next day that Harry's cablegram came. He said he knew he must have been a source of worry to his mother and friends and for that he was sorry. He had suffered burns and



some internal injuries when his plane had crashed into a river and had been rescued by a Chinese fisherman. The locale was a sparsely-settled, little-visited part of China, and the natives, who had been somewhat clumsy but admirably staunch in their efforts to nurse him back to health, had just managed to get word to proper authorities further inland. He was all right now and, if everything went according to schedule, he should be home April 21.

It was all amazing, of course, but the most amazing part to Reverend Farham was the matter-of-factness with which Mrs. Fields accepted the situation. It was not only that she had expected him to come back but that she even seemed to know just when it was going to happen.

"It's really very logical reasoning," she said. "Isn't the date he's coming back a great day for resurrection?"

She pointed to the red-lettered April 21 date on the calendar with the word Easter beneath it.

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken From His Writings

Gleanings of a Mystic

(FIFTH INSTALLMENT)

The Sacrament of Communion

Part I (*Continued*)



THAT point he had acquired faculties which equipped him to enter the school of experience, the phenomenal world, as a free agent to learn the lessons of life, untrammelled save by the *laws of nature*, which are his safeguards, and the reaction of his own previous acts, which become *destiny*.

The diet containing an excess of albumen from the flesh wherewith he gorged himself, taxed his liver beyond capacity and clogged the system, making him morose, sullen, and brutish. He was fast losing the spiritual sight which revealed to him the guardian angels whom he trusted, and he saw only the forms of animals and men. The Spirits with whom he had lived in love and brotherhood during early Atlantis were obscured by the veil of flesh. It was all so strange, and he *feared* them.

Therefore it became necessary to give him *new food* that could aid his Spirit to overpower the highly individualized molecules of flesh (as explained in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, page 457), brace it for battle with the world, and spur it on to self-assertion.

As our visible bodies composed of chemical compounds can thrive only

upon chemical elements, so it requires Spirit to act upon Spirit to aid in breaking up the heavy proteid in stimulating the drooping human Spirit.

The emergence from flooded Atlantis, the liberation of humanity from the absolute rulership of visible superhuman guardians, their placement under *the Law of Consequence and the laws of nature, and the gift of WINE* are described in the stories of Noah and Moses, which are different accounts of the same event.

Both Noah and Moses led their followers through the water. Moses calls heaven and earth to witness that he has placed before them the blessing and the curse, exhorts them to choose the good or take the consequence of their actions; then he leaves them.

The phenomenon of the rainbow requires that the sun be near the horizon, the nearer the better; also clear atmosphere, and a dark rain cloud in the opposite quarter of the heavens. When under such conditions an observer stands with his back to the sun, he may see the sun's rays reflected through the rain drops as a rainbow. In early Atlantean times when there had been no rain as yet and the atmosphere was a warm, moist fog through which the sun appeared as one of our arc lamps on a foggy day, the phenomenon of the rainbow was an impossibility. It could not have made its appearance until the mist



had condensed to rain, flooded the basins of the earth, and left the atmosphere clear as described in the story of Noah, which thus points to the *Law of Alternating Cycles* that brings day and night, summer and winter, in unvarying sequence, and to which man is subject in the present age.

Noah cultivated the vine and provided a spirit to stimulate man. Thus, equipped with a composite constitution, a composite diet appropriate thereto, and divine laws to guide them, mankind were left to their own devices in the battle of life.

Part II

"In Remembrance of Me"

"The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: And when he had given thanks, he brake it and said, Take, eat; this is MY body, which is broken for you. This do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in MY blood. This do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord . . . For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself . . . For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." —1 Cor., 11:23-30.

In the foregoing passages there is a deeply hidden esoteric meaning which is particularly obscured in the English translation, but in the German, Latin, and Greek, the student still has a hint as to what was really intended by that last parting injunction of the Savior to His disciples. Before examining this phase of the subject, let us first consider

the words "in remembrance of me." We shall then perhaps be in a better condition to understand what is meant by the "cup" and "bread."

Suppose a man from a distant country comes into our midst and travels about from place to place. Everywhere he will see small communities gathering around the Table of the Lord to celebrate this most sacred of all Christian rites, and should he ask why, he would be told that they do this in remembrance of One who lived a life nobler than any other has lived upon this earth; one who was kindness and love personified; One who was the servant of all, regardless of gain or loss to self. Should this stranger then compare the attitude of these religious communities on Sunday at the celebration of this rite, with their civic lives during the remainder of the week, what would he see?

Every one among us goes out into the world to fight the battle of existence. Under the law of necessity we forget the love which should be the ruling factor in Christian lives. Every man's hand is against his brother. Every one strives for position, wealth, and power that goes with these attributes. We forget on Monday what we reverently remembered on Sunday, and all the world is poor in consequence. We also make a distinction between the bread and wine which we drink at the so-called "Lord's Table," and the food of which we partake during the intervals between attendance at Communion. But there is no warrant in the Scriptures for any such distinction, as anyone may see, even in the English version, by leaving out the words printed in italics which have been inserted by the translators to give what they thought was the sense of a passage. On the contrary, we are told that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, all should be done to the glory of God. Our every act should be a prayer.

(To be continued)

Studies in the Cosmo-Conception

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

The Desire World

Q. How does the Desire World compare with the Physical World?

A. Like the Physical World, and every other realm of nature the Desire World has the seven subdivisions called "Regions," but unlike the Physical World, it does not have the great divisions corresponding to the Chemical and Etheric Regions.

Q. What is the purpose of desire matter?

A. Desire stuff in the Desire World persists through its seven subdivisions or regions as material for the embodiment of desire.

Q. What is its relation to the physical body?

A. As the Chemical Region is the realm of form and as the Etheric Region is the home of the forces carrying on life activities in those forms, enabling them to live, move, and propagate, so the forces in the Desire World, working in the quickened dense body, impel it to move in this or that direction.

A. Are not the vital and physical bodies sufficient for such action?

A. If there were only the activities of the Chemical and Etheric Regions of the Physical World, there would be forms having life, able to move, but *with no incentive for so doing*.

Q. How is this incentive supplied?

A. It is supplied by the cosmic forces active in the Desire World and without this activity playing through every fibre of the vitalized body, urging action in this direction or that, there would be no experience and no moral growth.

Q. What part do the ethers play in such growth?

A. The functions of the different ethers would take care of the growth of the form, but moral growth would be entirely lacking.

Q. Would this interfere with evolution?

A. Evolution would be an impossibility, both as to form and life, for it is only in response to the requirements of spiritual growth that forms evolve to higher states. Thus we see at once the great importance of this realm of nature.

Q. How do emotions function in the Desire World?

A. Desires, wishes, passions, and feelings express themselves in the matter of the different regions of the Desire World as form and feature express themselves in the Chemical Region of the Physical World.

Q. Do they assume permanent forms?

A. They take forms which last for a longer or shorter time, according to the intensity of the desire, wish, or feeling embodied in them.

Q. Are forces and matter there quite distinct?

A. In the Desire World the distinction between the forces and the matter is not so definite and apparent as in the Physical World. One might almost say that here the ideas of force and matter are identical or interchangeable. It is not quite so but to a certain extent the Desire World consists of force-matter.

Q. Is it difficult to give accurate descriptions of the higher worlds?

A. Yes, and wrong impressions are caused principally by the difficulty of giving the full and accurate description necessary for a thorough understanding of the higher worlds.

Q. Why is it difficult?

A. Unfortunately our language is descriptive of material things and therefore entirely inadequate to describe the conditions of the superphysical realms, hence all that is said about these realms must be taken tentatively, as similes, rather than as accurate descriptions.

Reference: *Cosmo* 38-40

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

Christ, a High Priest



If therefore perfection were by the Levitical priesthood, (for under it the people received the law), what further need was there that another priest should rise after the order of Melchisedec, and not be called after the order of Aaron?

For the priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law.

For he of whom these things are spoken pertaineth to another tribe, of which no man gave attendance to the altar.

For it is evident that our Lord sprang out of Juda; of which tribe Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood.

And it is yet far more evident: for that after the similitude of Melchisedec there ariseth another priest,

Who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life.

For he testifieth, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec.

For there is verily a disannulling of the commandment going before for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof.

For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God.

