

The
**ROSIKRUCIAN
MAGAZINE**

Rays from the Rose Cross

FEATURES



Temples of God

If a Man Die Shall He
Live Again?

Sacred Science: Astrology



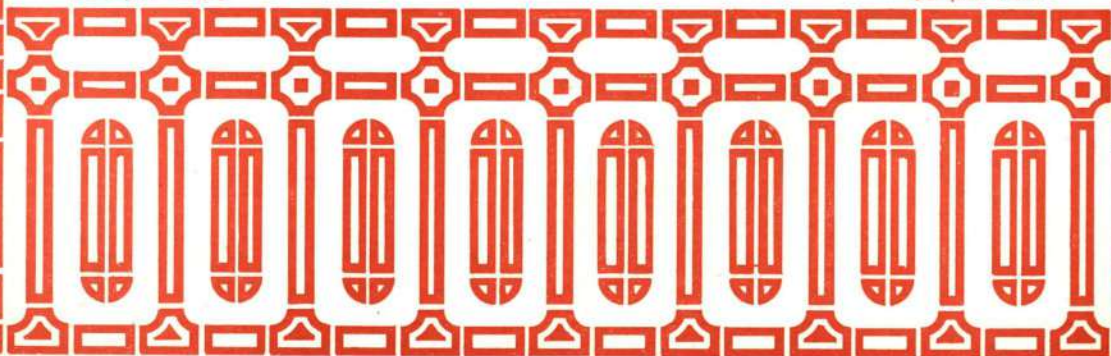
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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

JUNE, 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, EDITOR

August



1937

VOLUME 29

NO. 8

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Subscription in the United States and Canada, \$2.00 a year. All other countries \$2.25. *Special Rate:* 2 years in United States and Canada \$3.50; other countries \$4.00. U. S. money or equivalent. Single copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. 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.

Issued on the 15th of each month. *Change of Address* must reach us by the 10th 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.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

Formerly religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, for instance, heredity. They desire religion as much as their fathers, but want the ancient truths in modern dress, congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man which is as strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries so that the heart may be allowed to sanction what the intellect believes, and the solace of religion may give peace to the troubled mind.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

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Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

This article received FOURTH PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

Temples of God

BY JOHN JOSLING



N spite of our much vaunted civilization and the great strides made through scientific advancement, the object of physical existence remains for the larger part of humanity a complete mystery. It remains a mystery for the majority because the mind of mankind has necessarily been focused in these last centuries in the development of the natural resources of the earth. With the mind centered upon material things, man's consciousness has become entirely objective and all of his aims and problems have been focused in the phenomenal world, the world outside of the Self instead of being focused within himself. As a result of long centuries of concentrated thought and activity connected with the outer objective physical world, a knowledge of the true Self, the Christ-Man, has been overlaid and forgotten, yet as Paul says, God is in us of a truth, and then again his statement, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? . . . for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are," also, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price:

therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

We come to the end of an age made dark and degenerate through the long use of the concrete mind; man will only believe what his senses report. The power of the God-Man presence within him remains for the most part unknown; during the passage of this long night of intellectual development he has come to forget that he is a holy shrine, in very truth a temple of the Living God. Out of the forces of these things there is produced at this day this very dangerous condition where man is antagonistic to the idea and knowledge of spirit. So lost has he become to a knowledge of his own true Divine Self that the idea of spirit is spurned, yet it will be only by man's reawakening to a knowledge of his spiritual nature that true advancement can be made so that the days of this transition cease to be a turmoil of uncertainty and irreligion. If mankind is to be saved, man must through pain be pressed in upon himself to such an extent that at last he will once more enter in to discover what is the object of physical life. He must divine the mystery of the Christ if he is to make new progressive advancement in his evolution of

consciousness, for the unfolding of the Higher Self through the office of the mind and personality of the earthly man is the sole object of existence on the earth which is our school.

If there is one thing above all others that I would impress you with, it is the truth that here and now we are essentially Beings of Spirit and as much Spirit today as we shall ever be, that our true home is a far finer one and truly spiritual, and that we come to the earth for a few short years solely to learn how to manifest our spiritual faculty in the matter of our earthly physical bodies. To become born of flesh is for the great majority of people to lose all memory of their Heavenly Home; thus it is out of this forgetfulness that we so rarely manifest the mighty reality of our True Divine Natures—the Christ-Man is overlaid and forgotten by the heavy presence of the personality of flesh. It is a fact that the bodily organism destroys all touch with the God-Man for

most people, but the fact should be made our own, or every endeavor should be made to realize that we are Spiritual Beings first and last, and whether or not we forget this truth, we are responsible for every act and thought which arises within our consciousness. Could we but realize this truth as a living thing, this factor of the God-Man in us, the world would become transformed and friendship and love would appear overnight.

Man has so lost touch with the fount of spirit and the ancient Wisdom Teachings that he does not realize that there are within him two beings, the Real Self, the true Individuality, which is that called by Paul "the Lord from Heaven" and a Ray of the Divine Godhead, and the lower man which is the personality with its concrete mind which informs it on this plane even though that instrument is the responsible power or blind to

shut him out of his true heavenly home, the Spiritual Worlds in which he lives for many centuries between death and a new birth. The Godhead has consciously projected an emanation which is a Divine Drop of Himself into the world of form and matter to manifest the unique Individuality of Himself in the personality of flesh. So might we remember the fact that each of us is actually a truly sacred being, that in us dwells all the potential powers of God-consciousness, that within us dwells that force which shall in time bring liberation from the bonds of ignorance and illusion, and this so soon as the Christ is brought to birth in us; for with the coming of the Christ there comes His Love and Wisdom and with this flowered then comes to the earth at last the Kingdom of God.

Would that it could be impressed upon us that God has wrought this Holy Temple in which we are to manifest Him in the world of matter; but until we actually awaken and recognize His Pres-

PRAYER TO THE MASTER

*Though we know not how far
the Light will reach,
Nor know the ones on whom
that Light may shine,
Help us, who serve, to keep
our lamps undimmed,
That they may ray the glory
that is Thine.*

(Concluded on next page)

ence, we drift and suffer much pain, yet the experiences themselves are definitely calculated to awaken the lower man to a knowledge of the Presence of the God-Man within. So soon as this time occurs, then does man truly become born of God, and from that moment he ceases to sin. The mightiest truth and the loveliest I know is the glorious fact that we are Divine, and even if we have not discovered this good news for ourselves out of ourselves, then we can take it on trust safely from those who know it beyond any possible doubt. Listen to what that great Initiate Paul speaks in this statement showing our Sonship with God, "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." What warrant more weighty with truth than this? What soul more sound with true Christ-credentials than his which makes the statement?

What I would leave in your minds is this truth that the real man in us is a Divine Being and that we are Gods in the process of molding matter to make it manifest the Father's will; therefore the ancient axiom is right, "Men are mortal gods, and gods are immortal men." Why is the Christ child always depicted as being born in a manger with the various cattle about him? Why should not a great king be born in a palace, for such would seem more fitting of such sovereignty? Yet this fact symbolizes the birth of the spirit in the animal nature which is the manger of the fleshly personality; and man conceives of the Holy Ghost through this wonderful Virgin birth, and this lovely birth must take place in every living soul in utter lowliness of the manger of flesh, that a true and perfect humility be attained, for the spiritual man seeks nothing for himself, but only to give of his God-given powers to his fellows. The glory of God shines out through him for the sake of the great Brotherhood of Mankind.

Once the Christ infant is born, unfoldment manifests with marvelous speed and power; the man becomes filled with the fire, the power, and the glory of the Divine, and love radiates from him to touch all. Those of you who would know the mightiness of the God in you should deliberately and incessantly meditate upon Him and strive daily to express His Divine qualities, for the more you do this, the more He will grow and the greater will be His power to manifest through you to guide your personality through the shoals and rocks of the earthly illusion.

I would pray that you strive to enter in at this door, for once entered, you will accomplish mighty things in His name and service; but you must become earnest, you must become intense, and give

the whole of your heart to Him who is the One Divine Reality in you. If you do this, then shall you know that you are more than the earthly man. We must realize vividly that we are more than mere animals, much more than mere mortals, and that our mortality is clothed with immortality; as Paul says, that we are sons of God, and that we are apprenticed to the earth-school where we live in animal bodies which we have to transmute into Christ-Substance. This we do whether conscious or unconscious of the fact of the work, but to become conscious of our power and purpose while in a physical body is to spiritualize it the quicker, and by such spiritualizing we cease to crucify the Christ and help to share the burden of sustaining this planet and transmuting its evil. Therefore to know these things and not to do them entails a great penalty, harming our souls.

*
Grant that no shadow of our
lower selves,
Stretch darkening webs aslant
that golden glow,
Nor draw the curtain of a
selfish greed,
To hide Thy truth from those
who seek to know.

—Rona Morris Workman
in "Flame in the Wind."*

The world actually groans and travails at this time of transition in its waiting for the manifestation of the Son of Man. Great changes must soon occur on our planet and these will be expedited as more men and women come into a knowledge of the Christ, and thence a knowledge of the meaning of life itself. The hindering forces which have impeded too long must now be thrust aside and disposed of, for a higher, happier, holier system of life is now to be ours on this earth. As the New Age forces stream into our planet all mankind will be inoculated with the Aquarian water of Christ-correction. The darkness of the past is to be dissolved, the night of ignorance and of hatred is to go, and with it its suffering selfishness. All things are to be made new, for in this new Aquarian Age, even in this incipient stage, mankind is to come into the clear light and knowledge that he is a Mystic Shrine, a Holy Temple of the Living God. He is to realize that

God and His Archangels, the Elohim, have to manifest in the human kingdom through us, that we are Their instruments of expression made in Their image and likeness.

When we reflect upon these things, can we not see the complete beauty of the Plan which God has for man and that it is out of this human body that the God must be born that He may manifest through it. The body then is not a thing to be despised or ill-treated; on the contrary, we must know it as a Holy Temple for the expression of the God in us. There is nothing common or unclean about our bodies unless by our thinking we make it so. To know and to produce the birth of the Christ in us is to know how holy and sacred is the temple of our body.

We cease to think in the old terms when we realize our spiritual nature in full truth, and we learn to see everything on earth about us, whether living beings or parts of the inanimate creation, as varying expressions of the One Glorious Divinity which is God. Only by such thoughts as these, only by such a birth as this can we gather greater comprehension of God so that we manifest His Presence within. To come so far as to know the truth of this God-Presence even without manifesting the Christ-birth is to transform our life in every department. We exercise care in regard to thought, knowing that thought will eventuate as acts at some time or other, and that every word we utter must create after its kind in some world. We add either to the hatred and ignorance of the world or to its loving constructive uplift; we either help humanity or hinder it. By our thoughts we do these things; we curse or bless, we lift or lower.

Once we have recognized that we are Temples of the Living God, all things become changed; we become new creatures, as Paul says. Now do we at last turn to ourselves and through our Divine Power transcend the animal nature to control it. In all ways and through all

days we utilize our time and thought to transmute all of our imperfections. We become lighted by the radiation of Christ-Love, and this love we express and out-stream in our daily work and duties. In every phase and department of our activity, no matter how menial or highly inspired, there is the God-Man within us, expressing through us so all may see and feel and know.

So great is the radioactivity of the forces of the Christ in us that known and employed, they refine the whole human personality to make it more responsive to His Life. In this wise the lower nature with all its blemishes and impurities will be transmuted, cleansed, and glorified so that it is given over to the highest service of the Higher Self. Thus does Christ come into His own on earth and His Kingdom come, and this is what that statement means in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The expression of the Christ-Man occurs only as a result of a powerful living earnestness; the hypocrisy and cant of outward shows of religion can never bring it. A spiritual advancement is always the fruit of actual positive work done by us in a personal body of flesh.

We can not buy this power from any school, nor should we delude ourselves or mistake psychic forces for those of spirit, and we cannot say too strongly that the development of psychic powers without first flowering that of the spirit is damaging and dangerous. The spiritual should be the first force to evolve in our personalities, for this is the safest road to entry in the spiritual worlds.

It is not difficult to demonstrate our creative God-power in those spiritual realms where we live after death, for the substance of those realms is immediately responsive to our every thought. They are, in fact, realms of thought substance, but the conscious work we have to complete to bring out the full cycle of our God-forces must occur in the earth in a body which is made of dense matter and is most unresponsive to spiritual impacts

and thought forces. Let us realize fully that we have to make our physical bodies and our minds utterly permeable and responsive to the power of the Spirit, and that as our bodies become finer and more highly responsive to the God in us, so do we start to flower the quality of our true genius as God-Men, but this genius in each of us cannot start to express until there is born in us the power of Love and Wisdom. When this is born, Christ is come, and through the will of the Father in us do we learn to utilize our divine powers and manipulate them for the sake of His Son.

Therefore we should realize what mighty opportunity and grand privilege is ours when we take on earthly birth. Would that I could impress you with the delight of our duty here in the earth school, using each precious moment, not for our frivolling follies or worse viciousness, but using each moment for Christ's sake, for since we are sons of God, why should we not learn to live like the Gods, for They made us and have poured into us Their very All. This was Their great sacrifice, and if we can consciously realize this we must love Them and strive to express Their forces in us. We must become Their channels, for only thus can we be true ambassadors for Christ.

The first intimate knowledge that there is a God within us comes through our attaining a state of inner quiet, for it is out of serenity of soul and perfect poise that there comes a true realization of our high destiny. We should learn to manifest self-control and to remain unmoved in all situations, particularly in this very trying moment when fear envelops all peoples. There is no need for fear nor hatred nor ignorance, and the Light of Love will dissolve these. To be born of Spirit is to live in the Eternal, and to have touched such a state of timelessness is to live in purity and radiate it through the flesh so that radiant health occurs because of the great inner Joy.

Through the expression of an incessant outwelling Love a true softness of speech occurs which radiates kindness, and the

voice takes on a mellow quality because it has lost its power to wound. A lovely humor animates us because we understand the follies of man and we become tolerant of his ignorance. Realizing our own immortality we take on a courage and a poise which buoys us in all situations. We become helpful in deed and thought and through our Christ-compassion we have an aching desire to bring comfort to all who are in distress. Our understanding becomes enriched beyond words through our unselfishness, and out of our mighty love we give to all of our inner store or riches.

