

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

*Rays From
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES

•
The Mystic Midnight Sun
at Christmas
The Common Signs and Influenza
The Man Inside

•
DECEMBER
1943

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The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas

By MAX HEINDEL



THIS BOOK gives the OCCULT FACTS about what CHRIST did and is doing for the earth and humanity. Also information on the NEW ELEMENT which will supersede oxygen in our air, and the NEW SUBSTANCE to replace albumen in the body.

Chapter Headings

The Cosmic Significance of Christmas
Spiritual Light—The New Element and the New Substance
The Annual Sacrifice of Christ
The Mystic Midnight Sun
The Mission of Christ and the Festival of the Fairies
The Newborn Christ

“God is Light, says the inspired Apostle and no other description is capable of conveying so much of the nature of God, as those three little words.”—Page 23.

• • •

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Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

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MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

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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.

People of various denominations enter educational institutions such as Harvard or Yale, and study Mythology, Psychology, and Comparative Religions there without prejudice to their religious affiliations. Students may enroll with the Rosicrucian Fellowship on the very same basis. Our teachings, which aim to emancipate from authority of others by pointing the way to firsthand knowledge, are given by correspondence graded to suit the different classes of applicants. Upon request the General Secretary will send an application blank for enrollment to anyone who is not a *Hypnotist*, or a *Professional Medium*, *Palmist*, or *Astrologer*. Courses are available in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, Astrology, and Bible Study.

These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. However, the work is supported largely by voluntary offerings and students are given opportunity to help as the heart dictates and the means permit. In the measure only that they fulfill this moral obligation can they *really* benefit from our efforts in their behalf.

The International Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship is located on a fifty acre tract called "Mt. Ecclesia," a natural park of incomparable beauty with a view of mountains, valleys, ocean, and isles ranging in extent from 40 to 80 miles. It is an important center of spiritual healing scientifically applied to aid thousands all over the world. The salubrious climate of *Southern California* affords material help in recovery for those who visit the quiet little city of *Oceanside* which holds Mt. Ecclesia in its environs. Accommodations are available for those who may wish to spend some time at Headquarters. Rates are given on application. Healing services are held daily in the Ecclesia (Temple of Healing) to help all who have applied for healing.

Correspondence Courses in Rosicrucian Christianity, Western Wisdom Bible Study, and Spiritual Astrology, given on the freewill offering basis, are offered to those sincerely interested. Address—

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The Current Outlook

[FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT]

The Strenuous Age

By JOSEPH DARROW



HIS is certainly a Strenuous Age. The world is in something of a mess, and it takes an optimist to see the way out. But of course there is a way. The Rosicrucians have a lot of data and occult knowledge as to the origin of the world and its Divine purpose, also some important data as to what is necessary in order for us to extricate ourselves from our present undesirable situation.

Man is a spirit descended into matter for a course of learning and discipline through the processes of evolution. Matter is crystallized spirit. Therefore man is spiritually blinded by matter, and as a result doesn't see clearly the various

cosmic laws under which he is required to operate and with which it is necessary for him to comply. As a result he ignorantly, and sometimes wilfully, violates these laws and sets up a chain of results and penalties under the Law of Consequence. These resulting effects are our destiny, sometimes termed karma. The World War now raging is one of the major effects of the violation of cosmic law.

Before considering the means and methods of extricating the world from its present dilemma, let us first look at the real objects of life as they are outlined by the Rosicrucians. From the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* we discover certain basic and very interesting facts bearing on the subject, showing that the popular conceptions on the subject are incomplete and often wrong.

They show us that there is never any evil without some compensating good, and often the good far outweighs the evil. We quote as follows:

"Nature, or God, does nothing without a logical reason, and the further we search the more apparent it becomes to us that Nature is a wise mother, always using the best means to accomplish her ends. But it may be asked, Why should we be reborn? Why must we return to this limited and miserable earth existence? Why can we not get experience in the higher realms without coming to earth? We are tired of this dreary, weary earth life!

"Such queries are based upon misunderstandings of several kinds. In the first place, let us realize and engrave it deep upon the tablets of our memory that *the purpose of life is not happiness, but experience*. Sorrow and pain are our most benevolent teachers, while the joys of life are but fleeting. . . . Experience is knowledge of the effects which follow acts. This is the object of life, together with the development of Will, which is the force whereby we apply the results of experience."

From the above we note that happiness on earth is only a by-product. The spirit is taking this course of lessons in earth life with the primary purpose of mastering matter and material existence. We also note that sorrow and pain are our *most benevolent teachers*. Most people don't know this. They consider

that sorrow and pain are, generally speaking, unmitigated evil, or at best an awful nuisance. But the fact remains that they compel us to learn the lessons of earth life when we otherwise wouldn't do so. And we may be sure that when we have actually learned our lessons, life will be smooth sailing, and the by-product of happiness will be a continuous result.

Now we will consider some of the factors which bear on the problem of finding our way out of the mess into which humanity has gotten itself. The columnist Boake Carter brought out one of the most important elements in the situation some time ago in commenting on a conference of the international labor organizations in New York, as stated in the *Public Ledger*. Commenting on the great number of discussions which took place in this conference, he said:

"I think I am pretty safe in betting a week's salary that not one of the conferees ever mentioned the name of God, or even gave a thought that the godlessness of the world might have something

to do with its mess
 THE MASTER today, and might have
 MANUFACTURER something to do with
 whatever future is developed in this universe. . . . A Master Manufacturer produced this universe. He gave to all human beings a Book of Instructions, known as the Bible. This contains advice within its pages which covers every conceivable form of cosmic and human activity. . . . But we have groups of very puzzled people writing all manner of rules and recommendations about how they are sure the world's machinery should be operated, never once thinking about reading the Master Manufacturer's Book of Instructions. And then they wonder why the world winds up in the ditch." Certainly Mr. Carter has pointed out one big reason for the trouble we're in.

From the Rosierucian standpoint there are several important principles

and methods which will help people individually and collectively to find their way successfully through this present strenuous period. The first of these is the *mastery of fear*. Max Heindel gave some specialized instruction on this in an address delivered in Los Angeles years ago and later printed in the *Rosierucian Magazine*, from which we quote:

"Every time we have a thought of fear or despondency we are creating a (thought) elemental of fear. That elemental feeds upon the thoughts of fear, worry and melancholy which we send out. This is a fact known to everyone who enters the invisible world consciously to watch people who have recently passed out. These thought elementals of fear that have been created by people hover about those who created them. . . . Therefore, every day let us strive to banish all thoughts of fear and cultivate an attitude of cheerfulness."

He goes on to say that these fear thought elementals with which we surround ourselves by thinking thoughts of fear cause the desire
 THE MASTERY body to vibrate to fear
 OF FEAR and stimulate a fearful attitude of mind. However, they are not concrete as in the outer world and have no power to hurt us, either in this world or the next, hence can be chased away by a courageous attitude of mind. Therefore no matter what our material conditions are, we have here the key to the successful avoidance of unhappy, fearful states of mind, which are likely to precipitate us into corresponding actual material conditions.

Another very practical bit of occult knowledge is contained in the principle of "Looking for the Good." This is described in the *Cosmo-Conception*, as follows: "Seeking for the good in evil will, in time, transmute the evil into good. If the (thought) form that is built to minimize the evil . . . is strong

and frequently repeated, *it will have the effect of disintegrating the evil and substituting the good.* That effect, be it distinctly understood, is not brought about by lying or denying the evil, but by looking for the good. The occult scientist practises very rigidly this principle of looking for good in all things, because he knows what a power it possesses in keeping down evil." Certainly this is a method of reducing the evil in the world which we should all practice.

Our individual duty to God and to the Divine Directors of our part of the universe, the world, is another factor which we should all take into very serious account. We are not here in the world just by chance to work or play as we happen to feel like it, but to do our part in evolution. Our duty to God requires us to be efficient, to work, and to serve in all possible ways. Max Heindel says in the *Cosmo-Conception*: "At the present stage of our development the twin feelings, interest and indifference, furnish the incentive to action and are the springs that move the world. At a later stage these feelings will cease to have any weight. Then the determining factor will be *Duty*." We will make much faster progress if we make duty the determining factor in our lives right now, rather than waiting for some future period.

The final subject we wish to mention as a source of encouragement to people

THE WORTH-
WHILENESS
OF LIFE

in this Strenuous Age is the worth-whileness of human life, as disclosed both by the Bible and by occult science.

Earth life may or may not be very happy, but if rightly lived it will be followed by a period of ecstatic happiness in the realm of spirit, which is the realm of Reality. Earth life is carried on, so to speak, in the realm of unreality, because the earth and all earth conditions are crystallized spirit, and

it is the element of crystallization that introduces the unreal quality. This unreality is due to the fact that the crystallization of spirit is only *temporary*. Only spirit itself is real, and spirit is eternal. The sole thing that the great majority see is the unreality, namely, crystallization. Only the spiritually developed few see Reality, namely, spirit and the world of spirit. Occasionally, however, a person is sensitized by sickness so that he catches a glimpse of it. Such a glimpse, which showed the tremendous worth-whileness of life, was gained by Margaret Prescott Montague and described by her in an article entitled, "Twenty Minutes of Reality," which appeared years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She said:

"My eyes were opened, and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of Reality, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty and importance. . . . I saw for the first time

FEAR OF
ETERNITY
WIPED AWAY

how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. . . . For those glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me. . . . I did in deed and in truth love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more; of myself I was hardly conscious. . . . This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away.

I have found a little taste of bliss, and if heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. . . . The great thing was the realization that weariness, and boredom, and questions as to the use of it all belong entirely to unreality." After such a vision as this certainly one could never doubt the value of human life.

Yes, this is a Strenuous Age. But we believe we have indicated above some of the fundamental methods by which its strenuosity can be reduced.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects.

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

The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

The Mystic Midnight Sun at Christmas

By MAX HEINDEL



ONCE more the mystic measure of the Sun's circle dance has been trod and we are again looking forward with joyful anticipation to the birth of a new Sun to carry us through the coming year of 1916.* Notwithstanding the Great War, the spirit of Christmas is in the air, the spirit of expectancy. The feeling that something new is coming into our lives and that the future will be brighter than the past, is with all. Though all the calamities and suffering contained in Pandora's Box seem to be abroad at the present time, *Hope*, the priceless gift of the Gods smiles encouragingly as she points to the silver lining on the great war cloud, and tells us that behind it the Sun of peace and joy is more luminous than ever, that presently it will illumine the earth with a radiance not previously appreciated by us.

But there are some who are physically blind and though the Sun shines never so brightly, they perceive it not; there are also those who are spiritually blind and consequently incapable of seeing the great spiritual wave which descends annually upon the earth. We must have within ourselves the organ of perception of that also, for as Angelus Silesius says:

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

The illuminated mystic sees this great Cosmic Drama of the Spirit's descent into matter enacted before his spiritual vision year after year. Nor is this vision vague and indefinite, depending upon certain feelings, but it is a clear and accurate presentation to the smallest details. It is not necessary for spirit in the invisible world to take a certain definite form just as we do in the physical world; any form that has a certain sharp outline implies limitation. A spirit may allow its form to blend with the forms of other spirits, it may permeate even the physical bodies of others and still retain its own individuality, because it vibrates to a certain tone or keynote which is different from that of all others. Thus, in September the illumined Seer perceives the Cosmic Christ Spirit as a mighty Lightwave of supernal splendor, descending upon the earth which it permeates.

By the twenty-first of December this celestial light has reached the center of our terrestrial sphere. Then the days

*This article is reprinted from the January 1916 issue of this Magazine.

are shortest, the nights are the longest and darkest, "but the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The vibratory motive impulses given to the earth during the early months of the year, have nearly spent themselves; by Christmas the earth is crystallized, dead and cold, wrapped in its blanket of snow, and were not this new life of the Christ Spirit poured into the earth to give it fresh energy for another year, all life upon our planet must perish.

There has been much speculation upon the nature of the star that shone in Bethlehem at midnight, and the orthodox opinion which holds that the immaculate conception and birth of Jesus are unique in the history of the human race, supposes that the Christ Star was seen in the firmament on that occasion, only. The wise men, however, who, by the alchemy of soul growth, are striving to build within themselves *that stone of the corner* which was rejected by the builders but is prized by all philosophers, know that the Christ Light is not to be found *outside*; they know that the Hermetic axiom expressing the law of analogy "as above so below," applies also in this case, and that the Christ formed within them must look for the Christ Star within the earth, for, again quoting Angelus Silesius, "It would be as impossible for a Christ outside the earth to save the world, as it is for a Christ on Golgotha to save us."

Until the Christ is born within us, and until the Christ is born within the earth, He cannot accomplish His mission. Therefore, on the longest and darkest night of each year, the mystic kneels in silent adoration, looking inwardly by the spiritual sight cultivated by him, towards the center of the earth, where the most Supernal Light that ever shone on land or sea, illuminates the whole globe with a brightness and brilliance that is overwhelming.

And then the wise man brings his gifts and offers them at the feet of the new-

born Savior. He may be poor in the world's goods, he may not even have a place to lay his head, nevertheless his gifts are more precious than a King's ransom. During his life of aspiration he has cultivated precious possessions and the first which he offers upon the altar of sacrifice is *Love*, that love which "vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, rejoiceth not in iniquity but in the truth; whether there be prophecies they shall fail and whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away, for now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love, but the greatest of these is Love."