Hebrews 7:11-19

“A true priest, able to lead his flock spiritually, cannot also beneficently dominate their physical fortunes as ruler of a temporal domain. For as *Statecraft*, in its highest phase, aims to rule the masses with an eye single to their physical welfare, and *Priestcraft*, benevolently exercised, seeks to guide them solely for the soul's progress, so conflict must of necessity follow this separation, even though both the spiritual and temporal rulers be actuated by the highest and most unselfish motives. Melchisedec was the symbolical name of the divine Hierarchs who filled the dual office of king and priest; in the guidance of their double-sexed charges and while they reigned there was peace on earth, but as soon as the offices of king and priest were divorced and the

sexes divided, it is not surprising for the reasons given above that the peaceful reign of Melchisedec has been followed by an age of war and strife, such strife as has been experienced during the present dispensation. Formerly the unifying factors of a dual office in the ruler and the double sex of his people precluded the clashing of interests which now obtains, and which will continue until another divine ruler shall present himself to embody within his own person the qualifications of the dual office of king and priest after the order of Melchisedec, and until sex generation be abolished.

“In this connection it is significant that the Bible narrative begins in the Garden of Eden, where mankind were male-female and innocent; then in the next chapter we are told of the division of sexes, the transgression of the command not to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and the infliction of the penalty—painful parturition and swift death. From then on the Old Testament tells of war, struggle, and strife, and in the last chapter makes the prophecy that there shall a Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Then the New Testament opens with an account of the birth of Christ, who proclaimed a kingdom of heaven which is to be established. He is later called King and Priest after the order of Melchisedec, uniting within himself *the dual office*.

“It is also said that in heaven there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, for the *soma psuchicon*, or soul body, which Paul tells us is the vehicle we shall use in the kingdom of heaven, is not liable to death and decay. Thus there will be no death, and birth of bod-

(Continued on page 186)

TODAY'S SCIENCE



PREVIOUS TO the new invention of the Palomar Mountain telescope, man could observe less than one per cent of the entire universe. Now we can hope to carry his feeble groping a bit further into the awe-inspiring depths of space. In this increased distance, so pitifully small compared with the vastness of the whole, astronomers expect to see even more millions of galaxies than have already been observed, hoping to solve many mysteries and dispel conflicting theories concerning the origin, nature, and possible end of the universe.

Viewed across tremendous space measured by the distance light travels in a year, remote galaxies resemble wisps of smoke floating in empty space. A galaxy is a group of 40 billion or more suns such as our own. The one containing our sun we call the Milky Way. Occult science teaches that each of the billions of suns of a galaxy is the center of a solar system, the body of a solar God such as is the ONE in whom we live, move, and have our being.

That a solar system could possibly be a living, pulsating, growing organism is a truth many may find difficult to accept. Yet, to the advanced occultist, a living universe is not a plausible theory nor a mystical fancy; it is an observable fact. He sees and may help direct the divine life as it circulates throughout our solar system and is increasingly aware of the One who is its source. A solar system with sun and planets is literally the living body of a solar God, a form through which He gains experience and carries on a work of cosmic proportion. Every particle of matter within such a solar system is

actually composed of the substance of God Himself. He has willingly imprisoned His Life, Light, and Power therein, that it might become what He Himself has through eons of evolutionary effort.

The entire universe does expand, as many astronomers believe, but it also contracts periodically. Just as suns, like men, are born, live out their lives, grow old, and die to be reborn after a period of rest, so too do galaxies, in a way resembling the evolution of human races. But the universe as a whole seems to be without imaginable beginning or end. Far from 'dispersing as a puff of smoke disperses,' the vibratory power and life of the whole increases continually. Forms come and go, life is eternal, ever becoming.


Astronomers puzzle over the great differences in nature, size, and destiny of suns and usually place them in four groupings. Actually, the four types are four of the seven stages through which all suns eventually pass, three being invisible to the human eye. During the first stage, there is an immense cloud of gas, invisible but warm. In its next stage, it becomes a glowing mass, observable and classed astronomically as a supergiant. Its third stage is that of a giant; decreasing in size in the next to become what is called an average sun, such as is our own in its present fourth period. Brilliancy increases to invisibility in the sixth and seventh stages. Following its seven incarnations, a solar God and the hordes of lesser beings who constitute His life rest for "seven eternities." After His long rest, He takes up a new and even greater work—becoming in time the ensouling life of an entire galaxy? Who can say?



Astrology Department

Why Astrology?

By HERBERT MERRILL

 ONE who had been familiar with the Rosicrucian Philosophy for a number of years recently made a statement to the effect that he had not made a study of astrology because he was not interested in looking in an ephemeris every time he made a move.

Since I had always accepted astrology as a matter-of-fact part or complement of the Philosophy, such a viewpoint rather surprised me and caused me to give some serious thought and study to determining the real nature and purpose of the science of the stars. My research brought me to the conclusion that without at least a fair understanding of spiritual astrology one cannot fully comprehend the mystery of man, the microcosm, and of our universe, the macrocosm, and that its application according to the view of the student quoted is misguided and apt to be a perversion of astrology's true high purpose. This article is for the object of giving the principal reasons for my arrival at these conclusions.

First of all, we should realize that astrology is essentially a spiritual science, although it has a practical application in our Physical World. It deals primarily with evolving Life or Spirit, being based upon the premise that the planets and signs of the zodiac are the physical bodies of mighty spiritual Intelligences whose vibrations or emanations definitely influence man, the

Spirit, in his journey of many lives from clod to God. As Max Heindel points out in *The Message of the Stars*:

"It is a matter of common knowledge among mystics that the evolutionary career of mankind is indissolubly bound up with the divine Hierarchies who rule the planets and signs of the zodiac, and that the passage of the Sun and the planets through the twelve signs of the zodiac marks man's progress in time and space. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that in the course of their investigations into the spiritual development of mankind, the writers have also encountered much that deals with the zodiac, which is the boundary of our evolutionary sphere at the present time."

In *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, page 256, we find further vital information dealing with the origin of our solar system and the relation of its bodies to man: "When the beings upon a planet have evolved to a sufficient degree, the planet becomes a sun—the fixed center of a solar system. When the beings upon it have evolved to a still greater degree, and consequently it has reached its maximum of brilliancy, it breaks up into a zodiac, becoming, so to speak, the womb of a new solar system.

"Thus the great hosts of Divine Beings who, until then, were confined within that sun, gain freedom of action upon a great number of stars, whence they can affect in different ways the system which grows up within their

sphere of influence. The planets, or man-bearing worlds within the zodiac are constantly being worked upon by these forces, but in various ways, according to the stage they have reached in evolution.

“Our Sun could not become a sun until it had sent out from itself all the beings who were not sufficiently evolved to endure the high rate of vibration and the great luminosity of the beings who were qualified for that evolution. All the beings upon the different planets would have been consumed had they remained in the Sun.

“The visible Sun, however, though it is the place of evolution for Beings vastly above man, is not by any means the Father of the other planets, as material science supposes. On the contrary, it is itself an emanation from the central Sun, which is the invisible source of all that is in our solar system. Our visible Sun is but the mirror in which are reflected the rays of energy from the the Spiritual Sun. The real Sun is as invisible as the Real Man.”

Thus we see that in astrology we have a door into mysteries which stagger the imagination. Actually, “The zodiac and the planets are as a book in which we may read the history of humanity during past ages, and they also give a key to the future which is in store for us.” We can no more separate the stars and their influence from the divinely planned scheme of man’s activities than we can separate the vital organs from the body of a human being—and have it live.

Here someone may ask why it is that astronomers, with their vast knowledge concerning the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies, generally regard

the science of astrology as an exploded fallacy. The answer to that is simply that the astronomer sees the form, but not the spirit which animates the form. That is why we may say that “Astronomy stands in about the same relation to astrology as anatomy to physiology. Anatomy gives the dry facts as to the location and the structure of the constituent organs of the body, and astronomy gives like dry data with regard to the heavenly bodies. But, as it is reserved for physiology to enunciate the utility of the different organic parts of the body, which alone makes such knowledge of value, so it is the part of

astrology to explain the significance of the changing relative positions of the heavenly bodies in regard to the actions of mankind.”

But let us proceed further with information which enables us to gain a reliable working basis for astrology—a working basis for using it in behalf of humanity’s progress. In *Simplified Scientific Astrology* Max Heindel states that “On either side of the

ecliptic or Sun’s path are a number of fixed stars which form twelve groups or constellations, that are called ‘signs of the zodiac,’ not because they resemble the animals they are supposed to represent, but because their influence has developed, or is still engaged in bringing out in us the main characteristics embodied in the animal symbol. The bombastic arrogance, the energy and courage which come from Aries could not be better symbolized than by the ram, neither could the quiet, but prodigious strength and the stubborn persistence which come from the divine Hierarchs who work with us from the constellation Taurus be more aptly described than by the symbolic ‘Bull.’

