

The
**ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE**

*Rays from
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES

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Boys of Today—Men of Tomorrow

Alone With My Thoughts

My Search for Truth

Humanity on Trial

• • •

OCTOBER

1945

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

June 1918

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

October

1945

VOLUME 37

NO. 10



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Subscription in the United States, \$2.00 a year. All other countries, \$2.25. *Special Rate:* 2 years in United States, \$3.50; other countries \$4.00 U. S. money or equivalent. Single copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the act of August 24th, 1912. Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein.

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

PRINTED BY

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.



THE TEMPLE DOOR

By FELICIA B. CLEM

If through the Temple door
A light could sweep so wide,
So deep that it would pierce
Beyond emotions tide
And break the fetters of self-love,
We might—clear-eyed—
Read other hearts that beat as true
And with a purpose fully tried.

Thus winning surer judgment, searching truth,
We come at last to know
That often earnest good hides deep
Where only grievous errors show.
Believing this, once more we trust
In heaven's promised good to be,
In spite of seeming failures
Or of man's impotency.

If we accept the challenge
Of love's sacred overtone,
Heeding the voiceless message
That comes in each heart alone,
We know that on man's cross redeemed
A perfect rose will flower
When in each soul-built temple
Strikes the holy hour.

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Boys of Today--Men of Tomorrow

By KITTIE S. COWEN



CERTAIN it is that the boys of today, will be the men of tomorrow, and the kind of men that they will be depends principally on two decisive factors, namely, the home and the school.

Every child that comes into the world has as his or her just inheritance the right to be wellborn. By being wellborn we do not mean, nor expect the child to be born in a home of luxury. In fact such a home without certain other conditions, could prove to be a real menace. Furthermore the child has the right to have two honest, God-fearing parents. Every growing child, boy or girl, needs the influence of both a father and a mother, and any two people who bring a child into the world and then side-step their privilege as well as responsibility in rearing the child to the very best of their ability, are incurring a very heavy debt of destiny which somewhere, sometime they will be obliged to pay, even to the last farthing.

Children robbed of their parents by death, if good homes cannot be found, should be placed in children's homes where they are tutored, guided, and directed by men and women, who by special training, have become eminently fitted for such a high, holy vocation. Every state should have training schools designed wholly to prepare men and women temperamentally fitted for this special work, and boys and girls leaving these homes should take with them honorary degrees which will admit them into the most refined stratum of society.

Jails as they are kept today, and most reformatories are a public discredit to any community, state, or nation. "Oh, really, but they are very necessary. Without them the world would be over-run with delinquent young people committing all sorts of atrocities"—this by people who not having made investigation are quite unqualified to express any sort of an opinion on so far-reaching a subject.

Why not ask Father Flanagan of Boys Town, Nebraska, for his opinion on this subject, and whether he thinks that there are any truly *bad* boys. We wonder how many of our readers know of Father Flanagan's Boys Home for homeless, abandoned boys.

Father Flanagan can tell you that during the past twenty-eight years, more than 5,000 homeless, deserted boys have come to know this place, where a united effort is devoted to their future to provide them

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

with a good home, sincere, earnest teaching and training which equips them to become honest, reliable, self-reliant American citizens. At a certain Air Station in England there is a young captain who led recent heavy assaults on vitally important targets in more than six important points, including, Metz, Cologne, and Aachen, who can tell you who Father Flangan is, and the kind of work that is being done in Boys Town. Then there is a certain First Sergeant, C.R.M., somewhere in Holland, who could tell you some more—and these two fine young men are just a few who have left Boys Town to help make the world a better place in which to live.

No particular doctrine or creed is taught in Boys Town. The place is non-sectarian and non-proselyting, and it presents a real beauty spot to the world of which the people of the surrounding community may well point with just pride.

What Father Flanagan has done, every community in the civilized world could do, and furthermore, these places could be financed by the money spent on jails and other such houses of detention.