Can you not now see why the Loving Christ with extended hands and open heart says in His Love, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Yet the God-Man within us will not compel us to follow His guidance nor is it possible for Him to manifest in us against our will. It is necessary for us then to recognize His Presence within, and with the glad discovery made, give Him obedience and help so that He may find expression throughout our daily lives.

The secret of all successful transmutations has but one source and that is the power and utilization of the Christ-Man within, for to correlate with Him is to make quick correction of the blemishes of our lower nature. The secret of our advancement is this personal knowledge of the Christ within us and our learning to cooperate with Him, and nothing can change for us until this Christ-cooperation occurs. If you would be one of Christ's chosen elect, you must become aware of Him within you for He is your Real Self. Thus you will manifest Him in your personal life, and when many people on earth become such chosen ones of their own volition, then shall the world be able to say what the people of Lycaonia said of Paul and Barnabas, "The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."

It is in this physical world of form in bodies made of the same substance that we are to learn how to discover and

demonstrate our true spiritual natures. If we wish to create music, we must have instruments. The instrument though is of no use unless we have a musician. We are both musical instrument and musician. Through the Divine Word or Sound in us do we evoke heavenly music in our various instruments. The instrument is our earthly body, the personality of flesh, and the God in us is the Great Creative Christ. He is the Heavenly Musician Whose Sound and Song sing through us, for He is the Word. There-

fore let us strive to realize the truth of the vital importance of these visits of short duration which we make to this earth-school. Let us cease to complain and criticize. Let our moaning end as we come into the reality and knowledge of the opulent opportunity and privilege each earth life presents to manifest as much of the Christ within as possible so that we can build it as a splendid accretion to augment the forces unfolded in past lives, for we are Mystic Shrines and Temples of the Living God.

The Shining Garment

BY PAUL DE BRANCO NILES

I

*When my day has run its course
And life—like the receding tide,
Sweeps out to sea:
I pray that I be lifted up,
That love watch with me, by my side,
To greet Eternity.*

II

*Oh, that my vision be not dimmed,
Or curtain drawn, or sorrow there
To bow its head.
I would await with outstretched arms
My summons—and so bravely fare
In peace—to meet the dead.*

III

*For death is but another name for life:
The worn vestment that the soul
Will cast aside
Is all that dies. Let me go forth
Where yet more endless currents roll,
Fed by Immortal Tides.*

IV

*Tides of the Spirit's boundless deep,
That man has never sounded yet—
With mind or soul.
His earth is compassed by the swirling fog
Born of his strife—desire—regret—
That so obscures the goal.*

V

*Let me not cling to transient things.
Of all earth's gifts, let me hold love
Close to my heart,
And leave all else to Death.
Love is alone the garment that above
I need—when I depart.*

Thou Shalt Not Kill

BY ADELAIDE L. WALKER

IT was early morning. In the east the grey sky was slowly turning to a pearly, rosy tint. One by one the birds awakened with a song and soon the clear air was filled with a joyous chorus—a paeon of praise to their Maker. Slowly the sun came peeping up over the mountain. Hidden behind a great oak tree near a grassy glen where a tinkling, clear stream of water ran, bubbling gleefully over rocks and roots, stood a young boy about twelve years old. He had a camera ready poised. For weeks he had stalked a fine six-point buck. Occasionally he had caught glimpses of him and from studying his habits, knew he always came to this spot for his morning drink.

Suddenly Philip stiffened, every nerve in his body tensed, his breath stilled—a rustling of the underbrush, a thud of hoofs and into the clearing sprang the buck, a noble specimen! His head held proudly erect, the perfect six-point antlers outlined against the background of trees, he sniffed the air for danger. What a picture! With trembling hands Philip focused his camera and just as the click told him he had secured one of the very best pictures procurable, a shot rang out bringing death to the buck, and intense grief to Philip Shaw, for he was friend to every living thing in the mountains and woods.

A cry of anguish and Philip knelt beside the dead buck, its mild brown eyes fast filming over. With the tears running down his cheeks, the boy murmured: "Little brother! Little brother!" He

made a pathetic figure kneeling on the grass, the sun bringing out the gold in his hair, the big blue eyes filled with tears. Gently he stroked the sleek, velvety coat. Then several men came crashing through the underbrush with cries of victory.

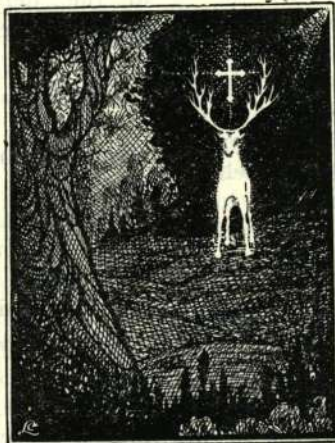
"You got him, Doc! Good shot!" and the others slapped him on the back. Dr. Edward Kimball smiled triumphantly as he answered, "First shot of the season! Not bad! not bad!"

Kimball was a big, powerfully built man with rather coarse features, strong, blunt hands. Every inch of him bespoke the surgeon. When he caught sight of Philip he frowned and said very harshly, "Here! where did you come from? What are you doing?"

Philip looked up and said indignantly, "You killed him! For shame!"

"Of course I killed him! What do you suppose I stalked him for since three o'clock this morning?" He laughed a loud boisterous laugh, the others joining uproariously, except one who stood a little apart looking down at the boy and deer. There was a strange expression on his face and many conflicting emotions stirring his heart.

Dr. George Edwards was just the opposite of Dr. Kimball: tall, thin, pale, and with worried lines creasing his forehead. As he looked at the sad child he felt never again could he kill and eat. It was not the anguished cry of "Little brother" for to him it had no meaning; it was something taking place inside of him which he could not have put into words.



Philip's tears were dry now and he stood up with flashing eyes.

"You are a murderer! The same Life that flows through you flowed through him, our younger brother! You had no right to deprive him of his life and liberty!"

"Oh, come; let up on the preaching and go on home where you belong! Come, fellows, help me carry this buck to the Lodge, and we'll have some nice juicy steaks!" Philip turned sadly away, the tears again welling up. Dr. Edwards took a step forward and placed his hand on Philip's shoulder:

"Wait a minute, lad!" The boy looked up into the troubled gray eyes and stood still. "Who are you? I haven't seen you around here before. Do you live near-by?"

"I am Philip Shaw, I live just over that ridge to the south. We moved here three months ago because my mother has been very sick and needs lots of sunshine and fresh air."

"I see. Tell me, what did you mean by *Little Brother*?"

"Oh, sir —"

"Dr. George Edwards is my name."

"Oh, Dr. Edwards, if you will come and meet my father, he will tell you so much better than I. Will you come?"

"Why, thank you, lad, I would like to very much." Noticing the camera as they started to walk on together, he asked, "Aren't you out rather early for pictures?"

"Oh, no, I have to catch my friends as I can. I am so glad I got a picture of him, before —"

"I am, too, Philip. Do you know when I saw you kneeling there by him I experienced the most peculiar feeling. I—I—don't believe I can ever hunt again!"

"Oh, I am so glad! See, there is our home."

"It was the old Hartley ranch, wasn't it?"

"Yes, we bought it so we could raise our own fruits and vegetables, and so Mother could regain her health." They

stood quiet for a few moments looking down on the peaceful valley nestling close to the mountain. Then they quickly walked down the trail.

"Father, Mother, this is Dr. Edwards come to breakfast with us!" He ran up the steps of the porch on which Mr. Shaw and his wife were sitting.

"We were waiting for you, son. How are you, Dr. Edwards? You are welcome."

"Thank you. I am very much interested in your boy and his peculiar philosophy of life. I'd like to hear more about it."

Mr. Shaw was short and sturdily built, his eyes were dark brown, deep and serious; his hair stood up in a shock of brown curls that matched his eyes, and no efforts on his part could keep his hair in place, for he had a habit of running his fingers through it every few minutes. When George Edwards shook hands with him, a strange electric thrill went through his whole body.

Mrs. Shaw was a frail little woman who showed the ravishes of a serious illness, but her calm blue eyes held a gracious welcome as she held out her hand. They all went into the house to the big kitchen which served as dining room also. The table was set daintily, a bowl of goldenrod stood in the center. Mrs. Shaw set another place for the guest and they sat down. Mr. Shaw said a simple earnest grace. Dr. Edwards ate heartily of the delicious meal: fresh fruits, cereal with rich cream, fresh eggs, home-made bread, honey, and glasses of foaming milk.

"Daddy, please tell Dr. Edwards about the animals' being our younger brothers."

"Son, that's a discourse which will take some time, so suppose we leave it until after breakfast, then we will be better acquainted."

"How about it, Doctor?" anxiously asked Philip.

"Suits me, lad, but you certainly have my curiosity aroused."

The conversation drifted to other subjects, then the meal over, Philip helped his mother clear away the food while the two men went out to the porch. The sun was well up now and its warmth was grateful. The doctor, being used to smoking after his meals, offered his case to Mr. Shaw.

"Thank you, friend, but I have given up smoking for some time. I found it caused my wife to cough; later, when I had abstained for a while I found my health and nerves so improved I gave it up entirely."

The talk grew more serious as Mr. Shaw unfolded the truths that had made life a different thing for him and his family, and little by little drew from the doctor incidents and experiences about his work of which he seldom spoke, and before he knew how it happened he was opening his whole heart to this man who listened with an understanding and sympathy that were marvelous.

"You have such a deep interest in your patients you will go far on the Path, but there is something on your mind. Perhaps I can help you."

"Yes, a patient who worries me—mother of four children—she is failing rapidly, and I just can't let her die! She should have an operation but in her present condition it would mean death."

"I can help you, and you can cure her without an operation."

Dr. Edwards looked at him incredulously, thinking him just another "crank," but in a few minutes he changed his mind and was listening with growing interest.

"You mean to say that with fruit and vegetable juices a cure can be effected? It seems impossible but I am going to consider it."

When the doctor left the ranch at last, he had two books and several pamphlets which he promised faithfully to study. At the Hunting Lodge the men were sitting around smoking and drinking as they talked about their luck in the morn-

ing. Dr. Edwards came up in a hurry saying as he went on into the house for his clothes:

"Don't mind, Ed, if I go on home? I'm worried about Mrs. Slausen."

"Where have you been? Had breakfast?"

"Yes, at the Shaws', but I must be going at once."

"G.E., if you would let me operate on her, I'd have her well in no time!" exclaimed Dr. Kimball.

"I can't yet, Ed, it would kill her now."

"Nonsense! I've pulled them out before in worse cases."

"Well, if you'll excuse me, I must go. I can't get her off my mind. Good-bye!"

* * * * *

A year passed and once again it was hunting time for deer. In that year Dr. Edwards succeeded in fully restoring Mrs. Slausen to health and to her family stronger than she ever had been. He gave up smoking and drinking, gradually eating less and less flesh foods and was rewarded by better health for himself, his family, and his patients. His practice steadily improved and he never lost a case the whole year; but as his practice increased, Dr. Kimball's decreased until the people were afraid to call him in. Often Dr. Edwards tried to tell him about the secret of his success; often he would implore him not to operate while the moon was in the sign ruling the part of the body to be operated upon—but all in vain. Day by day, week by week, month by month, his patients grew fewer and fewer till the day came when he no longer had a practice. Three deaths in succession was more than enough to break the spirit of the hardest surgeon, and Edward Kimball's spirit was broken. He shunned his friends, never went to his club and was sinking rapidly into oblivion so far as society was concerned. Only one stood by him, Dr. Edwards, whose heart ached for his friend.

It was Saturday noon, the time they always prepared to leave for the Lodge.

Kimball was in his office sorting out papers and throwing many into the fire-place when Edwards called.

"Ready to go, Ed?" Two days before Kimball had dropped a dark hint that on the next hunting trip there would be an accident. Dr. Edwards did not try to talk him out of it, but quietly made his own plans.

"I'll be ready in a minute, want to get rid of some of this rubbish." Edwards knew he was putting his house in order and his heart ached. He knew that the mortgage on his friend's house was overdue, and that he was planning to let his insurance take care of every thing. He swallowed the lump in his throat, then asked casually:

"Any of the others going?"

"No, I haven't invited any one—why should I? They all avoid me as if I had the plague! No, I'm going alone and end it all!"

"Not alone, Ed. I'm going but not to hunt, I want to see the Shaws again."

"You've got awful thick with them," was the sarcastic remark.

"They have done a lot for me, Ed."

Kimball did not answer but threw the last papers on the fire. "All right, I'm ready! Got everything I need in the car. Come on!"

"Leaving the fire like that, Ed?"

"The janitor will take care of it!" But Edwards fixed it so no coal could fly out and set fire to anything.

"Come on, I don't care if the whole building goes up in smoke!"

"Others would," was the quiet reply.

Dr. Kimball's car stood in the parking lot in the rear of the building. Just as they approached Kimball let out an oath and said impatiently:

"Just look at those tires! It'll take two hours to fix them!"

"We'll use my car, Ed, and call the garage man to come and get your car. It will be ready for you by Monday."

"Oh, what's the use! I won't need it any more!"

"Alice and the boys will."

Silently Kimball transferred his hunting gear into Edwards' car which stood next to his.

"No groceries, Ed?"

"No, don't need any."

"Well, I have enough for two I guess. Want to drive?"

"No, go ahead; don't mind me. Forget I'm here!"

Edwards smiled. So far his plans worked, but would they continue to do so? The three hour drive up the mountains was made in silence. As they neared the crossroads one of which led to the Lodge, the other to the Shaw ranch, Edwards broke the long silence, his voice was slightly tremulous:

"Ed, before we go to the Lodge, will you do me a favor?"

"Well?" There was no enthusiasm in his tones, his face was white and set in sullenness.

"Ed, we've been friends for many years, and if you are determined to end it all I can't stop you, but I do wish you would have a talk with Mr. Shaw first."

"No! Why should I? He came between us! We were friends but not in the last year, not since you've taken up his crazy ideas."

"And yet, those crazy ideas have brought me unusual success."

"You needn't rub it in, G. E.!" was the vehement answer.

"I'm not, but facts are facts. But that doesn't answer my question."