ASTROLOGY AS A SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

The science of astrology deals comprehensively with both the material and the spiritual, but is preeminently a spiritual science. In relation to human beings, it reveals the potentialities of the individual Spirit or Ego which may be most profitably unfolded and used during this lifetime. To the enlightened, it thus becomes an accurate guide in making definite, scientific progress on the Path.

The characteristics of the other signs must be interpreted in similar terms, for *the zodiac is the womb of the solar system*; and sometime when we and the myriads of other beings who are now evolving in our solar system have learned all the lessons of this phase of existence, we also shall form a zodiac and perform a similar service for others as the twelve Great Creative Hierarchies are now doing for us."

Thus we see that within the circle of the zodiac the God of our solar system has His area of manifestation. Within His being a multitude of other beings are differentiated at His will and are evolving. The solar system may be considered as His body and the planets as the organs of that body. Each visible planet, as has been pointed out, is the embodiment of a great and exalted spiritual Intelligence who is a minister of God. Each one of these Intelligences emanates a vibratory rate, we may say, which is used to carry out the will of God regarding the lesser beings who inhabit the planets. It is a cosmic law that the higher in the scale of evolution a being is the less he responds to outside influence. Therefore, the higher, wiser, and more individualized a being is the less he responds to the stellar vibrations. Herein lies the secret of learning to "rule our stars."

The seven planets in our solar system are the Seven Spirits before the Throne spoken of in the Christian religion. All other religions also speak of these Seven Planetary Genii under various names. We speak of them as Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. During more recent years Neptune and Pluto have come into our sphere of evolution, but they are not actually planets of our solar system. They are embodiments of great Spirits from the creative Hierarchies which normally influence us from the zodiac, come to give us assistance of a particular kind.

The actual formation of our solar

system is described by Max Heindel in Volume 1 of *Questions and Answers* as follows: "The highest vibrations exist in the central Sun, which at one time contained all the beings now dwelling upon the different planets. But not all were able to sustain the terrific vibrations of that central firemist; therefore, a crystallization took place at the poles. Gradually the crystallized matter gravitated toward the equator and was expelled, with the Spirits dwelling thereon. The first emanation became Uranus. Later on other classes of Spirits have crystallized a part of the Sun and been expelled to move in orbits at varying distances from the central source, according to the rate of vibration necessary for the unfoldment of the Spirits upon them, forming eventually the solar system as we know it now. Each class of Spirits stays in its environment, being under the direct tutelage and guidance of one of the Planetary Spirits whose body is the planet where they dwell. As the Spirits have been incarnated on different planets because they are at

Horoscopes for Subscribers Children

Should you wish to avail yourself of a possible opportunity to have your child's HOROSCOPE delineated in this department, subscribe to this Magazine for one year, and accompany your subscription with an application for a reading. RENEWALS count the same as a subscription. Readings are given for children up to 14 years of age. They include a general character, health, and vocational analysis.

ONE name only is drawn each month, but unless there is an unusually large number of applications, you may have more than one opportunity for a drawing.

BE SURE to give: Name, Sex, Birthplace, and Year, Month, Day (of month), and Minute of birth, as nearly as possible. Also please be sure to state if *Daylight Saving Time* was in effect.

NOTE: We give horoscope reading ONLY in this Magazine.

widely different stages of spiritual unfoldment, they do not usually incarnate upon the other planets, save that at times some from the inner planets are sent as teachers to the outer spheres."

Now, each planet, as does each sign, has an intrinsic characteristic which indicates the nature of its work upon the human beings of our Earth. Thus we say that Jupiter represents idealism and benevolence, and a person having Jupiter well placed in his horoscope is able to express in his life the high ideals, generosity, etc., which he has cultivated in past lives. Mercury represents reason, and anyone having a well aspected Mercury has learned to use his reasoning faculties correctly. Also, each planet, as does each sign, "rules" certain parts of the physical body, and thus indicates by its position and aspects the condition of that particular part of the native's body.

In addition to the planets and signs, we must, in reading the horoscope, consider the "houses." The great macrocosm about us, as a center, is divided into twelve sections. These sections are called the twelve houses of an astrological chart. Each house represents a department of life; the signs are the divisions of the heavens which by their placement relative to the houses indicate our basic temperament and attitudes toward life; and the planets are the messengers of God which by their motion through the houses and signs bring us the opportunities for soul growth which we need for our individual development. In our journey from the cradle to the grave we carry the twelve houses with us in the auric atmosphere surrounding us. Each house mirrors part of the life; each holds some of our life lessons; each represents how we have worked or shirked before in a given department of life's tasks.

Now for the exact manner in which we, as individualized Egos, become related to the stellar forces about us. It is explained in the Western Wisdom Teachings that "The inhalation of the first complete breath, usually accom-

panied by a cry, is the moment when the incoming Ego receives its stellar baptism. This renders it ever susceptible to the influence of the particular configuration of the stars existing at that moment, and therefore the stars affect each individual differently from all others, not even the horoscopes of twins being alike. It is also strongly emphasized that according to this explanation we do not have a certain 'fate' because we were born at a particular time, but we are born at a particular time because we have a certain self-generated destiny to work out. This is a very important distinction, for it substitutes divine law for divine caprice, it eliminates the element of 'luck' and inspires man to mastery of 'fate' by working with the Law. If we have made our present horoscope by our past actions in a past life, logically we are now preparing for future embodiments and may make it what we choose. If we strive to strengthen our body now, to overcome our faults, to cultivate new virtues, the Sun of our next life will rise under more auspicious conditions than those under which we now live, and thus we may truly rule our stars and master our fate."

(To be continued)

Astrological Supplies

We can supply you with the necessary materials for the study and the practice of astrology. Some of the items follow:

<i>Astro-Diagnosis</i>	\$3.00
<i>Message of the Stars</i>	3.50
<i>Simplified Scientific Astrology</i>	2.00
<i>Tables of Houses</i> (3), each50
The three cloth-bound in one vol. . . .	2.00
<i>Simplified Scientific Ephemeris</i> 1857 to 1949 each year35
<i>Ephemerides</i> , bound, (20 years)	6.00

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA



The Children of Aries, 1949

Birthdays: March 21 to April 20

HOSE BORN with the Sun in Aries, sign of cardinal-fire, are usually of a positive, fiery temperament, and have much enthusiasm and energy. Brimming with forces similar to those released at the vernal equinox, they have a zest for living, fondness for dynamic activity, and a youthful vigor often retained throughout life. Vigorous action, intense experiences, and obstacles to overcome are the breath of life to them.

Arians usually have all the forcefulness and self-assurance required for self-assertion and can be very aggressive, eager to contend with others, and even domineering. Being impatient of restraint, interference, or routine, they insist on having their own way, and may make much progress through their manifold experiences when they overcome conceit, egotism, and impulsiveness. As pioneers in various fields, they can be self-sacrificing and tireless in action, stimulating the less adventurous to follow them into a richer existence. Originality, self-reliance, and a certain optimistic outlook give them an advantageous hopefulness.

The shortcomings of the Aries natives are irritability, restlessness, wilfulness, and a tendency to go to extremes through indignation, hasty speech, or a lack of discretion. The tendency to overwork without sufficient rest is apt to result in a physical breakdown. Rudeness and impatience need to be conquered and kindness and consideration cultivated.

Children born during this solar month will all have the Sun in conjunction with Mars and Venus, Saturn sextile Uranus, Saturn square Jupiter, and Pluto sextile Neptune, as these aspects are in effect from March 21 to April 20. With the exception of the square, these are all favorable vibrations, indicating an abundance of vital energy, courage, initiative, determination, constructive ability, and an interest in music, art, and poetry. The love nature is strong and there is considerable intuition. The square of Saturn to Jupiter tends toward diffidence and indolence, and inability to form decisions.

The beneficent sextile of the Sun to Jupiter begins March 21, and lasts until March 26, favoring those born during these days with a goodly measure of

health, wealth and happiness. The nature is sunny, optimistic, and trustworthy, and there is good judgment and executive ability.

During these same days the Sun is square Uranus, giving a tendency toward lack of emotional control, impulsiveness, and unreliability at times, as well as impatience of restraint.

The Sun opposes Neptune from March 26 to April 11, indicating a need to cultivate the positive spiritual faculties, and to avoid all negative psychic influences. There will be lessons to be learned through being taken advantage of by others.

From April 5 to April 20 the Sun is in conjunction with Mercury, which favors the memory and mentality on the days when the conjunction orb is more than three degrees.

The Sun trines Saturn from April 11 to April 20, endowing those born during these days with some of the finest faculties in the gamut: method, foresight, organizing, executive, diplomatic ability, and moral stamina. The native is also honorable, kindly, and considerate, apt to be successful in political or judicial positions.