"God so loved the world that He gave His alone begotten Son, that whosoever believeth upon Him should not perish but should have age-lasting Life." And this great gift was not given once and for all, but each year the Son of God is reborn again into the earth to enliven this planet by His superior Vibrations that we may have *Life* and have it more abundantly. As the human spirit dies upon the spiritual plane when it is born into the physical world, so also the Christ Spirit dies to the Solar Sphere when, for our sakes, it is born into the earth at the Christmas time. It is cramped by crystallizing environment which we have made. Truly, "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his Life for his friends," the Christ said. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command, and this is my commandment, that ye love one another."

Therefore the Love of the mystic, offered upon the altar of sacrifice at the great festival on Holy Night is not abstract, but expresses itself in concrete acts towards all with whom he comes in contact during the year ensuing.

His second gift to the newborn Savior is *Devotion*. The fire of enthusiasm must burn in the breast of every aspirant, for no cold observance of religious rites, no giving of gifts without that intensely devotional feeling, can have any value in the spiritual light.

It was said of one of the ancient Israelitish Kings, that he did evil *with both hands greedily*. So also must the aspirant do good with both hands greedily; his whole heart and soul and mind must be offered up upon the altar of sacrifice, and as the frankincense of the wise men, referred to in the Bible, is said to have filled the place of the nativity with perfume, so also must this *fire of enthusiasm* enkindle our devotion that the incense thereof may pervade our whole environment with devotion to the cause of the Master. But the Love, Devotion, and Enthusiasm offered up by the mystic upon the altar of the newborn Christ are not separate and apart from *himself*, he cannot give them

without including the greatest and best gift of all, the only gift which makes it worth while; namely, *himself*. No matter what his station in life . . . high or low, rich or poor; the Spirit speaking to the mystic always tells him:

"Son, I crave not that which is thine, for that is Mine already, the Earth and the fullness thereof, the cattle upon a thousand hills, all were made by Me and through Me, but what I desire is thyself, thy heart. Give me thine heart, son, and I will give thee that which is more than all, 'The Peace that surpasses all understanding.'"

And may the Dove of Peace, the Love of Christ, soon find a new foothold on our war-worn world. [End]

The Present Sorrow and the Coming Peace

By MAX HEINDEL

FROM the dim distant past there comes to us the voice of Isaiah in one of the grandest and most soul-inspiring of prophecies:

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth, even for ever."

Nor is the song of the angel choir above the Galilean hills less potent to stir the soul with its sublime ideal:

"On earth peace, and
Good will toward men."

But looking facts in the face as seen today, such sayings seem little short of mockery; and from the customary viewpoint of the man in the street all the platitudes offered by the religionists cannot make the situation in the so-called "Christian world" less odious.

But when we apply the cosmic scale

of perspective and measurement, it is different. Goethe says well:

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping, waiting for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers."

As with individuals, so with nations. Sorrow and suffering seem unfortunately to be the only teachers they will hear. Hence the necessity for their lessons. Viewing life as unending we are not dismayed at the so-called "loss of life" incident to the present war. Those killed will all be born again, and by their experience they will be better than they are now. Peace and good will are bound to come in time when we have learned to abhor war, hence we may well rejoice at the prospect and earnestly pray for its consummation. I would particularly urge students of the Rosicrucian Fellowship to unite in this prayer on Holy Night at midnight when the usual service is held in the Pro-Ecclesia by the workers on Mt. Ecclesia. —*Letters to Students*, December 1917.

Holy Mountain

By "TIPHERITH"

*There is an Holy Mountain on whose crest
Radiant with quenchless light a City stands.
The Holy City builded without hands,
Eternal in the Heavens, wherein the Blest
To whom Deific energy is rest,
Pour ceaseless blessings forth upon all lands.
So lofty is this Mount that it commands
All worlds, yet hides it in the humblest breast—
The Mount of Restitution for our race.
'Tis climbed by those who bear The Holy Name,
And trusting in their Godhood, take the Place
From the beginning theirs. Arise and claim
Thy kingdom! Seek this Mountain and embrace
Thy Deity upon its crest of flame.*

• • •

Our Divine Gifts

By RUTH ST. DENIS

*Our spacious earth, our seas and moun-
tains,
Rivers, plains and valleys,
Are the gifts of God.
Our very lives, our businesses and
homes,
Our churches and our arts are all the
gifts of God.
Our birthright is from Him.
Our true order and dominion, our abun-
dance
And our eternal peace are all bestowed
of Him.
For of ourselves we are as nothing,
And of ourselves we can do nothing.
"It is the Father within us, He doeth
the work."
And the fruits of His working belong
all to Him.
"For the earth is the Lord's and the
fullness thereof."
So we are the Lord's to be used for His
praise!*

To Pray

By D. LOUISE POLLOCK

*Far from the hurry and flurry of life
Far from the cities of care and strife
To God's great mountains I've found
my way*

—To Pray.

*There where the flowers their fra-
grance render
There where the breezes are soft and
tender.*

With God's candles to light my way

—I Pray.

*There is stillness there and a peace so
rare*

And the voice of God I hear.

And I lift my eyes to the azure skies

—And Pray.

Copyright by the author
in "My Garden."

Metamorphosis

By P. M. V.



HE office hummed busily with the clack of typewriters, the whirl of adding machines and the buzz of telephones. From behind the grilled window of the mail room Donald could see the clerks and stenographers energetically working over their desks for it was the end of the month and work was heavy. Occasionally one of them would stop at the window and call out, "Don, move my typewriter for me!" or, "Don, I just spilled a bottle of ink—would you wipe it up?" or, "Don, would you mind running across to the drug store and getting me a toasted cheese sandwich?" For, although, officially, Don was the mail clerk, yet it seemed that all the little odd jobs that no one else wanted to perform fell to him. Perhaps this was in some measure due to the fact that he had always been so obliging and glad to be of service. Everyone had come more or less to expect it of him.

This morning, however, as he worked behind his window on the stacks of correspondence, sorting, stamping and routing the letters, he was feeling just a little depressed and perhaps slightly resentful which was most unusual for him. But the night before, after he had turned out the lights and was lying in bed, a mystic luminous blue screen had appeared before him, as it often did now, and upon it had appeared in beautiful living pictures, scenes from one of his previous lives. With wonder and surprise he had seen himself as a prince of royal family in a beautiful palace on the Mediterranean. Riches, luxury, power and fame all had been his. But as scene after scene unfolded, he had viewed himself as a cruel, domineering, selfish individual, full of pride and egotism. He had shuddered as he de-

cidated that he did not at all like the fellow he had been. What tremendous opportunities had been his, he thought, and how badly he had misused them!

Thus this morning as he worked on his letters he was thinking somewhat bitterly of how far down the ladder of reincarnation he had fallen from his former princely estate. Surely his load of self-created debts of destiny must be very heavy indeed, he thought, to have placed him in so lowly a position at the beck and call of everyone. Also, in the light of the revelation of his former high position, he now resented somewhat the imperative attitude the clerks and other office personnel adopted toward him. Before, he had always been happy to perform any service great or small for he was fond of everyone in the big, busy office and for a number he had an especially kind regard.

On numerous occasions during the busy days as he had talked with different ones he had seen flash before him scenes from their previous lives which had opened up new vistas of understanding and compassion for them. As in the case of Eddie, whose withered hand caused him such mental pain and about which he was so sensitive. Donald felt a genuine liking for Eddie and saw in him many fine and noble qualities. Distinctly he remembered that day when suddenly like pictures on a cinema screen, he had beheld scenes from Eddie's previous life flash before him. First had appeared a beautiful, green mountain valley with a turbulent rushing stream. Then he had seen Eddie standing on the mossy bank looking much as he did now except that he was bearded and dressed in rough clothes. Another man was with Eddie and the two of them

were quarreling violently over some bright, shining pebbles in the other's hand. As the anger of the two men increased Eddie suddenly whipped a knife from his belt and plunged it into the heart of his companion. Then the pictures had faded. Donald had shuddered and brushed his hand across his eyes as he looked back at Eddie. Yes, there was the hand that had dealt death with that shining blade—it hung pitifully at his side now—withered and useless. Swift tears had sprung to Donald's eyes. He had wanted to put a steadying arm about Eddie's shoulders and tell him that it was all right. That though the path seemed hard and the way dark, he was but learning a difficult lesson in life's great school and doing a mighty fine job of it. Donald knew that soon Eddie would waken to another earth life with two fine, strong hands which never again would bring death to one of his fellows in an angry moment.

Then he thought of Helen, the little crippled bookkeeper, who looked out on life with such brave and laughing eyes as she cheerfully did her work and so often found time for little deeds of kindness and help to others. He recalled the day the past had opened and he had viewed her against the gay and laughing background of Paris. Helen was a beautiful woman then with a perfect body, but as the scenes unfolded he had seen her using her beauty as a cruel and selfish weapon to grasp from life what she wanted. He saw her ruthlessly and mercilessly hurting others in pursuit of her own pleasures and desires. But Helen was not like that today. How greatly she had changed! Compassion, understanding and a deep knowledge of suffering were being born in her dark hazel eyes. Each time Don-

ald passed her he wanted desperately to reach out and put an arm around her and tell her how magnificently she was doing.

Inez, too; he could see her now through the door of the mail room. She couldn't understand the nervous troubles which tortured her; neither could her physicians, but to Donald it had all been crystal clear when he had seen her as a so-called witch of the middle ages. During that period she had learned to use some of the occult powers for evil purposes and had thus damaged her finer vehicles which manifested in this incarnation as obscure nervous symptoms.

Behind the thin curtain of the conventional physical world Donald saw there in the office, among others, those who in their last life upon this earth had been an old Chinese priest, an Arabian dancing girl, a Buddhist from Tibet, a Catholic nun, and many others. In a few cases it seemed to Donald that the dream of their past was more vivid and real to him than their dream of the present.

There had been times when he felt that he knew the innermost secrets of each person in the office; all the secret, lonely places of their hearts that they so carefully hid from the world. Perhaps they sensed this in some measure for many had poured out the burden of their hearts to him and to each he had tried to give understanding and help.

All these things Donald was thinking of this morning as his fingers flew stamping mail, sorting, folding and emptying the boxes for his morning office delivery. In fact he had been so busy and absorbed in his thoughts that he had failed to notice an old fellow who had come unobtrusively into the office and was going from desk to desk

Dear Christ, on earth what is
there to me, left?
With soul and body of all ease
bereft—
What is it—Oh, dear God, I
know! I know!
Compassion is the thing I failed
to show.
In loving trine, to Thee, if now
I'm freed,
I bind myself in Thought, in
Word, in Deed.
—Hazel Holland.

offering a small stock of lead pencils for sale. His coat was old and tattered and his shoes worn. As Donald looked at him through the open door of the mail room a wave of compassion for the old fellow swept over him. He noticed his kindly sun-and-wind tanned face and the sweeping white hair which swept back from a high forehead to his shoulders and which glistened as did his long beard. His eyes, Donald saw, were deep brown and luminous.

Quietly he went from desk to desk holding out his pencils. Usually he was turned down with a hasty word or irritated glance or else ignored entirely. However, Donald was happy to see that a few of the office force did buy pencils from him. Finally he noticed Donald working in the mail room. A warm surge of kindness caused Donald to smile and greet him pleasantly. At this the old fellow's face fairly shone with happiness as he entered the mail room.

"What beautiful pencils!" Donald exclaimed admiringly as he examined them, hoping to make the old man feel that someone anyhow was happy to see him. "They are all nice, but I believe I like this blue one best," he continued and reaching in his pocket he took out a quarter which he gave him.

For a moment the old fellow looked at the coin in pleased surprise, appearing to be quite overcome with the magnanimity of so large a gift. Then slowly he raised his eyes and suddenly Donald beheld before him a beautiful spinning light shot with all the shining colors of the rainbow. Almost stupefied he could only look in wide-eyed amazement until the brilliance gradually diminished. Then, as in a dream, he saw the old man's face illuminated and radiant and in place of his tattered coat he was wearing a shining white robe. On Donald's inner ear fell the words of a deep melodious voice:

"My son, I know you are unhappy

and discontented this morning. It may seem that you have fallen far down the ladder of reincarnation, but you today are far ahead of the selfish prince of the past. Appearances in the physical world are always deceiving. Your position today is one of honor. Remember those words: 'He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.'"

Then swiftly as it had appeared the vision faded and there was the old man again in his rags. But in his eyes was a twinkle as he looked down at his worn coat much as a great actor might who found himself momentarily in the habiliments of a tramp. Then the old fellow winked an eye at Donald which seemed to say "Keep our secret, lad," and leaning toward Donald for a moment he whispered some strange and unintelligible words. With a parting smile and a hand raised in blessing, Donald's strange visitor turned and walked out the door of the mail room, somehow majestic in his rags. Donald stood dazedly watching him, scarcely daring to breathe. As the old man found his way between the desks to the outer door not one head in the busy office raised to see him go. Donald almost prayerfully thought how strange it was that often Light could pass us by so close as even to brush our sleeve and yet we in our blindness might never know.

He remembered how many times he had read of the great masters in India and wished with all his heart that he might travel there and sit at the feet of one of those wise and venerable men. Now he understood that we need not travel to strange and distant lands to find a teacher. Light he realized now was ever around us if only our poor blind eyes were able to perceive it and our ears not too dulled by the discords of the physical world to hear the whisper of angels' wings when they passed.

"What Has the Rosicrucian Philosophy Done for Me?"

ALTHOUGH I have progressed but a little way along the Path through the wonders of the Rosicrucian Fellowship Philosophy Courses, I feel that it would be sheer ingratitude on my part not to try to give my answer to this question.