"No, emphatically, no!" They were very near the forks now and Edwards' heart beat furiously—he must not fail! A silent prayer for help, then he stopped the car and turned to the sullen man beside him, holding out his hand. He said quietly as he looked searchingly into his friend's face, his own was pale:

"Ed, good-bye. Let's part friends, shall we?" For a moment Kimball made no response, then slowly, reluctantly he clasped Edwards' hand, the hand of the only friend left who never had failed him. Something in Edwards' eyes held his, then he said huskily:

"All right, G. E., I'll go with you but cut the visit short." With a quivering sigh of relief Edwards started the car; his heart lightened for he knew his friend would be saved.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were sitting on the porch reading. Philip was playing with his collie when the doctors drove up. Edwards was welcomed as a dear friend, and they gladly welcomed Kimball for Edwards' sake. After a few common-places about the weather Edwards said:

"Mr. Shaw, I'm going to leave my friend in your hands. Come, Philip, show me your latest pictures." Mrs. Shaw tactfully went indoors for a pitcher of fruit juice and cookies.

When alone with his new guest, Mr. Shaw drew a chair forward for Kimball and said in his quiet, magnetic voice:

"My friend, you are carrying a heavy load; I would like to help you." Kimball looked at him startled, was the man a mind reader or had G. E. told him about his trouble? Mr. Shaw put his hand on Kimball's shoulder and a strange, relaxed feeling came over him, he drew a long breath and answered, "Yes, I am at the end of my rope. I came up to end it all—an accident—no one to blame—God! I'm sick of life!"

"I know, but now let go of the rope and stand on your own feet—the drop

may be great but you'll land safely." Kimball was puzzled at his words.

"I don't get you! My practice is gone, my friends avoid me. People are afraid to call on me. Three deaths in succession—what can I do but wipe the slate clean?"

"Yes, that's just what you are going to do, clean the slate. But not in the way you contemplate—I can show you a better way!"

For nearly two hours, Mr. Shaw talked. At first Kimball was skeptical, then gradually his interest was aroused: he began to ask questions. Soon he became calm and relaxed and when Edwards and Philip came back followed by Mrs. Shaw with a tray, he was ready to read and study and put into practice the new doctrine of healing. As they sipped their fruit juice and ate the delicious cookies, the conversation became general and Kimball was again his old lively self. He looked with interest at the beautiful pictures Philip had taken of his wild friends. The afternoon passed pleasantly and they were invited to partake of the evening meal.

* * * * *

Another year passed. Where once stood a hunting lodge, now stands a sanitarium amidst beautiful well-kept grounds where the sick are healed and taught the Truth.



If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?

BY GEORGIA MOORE EBERLING



SOB voiced this plaintive question at a time when he was sore beset. Death had taken his sons and daughters, the plague of boils sat heavily upon him, his wife had urged him to curse God and die and *he thought* death was imminent. His query betrays his hope. Through the ages man has faced death with the hope that he shall live again. Faith has always come to the aid of hope, with what has meant *assurance* to the believer, but to the doubter, the agnostic, and the infidel has simply meant a very vague *hope*, if anything.

The inevitability of death is borne in upon us from earliest history. The Preacher, in one of his more hopeless moods tells us in Ecclesiastes, "It is appointed unto man once to die." And when we see the young and strong go out in a moment, while the old and afflicted linger on we often feel with the Preacher that the day of our death is appointed unto us and that we shall live until that day comes.

David, that sweet singer, left his testimony too: "Wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish."

To Moses came the word of his destiny: "Behold thy days approach when thou must die."

Sooner or later that realization comes to every child and the way it comes colors his whole after life. When a dear friend, or a loved brother or sister dies, or more tragic still when a child loses his mother at an early age the thought of death and of its ruthlessness and inevitability hangs over him like a pall. This accounted, I think, for much of the tragic brooding of the great Lincoln; and who of us has not passed through a Spring when the thought of blooming flowers, new grass and gardens did not seem perfectly useless unless the one who was gone could live again—some time, somewhere.

Happy then that bereaved one if in the life that comes from the seed he sees a promise, if in the butterfly emerging from its cocoon he sees the symbol of a soul released from the limitations of the body.

Many thoughtful men and women today feel that we are approaching the end of an era, the close of a dispensation. But when or how it will end they do not attempt to say. We know that certain eras of old ended in cataclysmic events: the Deluge, a rain of fire and brimstone, the sinking of a continent, the overflow of the barbarians through Greece and Rome. Perhaps our own era will not end in catastrophe. It may come quietly, so much so that we hardly know it has ended.

More and more as we near that time the hearts of men turn to another life, and the veil between the two worlds, that of the so-called dead and the living has never been so thin, so nearly penetrated as it is today.

Paul the Initiate could not tell us much of his vision of the paradise that lies beyond. It was not lawful, he declared, for him to tell of it. Besides he had not the words. How could he with his limited earth vocabulary tell us of the wonders of that future life?

The few in the days of the Master who came back from death left us no word about that other land. Jesus Himself told us little except that where He went, we should go, and that there were many mansions there.

But as we move down these last long corridors of the age, the wonders of science have been opened to us—radio, television, telephone, automobiles, submarines, airplanes—and we no longer say that anything is impossible. We once thought that the sky ended with the clouds we saw. Now we know of the stratosphere, and we talk of a rocket to

the moon; we speculate of the life on other planets, and the hope plus the faith that man has had of a life beyond the gates of death is being strengthened each day. Now many can confidently say, "I know."

Many prophecies in the Bible refer, I believe, to this day in which we live and to the end of this epoch in history. In the Old Testament it says, "In those days I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

In the New Testament it is repeated, and forecasts that in the *last* days—might that not mean the end of our age?—"On my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy." An especial emphasis is given to the statement that your "handmaidens" shall prophesy. Maidens did not have much to say in the early eras, but today? Our women are literally doing that. They prophesy in religion. There were never so many women preachers; they speak in terms of prophecy in science, politics, art, literature, in every realm.

Once we rather scoffed at the idea of visions, mentioned them with our tongue in our cheek, but now it is a common matter to pick up a paper and read: "Dead man saw happy throngs," in headlines. I have several such clippings. The first I have tells of an Englishman whose heart stopped for five minutes during an operation. Massage and injections started it and he "came back."

He said that he saw a throng of people in a place that he thought of as a hall although he had no impression of walls or ceilings. (Again we find the limitations of our earth vocabulary when we try to describe spiritual things.) He spoke of the Light, and of the happiness

he saw in the faces of multitudes; such a happiness that he felt he did not mind joining them. He "sensed" a welcome from everyone, but an old friend who had passed on some seven years before nodded and smiled at him and seemed to be giving him a special welcome.

His reaction was a total loss of fear in regard to death, and from that moment he ceased to regard his wife (gone for fifteen years) as dead.

In this story are many points of resemblance to others we shall quote. As for the differences we must remember that no two people see a thing exactly alike, or tell of it in the same way. Besides, we are told there are several entrances into that City; how do we know but that there may be more than one City? Always the particularly bright stars have held me with a strange fascination. How do we know but that the future life is on these stars and planets which we see shining above?

The fact that this man saw people dressed much as they were on earth, that they appeared to be standing in a circle, that he, "felt" a welcome, is significant. His story was published by the United Press throughout the country.

The next incident deals with a drowning victim. For five minutes his body had lain at the bottom of a lake in Pennsylvania. For nine hours the doctors and nurses worked over him and science brought him back. It is said that he sighed and opened his eyes. He declared that he was perfectly comfortable resting out in space. He had a feeling of oblivion and a long sleep in which there were no dreams. Yet through it all he had a feeling that he must arouse himself and make an effort to go somewhere. From a great distance he heard his mother calling him, then with tremendous effort he opened his eyes, sighed because of the peace he must give up.



The skeptic may ask why both men did not see the same things. I think one answer might be that some natures are intensely spiritual and are ready for the new life at once. The second man may have been prevented from going all the way into the future for some reason we cannot know. The fact is both went on. Both existed after life (supposedly) ended. No two people meet any experience in life the same; perhaps no two experience death in an identical manner.

When such men as Alexis Carrel say, "The facts of prediction of the future lead us to the threshold of an unknown world," we have to listen.

It is generally conceded now that telepathy is a fact. Scientists say we have it but do not know yet how to use it. So another wonder has come to fruition in our day. To me it is no more unbelievable that a person might cross the boundary line of worlds and come back to tell of it than it is to communicate with a friend or loved one who is many miles away by means of telepathy.

The following story is from the lips of a dear friend of mine whose word I could not doubt. One of her four children, whom I shall call Alice, was ill for many months before she passed on. Alice had been the one of the four who seemed least religious. That is, she never read the Bible; she was full of interest in her young daughter and her husband and home to the exclusion of almost anything else. When she began to see that she could not get well she was troubled. To her mother she would say, "If I just had more faith, if I just had more faith." She often asked her mother to read to her from the Bible and particularly liked the passages about home, and heaven, and the many mansions.

For a whole day she lay in the death coma; the doctor said she would probably never regain consciousness as the injection had been given that prevents one from dying in convulsions. Very few become conscious after that. But at dusk Alice stirred, opened her eyes. Her

mother spoke without thinking. "I wonder if she sees us," she said.

In a whisper Alice replied: "Yes, I see you all and I love you." Then she went on telling in that whisper of a voice that they had to bend to hear, of the "good day" she had spent; of the beautiful place she had been in, of how Grandma (her mother's mother) had said she was waiting for them. Then she gave a strange message. "I saw both grandma's," she told them. The only other grandma was her husband's mother who had died when he was eight years old!

To her sister she whispered, "Mary, your two little girls are beautiful."

Mary's two little girls had been still-born babies, born black and silent. So there must be growth in that life. It was significant to me that Alice saw children. She was a mother and would be interested in the babies.

With a last tired effort Alice murmured: "I wanted to stay here, but the Lord wants me," and quietly, without a struggle or another word she was in that other life.

Her mother has no feeling of "death" in regard to that girl. She says she is just as confident that Alice lives and is happy as she is that *she* is living.

To me that is a beautiful story. The Father in His infinite love permitted Alice to get that glimpse of the life beyond, and return to tell of it to assuage the terrible grief and lack of understanding the family otherwise would have felt.

I have reserved for the last an incident which I heard from the lips of the one who had the "great adventure" and came back. Her story is interesting because it is much like some of the others, yet is so different in many details. She was a devout believer in the future life and had read many times the description of John the Revelator.

Her story received great publicity a few years ago, appearing not only in papers in America but in those as far away as China. The facts have been proved: she was dead, she came back

after a few minutes. I shall give her story as nearly as possible in her words.

Although only seventeen at the time, she was suffering from a complication of serious ailments starting in an operation for ruptured appendix. Ill three years, the troubles mounted. She had heart attacks, a goiter, a serious nervous breakdown, and at the last convulsions and such a terrible case of lockjaw that her mouth was pried open and a wedge inserted to keep her from biting her tongue in half. She knew she was dying, the injection had been given her to prevent more convulsions but as the circulation had so nearly stopped, this seemed to have no effect.

She had had a vision, or trance, a few days before her passing in which she saw a great Light. All seem agreed as to the presence of that Light. At that time she saw Heaven and from that moment, she declared, fear of death left her but she still wished to live, partly for her mother's sake. She was conscious to the last. She felt the cold creep up her limbs. Unable to speak in more than a whisper, or to lift her hand without help she

felt that "death" would mean life to her and welcomed it.

She knew when the family and friends gathered about her bed and bade her good-bye. She felt the last little struggle as her spirit left the body. It was then, she says, she saw far up above the roof, high in space, some winging figures, like birds. They came near. Some poised above her; one came on and met her and she knew it was an angel.

Then she felt a sensation of rising. It

was an effortless, steady rise. The angel spoke, "You are not going now."

She did not answer in words but it was as though the guardian spirit heard her thoughts and went on after a pause. "The Lord has work for you to do."

But still that upward lift went on and she wondered why. At once she saw the Light. It seemed to come from a throne. She was inside a "place" of some sort. The air was delightful, the light so intense that for a second she covered her eyes with her hand.

She heard music, wonderful music. Turning about she saw ranks and lines of persons approaching and the singing came from their throats and seemed to come from all directions. These persons were all clad in soft white gowns of some sort of material that she describes as "chiffon," and which reached the ankles. The lower part of these robes seemed to sway constantly as from some unfelt breeze.

In the front row she saw and knew some. They were dear ones of her own family who had passed on before. They looked at her, smiled, nodded.

These ranks and files of singing ones passed on and away. They seemed to encircle the Throne and the Light which she saw. She heard again the angel's tones. "You are to go back and tell what you have seen. Tell the world that Jesus is soon to return to the earth."

Of the return passage she does not remember other than to know suddenly that she was back in the body.

Her nose gave the first indication of life. There was a slight twitch to the nostril which her mother saw. Then her lids fluttered open. She sat up and swayed back and forth and utter consternation prevailed among the watchers. She was still waxy-white and remained so for nearly two weeks. She remained cold to the touch for that time, although it was August and in the deep south—Mississippi. She insists that she felt so light it seemed she could float. Her arms were upraised much of the time, and strange to say, she walked only on her



toes—she could not endure shoes on her feet. She had eaten practically nothing for six days prior to her passing and for the next twelve days, while, she says, she was still in her spiritual body, she ate very little, and slept almost none.

Crowds gathered wherever she went. Literally hundreds came to her home, including reporters, ministers, physicians, and she started in at once on the commission given her by the angel. She told the people of her experience, and told them of the "soon-return" of the Lord.

From the moment she came back until today (four and a half years later) she has had no sign of any of the illnesses that caused her death. They all left her instantly when she first laid her eyes on the Light, which came, she tells you, from the face of Him who sat on the Throne—the Master of Light.

No one hearing this girl could doubt her story, even if it had not been authenticated by every reliable source that investigated it. She wears white with sleeves cut extremely wide under the arms. When she lifts her arms, there is the appearance of wings. Her face shines with the joy of her message; her whole physical body has a hint of the spiritual about it.

One strange phase of her coming back was the fact that her voice changed completely. It was a rather high, shrill, young-girl voice. Now it is a deep contralto with such power back of it that you feel she never has let it out to its full capacity. She is so slender and ethereal looking that her voice is a surprise.

If that greatest of all modern agnostics were here today he could not say: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights, we cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

Even he in his hour of desolation had a hope. He admitted that "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." Un-

wittingly perhaps, he gave his testimony to a hope in endless life.

Yes, always we have had intimations of immortality. Intimations, yes; but in these eventful days in which we live we are having proof. And more and more, I think, shall we have these proofs as we advance farther down the corridor of Time toward the end of an era.