Beginning April 12 and lasting the rest of the solar month, the Sun is square Jupiter. This vibration indicates the need for self-discipline in exercising and dieting. There is a tendency toward haughtiness, extravagance, and love of display, which should be counteracted by training in thrift, honesty, and basic spiritual principles.

Another solar aspect which ends the month is the sextile of Uranus, which begins April 9. Those having this configuration are intuitive, original, inventive, and independent. They are also inclined to be idealistic, and may rise in life through the friendship of others.

Beginning the solar month and lasting

until March 29, there is the beneficent sextile of Venus to Jupiter. This aspect is one of the best signs of success and general good fortune. The native is optimistic, generous, hospitable, tolerant, and fond of travel and music. A happy marriage is also favored.

Venus is in conjunction with Mars from March 21 to April 17, which favors the vitality but tends toward excessively strong feelings and passions. The direction which this vibratory power takes depends upon the nature of the other aspects which Venus makes. Until March 28 its square to Uranus emphasizes difficulties through the sex relation, as well as a lack of balance in the nature.

Beginning April 1 and ending April 11, the less desirable side of Venus is further accentuated by its opposition to Neptune. The native is subject to sorrow and loss through the marriage partner, as well as through speculation.

A more desirable Venus vibration is in effect from April 12 to April 20: the sextile to Uranus. This aspect indicates an alert mentality, a quick intuition, and an attractiveness to the opposite sex. There is a love for art, music, and poetry, and friends are apt to be helpful.

Beginning three days later, April 15, and lasting the rest of the solar month, Venus squares Jupiter, giving a liking for luxurious things but limiting the ability to secure them. These natives need training in high moral principles and self-control.

Mercury sextiles Jupiter from March 28 to April 4, the signature of a cheerful, optimistic nature. The mind is broad, versatile, and able to reason correctly. During the same time, however, Mercury squares Uranus, indicating an erratic, impulsive trend to the mind.

The conjunction of Mercury with Mars begins April 3 and lasts until April 13,

(Continued on page 186)

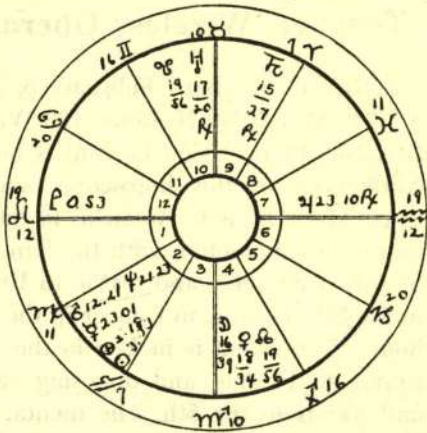
Reading for a Subscriber's Child

MARGUERITE L. M.

Born September 27, 1938, 2:40 A. M.

Latitude 42 N.

Longitude 83 W.



There are several rather unusual and outstanding features in this chart. Although the Sun is in the easy going sign Libra, unsuspected save by the sextile to Pluto in Leo in the 12th, indicating a limited will and inner strength of character, there is tremendous force and energy, physical and emotional, indicated by the fixed signs on all the angles, and by the Venus-Moon Conjunction in Scorpio in the 4th, sextile Mars, Neptune, and Mercury in Virgo in the 2nd, square Jupiter in Aquarius in the 7th, and opposing Uranus in Taurus in the 10th. The personality is apt to be dominant and forceful, and at times quite unpredictable.

The Sun in Libra gives a sociable, pleasure loving, artistic, and musical side to the nature, as well as a deep affection for the marriage partner. Its 2nd house position indicates a tendency toward too free spending.

The chief mental significator, Mercury, powerful in its exaltation sign, Virgo, and in conjunction with Neptune, sextile to the Moon and Venus in Scorpio, and trine Uranus in Taurus in the Midheaven,

is another dominant feature of this chart. The mind is logical and discriminating, as well as cheerful and poetical. There is a natural understanding of the occult, and a retentive memory, and much intuitive perception. Languages and scientific studies are strongly favored.

However, the position of the Moon and Venus in Scorpio, sextile the three planets in Virgo, but square Jupiter in Aquarius, and opposing Uranus in Taurus in the 10th, indicates a very strong desire or emotional nature, which will require severe discipline if Marguerite is to gain the most possible benefit from this life's opportunities. There is apt to be an erratic, impulsive tendency which will manifest at times in action that will bring sorrow and regret. Training in poise, self-control, and the highest moral standards should be stressed by those bringing up this child, and it should always be remembered that she can never be coerced by threats but is singularly amenable to kindness.

Jupiter in the 7th, sextiling Saturn in Aries in the 9th, but squaring the Moon, Venus, and Uranus points toward lessons to be learned in faithfulness, honesty, and integrity in partnership relations. The marriage partner is apt to be an older man, perhaps a widower and a foreigner. There are also apt to be difficulties in legal affairs, and unless this child is taught to eat properly, she may suffer from liver disorders in later life.

Uranus in Taurus in the 10th, and Venus, ruler of Taurus, are the indicators of the vocational possibilities. There will doubtless be many changes in the vocation, but excellent earning capacity is indicated in radio or clerical work. If there has been training in music, this could be used to advantage in connection with radio activities.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

This page is a free service for readers. Since advice is based on the horoscope, we can give a reading ONLY if supplied with the following information: full name, sex,

place of birth, year, day of month, hour. No readings given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 40 YEARS OF AGE.—Editor.

Dietitian. Analyst

JEAN L. I.—Born October 19, 1928, 9:45 A. M. Lat. 39 N. Long. 85 W. This young woman has the analytical, mental sign Virgo on the Midheaven, with its ruler, Mercury, posited in Scorpio in the 11th house, and making a sextile to Neptune in Virgo in the 9th and the Moon in Capricorn in the 2nd, a trine to Mars in Cancer in the 8th, and an opposition to Jupiter in Taurus in the 5th. The Sun is in the artistic sign Libra, in the 11th house, and sextile the Moon and Neptune. The last degree of Scorpio is on the Ascendant, with Sagittarius intercepted in the 1st house. As a dietitian, analyst (of foods or textiles), dealer in dress goods or ready-to-wear, or teacher of home economics, this native could be successful.

Repairer. Credit Manager

JAMES Mc.—Born October 3, 1930, 1:30 P. M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 88 W. In this chart we find the fixed, martial sign Scorpio on the 10th house, and the planet Venus posited there. Mars, ruler of Scorpio, is in Cancer in the 7th house, in conjunction with Jupiter and Pluto, and trine Venus. Besides being trine to Mars, Jupiter, and Pluto, Venus sextiles Mercury in Virgo in the 8th, and squares the Moon in Aquarius in the 1st. The Sun is in Libra, opposing Uranus in Aries in the 3rd, and square Saturn in Capricorn in the 12th. This young man has natural ability for repairing (of furniture, musical instruments, etc.) and plumbing work. He could also do well as a credit manager, insurance agent, or restaurant manager.

Teacher. Wireless Operator

JOHN C. K.—Born February 8, 1933, 8:16 P. M. Lat. 46 N. Long. 123 W. The versatile, literary sign Gemini is on the Midheaven of this horoscope, and its ruler, Mercury, is in Aquarius in the 5th house, in conjunction with the Sun (orb of only 1 degree), and sextile to Uranus in the 8th. Pluto is in Cancer in the 10th house. The Moon is in Leo in the 11th, square to Uranus, and opposing Saturn and Venus in the 5th. The mental sign Virgo is on the Ascendant, and Neptune, Mars, and Jupiter are posited in this sign in the 12th. This native could give efficient service as a teacher (perhaps of physics, chemistry, or the higher mechanics), auditor, researcher, telegrapher, or wireless operator.

Reporter. Radio Artist

DAVID L. F.—Born January 26, 1934, 8:00 P. M. Lat. 43 N. Long. 78 W. Here also we find the versatile, literary sign Gemini on the 10th house, with the Moon placed therein, trine Saturn, Venus, and Mars in Aquarius in the 6th house, and Jupiter in Libra in the 2nd, and sextile Uranus in Aries in the 8th. The ruler of Gemini, Mercury, is in Aquarius in conjunction with the Sun (orb of 5 degrees) and Saturn. The mental sign Virgo is on the Ascendant, and the occult Neptune is in close conjunction with the rising degree. This young man can give a high type of service in connection with New Age lines of thought, as a reporter, journalist, editor, teacher, radio artist, or lecturer.

Monthly News Interpreted

"Cult of Cocktail" Flayed

"Every nation has its drug—and we have alcohol.

