

The
**ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE**

*Rays From
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES



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Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

June, 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

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Sanitarium Activities

SOME ERUDITE PHILOSOPHER has said that there is nothing good or evil in the world, that thinking has not made it so. And this conception relative to the power of thought is quite in conformity with the Bible description of the creation of our solar system, when the record is properly translated. For it is there stated that in *arche* (the beginning) was a thought, and thought was with God and God was the Word and the thought power of God produced the word which brought everything into existence, and no thing exists apart from that fact. God was the Word, and in Him there was Life, and without this Life nothing can exist. And so, through the power of thought producing the Word all the multitudinous forms comprising our solar system came into existence according to the will of God.

MAX HEINDEL STATES in discussing the first five verses of the Gospel of St. John, that according to this illumined seer, everything which exists in our solar system was first a thought; that thought then manifested as a word—a sound; and that sound built all forms including man who was made in the image of God, and that man, in a limited way, is able to create by the same process, that is to say, that he has the power to think and he can voice his thoughts, and in that way where he is not capable of carrying out his ideas alone, he may secure the help of others to realize them.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HEADQUARTERS was first a thought-form created in the mind of our Elder Brothers, and included in this thought-form was the building of the healing Temple and the Sanitarium, both of which have become objectified. In the Temple a healing service is conducted every evening the year round, and the physical work of our Sanitarium has also been established. The Temple work is purely spiritual in nature, but the work done in the Sanitarium is intended to combine both spiritual and material aid. To this end our doctor and faithful Probationers are devoting both their time and thought power.

THE HEALING WORK DONE in our Sanitarium has possibilities beyond the imagination of the mind of ordinary man, for it has the powerful force of the Elder Brothers upholding and sustaining it. However, these great masters of our human race need channels through which to pour their enormous powers and we, if we qualify ourselves, can become those channels. It was said of the Christ, our great Elder Brother, that but to touch the hem of His garments was sufficient to make the sufferer whole. And did He not say to His disciples, "And greater works than these shall ye also do"?

THE BROTHERS OF THE ROSE CROSS have been with us in our efforts to follow out their instructions in the past, and we may be very sure that they will assist us in every possible way in making our Sanitarium the beneficial institution for which it was designed. In order to accomplish this we need the earnest, constructive thought power of every one of our students and Probationers. During one of his occult experiences Max Heindel stated that he saw our Headquarters and a stream of people coming from all quarters of the world to receive the teaching, and that he saw them issuing forth to bring balm to afflicted ones near and far.

IT IS WITH THE OBJECT IN VIEW of manifesting the reality of Max Heindel's occult experience that we are now starting the lecture work in our Sanitarium, which correlates the Rosicrucian method of healing with the best methods practiced by physicians of other schools

of healing. These lectures held in our Sanitarium auditorium are not only open to all of our patients, but to all workers in the Sanitarium and to the general public as well, and no admission fee is ever charged.

IN THESE LECTURES we are endeavoring to teach our listeners the fact that the physical organism which each individual inhabits is built along vibratory lines produced by the song of the spheres, and that the inharmonies manifesting in these vehicles as disease are produced in the first place by spiritual causes of inharmony within, and that when we obtain accurate knowledge concerning the direct cause of the inharmony and remedy that the physical manifestation of disease will shortly disappear. This desired information is found in the horoscope at birth, for there each planet in its house and sign expresses harmony or discord, resulting in health or disease. Therefore no method of healing can ever be as adequate as it would be if the practitioner were able to discover and take into consideration the stellar harmonies and discords expressed in the horoscope. However, while the laws of nature that govern the lower planes are all-powerful under ordinary circumstances, it must be remembered that there are higher laws which pertain to spiritual realms and which may under certain conditions be made to supersede the former ones, as for instance, true repentance, reform, and restitution have a spiritual efficacy which is able to supersede the law which demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Last week one of our Probationers gave a very excellent lecture on the subject of "Miraculous Healing as Revealed by the Divine Science of Astrology" in which he pointed out according to certain planetary vibrations, that which was supposed to be an incurable disease as diagnosed by medical authority, and indicated by astrological aspects, the action of which it would seem almost impossible to overcome. Yet at a certain time when a good aspect between the sun and moon set up a strong beneficial vibration, that with the assistance given by one of the angelic life wave, brought about an almost instantaneous removal from the body of the individual of every particle of disease.

THIS WEEK OUR SANITARIUM physician, Dr. Leon Patrick, gave a most illuminating lecture in the same auditorium on the subject "Normal Man." In his lecture the doctor emphasized the fact that health, and not disease, is the normal condition of humanity and that all disease has its origin in some kind of disobedience relative to the laws of nature, and that more often than not, such disobedience has a detrimental effect on the functions of the alimentary canal. The doctor stressed the matter of selecting nutritious foods and a thorough mastication of them before they are introduced into the stomach, the mouth being the only part of the digestive apparatus the activities of which the person has under conscious control. At the close of the lecture those present were privileged to ask the doctor any questions relative to the subject matter presented on which they desired further information.

IT IS NOT ONLY TO FURTHER SUCH WORK as we have just described that we are asking you for the combined power of your massed thought, but also for the purpose of hastening the general healing processes going on in the body of the various individuals who have come to us for both physical and spiritual healing. One can scarcely estimate the tremendous healing force that can be focused here, if each one who reads this article would set aside each day just a little time to visualize our Sanitarium and send out to it thoughts of love and healing to be used by Christ and the Elder Brothers in their compassionate work in healing the distresses of ailing humanity. Won't you help us in this beneficent work which we have undertaken to perform in the interest of our suffering fellow men?

Sincerely in fellowship,
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP.

The Current Outlook

[FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT]

Time Marches On

By JOSEPH DARROW



WE have only to look about us to-day and observe, to know that something is radically wrong with the world, and to discover the reason why strife, confusion, and warfare stalk about boldly and unabashed in our midst.

The spiritually enlightened man and woman know that the great solar system, in which they function as a part, did not simply just happen—a sort of accident. They know that for every happening, there has been a previous cause; and according to the nature of that cause there will be a corresponding likeness manifested in the result which is sure to follow.

Occult investigation reveals to all who are able to read in that which is known to many as the Memory of Nature, the exact manner in which not only all solar systems come into existence, but also how all that exists within these solar systems came into being.

Many men and women in the vanguard of evolution have actually developed what is known by them as the sixth sense, the exercise of which makes the ordinarily unseen worlds perfectly visible to them, and the Memory of Nature where the record of all past happenings is found, as easy to read as the printed pages of a book are read by any individual with normal physical sight.

This record reveals that there is not

only one God and one solar system in existence, but that there are other Gods of innumerable other solar systems functioning in the great physical realm, of the extent of which and capacity thereof practically only a small portion of humanity have the least conception. The Gods of these many solar systems and the One who is the Creator of our own, are so far beyond us in the vast universal scheme of evolution that we simply have no means by which it is possible for us to sense, much less contact them, except through the power of the differentiated spirit within each human being which, in essence, is a spark of his or her own divine Creator.

It is the work of all created beings to develop the potential powers of the divine God spark, which is the real individual, into the stature and likeness of its divine Creator, and this development

entails a long and tedious process which eventually can and will be accomplished. This

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN'S POTENTIAL POWERS development consists of an unnumbered series of experiences encountered by each individual during innumerable lives; each experience being designed for the express purpose of developing some particular potentiality possessed by the indwelling spirit.

In the divine plan originated by the God of our solar system all was good, but man finally arrived at a place in his

evolution where he was given free will in order that he might be able to make his own decisions and thereby fulfill his destiny—Godhood, like unto his divine Creator.

There is no evil in God's creations. That which we designate as evil is in reality nothing more than the wrong use of good. For example: Man's will is good and very necessary in order to give him the power to do, but use this will to dominate the individuality of another person, and it can become most evil, even

resulting in a form of black magic. Again, love is an exalted emotion, but indiscriminately used, it may become an instrument for extreme torture; also, activity rightly used is the power which brings all manifestation into being. Misuse it, and it can become such a destructive force that it can devastate all things with which it comes in contact.

All that exists in our solar system came into being through the powers of our God expressing themselves in tuneful melody correlated to will, harmony correlated to love, and rhythm correlated to motion. Disturb either the tuneful melody, the pleasing harmony, or the rhythmic motion, and some sort of dissonance is sure to occur, for the reason that there has been an interference with true balance; and therefore that which was good begins to express itself as evil; and everywhere in the world today we find just that unbalanced condition. The purposeful divine power of the will of man is being directed toward ill-gotten gain, individual greed manifesting everywhere. The beautiful attractive expression of love is fast losing its sacred prerogative by being converted into lust, resulting in a laxity of morals and a disregard, if not actual disdain, for social purity. The forceful, creative energy incorporated in motion—activity, the power which expresses itself in the creation of original forms, is being employed in devising death-dealing appliances to be used ex-

pressly for the destruction of human life.

Melody, in the modern musical composition, is practically ignored, harmony is being distorted into a series of nerve-rending discordant sounds too numerous to mention, and flowing, pulsating rhythm is converted into a monotonous repetition of thumping sounds similar to the weird, disconcerting noises produced by the ceaseless beating of tom-toms used by the aboriginal natives of Africa. Restful scenery, beautiful figures, graceful lines and curves have practically disappeared, to

ALL FORMS OF DISCORD HINDER PROGRESS

be replaced by a jumble of angles, sharp darting spears, and confused smudges varying in form and thrown together in a discordant, inharmonious mass. Sculpture has lost its graceful symmetry of form and outline to be replaced by malformed figures posed in distorted, angular positions, all of which is contrary to the melodic, harmonious, rhythmic creations produced by the Creator and Sustainer of our solar system and which are rapidly becoming a malignant deterrent in the body of progress.

From time to time such abnormalities are permitted to flourish; but there always comes a time when such perversions can no longer be tolerated and those who insist in perpetuating such practices are allowed by the Great Ones in charge of evolution to destroy themselves, so far as that particular earth-life is concerned, in order that they may learn the lesson in purgatory that all forms of evil carry within themselves the seeds of decay, dissolution, and disintegration. And so, out of the ashes of the old order, always arises a new and better kind of civilization, purged, regenerated, and capable of taking an upward step on the forward path of evolution.

And so, by viewing conditions in a broader sense, we gradually come into a realization that out of all evil some

worthwhile good will inevitably result, even though for many of us, life's lessons may be often be learned in the hardest way.

The purposes and intents of God can never be permanently subverted. That would be contrary to the divine evolutionary plan; and although many of His creations may rebel against His constituted authority and oppose with all their puny strength the working out of His divine plan, still in the long run, all will in time learn through personal experience how less than inadequate are all their feeble efforts to accomplish lasting results in opposition to divine law.

Before our evolutionary scheme was ever started, the God of our solar system had outlined in His divine mind, in the broadest sense, the entire celestial plan. And the correct working out of this plan, a large portion of humanity are today, in most cases unwittingly, attempting to frustrate by their abject subservience to materialism. Many have denounced God entirely, either by word of mouth or by their daily activities. His moral code as enunciated by Jehovah

MANY HAVE DENOUNCED GOD God, they have carelessly thrown in the war scrap-heap along with many other discarded utensils

for which they no longer have any particular use. Their physical bodies they are recklessly impairing through late hours, drink, smoking, and heedless haste. Family life is fast disintegrating. Homes are being built for sleeping apartments principally. The social life centers around cocktail lounges, race tracks, and gambling tables. Both women and men are beginning to resent parenthood. Children mean restriction in relation to their desired activities. Thrills they must have, and thrills mean change, unrestraint, and unlimited freedom in the selection and enjoyment of entertainment and recreations. And so by our ruthlessness and total disregard for all things which do not stir up and appease our emotions and desires, we rush madly

along, totally indifferent to the havoc we are creating in what would otherwise be an orderly, progressive state of development, wholly indifferent to the highly illuminating statement uttered by the worlds' greatest Teacher, the Christ, that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The unvarying cosmic laws of God have not been hidden from man. He simply does not heed them, and is therefore always striving to evade paying the penalty which he alone has attracted to himself. But the debt incurred must be paid before a just balance in the great cosmic bank can be struck. However, as in the material world it is possible to pay an obligation before it falls due, just so it is in the higher realms. There are always two ways in which these debts can be paid; either by meeting them before they come due through repentance, reform, and restitution, or else by paying them in the hard way, which means by suffering to the exact extent that the injuries imposed on another being caused that person to suffer. There is no possible way to side-step the working out of cosmic law, although there are different ways in which to work with it; and these ways may be easy or hard according to how each individual chooses to work.

And so we have wars, rapine, bloodshed, deceit, and decay. But there is a silver lining to the dark cloud. Not evil, but progressed growth is the basis of God's great evolutionary plan, and although for a time the carrying out of

His design may seem to
BUT THERE IS A SILVER LINING be frustrated, that is only a passing phase; and when the eyes of mankind have been washed clean by the tears of contrition, they will then be able to see the dawning of a bright and glorious tomorrow where all will work for the glory of achievement, and none will really fail in the development of the potential powers of the God man within, now so deeply shrouded in the illusionary veil of materiality.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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

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

The Gift of Wings

By DOROTHY SHERMAN

“THINGS like that just don’t happen in real life,” remarked Kate. Kate was the skeptic of our philosophy class. We had been discussing the Fourth Dimension and phenomena of various kinds, which had placed us in a rather susceptible mood. Some one brought up the story of Peter Ibbetson. That started off all kinds of arguments and supernatural tales.

Kate reiterated: “Those things don’t happen, except in books.”

“Oh, don’t they!” I exclaimed with warmth. She gave me a pitying glance.

“You are all too transcendental for me,” she said, rising and pulling on her gloves.

“Wait a minute, Kate,” I said. “Sit down. I’ve a story to tell that will interest you, even if it doesn’t convert you.”

Something in my voice may have betrayed a personal angle for the entire class clamored for the story. They sensed a yarn of unusual proportions. So insistent were they, that our skeptic threw back her coat, saying, “Oh, well, go on,” as she sat down.

Late sunlight filled the room, and as the winter afternoon waned, shadows, soft and subtle, lent a mysterious charm and strange inspiration to the story I was to tell for the first time.

“It’s about music,” I said as I began.

“How strange. You are not musical,” said one.

“No,” I answered, “but I know a lot about music. Besides, I have a little daughter who sings. She is said to possess a phenomenal voice, which by the way, confirms the truth of my story.”

“Go on! Go on!” they cried in chorus.

I smiled as I looked about at the eager faces. They were in for a big surprise. I began:

“It seemed fitting that her name should be Gilda. Her mother, a famous opera singer—this was before your time, girls—had named her daughter from *Rigoletto*, the opera in which she had become famous, or rather she had made the opera famous by her marvelous singing of the role of ‘Gilda.’ It was a strange thing: Calvani never sang again after the birth of her child.”

“Calvani, did you say?”

“Calvani, the great coloratura?”

“Yes, it was Calvani,” I answered.

One of the older members of the class said, “I’ve often wondered what ever became of her. She retired so suddenly from the operatic stage.”

“Your mystery about her sudden retirement is solved then,” I answered and continued: “Something happened—perils of childbirth it is thought—to shatter that frail exquisite voice organ,

for it was silenced then. She never sang again."

"How terrible! How that child must have suffered when she knew!"