If a man die shall he live again?

Yea, verily. There is no death—just endless life. The veil that hides that radiant world from ours is thin; the dead do live. The Master of all Life rose from the dead and we too shall one day rise to be with Him—the Light, and with those we loved—and lost awhile.

'Tis not enough to sit at home, till Fate
Doth to our door bring Opportunity;
For though we vigil keep unceasingly,
The chance desired may never reach our
gate;

Or, reaching it, may yet arrive too late
To bring us any gain or good thereby.
Nay, we must wait and sow industriously
Such seeds of virile thought as shall
create

Those opportunities for which we wait,
If we would taste the fruits of victory.
Since we are Gods with needs omnivorant,
We must as Gods create the thing we
need.

For Glory through achievement, dost
thou pant?


Create the opportunity decreed
To bring thee to success, nor yet be scant
Of Toil, but use it wisely. So, succeed.

—By "Tipherith" in *The Year's Rosary*.



The Speeds of Light

BY WILLIAM EDWARD CAMPBELL

T has been several months since my first conscious adventure into the spiritual worlds. Through an investigation to discover the scientific laws controlling psychic phenomena my mind became awakened to the fact that I could see into the Great Beyond and at the same time hear the voices of those that had "passed on." Under the watchful guidance of many spirit teachers I read extensively, followed a strict diet, and did what I could to get certain information into the hands of persons interested in discovering truths of general interest.

An occasion afforded me an opportunity to attend school at the University of Washington in August and September of 1935. This provided a splendid chance to search libraries of occult books for records of experiences similar to my own. I had learned to know a number of spirit entities by the sound of their voices. In every instance they gave me the instruction or experience first and then guided me to books wherein I found records to satisfy my demand for proof. This method, so far as I was concerned, completely shattered the psychological assertion that my psychic experience was called out by stimulus of prior association. Instead of reading about someone's experience and later encountering a situation that resembled it, I received the experience first and afterwards found records of others who had reported a similar incident.

At summer school we were instructed by the best psychologists of the University. While their lectures were interesting in every detail there was much about the human mind that remained unexplained from the material standpoint.

Near the close of the session some of my spirit advisers urged me to have a talk with one of the instructors of psychology. During noon hour I called on

a very learned man who has written several books on psychology. He had very little time to converse with me because he was leaving in the afternoon on a much delayed summer vacation. The conditions surrounding our interview necessitated my being as brief as possible.

It seemed best to explain an incident of a physical nature because I thought it had enough material with a psychological basis to interest him. In this event I had struggled to stay in my physical body while some superior force slowly oozed me out of it. The sensations accompanying the transition had been painful; while out of my physical body I had recognized and talked to people until I bounded back into the body. The first thought upon re-entering my body was to see how badly I had been hurt, because the impact in the vicinity of my solar plexus at the time of release felt as if my stomach had been shoved up into my lungs. After inhaling and exhaling deep breaths of air I was satisfied that I had not been injured. In reply to my request for his opinion he answered that he would say the experience "was called out by some previous association."

It should be understood that I accepted only such instruction from my spirit teachers as I considered reasonable or had reason to believe might be true. As I listened for further instruction they encouraged me to tell him about the speeds of light. Although I realized it might sound foolish to a professor of psychology, I went on to explain that the spirits it seemed that I had contacted, even absurd as it might appear to him, informed me that the speed of light was a variable. I contended that to my knowledge this was not known at this time and although I had no way of proving it from the materialistic standpoint, the information given to me on the subject afforded a convincing argument.

In summing up the interview the idea was expressed that the greater the distance from the surface of the earth the faster light travels, and when scientists should prove that to be true—it would be a certain check on the information purporting to come from spiritual contacts which I thought I had made.

A few weeks later spiritual pressure became so great that I consented to be the instrument of a science teacher who had lived thousands of years ago and I wrote an article for a newspaper pointing out where our material scientists made errors in computing the distances in space on account of the varying speeds of light. On November 2, 1935, I wrote the article and submitted it to the "Reader's Column." As far as I know it was never published but the substance of it was as follows:

Physicists may prove to men of science that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Astronomers may use that information for the purpose of telling us that a certain star or nebula is a definite number of light years away; but the flexibility of the medium upon which light travels decides its velocity. The positions of other suns, planets, and satellites vary the flexibility of the ethers through which light travels to us. Inequalities of mass attractions in space slow down and deflect light by changing the texture of the ethers. So it seems that light may travel from 186,000 miles per second in the ethers surrounding our earth upwards to a speed that becomes instantaneous where the ethers are not held in duress by mass attractions or where masses neutralize each other to the extent that they provide paths free from the pull of gravity.

"Some future scientist may prove to us that the positions of the planets alter the firmness of the media upon which light travels to the extent that at our earth's surface the planetary aspects vary the speed of light from day to day somewhat. Then, with the knowledge from a source the world will accept, that light travels through space at speeds varying

from 186,000 or less miles per second up to instantaneousness, the work of informing the public that a star is a certain distance away will confront the astronomer and physicist with a real problem."

About six months later, in the Seattle Sunday Times for April 4, 1936, under the heading "Speed of Light Found Variable" I observed the report of material scientists that confirmed the instruction I had received from my spirit teachers. Excerpts from the article read as follows:

". . . Says Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, in the year-book of the Carnegie Institution of Washington: 'Four series of measures . . . during intervals of two to five months give mean values which show an average deviation of 2.17 miles per second and a final mean of 186,270.75 miles per second. The internal agreement points to an uncertainty of from 3,280 to 6,560 feet per second in the final result. The value found from measures made in 1926 . . . over the open-air path of twenty-two miles between Mount Wilson and Mount San Antonio was 13.7 miles per second higher.'

"The fact that the last tests were made in a vacuum and the earlier in the open air (an air path of forty-five miles across a deep, wide canyon was traversed twice) does not explain the discrepancy after all corrections have been made. Despite all the care taken by the observers in the manipulation of apparatus, sometimes high and sometimes low velocities were recorded for days and even weeks at a time. Physicists are not likely to rest until they discover what causes the error. How can the 'one fundamental constant of nature' be permitted to remain inconstant?"

From the instruction I have received I am convinced our modern scientists could learn much about the speeds of light if they would take into consideration the positions of planets and other bodies in space that exercise a gravitational pull on the earth.

Occultism and Modern Life

The Universal Solvent

BY VICTORIA M. COREY

"The worst obstacles to a higher life are indolence which is cowardly, and gregariousness which gives us the semblance of a reason for not rising above the average."

The air pilot tunes his receiving set to the waves of a broadcasting station of the city of his destination. While the wave is received at its maximum intensity he is assured that his course is correct. When it fades he is warned to change his direction until the waves return to their full sound. Is your receiving apparatus tuned to receive the cosmic vibrations of your future goal? If so, you are always conscious of the deep vital hum to which your course is set. When you waver or stray, the hum fades and the surrounding space becomes empty. You're off your course. Work back to it until you pick up your wave length. You'll heave the deep gasp of thanksgiving that the airplane pilot knows after circling long in a pathless fog with a gas tank that's getting ever lower and lower.

* * * * *

Bertrand Russell, British philosopher and sociologist, has come to the conclusion through his research, that the cause of social enmity and war is man's inherent emotion, fear, with its reflex defense, attack.

Fear was the earliest sensation learned by man; and is, therefore, the hardest to eradicate. It was first instilled in man's dawning consciousness in the Lemurian Epoch as a means of awakening his dormant feelings. It was at that time a passive emotion. Then followed the Atlantean Epoch in which the lesson of fear was activated in man's experiences by the new need for attack to meet the law of the Survival of the Fittest. Thus it is the most deeply rooted and the most difficult of sublimation of all our instincts. It is that which

is the basic cause of our present social evils and must be converted by sympathetic knowledge and analysis before we can enter upon the privileges of the Aquarian Age.

* * * * *

Albert Edward Wiggam says if you put off making a decision you have already made it. If you postpone an act of charity or assistance, you have decided to let your fellow man be in need and suffer a little longer. Your good intentions feed and comfort no one. Mr. Wiggam ends his discussion by saying, "The question is not whether you should make decisions, because you cannot help that; but, will your decisions be based on straight thinking?"

* * * * *

The world owes us nothing; we must pay it a definite price to keep up with its progress. Do you remember the episode from *Through the Looking Glass* in which the Red Queen seized Alice by the hand and dragged her along at a mad pace crying, "Faster, faster!" When they at last came to a stop Alice exclaimed, "Why I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time. . . . In our country you'd generally get to somewhere else if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

The children of the new race which is now forming will be built for hard running. With the newly-developing faculty of intuition they will, with the speed of light, transpire the distance between the physical and the spiritual. Will you be ready to join them?

The Astral Ray

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

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

Sacred Science: Astrology

BY PIERREPONT V. MARSHALL

GOD is the All-Pervading Spirit of our solar system, omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, demonstrating Will, Wisdom, and Activity. In the beginning (of thinking) man created God in his own image. Different races have different images (imagination) of God, but nearly all of them speak of God as Father in Heaven. "As above, so below."

Every place that we see life—whether in mineral or tree, animal or man—there we see God in action. We live, move, breathe, and have our being within God and as a part of Him. He is both inside and outside of us (all-pervading).

Some kind of Great Intelligence created our solar system and set it in well ordered motion. Through thousands of observations man has found that our solar system is following a definite course of procedure and that the Power directing this definite course is doing more than just guiding us in our planetary orbits; also at certain intervals different influences come into our lives, both collectively as groups and also as individuals. This Great Intelligence we call—God. Like a gigantic watch our solar system has wheels within wheels (orbits or cycles within cycles) and all motivated by the Mainspring—God.

Many people refuse to think of any other Heavenly Fathers (of other solar systems) and as for The Supreme Being of the Universe of solar systems they shrink from thoughts of such a Being as it would seem to belittle the importance of God. Their limited thinking refuses to consider anyone or anything of greater importance than their own God and to settle the matter they call Him—The Supreme Being. All of this is not very essential except to give point to the idea that God (of our solar system) has an environment of the Zodiac.

Everything that we are conscious of is in process of evolution, as well as many things of which we are not conscious. Maybe we have a wrong definition of "perfect" or "perfection." But we certainly are wrong to ascribe perfection to God if we are within and a part of God. Nothing but perfection can come from or be within perfection. This must be so if our definition is correct or the word "perfect" properly applied to God. As we, a part of God, are in process of evolution so must God be in process of evolution, and our evolution is God's evolution. This idea may shock you but possibly the following may help.

A large chunk or body of ore composed of various ingredients may be perfect as

a binder to hold a mountain together and maintain its shape. But this same chunk of ore is not perfect without evolution (refinement), for use in making watch springs or various other articles.

Where God and His evolution are headed for is known only to The Supreme Being. Our part is to use such intelligence and knowledge as we have

and may acquire for the perfecting of ourselves in accordance with the Divine Plan. The workings of this Divine plan are shown to us by astrology.



Many people accept the Bible, literally, as divine guidance, and refuse to see that it is not historically correct nor that it is not meant to be. The Bible is not only the most wonderful occult book written but is full of astrological information.

The watch spring mentioned before, was not made in a single process of refinement (evolution) from the chunk of ore. Many processes were necessary before the finished product was available as a watch spring. It is doubtful whether the ore carried a memory of all these processes or not. The ore is not consulted as to its likes or dislikes about these refining processes. Fortunately for us, we carry no memory of the different refining processes (lives) that we have gone through.

The ore can be very thankful that it does not remember the digging out, crushing, fiery furnace and smelter, pouring into molds or drawing out in bars and sheets, pressing and squeezing, hammering, cutting, etc., before it is ready for drilling, shaping on the lathe and other machine processes, and is polished into the finished article. And mercifully we carry no memory of our own many processes—except in the vague promptings of that mysterious something we call *conscience*.

Have you a good clear-cut idea of that thing or quality that you call "soul"? Can you put this idea into definite words?

Do you consider your soul as immortal? If it is immortal did it have a beginning and when was that beginning? And what has all this to do with astrology?

You realize, of course, that your experiences have not been identical with anyone else's. And neither are the experiences of one piece of ore identical with another piece of ore, mainly due to the difference of composition. After the completion of certain processes it will be found that certain batches of ore have responded to their treatment in a slightly different manner than other batches and therefore are more suitable for a slightly different purpose than the other ore batches. The record kept by the foundryman of these refining reactions is clearly evidenced in the nature of the finished article. The *record*.

If every time you read or think the word *soul*, you substitute the word *record*, you will have a clearer idea of just what your soul is: the record of your reactions to varying experiences. The important thing is not so much what you have done as what is the record of your reaction. Soul is Record. The sum of all of your previous experiences is shown by the Sun in the birth chart as to what your own individual spirit is. The Moon in your birth chart shows your natural or instinctive mind. Mercury shows the intellect or use of directed thought and reasoning.

Just how and where do we get the above mentioned qualities? Do we inherit them from parents? Certainly not. These qualifications are your own individual property just as much as your soul (record) is distinctly your own.



Everything in your birth chart is yours and yours alone. Did you ever stop to think that you had inherited your parents, physical body, and early environments? *Think* this paragraph over for a few minutes before reading on. Give it at least the benefit of a doubt before you decide offhand that it cannot be so.

It is only since 1921 that the introduction of radio and its present general use has made it possible to convince the public that there is such a thing as unseen, unfelt vibrations. We all now readily accept the idea that the air that surrounds us is constantly filled with radio vibrations from countless stations located in nearly all parts of the world. If we are willing to admit that man-made vibrations can be transmitted and yet remain invisible, why should we hesitate to admit that we individually and collectively are the recipients of the vibrations from God's broadcasting stations, His planets?

During the course of your many past lives (refining processes) you have gradually acquired an individuality all your own. And according to your reactions to various experiences while having the use of mind to make your decisions, you either obeyed or disobeyed certain laws. These particular debits and credits that you have accumulated, constitute the many different vibrations that mean you and you alone. Part of the divine plan is that at the moment of conception you as a whole are in agreement with the planetary conditions at that instant as well as being entitled to just the kind of physical body your parents can furnish you. Not every child commences to breathe at the instant of birth. Many cannot take a "first breath" until many minutes or even hours after birth, no matter what efforts are taken by the doctor or nurse. This is because the planetary conditions at the moment of birth were not in agreement with the individuality of the child. I know of one case where the child was apparently born dead and was laid on a side table while doctor and nurse gave their whole attention to saving the mother. Four hours later, when planetary conditions had moved into agreement with the child, the infant gave a cry and demanded attention. He is alive today as a grown man. And many hundreds, yes thousands, of people are glad because he is alive to feed their minds.