"It has remained for Americans to develop the cult of the cocktail, the most vicious and unintelligent way to use alcohol—when tired, and on an empty stomach."

Thus did Dr. Haven Emerson attack the "easy social acceptance of drinking" during the final session last night of the Institute of Alcoholic Studies at UCLA.

"You are horrified if there are 100 polio deaths," he said, and asked:

"But what about the 2000 deaths each year in California from alcoholism? Its victims are as dead as those of the polio virus, even though they swallow their own poison."

Dr. Emerson, professor emeritus of public health at Columbia University and leading authority on alcoholism, insisted that public education offers the best long range solution of the problem.

But he said education, besides teaching the "facts" of alcoholism—what it does to the human body—must "put some warmth into the lives of those who are alone and frustrated."

"The lonely person's trust in alcohol to gain relief and importance is pitiful," he declared.

—*Los Angeles Examiner*, February 4, 1949

On the subject of alcoholism, Dr. Perry B. Friedgood, member of the board of directors of the Southern California Society for Mental Hygiene and chairman of the meeting on the Los Angeles Campus of the University of California, stated that "chronic alcoholism is the symptom of a diseased society. Alcoholics are the largest single medical problem in the world today." Dr. Marcus Crahan, Los Angeles County Jail physician, asks, "What's the use of curing alcoholics to make room for more of them? To cure the alcoholic we must treat him physically, psychologically, mentally, socially and environmentally." He further states that for the best chance of a cure, alcoholics should be caught in their early twenties.

There is authority to prove that sixty-

two per cent of those who drink alcohol formed the habit between the years of ten and nineteen. As to the effect of alcohol on the maturing youth the noted Haven Emerson, M.D. states that "Alcohol as a beverage in any form or strength contributes in no degree to the healthy growth, vigor, or use of the human body or mind. Alcohol has definite poisonous effects upon the brain and nervous system of man and it is by its characteristic depressant and habit-forming narcotic action that this drug interferes with self-control, judgment, discretion, and physical and mental efficiency."

Coach Dan E. McGugin of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, has stated, "An experience of thirty years with college men, I have never known of a student who was addicted to alcohol while in college who ever attained any position of real leadership in after life." And Coach Morley Jennings of Baylor University, Waco, Texas said, "That it is a habit to avoid entirely at all times. I have never seen the use of alcoholic beverages do any one any good and I have seen their use do much harm."

Dr. Crahan suggests five different kinds of treatment for alcoholics, namely, The new atomic cocktail which costs \$4.50 per dose and consists of about a handful of highly concentrated vitamins and glutamic acid dissolved in a glass of water; (2) injections every ninety minutes for seven hours (he does not state as to what these injections consist) the treatment requiring from four days to a month to effect a cure; (3) a quart of whiskey which the victim tries to consume in thirty minutes and an emetic that wont let him do it, treatment to last from five to six days; (4) conversion by religious bodies or Alcoholics Anonymous to give sufferers a

new start; (5) the familiar shock therapy. All of which with the exception of Alcoholics Anonymous are most severe, and have to do with treating individuals after the damage has been done, and none of which strikes at the root of the trouble.

Millions of dollars are spent each year in the manufacturing of alcoholic beverages and many more millions in advertising and the sale of them. Every enlightened person knows, or should know, that alcohol is both a habit-forming narcotic and a poison, yet its manufacture is not only encouraged and protected by law, but indulgence, even encouragement in its consumption is in evidence on every hand; and because its dangerous nature is not apparent on first contact it is most vehemently denied by people who desire to indulge in its use; and furthermore, they insist that in order to be social, all their friends and associates must join them, and to refuse constitutes not only a breach in etiquette but a personal rebuff.

What are we going to do about it? Many good intentioned people suggest education against its consumption, which is all very good for the coming generation; but what about the millions already addicted to its use? There is, however, a most effective remedy—strike at the very roots of the evil by prohibiting its manufacture. That which is not manufactured cannot be consumed, and save the precious grain, sugar, fruits, et cetera used for its production to feed the starving millions the world over. The consumption of alcohol is an unmitigated evil which is destroying civilization to an alarming extent. Clear thinking men and women have only to investigate facts to know that this is true, and those who have vision know that something must be done, and that right soon, if we are to avoid the disaster which this deceptive, insinuating, totally evil mis-called stimulant is bringing ever nearer to manifestation.

Deleterious as alcohol is to man's

physical body which is deplorable enough, its injury to that vehicle is almost inconsequential compared to its appalling effect on spiritual development, which is the sole object of evolution. There are in the brain two ductless glands, namely, the pituitary body and the pineal gland which are respectively the seat of two spiritual centers; and when in the course of normal evolution these centers become aroused into activity they will develop the sixth sense which will connect man's consciousness with the higher worlds, thereby giving him conscious knowledge of God and his own spiritual destiny; and anything which temporarily prevents this development is a matter so serious as to be almost beyond human comprehension.

Where the Money Goes

The American people, in 1947, spent about \$1,250,000,000 (1946 figure) for church contributions; \$1,565,000,000 for the movies; \$3,880,000,000 for tobacco, \$7,000,000,000 for dairy products; \$9,640,000,000 for alcoholic beverages; and nearly \$15,000,000,000 for preparedness. All education in the United States totaled only \$3,522,007,441 (1943-44 figure).

—*Scottish Rite News Bulletin*, February 5, 1949

What is the matter with the United States? Read the above statistics for your answer:

For church support, \$1,250,000,000; for education, \$3,522,007,441. Total, \$4,772,007,441.

For tobacco, \$3,880,000,000; for alcohol, \$9,640,000,000. Total, \$13,520,000,000.

This makes \$8,748,000,000 more money spent on tobacco and alcohol, both of which serve no purpose but to destroy the physical body and dim the higher consciousness, than that which was used to develop the powers of the Spirit and promote the object of evolution.

Whither are we drifting, and why?

READERS' QUESTIONS

Determining the Time of Easter

Question:

Will you please explain from the occult viewpoint why we celebrate Easter at the time we do?

Answer:

This question was answered for a Mason by Max Heindel, as follows:

"Before the Christ all the religions were race religions suited to the people to whom they were given and suitable only for those people. All these religions were *Jehovah religions*. As the *Father* was the highest Initiate of the Saturn Period, so *Christ, the Son*, was the highest Initiate of the Sun Period, and *Jehovah*, the Holy Spirit, was the highest Initiate of the Moon Period. From *Jehovah* then came the race religions which endeavor to prepare mankind along the path of evolution by means of law. These race religions are to be superseded by the universal religion of the Sun Spirit, Christ, which will unite all men into one brotherhood. The change from one to the other and the fact that the religion of the lunar God, *Jehovah*, must precede the religion of the Sun Spirit, Christ, is symbolized by the manner in which Easter is determined.

"The rule in present use for determining the time of Easter is that *it falls on the first Sunday following the Paschal full Moon*. This was the original time adopted by the earliest Christians who had knowledge of and regard for the occult significance, but very soon ignorant people started schisms and fixed it at

different times. This occasioned no little controversy. In the second century a dispute arose on this point between the Eastern and Western Churches. Eastern Christians celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the first Jewish month or Moon, considering it to be equivalent to the Jewish Passover. The Western Christians kept it on the Sunday *after* the 14th day, holding that it was the commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus. The Council of Nice, 325 A.D., decided in favor of the Western use, branding the Eastern practice with the name of heresy. This, however, only settled the point that Easter was to be held not on a certain day of the month or Moon, but *on a Sunday*. The proper astronomical cycle for calculating the occurrence of the Easter Moon was not yet determined, but they finally deferred to the ancient method of fixing the festival by the Moon, and so the ancient original custom was finally revived.

"Thus Easter is now held upon the same day as required by the occult tradition to symbolize properly the cosmic significance of the event, and in this respect both the Sun and the Moon are necessary factors, since Easter is not merely a solar festival. The Sun must go not only past the equator, as it does on the 21st of March, but the full Moon after the vernal equinox must also be passed. Then the following Sunday is Easter, the day of Resurrection. The light of the vernal Sun must be reflected by a full Moon before that day can dawn on earth, and there is, as said, a deep meaning behind that method of determining Easter, viz., that *humanity was not sufficiently evolved to have the religion of the*

Sun, the Christian religion of universal brotherhood, until they had been fully prepared through the religions of the Moon which segregated and separated humanity into groups, nations, and races. This is symbolized by the annual rise of the Sun Spirit at Easter being deferred until the Jehovistic Moon has thrown back and fully reflected the light of the Easter Sun.