"They kept it from the child until she was grown. To make the tragedy sharper, the daughter took after her father, manifesting no talent whatsoever, with a voice like the proverbial crow. But mothers are strange beings. Even in the face of this evidence, Calvani insisted her child would sing when she matured fully; that all that was necessary would be good training. So the best teachers were engaged for Gilda and she was put through her operatic paces. Finally she was accepted as a pupil by Mme. Calvani's old maestro, Albertini."

"Oh, I remember him! A dear funny old Italian!"

"The terror of all *dilettanti*!"

"To be a pupil of Albertini spelled a career for a singer."

When the exclamations died down, I continued.

"They say Gilda was a nice child. Her love for her mother amounted to worship. And the anguish in her heart was pathetic to witness when she learned the truth about her birth and her mother's voice.

"Albertini knew how much it meant to Calvani to have Gilda become a singer. And when I say singer, I mean, opera singer. The old man did his part—his best. But he knew the girl had no voice.

"The climax, however, was soon to come. A contest was announced by a certain musical college of high standing—this was before the days of auditions for the Metropolitan. The winner of this contest was to receive a scholarship for study in Italy, and a thousand dollar prize. The contest was open to voice students who were outstanding, either for fine voices, unusual talent, or dramatic ability.

"Gilda was determined to enter the contest from the moment she heard of it. Albertini tried to dissuade her.

"You haven't a chance, Gilda. You

might as well know: you'll never sing like your mother, like Lina Calvani!"

"Like Lina Calvani," sobbed Gilda. It's sacrilege to mention me in the same breath! Maestro, you don't understand. *I must try!*"

"Why must you try, Gilda?" asked Albertini."

"I'll tell you why!" Gilda wiped her eyes and said: "Because I heard my mother praying—when she thought no one was listening. I heard her crying to God to let her sing again. Just once more. "Just *once more*, dear God!" I'll never forget that cry!" Gilda sank down in front of the maestro.

"But Gilda," he said quietly as he lifted her up, "she prayed that *she* might sing again, not that you might sing."

"Fresh sobs shook Gilda. 'I thought I might at least try in some way to atone! Some miracle might happen! It would help, wouldn't it, Maestro, if I could sing beautifully and win the prize? It's maddening to think of her, the idol of a world, thrilling thousands, and now shut away in a cheap flat, her beautiful voice silenced forever in giving me birth! It's maddening, I tell you. I wish I were dead!"

"Presently the Maestro said, 'Does your mother—does Mme. Calvani want you to enter the contest?'

"Yes, she does," replied Gilda.

"Then you shall try, Gilda, you shall try.'"

I paused in my story. The sun had gone and the room was in deep shadow, and growing chilly. I went over to the mantel and lighted some candles. Somehow I felt the brightness of an electric light would jar our nerves. I found a match and lighted the kindling in the fireplace. My listeners were motionless and silent.

I gazed into the mounting blaze on the hearth. Without turning around, I continued softly:

"When Gilda reached home that memorable afternoon she flew to her mother's comforting arms. 'Mother,' she said, 'Maestro says I haven't a chance. He

says my voice is like lead. That it has no light in it—that it needs wings!

"Mme. Calvani regarded her little daughter very tenderly. With a brave smile, she said, 'I will be your light, darling. And I will give you wings—the wings of Calvani! A gift of wings.'"

I tried desperately to keep emotion out of my voice. Any second now someone would press me to tell how I knew all this detail. I hurried on with my story:

"The night of the concert came. Back stage at the Opera House hummed with strange excitement, presenting an atmosphere quite different from that of the staid professional performances. Here eager youth was staking its all on the chance of winning that coveted scholarship and the thousand dollar prize. For many, a career hung by a thread.

"Gilda had arrived early. Mme. Calvani and the Maestro were to come along later. As she sat in her dressing room making up for her 'Caro Nome' number, her mother's strange promise brought her untold comfort. It filled her being like the music of a mighty symphony—*I will be your light! I will give you wings!*

"Dressing with Gilda was another of the contestants. She was a silly chattering girl and so nervous she threatened to wreck the whole room. She had already spilled hot cosmetic all over the make-up table, smudging everything in sight.

"'Oh, say,' the girl said, 'we must be calm. Excitement is bad for the voice. Have you studied long?'

"'All my life,' answered Gilda.

"'Who is your teacher?'

"'Signor Albertini.'

"'Albertini!' gasped the girl. 'Why, he was Calvani's teacher. Ever heard of Calvani?'

"'Ye—yes,' faltered Gilda.

"'Father says she was wonderful! He heard her twenty years ago. Says she sang "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and made his throat hurt so it's still sore. She was the world's greatest 'Gilda'—in *Rigoletto*—you know. And the "Caro Nome." You should hear

about the way she sang it, as if she were tossing pearls at her audience. Why, my dear—you're crying! Nervous, aren't you? Well, I'll stop chattering. Bad for the voice.'

"'It's this make-up stuff,' cried Gilda, wiping a smear from her cheek. Oh, if only her mother were there to help her! Where was her mother, anyway? Eight o'clock. She should have arrived ere this.

"Suddenly a terrible pain shot through her head, as if she had received a blow. Then faintness. She felt consciousness slipping away.

"'I'm going to faint,' she cried to her companion.

"'Oh, you *are* nervous! I'll get you some water.'

"Gilda felt as if she were dying. Funny to die alone without her mother!

"'Here, drink this,' said the girl, holding a cup of water to her lips. Gilda revived, pulled herself together, and went on with her dressing. The show must go on, in spite of sickness, or even death. Was she not the daughter of the theater?

"The orchestra had finished the overture and was playing the introduction to the first contestant's song. A quarter to nine. 'What can be keeping my mother? She should have been here long ago,' said Gilda anxiously.

"'She's probably out in front—doesn't want to make you nervous.'

"Gilda knew well enough her mother would be back stage with her if she were there. Nine o'clock—nine fifteen—nine thirty! It would soon be time for her number.

"Suddenly she heard a commotion out in the hall. She heard the manager's voice sharply demanding *Quiet!* The girl dressing with Gilda stuck her head out the door, listened a moment, then said with a giggle, 'Crazy things! All reading a stupid old newspaper. Bad for the voice!'

"Gilda's nerves relaxed a little and then a strange numbness overcame her. Whatever was the matter with her, any-

way? Nerves, of course. Anxiety and stage fright. She wondered if Lina Calvani could ever have been so upset before a performance. That glorious being, nervous? Impossible! Gilda had heard from the Maestro how audiences would go mad as Calvani came out upon the stage—how they would shout and then throw flowers at her feet and cry '*Brava!*' They would go into a delirium just at the sight of the world's greatest diva standing there in the circle of light with starry gems flashing from her hair, her arms, and from round her throat. And now the golden voice forever stilled, those gems long since swallowed up in the maw of pawnshops—and she, Gilda, the cause of it!

"The numbness was suddenly gone and her tears spilled over, so that she had to do her make-up all over again. The moments were flying. Quarter to ten! Something terrible must have happened! Going over to the open window she cried silently out into the night, *Mother! Mother darling! Come quickly, come and be my wings!* The cries of the newsboys in the streets below came faintly to her ears: 'Extra—Extra here—all about the . . .'

"There was a knock at the door and she flew to open it. There stood the maestro. He seemed suddenly very kind, not the highstrung teacher who had often shouted at her. 'Come child, it's almost time,' he said gently.

"'But mother! Where's my mother?' cried Gilda.

"'She's . . . She's here. Come, they're calling your number!' and grasping her arm, he piloted Gilda through a maze of drops, ropes, and pieces of scenery. A host of young men and women made way for her, fell back as she approached. They were suddenly silent, subdued. Gilda saw tears. 'They have failed in the contest, poor dears,' she thought.

"The introduction to the '*Caro Nome*' was sounding. Her number! The maestro standing behind her in the wings gently urged her forth: 'God bless you, child!

Remember to go high up—high—high up . . .'

"She found herself in the center of the stage, in a blaze of light. There was a slight ovation, just the ordinary greeting extended to all contestants. No one in the audience knew that she was Calvani's daughter. She stood there a slip of a girl, a nobody in particular. She was terrified. Those hundreds of faces dimly outlined, with eyes—appraising eyes—centered upon her. Then she did a strange thing, as people so often do when under great strain—a commonplace, ordinary thing. She glanced at her wrist watch and noted the time: *three minutes past ten.*

"The orchestra leader held his baton high, ready to begin. She opened her mouth. Not a sound came forth. O God, all those people staring at her! She would run back . . . no one could stop her!

"The leader waited the fraction of a second, then sounded her cue again. The familiar phrase gave her courage. Suddenly great peace descended upon her. She felt herself enveloped in a white light, which seemed to lift her until she was suspended just above the stage.

"She began the '*Caro Nome.*' At its first note, a secret spring seemed to be released in her somewhere! She sang on in a voice she did not recognize—limpid, flutelike—a golden voice. The coloratura passages she tossed like pearls into the towering dark circle that was her audience . . . '*I will be your light, your wings!*' Ecstasy filled her so that she lost her identity.

"At the finish she was recalled to earth by the thunderous applause. The house went mad over her. It shouted and screamed Bravas and tossed flowers upon the stage. Without embarrassment, and with perfect poise, Gilda who had been so timid and nervous, took her bows with the assurance of a great prima donna. She was recalled times without number and she knew, strangely enough, just what to do, just the degree of gracious-

ness and restraint with which to greet her audience.

"Finally, the orchestra began the introduction to her encore. The audience subsided. It held its breath. Through the stillness Gilda's voice trailed off into the upper ether, pure, birdlike, lovely.

*Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care.*

"The old Handel aria became a prayer poignant and pleading. The little daughter of Lina Calvani, lost in that prayer, was unaware that there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

"As she finished, the audience lost all control. A furor broke. 'Bravas' everywhere, and cries of 'Another Calvani!'

"The old maestro stood in the wings with tears streaming down his face. He had witnessed many a debut in his time, but this one was unique, transcendental. Something like it had happened the night of Calvani's debut; but tonight he had seen a miracle.

"As Gilda came off, he took her in his arms as he had her mother in the past. 'Child, it was wonderful! A triumph! Even Calvani at her zenith' . . . He broke off, for Gilda, her face hidden in his coat was sobbing.

"Take me home, Maestro, please, quickly!"

"We must get word of this to your mother. It may save her. Gilda, there is something I must tell you . . ."

"Maestro, don't, don't say it. Wherever she is, she knows, has known all along!"

"Then you know about the accident? We tried hard to keep it from you."

"There's been an accident to mother? Oh, I knew she would have been here—Oh, Mother! Mother! But you *were* here, *you were the light!*' For an instant Gilda's tear-stained face wore a strange ecstasy. Then she sank down in a fit of weeping.

"Gilda, child, don't! She isn't dead, but she is injured. I was with her when the taxi struck her. We were rushing

here. . . . Come, the news of your triumph may save her life!"

"As Albertini led Gilda away, the manager of the theater rushed up with a message. 'From the hospital,' he whispered and turned away.

The Maestro tore open the envelope. The message read: 'Mme. Calvani died tonight at three minutes past ten. Please advise her daughter.'

"Tenderly the old man said, 'Come child, we must go. Your mother would want you to be brave.'

"Gilda heard but could not comprehend. One thing alone registered: *three minutes past ten!* She glanced again at her watch. The hands had not moved since she had glanced at them on the stage. Quickly she lifted the watch to her ear. It had stopped. With eyes staring into vacancy, she allowed the maestro to lead her away."

I paused. I couldn't go on, for my voice was unsteady, full of the emotion I could not hide. I reached down to put another log on the fire. The blaze caught, and filled the room with comfort. I turned from the fireplace and faced my audience.

"That's all, girls—the end of my story," I said as I sat down.

Not a word to break the silence. I saw tears in some eyes. Kate was sitting bolt upright, two deep furrows in her forehead.

I became a little uneasy as the silence continued.

"Don't you like my story?" I asked.

Finally someone answered: "It's a beautiful—and convincing story."

"And perfectly plausible," said another.

"A touching thing that the mother got her chance to sing through her daughter."

"A pity she had to die in order to get that chance—"

Kate interrupted, "You are all a bunch of mystics." But a certain softness shone through her brusqueness. She asked: "What became of Gilda?"

"Well," I said, holding at bay the question that I knew was sure to come, "she won the prize, of course, and made her debut as 'Gilda' in *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan, where she was immediately proclaimed the unique successor of Lina Calvani."

"I remember her well," said Kate. "She was known as Gilda Calvani. She sang for one season, and never in any role except 'Gilda' then disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her."

"Yes," I replied, "the earth did literally swallow her."

Every one started talking at once, asking, "How?" and "What do you mean?"

I smiled at them and answered as calmly as possible.

"I can't tell you."

Kate fastened her keen eyes upon me: "How do *you* happen to know so much—so much in detail about these experiences of Gilda?"

It had come—the question I had been evading.

"Because," I replied, "because I am Gilda."

Give Me No Creeds

By A. STEARNS

Give me no creeds of man to take my right
 To rise to the unbounded height
 Of God's Immensity of Love;
 Of Love and Life to compass *all*,
 And know my God in everything.
 For not a sparrow falleth low,
 Without the Father falleth too;
 For God is in the sparrow's wing
 And in the rocks, the brooks, the rills,
 As also in the eternal hills.
 And oh, His voice I hear within,
 Whispering softly: "Soul, be still,
 To know the purpose of My will.
 All life is Mine; and in My hand
 I hold thee, child, in Love's embrace:
 Yet *free* I leave thy will to trace
 Its future course throughout the space
 Of all Eternity. To be
 A part—a living part of Me.
 Thou art My child.
 I gave thee breath,

And wooed thee from the curse of death:
 That I in thee and thou in Me
 Might *RISE*—through all Eternity.

But should you take the downward path,
 Descend to hell's fierce, torturing wrath,
 I too am there. I too will share
 Thy suffering, heal the tare—
 The wounds thy sins have made;
 That I in thee,
 And thou in Me.
 Might rise through all Eternity.
 I Am your *Life*—
 Your life is Mine.
 Oh, child, can you not see?
 I would no more forsake you now,
 Than I would smite the fairest brow:
 My Name is *LIFE*—span on span
 That ever flows,
 As soft wind blows,
 A stream of *Love* for man.



Friendship as an Ideal

CHRISTMAS 1910.

DEAR FRIEND:



IN a religious movement it is customary to address one another as "sister" and "brother," in recognition of the fact that we are all children of God, who is our common Father. Brothers and sisters are not harmonious at all times, however. Sometimes they are even misguided enough to hate one another, but between friends there can be no feeling but love.

It was a recognition of this fact which prompted the Christ, our great and glorious Ideal, to say to His disciples: "Henceforth I call you not servants . . . but friends." (John 15:15). We cannot do better than follow our great Leader in this as in all other things. Let us, therefore, not merely be content with the fraternal relationship, but let us endeavor to be friends in the very holiest and most intimate sense of the word.

The Elder Brothers, whose beautiful teachings have brought us together upon the Way of Attainment, honor their disciples in the same way that Christ honored His apostles, namely, by giving them the name of "friend." If you persist in the way upon which you have started, you will sometime stand in their presence and hear that name uttered in a voice so soft, so kind, and so gentle that it beggars description or even imagination. From that time there will be no

task you would not perform to deserve that friendship. It will be your one wish, your one inspiration, to serve them, and no earthly distinction will appear worthy of comparison with that friendship.