The majority of mankind want love and justice. They have gotten beyond the idea that God is a jealous and vengeful God. The idea of justice is very acceptable when we feel abused, and rather objectionable when we review our misdeeds. Nevertheless, exact justice is just what we do receive. Can you look upon the case of one so-called innocent child born crippled and diseased, into a family of degenerates where the early environment is wicked in the extreme—and then consider another child born into a family of refinement, with every opportunity and no physical handicaps—can you, considering the two cases, say that God is a loving and just God? Absolutely not unless you believe in rebirth and that we earn what we get.

We are told that the human body is the living temple of God and that we must not defile it. But often we see people who are absolutely thoughtless of the care of their bodies; people who give no thought to what a wonderful piece of mechanism and architecture the human body is; and they abuse it constantly through their methods of eating, drinking, drugging, exposure, and exertions. They drive their bodies to the limit and beyond. Shall these people in strict justice be granted a perfect body next time, or have they earned a crippled or diseased body, or one subject to disease? Strict justice demands a life physically handicapped to teach appreciation and care of God's "living temple." Through our frustrated desires we should learn a lesson. But if for life after life we persist in wrong-doing it becomes a fixation.

We are told that the past, present, and future are all *now* to God. We are also told that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first." St. Paul tells us, "Know ye not that ye are gods?" We get the answers to these and many more questions in the study of astrology, and in interpreting a birth chart.

The angular houses (1st, 4th, 7th, 10th) show us the present. The next or succedent houses (2nd, 5th, 8th, 11th) show the future. The cadent houses

(3rd, 6th, 9th, 12th) show us the past. Fixed signs show us the previously mentioned fixations. And the "last shall be first" is demonstrated by turning the chart slightly and considering the twelfth cusp as the Ascendant. This will give us a good idea of our last life. Look at the whole chart with the ideas presented in this paragraph and you will get the viewpoint where past, present, and future are all before you *now*.

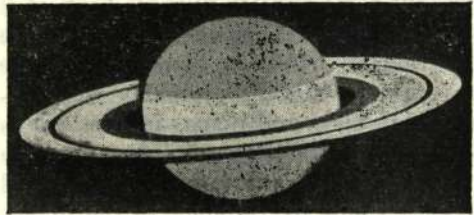
Through generations of observations and comparisons, astrologers during the past thousands of years have seen that events were positively foretold; but in recent years mankind has gradually gained some control of his impulses and exerted his own will to control his own reactions. No astrologer today can positively state the exact nature and details of a future event. All that he can say is just what nature the influence will be but not how you will react to it. The main purpose of astrology is to show you in advance the nature of this influence and when it will occur so that you may prepare to soften or increase the influence as your own will decides. Remember that an influence does *not* *compel* you.

When, after thousands of repetitions, it was found that certain stellar conditions noticed in birth charts *always* indicated certain effects or influences, these conditions and effects were coupled together as Law. Why not? Other branches of science do the same thing until they find one of their accepted laws suddenly appears at fault. They seek out the cause and when found they modify the previous law. At one time all scientists agreed that the earth was flat; that the Sun revolved around our earth; that man could not fly—and thousands more errors. About the only changes found necessary in astrological laws were due to the gradual changes of humanity and evolution. It is almost needless to say that the ancients never predicted an auto accident during an ox-cart age. For many thousands of years astrology was confined to the use of such stars and planets as were visible

to the naked eye. But that was enough for the stage of evolution at that time. The invention and use of a telescope brought Uranus into notice about 1781 A.D. This planet was needed to account for new developments. And then as humanity evolved further Neptune was discovered about 1846 to help account for still further general changes. And lastly, in 1930, Pluto was discovered to account for many things that had astrologers puzzled.

Astrologers have been able to keep up to date by means of countless comparisons, and gradually ancient interpretations have been modified to conform with modern times. Thus it has been possible to find out not only the basic nature of a planet's influence and its variations due to location in sign and house, but also such changes as were shown by the different angles it held to other planets.

Part of the divine plan is shown by the different influences brought to bear in the different departments of life (houses). Saturn, the grim taskmaster, for instance, might be in the second and



thus insure that whatever we earned came through hard work to teach the value of money. It is self-evident that this lesson is due because in a previous life this person had money come too easily and therefore "easy come, easy go." Space does not permit us to look at Saturn in every house but we can take just one look at Saturn in the sixth where he tends to make jobs hard to find and health not so good. Again we see justice, for in a previous life work was probably so easy to get that no job was worth holding and therefore the time in between jobs was spent in riotous living.

Neptune, the soul-tester, in matters of gossip, slander, trickery and scheming, brings the just retribution of appearing in the next life in whatever house represents the department to be affected; thus, in some future day we shall see many an ex-salesman of spurious oil-stock born with Neptune in the fourth or fifth house, depending on whether matters of home, or love affairs and children, are to be included.

This sketchy way of indicating just a few high spots of both Saturn and Neptune should be enough to give you the general idea of how previous causes bring present results in the fulfillment of "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

There are five planets known as malefic or evil in influence. These words, malefic and evil, were used by the ancients because anything unpleasant, or being forced to pay debts, was considered evil. And very possibly the majority of them knew nothing of Astrological Psychology as an antidote for these so-called evils. History tells us that practically all of mankind could not understand anyone's being kind to another without some sinister purpose back of it all. Kindness was considered an evidence of weakness or fear by many. In fact, we have quite a few people today who consider kindness and dispassionate love as impossible in the strong. It has not been until fairly recent times that mankind has been able to respond to the higher nature of the so-called malefics. If your reaction to these planets is selfish and brutal the fault lies with you and not in the influence. Whatever evil there is, is man-made.

It might be just as well right here to take up the matter of Philosophy. What is it? All science started off as philosophy and as different parts of the philosophy became established fact, they were removed from philosophy and incorporated into science. If established fact disproved any part of philosophy, then philosophy was modified to conform with science, and possibly other things were then permitted to enter philosophy.

Philosophy may be absolute Truth but as soon as it becomes established Fact, it loses its name. There would be no progress in science without philosophy as a supply-house.

Material science has set its own rules as to what it will accept. It denied the existence of Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto until its material telescope made discovery (?) possible. Occultists, philosophers, and astrologers knew of these planets many centuries before material science would acknowledge them. Sepharial printed a book called *Science of Foreknowledge* in 1918. In this book he states that a planet would be discovered beyond Neptune's orbit, to be called Pluto (he named it) and would prove to be a higher octave of Mars and the chief ruler of Scorpio and the eighth house. Material science scoffed at the idea until in 1930 the planet was discovered. (See pages 38 and 45, *Science of Foreknowledge*.) The scoffings of material science do not affect the truth of sacred science.

Material science has acknowledged that the Sun and sunspots do materially affect the earth. Also that the Moon does materially affect the earth with tides of both land and sea. If these material scientists are not very careful they may acknowledge planetary effects and then what are they going to do about their ravings against the sacred science of astrology? I could repeat a whole bookful of things now accepted by material scientists that confirmed discoveries made by occultists centuries before.

Now, if we all would just consider that *maybe* this idea of debts of destiny *might* be true, it surely would help us to cheerfully accept the many obstacles and aggravations, repressions and suppressions, that are to be found in the birth chart. If you will but see that justice is the really desirable thing and that present afflictions or obstacles were made by ourselves, and ourselves only, you can remove that little nagging doubt about whether God really knows how to handle

(Continued on page 364)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each *FULL* year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to an *application* for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading. *Readings are NOT given with EACH subscription, but only to the ONE CHILD whose name is drawn each month.*

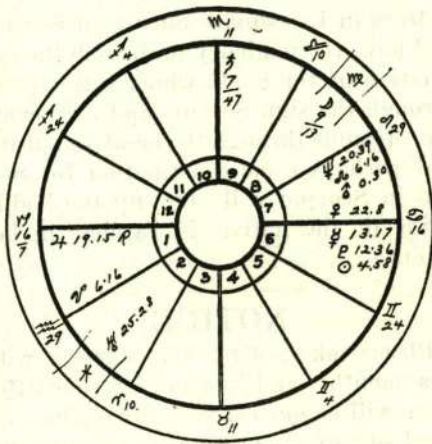
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

MARLYN B. D.

Born June 26, 1925, at 8:45 P.M.

Latitude 41 N. Longitude 112 W.



We have for our reading this month a young woman with the Saturnian sign Capricorn on the Ascendant and with the life ruler Saturn conjunction with the Midheaven. Saturn is making six aspects which indicates that this planet will rule the life to a very great extent.

We find two distinct natures in this horoscope, one of which is very severe and ruthless for Saturn is in the house of Mars and is square the planet Mars in the positive and dominant sign Leo. There is no other combination which we might search for in a horoscope which will indicate more clearly this ruthless dominance. We may perhaps hurt the feelings of the girl whose data we have for reading, but if Astrology is a science which can lead us in our search for suc-

cess then to know these underlying things is a necessity; the Astrologer if honest should by all means bring to light the weaknesses as well as the good points.

People who have Jupiter, which is the planet of opulence as well as the planet which feeds the ego, on the Ascendant usually have kindly and big hearted natures, and when we find Jupiter in Capricorn on the Ascendant we find the same fine and kindly nature but there is great danger of the native's becoming too self-seeking. There is a desire to shine, to be given approbation for each and every good thing accomplished; this shows a person who is desirous of climbing to the top socially, and with the afflicted Saturn she could become very domineering and self-centered in her efforts to win approbation and honors. Now that we have given the most severe afflictions and tendencies we will also attempt to bring out the other side of this girl's nature.

The Sun is in Cancer which rules the home and is the natural fourth house sign, and it is conjoined to the advanced and mystical Pluto and the intellectual planet Mercury. With these three planets trine to the serious, thoughtful, and frugal Saturn we should expect that this girl would be apt to centralize her best and strongest efforts in things pertaining to the home life. She is a home body, a girl who will be at her best and happiest if she is given freedom to beautify the home and to work in things which center in and about home life. She

is prone, however, to require considerable money to carry on the work in the home for she will want everything to be artistic regardless of the cost. She is liable to worry about things in the home for she will desire to shine in her entertainments and to serve the best of foods to guests. If these things do not come up to her ideals she will worry, for Uranus is square the Sun and Jupiter is opposition Venus.

Venus in Cancer will give ability for interior decoration, and Uranus trine Venus denotes artistic talent of an unusual nature which should be cultivated by all means. She will make the greatest amount of money when dealing in and creating the things which go to adorn the home as well as in culinary art. As a cook she will excel but with Pluto conjunction Mercury in Cancer and Jupiter opposition in the Saturnian sign Capricorn she will be prone to become nervous and worry unnecessarily if the food does not turn out to her satisfaction. With the Moon in Virgo sextile the Sun, Pluto, and Mercury in Cancer, and sextile Saturn in Scorpio she would be quite successful in taking up the vocation of home economics or as dietitian or manager in a hospital, sanatorium, or other institution where she has full charge of the diet.

We should advise the parents to teach her the value of money, for Uranus is in Pisces in the second house which is the house of finances and with Uranus trine the Sun, Mercury, and Pluto, she will be able to earn money quickly but will spend it all too freely for clothes or expensive furnishings for the home. This position of Uranus also warns against making investments, as the judgment will be unreliable in financial matters.

Saturn in the Midheaven and well aspected will lift the native above ordinary environments, and in the case of this young woman with the Jupiter ambition, if she will work carefully and unselfishly she may rise to a prominent position in the social field, but while Saturn lifts he also throws his subjects down. Therefore, care should be taken that the square

to Mars will not act as a boomerang and bring her unhappiness. She should work through the Moon sextile Venus, Pluto, and the Sun which is a most beautiful combination. If she allows her lovely social nature to predominate and the other side, namely, the Saturn-Mars nature to be held under, she may reach her greatest ideals and ambitions, but they will come to her through marriage, which will come within about six years, and as Venus is very happily situated when in Cancer, her marriage will be happy provided she will not permit the desire to shine and to climb to the top to overshadow her love and loyalty to the home and to her marriage partner.

Mars in Leo square Saturn in Scorpio will have the tendency to disturb the circulation of the blood which will express through the sign Scorpio and may cause some trouble through the creative nature, and perhaps some constipation for Saturn in Scorpio will dry up the bodily fluids if the native is careless in her habits.

NOTICE

Please take notice that starting with this month and continuing thereafter there will be *one* astrological reading instead of two, but this one will combine both the General and Vocational Guidance delineations. The Editor feels that this change will render a more complete service to subscribers.

SACRED SCIENCE: ASTROLOGY

(Continued from page 362)

His business. It will remove the idea that God is permitting some Devil to persecute you. But don't get the attitude that you must calmly wait for Destiny to come and knock you down and then kick you around. Using your chart, you can apply Mental Alchemy to either avert these blows and kicks, or at least to soften them and divert these forces to your own use for refinement. And when I say divert these forces to your own use, I mean materially as well as mentally and spiritually.

Worth-While News



New Concept of Vital Life Force Advanced by Homeopath

A new concept of the formative, vivifying forces that shaped the living body, keep it alive, and distinguish it from a corpse, was described yesterday at the 93d annual convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy at the Hotel Statler.

This force was described by Dr. George C. O. Haas, philosophical scientist of Bay-side, N. Y., as an actual and observable component of the human organism.

"Without this formative body, which enables the chemical aggregate of animate life to continue in man for the better part of a century," Dr. Haas said, "the physical body would change in a few hours, rot in three days. The formative force not only represents the pattern, but also harbors the energy to impose the pattern on the human form."

Causative Force

The formative body, Dr. Haas said, is not a product of organic life but "the formative and energizing source of organic life. It is not the effect, but the cause of vital phenomena." He continued:

"No one has ever seen electricity, magnetism, gravity, or the patterning and energizing forces of the formative body.

"The natural chemistry of the body is obviously visible in the corpse. But no amount of chemical action can possibly explain the shaping, activity and responsiveness seen in all animate life.

"This formative force permeates every part of the body, in three-dimensional form, and even extends beyond it. If it was not for the pattern which it creates and controls, what would prevent men and women from growing 60 feet high, or only two?"