The Rosicrucian Philosophy has convinced me, as nothing ever did before, that, in view of the fact that Life is a School where we are to gain knowledge and wisdom, all experience, however hard or seemingly unjust, is worth while. It is proved to me by the Twin Laws of Re-birth and Consequence that nothing in Our Father's Universe is without purpose.

We know, through this great Philosophy, that Thought is Constructive and Destructive just as surely as is Action, and that by thinking, even momentarily, evil towards our fellow beings, we are abetting our own destruction and bringing sorrow upon ourselves which will have to be borne later.

By this knowledge do we learn to appreciate more fully self-control in all respects. Further, we are taught that by practising the Exercise of Retrospection we have the power to wipe out some of the wrong which we may do in our present Earth life and thereby to shorten the purgatorial period in the after-death state.

One could go on and on enumerating more and more the blessedness of this Philosophy but I think these are some of the main points that have already helped me very, very much.

What an enormous debt we owe to everyone who has helped in any way to bring this wonderful Philosophy before Mankind, especially in a manner and phraseology that can be readily understood by the majority of seekers.

—E.B.P.

GLADLY, and with deepest gratitude, I answer the question: What has the Rosicrucian Philosophy done for me?

I read, one time, an excerpt from a letter written by a great Syrian poet and artist to a friend in which he made this remark: "Often, very often, my heart bleeds in silence for reasons I know not of."

How aptly had the words of the Poet-Artist expressed the secret emotions of my own heart! Almost from childhood, I had looked upon life as something strangely sorrowful. I suffered intensely from a strange "inner loneliness"—as if I were truly an exile in a foreign land! Yet, there was no particular *visible reason* for my unhappy state of mind.

Then news came from a friend, living in the frozen arctic regions, of the teachings of the Rosicrucian Philosophy. Through these teachings I learned that there *was* a reason and a Planned Purpose for everything that happens to us. I learned all about the Great Plan which the Creator has in store for His creation, and with the unveiling of the mysteries of Life and of God the fog in my brain was lifted.

Today, I am gradually becoming happy and content. Very surely am I attaining a poise and a tranquility of mind I had never hoped to possess. I am becoming intensely interested in the sciences and in the arts; and I *know* that I have within me the power to lift myself to great heights of attainment—so long as I use that power in the service of humanity!

Briefly, I *was* among the "living dead." I am beginning *now to live!* Knowledge of "Realities" has set me free.—R.E.D.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

Heaven World Activity

Q. Is man's entire sojourn in the Heaven World one of relaxation and rest?

A. On the contrary, it is a time of the greatest and most important activity in preparing for the next earth life, as sleep is an active preparation for the work of the following day. In the Heaven World the quintessence of the three bodies is built into the threefold spirit. As much of the desire body as the man has worked upon and purified during life, by purifying the desires and emotions, will be welded into the human spirit, thus giving an improved desire body and mind in the future.

As much of the vital body as the life spirit has worked upon, transformed, spiritualized, and thus saved from the decay to which the rest of the vital body is subject, will be amalgamated with the life spirit to insure a better vital body and temperament in the succeeding lives.

As much of the dense body as the divine spirit has saved by right action will be worked into it (the divine spirit) and will bring better environment and opportunities.

Q. What must we do specifically to produce this transmutation?

A. A spiritualization of the vehicles is accomplished by cultivation of the faculties of observation, discrimination and memory, devotion to high ideals, prayer, concentration, persistence, and right use of the life forces.

Q. Is assimilation of the fruits of the last earth life man's only occupation in the second heaven?

A. No; he also prepares here the environment for a new physical existence. It is required that the fruits of the past be worked into the World to be the

next scene of activity for fresh physical experiences on earth. Therefore all the denizens of the Heaven World work upon the models of the Earth, all of which are in the Region of Concrete Thought. They alter the physical features of the Earth, and bring about the gradual changes which vary its appearance, so that on each return to physical life a different environment has been prepared, wherein new experiences may be gained. Climate, *flora*, and *fauna* are altered by man under the direction of higher Beings. Thus the world is just what we ourselves, individually and collectively, have made it; and it will be what we make it.

Q. Is man's work in the Heaven World confined principally to the alteration of the surface of the Earth which is to be the scene of his future struggles in a physical body?

A. No; he is also actively engaged in learning how to build a body which shall afford a better means of expression. It is man's destiny to become a Creative Intelligence and he is serving his apprenticeship all the time. During his heaven life he is learning to build all kinds of bodies—the human included. Man is directed in this work by Teachers from the higher Creative Hierarchies. During heaven life they teach him consciously, for the painter an accurate eye, for the musician a perfect ear, also the long, fine hand with slender fingers and sensitive nerves so he will be able to reproduce the melodies he hears. The more man advances and the more he works on his vehicles, the more power he has to build for a new life, making himself and his environment what he desires it to be. (Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 123-128, also pages 96 and 424.)

The Mystic Cowhand and His Story

By KATHERYN KEHN

HE may have been forty years of age—this erect, serious, sun-tanned stranger, when he first appeared at the ranch and asked for work. I was then but a small child but I never forgot father's words in telling mother of the stranger's arrival.

"His bearing's good and his horse looks better than any here on the range, but he ain't packin' no gun and there's a pack strapped to his saddle that looks like books."

Books were my weakness and there were few on the ranch. Naturally, I became deeply interested in this mysterious rider who carried books instead of a gun, and I tried my best to make his acquaintance. Instinctively I felt that he was a man to be trusted; his smile was sincere and assuring; his eyes made you feel that though he was looking right through you he was interested only in the good.

I soon learned that he was a great lover and student of nature. Many were the evenings I sat beside him on the old veranda, watching the stars come out and listening to his tales of creation—stories so old even the Bible did not record them. How the earth, moon, and planets came into existence; how these heavenly bodies influenced the lives of humanity; how the spirits of men, plants, and animals are one and the same—all members of one brotherhood; how the slanting rays of the sun cause the animals to go to sleep for the winter and man to draw closer in spirit to the Great Creator; and how day by day and moment by moment man is guided into all good by an all powerful Hand.

From father I learned that outside of the cattle branding he became the best hand on the ranch. His word was as good as a bond and he never threatened to

prove it with gun flourishes. He had a way of speaking with authority which the other men resented, particularly so, when they discovered that he was always right. The result was that he made a number of enemies among the hired men who ridiculed him in person; always he possessed a marvelous self-control, and though their words and actions must have hurt him at times, his features never showed a trace.

When the men discovered that he refused to touch any strong drink they contrived a plot whereby they meant to lure him away from the ranch and force him to drink. Later when the story was told to mother by an outside witness I learned that he had fought the men in their endeavor to hold him until his clothes were torn to shreds; but when they had finally succeeded in holding him and were prepared to pour the liquid down his throat he slipped from under them and disappeared.

Upon one occasion after a prolonged drought a prairie fire broke out upon the range. A strong south wind was driving the flames straight toward the unprotected meadow where huge stacks of hay had been put up to insure the stock against the ravages of winter. It had taken weeks of hard toil to stack the hundreds of tons of feed and its loss would have been inestimable. The men fought furiously, whipping the flames with drenched gunny sacks. Mother volunteered to drive the water tank up to the scene of action and since I refused to remain at home I was allowed to accompany her. I shall never forget the horror of that scene. Men—a hundred or more from the surrounding country; men, sweaty and begrimed, swearing and cursing the flames, the heat, and the wind; men, fighting madly against

what seemed inevitable defeat; for every man-made contrivance was overridden by the devouring flames and every man-planned maneuver proved useless.

At length father turned away utterly exhausted. He was almost unfamiliar in his dejection. Beside him was another figure, but not until the latter dropped on his knees on the burnt stubble did we recognize the mysterious cowhand. Mother and I held our breath, the men continued cursing, bellowing and beating the flames oblivious of the man at prayer.

But nothing happened. No rain fell from heaven. The flames drew nearer and nearer; they were almost upon the first of the stacks when like a snap of the fingers the wind suddenly veered to the north; the flames, unable to return upon their devastating path, fluttered feebly and went out. The stacks were saved.

Upon another occasion the ranch hands, as was their custom on the "off" days, were preparing to go to town for a "blow out." One of the men, nicknamed Shorty, was unusually hilarious that evening when he was approached by the mystic cowhand who said, "Don't go to town to-night, Shorty, it's not healthy for you. In fact, it's dangerous. Take my word, son, I'm warning you."

But the other only laughed. "See here, parson," he jeered, "ye ain't aimin' to make a convert of me, air ye? Well, at that I might stop at the church on my way back," and all the men roared with laughter.

It is needless to say that one of the saloons was shot up that night and Shorty never returned.

Time passed on. I was no longer a little girl, having returned from college to spend Thanksgiving at home, but I still loved stories and again begged for one. It was the last but most impressive story heard from the mystic's lips for when I next returned he was no longer at the ranch and I never saw him again.

His story I am passing on to you just as it was told to me.

It happened when I was twelve years of age that I became critically ill and died. Died? Yes, of course. For was not that my body stretched out lifeless and cold with the copper pennies weighing down the eyelids? While on the opposite side was I—contemplating my material mold.

The doctor had called the previous evening and declared that I was already passing; so the family quietly waited for the end which they believed occurred near morning.

I was made ready for burial and placed upon a table in the basement while father rushed to town in the old spring buggy to get the coffin and make preparations for the funeral.

My life up to this time had not been the happiest. Father was a stern, exacting man who could be very cruel and tyrannical at times, and woe to him who defied his command. Mother had died when I was quite small and father had married again—a woman with a big heart but a fiery tongue. Even she was often at father's mercy.

There was one among us, however, whom we all adored. It was grandmother who had come to live with us. All of the family including father fell under her kind nature and loving ways, although I often wondered in later years whether father's surrender had not been due to the fact that grandmother possessed quite a bit of wealth.

Physically I had never been very strong and when I was required to do tasks equal to those done by my stronger and older brother I often failed. It was at such times that I would have been severely punished had not grandmother's love and understanding shielded me.

I recall that after losing my material consciousness I became aware of the presence of an older personality, who was speaking to me while holding my hand. (Not my physical hand, you will

understand, for we were on the opposite side of the basement and from there we looked upon my body and members of the family who appeared from time to time.) I seemed to be a new being—airy and light, with none of earth's heaviness to hold me down; and, at the same time I seemed to possess all bodily members just as I had physically.

I also felt an indescribable freedom from the care and fear which had haunted me all my life. We were enveloped in a brilliant white light although our basement was always quite dark, and occasionally strains of beautiful music came across to me.

I was eager to be off and away; to explore those mystical realms just beyond, which seemed to be luring me away from all things earthly but the personality beside me felt differently.

It seemed that grandmother had been praying. Ah, if mortals only knew with what joy we often enter the beyond!

Yes, grandmother had prayed; and now she stood with tears streaming down her face—her whole soul overflowing with sympathy and compassion for the lad who had not only been deprived of the joy of a pleasant childhood but the privilege of life as well.

As I continued to gaze upon her I heard the Presence beside me speak.

"Behold your grandmother, how sad she is. She wants you to return."

"No, no," I begged. "This is happiness and freedom. My life there has been one long torture. They do not need me. I am of use to no one. Pray let me remain with you?"

But the Presence continued: "Your grandmother's heart is broken. Some day she may need you as you have needed her. Go back." And I was again alone and in the dark.

Members of the family who were in the basement at the time were about to withdraw when my sister exclaimed, "He moved. I saw him move!"

"Child, you are dreaming," exclaimed my stepmother, continuing on her way.

But grandmother wheeled about and began chafing my hands and feet. A moment later my stepmother shouted, "Who opened this basement door? I declare we were all in there and I was the last to enter. I took special pains to fasten the door because of the heat and flies."

Today I am no longer a young man but that one incident of my youth stands out in my memory more real, more vivid, more impressive than any of my whole life; and I am confident that when I shall again appear at the threshold the same Presence will be there to meet me and say, "Well done, this time you may remain."

High Moment

By IRENE STANLEY

*Some glimpse of immensity flashes on
every existence,
To push out our boundaries, giving
us limitless room;
Some afterglow splendor for all,
above time, beyond distance.
For one it has been a scarred mountain
healed over with bloom;
A dream, for one earth-bound, of
wings and their moment of lifting;
For an exile, a pasture of childhood,
an unaging tree.
Another around whom humanity's
flotsam is drifting
Has kept in his eyes the remembered
clean look of the sea.
An invalid's fancy at midnight takes
hold of the strumming,
On window and leaves, of the unwritten
notes of spring rain.
The artist awakes in her, setting her
fingers to drumming
An elfin creation that stills the
sirocco of pain.
Each heart has a share in the moments
of glory transcending
The travail between what we call the
beginning and ending.*

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY



"Good Tidings of Great Joy"



And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good

tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. (Luke 2:8-11.)

As the annual birth of the Christ child is now approaching, it presents a never old, ever new theme for meditation from which we may profit by pondering it with a prayer that it may create in our hearts a new light to guide us upon the path of regeneration.

Christmas is the season of greatest spiritual light. At this time rays of spiritual splendor and power fill our globe with a supernal light that envelops everyone upon earth from the least to the greatest without respect of persons. During this age of alternating cycles there is an ebb and flow of the spiritual power as well as of the waters in the ocean. The flood tide is reached at Christmas, which is therefore truly the holy season of the year.

If we swim with the tide at the time when it is strongest, we shall cover a greater distance with less effort than at any other time. It is of great importance to the esoteric student to know and understand the particularly favorable conditions which prevail at Yuletide. If we specially bend all our energies at this time to spiritual endeavor we shall reap a harvest in soul growth such as we cannot obtain at any other

time of the year.