Upon my unworthy shoulders has fallen the great privilege of transmitting the teaching of the Elder Brothers to the public in general and to the students, probationers, and disciples of the Rosicrucian Fellowship in particular. You have requested that your name be placed on my correspondence list, and I gladly extend to you the right hand of fellowship, greeting you by the name of *friend*. I appreciate the trust you repose in me, and I assure you that I shall endeavor to aid you in every way within my power to deserve your trust. I hope that you will also aid me in my work for yourself and others by a charitable judgment of any shortcomings you may discover in me or in my writings. None need the prayers of others so much as one who must be a leader.

Please remember me in your devotions, and be assured that you shall have a place in mine.

I enclose the first lesson in the hope that the foregoing may establish our relations upon a footing of sincere friendship.

Fraternally yours,

Max Heindel.

NOTE: This is the first of the 97 Student Letters—the Keynote of this great Work. It was first printed as dated, Christmas of 1910.—EDITOR.

The High Allegiance

By EVELYN F. HAMILTON



AM writing the story of Fidelis because it reveals the shining triumph of a human spirit over its mortal limitations: an unyielding, unbeatable spirit that was stronger than circumstance, that laughed at defeat: a spirit that refused to be fettered by the infirmities of the physical structure it indwelt. A soul scourged by the cruel lash of fate, she recovered her balance and went on with the business of living with all the courage at her command. In the face of incredible opposition she called up all the reserves of her own human nature and those of the Divine, which her faith assured her was available, and came out a victor. Out of the embers of her seeming defeat came a consecrated life of usefulness and service. In her human document many may find a powerful incentive to transcend their human limitations and defeats, no matter what they may be. Here is her story:

Fidelis was a vivid brunette in her early twenties, endowed with physical charm, a genial disposition and intellectual gifts. Her vocational ambitions were stifled by family responsibility. When the opportunity finally came to proceed with a literary career, she was unexpectedly stricken with a spine lesion, which terminated further efforts in that direction. Delicate spinal surgery resulted, but without success. Three times the surgeon's knife left its indelible scars on her plastic flesh. Three times she faced death. But for some unknown reason life persisted in her fragile body. A long convalescence followed. Again and again she valiantly tried to rebuild her broken health, only to have it assailed by some poignant experience which destroyed all she had so patiently built. Life's blows were cruel. They lashed her unmercifully. Invisible enemies of

fear, doubt, and despair challenged her courage and sought to shatter her morale.

Years of desolation followed, in which she was deprived of everything she cherished in life, including her family, taken by death. She was left to struggle on alone. During all this time she had not known a day or night free from the arrows of pain, except when under anaesthesia. But instead of allowing it to embitter her mind and destroy her faith, she consecrated it to good so as to extract its highest values. In so doing she gained wisdom, knowledge, understanding, sympathy, patience, tolerance, courage, fortitude, charity, faith and grace. Pain disclosed the strength of her soul, honest glimpses of herself and unknown depths of her character. Had she not known the discipline of pain she could never have known the joy of mastery. She made her physical handicap an impetus to increased effort; an added incentive to achieve. Each morning, no matter how distressed she felt, she would rise early, don a neat house frock (not a negligee), and when unable to remain up, would return to her bed, to lie on it, fully dressed, but not in it. This procedure continued for a long period, until she was strong enough to remain up indefinitely.

Despite her noblest efforts, however, life for Fidelis became a cinema of morbid events, so freighted with misery that it caved in on her. She sought surcease in a life of immolation. She had learned to pray at the age of eight. Necessity taught her. So prayer had become a routine practice through the years. Many and remarkable were the answers; but for some reason her physical cure was withheld.

One day in an hour of need she came

to the end of her spiritual resources. In an audible act of consecration she surrendered herself to God, asking Him to do His perfect work in, for and through her. That evening, on retiring, she cried aloud: "Clasp Thou my hand, O God, that I may know Thou art near." Then she fell into a deep sleep. Several hours later she was abruptly awakened, vividly conscious of a strong invisible positive hand clasping both of hers in a firm tender grip which lasted several minutes. She knew she had actually felt the clasp of God's Hand, which she had asked for.

The result of this unforgettable experience was a remarkable spiritual and physical ascent for Fidelis. An apparent change for the better took place in her life. She gained in depth of soul; her health improved; her burdens were lifted; and she was shown how to sublimate her life so as to extract its highest values. Thereafter an incandescence emanated from her personality which impressed all who knew her. It was the radiance of her inner self, shining through the outer, like the light in a lamp, to illumine her own path and that of others. In renouncing her human will she gained more than she yielded. As is often the case, God accepts our self-surrender and then returns to us what we have renounced, multiply blessed. For this reason consecration is the highest form of prayer. It brings the highest and happiest fulfillment of our personal needs and desires.

What appeared to be barren years of renunciation for Fidelis, proved otherwise. The spinal surgery had impaired the use of her eyes for reading or close work. Being a keen student this was a great denial; but she determined to be useful and produce, despite her handicap. With her painful eyes covered, she learned to do various tasks, including the writing of large pencil script. This was slow and arduous at first, but it enabled

her to release her thoughts. The effort later proved a benediction in her own life and that of others.

When her physical faculties were in eclipse she discovered the amazing possibilities of thought, which rightly controlled and directed, can transcend all physical limitations. Through it she began creating from the invisible. She delved into the hidden labyrinths of her mind and explored its treasure house of mental riches, finding many new gems of thought. In her hours of contemplative solitude she wrote inspirational articles to fortify her own courage. When these proved practical for herself, they were published to help others. The response was gratifying. Many letters came in from grateful readers, attesting to the help and encouragement they had received, and pleading for more. This was a powerful incentive for her to continue writing them, and she did. The strange thing was that through this channel of service her pain was assimilated and

*And now we only ask to serve,
We do not ask to rest;
We would give all without re-
serve—*

*Our life, our love, our best.
We only ask to see His face,
It is enough for us;
We only ask the lowest place,
So He may smile on us.*

—Author Unknown.

transmuted so that no hint of it was conveyed to her readers; only its spiritual values reached them. Then came the gift to compose beautiful music and with it the restored use of her arms, disabled for 24 years, so that she could again play the piano to work out her melodies. Today she is a successful author and composer.

The majority of people live only in the lower domains of physical life, and as a result are steeped in agnostic materialism. They have no spiritual aspect, no sense of accomplishment or values, and no desire to justify their earthly existence. Only when human props fail, do they think of God and seek His help to rebuild their shattered lives.

The highest achievement in this earth life is getting the highest values out of it, no matter what our status, circumstances or environment may be. It is bringing our human powers up to their

highest capacity, subjecting our lower natures to the higher and making our ideals real. Fidelis has accomplished this. Her life is an inspiration and a challenge to defeatists. In it, the threads of divine destiny are distinctly visible. She now feels that her soul-searing experiences could not have been omitted from her design of life, without stunting her spiritual growth. They were not intended as a burden to cast her down, but a lift to God. Her high allegiance has given Fidelis a high hope; a high courage and a high incentive. It has made her a high type of creature, who refuses to be crushed by anything life has done or may do to her. As a result of it, she is today producing and creating, justifying her existence by usefulness, and reflecting credit on her Creator. She is

contributing her quota of effort to human betterment, leaving something behind that will outlast her physical years. When the final curtain falls on her cinema of mortal life, and its episodes flash in panorama on memory's screen, she can truly feel that she has liquidated her earthly debts and given a good account of her stewardship.

What a high allegiance has done for Fidelis it will do for others, if they give it a chance. And so, to every discouraged soul of earth Fidelis sends this vital message of hope: "Place your faith in the never-failing Divine Who empowers life; Who will see you through the most tangled mesh of circumstances; Who is always available to call upon and depend upon under all conditions; and Who will never let you down."

Widen Your Horizon

By ELIZABETH HANSEN



IF the Rosicrucian Philosophy accomplishes anything for us in our practical, everyday living, it should make us a happy, joyful group of people. Our religion should be a happy one, because happiness, to a very great extent, depends upon peace of mind and certainly these New Age Teachings bring that gift to us—peace of mind. They enable us to see the underlying good in all manifested life; they bring us a glimpse of the shining goal that lies ahead of us, with every needed step towards that goal set plainly before us, so that we know where we are going.

Likewise these teachings help us in understanding the reasons behind the perplexities and seeming injustices of life, so that we gradually begin to realize consciously that it is not *what* happens to us in life that matters, but *how we react to what happens*. Depending upon these reactions of ours—physical, mental,

emotional, or spiritual, we make our lives exactly what they are. We have the satisfaction of knowing that nothing comes to us unearned, that "nothing ever *just* happens to us, but that everything happens *just*." It lies in our power to make our reactions what we will.

Through these teachings, the magnificence of God's Plan unfolds to our hungry minds in a logical, clear manner, and naturally, when our reasoning mind is well fed and satisfied, then the faith principle of the heart can grow and bloom, unhindered by doubts, fears, and skepticism. When we comprehend the underlying reason *why* life is what we make it, instead of pinning our faith upon a beautiful but empty platitude, and when we have assurance that everything is moving majestically towards ultimate good, then we indeed have every opportunity to enjoy our religion, revel in

it, and to make it a living part of our everyday lives, instead of chiefly, a "Sunday-go-to-meeting" affair. Someone has aptly said, "Religion is not a way of looking at certain things, but a certain way of looking at all things."

We shudder to think of those times when it was deemed necessary to worship God with a grave and doleful countenance; when duty to God meant abstinence from smiles, laughter, gladness and joy; when everything of beauty and pleasure was looked upon as "sin" and one had to labor arduously, depriving himself of all improvements and comforts, just to prove he was a "God-fearing man."

Those times have passed, and in our "happy" religion, we find that of all the things that should be stressed to make it a happy one, the foremost is serving for the beauty and joy of it—not just serving because it is our duty, or because it is a means of soul-growth. Only through loving our service, whatever it may be, can we enjoy it. This is something all can work for, individually and collectively, to help one another perceive the beauty, happiness, and satisfaction that can be derived from Service.

To do this, all of us have to widen our individual horizons instead of building walls around ourselves and moving only in our own little self-made orbit. Have you ever stepped out of your orbit long enough to notice how beautiful, abundant, and lavish Nature is in her expression? Yet man has deliberately turned his back on Nature and limited himself in every conceivable direction. True it is that we are only limited insofar as we limit ourselves. Some people are creatures of habit, living only to eat, sleep, play when they can, and endeavor to live within their monthly paycheck, if they have one! Why does man confine himself and his expression to old habits, customs, laws and creeds? A universe of wonders lies within his very grasp—new avenues of thought and expression are ever beckoning to him if he would open

his eyes, look about him, and widen his horizon!

Service should not mean labor, or drudgery, or solemn duty. It should mean joyful activity. All things in the universe are active—motion is life itself. Who wishes to sleep while all of Nature is alive and singing?

When you gaze upon a lovely country scene, have you ever considered all the service, work and activity that has made that scene possible? Do you ever think of the fairies, gnomes, and nature spirits that work with the ethers to bring growth to plant, flower, and shrub? Do you ever give thought to the undines that work in raindrops to replenish the rivers and streams and to form the waterfalls and brooks? And then, have you ever considered how busy and active the angelic life-wave is, guiding and directing the work all over the world of these nature spirits who are their charges, besides their work with the human family? This work is their joyful service in God's kingdom, and who would deny that it is beautiful and happy by nature? Our service should be likewise, and it can be.

Finally, these Rosicrucian teachings satisfy our craving for beauty. All of us have within us the germ of Godlike perfection, but it is potential only. The spirit, hungering to unfold these potentialities, seeks beauty in all expression, for what is perfection but beauty unmasked?

The poet, the musician, the artist are probably unconsciously the most ardent strivers after perfection, because of their passion for beauty. And in a poet's words, we find one of the truest expressions of what beauty really is. In Kahlil Gibran's book, "The Prophet" are these words:

"Beauty is life when life unveils her
holy face;
But you are life, and you are the veil.
Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a
mirror;
But you are eternity and you are the
mirror."

A Prayer Answered

By E. M. A.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. (St. Matthew 7:7-8.)

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I began searching for the answer to the many problems of life. Seeking for Truth and the Light; that something which must eventually awaken each and every ego.

These searchings took me to a variety of metaphysical and occult meetings and lectures. As I traveled from lecture room to lecture room, to meetings and meetings, they all seemed good to me, yet, there was always something missing—my spiritual needs were not met. I was never completely satisfied with their explanations of the Philosophy of Life.

During my wanderings to meetings and lecture halls I picked up a number of books to read and study, and among them was *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, by Max Heindel. Strange to me now, I laid aside the *Cosmo* for several months without opening its pages.

One evening while sitting alone in my room trying to meditate upon and analyze some of the things I had learned, my thoughts finally ran something like this—I have attended a great variety of meetings searching for the Truth and Light, all seem good yet there is a something lacking. There is something within myself that longs for more Light. Surely, among all these Schools of Light there must be one that has within its teachings that which will answer my many spiritual longings. One that I really belong with, and am part of, one which can help me to serve humanity through the knowledge of its teachings.

I repeated several times almost aloud,

There must be one that has within its teachings that which will answer my spiritual longings, one that I really belong with, and am a part of, which can help me to serve humanity through the knowledge of its teachings.

My thoughts continued: I know of our Father-Mother God, our Creator, I know that all humanity are spirits within Him, and are His children. I will turn to Father-Mother God and ask Him to guide me to the Occult School that is for my development, and has within its teachings that which is for me.

My thoughts led me to a definite prayer, asking Father-Mother God to guide me to the Light. That night I had a beautiful dream, a dream that was more than a dream; and it came to me thus—

I was in a bedroom, in bed seemingly, asleep, but yet *awake*, and as I lay quietly in this bed a woman came to me and placed a book in my hand. I tried to read the title of this book but due to my sleep was unable to see. A thought came to me and I said aloud, *I must get up at once*, and immediately stepped out of my bed upon a stone floor. I looked down at myself and was surprised to find that I was fully dressed. I turned to the door of the room and stepped out through the door upon a narrow path of pure white stone.

A woman stood at the door but said not a word, only gave me a beautiful, loving, assuring smile. I started to walk upon this stone path which seemed to lead me up a gradual incline and finally into a forest. There were many lovely trees and shrubs on either side of my stone path. I had walked a long distance and to a considerable height, when suddenly a great stone wall moved into the middle of and parallel with my stone

path. This wall narrowed my path until I could go no farther. I saw that I was high upon the side of a mountain and just beneath my feet was a deep, very deep ravine. I looked at the wall and then at the ravine and then at the narrowness of my stone pathway, and I said aloud, *What shall I do now?*

I turned around seeking to find another way out, only to find my friend, the woman, standing behind me. I said to her, "If I try to go further upon this pathway I shall surely fall into that ravine." My friend said not a single word, but just gave me another sweet, loving, encouraging smile. I again turned to the wall and the ravine, but this time I appealed to Father-Mother God and said: "Dear Father-Mother God, thou hast beautifully guided me thus far, please open the way for me now." These words had no sooner left my lips until by means of an unseen force I was turned to the right, the trees and shrubbery were pushed aside and another pure white stone path appeared before me.

I started up this newly opened pathway with light feet and a happy heart. I had gone but a short distance when I found myself in an open door of a beautiful, all white, all stone building, even the chairs were of white stone. In one corner of the room a woman was seated at a piano playing some beautiful music and a little child was softly singing with the music. My attention was next turned to the wall opposite the door where I was standing, and written across that wall, in very large letters, *I read the name—*
MAX HEINDEL!