Guards Generic Type

"It is this force which controls the pattern and preserves the generic type—that makes all men and women alike in general form; . . . But it also forms the pattern of their individual distinctions, which is why you and I do not look alike.

"The revelations of the microscope and the astounding progress of chemistry have naturally led to undue exaltation of the physio-chemical aspect of all phenomena. But quite obviously there is something in a living organism which is lacking in an identical dead organism. This something, which is not accessible to direct perception or to measurement, may be termed 'vital energy.'

"The formative body is that element which not only shapes but vitalizes the physical

body and acts also as an intermediary between the latter and the finer elements which constitute the emotional and intellectual life.

"It mediates in the process of sense-perception and all other nerve activity. Together with the physical vehicle, the formative vehicle makes up what is termed 'the body,' in contradistinction to the soul and the spirit. The formative body forms a link between the physical body and the emotional body, the instrument of feeling and volition."—*The Boston Herald*, June 17, 1937.

Science and religion, body and soul, these two have been at war with each other for centuries; science, since its separation from its divine source, has floundered, becoming more materialistic and cold. The division of science from God has created a number of atheistic scientists, and a wave of godlessness has filtered into our colleges and schools as these materialistic men have become teachers of our youth. This state of godlessness has worried spiritual parents for generations, but there comes a time for the turning to better and more spiritual ways as the times bring to the world changes of the etheric vibrations.

The world has passed through its most materialistic period and man has dipped into the lowest rounds on the path of evolution. He is now on the upward turn, and as the earth, by precession of the equinoxes nears the electrical and humanitarian sign Aquarius, etheric changes will come and with these changes man's ideals and religion will undergo a complete change. Slowly but surely these changes make their appearances. Some are so radical that man stands aghast and wonders what is happening; at times atheism comes into the lives of people whose apathy or emotional enthusiasm have become dangerous to themselves and to others. Then this shattering of their religious beliefs clears the way for a better and a higher belief to

enter in. The most reliable occult students are often those who have gone through the throes of unbelief.

Science is today nearing the spiritual planes in a most satisfying manner. Its wonderful instruments are opening to physical scientists realms of hidden things which they in the past have refused to accept from the occult scientist.

The doctors have contacted the archetypal forces which we are told about in the Rosicrucian Teachings. Dr. George Haas stated that this force is actually a component of the human body, that which shapes and also keeps the physical body in vitality, and acts as a mediator between the physical and the finer vehicles. This is truly an admission that these doctors have observed the vital body in its work of building and vitalizing the physical body.

Max Heindel says in *The Rosicrucian Mysteries*, page 175, "We learned when considering the World of Thought, that each form in this visible world has its archetype there—a vibrating hollow mold which emits a certain harmonious sound; that sound attracts and forms physical matter into the shape we behold, much in the same manner as when we place a little sand upon a glass plate and rub the edge with a violin bow, the sand is shaped into different geometrical figures which change as the sound changes. The little atom in the heart is the sample and the center around which the atoms in our body gather. When that is removed at death, the center is lacking, and although the archetype keeps on vibrating until the limit of the life has been reached . . . no matter can be drawn into the hollow shape of the archetype and therefore the suicide feels a dreadful gnawing pain as if he were hollowed out, a torture which can only be likened to the pangs of hunger."

The activity of this archetype ceases at natural death; only in the case of the suicide does it continue to vibrate after death. When the doctors can fully understand these laws of being and can tell

their discouraged patients about these truths they will save many unfortunate ones from taking their own lives.

How Mussolini Keeps Fit

The *Daily Express* of March 5th, 1937, published an account of an interview with Signor Mussolini, who "has not had a day's illness since 1925." He is reported to have said:

"Out of my organism I have made an engine constantly supervised and controlled which runs with absolute regularity."

The following questions and replies were published:

Do you follow a fixed diet, and, if so, what is it?

My rules of diet are fixed in the sense that I am almost exclusively a vegetarian.

Do you make use of alcohol or tobacco?

I consider alcohol damaging to the health of individuals and to collective health. I never drink spirits. I sometimes drink a little wine at official dinners, but since the world war I have never smoked.

What food do you prefer?

I eat only simple dishes such as the peasants prefer, and lots of fruit.

Do you take tea, coffee, or any stimulating beverages?

I do not drink either tea or coffee.

How much time do you devote to exercises daily, and what are they?

I devote thirty to forty minutes a day to physical exercise, and practise nearly all sports. I prefer swimming in summer and ski-ing in winter, and go for a ride on a horse every day. All mechanised sports are familiar to me—cycling, motor-cycling, motoring and flying. I also enjoy hiking.

What are your habits regarding sleeping?

I sleep between seven and eight hours a night between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. regularly. I take no siesta during the day. Siestas are the consequence of overeating at luncheon.—*Progress To-day*, January-March, 1937.

"Almost exclusively a vegetarian" are the words of one of the most active men in the world, as well as one heavily loaded with responsibilities of international scope. This vital, healthy looking dictator of Italy who openly admits his frugal and sensible way of living, stands as an example of the life which all who desire to rise on the ladder of life should follow.

Liquor and tobacco are man's deadliest enemies. In order to accomplish really

(Continued on page 383)

Question Department



Instinct and Intuition

Question:

What is the true distinction between instinct and intuition? We so often hear these terms used synonymously and yet I have a sort of subconscious feeling, you might call it, that there is really a difference in their meaning.

Answer:

You are quite right; there is a big difference in the meaning of these two terms. Instinct belongs to the animal kingdom, and intuition to the human.

In man the silver cord has three parts, all of which form a continuous whole. The first part is composed of ether and extends from the apex of the left ventricle of the heart to the solar plexus. Here it joins the second part of the cord which is made of desire substance. This part of the cord reaches from the solar plexus to the liver where it connects with the third part of the cord composed of mind stuff. This last part of the cord is connected with the mental body which surrounds and interpenetrates the head and shoulders of each individual.

The animal also has three parts to its silver cord; but the last part of it is connected with its group spirit which is an archangel. Through the medium of this third part of the cord the group spirit directs and guides its charges and they are compelled to follow its dictates implicitly. It is the group spirit that directs the beaver how to build its dam with such intricate exactness; and its wisdom that teaches the bee how to construct its hexagon cell with such geometrical accuracy. Wisdom, wisdom everywhere about us is displayed by these archangelic group spirits which have charge of the various species of the animal kingdom.

Intuition is a product of the indwell-

ing spirit and does not depend on any outside agency for assistance. The process by which it is attained is as follows:

The reflecting ether of the vital body is closely connected with the reflecting ether in the Etheric Region of the physical world, a small portion of this ether being appropriated by the spirit on its way to rebirth. The reflecting ether in the Etheric Region has direct contact with the World of Life Spirit to which the life spirit of each individual is correlated. Thus there is formed a direct line of communication between the individual and the World of Life Spirit which is in touch with Cosmic Wisdom. In consequence of which the life spirit knows exactly what to do in any situation and flashes the message of guidance and proper action to the heart, the secondary seat of the life spirit, which instantaneously sends it on to the brain through the medium of the pneumogastric nerve, the result being the *first impression* or *intuitional* impulse which can always be relied upon. As the intuitional impulse is independent of the brain and any mental process, the individual cannot give a reason for his conclusions, oftentimes much to the annoyance of those who get their knowledge through mental action.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Question:

Just what do occult students mean by "The Music of the Spheres"? To what spheres do they allude, and is the music referred to real or figurative?

Answer:

The spheres referred to by the occultists are Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, Earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury. The music is real and much more melodious than that produced by any physical world source. Each of the stars mentioned has a definite tone all its own; and sounded

together they produce the celestial symphony known as "The Music of the Spheres."

Many trained clairvoyants have made themselves sensitive enough to hear this heavenly music and have attested to the fact of its reality, the Initiate, Goethe, among them.

THE RELATION OF THE SEED ATOMS TO THEIR VEHICLES

Question:

I would like a little more definite information relative to the various seed atoms used in body building. How is it possible for these seed atoms to gather material with which to build the various vehicles?

Answer:

Each individual when manifesting on the physical plane has four distinct vehicles, namely, a dense, vital, desire, and mental body; and each of these vehicles has a seed atom which acts as a gauge for all the other atoms of each particular vehicle.

Each seed atom has an inherent power of attraction within itself to draw atoms like unto itself only, and is limited to a certain quality and quantity of any one kind. In the World of Concrete Thought, the first region that the reincarnating Ego passes through on its way to rebirth, the seed atom of the mental body attracts a certain definite quantity of that material and the vehicle thus built around it (and the other three vehicles as well) becomes an exact counterpart of the corresponding vehicle of the last life minus the evil which was expurgated in purgatory and plus the quintessence of good which was built into it during its previous sojourn in the Heaven World. In the Desire World in a like manner the desire body seed atom also gathers the necessary desire substance for a new desire body, and when the Ego passes into the Etheric Region the vital body seed atom attracts the required amount of substance from each of the four ethers (chemical, life, light, and reflecting) with which to build a new vital body.

The seed atom of the dense vehicle is placed in the body of the mother before conception, and there acts as a gauge of the quality and quantity of physical matter which is built into the individual's new physical body.

According to the foregoing, you will note that it is the power of attraction within each seed atom that draws to itself the necessary material with which to build its own particular vehicle. In the building of these vehicles the incarnating Ego is assisted by great Beings who do most of the work of body construction on each particular plane which the Ego passes through on its way to rebirth.

The quality of a seed atom in attracting other atoms manifests according to Nature's Law whereby "like attracts like"; and the quantity depends on the intrinsic drawing power inherent in the seed atom.

THE OCCULT GENESIS OF RACES

Question:

Why is it that races evolve to a certain point, then degenerate, and finally die out as those of early Atlantis have done?

Answer:

When an evolving race has used a certain type of form until it can get no further experience in it, a new, improved form pattern is built for such Egos by the Lords of Form, one of the great Hierarchies working with the development of mankind. The old pattern is then used by the less evolved of our human kingdom, finally passing on down to those who are the least evolved of all the race. As these race bodies are used by Egos of increasing inferiority, through lack of proper care they gradually degenerate until there are no beings belonging to the race low enough in their evolutionary state to profit by rebirth in such bodies. The women then become sterile and the race-forms die out entirely. Note that it is the *forms* that die and not the Egos that have inhabited them. Being a part of God they are as eternal as God Himself.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

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

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

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

More Facts About Vitamins

BY EDYTHE F. ASHMORE, D.O.



IF the idea has been conceived that in the diseases mentioned in this series of articles only one vitamin has been deficient, I wish to correct that at once. Usually deficiency diseases are a vicious circle with the predominant lack of one vitamin resulting in a characteristic symptom-complex. If I were to say that dental caries is curbed by the administration of vitamin D, I should be neglecting to mention that the correlation of vitamins B and C has been proved to be of distinct advantage in overcoming caries. In this connection I shall state the results obtained by experiment in three orphanages near New York.

Two groups of children were chosen whose teeth were found to be in the same condition as to caries, which perhaps I should define as decay in a tooth or a bone. The first group continued to eat the regular orphanage diet which was, generally speaking, excellent, at least it had adequate protein, calcium, and phosphorus, and the ratio of the last two was correct. The second group was given an increased amount of fresh milk, green vegetables, and fruit. At the end of the period of observation the second group showed a great reduction in the occurrence and severity of tooth decay. The extra foods contained additional amounts of vitamins A, B, and C.

It was Dr. Percy Howe who emphasized

the fact that "usually good health and good teeth go together." Good teeth make for better mastication, better mastication makes for better digestion, better digestion means better assimilation, better assimilation means better cells, and better cells mean sounder bodies. In private homes there is often greater difficulty in securing for children the right diet than would be believed. I remember very well saying to a woman of means, "Your son is growing tall so fast that you should increase his intake of all the lime-bearing foods and give him cod-liver oil." I did not get to first base, as they say in baseball parlance, for she answered somewhat disdainfully, "We set a very good table at our house." Later that boy had a harder time getting through school than he should have had, because after all, the brain is a part of the body and its cells need food. Perhaps the reader may see by this that there is still plenty of teaching needed in the field of nutrition.

Parents are the ones who need instruction almost as much and perhaps more than invalids, because many of them have no idea whatever that play and work require energy-giving foods. We emphasize vitamins for growth but we may fail to remember that the potato has good starch as well as vitamins B and C, that whole wheat bread offers calories and

vitamins A and B, that butter is the best fat and that its content of vitamin A makes it an essential in daily menus. Margarine may have carotene added to it to give it vitamin A, but after all, as the cultured woman on relief wrote in, "Butter is genuine like love and there is no substitute for either."

Children get hungry and they should not be required to wait an hour or longer for a regular meal time. Peanut butter wholewheat bread sandwiches offer energy and plenty of vitamin B. With a glass of milk or orange juice, an excellent lunch has been provided. Some children prefer a banana which is a good food. It has long been a mistaken idea that hungry young people should go hungry rather than eat at a time between meals. This probably developed from many observations that the young person did not eat a hearty meal when the next one was served. It would be asking too much to expect him to do so. Clinical evidence is accumulating that frequent meals, small in amount, are far better than large meals at regular intervals. The blood sugar gets low sometimes between meals, whereupon the person may become faint and not recover easily. Especially is this true of those who are avoiding sugars and starches in their diet in the effort to reduce weight.

I hope that no one will use that last paragraph to back up his or her idea that man may trust to his instincts in his choice of the kinds of food or the amount that he eats. There is no instinct that can safely be followed in the matter of food. Like the lower animals, man eats a second time what pleased him the first time. I have had farmers tell me it was instinct that caused our forebears to eat sorrel in the spring. I usually reply by asking them why the American pioneers didn't eat the tomatoes that grew in their wives' flower gardens. Tomatoes are rich in vitamins and contain iron and copper and they lack the high percentage of oxalic acid that would make sorrel dangerous if it were eaten commonly in salads. If instinct could be relied upon,

there would be no history of land scurvy because those who suffered from it usually had grain which they could have sprouted and the sprouts contain vitamin C, which is the positive cure of scurvy.