According to our degree of soul growth do we partake of this wonderful gift of great joy; some get more, some less, and some seem to have no share in the great love offering which the Father has prepared for us in His only begotten Son, because they have not yet developed the spiritual magnet, the *Christ child within*, which alone can guide us unto the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

When the Christ has been formed in ourselves, when we have stood there at the birth of the Christ child and offered our gifts, dedicating the lower nature to the service of the Higher Self, then and then only does the mission of Christ, who brings us each year the spiritual food needed to advance us upon the path of progress, pour its "good tidings," a living reality, into our hearts.

If we will really work in our own little sphere, not looking for the greater things until we have done the work close at hand, then we shall find that a wonderful soul growth may be attained, so that the people round about us shall see in us something which they may not be able to define but something which will warm and help them—they shall see that Christmas light, the light of the new-born Christ, shining within our sphere of action. It is by striving daily, hourly, that we finally attain, and every day some little progress can be made, something can be done, in some way we can let our light shine so that men shall see it as a beacon light in the darkness of the world.

Thus we shall follow Him as burning and shining lights, showing by our example the way to eternal happiness and everlasting peace.

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, and in perfect accord with divine justice.

The Common Signs and Influenza

By A. F. H.

“THE EARTH not only has its planetary relation to the sun but these two are intimately and physically connected by electrical currents, or like the beating of a great heart. Mother Earth has messages to impart, awaiting their interpretation and deciphering.” Michael Pupin, a past president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, made the preceding statement some years ago before his colleagues.

Not only has Mother Earth messages to impart but there is a great celestial language, a law of harmony, a symphony of the spheres, a great harp of planetary strings which send out their vibrations into the universe. And human, animal, plant, and mineral kingdoms respond to these vibrations. The Sun, Moon, and stars play upon the earth and all that is upon the face of it. Everywhere we find a response to these cosmic influences of the planetary spirits. The Seven Spirits before the Throne are God's messengers and as Michael Pupin tells us, in regard to the earth, they are waiting for man to interpret the messages which they bring.

The ancients were more learned than man is today in that they worked with

the planetary laws and their religions were built upon this knowledge. The Greek Mysteries were full of star-lore. The planets were worshiped as God's messengers. The ancient Egyptians worshiped the twelve great Gods, as also did the Greeks and Romans, and assigning to each one of these gods a sign of the Zodiac they erected an altar to each one. The ancient Tabernacle in the Wilderness, described in Exodus, was constructed after astrological plans. The twelve tribes of Israel, each one representing one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac were camped without the gate. The tribe of Judah, representing the sign of Leo, was camped at the east entrance of the Tabernacle and their ruler was the Sun.

The four fixed signs were used as ornaments on the altars in the Tabernacle. We remember the twelve loaves of shewbread divided into two piles, six positive and six negative signs of the Zodiac; the seven-branched candlestick depicted the Seven Spirits before the Throne. The ark was ornamented with four figures, one with the head of an eagle, the second with that of an ox, the third with the face of a lion, and the fourth figure had the face of a man,

again representing the four fixed signs. The reader can complete the astrological correspondence by study of the Bible narrative.

It is not the intention of the writer to take up the historical side of astrology, but there is another side which she feels has been neglected by modern astrology and that is the human body and its relation to the signs of the Zodiac and the planets. The astronomer with his instruments is counting the stars and measuring their distances and sizes. He admits there is a natural gravitational attraction between the earth and the planets. He also admits that every body in the universe attracts every other body with a force. That gravitational attraction of the planets one for another causes perturbation of their motions in their orbits around the Sun. While many scientists admit this attraction between these bodies, many still refuse to believe that this same influence may work upon the inhabitants of the earth.

Science believes that the sunspots affect man and that the Moon has an influence on the tides and the weather. Then, how is it possible for man to escape so powerful an influence, one which changes the ebb and flow of a mighty ocean? If the scientist-skeptic would spend a little time in an insane asylum during the full of the Moon, he would note that patients were unusually disturbed. Not counting those suffering from idiocy or obsession, but those really insane, he would find them responding to this change of the Moon with increased restlessness. Somnambulists, epileptics, and insane patients are all subject to "spells" during the full of the Moon. Now if the Moon has such an influence upon the mind and body of man, why should we not suspect that the planets also exert power upon humanity? We hope for the day that scientists make this a subject of serious research rather than ridicule.

Hippocrates, the Greek philosopher

who was called the father of medicine, wrote: "The man who is ignorant of the science of Astrology deserves the name of fool, rather than that of physician." He also says: "The lunar month has such powers over our bodies that not only birth but disease, death, or recovery have quite a dependence on such revolution."

From the medical standpoint doctors have never been able to give the reason for the periodical epidemics of disease. Astrologers, however, can show them why epidemics appear; why they take on a peculiar organic condition, and why epidemics of like nature re-occur approximately every seven years. Sometimes they may not be as severe as at other times. This depends upon the planets' positions and aspects. What reason can *Materia Medica* give for influenza or 'flu', as commonly called, which took so many lives during and after World War I? The world battled with this scourge for over two years, and about seven years afterwards this same epidemic force broke out again, taking its heavy toll through pneumonia and various other diseases. The new school doctor admits that influenza has its origin in the small intestines. *Materia Medica* diagnoses influenza as an infectious, nervous, epidemic disease caused by bacilli. In some instances, it affects the respiratory tract, at other times gives intestinal symptoms, at other times nervous symptoms.

Now let us see how this may be diagnosed through the science of Astrology. Disease, astrologers know, is coincident with planetary afflictions, more specifically the squares and oppositions. We know that trines and sextiles indicate good health and harmony, but it is through the conjunctions, squares, and oppositions that man learns his lessons in this school of life. They bring out hidden weaknesses. Doctors admit in many cases that disease is not always shown or does not always break out at the seat of the trouble. They recognize what we

refer to in our book, *Astro-Diagnosis—a Guide to Healing*, as vicious circles. We class cardinal, fixed, and common groups as indicating these vicious circles: that is, any one cardinal sign is in square or opposition to the other cardinal signs, the same being true of the fixed and common signs.

In dealing with the subject of influenza, we are most interested in the common signs. Gemini has rule over the lungs, bronchi, breath, oxygenation of the blood; the opposite sign Sagittarius rules the sciatic nerve, all of the region of the hips and thighs. Virgo rules the abdominal region, the intestines, the lower lobes of the liver, spleen, duodenum, chylification, and peristalsis of the bowels; Pisces, the sign opposite Virgo, rules the feet and the fibrin of the blood. Note the planets in Gemini in 1943, 1944, etc.

Saturn is the task-master, for through Saturn the soul learns its severest lessons; but he is also the refiner. It is his restraining hand which makes us think. Through Saturn we are brought to the realization of the laws of God, and the Saturn-suffering causes us to seek for the Divinity within. We usually look to the position of Saturn in the horoscope to discover the weak spot. This planet concerns us mostly in this article. It takes Saturn twenty-nine years and six months to pass around the circle of the horoscope through the twelve signs and it takes him a little less than two and a half years to pass through one sign.

We will take the common signs as an illustration to bring our lesson before the reader. Whenever Saturn passes through one of the common signs, which is roughly every seven years, those whose horoscopes are afflicted by Saturn during his transit through any of these signs (Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, or Pisces), are most subject to the epidemic of influenza. This cyclic law of the stellar bodies does not, however, affect everyone. Some people can walk

among the most virulent cases of influenza and remain immune, while others cannot breathe the same air without contracting the disease. The writer has closely observed the horoscopes of friends and students in this respect, and in each case she found at the time of their illness the transiting Saturn had touched off afflictions in their horoscopes. But mind this, not all who have natal planets in common signs are liable to the afflictions of Saturn, for they are only active when a progressed planet touches them off, and again the progressed planets are only active when the transits excite them. The progressed Moon, lunations, and eclipses are of special importance in this respect.

Now we wonder why epidemics are more malignant at one time than at another time. During the winter of 1928 and into 1929, influenza was much more severe than seven years before. This may be traced to an eclipse of the Sun of May 19, 1928, which fell in $28^{\circ} 18'$ of Taurus. An eclipse in a fixed sign is much more powerful and lasting than in common or cardinal signs. This was followed by a partial eclipse of the Sun on June 17th which fell in $26^{\circ} 21'$ of Gemini, the sign ruling the lungs. If you will check up with the doctors' reports you will find that influenza was at its most dangerous and nation-wide stage during the months of December and January and part of February of those years.

The ephemeris for 1928, also for 1929, shows that Saturn was coming into orb of an opposition with the eclipse of June 19th, also that the new Moon on December 12th fell in conjunction with Saturn. This brought the eclipse into action. This was again excited the latter part of December and in January by an opposition of the transiting Mars, thus completing another cycle of the periodical adverse aspects.

While the preceding may be called 'past history,' the serious student of
(Continued on page 551)

Astrology and Religion

By HAROLD GLUCK, PH.D.



HERE are many people who would like to study astrology but are sincerely disturbed by the feeling that to do so would be an irreligious act. Were there but a few isolated instances of this, then we could peacefully skip over the entire matter and dismiss it at once from our contemplation. But at any gathering, when you start to discuss astrology you are bound to find at least one or two people who immediately interrupt you and say, "This is against the tenets of my faith." Or, "I don't think it's right to study astrology." Or, "It is contrary to religion." Generally speaking, when you try to explain to these people the fundamental concepts of astrology, you find them turning a deaf ear to your statements.

It is possible to show from the very words of the New Testament that the Wise Men of the East were men well versed in the mysteries of the sky and that they understood the significance of the blazing star that appeared in the Heavens.

However, the next time you meet such a person try an entirely different approach, one based upon moral philosophy which can be comprehended by the use of reason alone. Instead of analyzing the concepts of astrology in terms of a science, show this person that in terms of the philosophy which is part of his or her religion, astrology has moral value and is in no way inconsistent with religion.

Moral philosophy judges the actions of human beings or the worth of any institution or science by a twofold scale of values. First, the goal must be one that is good. There is no exception to this standard. If you look at the goal of astrology you will find that basically

it is a method of trying to understand in a better manner the nature of man and of predicting future events, insofar as they are predictable, so that people can avoid making foolish and serious mistakes. This enables a person to lead a worthy and useful life. There can be no doubt that this is a most desirable goal.

One of the greatest tragedies of life is that man does not understand himself. He has conquered the scourge of dreaded diseases; learned the secrets of how to fly in the air or traverse the ocean floor; mechanized his civilization; and even sent his thoughts through the air. But what has he done to improve himself? As we look at the bitterness and strife let loose in the world today, we can readily see that it is not a spontaneous outburst but an accumulation of stupidities and hatreds pent up in the human breast. Were man to expend but a small part of the energy he uses in hating and destroying his fellow men to loving his fellow men, we would have a much finer world. Man's inhumanity to man is growing and is capable of destroying the entire human race. We do not understand ourselves, and people are bewildered as they read barbaric accounts of the manner in which captives are treated and slaughtered. To have a better world we must have *better people*. The house is no stronger than its foundation. This leads us to the one and only conclusion, that the *goal* of astrology is praiseworthy.

Second, from the viewpoint of moral philosophy, the means to achieve the goal must not be evil in themselves. Evil can never be done to secure good. This is a fundamental principle of Life and the fact that many people fail to see this important principle is responsible for

much of our misery. Nothing can be worth while if we taint our soul with evil in accomplishing our purpose.

If it can be shown that the means of obtaining astrological knowledge is not evil, then the entire study of astrology is morally justifiable. In moral philosophy an action or a mean may be good, evil, or indifferent. It is good when it is in conformity with the standard of morality; evil when it is at variance with the standard of morality; and indifferent when it is of itself neither in conformity with, nor at variance with, the standard of morality.

Now what are the means of astrology? In essence, these means are the means of Science, for astrology is in itself a science. In other words, astrology makes use of accumulated knowledge which has been classified, tested, retested, and analyzed in terms of its results. This is exactly what any other science, whether it be biology, chemistry, astronomy, physics, or medicine, does. Now such actions are not bad in themselves, or in the words of moral philosophy, such actions are not intrinsically evil. One can think of various intrinsically evil actions such as throwing a child into a fire as a sacrifice to the ancient false gods; sinking an unarmed passenger ship without warning to the crew; or spreading malicious tales about people.

Are the means of astrology indifferent? A mean that is indifferent simply signifies that it has no bearing of itself on the question of morality. If you decided to build a chart of your life, either by drawing your life pattern or listing your characteristic traits, this type of action is in itself morally indifferent.

This leaves the third possibility to be considered—are the means of astrology good? We have just seen that the means are not intrinsically evil, and that in the case just mentioned, they can be morally indifferent. Then by elimination it follows that they can only be judged as being good. This is reasoning by elimination of alternate possi-

bilities. Just one more word about morally indifferent actions. The rule is that when the goal is good, a morally indifferent act becomes good and when the goal is bad, the action becomes bad. But since we have seen that the goal of astrology is good, then every morally indifferent act connected with astrology becomes a good act.

There is another way to attack this situation. Definitely it can be shown that the means of astrology are good because they are in conformity with the standard of morality. First, there is no concealment of how the facts of astrology are derived. Second, the methods of astrology violate no statute law nor any moral law. Third, it is not a closed system claiming absolute truth nor has it refused to make necessary changes when such changes have been shown to be based upon valid evidence. And last of all, there has been no statement made that astrology is in any way opposed to the goal of any recognized religion.