In great joy and happiness I ran into the room and said aloud, *This is the spiritual teaching I am seeking.* I sat down upon one of the stone chairs, and as I sat for only a moment the room filled with many, many people. It seemed that thousands of people were pouring into that room.

I awakened to find my bedroom filled with the most beautiful, loving, spiritual

vibrations. I looked at my clock and found it was exactly three o'clock in the morning. I immediately got out of my bed and repeated, "Max Heindel, Max Heindel? Yes; now I know; he wrote the Rosicrucian Fellowship *Cosmo-Conception*, that precious book I have left on my bookshelf for several months unread."

Needless to say the morning sun was well above the eastern horizon when I finally was forced temporarily to lay the *Cosmo-Conception* aside to await my earliest opportunity to continue my study. I am still studying this wonderful book which seems endless in its soul-satisfying message to the world.

Let Us Pray

By LOUISE WILSON DUNWELL

In these dark days when haughty hosts of
might
Vaunt, with loud boast, defiance of the right,
And freedom finds no place to lay her head,
Save in lost kingdoms of forgotten dead;
When men exalt brute force they count their
own,
Forgetting all power comes from God alone,
And lay in waste His gifts, land, sea and air,
We have one refuge still—to kneel in prayer.

That prayer of faith once caused the over-
throw
Of the stanch, stalwart walls of Jericho,
And pushed back the Red Sea, till on dry
ground
God's children passed, while all their foes
were drowned.
God's changeless wisdom and transcendent
power
Are just as potent in this trying hour;
Infinite love will guide us all the way;
God is our Father. Brothers, let us pray!

Too long the nations have forgotten God,
And now they pass beneath the chastening
rod;
If we return to faith our fathers knew,
And ask God's help in everything we do,
His promises are sure, and cannot fail,
And they who trust His word must soon
prevail;
Pray on, fight on, till darkness rolls away!
This is man's only hope; so let us pray!

Karmic Oddities

By GERTRUDE L. LAMBLY



THROUGHOUT life one finds many strange and apparently unexplainable conditions and circumstances. With the inner key given by the Rosicrucian Teachings one can unlock the door of mystery and all becomes obvious and apparent.

The basis of all things and the varied expressions and experiences of life can be explained by no other means than that of knowledge of rebirth or reincarnation, and its application. The whole of life progresses; thus we naturally infer successive lives or states of existence. We eventually shall attain perfection. The advance to that end is furthered in each incarnation. Thus we must realize that what the Teachers of Mankind reveal to us regarding this great scheme is accurate. Reincarnation is essential.

Traveling through life one meets many people and all have something great or small, which puzzles them. So many of these conditions can be explained by reincarnation. A certain girl was greatly confused and annoyed by always being alluded to as a Jewess, her five brothers as Chinese, and her sister as an Eurasian. Being of a proud nature she did not speak of it straight away, but in course of conversation she mentioned it. She asked directly why such stupid conditions existed and complained that people were not at all kind to make remarks in regard to it.

The writer was able to bring considerable peace of mind to the enquirer and to transmit to her the means by which she could solve her difficulties through these marvelous channels of advanced thought. It was explained to her that this state was a direct case of karma—the unfinished result of a past life or lives. Why should we pray for long life and to be delivered from sudden death if it had no very definite purport? Doubt-

less the brothers were actually Chinese in the preceding life and had worked out of it mentally but not in physical appearance. The sister's karma could be explained in this wise too. The Chinese external condition is gradually diminishing as years pass by.

The enquirer herself functioned so very strongly to a certain phase of Scorpio, that she resembled a Jewess. This sometimes happens and usually causes annoyance. The characteristics created in former lives have caused the outward resemblance to this type and the possessor is very sensitive about it. Upon explaining the reason for these confused types, the change began almost at once. With the knowledge came advancement. The karma began to dissolve, as it were, and the correct nationality became more evident day by day.

When it is the first incarnation West, these distressing states may exist, partly Eastern and partly Western, and the ensuing confusion hinders considerably in the smooth-running daily life. These sisters and brothers were clever and charming and of clear British parentage in their present earth life.

After much very interesting talk relative to the teachings of Max Heindel, all doubts were dispelled and the enquirer was a firm believer in his wonderful teaching of life in all its phases. The unkind remarks lost their sting, they were treated lightly, with a smile. Instead of becoming angry when asked, "Who was the Chinese gentleman you were with last night?" the smiling response would be, "My brother"; nothing more. This, among other innumerable incidents one could cite, urges us to endeavor to work off our karma or the result of our actions, here and now. Thus we leave much less overlapping to work off when we take up another incarnation.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

Father Time and His Scythe

By EMILY W. LORTCHER

Q. What terminates the time of building and sowing in the life of man?

A. The harvest time, when the skeleton spectre of Death arrives with his scythe and hour-glass.

Q. Why is this representation of death a good symbol?

A. Because the skeleton symbolizes the relatively permanent part of the body. The scythe represents the fact that this permanent part, which is about to be harvested by the spirit, is the fruitage of the life now drawing to a close. The hour-glass in his hand indicates that the hour does not strike until the full course has been run in harmony with unvarying laws.

Q. When that hour arrives what occurs in our bodies?

A. Separation of the vehicles occurs.

Q. Why is it not necessary for man to retain his dense body?

A. Because his life in the Physical World is ended for the time being.

Q. What happens to the vital body which also belongs to the Physical World?

A. It is withdrawn by way of the head, leaving the dense body inanimate.

Q. How do the higher vehicles—vital body, desire body, and mind—separate from the dense body?

A. They are seen to leave the dense body with a spiral movement, taking with them the *soul* of one dense atom. Not the atom itself but *the forces* that played through it. The results of the experiences passed through in the dense body during the life just ended have been impressed upon this particular atom.

Q. Does this permanent atom contain the impressions of this life only?

A. No; it has been a part of every dense body ever used by a particular Ego.

Q. Why is this permanent atom called the "Seed-Atom"?

A. Because it serves as the nucleus around which is built the new dense body to be used by the same Ego.

Q. During life, where is this Seed-Atom situated?

A. In the left ventricle of the heart, near the apex.

Q. How does it leave the dense body at death?

A. It rises to the brain by way of the pneumogastric nerve, leaving the dense body, together with the higher vehicles, by way of the sutures between the parietal and occipital bones.

Q. When the higher vehicles have left the dense body are they completely severed from it?

A. No, they are still connected with it by a slender, glistening, silvery cord shaped much like two sixes reversed, one upright and one horizontally placed, the two connected at the extremities of the hooks.

Q. What causes the heart to stop?

A. The rupture of the seed-atom.

Q. Is the cord snapped at the same time?

A. No, the cord itself is not snapped until the panorama of the past life, contained in the vital body, has been reviewed and etched into the desire body.

Q. How soon after death can embalming or cremation safely take place?

A. Not until at least three days, for while the vital body is with the higher vehicles and they are still connected with the dense body by means of the silver cord, any *post-mortem* examination or other injury to the dense body will be felt, in a measure, by the man.

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 96-98.)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY



The Marriage at Cana

By JANE TEMPLETON



And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have wine.

And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew;) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom,

And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

(John 2:1-11.)

In this account of the first miracle performed by Christ Jesus we are given an occult truth of deep significance: the mystic marriage of the higher and the lower self under the new order of Temple Service then inaugurated.

In past periods of evolution man has been constituted differently at different times, having food suitable to the particular needs of his body during each period. The first human race, symbolized by Adam in the Bible, had only a min-

eral, earthy body. The second race is symbolized by Cain, who had dense and vital bodies. Man was plantlike and ate the grain he grew from the soil. The third race had evolved a desire body, and because of this passional element, became animal-like. Animal food was added to his diet, as Nimrod became a mighty hunter.

Finally, the mind was given as a link between the threefold spirit and the threefold body, and the spirit entered the body and became indwelling. It was necessary that man forget his spiritual origin so that he could learn the lessons of the material earth, and for this purpose a new food was given. Wine, a spirit fermented outside the body, was first used by Noah, the Atlantean man, to deaden the spirit dwelling in the body. Under the benumbing influence of this psuedo spirit man gradually forgot his divine origin and focused his attention upon conquering the material world.

Because of the purpose wine served in the evolution of man, it was sanctioned by Christ Jesus at the marriage at Cana. However, with the passing of the Piscean Dispensation and the coming in of the Aquarian Age, man is to take another step in evolution, and this requires the abolition of wine from his diet. The divine spirit housed in each human being is awakening from its toxic sleep induced by the spirit of wine, and is beginning to remember its divine origin and heritage. As man masters the lessons of the age of wine he will cease using wine and will eventually bring about the mystic marriage within himself—the union of the higher and lower selves.

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.

Sign and House Difference

By ANN BARNESLEY

*I am a stranger in the earth:
Hide not thy commandments from me.
(Psalm 119, verse 19.)*

INCE man is spirit his natural home is in the spiritual realms and when he is housed in physical atoms, no matter how wondrously put together, he struggles to be free of limiting earth conditions. It is this struggling that is shown in the astrological chart by planets in the signs and houses, by the aspects they make, and by their placement over or under the horizon.

Sometimes there is very little sense of bondage. The spirit manages to keep free, chained to earth by only a few urges. Then again we see a spirit so immersed in matter that no struggle is apparent. He is content to be on earth—and in it; though unseen development may be taking place in the hidden recesses of the soul.

Obvious spiritual struggles are shown by the squares and oppositions but there are more subtle means of diagnosis as well. The sign that enfolds the planetary urge tells much of character, of what has been brought over from a previous life. The placement of the planets in the different houses explains in what department of our life that particular urge will work. And last but not least valuable to the process of diagnosis,

there is the matter of whether the planets are above or beneath the earth or horizon.

In order that the student of astrology be able to judge the state of consciousness in the ego whose soul processes are laid out before him, there must be an understanding on his part of the intrinsic difference between the sign and house placements of the planets and knowledge of what their position above or below the earth may mean. To the beginner in this subtle study of the stars there often arises confusion of ideas in regard to signs and houses. There may be the feeling that a planet's position in a certain house contradicts the sign vibration but after a few years' experience he knows that this is never so.

For instance, consider a man having his Sagittarian Jupiter in the third house. We know then that his "urge to expansion through ideas" (Jupiter) is of the noble, far-reaching, aspiring kind. He is broadminded, tolerant, and seeks expansion in a kindly humane way. The third house as we know has to do with our attitude to near relatives and our reception of their attitude to us. It has to do with our near-environment and our near-to-earth or concrete mind. It concerns short journeys, letters, communications of all kinds.

So we see then that this man will use his Jupiterian urge in a concrete prac-

tical way. He will bring his aspiring ability (Jupiter) to aim true and straight (Sagittarius) into the practical third house and will demonstrate such ability there. It may be that he will go to far places (Jupiter in Sagittarius on the lower plane) but when he gets there his Jupiter will be used in short journey or "communication" ways. He may be employed in a telegraphic capacity for instance if further indication in the chart points that way. (In that case perhaps he would have the Sun in Gemini in the ninth house.)

A woman has her Cancer Sun in the second house. We know then that her real self (the Sun) is of the emotional, sensitive type. She has come to earth this time with understanding of many of the matters that Cancer stands for modified or increased of course by the Moon's position in house or sign, and all the aspects to the Sun and Moon.

Now the Sun in the second house of this Cancer native may manifest as ability to earn a livelihood and so look after herself, but it is also likely that other indications in the chart will show that her husband is to be the provider and that experience in life will come through managing possessions and food stuffs which are second house affairs. The second house is also her husband's eighth, so it is probable that other experience will come through his attitude to sex, or his death. But always she will contact these matters through a Cancer vibration and not through a second house vibration. There is indeed a difference.

Someone has her Taurus Neptune in the twelfth house. Neptune shows what we yearn after, what our ideals are. Here it is colored by the Venus ruled Taurus. So this woman's ideals have to do with material comfort, at least in the first half of life. The "things that give tone to life" mean much to her not only for herself but for her family as well since Taurus is a family vibration (what comes to us out of ourself). Later in life the ideals would likely take a different turn and beckon from the plane of the spirit

which Neptune rules. But, and this is important, no matter whether the ideals be negative or constructive they will partake of the practical Taurus vibration and will be expressed from the twelfth house department of her life. The twelfth house is said to hold our karmic debts—to show the something we cannot avoid; a house that even Christians, unless they have occult understanding through astrology, usually fail to understand.

The twelfth house being a secret house we realize that any events that materialize as a result of progressions to a planet there will not be fully explained or will hold mystery in some other form. They will attack from the rear or slip up on us while we are unaware. Rewards as well as troubles come to us from this house but they will be a secret satisfaction to the soul rather than an outward manifestation of gain.

Another example of sign and house difference: Thomas Alva Edison was born February 11, 1847, with his Capricorn Mars in the second house though on the cusp of the third. Therefore his emotional desire nature (the motive power behind all activity) is immersed in the Capricorn vibration suggesting that intense ambition will show in every act, that he is not easily daunted, that obstacles will but spur him on. Since the second house is involved we see that money-making will be the incentive, and, since Mars brings in the third house, we know that traffic and communication would play a big part in his life, and short journeys and environmental activities of all kinds. Also Mars in the second suggests a proclivity for scattering the money he makes so readily. But here too we must remember that it is his Capricorn ambitious and dauntless desire nature that is projected into second and third house matters and not a third and second house Mars that is projected into tenth house affairs (Capricorn). There is a vast difference.

And again: A man has his Saturn in Aries in the ninth house, and he has the rare ability of meeting defeat with a face

shining with hope for the future. He is always ready to try again. Saturn as you know represents the more earthy part of self, the tendency of the consciousness to crystallize around material things and the ability of the body to go through the process of chemicalization, and later to harden into the disintegration that men call death. It stands for the grosser part of the desire body and for the sin body.

An Aries vibration ensouling this planet, therefore, is somewhat incongruous. Cold earth and ardent fire . . . how difficult to work with! It often results in a nature that is inconsistent, and hard on self. However, if there is a fire sign rising, or fire is otherwise stressed in a chart where this vibration exists then it can act as a brake and give balance to an impulsive character. Saturn does not deny entirely the qualities of the sign wherein he rests nor does he prevent manifestation in that department of the life shown by the house that he is in but he does inhibit, bind, and obstruct in some form or other. A man with Saturn in Leo in the tenth, for instance, by portraying the negative characteristics of that planet and sign (a hard heart and lust for power) and by concentrating with all the persistence that Saturn gives on his desire for fame will, in time, attain to his desires. *But* where Saturn is, there is crystallization also. He hardens, sets, keeps on and on. The man by attaining to his unworthy ambition has set in motion something hard to stop even when he wants to . . . and often disintegrates with a terrible bang, so to speak.

Steady, persistent, conscientious effort is Saturn's constructive demonstration. Cold, hard, selfish oblivion to everything but material advancement is his destructive manifestation. So then, Saturn does not deny material advancement in whatever house he is located but always brings some sort of discipline or sorrow. The man with the Aries Saturn in the ninth had many long trips but hard work and some suffering awaited him over seas and several long journeys

were connected with sorrow through death. But he failed in contacting the higher characteristics in the department of advanced thinking, showing no interest in philosophy or any products of the higher mind (indicated by the ninth house position). The man is indeed a "stranger in the earth" but there is no cry of "hide not thy commandments from me."