It may be instinct in the wild animal which makes him travel miles to a salt lick. Yet there are plenty of faddists who would have us believe that sodium chloride, the scientific name for table salt, is unneeded in man's diet. Dr. A. M. Butler of Harvard University makes the absolute statement that without sodium chloride the organism cannot maintain its normal fluid and blood volumes. It is quite probable we should not eat as much of the vegetables that are rich in potassium, another mineral, if we did not add salt to potatoes, cereals, and dried peas and beans. Excess of salt, like excess of everything else, is harmful.

In tabulating the meals eaten by students at a college cafeteria, one dietician observed that the meals showed a definite lack of vegetables, especially raw vegetables, a lack of fruit, and too many carbohydrate foods. Analyzing these foods in the laboratory, she found that the diets showed low vitamin, mineral, and caloric intakes, with the exception of the times when milk was drunk, a practice more common among men than among women. Students striving to go through college on a minimum amount of money, eat less of fruits, drink little of citrus fruit juices, and often contract such diseases as tuberculosis, ulcer, and anemia. In the middle western states where there is a deficiency of iodine in the drinking water, patients with goiter commonly give a history of diets almost wholly deficient in vitamin C for the school months of the year. It is known clinically, but cannot yet be determined in the laboratory, that vitamin C, like vitamins A and B, offers some resistance to infections when it has been included in good amounts in the food. It is probable that the vitamins build neutralizing substances in the blood of a nature that is quite different from those already listed by the bacteriologists.

Within the year announcement has been made of the discovery of a second factor in vitamin C which is protective to the musculature and lining of the heart. It has been named temporarily vitamin P. The pathological researches of J. F. Rinehart have brought out the fact that in rheumatic fever all those patients who escaped myocardial lesions were those whose diets had been complete or, in other words, it proved that the heart had shown no enlargement nor muscular insufficiency when the system had had no subsecurvy.

There may be another group of facts to be learned after further study relative to the correlation of vitamin C and the cortex of the adrenal glands, which are two small glands located just above the kidneys. It is thought that the adrenal cortex synthesizes some vitamin C in the young and probably in some healthy older persons. It is a fact that in many people after the age of fifty and after lives of hard work, responsibility, and some infectious diseases, there has occurred an atrophy or a deterioration of the adrenal cortex. Unless such persons make a particular effort to supply themselves daily with an adequate amount of vitamin C, there may come a break in the physical body which will lead to an early dissolution. So often we read of some well-known man who gave up business at sixty, expecting to enjoy a much needed rest and change, but death interposed. In such cases often the adrenal glands are found in autopsy to be exhausted.

Dr. Leslie J. Harris points out that a low heart rate is often due to an excess of lactic acid in the blood, which, in the absence of enough vitamin B, cannot be got rid of and which probably poisons the heart muscle and prevents its functioning at its full rate. As lactic acid is one product of muscular exertion, those who work at top speed physically should choose particularly the foods containing vitamin B.

A reader asks if it is not advisable to take daily a small quantity of the com-

mercial extract of brewers' yeast. I can answer that question best from a physician's standpoint. Inasmuch as there is slight danger of harm and untold benefits from the addition of a vitamin B concentrate to the diet, I should take the additional concentrate, in fact I myself take a tablespoonful of Harris' "Yeast Vitamin" every day and I never have any digestive troubles save when I get a dish of warmed-over mixed vegetable soup and as that contains either cadaverine or putrescine, or both, which are poisonous amines, I cannot expect to be immune to toxins even if I am a healthy individual. I should not thus inject myself into this discussion were it not for the fact that some readers have asked me jocosely if I practice what I preach in these columns. Like the darkey who was giving testimony in church, I can say in his words, "Yes sah, I has done done my duty, at least, sah, as far as I'se been conscious."

SUMMARY

In most diseases now characterized as due to nutritional deficiencies there is a lack of more than one vitamin.

It is better to eat meals of small amounts at short intervals than large meals at long intervals.

When the blood sugar is low in amount in the blood stream in persons without organic disease, there is danger of temporary lassitude and even fainting. Carbohydrates, to which class of food-stuffs sugar belongs, are necessary in small amounts to the well-being of the body.

So-called food instincts are really pleasant memories of a satisfied feeling after partaking of certain foods.

Without the normal amount of sodium chloride the body cannot maintain its true fluid and blood volumes.

A deficiency in vitamin C has been found in the diets of college students who became sufferers from tuberculosis, ulcer, and anemia. A lack of it has also been found in people with a certain kind of heart ailment.

Patients' Letters

California, February 11, 1937.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

R.'s whooping cough is gone, thank you. He seems very well and more happy than ever.

Thank you very much for all you have done for him.

—Mrs. W. Z.

Massachusetts, June 1, 1937.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Just to let you know that I am on my feet and feeling so well it is a miracle! I am doing all my own work and have strength enough at the day's end to go out for a little pleasure. *It is so good!* I was ill and shut in so long!

I am sure your prayers and the dear friends on the Other Side are responsible for my rapid recovery.

My deepest gratitude and appreciation to you all!

Please continue the prayers just a little while longer.

Gratefully yours,

—B. D. E.

Illinois, May 2, 1937.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

This week has not brought forth a migraine headache which I am thankful for. I have tried to keep my temper but it has seemed quite hard. I am going to keep trying until I reach my goal. I am very grateful for the aid of the Invisible Helpers, for their wonderful work. Please ask the Invisible Helpers to continue their work for me because I think I need it.

Sincerely yours,

—N. J. A.

California, May 11, 1937.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends and Helpers:

God bless you for all you have done for me, not only physically, but for giving me a new outlook on life through your Philosophy, Astrology, and the Western Wisdom Bible Teaching.

Some day I know I shall be able to express my feelings more adequately than merely with words.

Sincerely,

—Mrs. W. L. A.

Healing Dates

July 1—7—14—21—28

August 3—10—17—24—31

September 6—14—21—27

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

People Who Are Seeking Health

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

The Spirit of Cheerfulness

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—*S. Smiles.*

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness; such a state and condition, like things in the regions above the moon, is always clear and serene.—*Montaigne.*

The mind that is cheerful in its present state will be adverse to all solicitudes to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.

—*Horace.*

If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.—*Lord Lytton.*

VEGETARIAN MENUS

BREAKFAST

Before Breakfast
8 oz. Limeade

Cantaloupe a la Mode
with Honey

Wheat Germ Muffins
and

Orange Marmalade
Coffee Substitute

DINNER

Crisp Celery, Ripe Olives
and *Radishes*

Baby Lima Beans in Onion
Nests

Swiss Chard Greens with
Sliced Lemon

Fresh Corn on Cob
Individual Fresh Fruit
Pies
Iced Grapeade

SUPPER

Beet Juice Cocktail
Whole Meal Summer Salad
with
Honey and Olive Oil
Dressing

Ripe Olive and Celery
Sandwich
Watermelon

RECIPES

Wheat Germ Muffins.

Ingredients: 1 cup whole wheat flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup wheat germ, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons raw sugar, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 egg, beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 cup sour milk.

Combine the dry ingredients, white flour, whole wheat, wheat germ, salt, and sugar. Add the soda to the sour milk, then the beaten egg and vegetable oil. Place in muffin tins and bake in moderate oven.

Cantaloupe a la Mode.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cantaloupe for each person; fill with fresh raspberries and sweeten with a little honey.

Baby Lima Beans in Onion Nests.

Select 6 medium-sized onions, peel and parboil in salted water. When partially tender take out the centers and fill with cooked baby lima beans which have been seasoned with butter and celery salt. Cover tops with grated cheese. Place in well greased baking pan, add a little of the onion broth and bake until onions are tender. Serve with chopped parsley garnish.

Individual Raw Fruit Pies.

Ingredients: Well ripened bananas, fresh strawberries, flaked almonds, honey for sweetening.

Prepare baked individual pie crust shells. Cover bottom with sliced bananas

and finish filling with fresh strawberries; cover with flaked almonds. Prepare a strawberry juice made by stewing slightly fresh strawberries to which honey and a little water has been added, and pour over the fruit filling.

Whole Meal Summer Salad.

Select firm tomatoes; crisp cold cucumbers; 1 avocado; pimento cream cheese; parsley.

Cube cucumbers unpeeled, and quarter tomatoes. Slice avocado and cut slices in thirds; arrange in garnished salad bowl. Place small slices of pimento cheese over the top and garnish with parsley. Serve with mayonnaise or a dressing made of lemon juice, honey, and olive oil.

Beet Juice Cocktail.

Extract the juice of raw beets sufficient to make 4 ounces. To this add lemon juice to suit the individual taste, and celery salt. A bit of garlic juice may be added if desired.

Ripe Olive and Celery Sandwich.

Ingredients: Ripe olives (chopped), finely chopped raw celery, a little finely chopped parsley.

Mix with mayonnaise dressing. Place lettuce leaf on buttered whole-wheat toast, spread filling over liberally and serve. Thinly sliced, whole-wheat untoasted bread may be used and served as a double sandwich.

Children's Department

The following article received THIRD PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.

Tales of a Tart-Boy

A Young Pilgrim's Progress

In Six Parts and a Postscript. A Story for Grown-Ups to Enjoy Reading Aloud

BY IEN WULF

PART TWO

THE LOONY BALLOON-MAN



T was early spring when Tart-Boy in the land of King Courageous started out to look for the King's Blue Stone. Before he had traveled enough to get even half way to the land of the farthest kingdom, however, it was well along in the fall of the year. Then the most interesting and important things began to happen to him.

Autumn-time and harvest—all was yellow and mellow and golden. Tart-Boy was glad to have it Autumn. He loved the rich-ripe fruits that Mother Nature had magically produced for him to eat from the trees, and all the other fine tasting and nourishing things. And just to see him as he walked along the road! Brown and healthy as a Tart-Boy could be! Many a sharp thorn had pricked him and sticks had gouged him aplenty, but he wouldn't let a little thing like that stop him.

The grand, fine Tartboy suit he started out in had been badly torn—not much more than the middle of it left! The sleeves and the pantaloon tights had finally looked so ragged that he had decided to fringe them around the edges a bit with his jackknife. It made him look quite different and picturesque

(like a picture you know), almost like a young Daniel Boone. He decided that no matter what a person had to put on his body, he could always clean it and fix it up a bit. Then he could wear it with good grace and a grand feeling.

Oh, the lad's clothes were especially clean, you may be sure of that. This would greatly please his mother if she knew of it. She wouldn't want a Servant of the King to be grimy and dirty, except for the good clean dirt he couldn't help getting on himself as he walked and played along. He bathed and scrubbed himself daily. He changed his linens quite often too; this helped him to feel like a real special human being.

As for the robe the King had given him, Tart-Boy had this rolled up and slung it across his shoulders like a knapsack, out of harm's way. He had decided he would at least keep that in good shape. And it seemed the only way to do it was to just not wear it in public at all. "No use having one," he thought, but it came in very, very handy a little later on.

He was back on the main highway now and far away in front of him he saw a little whirl of something on the road. Whatever could that be? It seemed to have many beautiful colors dancing

about in it. As he came closer he thought it must surely be a piece of the rainbow someone had clipped off to carry home. There are times when that's about all one can find to take home. Then Tartullian suddenly realized what it was!

"Well, for goodness' sake, it's the Ballooner-Man," he said right out loud and he began running down the road as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Hello there, Mr. Loony-ballooner!"

The balloon-philosopher jumped; and he turned his head so quickly he had to untwist a balloon string from the end of his long nose.

"Well, well, well! Hello yourself, friend Tart-Boy. "And where's your beautiful robe?"

"Where's yours, sir—not meaning to be impolite?"

The Philosopher pointed upward to his head.

"On my 'noodle,' on my 'noodle.' Safe out of harm's way." Now Tart-Boy saw he had indeed wrapped it around the top of his head like a turban.

"Well, mine's on my back, sir, for I have quite enough hair on my head to keep the sun off."

"Now that's a very good thing I'm sure," the Sage reflected, "for if you had hair on your back you'd look like a monkey most likely." He lifted this turban or cap made of his robe, mopped his bald head with a great effort at dignity, and continued: "A great many people look like monkeys anyway. Have you ever noticed?"

"Yes, and other animals, too," Tartullian agreed. "My father says he looks just like a possum, but if anyone else tells him that he gets very angry."

"I have heard," the Sage continued to reflect, "that too much hair on the head of a man, especially if it be curly, is apt to clog up things a bit and make him as vain as a peacock."

Tart-Boy tried to remember if his was kinky; he even put his hand up to touch it.

"Mine isn't curly at all; but it's clean, sir. My mother sees to that, as a rule of course."

"Well, we shan't split hairs over that," drawled the philosopher.

Then Tart-Boy remembered his cookies he had kept wrapped up in fig leaves all this time.

"Would you like to share a cookie-tart, sir? And perhaps a fig?"

"Oh, definitely a *fig*," the old man answered quickly. "And even more definitely a tart as well—although as a rule I don't give a fig for tarts."

"I'm afraid they're a little stale, anyway, sir." But the balloon-philosopher refused to be discouraged.

"They're not half as stale as my philosophy and my puns at this moment, my young friend. In fact my stomach chooses *you* the philosopher for having the needs of life and being willing to share them. It nominates *me* the fool for clinging onto a bunch of air-filled bubbles!"

Tart-Boy looked at the great mass of colored balloons as they floated silently above them, tugging away at their strings.

"They're so eager and beautiful; they ought to be useful for something, sir."

"Well, I had thought of selling them to the advertisers," the older one reflected. Tart-Boy found that a pretty big word. He thought it best to ask right out.

"What's advertisers?"

The Philosopher was caught unawares.

"W-e-l-l;—ah—, they are, ah—, *advertisers*. Yes, yes, I'm sure that's the correct answer," but as the boy still looked up at him he scratched his head, pulled his nose and added solemnly: "Advertisers are people who talk or write about a thing you don't need and never heard of, until you feel it's something you just can't do without."

The boy looked a bit puzzled.

"Now there, for instance," the other continued with a frown. He pointed

to a large billboard along the road which completely shut off the view of the valley below them. "That seems to be definitely the wrong kind." The gaudy sign had a picture of a very sad-seeming lemon pie painted in the middle of it. The pie was supposed to look very appetizing but it didn't; it looked terrible! The lettering read, however: "Mother never made them like this." The philosopher said he certainly hoped not!

Suddenly Tart-Boy jumped to his feet so fast he almost fell over backward.

"I know what let's do with the balloons! Let's sail them up in the sky and float a message back home to our mothers—what do you say to that?"