It has been said that there are none so blind as those who refuse to see any side of a case but their own particular set of views, and this condemnation certainly applies to the thoughtless individuals who refuse to examine the case for Astrology. [End]

THE COMMON SIGNS

(Continued from page 549)

cause and effect has an unusual opportunity at present to study history in the making, for Saturn again entered Gemini in May 1942 where he remains until June 1944. In addition to this, Uranus is also in Gemini from May 1943 to August 1948. In 1944 when Saturn enters Cancer, conditions under the 'cardinal cross' may be observed; likewise in 1946 the same may be done concerning fixed signs when Saturn enters Leo; and so on, to Virgo, a common sign again, in September 1948. Now and ever, the planetary spirits wait for man to interpret the message which they bring. [End]

10th house shows resourcefulness and ability to succeed in several occupations.

Moon square Saturn has a tendency to worry and melancholy which only bring delays and disappointments if indulged in, and cause bitterness and selfishness toward others. He should learn to look on the bright side of life by working with Saturn sextile Jupiter which strengthens the character, deepens the mind giving it a philosophical turn; ability to grasp opportunities, devotion to duty and all good objects in life. Also Saturn trine Mars makes a capable, determined, energetic nature capable of sustained action and of obtaining unusual results thereby. Executive ability, strong physique and general good health give a solid foundation on which to build a harmonious, successful life.

Now a word as to his health. Pluto in Cancer tends to an abnormal appetite for rich foods; square Venus and the Sun and opposition to Jupiter, unless his diet is carefully supervised impure blood stream will result and bring a train of disease which could break down his naturally good health.

Regarding the occupation which would be most likely to attract him, radio work in all its phases: entertaining, broadcasting or technician. Mercury in Taurus (throat) in the tenth house gives facility and fluency in speech. Venus conjunct the Sun, an engaging personality, and Mars in Sagittarius, ability to entertain. Venus and Sun sextile Moon, fruitful imagination.

Three planets—Sun, Venus, and Mars in fire signs show ability to handle tools or sharp instruments, also mechanical ability. There are also indications (9th and 10th houses) that he could succeed as a lawyer or minister. Four planets in earthy signs, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune, and Jupiter, together with Saturn, ruler of farmers, well aspected by a sextile to Jupiter and trine to Pluto, farming on a large and scientific scale might attract him.

1943---1944

Simplified

Scientific

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FEATURES

- 24-hour Table of Logarithms.
- Sidereal Time: Degrees, Minutes, Seconds.
- Seconds Position: Longitude of Sun.
- Sun and Moon: Time of Entrance to each Sign of the Zodiac.
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VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THESE PAGES are a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex,

place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in the Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 45 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.



Nurse. Hydrotherapist.

NATHALIE N.—Born March 6, 1925, 11:30 P.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 88 W. Neptune, Moon, and Dragon's Head in the ninth house; sextile Pluto and Mars, trine Saturn, Venus, Sun, Mercury indicate success as a musician or radio entertainer. But Venus, Sun, Mercury and Uranus in the watery Pisces and three of these planets in the fourth house, show even stronger aptitude for nursing, in homes, hospitals or other institutions, and Saturn and the Ascendant in Scorpio, with Pluto in Cancer, both watery signs, indicate success as a hydrotherapist. Mercury conjunct Uranus, sextile Mars, trine Saturn and sextile Jupiter show marked literary ability, which could enhance success in whatever vocation is chosen. Make your decision now and finish your education accordingly.

Mortician. Writer. Wireless

THOS. W. T.—Born May 3, 1908, 12:10 P.M. Lat. 32 N. Long. 91 W. There seems to be a choice of several vocations which should interest this young man. Of course much depends on the background of his education, training and experience, which one he chooses for his life's work and which will bring him the most satisfaction and success. Saturn in the 8th house trine Jupiter in the 12th would favor the vocation of mortician. The Moon, Pluto, Venus and Mars in Gemini, Uranus in the 5th house and Mercury in the 9th house all point to the field of writing, possibly newspaper or radio scripts. Uranus in Capricorn gives new, original ideas. Sun trine Uranus and Uranus rules the

ethers, wireless operator might interest him; also inventions along electrical or aerial lines. Mercury well aspected gives dexterity to the fingers.

Public Career. Accountant

EMMA J. G.—Born March 17, 1926, 1:33 P.M. Lat. 29 N. Long. 98 W. With Mercury in the 10th house conjunct Midheaven, several occupations are indicated, anyone of which should bring success. There is talent and ability for music, Venus conjunct Jupiter sextile Mercury. Radio entertaining could also be considered. Accountant for a ship-building company is another possibility. Another would be in a public office in an official capacity, particularly where the public money is involved, Moon in the 10th house, Saturn in 5th trine Uranus and Sun sextile Mars in Capricorn. As the progressed Sun is conjunct Mercury, now is the time to study and prepare for the vocation you choose as your life work.

Physician. Occult Teacher

PETER D.—Born April 22, 1927, 8:45 P.M. (D.S.T.), Lat. 54 N. Long. 1 W. There are many indications that this boy can succeed as a physician, especially along the newer methods of healing. Pluto, Mars and Dragon's Head in Cancer would indicate diet, hygiene, hydrotherapy, etc. There is another occupation which could be combined with healing, that of teacher of metaphysical subjects. Neptune in Leo in the 10th house trine Sun, and Mercury conjunct Uranus in 5th house give the ability not only to comprehend these subjects but to impart them to

others. The principles underlying the healing art should interest him. Psychiatry is suggested as an advanced medical specialty of increasing importance.

Health Store. Chemist

CHARLENE P.—Born March 7, 1918, 4:40 A.M. Lat. 48 N. Long. 123 W. An occupation in which this woman might find success is that of managing a health food store, also catering to hospitals and other institutions where such articles are used extensively. She could be a means of educating the public in health consciousness and food chemistry through classes, lectures and literature. Three planets in airy signs, and Uranus in its own sign Aquarius in the 1st house, give new, original ideas and ways of doing things, also ability to write in an interesting manner. Saturn conjunct Neptune in Leo in the 7th house, Venus in Aquarius in the first, Mars in Virgo, Moon in the 12th house, Sun and Mercury in Pisces in the 1st house also favor success as chemist or nurse.

Detective. Policeman

RONALD M. K.—Born August 21, 1921, 6 A.M. Lat. 51 N. Long. 3 W. Success in the above vocations is strongly indicated. Mars, Neptune, Mercury and Sun in the 12th house; Moon and Uranus in the 7th and Uranus trine Pluto; Jupiter and Saturn in the 1st and trine Midheaven, show ability to handle criminals, uncover evil and to serve the people and bring law and order to the community. These aspects and positions also favor research work of a scientific nature in laboratories where such work is done for the good of humanity.

Druggist. Executive

GLADYS C. B.—Born March 16, 1914, 4 P.M. Lat. 34 N. Long. 88 W. There is every indication of success as a druggist and seller of medicines and other liquids. Neptune and Mars in

Cancer and the Sun, Mercury and Dragon's Head in Pisces in the 7th house show ability to please the public. The study of hygiene and dietetics is suggested, as the knowledge of them is needed in this business. Pluto and Saturn in Gemini in the 10th house with Saturn trine Jupiter, and Uranus in Aquarius denote ability to write convincingly on serious subjects such as mathematics, industry, and mechanics. Executive ability is shown by Jupiter conjunct Uranus and Saturn semisextile Mars.

Artist. Designer. Architect

FRANK A. C.—Born May 15, 1907, 9 P.M. Lat. 39 N. Long. 97 W. Art, designing and architecture are all very strongly indicated, and with the background of former work in these lines, would suggest that he carry on in these same fields of artistic work. There are many different phases of these lines used in the army such as posters, propaganda material, designing buildings and other structures. Uranus in the 1st house in Capricorn gives new, original ideas and the Moon conjunct Jupiter in Cancer, a fertile imagination. Mercury in the 5th house trine Uranus and Mars denotes ability to express ideas and to teach others.

Dentist. Beauty Operator

IRMA L.—Born June 23, 1927, 3 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. Occupations in which tools are required seem to be indicated here with seven planets in fiery signs. One choice which should bring success could be as a dentist among professional people, another as beauty operator among the same class of people. Jupiter conjunct Uranus in Aries in the 11th house trine Saturn in the 6th in Sagittarius; Moon trine Mars and Venus indicate ability in these two professions. Choose the one which appeals to you and exert every effort to mastering the subjects required.

The Children of Sagittarius

Birthdays: November 23 to December 22.



AGITTARIUS is the ninth of the zodiacal signs, therefore its 'natural' place in the horoscope is said to be the ninth house. Jupiter is the ruler, and the basic qualities of planet, sign, and house are represented by the keywords—idealism, expansion, law, religion, higher mind, long journeys, executive ability.

The Sun in Sagittarius gives lofty ideals and a noble, aspiring disposition which aims to rise by raising others. It makes the person benevolent, philanthropic, and therefore well liked by his associates. He often receives honors and appointments to positions of trust, and missions of a delicate nature; nor could a better selection be made, for such people are the souls of honor.

This position of the Sun will also bring success in religion, law and statesmanship for it gives a broad, altruistic mind and the wisdom which, says Max Heindel in *The Message of the Stars*, "is the quality which the planetary spirit of Jupiter is seeking to infuse into mankind to aid them in their spiritual evolution. . . . Therefore the Jupiterian ray makes people humane, honorable, courteous, refined and generous, law-abiding and religious, cheerful and optimistic. . . . Such is the pure Jupiterian, but of course he is very seldom found at the present time, nevertheless, an increasing number of people are beginning to walk the way of wisdom and show the Jupiterian traits."

This is the influence of Jupiter when favorably aspected, and of the well-aspected Sun in the Jupiterian sign of Sagittarius. When afflicted, opposite qualities are manifested, such as: Sun—bombastic self-assurance and bluster, lack of courage or ambition, undependability. Jupiter afflicted makes people sporty, fond of horse-racing and gam-

bling; lawless, extravagant, gluttonous, careless about payment of obligations, hence liable to trouble with the law, etc. The influences of good and bad aspects are to be weighed and blended before passing judgment, for no horoscope is all good or all bad.

The children born under Sagittarius in 1943 may look ahead to eventful lives. The trine of the Sun to the opulent, kindly, and popular Jupiter at his successful best in the royal sign of Leo, in their solar 10th house, will be a lifelong asset. The natal opposition of Saturn and Uranus to the Sun will stimulate to action, awakening in the native the desire to go forward or perhaps mainly to be on the go. Parents need to remember that this trait is basic in the character of these 1943 Sagittarius egos, and give them the sympathetic guidance and counsel they need.

During the coming year, all Sagittarian natives will feel the same impulses of these transiting planets. They can use the energy and stimulus of this opposition for a critical survey of their conditions and circumstances. This is a period for growth—recognize feelings of restriction or limitation as growing pains and "Stop, Look, and Listen," before you make radical changes, or before you run away from irksome duties. Either course unless well thought out might be hard to correct. The trine of Sun and Jupiter can clarify your thinking at this important stage, so that whether you must choose to do your growing right where you are or in 'greener pastures,' it will be done without *inner strife*. This is the acid test; and your opportunity to practice the true Jupiterian wisdom, which may now be yours in generous measure through the trine of Jupiter in Leo to your Sun in Sagittarius. Add to this for good measure the sextile of Neptune in Libra to both Sun and Jupiter.

Worth-While News



Save the Children

Save The Children is the title of an editorial in the *Deseret News* of June 1, 1943. We quote the following: "Juvenile delinquency in the United States and in our own communities continues to rise. This year it is greater than last year, and last year set some new all time records. Thoughtful citizens fairly gasp when they realize that the highest rate of increase in the Salt Lake region occurs in the 7, 8 and 9 year old groups, and that many of the offenses committed by these little ones are so serious that they must be referred to the Juvenile courts. . . . Conditions such as these should not obtain among the Latter-day Saints. . . . The condition today is serious. Let no stone be left unturned in our effort to correct it."

The greatest moral teacher in the Rockies for many years was Dr. Karl G. Maeser but his life-building principles have been neglected, and false, artificial and bankrupt systems of human science have taken their place. Horace Mann and Dr. Maeser used the same true science of mind and had similar results in character building. Their principles must be revived if we want to save the children, and if we save them there will be no need to save youths and adults. There is no substitute for them. The half truths and conventional lies in psychology and philosophy that the young professors from the Rockies accepted in eastern universities as gospel truths have not saved the children and never will. The alarming conditions among children and youths that cause juvenile delinquency caused the writer many sleepless nights but it was impossible to establish in a large way in homes and schools the character *building* principles of Maeser and Mann. One of the leading educators of the Rockies said recently, "Without special efforts in character building I do not know what the outcome of the present day will be."—*The Human Culture Digest*, September 1943.

That the home is the very foundation of all forms of creation is an indisputable fact in nature. Even in the animal kingdom we find that the foxes have their holes, the birds their nests, the lions their dens, et cetera; all of which are selected and established with

one principal purpose in view, that of bringing forth their young and protecting them until they are able to care for themselves. And be it further noted, that of all created beings none are so long helpless and in need of such careful protection as are the offspring of mankind.

In the animal kingdom, from the very beginning of their existence, a wise group spirit guides and directs its animal charges by means of what is known as an invisible silver cord which cord attaches each animal of any particular species to itself and by means of this elastic bond this group spirit governs the animals of its own particular tribe or species with equal facility without regard to where in the world they may be located; and the animal, having no mind of its own, obeys the suggestions of its group spirit unquestioningly.