Had this man had several planets beneath the earth his might have been a different story. For when there are many planets beneath the earth we are *conscious* of being a "stranger" here and yearn to be free with the whole heart. Not free of earth, of course, but of the confining fetters that earth imposes on its natives.

It is plain that when our planets are above the earth their vibrations reach us quickly. They are 'inspired' with our first breath and we start in soon to use them in a normal way. And as we grow to maturity we are apt to behave consistently or even obviously and to exhibit no inhibitions to speak of. The more planets rising the more our destiny is in our hands. We know instinctively what to do and go ahead and do it. It would seem that he who has almost all planets out in the light of day this time is using lessons he learned in some previous incarnation. Consciousness unfolds as a result of living in the "outer." He is inclined to be somewhat of an extrovert.

When most of our planets are beneath the earth we may also be working in the outer and we may have a job that keeps our tenth house highly active but the consciousness would be turned within . . . for good or bad.

When planets are under the earth we must reach down or out to get at them, in theory they cannot come to us. We must pry through the hard crust of earth to contact the warmth of Jupiter or the virile activity of Mars. But "as above so below" and if the planets are below the earth so in our own consciousness the "I" is separated from its urges. There is an exaggerated sense of isolation and

aloneness. We ponder much and introspect. We are inclined to introversion.

To take once more the chart of Edison as one example: All planets except Jupiter are beneath the earth. Although in the world continually he was not of it. His consciousness was turned within to the vast depths of his own being where lay the marvelous inventions which were to be his gift to man. In moments of research he was in contact with the ethers and felt at home. In all earth contacts he felt himself to be a stranger and struggled to set the spirit free and it was that struggling that brought to birth his genius.

A woman has all but two planets (Neptune and the Moon) beneath the earth. Her spirit struggled with earth life for over forty futile years before it

could find freedom. Always she had sought for recognition for her talents, believing that her true worth was not appreciated by her small world. She would try first one outlet then another but everything failed her until finally there was nothing to do but to go to the depths of her own outraged being. "I am a stranger in the earth," she cried. "Oh, hide not thy commandments from me." And like all prayers wrung from an aching heart this one was answered. The woman was enabled to find love and peace and soul-release in a path that heretofore had been hidden by the dank weeds of the selfish self.

Reference: Basic information may be found in *The Message of the Stars*, by Max Heindel, pages 72-79.

The Children of Capricorn



HOSE born while the Sun is passing through the Saturnian sign Capricorn, between December 22nd and January 19th, are usually of a practical and serious nature, with the staying qualities of Saturn, which is the ruler of this sign. In childhood their vitality is frequently low, but once infancy is passed they cling to life with great tenacity and often live to be very old. Capricorn well aspected gives the native the Saturn virtues of honesty, frugality, perseverance, thrift, etc., but adversely aspected the opposite qualities have a tendency to make the person malicious, avaricious, pessimistic, secretive, obstructive, etc.

Capricorn children are usually of a sensitive nature, inclined to be jealous and suspicious; their feelings are easily hurt. Parents should begin very early to help them overcome these traits. While these youngsters are often bashful and timid at first, when they become acquainted, they show the domineering nature of this sign, which is the natural

tenth-house or "top of the chart" sign, and attempt to make everyone do things their way. A constructive channel for suspicion is in legitimate detective work, in which they excel.

They have forethought and concentration, as well as splendid executive ability, qualities which belong to the born leaders and organizers which so many of them are. On the other hand they chafe under restraint and dislike taking orders from others. In subordinate positions they frequently become irritable, pessimistic, and given to worry. They are loyal friends and persistent enemies, finding it hard to forgive an injury whether real or imagined.

Ambition is the leading characteristic of this sign, and as Capricorn is an earthy sign they are eminently practical, sometimes over cautious. They are successful in vocations having to do with the earth, such as real estate, mines, building, or dealing in materials pertaining to these lines. They should be at the

(Continued on page 28)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

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

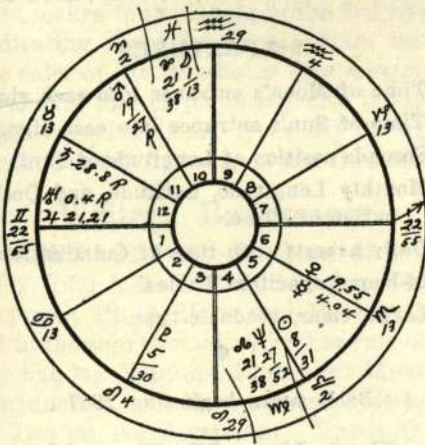
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

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

SUSANNE E. S.

Born October 1, 1941, 9:50 P.M.

Latitude 41 N. Longitude 82 W.



We are taking the horoscope of a child this month which was born with the beneficent rays of Jupiter conjuncting the Ascendant. Such people are generous, honorable, and magnanimous, sunny and always good natured, but easily taken advantage of, because they are ever ready to help the one who can worm his way into their sympathy. Gemini rising gives a slender body, but Jupiter conjunction the Ascendant tends to a more portly body, in later life becoming quite fleshy.

Mercury is life ruler, because he rules Gemini, the Ascendant. He is found in the 5th house, in Scorpio, semisextile the Sun and Neptune, square Pluto, and trine the Moon. A trine between the

Moon and Mercury is conducive to a good mentality; the mind is thus well fortified and quick to respond.

This child is a born mystic, one destined to take up her work in a school of Mysticism, for we find Uranus above the Ascendant in the 12th house (in Gemini), making five aspects, as follows: trine to the Sun and to Neptune; conjunction to Saturn; sextile to Pluto, and square to the Moon. Planets with so many aspects as this have a strong influence on the life of the native.

This young woman's life will be very full of experiences, for most of her planets are quite active: for instance, the Sun and Moon also have enough aspects so that they will keep things very active. The Sun in Libra in the 5th house is sextile Pluto, trine Uranus and Saturn, conjunction the mystical Neptune, semisextile Mercury, a wonderful indication of the spiritual qualities to which this child will respond. Being born into a family which we believe is interested in advanced thought we feel that this soul has come into this life to leave her mark in the field of occultism. Another strong indication is that Saturn, Uranus and Jupiter are in the 12th house indicating mysticism.

With the pleasing personality of Jupiter on the Ascendant, and Jupiter sextile to Mars, there will be energy and ability to lead. Originality is shown by a well aspected Mercury in the 5th house; she could be successful as a teacher of psy-

chology, or occultism in some school where the advanced Aquarian teachings are taught.

Saturn in Taurus is conjoined Uranus in Gemini which will have a tendency to produce some physical disturbance in the throat. This is further indicated by a square to the radical Moon. Should she at any time have trouble with tonsils or adenoids, do not have them operated on; instead, a careful diet, abstinence from solid foods for a time, and osteopathic manipulations are advisable.

We find in this horoscope three retrograde planets: Mars, Saturn, and Uranus. Retrograde planets may be likened to a tired horse which needs to be urged or driven a little hard; these planets are slower and not as active until they again turn forward, therefore a little pushing may be needed. However, Mars in the house of friends (eleventh) and in its own sign of Aries is stimulated through its position in spite of being retrograde; friends will be ready at all times to help and bring joy to this individual. With Mars sextile Jupiter from the Ascendant, the personality of this girl will ever attract friends, and will also keep them.

CHILDREN OF CAPRICORN

(Continued from page 26)

head of the business or enterprise or in an executive position. They are especially able as politicians, they have a natural capacity for details.

As to health, they are much subject to colds, and as Capricorn governs the knees a principal source of danger is falls and bruises. There is also a reflex action on the stomach, which is ruled by Cancer the sign opposite Capricorn, resulting in digestive disturbances. Capricorn also rules the skin, hence eczema and other skin afflictions are among its diseases. Saturn is obstructive by nature, therefore the channels of elimination and circulation should be kept free. The gall bladder is under his rulership, also chronic and deep-seated ailments.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
MT. ECCLESIA
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

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 55 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Mail Clerk. Draftsman

ROBERT R. H.—Born September 27, 1910, 11:20 P.M. Lat. 45 N. Long. 98 W. Here are five planets in airy signs, of which Mercury, Mars, and the Sun are in conjunction in Libra, sextile the Moon in Leo, denoting mechanical ability and a clever mind in adjusting machinery. Venus in Virgo trine Uranus in Capricorn makes four planets in the 3rd house indicating short journeys. Mars being the ruler of the 10th house (government) he should find employment with the post office carrying mail from city to city. Architectural drawing is also indicated.

Writer. Bookkeeper

MARGARET F. S.—Born May 18, 1889, 9:30 A.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 83 W. Neptune, Pluto, Mars, and Mercury are all in the sign Gemini which has rule over the hands; Neptune, Pluto and Mars in conjunction, and Mercury sextile Saturn in Leo on the Ascendant. Venus is in its own sign of Taurus intercepted in the 10th house and semisextile the Sun, Neptune, Pluto and Mars. All these elevated planets indicate unusual mental ability which should find its expression through the hands. Commercial work, bookkeeping, writing, expressing through the pen.

Reporter

ANDREW W.—Born July 3, 1901, 1 P.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 76 W. Sun conjunction Mercury in the 3rd house points to writings, publications; and Mercury sextile Mars in Virgo in the 5th house to newspapers and printshops. A restlessness is shown, drifting about, for we find the planets scattered in seven signs; hence we would advise a vocation where the man has opportunity to move

about, newspaper reporter, editorial writer or commentator, printer.

Jeweler. Metal Worker

OSCAR C. W.—Born May 14, 1921. No hour given. Lat. 32 N. Long. 95 W. Here the Sun is conjoined Mercury in Taurus; Venus, the ruler of Taurus, is conjunct the Dragon's Tail in Aries, trine the Moon in Leo; and Mars is in the sign of the hands, Gemini. This young man should find pleasure in shaping and working with metals, especially with gold. As both Taurus (sun) and Leo (moon) are fond of jewelry, we may say that this young man with Mars in Gemini, showing cleverness with the hands, would make a good jeweler or metal worker.

Teacher of Art and Music

CYNTHIA M. W.—Born February 4, 1922, 9:40 P.M. Lat. 54 N. Long. 3 W. With Venus the planet of art and music conjunction the Sun in the 5th house, which represents schools, and both Venus and the Sun trine to Saturn and Jupiter in Libra, the home of Venus, we find wonderful talent for art and music. As teacher of these subjects in the public school she would find success.

Speaker. Radio Entertainer

FELICIA T.—Born November 12, 1911, about 11 A.M. Lat. 5 N. Long. 3 W. Aquarius is on the Ascendant, with its ruler, Uranus, in Capricorn just above the Ascendant. Uranus is sextile to both Jupiter and the Sun which are in conjunction in the 10th house (career, reputation); Venus is in the sign of the voice, Libra, sextile Mercury, which planet is also in the 10th house; the Moon is in Leo in the 7th house, indicating the public, and is sextile Venus in

Libra. No stronger indications could be found for bringing the native before the public. An Aquarian is ever courteous and a natural public character. Radio entertaining or public speaking would be our choice for vocations.

Restaurant. Art Store

HAZEL O. M.—Born July 15, 1887, about 1 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 91 W. At the age of fifty-five the choice of a vocation which takes years to learn cannot be considered, but it is not too late to go into business for herself. The Dragon's Head and Mars, Sun, and Saturn are in Cancer (food), Sun and Saturn being sextile to the Moon, ruler of Cancer, and to Neptune near the Ascendant. These aspects to the planets in Cancer, the sign which has rule over the stomach, indicate success in a restaurant or other place where foods are dispensed. Or, with Moon and Neptune in Taurus on the Ascendant, and Mars sextile Venus, the ruler of Taurus, she could be a saleswoman where objects of art are handled.

Manager. Promoter

MRS. O. L.—Born February 4, 1893, 6:30 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 71 W. A woman 49 years old, without special training. She has Aquarius on the Ascendant, and with Mercury and the Sun rising in Aquarius she should be a good mixer, one who can manage and who can introduce new things, a born sales manager, leader, and promoter. Also with Neptune and Pluto conjoined in Gemini, the sign of the hands, and trine to both Mercury and the Sun, she should produce original and unusual designs in art and needlework, besides being clever in the creation of these designs with the hands as well as the head.

Masseuse. Publicity Agent

VERNA H.—Born March 13, 1901, 11:50 A.M. Lat. 45 N. Long. 86 W. Four planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Moon, and Uranus are in the 6th house, the house of sickness and healing, with Mars in the

vital and positive sign Leo trine the Moon, also sextile Neptune in Gemini the sign ruling the hands. Both Neptune and Pluto are in the 12th house, the house of hospitals and other places where healing is accomplished. These planets stand for advanced ideas or unusual things; they also represent healing by divine power. This woman could develop wonderful healing power through manipulations and massage. Also with Venus and Mercury conjoined in Pisces in the 9th house and sextile to Jupiter, and the Sun also in Pisces in the 10th, conjunct the Midheaven, as second best vocation, publicity agent, advertising salesman.

Railroad or Steamship Office

BILLIE M. H.—Born January 17, 1928, 3:50 P.M. Lat. 35 N. Long. 119 W. Jupiter conjuncts the Midheaven in its own sign Pisces; the Moon, Venus, Saturn, Dragon's Tail, and Mars all in Sagittarius, the sign on the cusp of the 6th house (employment), Sagittarius being the 'natural' 9th-house sign (long journeys); Mars trines Neptune in Leo in the 3rd house (short journeys). In addition the Moon sextile Mercury, and the Sun in the 7th house sextile Jupiter in the 10th, Jupiter being in the watery sign Pisces, are all indications leaning towards travel in connection with employment. Therefore we would advise educating this girl for clerical or travelers' aid work for steamship and railway companies. Literary ability is also shown.

Demonstrator. Salesman

WALTER S. B.—Born July 21, 1890, 4 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 72 W. At the age of 52 years it is late to advise a vocation which would need years to learn, but with Mars in its own sign Scorpio in the 5th house trine the Sun and Mercury in Cancer conjuncting the Ascendant; with Jupiter in Aquarius in the 7th house, and Uranus in Libra in the 4th house, this man could be quite successful in dealing with the public as traveling salesman for a concern which deals in food stuffs.

Worth-While News



What Every Pilot Knows

Every pilot knows about the Gremlins and the Fifinellas and he knows too that these Little People are tougher to fight than either the Germans or the Japs. . . .

In common with the rest of the American correspondents in Britain, I too made a profound study of the problem. I have seen the Gremlins, talked to them. Perhaps one of these days, a Gremlin will be captured and if he can be made to talk, you will have proof that I am right. . . .

One day an airdrome was built close by the forest. Smiling lads in the blue of the R.A.F. came in Spitfires to their new home. Over and above the noise of the planes, you could hear another noise—the hum of a thousand small shrill voices—and there was something in the sound of their chorus that chilled you a bit. The Gremlins, who are inquisitive Little People, had come to look over their new neighbors.

I told the lads then of the Gremlins, but they wouldn't believe me at first and laughed. They actually didn't even believe me when I told them that I'd heard the leprechauns of Gort na Cloca Mora, who guarded buried treasure, and that once in Ireland I'd not only seen but had talked to Angus Og the philosopher, who was six hundred years old. I told them how once, in a cave near Killarney I'd heard the harp played by the son of Trogain, whose music heals the sick and makes the sad heart merry, and in the north, I had actually heard the Five Guardians of Ulster, mightiest of warriors, singing their battle cries in the hills.