"All the founders of race religions, Hermes, Buddha, Moses, etc., were Initiates in the Jehovistic mysteries. They were Sons of Seth. At their initiation they became ensouled by their particular Race Spirit, and this Spirit, speaking through the mouth of such an initiate gave laws to his people, as for instance, the Decalogue of Moses, the Laws of Manu, the noble truths of Buddha, etc. These laws manifested sin because the people did not and could not keep them at their stage of evolution. So they made a certain debt of destiny in consequence. This destiny the human initiate founder of the religion had to take upon himself and so had to be born again and again to help his people. But Christ did not need to take birth in the first place. He did it of His own free will to help humanity, to abrogate the law that brings sin, and emancipate humanity from the law of sin and death.

"The Race religions of the lunar God, Jehovah, conveyed the will of God to mankind in an indirect manner through seers and prophets who were but imperfect instruments, as the lunar rays reflect the light of the Sun.

"The mission of these religions was to prepare mankind for the universal religion of the Sun Spirit, Christ, who manifested among us without an intermediary as the light which comes direct from the Sun, and 'we beheld His glory as the Alone Begotten of the Father,' when He taught us the gospel of love. The Chris-

tian religion gives no laws, but preaches love as the fulfillment of the law. Therefore, no debts of destiny are generated under it, and Christ, who was under no necessity to be born in the first place, will not be drawn to rebirth under the law of Causation as were the founders of the lunar race religions, who must bear from time to time the sins of their followers. When He appears it will be in a body made of the two higher ethers: the light and reflecting ethers, the golden wedding garment called *soma psuchicon* or soul body by Paul, who is very emphatic in his assertion that 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.' He asserts that we shall be changed and be like Christ, and if we cannot enter the kingdom in a fleshy body it would be absurd to suppose that the King of Glory would wear such a coarse, cumbersome garment.

"The priestcraft from which Jehovah drew His representatives, the prophets and founders of religions, and spiritual temple builders, are the Sons of Seth. The Sons of Cain still feel in their breasts the divine nature of their ancestor. They repudiate the indirect method of salvation by faith of the church and insist upon finding the light of wisdom themselves by the direct methods of *work*, perfecting themselves in the arts and crafts and building the temple of material civilization by industry and statecraft according to the plan of God, the Grand Architect of the Universe, Christ being 'the Chief Corner Stone' and each mystic Mason a 'living stone'.

"In time, however, these two great streams of the Sons of Seth and the Sons of Cain must unite in order to reach the portals of the Kingdom of Christ. Before His time there was no way in which such an amalgamation could take place, but when Christ, the great Sun Spirit, came,

(Continued on page 186)

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

ROSICRUCIAN IDEALS—The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a simple, harmless, and pure life. We believe that a vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, as well as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants, is injurious to health and spirituality.

As Christians we believe it is our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, and so far as possible to refrain from use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We consider vivisection diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and to clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces. Our motto is: *A sane mind, a soft heart, a sound body.*

Cosmic Illumination

By EDNA TRADEWELL

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This inspiring article, published in the July, 1940, issue of The Rosicrucian Magazine, was received with widespread appreciation and approval. It is being reprinted by request.*



HERE IS within man a power, a light, a fire, a cosmic link between himself and his Creator which—when allowed—will heal any manner of disease with which he may be afflicted: even a so-called incurable disease. The light is so powerful, so divinely radiant, so pure and perfect that disease melts before its penetrating rays.

This incomparable cosmic fire is within each man. There are no exceptions. It is the Christ within, our part of the Love-Wisdom Principle. It is that part of us that is so pure it knows nothing less perfect than itself. It is our protection, our guidance, our abundance, our health—our all. It is our sonship with the Creator—God.

I still had this lesson to learn when a doctor told me I had but a short time to live—that I had cancer of the stomach and bowels. The few remaining months, at most, of my life would be painful misery. I knew he would say it was hopeless. Others had said the same. The symptoms were unmistakable. I looked at him for a long time—blanklike. In reply he handed me a book, *The Rosi-*

crucian Cosmo-Conceptionm, by Max Heindel.

When I arrived home, I glanced through its pages, but I was too sick of mind and body to read it understandingly. But, grasping it in my hand, I defied the doctor's verdict. I decided to get well.

How I was going about this seemingly insurmountable task I did not at the moment know. Defiantly I held the book, as if it were the saving rock to which I was obliged to cling. I tried to read it but my mind as well as my body was weak and inconstant.

"Cosmo"—I wondered what that meant. I looked in the dictionary and found *cosmos*, the same root word: the universe as a manifestation of law and order—opposite of chaos. That was exactly what I wanted. I wanted my body and mind to act in harmony. I had had enough of chaos.

It seemed as if my different organs were functioning as distinct individuals with no consideration as to their relationship to the body as a whole. And each atom of each organ was flying at a different rate of speed, indifferent to organic harmony. Everything was out of tune.

But I had decided to get well. Instinctively I knew I would have to do everything I possibly could to cooperate with the bringing forth of this health which I so longingly coveted.

I had been in constant pain for five years. If I drank water or refrained from drinking water, I was in pain. If I ate food or did not eat food, the pain continued unceasingly. I often wondered how it would seem to be relieved of this gnawing, burning agony. I tried to imagine myself free from it.

In my strong moments when a passionate will seemed to have taken hold of me, I decided that in order to get well, I must, as it were, take myself veritably in the palm of my hand—rule every thought, word, and act with a will of tempered steel.

I wanted passionately to be like that cosmos—everything in my body working smoothly, evenly, easily.

I always felt cold, chilly, lifeless. As I lived where sunshine abounded, I decided to soak myself in it. I found it helped me relax; even a strong tension always gave way under its influence. At first I had only five minutes of exposure to the Sun with my head shaded. This was increased to a half hour.

I had been on a milk diet but decided to become a vegetarian. I ate fruits and vegetables and whole grain cereals. When I found with what ease rice is digested, I ate it with pleasure, knowing I was taxing my digestion apparatus but lightly.

For breakfast I had wholewheat wafers and raisins, or wholewheat cereal and prunes.

For lunch, a baked potato and a small portion of carrots and summer squash. Instead of baked potato, I sometimes would have rice boiled in a double boiler, with perhaps spinach and string beans. It was a simple matter to vary the vegetables from day to day.

For dinner, I had a plate of fruit. Perhaps a peach and a bunch of luscious purple grapes, or a red apple and three walnuts

It is not my desire to lay down rules of diet. I am simply reciting what I did in a successful effort to cure a

so-called incurable disease. Each individual, of course, has to work out his own program according to his particular temperament and condition.

I asked repeatedly for divine guidance, not only in the matter of food, but in all that I did. God is ever ready to give us wisdom in proportion to our giving up the self.

I read *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* intensively. I would take a statement which appealed to me and abide with it for a week. Then another for the next week, or perhaps just a word: God, or perfection. I used it as a pattern or mould and poured my thought, my life, and my love into it.

Five minutes out of each hour I was up; I sat in a comfortable position and consciously quieted my mind with *Peace . . . peace . . . peace . . . be still*, or a similar formula.

Sometimes I was too ill to get out of bed, and my food and Sun and thought regime was suspended until I was able to get up again. I pledged myself to God, and, regardless of the appearances, I elung to him frantically. I knew His was the only path by which I could escape death.

With fear and trembling I pursued my plan. At times my will was weak and it seemed futile to try to stand against the foe—disease. Then with an onrush of power, my faith would return and I knew I would fight a good fight.

For three years I wrestled, thinking health, believing in health, but bound the while by diseased flesh. I continued to read the *Cosmo-Conception*, and attended lectures on the occult. I saw to it that all my reading material was of an inspirational nature.

As I became stronger, I walked. Only a block at first, then two or three, until finally I could walk a mile without discomfort. But in the five years, plus these three years of my self-imposed regime, I was never free from pain. It

possessed and harassed me.

In the last three years I had gained more than I realized. I was stronger both in body and mind. Fear did not besiege me with such possessiveness as formerly.

One day I was seized with an indefinable weakness. I went to bed, scarcely able to move. My husband called a trained nurse, one of my friends, to attend me. He insisted that I have a doctor, but I assured him I was only exhausted and wanted to rest, he did not press the point further. The nurse was an occult student and intuitively



she knew what was taking place. She did not urge getting a doctor.

I slipped into a strange state where I could not open my mouth. I could not talk or eat. Neither could I open my eyes. Occasionally the nurse poured a teaspoonful of warm milk into my mouth.

Then things started to happen. The three years' apprenticeship to God had set up a new vibration. The old was dying that the new might be born and thrive.