"I say you're a thoughtful boy and a credit to your grandfather. That billboard was good for something; we'll write the letters at once."

So they found a birch tree, peeled off two smallish pieces, and sat down to write. Suddenly they realized they had nothing to write with! Tart-Boy began to look around.

"Here are some thorns. Would they do?"

"Why, yes, in a scratch," the other admitted. He then took a good long thorn the Tart-Boy handed him and wrote:

"Barbara Balloona,

"Balloons brought bad business, but briskly bring back beauty beyond belief.

Bashfully,

Balloonatic."

"There," he said proudly as he finished, "I've been wanting to scratch a line home for some time."

He looked over at Tart-Boy who was holding his piece of bark much too near his eyes and face while he was writing his letter.

"I've never heard that the nose was particularly good for writing letters with," he remarked dryly.

The boy laughed as he held his writing farther away.

"You sound just like my Dad!" Then he handed over his own letter to his friend to read:

"Dear Mother Tartiddlebump:

I'm a little 'blue' because I haven't found it yet. I say tartly that I won't give up until I do. I love you and Dad very much and my ears are clean—well, fairly clean.

Your son and tartlet,

Tartullian."

"P.S.—Tell Dad I've used his favorite lemons.

"P.S.—the second:—Why did he nickname you 'Tartaric'? I must look that word up!"

Presently the two wanderers wrapped their letters up in big green leaves and tied them well with long, strong grasses. Then they fastened them to the ends of the balloon strings.

"Ready! One—two—three! Off they go!" Straight away, up, up, up into the sky the balloons went, so straight they had to lie flat on their backs while they watched.

"Do you think they'll ever get there, Balloonatic?" Tartullian asked a little wistfully.

"They'll 'get there,' Tartullian, I've no doubt of it," the foolish one mumbled in his throat. "But where the deuce is *There?*—that's the question."

Tart-Boy was a little annoyed.

"I mean—get there to our mothers!"

"Oh! Oh, I see! Well, and if they don't actually, they'll surely help our mothers to receive all our kind thoughts about them anyway."

Then the Philosopher let forth a terrific sneeze which nearly blew the top of his head off. Tartullian tried to think of something comforting, so he said:

"It's only because you've been staring at the strong light, you know. Will you have another fig?"

So they each ate another fig for luck. They picked up their other belongings, which didn't take long as they didn't really have any, and started off down the long road together.

Thoroughly refreshed from their resting and eating, the companions walked along quite rapidly. It's so easy to walk when one is happy and gay; like having wings almost. You put your chin in, your back straight up and down, and your stomach pulled pretty flat in front of you and you just *walk*. Sometimes

you feel as if you were being lifted along from above on a string or a rubber-band—like a puppet.

What a glorious day! They took deep breaths of the wonderful wine-like air and thought it tasted good all the way through them.

They hadn't gone many miles, however, before they saw a very strange sight down the road. Whatever could it be? Was it a cyclone perhaps, or a dust storm?

(Next month—*The Mud Puddle*)



Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



MARY M. MARKLAND



HERE is always much activity at Mt. Ecclesia, carried on for the most part indoors in office, print shop, healing department, and various other places. However, during recent days it has overflowed into the grounds, and, added to the usual display of flowering shrubs and colorful blossoms, are the smiling faces and attractive summer apparel of the many guests who have arrived to attend summer school. The usual number of able speakers and teachers are with us to conduct classes, and many interesting subjects are being dealt with.

We sense everywhere an atmosphere of joyous anticipation. Even the two large Barn Owls, which all year have made their home in the big cedar tree near Rose Cross Lodge, are making a great to-do. For they are the proud parents of a pair of owlets and may be seen any evening, hovering about the lights near the entrance to the grounds, teaching the young ones to fly.

The mocking birds are still making the nights melodious with their song, although perhaps not quite so wholeheartedly as during April, May, and June. Indeed, a remarkable number and variety of songbirds may be seen and heard at Mt. Ecclesia at all seasons of the year, and just now they are having a wonderful time feasting upon the bountiful supply of figs, apricots, and other fruits which our grounds have yielded. The cooks are busily canning for winter.

An innovation is the garden club. Several of the young folks have gotten together for practice in gardening. They may be seen busily at work each morning before the Chapel Service.

Over the Fourth of July all accommodations were filled to overflowing by friends old and new, some of them having

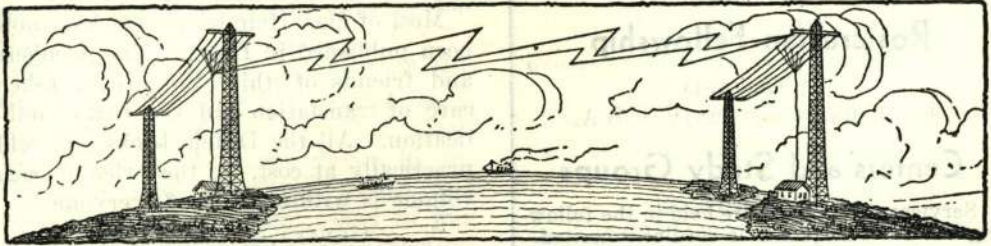
arrived from far-flung places. From Germany came Mrs. Mann, efficient manufacturer of pianos, and mother of Mr. Ted Mann, formerly member of our Board of Trustees. According to her testimony, equalization of wealth, meatless diet, advanced therapeutics, are the order of the day there. It is said that the Führer himself sets an example of abstemiousness by refraining from smoking, drinking, and flesh eating.

In Oceanside a big parade was a feature of interest. The decorations and fireworks were amazingly beautiful, and a company of sailors from the U.S.A. Destroyer "MacDonald," at anchor in the harbor, marched with the procession. The Fellowship bus was awarded first prize for the best decorated private car.

Our beloved President, Mrs. Max Heindel, has now established herself in her new home, an attractive white stucco cottage to the west of Rose Cross Lodge. For the past two years she has lived in the cottage down in the canyon known as The Heindel Cottage, in which she and Mr. Heindel lived. Although fortunately blessed with wonderful health and vitality, the steep climb and many steps to and from the office and dining-hall several times daily had become rather a task. Urged by her friends, she decided that it were better to conserve her strength for the purpose of carrying on the work in which she is so vitally interested and greatly needed. The new cottage has four rooms, including a good sized living-room. A housewarming present from the workers of Mt. Ecclesia was a set of Venetian blinds, for which Mrs. Heindel had been heard to express a preference.

The cottage which she has vacated will be used as living accommodations to relieve the congestion of the present men's quarters.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



Christ Jesus, our exalted Exponent of selfless service, stands as the Ideal for the humanity of the New Age into which we are being ushered. During His ministry of teaching the Gospel and healing the sick He pointed out the Way of Attainment for every spiritual aspirant. Those who are awake to the golden opportunities offered by His example are endeavoring to direct their lives, too, so that *selfless service* will be paramount in their consciousness.

The following extract from a recent letter to Headquarters indicates what this service may mean to others:

"For eight years my case (mental and spiritual) baffled the best doctors and no treatment brought permanent relief. I stumbled quite by accident upon your work, and for two years some undefinable force drew me to your Center here. One of the members took particular interest in me and endeavored to raise me above my environment. She gave extra time and effort to help me see the Light, and finally, when she was almost on the point of giving up hope for me, I began to grasp what was being taught—to see and feel the truth. There has been a great change in both my mental and physical conditions, and I want to say how blessed I feel in having come into these Teachings. What a wonderful privilege to begin to climb out of the misery I knew! Words are too vague to express my gratitude."

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

Recent reports from this Center indicate a continued healthy spirit of growth and accomplishment. Attendance at classes, Sunday School, and Services remains encouraging, and occasional social affairs add to a well-rounded program of activities. A Sunday School picnic and a Mother's Day Tea were enjoyed during the month of May, and, "We have also freshened up our room by retinting the walls and cleaning house," writes the Secretary.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

A commendable spirit of cooperation is shown in the plans for a joint picnic which the Milwaukee and Racine Groups are arranging for July 18. The Sunday Devotional Service will be held out in the open as a part of the day's activities.

The "Young Aquarian" Group of the Milwaukee Center has as part of its duties the providing of social affairs for the two Groups. An amateur show, followed by refreshments, is reported as having been recently enjoyed by a goodly number of friends.

ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS.

The President of this Center notifies us that within a few months another of Max Heindel's books will be ready in the Dutch language. This time it is *Mysteries of the Great Operas*. The many requests for this book in Dutch indicate that the new publication will be eagerly received by a rapidly increasing

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Chicago, Ill.—Room 802, Auditorium Bldg., 431 S. Wabash Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 708.
Columbus, Ohio.—253 N. Hague Ave.
Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd floor.
Denver, Colo.—1088 Broadway.
Indianapolis, Ind.—319 N. Pennsylvania St.—3rd Floor.
Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
Long Beach, Calif.—361 E. First St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—4830 Floral Drive.
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Minneapolis, Minn.—1008 Nicollet Ave.
New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.
Portland, Ore.—Room 316 Dekum Bldg.
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number of people in The Netherlands and its Colonies who are interested in mystical interpretations of the laws of life as portrayed in the operas.

Most of Max Heindel's books have now been published in Dutch. The members and friends of this Center have taken care of translation and the cost of publication. All the Dutch books are sold practically at cost, so the price of each volume is within reach of everyone.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

We are happy to hear that a group of interested friends in this city have been meeting once each month during the past winter and spring to study the Western Wisdom Teachings. Our correspondent informs us that a lecture is given at each meeting, and a discussion period follows. *Freemasonry and Catholicism*, one of Max Heindel's most illuminating books, has been used as the principal basis for study and discussion.

CALGARY, CANADA.

Happy hours of study and discussion are reported from the *Young Aquarians* of this city. The twelve lessons of the Preliminary Philosophy Course are being finished by the members of the Group. "The last meeting of the season will be devoted to a review in question form of the year's work, which should be profitable, and fun, too!" writes the leader of the Group. A day's outing, also, is to be a part of the month's activities.

A recent move made by these wide-awake, progressive young people was the election of a delegate to the Youth Congress, a movement promoting the union of the youth of the world in common effort to solve their problems and bring greater understanding among them.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

A number of interesting items are mentioned in the latest reports from the members who meet in this city. New officers have been elected, and plans are being made for building up a library of Max Heindel's books. In addition, the members are rejoicing in being the possessors of an organ, which a friend

has presented for Center use. "It is in splendid condition," writes the Secretary, "and will be quite an added attraction to our Center. We have long felt the need of music, but have never felt able to secure an instrument."

We appreciate the interest of this Group in furthering our healing work. An interesting plan for a "Rose Cross Health Home" has been drawn by the President and submitted to us, and friends there have been asked to join their prayers in bringing "the archetype into concrete being."

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Encouraging news comes from this faithful Group of the continuance of its good work. "We are going along nicely," writes the Secretary. "The members study the Teachings with much enthusiasm, and we always have interesting discussions at our meetings. We enjoy your monthly talks which are read aloud to the Group—each time by a different member—and then fully discussed."

DENVER, COLORADO.

A happy note of joy in accomplishment and cooperation in the Work pervades recent news from this Group. Considerable advertising is being done, and attendance at classes, both Philosophy and Astrology, remains encouraging.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

Interesting news and suggestions for Center work come from this enterprising Group. A general conclave of members from Schenectady, Rochester, Syracuse, and Utica was held June 20, "becoming better representatives of our Headquarters and through that better servants to our communities," being stated as the purpose of the conclave. "A planned service to our community by our members, serving in such capacities as the members see themselves fitted for, such as teaching occupational work to shut-ins, visiting those without friends or relatives in hospitals," etc., is given as part of the suggestions for definite Center accomplishment. Plans are being laid for another conclave in the early part of October.

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"What Has the Rosicrucian Philosophy Done for Me?"

Dear Friends:

Shortly after the death of my beloved wife, when I was saddened and sobered by the loss, and when I sorely needed some helpful interest and inspiration, I was led by Providence to open a book written by Max Heindel, called *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. This proved to be the beginning of a period of study which has, I am convinced, wrought many changes in me. Above all else a study and practise of the Rosicrucian philosophy has implanted in me a firm belief that no real harm comes to the one who tries to live close to God.

In a world where the wicked and careless seem to prosper, I have come to believe that in spite of such appearing to be the case, the spiritual adage, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is the truth, and that perfect justice really exists.

Conversion to the doctrine of rebirth has enabled me to more readily grasp some of the problems of our earthly existence, such as the mysteries of birth and death, the purpose of life, why some are born to riches, others to poverty, some to health, others to sickness or deformity.

The Rosicrucian philosophy has helped me to cultivate a sympathetic and tolerant attitude to others. It has given me strength to almost banish that demon known as "worry," thus bringing about a welcome serenity of mind, and incidentally resulting in better health.

Finally, I have on several occasions had a foretaste of the spiritual power which comes to him who merits it by living a clean and useful life. I refer to intuitional knowledge, or the ability to *know* without knowing exactly *how* you know, and also to those periods of extreme happiness when one is indeed enveloped by that "peace which passeth all understanding."

Yours in fellowship and goodwill,
Harold Horsley.

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HOW MUSSOLINI KEEPS FIT*(Continued from page 366)*

great things it is necessary that the brain be clear. Mussolini says he has made of his organism an engine, and he is the engineer who must keep it in good order. Although his responsibilities are very heavy, and the driving is very rough, he has found that the best fuel to keep this engine in good running order is right food. Men are very careful to give their automobiles just the right mixture of oil, air, and gas, but as drivers of this physical machine they are not so careful of the human engine. Is it a wonder that casualties are now becoming more frequent, with the drivers' stomachs filled with liquor and their brains befogged with the fumes of the poisonous cigarette? Statistics tell us that one-third of the accidental deaths are directly due to drunk driving.

Two of the most talked-of men in the world today, men who as dictators are responsible for the welfare of millions of souls, are Mussolini and Hitler. Both are vegetarians and are living the simple life, thereby preserving their mental and physical health.

Our anger and impatience often prove more mischievous than the things about which we are angry and impatient.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Nature has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only His image.—*Pascal.*

Respect for human life, and tenderness towards every form of human suffering is one of the most marked features of the best modern culture.—*Duke of Argyll.*

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further and thou shalt find enough to humble thee.—*Quarles.*

Give according to your means, or God will make your means according to your giving.—*Dr. John Hall.*

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