"To laugh at such things is not for grown men," I told these pilots. . . . "No smart man would risk the anger of these people."

They all laughed, but they didn't laugh the next day when Squadron Leader Cecil Burnett just managed to make his landfall. He told of how a Fifinella had poured salt water in his petrol tanks while he was over the Irish Sea. Everything went wrong after that and finally the group captain ordered the whole squadron to take a month's rest.—From Quentin Reynolds' article in *Colliers* for October 31, 1942.

It is quite true that there is a subhuman life wave, generally spoken of as elementals, and there are many people

who are able to see these interesting etheric entities quite plainly. Generally speaking, these little creatures are divided into four primary classes—gnomes, undines, sylphs, and salamanders.

The gnomes are the most dense and therefore the most easily seen. Their bodies are composed principally of chemical ether and therefore they are of the earth earthy; that is to say, that they never fly about as do the sylphs. The bodies of the gnomes are so dense that they can be burned in fire, and they grow old in a manner not so greatly different from mankind, but their lives are longer than those of men, being a few hundred years. The gnomes live on the land. The undines live in the water. Their bodies are composed of life ether which makes them more enduring, so that they live thousands of years. The sylphs live in the air. Their bodies are composed of light ether and last considerably longer than do the bodies of the undines. The salamanders are fire spirits. Their bodies are composed chiefly of reflecting ether, and last for many thousands of years.

The gnomes work both in and outside of the earth. They build the green chlorophyll into the leaves of plants and give to the flowers the multiplicity of delicate tints exhibited by them. They also assist in opening passages in the earth and even the rocks, and they cut crystals in minerals and make priceless gems.

The undines are concerned with all matters relating to water. They are often seen in waterfalls and in the crest of curling waves. The sylphs control the action of the wind, bringing calm or blustery weather.

The salamanders are found everywhere, and no fire is ever lighted without their help; but they are mostly active underground, and are responsible for explosions and volcanic eruptions. They are sometimes seen in the shape of fiery balls or tongues of flame running over fields or even appearing in houses.

The habits of gnomes somewhat resemble those of man. They work and sleep, eat and drink. They have children, and a language peculiar to themselves. They pass through rocks and walls with perfect ease. There is a class of gnomes known as pigmies and they are usually of a malicious nature. They are normally about eighteen inches tall but have the power to shorten or elongate their forms and apparently it is this class of nature spirits which are being contacted by our air pilots.

The Scotch names applied to the strange little creatures contacted by our men in the army, Gremlins and Fifinellas, are entirely new to us but nevertheless the descriptions given tally very well with what is said and known about the gnome family. The article quoted mentioned these little beings as running about on different parts of the airplane structure inquisitively peering into and apparently inspecting all parts of it. The article also speaks of the forests they are known to inhabit, "echoing with faint melodies," all of which coincides very well with an account given of the gnomes by a noted clairvoyant, a Mr. Whitworth, who watched the antics they performed about an organ which was being manipulated by a certain German professor. Mr. Whitworth saw a host of little creatures moving about the keyboard, minute in size, yet fairly well developed, divided as to sex and clothes in a most fantastic manner; in form, appearance, and movement they were in perfect accord with the theme of the music. In quick measures they danced madly, waving their plumed hats and fans in very ecstasy, darting back and forth with inconceivable rapidity, their

feet beating time in a rainlike patter of accord. Quick as a flash, when the music changed to the solemn cadence of a march for the dead, the airy little creatures vanished, and in their stead came black-robed gnomes, dressed like cowed monks, in the black garb of a funeral procession.

Strangest of all, on every little face was expressed the sentiment of the music so plainly that one could easily understand the thought and feeling that it was intended to portray. For instance: in a wild burst of sounding grief came a rush of gnome mothers, teary-eyed, hair disheveled, beating their breasts and wailing pious lamentations over their dead loved ones. A strain of martial music brought forth a concourse of plumed knights, with shields and spears, and a host of fiery troops, mounted, or on foot, red-handed in the fierce strife of bloody battle. Each change in the music brought forth a new set of sprites, and at the same time the old ones would vanish into the air as quickly as they had come. Whenever a discord was struck, the tiny creatures that appeared were misshapen, with limbs and clothes awry, oftentimes hunchback dwarfs, whose voices were guttural and rasping, and whose every movement was ungainly and disagreeable.

In view of the rapidly increasing evidence coming to the fore relative to the existence of unseen forces all about us, it appears that the time is close at hand when even the most skeptical materialist will be forced to admit the existence of other worlds and inhabitants of the same which they have hitherto so vehemently denied. Already, to an increasing number of people, the veil between the seen and the unseen worlds is becoming very thin and the time is rapidly approaching when those who have so long fashioned the beliefs of the people according to their own unillumined ideas will be so far in the minority that they will no longer be able to focus the minds of the people on material achievements to the detriment of spiritual realities.

Question Department



Rosicrucian Students Cooperate With Scientists

Question:

I have read somewhere in your literature that we as occult students should co-operate with the material scientists wherever we can, and make use of the information which they are able to obtain. Would it really not be much more satisfactory in relation to disputed points, like the nature of the atom, for instance, or even the right or wrong kind of food, to go directly to the higher worlds and clairvoyantly obtain the correct information? Would this not be the best and most correct way to accurately settle disputed subjects without waiting long years probably for the material scientist to get true information through his method of tedious experimentation.

Answer:

It is quite true that Rosicrucian students believe in co-operating with the material scientists and using the knowledge they obtain as far as that knowledge is true and practicable. It is a noteworthy fact that Max Heindel incorporated considerable scientific knowledge in our textbook, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. The reason is that one can best obtain true information in regard to the nature and condition of things on any plane with the senses that are correlated to that plane. That is to say, we can best secure information in regard to the Etheric Region by means of our etheric sense sight; we can best investigate the Desire World with the senses of the desire body, namely, clairvoyance and clairaudience; and we can best inform ourselves in regard to the Thought World with the senses of the mind or mental body, that is, with a still higher form of

clairvoyance which pertains to that region.

One makes a mistake when he thinks that all sorts of information on physical subjects can be obtained from spiritual sources. If one desires, however, to obtain knowledge in regard to the spiritual counterparts of any physical object or condition, then he should use the spiritual sense sight. For instance, should one desire certain knowledge relative to the mental archetype of an ocean steamer, he should seek for it in the region of Concrete Thought where are found the archetypes of all that is. Or should one desire information relating to the emotional conditions existing about a revival meeting, for example, he should concentrate on the Desire World, which is the realm of feelings and emotions, and there observe the colors that are produced by the activities carried on in that particular meeting. But should he desire to know something about the physical properties of metals such as copper, iron, et cetera, then he should experiment with that particular metal on the physical plane, using his physical sight.

Many people have the mistaken idea that the minute one gains consciousness in the invisible worlds he at once becomes omniscient and immediately has access to all the knowledge there is. But this is no more true in the higher realms than it is in the physical world. In all of those realms knowledge is obtained by effort just the same as it is here. True, in the Second Heaven the archetypes there speak and flood us with a knowledge of themselves, but we can only make this knowledge our own by studying it and working with it after we have returned to the earth plane.

In accepting scientific knowledge, how-

ever, we must always keep in mind that it is not infallible, due to the fact that scientists are ever discovering new material which modifies many of their earlier findings. Judgment and discrimination must be used in this matter as well as in all others.

THE ARCHANGELS WORK WITH HUMANITY

Question:

Do beings as great as the Archangels really do any actual work with humanity, individually, or is that just a pleasant fancy?

Answer:

Yes, indeed, the archangels do have a great deal to do with humanity by helping our life wave in its evolution.

Certain Archangels are very much concerned with the birth of the individual, helping him in the selection of his environment and allotting to each life the right destiny which is ready to be worked out into effects. They guide the stellar influence so that they affect each individual in such a way as to facilitate the liquidation of his past indebtedness to others, helping him also to reap the benefit of whatever good he had done in past lives. As race spirits they have dominion over races or groups of people. During heaven life they teach and guide man in the building and use of his desire body, also how to reconstruct the earth and how to build the archetype of the body which he will later inhabit on earth. They furthermore work with humanity industrially and politically as arbitrators of the destiny of people and nations.

NO EXCESS OF GIRL BABIES NECESSARY

Question:

I understand that, as a rule, the sex of the ego alternates from life to life. If this is a fact, owing to the great number of soldiers passing out daily, will there not be an unusually large number of girl babies born very soon? I believe that

those who suffer a violent death return to earth life quickly, remaining out of incarnation only a short while.

Answer:

Investigation along the line mentioned shows that there does not seem to be any particular attention paid as to the sex of the ego during the intermediate life mentioned; the ego taking the opportunity for rebirth wherever it can be found, all that is really necessary being, that the material for the new vehicle be gathered, so that the moral impression may be made on the spirit's desire body during the period which follows the death of these individuals as children. It appears, therefore, that there will be very little difference relative to the sex of these returning egos other than that which normally occurs.

THE EARTH IS OUR FIELD OF EVOLUTION

Question:

Why must the ego reincarnate on this one little globe again and again when there are so many other globes and solar systems? Why is this earth, which is scarcely a speck in the universe, the spot selected for us to gather experiences?

Answer:

There was a time when our entire life wave of some sixty billion were all inhabitants of the sun. Gradually a certain number of the life wave, approximately six billion, crystallized that portion of the sun which they inhabited to such a degree that after a time it had to be thrown off into space, and those who had crystallized it were thrown off with it. Since that time the globe which we crystallized has been our particular field of evolution, and it is evolving with us. Having created the earth, there is a magnetic attraction between it and us which holds the two together. As we develop during the process of evolution our vehicles are gradually becoming less dense and the same thing is happening to the vehicles of the earth. When we have

(Continued on page 46)

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 True Cause of Contagion

By MAX HEINDEL



HERE are many people of a supercilious nature who are always ready to crack a joke at the expense of Christian Science and kindred methods of divine healing which teach their followers to cultivate a fearless attitude of mind under all conditions. But as a matter of actual fact, an enormous percentage of our sickness is actually due and traceable to feelings of fear upon the part of the patient.

Travelers who have visited uninhabited islands report that the birds and beasts found there were unafraid of them at first, but they soon learned the predatory nature of man, and fled before him in fear of their lives. Thus the ruthless nature of man has in ages past, spread fear all over the earth; we have conquered, tamed and exploited both bird and beast, and what we could not conquer we have slain, until every breathing thing hides in fear of us.

That is to say, among the larger animals, none is so large that it does not fear and flee from him. But when we turn in the direction of the little things then the case is different, and man who thinks he reigns supreme on earth because he

has put all the larger creation in a state of fear, trembles in turn before the minute things in the world and the smaller they are, the more he fears them. The microscope has told us that such a small creature as the house fly carries about on the fur of its legs thousands of parasites which we fancy are inimical to our health, and therefore fear prompts us to spend millions of dollars on fly paper, fly screens, fly traps and other devices to rid ourselves of this pest, but our efforts are largely in vain; though such vast sums are expended yearly to exterminate the fly it is so prolific that it breeds quicker than we can slay.

But we fear its cousin, the mosquito, even more. The microscope has told us that this little insect is one of the chief messengers of the Angel of Death, therefore we fight it in fear of our lives, but it thrives in spite of the vast sums yearly expended upon its extermination. Then there is the milk we drink. Under ordinary conditions it is said that there are one hundred thousand germs to the cubic centimeter, but under the best and most sanitary conditions this army of destroyers can be brought down to ten thousand, so in fear and trembling we pasteurize this fluid before we dare to give it to the children of tender age. Every drop of

NOTE: This article is reprinted from the October 1915 issue of this Magazine.

water we drink swarms with germ-life, says the microscope, and even the coin and currency wherewith we purchase the necessities of life are vehicles of death, for they are infected with germs to an almost unbelievable extent. (Once we started to launder them, but it was found that the bankers could not so easily detect counterfeits after they had been washed, so we abandoned the process. We either fear the counterfeiters more than the germs or we love money more than health.)

Is not this whole attitude ridiculous and unworthy of our high and noble estate as human beings, as children of God? It is well known to science that an attitude of fear breaks down the power of resistance of the body, and thereby lays it liable to diseases which would not otherwise be able to get a foothold. From the occult point of view it is perfectly plain why this is so.

The dense body which we see with our eyes, is interpenetrated by a vehicle made of ether and the energy from the Sun which pervades all space is constantly pouring into our body through the spleen which is a specialized organ for the attraction and assimilation of this universal ether. In the solar plexus it is converted into a rose colored fluid which permeates the nervous system. This may be compared to electricity in the wires of an electric or telegraphic system. By means of this vital fluid the muscles are moved and the organs perform their vital functions so that the body may express itself in perfect health. The better the health the larger the quantity of this solar fluid which we are able to absorb, but we can only utilize a certain part of it and the surplus is radiated from the body in straight lines.

You have seen the paper ribbons which people fasten to the front of electric fans in candy stores and fruit stands. When the fan is set going these streamers float outwards from the fan. The streamers which flow from the whole periphery of the human body, also radiate in straight lines when we are in perfect health. This

condition is therefore aptly described as radiant health. We speak of such a person as radiating life and vigor. Under such conditions no disease germs can ever get a foothold in his body. They can not enter from without because of these invisible streamers of force, any more than a fly can enter an opening in a building covered by an exhaust fan. And those micro-organisms which enter the body with the food are also quickly expelled, for the vital processes in the body are selective as shown by the kidneys, for instance, which excrete the waste matter while retaining vital substances necessary for the economy of the body.

But the moment we allow thoughts of fear, of worry, of anger, the body endeavors, as it were, to close the gates against an outside foe, fancied or real. Then also the spleen closes up, and ceases to specialize the vital fluid in sufficient quantities for the necessities of the body, and we shall then see a phenomenon which is analogous to the effect of lowering the voltage or cutting in more resistance in the electric fan. In that case the paper streamers will begin to hang down, they will no longer wave over the candy or fruit to protect it and keep the flies away. Similarly in the human body, when the thought of fear forces the partial closure of the spleen, the solar fluid does not go through the body with the same speed as before. It does not then radiate from the periphery in straight lines, but these lines become crumpled and thus they allow easy access to the little deleterious organisms which may then feed unobstructed upon our tissues and cause disease.

Whether the consistent Christian Scientists, Mental Scientists, or others who believe in Divine healing, know this law or not, they act according to its dictates, when they affirm that they are Children of God, that they have no reason to fear, for God is their Father and will protect them so long as they do not deliberately disregard the ordinary laws of life.

Medical science knows that the so-called disease germs are not dangerous unless

there is soil predisposed to their culture, and it is noteworthy that the New York board of health has now abolished fumigation for all diseases except small-pox. Thus typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria, and other diseases which were formerly thought to be of so contagious a nature that they must be guarded against by fumigation, are now regarded as either less dangerous or else it has been discovered that the process of fumigation is not efficient.

The actual fact, and the truth in the matter is, that contagion comes from within. So long as we live a common sense life, feeding our bodies upon the pure foods which come from the vegetable kingdom, taking a sufficient amount of exercise, and keeping mentally active, we may rest secure in the promise that the Lord is our refuge. There shall no evil befall us so long as we thus show our faith by our works. On the other hand, if we belie our faith in God by disregard of His laws our expectations of health are vain.