I moved out of my bed and traveled about, looking back amusedly at my phy-

sical temple, which appeared to be in utter darkness. When I returned to my body, I felt a glow, a wonderful illuminating warmth which was beyond human ecstasy. All my senses functioned as higher senses: the saliva ran sweet as honey in my mouth; my eyes saw no forms, no objects, only a brilliant, gorgeous white light; my ears were attuned to music more perfect than earthly symphonies. I could smell a delicate perfume—a perfume sweeter than any mundane essence, however costly. And I could touch . . . I could feel only waves of light, for all my being was whirling in a sea of light as big and great as the whole universe.

I lay in spiritual ecstasy. A voice—an unseen voice—a voice as of a surgeon, said to me, "Lie very still this morning, my child. There is much work to be accomplished in the repairing of your stomach and bowels. The cancer must be routed out. You are now being made anew. Have patience."

Obediently I lay very still, I closed my eyes. It seemed for hours the etheric knife was busy with its work upon me.

A great shaft of light pierced my abdomen—interpenetrating my stomach and bowels. Knives, also of light, were busily at work, hacking away, breaking away, tearing away the diseased tissue, making way for reparation, regeneration, revivification of my whole being.

My back, which had been torn by pain, was pierced by rays of light. I saw them with my inner consciousness, my eyes being closed the while. This continued for a week while I lay physically quiet. No disease could endure the radiance in which I was immersed. I knew I was healed. I could see my organs. Each individual organ in my body was outlined and illuminated like a neon sign. I could see the circulation of blood in my body.

I lay in bed on Easter morning. In the stillness of my room, I glimpsed the significance of the Resurrection. I real-

ized the role that the Resurrection had played in my individual experience. I reminisced the multitudes of times I had in the past eight years read, reviewed, and meditated upon the Resurrection.

I was grateful that I had learned to let the light of God flow through me. I was thankful, too, that on this Easter day I had caught the true import of Easter: *Resurrection.*

My husband brought to my room an Easter lily—perfect, waxen, pure white. A friend sent me a Japanese lily, a brownish orange with darker spots.

Easter afternoon I got up and dressed and walked from room to room. My home was beautiful, more glorious than ever. I looked out of all the windows from the different rooms to view the flower garden. The lawn of Coos Bay bent-grass which had been planted during my stay in bed was coming up to light with sprouts of healthy green. Everywhere I looked new growth and flowers were bursting forth to show their joy of existence. Even the garden had caught the consciousness of the Resurrection.

I saw the oneness of the universe. I caught the joy of the cosmic consciousness flowing blithely through everything. I saw God shining through.

When my friend, the nurse, left she said, "Dear, you will never know what this month has meant to me." Our hands met. She understood.

Now I could travel through walls, enter sick bodies and make them well. When I looked at a person, I could see his organs as if my consciousness were an X-ray, and if there was a faulty place it was dark, shadowy, and murky.

When one of my neighbors came in to see me, she said her husband was in bed with a serious case of pneumonia. His mother was sitting with him. Out from my consciousness darted a streak of light. It penetrated the chest of the sick man.

The next morning my neighbor came again to say with surprise, "My husband is up, working in the garden this morning. Isn't it amazing?" I was not surprised.

A card came stating that my mother had been hit by an automobile. That she was bruised and jarred quite badly was the extent of the account. As I read this card, out darted with terrific speed light without limit from my consciousness. It pierced the consciousness of my mother and warmed, soothed, and healed her. The next day she came to see me. Her body was black and blue, but she told me that suddenly it seemed as if a cloud had lifted from her and the shock, the pain, and soreness had left.

I learned that the light is the healer, the emancipator, the liberator. I realized that anything opposed to light is to be eschewed. A universal concept of things possessed me. My mind had expanded and bounds and boundaries had given away.

I was sitting in the sunroom, a voice clear and bell-like said to me, "You have stood the test. You have learned to rely on God. You have graduated from former ignorance and darkness. You realize the One Power in the Universe—God only.

"You are now initiated into the Order of Light which has no mysteries, no secrets, no seclusions from public view. There is no limitation as to membership. As many may belong as will stand the test—rely upon God only.

"You are on a firm foundation of knowing God. It is now your work to show others the path of light, the path of harmony, the pathway of freedom. Will you do this?"

"I will," I answered.

No more pain; no more sickness. Vibrant health manifests where disease had dwelt. Former thing had passed away; all things had been made new.



Sources of Power

MAN DOES NOT live by bread alone, even though it were whole wheat bread. A multitude of finer forces of energy are at his command.

From the purely physical viewpoint, Nature's foodstuffs in their fresh, unadulterated form, and adapted to our individual constitution and needs, furnish us with the greatest amount of life energy, especially when these raw fruits and vegetables are chopped fine and chewed well. They contain the chemical and life ethers which are partly or entirely driven out by cooking.

Air is another source of physical power. In a way it is more important than food, for oxygen furnishes the flame of life for billions of cells. In many of the filth diseases, such as tuberculosis and cancer, deficient oxidation of various cell groups has been observed. Legion indeed are the diseases that can be corrected by slow and deep breathing of pure and fresh air, for the people of today have a tendency toward erratic and shallow respiration. The air should be as clean as possible and the intake plentiful.

Then there are the various forces which are absorbed through our special senses. Light through the eyes revivifies us and helps us to cast off sluggish moods and enjoy the day. We should let this light act freely upon the naked skin of the body, or at least wear light

colored and porous clothes.

We should also choose or create a pleasant and colorful environment. Each home should radiate bright and cheerful colors, the rooms being painted in soft pastel shades which elevate the spirits. Our clothes, too, should be according to these ideas, for the dark colors are dangerous and depressing.

—O. R. Georgi, D. C.
(To be continued)

• • •

Visible helpers are just as necessary as Invisible Helpers, and our friends and patients may share in a high privilege, as well as add much to the power of liberated healing force, by joining us in prayer for the sick. Our Healing Service is held every evening in the Healing Temple at 6:30, and in the Pro-Ecclesia at 4:45 P.M. when the Moon is in a cardinal sign on the following dates:

March	1— 8—15—21—28
April	5—11—18—25
May	2— 9—15—22—29

Relax, close your eyes, and make a mental picture of the pure white rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Pro-Ecclesia, and concentrate on *Divine Love and Healing*.

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WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE

(Continued from page 167)

ies like those generated in wedlock would be superfluous Hence marriage will be unnecessary, the clashing of interests due to the lust of the sex and the love of power will then disappear and the love of souls will be hallowed by the spirit of peace."

THE CHILDREN OF ARIES

(Continued from page 174)

giving mental energy, enthusiasm, and dexterity, which will require care in directing.

From April 5 to April 11, Mercury opposes Neptune, an aspect which indicates the need for training in concentration, memory, and discrimination.

Those born between April 13 and 19 will have Mercury square Jupiter, and should be taught honesty, straightforwardness, and uprightness in dealing with their associates.

A less fortunate martial vibration, the opposition to Neptune, lasts from March 31 to April 16. This indicates the need for cultivating self-control in speech and action, so that a tendency toward self-indulgence and fanaticism may be overcome.

READERS' QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 180)

Solomon was reborn as Jesus, into whose lower vehicles the Christ Spirit entered at the Baptism; and Hiram Abiff was reborn as Lazarus. When Lazarus was raised up by the strong grip of the Lion of Judah's paw, Hiram and Solomon, the former antagonists, sank their differences as prompted by the Christ Spirit, and both are working now for the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ."

Children's Department



Eva's Visit to Fairyland

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

DOWN AMONG the grass and fragrant clover lay little Eva by the brookside, watching the bright waves as they went singing by under the drooping flowers that grew on the banks. As she was wondering where the water went, she heard a faint, low sound, as of far-off music. She thought it was the wind, but not a leaf was stirring, and soon through the rippling water came a strange little boat.

It was a lily of the valley, whose tall stem formed the mast, while the broad leaves that rose from the roots, and drooped again till they reached the water, were filled with gay little Elves, who danced to the music of the silver lily bells above, that rang a merry fragrant breath.

On came the fairy boat, till it reached a moss-grown rock; and here it stopped, while the Fairies rested beneath the violet leaves, and sang with the dancing waves.

Eva looked with wonder on their gay faces and bright garments, and the joy of her heart sang too, as she threw crimson fruit for the little folks to feast upon.

They looked kindly on the child, and after whispering long among themselves, two little bright-eyed Elves flew over the shining water, and, lighting on the clover blossoms, said gently, "Little maiden, many thanks for your kindness; and our Queen bids us ask if you will go with us to Fairyland, and learn what we can teach you."

"Gladly would I go with you, dear Fairies," said Eva, "but I cannot sail in your little boat. See; I can hold you in my hand, and could not live among you without harming your tiny kingdom, I am so large."