In regard to children, however, the facts are quite different. The child has two parts to its silver cord developed and it has a mind of its own from which the third part is growing; but until a connection is made between the two separate parts of the child's silver cord, there is no direct communication between its mind and its vehicles. Therefore the human offspring, which has the greatest possibilities, is at the same time the most helpless of all creatures on earth, amenable principally to the authority of its physical guardians. It requires approximately twenty-one years to make the junction between the two separated parts of the child's silver cord, which junction marks what might be termed its mental quickening; thus freeing the child from all outside interference so far as its individual guidance is concerned.

Knowing the facts related to the mental condition of the child and its absolute dependence on outside guardianship until the mental quickening takes place, the present home life of a vast number of children is of the greatest concern to students of the occult.

No individual is fitted to be a parent who is not willing and eager to furnish his or her children with the best possible home and homelike environment. Children are not simply living toys intended only to amuse or entertain. They are the progeny of God Himself, loaned to parents for a time in order that both children and parents may be given opportunities for spiritual development. The home is a divinely inaugurated institution conceived by God and regulated by cosmic law; in consequence of which, all efforts to disrupt its organization and substitute some man-made arrangement in its place, is doomed to failure right from the start.

Our solar system was built and functions according to cosmic law and all activities, be they instituted either by man or nations, contrary to the divine plan, are not only doomed to fail but all who participate in them are destined to pay a very heavy debt of causation.

The trend of modern civilization can easily be traced by a study of the younger generation. Is each generation an improvement on its predecessor in morals, manners, habits, aspirations, and activities? If not, where is the discrepancy to be found? During the first seven years of a child's life there is one particular activity going on which is widely different from the activities of the following epochs of its earth existence. During that time the sense organs of its body take certain definite form which gives them their basic structural tendencies and determines their line of development in some particular direction, and later all growths follow the lines laid down in those first seven years; and the mistakes or neglect of

opportunities during that period can seldom be retrieved later in life. And where can a better place be found for a child to spend these first tender, formative years than in a true home, guided and directed by intelligent God-minded parents actuated by high ideals and lofty aspirations?

Is there a growing increase in juvenile delinquency? Then it is equally true that we as parents, educators, citizens, stand indicted before the great divine bar of Justice, for neglecting our God-given opportunities to help in preparing the proper environments in which these children can be placed.

In this age of growing materialism all too many of us have lost or are losing our perception of spiritual verities. We are losing our power to discriminate between the important, the essential, and the real things of life—the things of the spirit—and are sinking deeper, and ever deeper into the gratification of the physical senses. Through our growing disregard for convention, morality, godliness, we brought one great war upon ourselves, the horrors of which should have awakened us to the dangers on the path we were treading; but instead, we have been rushing madly, deliriously on, dulling our finer sensibilities with reckless indulgence in narcotics, alcoholic beverages, disregard for home and home ties, for anything tender, restraining, sacred—coupled with a mad desire for speed, speed, and more speed in everything, without time or desire for serious thought, all of which can ultimately lead us only to one end—our own self-destruction.

Viewing this mad rush for gratification of sense desires, the spiritually illumined seer, Lord Lytton, was moved to exclaim: "Wretched creatures we are, you and I, one and all; only able to injure each other and fall in the depths which ourselves we prepare."

And again we are in the midst of an

(Continued on page 573)

Question Department



Those Who Are Spiritually Blind

Question:

I find many times when I attempt to talk with people about the unseen worlds that they quickly, even proudly, tell me that they believe nothing exists which they cannot contact with their five senses, and therefore they really have no time to spend in discussing such nonsense. Just what is one to do with such people, people one loves, yet seems to be unable to contact on any plane except the most material? Why is it so impossible to interest these really intelligent people in any line of higher thought?

Answer:

There are in the world today two distinct classes of people—the nonsensitives and the sensitives. The nonsensitives are those people whose dense and vital body atoms are closely interlocked, which condition prevents them from being able to sense spiritual vibrations. In the sensitives the atoms of the dense and vital body are quite loosely connected, and this condition makes such individuals sensitive to spiritual vibrations.

Each of these classes is again segregated into two more divisions. Among the nonsensitives we find those who are simply impervious to any kind of spiritual ideas, and those who become irritated when spiritual subjects are discussed. In the first division of the nonsensitives, we find those people who are perfectly attuned to the earth vibration, and consequently, are wholly concerned with the things belonging to it. They are so deeply immersed in materiality and so perfectly content with what it brings them, that they are not even dis-

turbed when ideas not connected with material things are presented to them.

These people are busily engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life and are not concerned with after-death conditions, which they unconcernedly feel will take care of themselves. Neither are they interested in the conversation of what they consider "half-cracked" people who continually "babble" about heaven world conditions, which they carelessly dismiss as figments of fancy. These people are simply impervious to any kind of spiritual ideas. Good substantial people, but quite of the earth, earthy.

In the second division of the nonsensitives we find those people who become irritated when spiritual subjects are discussed. This for the reason that they sense there possibly is some truth in the assertions put forth by the people who have brought up the discussion, but as yet they are not able to grasp it; neither have they any reason for denying it, and this element of doubt gives rise to a peculiar feeling of inferiority which they do not enjoy. However, this division of nonsensitives are really on the verge of change, for the very fact that they are affected by the claims made by the sensitives will eventually lead them to thinking along that line, and this will automatically bring about the loosening between the dense and vital body atoms which will put them in touch with the spiritual vibrations.

In the sensitive class one division is actuated by the will from within and is therefore positive. Positive clairvoyance depends on the positive action of the pituitary body and the pineal gland, and both of these organs are now connected with the voluntary cerebro-spinal nervous system, which system is

under the conscious control of the will. Therefore when an individual consciously awakens the positive activity of the pituitary body and the pineal gland through the power of the will, he has complete control over it, and it is the activity of these two glands which connects the individual with the spiritual worlds.

In the far past, however, when mankind possessed only a sympathetic or involuntary nervous system, which system is *not* controlled by the will, the negative power of the pituitary body and the pineal gland was active in all humanity; and the second division of sensitives have not yet lost this power which is called negative clairvoyance; negative, because any faculty which is exercised by means of the involuntary nervous system *cannot* be exercised by the power of the will. Therefore at times when the uncontrolled power becomes active, such people can contact the spiritual worlds in a limited way; but at all other times when that power is off, they are unable to contact the higher regions.

To summarize: There are two distinct kinds of clairvoyance, negative and positive, both dependent on the activity of the pituitary body and the pineal gland. Negative clairvoyance being connected with the involuntary nervous system is not under the control of the will. Positive clairvoyance being connected with the voluntary nervous system is completely under the control of the will.

All humanity once possessed negative clairvoyance; but during the process of evolution the most advanced individuals lost that power completely. Now these same pioneers are developing that same power, but in a positive way. And so at the present time we find negative clairvoyants who have never lost that power of sight, out and out materialists who do not know they ever possessed it, and the pioneers who have emerged enough from the fastness of materiality to begin to again exercise

the power, but in a positive way.

Those persons mentioned in the question belong to the materialistic class. But their condition is far from being hopeless. Evolution is a slow, but sure process, and it is only a question of time until they too will begin to sense the higher vibrations which will open up their understanding to such an extent that they will come into a realization of the fact that these higher worlds truly exist; and until such time, one can only trust and wait.

ANNIHILATION OF TIME AND SPACE

Question:

Just what is meant in the *Cosmo* by the statement that distance and time are almost non-existent in the Desire World?

Answer:

Max Heindel explained that statement quite well where he said that he had on several occasions timed those who were making soul flights speeding through space upon a certain errand, and that distances such as from the Pacific Coast to Europe, the delivery of a short message there, and the return to the body, was accomplished in less than one minute.

On the physical plane we know how time and distance have been apparently shortened by the speed of the automobile and the aeroplane.

THE ANGELS HERMAPHRODITES

Question:

Are the angels male and female like humanity, and are they able to propagate their species?

Answer:

No, the angelic life wave is not divided like humanity into males and females. Each angel is a complete creative unit, able to produce another being from itself by using its whole creative force without reservation. Their manner of propagation is something like the budding process used by hermaphroditic man during the Hyperborean Epoch.

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

The Challenge of Perfect Nutrition

By JAMES FRANK, A.B.,N.D.
Natural Hygienist

Mind and Heart in Nutrition

(PART THREE—CONCLUSION)



NO ONE understands the fullness of this "challenge" of perfect nutrition better than the really serious student of Nature's innermost mysteries. No challenge is morally more uncompromising. It may aptly be stated in the words of the Great Hebrew seer who said, "Righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death." The thoughts and emotions of the mind and heart have a most wonderful effect upon the chemistry of the body, as we shall see.

Nature is kind. But as a means to perfect nutrition, she cannot revoke her challenge of a life wholesomely lived. Her challenge means to make us happy, and must stand. We, who are her offspring, must *also* stand. We must face the challenge like the better men and women we are *normally destined to be*. Those who are meeting the challenge know, happily know, how Nature longs to keep us well!

Perfect nutrition demands a trinity of obediences: First of all, we must use our daily supply of nervous energy so wisely that tissue efficiency comes first,

and every other activity of mind and body follows. There is much truth in Spencer's dictum that "the first requisite of a good man is to be a good animal." Second, we must feed our bodies only first-rate food; nothing refined, demineralized, or in any way devitalized by commercial processing. Our diet must be wholesomely natural and eaten in due proportion to the real chemical needs of the vital domain. Third, we must forever guard the sanctity of the human mind and heart.

It is the writer's firm belief and experience, that the more highly developed man becomes in a mental, moral, and emotional way, the more influential is his higher nature in determining the normalcy or abnormalcy of nutrition within every tissue and cell of his physical body. This higher nature must therefore be earnestly reckoned with. We have found that there are certain patients who do not get well even on the best of menus and after the most prolonged periods of both physical and physiological rest. Their problem is of the mind and heart, and must be sympathetically understood.

Here we have a purely educational problem. These people have sown in the mind and have reaped in the body as well—the two being inseparable. *They* are most in need of help in understanding the complexity of life's problems. *Their* help must often come in subtler ways than they themselves know. *We* can give it to them, with a *minimum* of co-operation on their part.

Right here, let us understand and realize, that, contrary to appearances, man is primarily a spiritual being. His spiritual self is so subtle, it permeates every atom and ion of his physical being. Knowing this, it behooves us to be extremely careful to measure and control our every thought and emotion. For this permeation of the rough by the subtle is not lacking in purpose or meaning. The purpose and meaning are all for the good; but this connection may be, and often is, the undoing of many an ignorant individual who believes the body is all physical.

Nutrition is affected by a man's outlook on life; and by the time we have suffered out our first headaches, we know this! Dr. Tilden puts it this way: "Dishonesty hardens the arteries and favors the development of cancer." Trine rightly affirms that the emotion of "love tends to stimulate a healthy, purifying, and life-giving flow of all the bodily secretions." He then says, that because of love, "All the channels of the body seem free and open," and "the life forces go bounding through them."

We have learned even more of the connection between soul and body. Many cases are on record of anger in the mother so altering the chemistry of her milk that it caused severe poisoning, illness, convulsions, and even death in the nursing child. The pressure of this passion upon the chemistry of her secretions must have been indeed terrific! On the other hand, a return to emotional peacefulness will change things for the better. The milk will again become wholesome and nourishing.

Nature is ever willing to restore things to normalcy. She asks only Self-control, Serenity, Faith.

Nature's forces are not merely material, mechanical forces. They are intelligent powers working under the guidance of unchanging law—and must be respected as such. Their tendency is always upward, constructive, and only the meddlesome mind and unbridled emotions of man can defeat their work of manifesting glowing health in our physical bodies.

Be it known that the spiritual forces in our nature are constantly throbbing through our fleshly bodies with a joy-giving message. Fast it out a few times, clear the effluvia from your overburdened bodies—then listen prayerfully. You will know what we mean when we say that body and mind rise and fall together.

Poise the mind. Dare to listen to the "song of life" within your Self. You will find, as Dr. Shelton puts it, that "we are still, and always will be, under the paternalistic care of the formative forces which blazed our way out of the past." Knowing this, you will immediately rise to a finer consciousness. You will appreciate the dynamic potentialities for perfect nutrition latent in the mind and heart alone.

Man must learn more about himself. Gradually he must know how to work *with* the higher laws and forces that govern his nature. He must learn how to dissipate fear with love, negative thoughts with up-and-doing positive thoughts. These constitute his most powerful ally. Only the calm, poised, smooth action of the mind and heart resulting from positive thoughts makes for undisturbed and *fully innervated* nutrition.

For example, when fear is master, the body is subtly shaken. When this happens, energy is dissipated. The energy is lost faster than it is recuperated during sleep and rest, causing function to lag. It can be proved that

under stress of fear or other negative emotion, the enzymes and juices of the glandular part of man are not produced in sufficient quantity and quality. Then it is that appetite and digestion suffer, assimilation and disassimilation reach a low ebb. The best groundwork for all the pathologies in the dreary book of man-made evils is a body *crammed* with food that never can become flesh, and a system *flooded* with poisons that "never can be compatible with health."

What, then, is most conducive to good nutrition? A stout heart and an honorable mind; a life lived only according to the Golden Rule. Nothing short of this, no cleverness will do! When love goes out, fear comes in—Nature will not

permit even a moral vacuum. For the virtues still hold sway in God's world. They alone reward man with abounding health and well-being, with "sound of lute and song of heart." And they who prefer to "live, so to speak, by their wits, whose sole business in life is sharp practice, running the entire scale of misdemeanor and crime" are in for a rude awakening to the connection between morals and health, which no potion or palliative can sever.