Last year [1914] a doctor who was imbued with fear of contagion in an abnormal degree visited Mount Ecclesia. On the night of his arrival a mosquito lighted upon his nose; he brushed it away in great horror and asked anxiously: "Are they malarious?" He was always looking for pathological conditions and soon went away dissatisfied with our ideas, especially the idea that fear attracts and trust in God repels patholog-

ical germs. This was to him ridiculous in the extreme.

We had with us at that time one of our student friends, who was suffering from tuberculosis, but by means of a rational diet and the pure air of Mount Ecclesia, he was gaining fast, had, in fact, gained ten pounds when this doctor took it upon himself to tell our poor friend that it was an outrage that he should stay on Mount Ecclesia, or come into the dining room, that he was a menace to everyone at headquarters, etc. The poor young man became so disturbed that in spite of all we could say to him he had no rest, and he left shortly afterwards. There is no doubt in our mind that had we been allowed to keep him we would have eventually cured the disease by the help of the Elder Brothers and our physical methods. As it is he died shortly after, and we feel he was killed by the inconsiderate fear of this doctor. And he is only one of thousands who are killed by others or who commit suicide by taking a dose of fear, for fear will kill just as surely as any mineral poison; it is perhaps even more deadly.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Heindel and the writer moved into the cottage where the young man had lived with his mother, despite the protests of all concerned on Mt. Ecclesia. We have lived here almost a year, and have as yet developed no symptoms of disease, for we trust in God and live accordingly, and so long as we maintain that attitude nothing can harm us.

Enlarge Our Thoughts » » »

By DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

*Enlarge our thoughts of Thee, O God,
Until we clearly see
Our lives are not for time alone but
For Eternity.
In Thee is no beginning and no end
But only now,
And all in all we are a part of Thee,
Thou knowest how.*

*Enlarge our understanding Lord, until
We too shall know,
And in that understanding serve un-
ceasingly, that as we grow
We shall with highest joy perceive
Thy plan, Thy true design,
Create with Thee in happiness, and
Share Thy work divine.*

Patients' Letters

Illinois, November, 1942.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.
Dear Friends:

They tell me I had a major operation about two weeks ago. However, I shall have to take the word of the doctor for that. Since returning home I seem to be making a whirlwind recovery. Of course it is no more than I expected. I still believe there is more power in the unseen than anything that can be seen on the material plane.

Your group, many in my own occult group, plus my many constructive friends helped me through the operation and the days that immediately followed. I expect to return to the office in twelve more days. Between now and that time I shall rest and get out in the open air as much as possible.

Life has simplified itself a great deal within the past 2 months.

I now have some time for the study groups I wanted to attend. Astrology, occult science.

Again, many thanks. With best wishes.
Sincerely,
—H.I.

New York City.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
My Dear Friends:

I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for what you have done for my husband. He is feeling so much better. Last week he started going back to business.

May the Roses bloom upon your Cross.
With love,
—E.X.

Rhode Island, September 1, 1942.
Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Through a friend of mine I heard that you had given her father a great deal of comfort and help during his illness. I wonder if you would help us?

Yours sincerely,
—P.C.E.

California, August 31, 1942.
Rosicrucian Fellowship
Dear Friends:

Many many thanks for your kind help in helping my grandson. He was operated on Saturday August 22nd and left the hospital the following Tuesday, the 26th. Is up and about. The doctor said he never saw anyone improve so rapidly as he did.

He will go to school when the term begins. Am enclosing a love-offering for the work. May God bless and keep all through these troublesome times.

Sincerely,
—M.M.A.

P.S.—Your magazine has always been a comfort and blessing to me at all times.

Healing Dates

December 2—9—15—22—30
January 5—11—19—26
February 2—8—15—22

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.

Purple Twilight

By MARGARET S. HOSMER

*I am walking in the dew
While the purple twilight falls,
And—the outer distance through—
Felt, but unheard silence calls.*

*Twilight brings its own still hour
When the world rolls into shade,
And the dews with silence shower
All the discords that it made.*

*Earth shall turn its face to night,
Seeking peace, and pillowed rest;
Close its eyes to garish light,
Couched in soft dark, like a nest.*

*Many another star and world
Signal ours with sign unread
At the hour when dews are pearled
And the restful shadows spread.*

Children's Department



A Visit to the Winter Fairies

By GRACE EVELYN BROWN

(TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



HE night was cold, and the wind, swaying the empty branches of the trees, sighed dismally, though the bright moon, shining through a rift in the clouds, shed its light over the winter scene.

Raymond lay looking at the frosty window. He was glad of the moonlight. It made the room less dreadful as it lighted up all the dark places, which seemed good corners from which bears and other terrible creatures might emerge to frighten little boys who had to go to sleep in the dark instead of going coasting with the other boys.

The boys had asked Raymond to go with them; but Mother had said that it would be too late for little boys to be out-of-doors. They must be in bed by eight o'clock if they were to grow into big strong lads. How he wished that he were a big boy now. It took so long to grow up, one grew so slowly, and what good times he was missing during all this waiting! The tears slowly welled up and rolled down his cheeks. He brushed them away, glad that there was no one to notice them, when suddenly he heard a sharp little voice, very much like the snapping of twigs in a cold wind, asking: "What's the matter, little man?"

Much startled, Raymond glanced in the direction from which the sound came, and saw perched upon the window-sill, the most wonderful little creature that he had ever seen. He was scarcely a foot tall, and looked just like the brownies in Raymond's picture books. His bright jolly face was topped by a pointed cap

which resembled frosted silver, and his tight-fitting suit seemed to be made of the same material; it shone in the moonlight, until it seemed to merge into the frosty background. In his right hand, he carried a paintbrush and in his left a palette.

This was all so wonderful that Raymond raised himself up on his elbow to get a better view of the little creature. There seemed to be nothing terrible about him; on the contrary, he appeared most friendly, and looked smilingly at Raymond as he asked:

"Why are you wasting those valuable crystals that way? Only let me have them, and I will make you as bright and sparkling a gem as king or queen ever had. Just give me one and I'll show you what I can do with it."

"Are you Jack Frost?" Raymond found the voice to ask wonderingly.

"That's what they call me," the little creature replied, "but I'm not the only one of that name. There are a great many of us, and there has to be to do all the work we have to do. On a night like this, when you are sleeping so snug and warm, we have to work all night, painting the windows, putting frost on the trees and bushes, freezing the water on the lakes and rivers, making the snowflakes and so many other things, I couldn't begin to tell you—but it's all fun. And in the morning, it pleases us when mortals praise our work; for we take great pride in it, and try to do it as well as we can."

"But don't you get very cold?" Raymond asked.

The little man laughed at such an idea.

"Oh, no," he replied. "We don't feel the cold as you do; for our bodies are not like the ones that you have. We are never cold nor hungry nor thirsty, nor tired nor ill."

"I wish I was like that," Raymond observed. "Then I could go coasting, if I didn't get cold nor tired and I wouldn't have to go to bed so early."

The little man smiled rather sadly as he said: "But you boys have so much that we don't have. To begin with, you grow up to be men, and just think of all that you will be able to do then! There is so much to learn and such wonderful things to see, yes, even for me. Come with me, boy!" he suddenly exclaimed, "and I'll show you some of them. I can take you to places where you could never go alone, and show you things that you have never seen before."

"But Mother wouldn't like me to go," Raymond objected. "She said I mustn't go out tonight, but must go to sleep."

The frost fairy thought a moment and then asked:

"Has your mother ever told you you could go to dreamland?"

"Oh, yes," Raymond returned. "I know she wouldn't mind that, for sometimes she tells me to go there when she has kissed me good-night. But that's the same as going to sleep, isn't it?"

The frost man smiled. "That's what you mortals call it," he explained. "But it's different with us, for we belong in this dream country, and it's just as real to us as your world is to you. When you go to sleep, you see, you just leave your earth body nice and warm in bed, and here you are in your dream body, right in dreamland, in the twinkling of an eye. Then when you go back to your world, you just slip into your earth body again, and there you are in your world."

"I see," said Raymond. "Just like taking off and putting on my clothes. Take me to your dream-world then; for I know that Mother wouldn't mind if I went there."

"That I will," Jack promised. "But to go to my world, you must first be very

quiet. I will sing you a lullaby; for you must go to sleep." Then the frost fairy sang in a crisp little voice a song of the snowflakes falling slowly down to cover the earth, and protect the plants from the frosty wind, and Raymond felt himself growing more and more sleepy—sleepy.

"Come!" the little man cried. "You are now in my world with me. Look around and tell me how you like it."

Raymond glanced curiously around expecting to see a new world, filled with strange and wonderful objects, but all that he saw was the same room where he had gone to sleep; but now it seemed to be much lighter, and he could see into even the darkest corners.

"Why, it's morning!" he exclaimed. But no—there was the moon still shining in at the window as before, and he asked: "Why is it so light if it is night?"

Then Raymond remembered. He had been in this world many times. It was really dreamland and a real place, as real and perhaps more real than the day world. Raymond was suddenly sure that it was more real, for he remembered how so many times before, when he had awakened in the day world, he had recalled the wonderful adventures that he had had while in dreamland. Even Jack was an old friend, who smiled knowingly as he said: "Now you remember, don't you? We know so much more in the dream world; and now that we are here together, I'm going to make you just my size, and then we can get about much easier, to visit all of the interesting places where I'm going to take you."

Jack held out his paintbrush like a wand toward Raymond, looking at him with a long steady glance, and as Raymond looked back at him, the room seemed to grow big and Jack appeared to grow larger and larger, until he was about the size of Raymond, himself.

"Why, how big you've grown," Raymond cried in surprise.

"No," replied Jack. "I haven't grown any larger, but you've grown smaller. Now we are ready," the frost

man said. "I have a great big snowflake that I have made grow just as much larger as you have grown smaller, and we can travel on that. Come, we must start at once. We have so much to see; for when the dawn comes, you will have to come back home, so as to be up in time for school, you know.

"Up and away now!" cried the little fairy in high glee, as he held out his hand to Raymond. "Our car is ready to take us wherever we wish."

But Raymond hesitated. He did not wish to be thought a coward, but the snowflake seemed so small and fragile a thing on which to trust oneself so high in the air.

"What! Not afraid?" asked Jack in surprise. "Why, this will bear us most safely."

"But couldn't it be made just a little bigger and thicker and deeper so that we wouldn't fall off?" asked Raymond.

"O you mortals!" cried the little frost man. "When will you ever learn not to be afraid?"

However, yielding to Raymond's wishes, he touched the flake with his brush and it grew larger and more the shape of a boat. Then Jack helped Raymond into it and they arose softly and slowly from the roof, up and onward over the roofs of the sleeping town.

"I will first show you my comrades at work," said Jack, as he caused the snowflake to sink gradually lower and lower.

They were now on the banks of a stream, where Raymond had often come with his friends to skate in winter and to sail boats in summer. Here they found many little men who looked very much like Jack himself, and they were all working very hard. Some were painting the trees and bushes on the banks with beautiful designs, while others were drawing lovely figures on the ice of the brook, their tiny paintbrushes whisking rapidly to and fro, all so busy and happy. All? But no—for as Jack and Raymond looked around, they saw one little fellow, much smaller than the others, sitting dejectedly on a log on the edge of the frozen

bank, his palette unnoticed on the ice, his brush beside it. He looked up in a weary sort of fashion as Jack and Raymond approached.

"Why, little one, what's the matter?" asked Jack. "You have done nothing at all, and all the others have been busy for hours, making such lovely designs. You were busy all last night with the others, and made some very fine things too."

"Yes, so I did," the little fellow agreed, "and what good did it do? The next day, as soon as the sun came over the hills, all the sun-fairies came down and spoiled every bit of my work, and what did it all amount to then? Nothing but a few drops of water! And if I work hard all tonight, tomorrow they will come again and do the same thing. So what's the use of doing anything?"

"But perhaps they won't come tomorrow," said Jack. "The clouds may keep them back, or it may be so cold that they can't do their work. But anyway, think of this: If they never came, soon all the trees and bushes would be painted, and all the lakes and rivers would be covered with frost designs, and then what would you do? Just nothing. And what would you learn? Likewise nothing. That would be so much worse than having to do the same thing over and over again. You know that the Master tells us to work, not for what lasts, for nothing lasts forever, but to work for the lessons that we get, and because it makes us more skillful workers for tomorrow."

"That's what my teacher says," Raymond cried. "I write on the blackboard and do number work, and my teacher rubs it all out so I can have room to do more." He looked down at the poor little elf and thought: *What a silly little fairy. He doesn't know half as much as I do.*

As he thought these things, the fairy seemed to grow smaller and smaller. They all suddenly seemed smaller; even Jack; and the trees, which had looked so big before, dwindled to mere twigs and bushes.

(Concluded next month)

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



A Flower unblown: A Book unread:
 A tree with fruit unharvested:
 A path untrod: a House whose rooms
 Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
 A Landscape whose wide border lies
 In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
 A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
 A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
 This is the Year that for you waits
 Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Horatio Nelson Powers.

IN PEACE OR WAR the truth which makes men free in mind, and thus free indeed, goes out from Mt. Ecclesia in books and lessons, and in the pages of this magazine. Of this we receive constant assurance in letters from members and readers which fill us with gratitude for the part we are permitted to have in the great work. A soldier member writes: "I feel a joy at realizing the opportunity here for a mind-satisfying presentation of Christianity."

Thanksgiving Day at Mt. Ecclesia was marked by prayerful and deep thankfulness in particular for our privilege of being citizens in free America, and by the determination to live worthy of our high calling. The following is an excerpt from the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune*:

ROSICRUCIANS PLAY HOST TO MARINES ON THANKSGIVING DAY

Among the 80-odd guests at the annual Thanksgiving reunion at the Rosicrucian Fellowship were a dozen Camp Pendleton Marines, invited through the local Red Cross. Though vegetarian turkey may have been a new experience for some of them, they fell to with gusto and one of the Marines, a gifted pianist, gave a warmly-applauded impromptu entertainment.

A short program appropriate to a wartime Thanksgiving preceded the dinner. Music by the Mt. Ecclesia orchestra played softly while guests were shown to their seats. The tables, arranged in a hollow square, were decorated with bright baskets of red-hot pokers and autumn berries.

Mrs. Max Heindel gave the invocation, after which, in accordance with Presidential suggestion, the Twenty-Third Psalm was recited by the assembly. A two-minute period of silent prayer was followed by

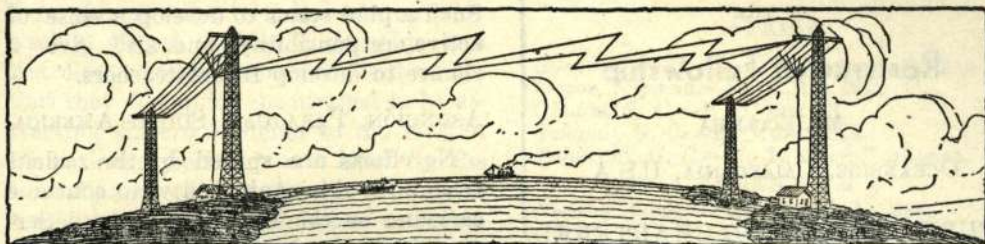
"Nearer My God To Thee" rendered by the orchestra.