Then the Elves laughed gaily, as they folded their arms about her, saying, "You are a good child, dear Eva, to fear doing harm to those weaker than yourself. You cannot hurt us now. Look in the water and see what we have done."

Eva looked into the brook, and saw a tiny child standing between the Elves. "Now I can go with you," said she, "but see, I can no longer step from the bank to yonder stone, for the brook seems now like a great river, and you have not given me wings like yours."

But the Fairies took each hand, and flew lightly over the stream. The Queen and her subjects came to meet her, and all seemed glad to say some kindly word of welcome to the little stranger. They placed a flower-crown upon her head, laid their soft faces against her own, and soon it seemed as if the gentle Elves had always been her friends.

"Now must we go home," said the Queen, "and you shall go with us, little one."

Then there was a great bustle, as they flew about on shining wings, some laying cushions of violet leaves in the boat, others folding the Queen's veil and mantle more closely about her, lest the falling dews should chill her.

The cool waves' gentle splashing against the boat, and the sweet chime of the lily bells, lulled little Eva to sleep, and when she woke she was in Fairyland. A faint rosy light, as the setting sun, shone on the white pillars of the Queen's palace as they passed in, and the sleeping flowers leaned gracefully on their stems, dreaming beneath their soft green curtains. All was cool and still, and the Elves glided silently above lest they should break their slumbers. They led Eva to a bed of pure white leaves, above which drooped the fragrant petals of a crimson rose.

"You can look at the bright colors till the light fades, and then the rose will sing you to sleep," said the Elves, as they folded the soft leaves about her, gently kissed her, and stole away.

Long she lay watching the bright shadows, and listening to the song of the rose, while through the long night dreams of lovely things floated like bright clouds through her mind; while the rose bent lovingly about her, and sang in the clear moonlight.

With the sun rose the Fairies, and with Eva hastened away to the fountain, whose cool waters were soon filled with little forms. The air was ringing with happy voices as the Elves floated on

the blue waves among the fair white lilies, or sat on the green moss smoothing their bright locks, and wearing fresh garlands of dewy flowers. At length the Queen came forth, and her subjects gathered around her, and while the flowers bowed their heads, and the trees hushed their rustling, the Fairies sang their morning hymn to the Father of the birds and blossoms, who had made the earth so fair a home for them.

Then they flew away to the gardens, and soon, high up among the treetops, or under the broad leaves, sat the Elves in little groups, taking their breakfast of fruit and pure fresh dew; while the bright winged birds came fearlessly



among them, pecking the same ripe berries and dipping their little beaks in the same flower cups. The Fairies folded their arms lovingly about them, smoothed their soft bosoms, and gaily sang to them.

"Now, little Eva," said they, "you will see that Fairies are not idle, wilful Spirits, as mortals believe. Come, we will show you what we do.

They led her to a lovely room, through whose walls of deep green the light stole softly in. Here lay many wounded insects, and harmless little creatures, whom cruel hands had hurt; and pale, drooping flowers grew beside urns of healing

herbs, from whose fresh leaves came a faint, sweet perfume.

Eva wondered, but silently followed her guide little Rose Leaf, who with tender words passed among the delicate blossoms, pouring dew on their feeble roots, and cheering them with her loving words and happy smile.

Then she went to the insects; first to the little fly that lay in a flower leaf cradle.

"Do you suffer much, dear Gauzy Wings?" asked the Fairy. "I will bind up your poor little leg, and Zephyr shall rock you to sleep." So she folded the cool leaves tenderly about the poor fly, bathed his wings, and brought him refreshing drink, while he hummed his thanks, and forgot his pain, as Zephyr softly sung and fanned him with her waving wings.

They passed on, and Eva saw beside each bed a Fairy, who with gentle hands and loving words soothed the suffering insects. At length they stopped beside a bee, who lay among sweet honeysuckle flowers, in a cool, still place, where the summer wind blew in, and the green leaves rustled pleasantly. Yet he seemed to find no rest, and murmured of the pain he was doomed to bear. "Why must I lie here, while my kindred are out in the pleasant fields, enjoying the sunlight and the fresh air, and cruel hands have doomed me to this dark place and bitter pain when I have done no wrong? Uncared for and forgotten, I must stay here among these poor things who think only of themselves. Come here, Rose Leaf, and bind up my wounds, for I am far more useful than idle bird or fly."

Then said the Fairy, while she bathed the broken wing:

"Love Blossom, you should not murmur. We may find happiness in seeking to be patient even while we suffer. You are not forgotten or uncared for, but others need our care more than you, and to those who take cheerfully the sting, "Lily Blossom shall have a grave

pain and sorrow sent, do we most gladly give our help. You need not be idle, even though lying here in darkness and sorrow; you can be taking from your heart all sad and discontented feelings, and if love and patience blossoms there, you will be better for the lonely hours spent here. Look on the bed beside you; this little dove has suffered far greater pain than you, and all our care can never ease it; yet through the long days he hath lain here, not an unkind word or a repining sigh hath he uttered. Ah, Love Blossom, the gentle bird can teach a lesson you will be wiser and better for."

Then a faint voice whispered, "Little Rose Leaf, come quickly, or I cannot thank you as I ought for all your loving care of me."

So they passed to the bed beside the discontented bee, and there upon the



softest down lay the dove, whose gentle eyes looked gratefully upon the Fairy, as she knelt beside the little couch, smoothed the soft white bosom, folded her arms about it and wept sorrowing tears, while the bird still whispered its gratitude and love.

"Dear Fairy, the fairest flowers have cheered me with their sweet breath, fresh dew and fragrant leaves have been ever ready for me, gentle hands to tend, kindly hearts to love; and for this I can only thank you and say farewell."

Then the quivering wings were still, and the patient little dove was dead; but the bee murmured no longer, and the dew from the flowers fell like tears around the quiet bed.

Sadly Rose Leaf led Eva away, say-

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tonight beneath our fairest blossoms, and you shall see that gentleness and love are prized far above gold and beauty, here in Fairyland. Come to the Flower Palace and see the Fairy Court."

Beneath green arches, bright with birds and flowers, beside singing waves, went Eva into a lofty hall. The roof of pure white lilies rested on pillars of green clustering vines, while many colored blossoms threw their bright shadows on the walls as they danced below in the deep green moss, and their low, sweet voices sounded softly through the sunlit palace, while the rustling leaves kept time.

Beside the throne stood Eva, and watched the lovely forms around her, as they stood, each little band in its own color, with glistening wings and flower wands.

Suddenly the music grew louder and the Fairies knelt and bowed their heads as on through the crowd of loving subjects came the Queen, while the air was filled with gay voices singing welcome to her.

She placed the child beside her, saying, "Little Eva, you shall see now why the flowers on your great earth bloom so brightly. A band of loving little gardeners go daily forth from Fairyland to tend and watch them, that no harm may befall the gentle Spirits that dwell beneath their leaves. This is never known, for like most good it is unseen by mortal eyes and only unto pure hearts like yours do we make known our secret. The humblest flower that grows is visited by our messengers and often blooms in fragrant beauty, unknown, unloved by all save Fairy friends, who seek to fill the Spirits with all sweet and gentle virtues, that they may not be useless on the earth; for the noblest mortals stoop to learn of flowers. Now, Eglantine, what have you to tell us of your rosy namesakes on the earth?"

(To be continued)

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

(Continued from page 161)

They told me there were devils in God's
hell,

And I wondered;

They told me there was evil in God's
sky—

Lo, it thundered.

Life drew on—I trembled, fearing;

Night drew on—I wakened, hearing

The vast voices of the skies;

Pain came nigh—I bore it weeping;

Sin came by—I suffered, keeping

Deep tear shadows in my eyes.

Sin and storm! Oh, holy teachers!

You have blest me.

Greater you than all the preachers

Who confessed me.

Learned I that what men call sin

Is a door to enter in,

Is the hither side of God,

Is the dryness of the sod

That but drives the strong roots deeper,

Is the hither side of law.

—If I break

Or disregard that austere table,

If my inner self, unstable,

Seeks a compromise 'twixt Right and
Left,

In God's "Hell" I pay the fee,

Learn what wiser way there be,

Bless the storm that clears the air.

—If I obey,

Lo, on eagles' wings Life bears

To the heights where Beings wears

Very crown of glory.

Fair is storm as sunlight fair

Bright is pain as pleasure bright;

God above, beneath, behind,

Law outworking justice—right!

Now I know the "devils" in God's hell,

Now I know the "evil" in His sky—

Messengers, evangels—all is well;

Now I sleep and wake and laugh and cry

And press me on—toward God."

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