Happy, happy indeed, is the man whose delight is in the laws of God, whether he finds them in macro-cosm or micro-cosm, in nature outside his body or within his body. For he shall have health, joy, and long life! [End]

Celestial Pattern » » By ELEANOR HUGHES

*I bear within—my horoscope,
A pattern of celestial scope.
Myriad cells like blazing suns
Conspire in organs' constellations.
I am complete. My orbit plain
From Pisces' feet to Aries' brain.
Through these I feel the planets pass
As if I were of test-tube glass.
Like Man upon the Almanac,
I hold within, my zodiac.
When I have learned my secret chart,
To blend each force's separate part
Into a perfect building plan,
Then I shall be a superman.
The sages from the days of old
Have this axiom oft retold—
"Know Thyself." For beyond all doubt
In worlds within and worlds without,
From atoms to galactic span
The Universe is on One Plan.
Like the eternal chart above,
Which I am made the image of—
So are we like the Architect
In perfect temples we erect.*

*So do I live in future hope—
The master of my horoscope!*

Patients' Letters

California, August 1943.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Thank you so very much for the great aid you have rendered me. Truly, I am greatly improved and my heart sings for joy and in gratitude.

I haven't felt a single gnawing pain or sensation and only the hardest pressure reveals soreness. This condition—or rather my previous condition—has been existent for about six or eight months, so you may well realize how miraculous such a sudden improvement appears to me.

I shall co-operate to the best of my ability, and perhaps very shortly I shall be entirely healed. I was so fearful of ulcer or something worse.

Thank you again for your prayers, as well as supplementary literature. I shall be happy when I have reached the stage where I may assist others.

—Mrs. D.B.W.

Oregon, May 1943.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I want to again thank you for the wonderful help that has come my way since asking for your prayers some time ago.

I realize that in my case it will take months of planned actions, diet, etc., to effect a complete restoration. Nevertheless with the ray of hope, new acquaintances, environments, all result in a purer mind making it possible to complete a regeneration of life.

May our Father in Heaven bless you as I have been blessed.

Very truly yours,

—K.A.W.

California, June 1943.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Healing Department
Mt. Ecclesia
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

How beautifully we have benefited from your healing prayers and thoughts, and we do thank you. My mother looks really younger this week and feels more spry, and bright and happy. I, too, have noticed quite a strength, although that old tendency to bronchial trouble seems to want to get hold of me. I am taking every precaution to gain my perfect health, and with your help I know I shall obtain it.

With every good wish, I am

Sincerely,

—L.E.

Healing Dates

November 2—8—15—23—29

December 6—12—20—27

January 2—9—16—23—29

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 Added Things

By DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

*Lift up the Christ; He waits within
To draw unto Himself your good.*

*Exalting Him you find the joy
That comes from conscious brother-
hood*

*With all his children everywhere;
The oneness that reveals His will;
Seeking His righteousness you find
God's kingdom and its laws fulfil.*

*These added things of rich increase
Are yours—love, happiness and peace.*

Children's Department



The Man Inside

By S. B. MCINTYRE

IT was Sunday afternoon in mid-summer, and seventeen-year-old Steve Brady and Buddy, his fifteen-year-old brother, sat high up on Green's Point, a cliff that marked the extreme end of the island that half-mooned Passamaquoddy Bay on the southeastern coast of Maine. The sun sinking toward the west cast a glamorous glow over the British island a mile to the east of them, and crimsoned the swift-tided water between.

"Great, isn't it, Bud?" The powerfully-built Steve nudged his slim companion in an effort to rouse him from his brooding silence.

"Yes, Steve, we're surely in one garden spot of the earth." A sigh followed the words. "But there's no social life for us here!"

"Bud, you cut that out!" Sudden anger swept Steve's face, fast aging with his sense of responsibility for the younger, weaker boy. "Social life! That's one of Stub Mackie's pet remarks. I hate it and him, too. No account bounder! Always rubbing our poverty into us!"

Buddy must have felt some sense of responsibility, too, for he said, "Hate prevents the Man Inside from doing good work, Mother told me just yesterday. Mother knows you hate Stub, and she's scared stiff that you'll smash him to bits one of these days."

Mention of his mother's fears caused a shadow of remorse to replace the glitter of hate that had gathered in Steve's dark eyes.

"Just what does Mother mean by that Man Inside, Steve? How does it work? I've never been able to figure it out."

After a moment of very apparent deep thought, Steve answered, "There are two powers inside each of us, Bud. One is the power for good that the Bible calls the God Within, and Mother calls the Man Inside. Both terms mean the Divine Man in each of us that always leads us into doing right—when we listen to Him. The other power is our human personal man that so often influences us to do evil. I'm afraid we follow the dictates of our personal man most of the time."

Steve sighed, and studied Buddy's still puzzled countenance wistfully. "And in a way they work something like the tides out there. Those tides—flood and ebb—come and go, and each in turn controls the water in the Bay for good or not so good to us, just as the divine Man Inside, or the outside personal man controls us for good or not so good. Flood tide—or the Man Inside—in control, brings good to us. It raises the water in the Bay so ships can come in with their cargoes, and boats can bring fish for our canneries."

Steve's brow creased as he strove to express himself in a way the younger boy could understand. "But ebb tide—the personal man—in control, prevents good coming to us. It lowers the water in the Bay so big ships can't come in and bring cargoes to us. Sometimes boats can't buck the swift ebb tide, and there can be no fish nor work for us. Look

at that reef down there?" With this, Steve rose and drew Buddy to the edge of the cliff. "At flood tide the water is so deep over that reef that boats can navigate it. But ebb tide bares those rocks and smashes everything that comes this way onto them. And that's the way it is with me toward Stub Mackie. When ebb tide, or my personal man controls me, I could smash him to bits, as you said a while ago."

A silence that Buddy feared to break fell between the boys for a moment. Then a long sigh left Buddy's lips as he heard Steve's voice take on a softer, more confidential tone.

"Shortly after Father died, when I was ten, Buddy, Mother began to tell us of the Man Inside who would never die, but who would be with us always, and would do more for us—if we'd trust Him—than Father ever could, and I believed her words without question. Always as a little kid, when I was lonesome, I'd talk silently to myself because of the comfort it was to me. But after Mother told so often about the Man Inside, I began to do all my silent talking to Him, and ask Him for help rather than worry Mother with my troubles."

Steve raised a hard hand and rested it lightly on Buddy's shoulder, while both boys gazed seaward. "I knew that Mother meant the God within us by her Man Inside, but someway it didn't seem right to me to call my Man Inside, God, when I was such a little chap. So I called Him 'Great One' instead. And you've no idea the help I get from Him, Bud—that is, when I listen to Him. You get what I mean?"

"Sure, Steve! I get it all now. You've made it plain as daylight!"

"You try it, Bud, and prove it all for yourself. It's something a fellow can't talk about—that is, much or often."

Steve slid his arm across Buddy's thin shoulder, turned him about, and drew him away in the deepening twilight. "Supper'll be ready, Buddy. Will you dash on home so Mother won't

worry? I promised her I'd go by Tillie Smith's house and find out how her sick baby is. Tell Mother I'll hurry!"

Fifteen minutes later Steve smashed his way to the center of a crowd of boys at a popular corner of the town's Main Street, as cries of "Hi, Mackie, here comes Steve!" fell on his ear. The sight of Buddy, pallid and stiff on the ground, chilled the blood around the older boy's heart.

"Buddy!" he groaned through gritted teeth, as his powerful arms flailed the crowd back.

Stub Mackie, crouched beside Buddy's prostrate form, raised his frightened face. Steve aimed a hammer-like blow to the point of Stub's chin, and he crumpled over Buddy's body as a cry of "Police! Police!" rang on the air.

The crowd scattered. Steve pushed the crumpled Stub aside, raised Buddy in his arms, flung him over a hard-muscled shoulder, and hurried into an alley back of the stores that flanked Main Street. Here—hidden from the police—he searched for a faucet.

With dully-throbbing heart and smarting eyes he mopped Buddy's pale face with his water-soaked handkerchief until he heard Buddy murmur faintly, "You'll drown me, Steve."

"What happened, Bud?" Steve asked, when Buddy was able to sit up.

"Aw, that low-down Stub Mackie! The minute I hove in sight he began to pick on me! 'Here comes one of our social unequals!' he yelled. Just then poor Tillie Smith came along with a big basket of laundry, and he yelled so she could hear him, 'And here comes his future sister-in-law!' His gang closed in on me so I couldn't get away, and he told them he saw you cutting Tillie Smith's wood for her last night. And that you must be in love with her and going to marry her, or you'd never be doing that. Imagine! That poor widow with six little children! He kept on till he made one of the meanest remarks

about you and Tillie I ever heard. It made me so mad I just tore loose from his gang and landed him one. Of course, he's lots bigger and heavier'n me, so he naturally knocked me out!"

"The tobacco-chewing, drunken lout! I hope next time he gets drunk and goes out in that catboat of his, she'll capsize and he'll drown," Steve gritted out. "Always picking on you the minute my back's turned!"

Buddy staggered to his feet. Steve wrung his handkerchief dry and brushed Buddy's clothes till he felt sure there were no telltale dust marks left on them.

"We have to hurry home, Bud. Mother'll worry. Throw your arm across my shoulders and I'll give you a lift."

"Oh, Steve, I wish we could leave this place. Since Father died we're just nobodies here, and kicked about by everyone who can lift a foot!"

"Just one more year, kid, so keep a stiff upper lip! Mother says we just got to have an education. Once you're through high school she says we'll go away sure. I'll be through Christmas, and I'll help you with extra subjects, so you can be through next June. Living is so cheap here that Mother's sewing and work in the cannery, with what you and I can earn outside school hours, will keep us going fine till then. After that you and I can work full time anywhere, and Mother'll feel safe in leaving here."

"A year's a long time, Steve!"

"Yes, Buddy, but till that year's up we'll flock by ourselves. Then we won't have to stand any rot from any one. Now you just rub your face hard, so Mother won't notice how awfully pale you are."

The following day, Steve outwardly calm, performed his usual summer-vacation work in the cannery near the water's edge. But inwardly he raged at the experiences which his father's

early death and the subsequent poverty of his mother had subjected them all to—snubs and slights from the well-to-do townspeople in general, neglect from the better class of boys with whom Buddy in particular longed to be on familiar terms.

Most of all he raged at the dissolute older boy, Stub Mackie, who never missed an opportunity to nag Steve to the fighting point, and who also tormented Steve's idolized brother, Buddy, whenever he could be found away from Steve's protecting fists.

At two that afternoon Steve had begun to wonder if he himself could endure another year of such emotional torture as the past year had held for him, when cries of "Steve! Steve Brady! Come quick!" fell on his ear.

"More trouble, I suppose," he thought, as he hurried in the direction from which the sound of the voice came.

"Steve! Steve!" a fellow workman's voice again shouted, as the boy cleared the stairs to the lower floor of the cannery four steps at a time. "Stub Mackie's been drinking again, and he's capsized his boat in midstream! He can't swim worth a cent, and the tide's going out—"

"Is that all? Find a boat and go after him! A good wetting'll do him good!" answered Steve, as he turned to mount the stairs.

"Steve! Steve, you listen now. There ain't a boat in, and Stub's bein' carried straight to the reef off Green's Point!"

A piercing scream made Steve stop when half-way up the stairs.

"Steve, you can't act so! Remember Mrs. Mackie! You know he's all she's got left of her three children. She's on the next wharf, and you can't let Stub drown right before her eyes without *trying* to save him. You're the only one of us who's ever won out against that tide. *You* can bring him in! You know it!"

Steve hesitated. Another scream that

ended in a long-drawn-out moan rent the air. Instantly a vision of Mrs. Mackie, even then in widow's garb, handing him—a small chap on her back porch—a large slice of hot gingerbread with more butter on it than she had put on the smaller slice that she had given her own son, erased all else from Steve's mind.

He turned at once, tore the clothing from his body as he ran, paused a moment at the end of the wharf to fling off his heavy shoes, then he plunged into the icy waters of Passamaquoddy Bay.

With powerful strokes he easily covered the distance to where Mackie—screaming as loudly as his mother was—sank and rose on the swift-moving tide.

"Oh, Steve, Steve, save me!" he shrieked, as Steve neared him.

"Shut up! Keep quiet! Turn on your back and float till I get a hold on your neck!" Steve called.

For answer as Steve came within reach, Mackie got a strangle hold around the other's neck, and both boys sank before the horrified gaze of the watchers now lining the wharves along the shore.

Choking and sputtering Steve tore himself loose, and as Mackie came gasping to the surface, Steve planted a knockout blow full on the point of his chin.

While swinging the now unconscious boy around, Steve noted the distance to the shore, the swiftness of the outgoing tide, the bay empty of craft, and the apparent hopelessness of his task. Then he snapped his strong teeth shut, gritted them together, swung a muscular arm around Mackie's neck, and doggedly set out shoreward.

Occasionally changing arms by diving under Stub's body, Steve neared shore, though far below his starting point and the many docks and little coves that would have made landing easy for him. With a sinking heart he finally saw himself and his burden swept toward the

last of these—a tiny cove with a sandy beach a few yards townward from the reef of jagged rocks which he and Buddy had viewed the day before.

Steve knew that if they were carried below that sandy strip of beach, there would be no hope for him nor for the boy he was trying to save. No one had ever been known to survive the sea that swirled, boiled and smashed over that rocky point at what was now low tide.