The Friday evening lectures at the Health School in the auditorium of Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium are well attended and evoke much favorable comment. October 30th, Mrs. Kittie S. Cowen gave an illustrated lecture on "Thought Forms and Auras," in which pictures were shown of the shape and coloring of thought forms, and in response to interest expressed, followed this subject further in another talk, November 20th, entitled "Thoughts and Emotions in Relation to Diseases." November 6th, Mr. Reginald Oakley spoke on "Miraculous Healing as Portrayed by Astrology," illustrating his theme by the natal and progressed chart of a person who experienced a true "miracle healing." Dr. Leon Patrick, resident physician at Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium, delivered a convincing lecture on "Normal Man," the evening of November 13th.

We look forward now to the celebration of Christmas, of which in a world sense, Mrs. Max Heindel says in the December lesson, "This anniversary of the birth of Jesus will be one such as has not been known in history." In the same vein, the editor of *Tomorrow* magazine, wrote in the December issue, "This Christmas season must be, of necessity, different from any other that we have observed."

As always, we invite all members and friends who can do so, to share with us the spiritual blessing of the Holy Night and Christmas Day services at Mt. Ecclesia. It will be necessary this year, however, to be very sure to make reservations in advance for overnight accommodations; this because the housing shortage is so acute in Oceanside that all available rooms even in private homes are in great demand, and our facilities are now overtaxed.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



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“**A**T 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.”—Max Heindel.

In the light of this significant statement from the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, the path of *duty* becomes to the Western Wisdom aspirant a golden Way leading to ever greater heights of spiritual attainment. As the personal desires and feelings are mastered and brought under the control of the higher self, the inner voice that prompts us to act unselfishly—for the benefit of all our fellow men—becomes more and more easily heard.

Great men of the ages have patterned their lives according to the call of duty to unselfish service. Abraham Lincoln said, “Let us *dare* to do our duty,” and Robert E. Lee declared that “Duty is the sublimest word in the English language.” Such noble souls have left their imprint “upon the sands of time” largely because of their willingness to sacrifice themselves. They had sufficient vision to recognize the larger interests of the people as a whole, and they nobly gave of themselves in the name of higher service.

Every student of the Western Wisdom Teachings has an obligation to the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross for the illuminating truths which bless our lives

with a grander perspective. In group associations and relations come daily opportunities for fulfilling this obligation, for practicing unselfish co-operation in the great work of uplifting all humanity. The year of 1943 opens before us a new vista of opportunities for the living of the impersonal life—a new beginning for making *duty* the watchword of daily striving for the spiritual heights.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

From the Young Aquarians of this city comes the good news that a beginning has been made for the fall and winter classes. Our correspondent writes:

“We are pleased to report that our ‘Young Aquarians’ group met this week for an opening meeting. We are all looking forward to renewed activity, for there seems to be such a splendid, sincere spirit among those who attend. Actually, our name ‘Young Aquarians’ now hardly applies as far as physical age is concerned, all the young people’s activities being at a minimum here these days, most of them having been caught up in war work of one kind or another. But we surely are young in spirit and go adventuring forth along most interesting discussion paths. We all get round a big table, which seems to encourage informality, and we try to get everyone actively participating, which all seem to enjoy. As all attending have had at least a year’s acquaintance with the Phi-

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

STUDY GROUPS AND CHARTERED CENTERS

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Services and classes are held in the following cities. The public is cordially invited.

- Boston, Mass.*—18 Huntington Ave.
Calgary, Alta., Can.—108 14th Ave. W.
Calgary, Alta., Canada.—1536 15th Ave. W.
Chicago, Ill.—Room 719, Ashland Bldg., 155 N. Clark St.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 916.
Denver, Colo.—P. O. Box 3,
Detroit, Michigan.—115 W. Adams.
Grass Valley, Calif.—Off Byrens' Drive.
Indianapolis, Ind.—38 No. Pennsylvania St., Room 411.
Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
Long Beach, Calif.—361 E. First St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—2404 W. 7th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—511 N. Eastern Ave. (Spanish Group)
Minneapolis, Minn.—2020 Nicollet Ave.
New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St.
New York City, N. Y.—266 West 73rd St.
Omaha, Neb.—301 No. 31st St.
Portland, Ore.—627 N. E. Laddington Ct. Tel. La. 3803.
Reading, Pa.—W.C.T.U. Hall, 6th and Franklin Sts.
Rochester, N. Y.—307 Burke Bldg.
San Francisco, Calif.—1508 Clay St.
Santa Ana, Calif.—214 W. Walnut St.
Seattle, Wash.—1913 Westlake.
Schenectady, N. Y.—13 Union St.
St. Paul, Minn.—318 Midland Trust Bldg
Toronto, Ont., Canada.—36 Lansdowne. Telephone, Melrose 4275.
Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

losophy, most of them far more, they are going to take it in turn to be responsible for a lesson, a unified schedule of these having been drawn up the other evening. Such a plan seems to develop a sense of active responsibility and also give a chance to develop future teachers."

ASUNCIÓN, PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA.

No efforts are spared by the zealous friends in this capitol city to continue carrying on the Work, classes and Services being conducted with usual regularity. In one of the recent reports received from the secretary of this Group which meets on Calle Luis Alberto de Herrera y Republica Francesa we are told of the particular interest aroused in a topic used in one of the weekly Philosophy Lessons: "What Is Death: What Happens to the Ego after Death?" The teacher of the class had the topic so well developed and gave it so impressively that he was interrupted several times by applause from the students and visitors present. The ten or twelve visitors at this class were especially pleased and satisfied with the beautiful teachings given in this group. They praised the splendid work being done by the Center very highly, pointing out that it is like a benediction in tending toward the moral and spiritual upliftment of humanity.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

In spite of increasing transportation difficulties and defense activities in general, there is a most commendable attitude among our small Study Groups to "keep ablaze the Light," even though there be only "two or three gathered together in His name." From the friends in San Francisco comes this word:

"Our little Study Group still continues to meet on Friday evenings, and all seem to be very much interested. Transportation is none too stable, and the gas allowance will barely cover the mileage to and from work. However, those who cannot come to the class every week will study the lessons in their own

homes when absent, and thus we will be together in spirit."

DENVER, COLORADO.

In this city the friends continue their weekly classes in the Philosophy and Astrology, and our correspondent writes that they feel quite encouraged to be attracting sincere students to the classes. Probationer meetings are held by the Probationers of the Group, and there seems to be a growing spirit of co-operation among all the students.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

It is a pleasure to hear from this Group: "We are doing what we can. Those who come are really interested, and we have very interesting and profitable discussions." The forces of disintegration are naturally making themselves felt these days in all walks of life, but by keeping the positive attitude being displayed by these "travelers on the Way" we will withstand the negative influence and march forward with the great constructive Power which we know motivates the universe and carries us on to "ultimate good."

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Regular reports from the secretary of this veteran Fellowship Center, now located at 1913 Westlake, indicate the continuance of the Work there in a splendid spirit of interest and devotion. Weekly classes in Philosophy and Astrology are conducted as usual, as is also the Sunday Devotional Service.

During these difficult times when defense and war activities are interfering with regular attendance at classes and Services, it is especially encouraging to find that new people are constantly being reached in some manner with the Teachings, as evidenced by the new faces appearing from time to time in the classes. The secretary of this Group happily reports the attendance of new friends in their classes, and also adds with satisfaction that their finances are in very good condition.

Study Groups and Chartered Centers in Other Countries

AFRICA

Kumasi, G. C.—Ben T. Vormawah, Box 69
Lagos, Nigeria.—P. O. Box 202.
Obuasi, G. C.—P. O. Box 43.
Sekondi, G. C.—P. O. Box 224.
Takoradi, G. C.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

ARGENTINE

Buenos Aires.—Calle Carabobo 886.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N.S.W.—2 Cronulla St., Carlton.

BELGIUM

Brussels.—74 rue Stevens Delannoy.

BRITISH GUIANA

Georgetown.—69 Brickdam.

CHILE

Santiago.—Casilla Postal No. 9154
Valparaiso.—Casilla 3238 Viña del Mar—Arlegui 1124.

CUBA

Havana.—San Francisco 473, Vibora.

ENGLAND

Liverpool.—71 Upper Huskisson St. Telephone, Heswall, 304.
London.—39 Cleveland Sq., Bayswater W.2.
West London.—35 Cranley Gardens, S.W. 7.

JAVA

Bandoeng.—Lembangweg 77.

MEXICO

Mérida, Yuc.—Calle 41 No. 496.
Mexico City.—Apdo. No. 1680.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—C. 2; People's Health Club Room, 4th Floor, Victoria Arcade, Queen St.

PARAGUAY

Asunción.—Louis Alberto de Herrera, Republica Francesa.
Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila.—1324 Espiritu, Singalong Subdivision, Santa Ana.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon.—Rua Renato Baptista 43 - 2°.

THE NETHERLANDS

Amsterdam.—20 Nickerie St.
Apeldoorn.—Lavendellaan 16.
Arnhem.—Mesdaglaan 18.
Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Sadeestraat 12.
Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.
Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.
Zeist.—32 Jan Meerdinklaan.

URUGUAY

Montevideo.—Galicia 2137.

Problem Solving Books

On the Philosophy

The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception ..	\$2.00
Paper Bound 4 for \$2.00; single copies	.75
The Rosicrucian Mysteries	1.50
The Web of Destiny	1.50
Mysteries of the Great Operas	1.50
Ancient and Modern Initiation	1.50
Gleanings of a Mystic	1.50
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Teachings of an Initiate	1.50
Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers	2.00
Occult Principles of Health and Healing	1.50
Freemasonry and Catholicism	1.00
In the Land of the Living Dead	1.00
The Rosicrucian Christianity Lectures	2.00

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Message of the Stars	2.50
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How Shall We Know Christ?15
Rosicrucian Child Training25
Christ or Buddha?20
Evolution10
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The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

WANTED — HELP!

Workers at Mt. Ecclesia, as every where else, one by one are entering either the armed service of our country or defense work. Therefore we are issuing this call to members, and to readers of this magazine who would like to have a part in carrying on the altruistic work of which the Rosicrucian Magazine is the standard bearer.

We should like to receive applications in all departments—if possible from persons not subject to military selection. Mt. Ecclesia is an ideal place to live and work, beautiful surroundings, excellent vegetarian food, congenial fellow workers, opportunity to attend evening classes on our philosophy, astrology, etc. The following is representative of our needs now or in the near future—

Maintenance man who can do plumbing as need arises.

Office workers, typist and shorthand writer, bookkeeper, accountant.

Housekeeper.

Vegetarian cook and helper.

Kitchen worker, dishwasher.

Gardeners.

Physiotherapy operator, nurse.

Please address—

EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT
ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

OUR FIELD OF EVOLUTION

(Continued from page 34)

raised our vibrations and those of the earth to a sufficiently high rate of speed, we shall both again become a part of the sun; but until that time, generally speaking, the lessons which we must learn are to be found here on the earth and consequently we must return to it life after life, until all the lessons this earth has to teach have been learned by us. The other globes and solar systems are fields of evolution for other beings who have different lessons to learn than those belonging to us.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

There was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion*, *Art*, and *Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery temples. But it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time.

Religion held sole sway in the so-called "dark ages." During that time it bound both *Science* and *Art* hand and foot. Then came the period of the Renaissance, and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. *Religion* was strong as yet, however, and *Art* was only too often prostituted in the service of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science*, and with iron hand it has subjugated *Religion*.

It was a detriment to the world when *Religion* shackled *Science*. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe, nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous that *Science* is killing *Religion*, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the cosmos. To avert a calamity *Religion*, *Science*, and *Art* must reunite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True*, and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and when the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency towards ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World they took certain steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill the budding *Science* as the latter had strangled *Religion*, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced *Science* has again become a co-worker with *Religion*.

A spiritual *Religion*, however, cannot blend with a materialistic *Science* any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore steps were taken to spiritualize *Science* and make *Religion* scientific.

Centuries have rolled by since a high spiritual teacher, having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—Christian Rose Cross—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian *Religion* and to explain the mystery of *Life* and *Being* from the scientific standpoint in harmony with *Religion*.

In the past centuries the Rosicrucians have worked in secret, but now the time has come for giving out a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and the scientific aspects; a teaching which makes no statements that are not supported by reason and logic. Such is the teaching promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

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—

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

Dealers Carrying The Rosicrucian Fellowship Publications

All Rosicrucian Fellowship Centers also carry Fellowship Publications.

- Akron, Ohio.—Burt G. Smith, 612 Metropolitan Bldg.
- Atlanta, Ga.—Kimsey's Book Shop, 129 Carnegie Way, N.W.
- Baltimore, Md.—The Remington-Putnam Book Co., 347 N. Charles St.
- Beckenham, England.—L. N. Fowler & Co., 6, Merlin Grove, Beckenham, Kent.
- Bellingham, Wash.—W. C. Orrill, 1237 State St.
- Boston, Mass.—Metaphysical Club, 25 Huntington Ave.
- Buenos Aires, Argentine.—Nicholas B. Kier, Talcahuano, 1075.
- Buffalo, N. Y.—The Sun Publishing Co., 50 Ashland St.
- Calgary, Alta., Canada.—J. J. Gamache, 1002 1st St. W.
- Capetown, South Africa.—Utting & Fairbrother, Ltd., 129 Longmarket St.
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Ralph H. Creasy, 32 North State St. Room 1510. Office hours 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
- Cincinnati, Ohio.—John G. Kidd & Son, Inc., 19 East 4th St.
Fountain News Shop, 426 Walnut St.
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Temple of Light—140 Edison Ave.
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- Kansas City, Kans.—Astro Science Pub. Co., 723 Highland Ave.
- Kansas City, Mo.—T. O. Cramer Book Store, 1321 Grand Ave.
- London, S.W. 7, England.—Margaret Grant, 35 Cranley Gardens.
- Los Angeles, Calif.—The Church of Light, 818 Union League Bldg.
First Temple & College of Astrology, 733 S. Burlington Ave.
Philosophical Research Society, 3341 Griffith Park Blvd.
- Florence I. Virden, 4544 Ben Ave., North Hollywood.
Chas. H. Wolfram, 11514 S. Broadway.
- Manila, P. I.—H. F. Tibayan, 1324 Espiritu St., Singalong Sub-Division
- Merrick, L. I., N. Y.—Disciples Retreat, Gormley Ave. and Nassau St.
- Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Mercantile Co.
- Milwaukee, Wis.—Astrological Study Studio, 922 N. 27th St.
Des Forges & Co., 427 E. Wisconsin Ave.
- New York, N. Y.—The Baker & Taylor Co., 55 5th Ave.
Brentano's, 1 West 47th St.
Doubleday, Doran Book Shops, 244 Madison St.
The Gateway, 30 East 60th St.
Harmony Book Shop, 112 W. 49th St.
Macy Pub. & Masonic Supply Co., 35 W. 32nd St.
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- San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium.
Metaphysical Library & Book Shop, 177 Post St.
San Francisco News Co., 657 Howard.
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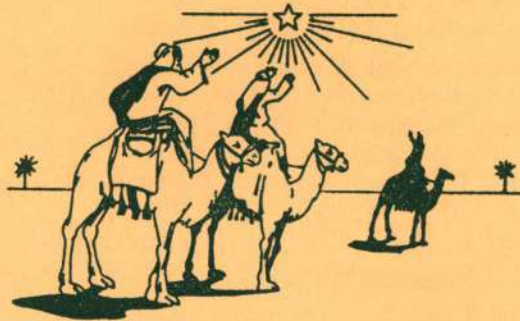
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