With breath coming in gasps, and with body growing more benumbed with the icy cold of each opposing surge of water passed, Steve now struggled not only with the tide, but also with his desire to drop his companion and save himself.

Again and again, as weakness began to overpower him, he almost flung the form of the other from him. Again and again he argued with himself that it would be right for him to give up his struggle to save two, and turn his efforts towards saving one—himself.

Yet ever the vision of the black-robed woman and her kindness to him—the like of which he had not known since the early death of his father had forced his mother to move from that neighborhood—kept him clinging to her son.

Steve's straining eyes saw that people were running to the little strip of white sand that he had long been forced to consider his goal. His dulling ears could still hear the sobs and prayers of the mother of the boy he longed to fling from him in his now almost overpowering desire to save himself. He caught occasional glimpses of her as she stood in the water to her knees, her arms outstretched in agonized appeal.

It was then that his long-established habit of talking to the Power within him came to his aid, and encouraged him to continue his fight against icy water and swift-rushing tide. Now a glow of warmth seemed to pervade his chilled body, as he began to call upon his beloved Great One for help.

"I can't make the shore alone, Great One!" his inner voice called. "Please help me—oh, do please help me to get Stub to his mother!"

For a moment astonishment swept over Steve, as he seemed to feel Stub's body grow lighter on his arm. Then, "Thank you, oh, thank you," he murmured aloud, as he felt all fear leaving him. "I knew you'd help me. You've never let me down yet, and I know you won't this time. I'm trusting you!"

Distinctly encouraged and comforted, Steve suddenly found himself reverting to his early childhood habit of talking to himself. "Only twenty-five more strokes, Steve, and the cove is ours! Stroke one—two—three. Yes, you can, Steve. Don't think for a minute you can't, or you'll go on those rocks sure. Just listen to that sea smashing over them. Come, Steve, brace up! With Great One helping you, those rocks will never get you! And see Mrs. Mackie holding out her arms. You've got to get Stub to her. Only ten feet more. Stroke—"

The sandy beach of the little cove was reached, but Steve was not conscious of it. A few involuntary motions of his stiffened limbs, like engine-driven wheels that continue to turn after the engine has stopped. Then hands grasped him and his burden and drew them from the swiftly moving tide to safety.

Hands whose owners had never before deigned to notice him, drove the car that bore him home, laid him on his mother's bed, and furnished the friction that restored circulation in his unconscious body. It was hours before his limbs recovered their warmth, and his brain regained its usefulness.

Steve had lain for some minutes idly reviewing his afternoon's experience, when the odor of hot chocolate filled his nostrils. At the first movement of his eyelids, he felt a hand laid gently on his brow, and heard Buddy's solicitous

voice say softly, "Stevie, Mother says this hot chocolate is good for you. I know you think it's a sissy dose, but you'll drink it? Huh? Mother'll be here in a minute or two."

Steve felt his head raised, and too weak for argument, he opened his lips to the steaming liquid.

"Stub Mackie's conscious now, and is going to be all right," Buddy said, when the cup was empty. Then his voice grew doubly gentle as he said, "Gee, Steve, it was wonderful of you to save his life for him, when you hate him so!"

"I didn't try to save his life for *him*, Buddy," Steve's weak voice answered. "I tried to save it for his mother. She was awfully good to us when we lived next door to her. Besides, she's a widow, and she might be poor some day and need Stub."

"Oh, but Steve, it was great when you brought him in! No one else in this town could have done that! The crowd just yelled its head off after you were safe on the beach. How you ever did it—that tide—almost dead low water—that awful reef! Stub a half mile from shore to begin with! Boy, it was great!"

Steve doubtfully regarded the light of pride shining in Buddy's eyes for a moment. Then he said with conviction, "Buddy, personally I'm the biggest coward alive. If I'd listened to me—the outside, personal me—Stub Mackie would be smashing to bits on that reef this minute for all I'd have cared. Dozens of times I was on the point of sending him adrift. But the Man Inside would not let me do that! He kept telling me, 'Put Stub in his mother's arms!' and I just couldn't let that Man down!"

Steve rested for a moment, then continued, "When I got to the point where even my brain seemed almost too frozen to work, I began to talk to the Man Inside the way I told you yesterday. I asked Him to help me, and told Him that

(Continued on page 574)

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



THE first session of the newly-resumed expression class took place in the Sanitarium auditorium on Monday night, with a fair attendance. (The regulation was, you may remember, that no experienced speaker is eligible.) Each worker is to take his turn in conducting the class. Membership is for the brave of soul, Monday's class proved. The class conductor said, in conversational tone, "Miss —, I have been told the Rosierucians believe that every person has three bodies. Such an idea may seem strange to one not a student of our Teachings. Will you kindly step up to the platform and give us facts that will support this belief? You have five minutes."

"Mr. —," came another, "mention is frequently made of personages the Rosierucians call 'Elder Brothers.' I should like to know who these people are and what their mission is."

All of this sounds very simple to a Rosierucian student but to stand before an audience and present in logical and convincing manner the *reason* for these points in our belief proved to be no easy task. There were frequent ah's, considerable fidgeting and pauses between the fainting away of an idea and its reluctant revival. However, there was time for each to have a second trial, and without exception improvement was noted. Who can tell—from such humble but courageous beginnings great and stirring orators may grow!

Despite the good example set by others, however, one very talented organist could not force himself to face the group as a speaker.

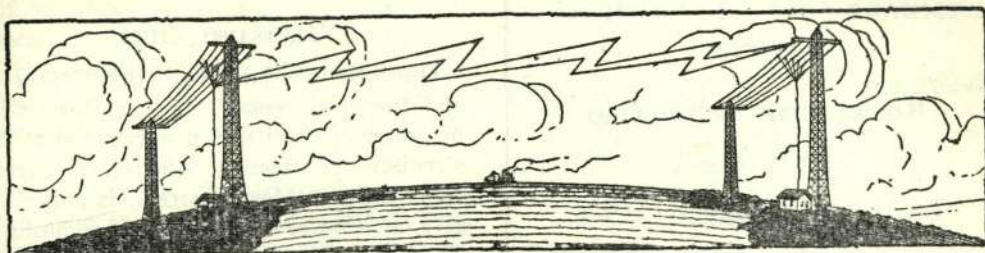
Tommy, the roly-poly white mongrel pup belonging to one of the workers at Mt. Ecclesia, expressed his astonished

delight on October 18th at the first rain of the season—and of his young life. As he watched the large drops plop down from the eaves and splash into small puddles, Tommy's short ears stuck up alert and stiff with amazement, and his dilemma at trying to discover the source of these strange items that came abruptly from nowhere and disappeared as magically, was most humorous to behold. Finally he gave up his riddle of the universe and entered with complete and rollicking abandon into the novel sport of dashing in and out of puddles, and then shaking himself joyously and without inhibition, for what are cleaner's bills to Tommy?

PERSONALITIES: Mrs. Felicia B. Clem, formerly of the Philosophy Department and for many years a beloved and talented worker at Mt. Ecclesia, now retired, has been hospitalized in San Diego for a minor operation. . . . Another of our much-loved workers, Mrs. Nellie George, is in the Oceanside Hospital, having suffered lacerations about the head when she was struck by an auto while crossing the street in Oceanside recently. We are happy to announce that both are doing splendidly. We are glad to welcome back as our front-office receptionist Miss Inga Billberg from her leave of absence. She spent three months at her home in Minnesota. . . . Mrs. Alfa Lindanger of Manhattan Beach, was a welcome guest at Mt. Ecclesia over the weekend. She read the service in the Temple one night during her stay.

Miss Lewellyn Lissak and her mother, Alice Gray Lissak, of Laguna Beach, California, are recent visitors. Miss Lissak is a former worker at Headquarters, and her mother came to rest for a time at our Sanitarium.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • •

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.” (Isaiah 26:3)

The Rochester Center in its October Bulletin has an inspiring column on “Perfect Peace” which, as we approach closer to the Holy Season seems so beautifully apropos that we are quoting from it for the benefit of all Rosicrucian students:

“In these words of Isaiah we have a formula for perfect peace. Needless to say that in the midst of all the war and bloodshed, the terror and confusion, the hurry and nervous turmoil existing all about us today, we need a means of finding peace—perfect peace. We might also add that all the world, including all nations whether friend or foe, when stripped of political and military cloaks, is seeking a permanent and a perfect peace. However, the world is seeking for peace through force and domination but it will never find it in this way.

“True peace, perfect peace, can come only through the Spirit of God within man. It can come only as individuals achieve it through spiritual progress. It matters not by which religion man attains to this peace of God. It is as he attains and then expresses the love of God to all men that he finds this perfect peace.

“The secret as given by Isaiah is contained in the words, ‘whose mind is

stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.’ Here we have the definition of true wisdom which is the equivalent of perfect peace. The heart and the mind are in balance. The trusting faith and the concentrative power of mind aided by the will to achieve bring about that sublimation of power which begets wisdom. . . . Whenever we feel the turmoil of the world assail us with its doubts, its hopelessness, its lack of love, let us each remember to gather our forces together and keep our minds stayed on God, the Author of our being. Then we shall find that inner calm—the Perfect Peace. For as each of us as individuals achieves to the Perfect Peace promised in this verse we can in turn carry the message of Good Will to others so that they will feel its blessings and so continue to spread this Gospel. In that way and in that way only can we look forward to the realization of the day foretold by the angels of old, of peace on earth, good will to men.”

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

A Probationer writes: “We are still meeting at Mr. Morris’ home each alternate Sunday evening and we have very interesting talks on the teachings with the *Cosmo* as the textbook.”

This is not a formally registered Study Group, but a small number of friends meet together and receive the benefits of widening mental horizons which

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OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

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study gives, as well as the spiritual uplift and keen joy our Teachings bring to all sincere aspirants.

VALPARAISO, CHILE.

Our hearts rejoice with this Center—and for good reason! “I am happy to inform you” writes a member, “that an altruistic gentleman, who once stayed eight days at Headquarters, is going to give our Center a tract of land to build a Rosicrucian Temple and Cafeteria here in one of the hills of our picturesque town. So you may imagine how happy we all feel, as then we shall have our own grounds and greater opportunities to attract many people to the study of our beautiful philosophy. . . . Things have taken a great turn towards success and true spirituality. . . . Greetings to all the members.”

Our prayers are with you, that you may continue true to the high ideals set for us in our Teachings.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Words cannot express our admiration for the undaunted souls—and there are many of them!—whose vision of the future shines brightly despite the chaos of a world crashing about their ears. The secretary of this Center writes in part: “We continue to keep our Center open in the hope that some seeking souls may find their way in. Our attendance is almost nil, nevertheless we realize that many would attend if they had a little more ‘off’ time. As soon as conditions generally ease up we will be commencing our study classes during the week and Sunday service.”

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Our congratulations to this thriving Center for the splendid attendance at their Sunday and special services. Such attendance speaks more eloquently than words for the interest and drawing power of the lectures, and the general brotherly spirit of the Center members.

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

We are always happy to learn of this active Center's doings. After a report of meetings and social activities, the secretary writes: "All is well with the Group in so far as harmony is concerned, especially so since our Probationers' meetings have been re-established so that each must take part. When a member has not had time to prepare a short talk, she or he must read a letter from *Letters to Students* or *Probationers' Letters*. The talks are interesting as well as instructive. We now look forward to Probationers' night with a spirit of expectancy. The variety of subjects is amazing."

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

As if in response to the Christ vibrations directed anew toward the earth each autumn, which vibrations act as leaven in the heavy mass of materiality, our Sydney group secretary states that they have had very nice classes recently. "The Saturday afternoon class being of special interest, several students are now beginning to express themselves."

And self-expression, as we know, is an elementary attribute of any creator.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

(Continued from page 558)

other and still greater inhuman carnage. Will we learn the lesson this time contained in the great cosmic truth that only the things which promote spiritual growth—love, honesty, decency, kindness, chastity, benevolence, truth, et cetera, are worthwhile, and that all which does not build, eventually destroys?

If we do at last learn this lesson, then the home, normal, healthy child life, worthy parents, desirable children, and all that belongs to an advanced civilization will be ours; and the home and all it stands for will automatically be restored to its rightful place in the great evolutionary scheme of God.

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The Sanitarium does not accept alcoholics, drug addicts, nor mental cases.

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and information



THE MAN INSIDE

(Continued from page 569)

without His help I'd never get Stub into that cove. Then I just banked on that Man—my Great One—and told Him so. Even when I couldn't see a thing after that, I didn't worry. I knew I'd done the best I could, and I left the rest to the Man Inside!"

"I bet we don't have any more trouble with Stub Mackie, Steve!"

"There's one strange thing about this whole matter, Buddy, that I want to tell you about. Till I began calling on my Great One, I hated Mackie so much I couldn't bear the feeling of his head against my arm. The very smell of his whiskey-soaked breath made me want to drop him. And was he heavy! But the moment I forgot myself and talked to my Great One—my Man Inside—all hate left me, and pounds seemed to slip from Stub's body! I even began to feel sorry he was fool enough to drink, when he has such a good mother. I don't believe I could hate Stub again, no matter what he did. I've heard Mother say that if we do some great service for someone we hate, that service in a way washes us clean of all hatred for that person. This seems to be really true of me in Stub's case."

"Steve, I—I—talked to the Man Inside, too, all the time you were in the water. I just begged Him to bring you safe in!"

"You did, Buddy? Shake!" Steve reached a wobbly hand to the younger boy. "He surely works for us, doesn't He?"

"I'll say He does, Steve! Boy, but I'm going to feel safer from now on!"

*One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that
shall o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll.*

—Holmes.

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