The world is entering into a New Age where right must take the place of might, if humanity is to continue to perpetuate itself, and the home and the school are the two main focusing points where all progress and reforms must begin.

HOMES

VERSES

REFORMATORIES

Respecting the importance of the training received in the schools of our country, we should realize that even today somewhere, in some of our public schools there sits a child who will be the future president of these United States. There are also future governors of states, law makers, supreme judges, et cetera, and the work that they will do in these high positions of trust at that future time, depends to a very great extent, on the ideas and beliefs which are being inculcated in their minds right now.

Unmoral parents are unfit to beget and guide children; and unmoral teachers are also unfit to instruct and influence the lives of our future generation. Next to the parents the teacher's responsibility is the greatest in shaping the destiny of a nation.

Four more factors have a great influence in fashioning the characters of men, women, and children. They are literature, moving pictures, music, and religion. The growing child is particularly susceptible to all four of them. Early in life the child shows a fondness for nursery rhymes, and can listen with wrapped attention to the same ones over and over again. Furthermore, whether good or bad, these rhythmic tales make a profound impression on the child's mind which remains to some extent throughout its entire life. Evil, coarse, or lewd literature may make an imprint on the mind which later, under unforeseen circumstances may lead to deeds of degradation, while the opposite kind becomes an ever present source of inspiration.

∞ The Current Outlook ∞

Moving pictures are very realistic and readily familiarize the mind with good or evil according to their portrayals. It is never good for either young or old to become too familiar with evil, for after a time it dulls the finer senses and makes its indulgence more easy and less repellent. Pope Pius spoke wisely when he advised the Members of a Motion Picture Executive Committee of Hollywood to clean up their pictures. There is something about a really good moving picture, on the other hand, that enters into the inner recesses of the mind—something that makes for a better citizen.


Music has the power to lift the Spirit up to the heights or drag the emotions down into the very depths of degradation as is readily seen by wild, mad, jitterbug screeching, wailing, and thumping resulting in the most disgusting kind of human gyrating contortions. On the other hand, Handel's sublime Messiah has the power to lift the

FOUR EDUCATIONAL FACTORS


Spirit up to the very gates of paradise. Handel's music has a purifying effect on the emotions and lifts them up into a vibration of sublime ecstasy on the wings of which the Spirit soars upward to the very throne of God where it instinctively knows that true happiness is to be found only in the things that tend to develop the powers of the Spirit into godlike forces which transforms the human into the divine.

Children should early be taught of God the Father of all and over all; this can be done through the medium of songs, stories, pictures, and example. Many a good man and women owe much of his or her success in life to the reverence instilled in his nature by the prayers uttered at his mother's knee during early childhood.

The New Age will be an inclusive Age; an age in which competition will give place to cooperation, where employer and employee will meet on the common ground of mutual benefit; an age in which much time will be given to cultivating the powers of the mind and the right use of these powers. Illiteracy will become a thing of the past for all people will have both time and opportunity for self-improvement. The term of life on earth will be lengthened and there will be much less sickness for the reason that people will be taught how to live right in relation to maintaining physical health. And this will be accomplished by the men and women of tomorrow who are now just beginning to be born into the world. Even now it is no unusual thing to see children much wiser than their parents. Not conceited, arrogant children, but normal, happy, respectful youngsters who just naturally know—and think nothing about it. These children have not only brought over much of the wisdom of the ages but they are also going to know how to use it to the best advantage for all mankind with whom they are going to feel a very near kinship.



THE MYSTIC LIGHT



. . .

Alone With My Thoughts

By DOROTHY LAWSON

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.

—Antoninus.

“IT’S not my fault that I’ve been sick . . . besides, I’m convinced there is no justice in life!” I complained to my husband. Truly, I felt quite abused and justified in my attitude believing every word I had uttered. In fact, I had said it so often, the idea had become firmly entrenched in my mind. It never occurred to me that I could be wrong.

“I think it’s a pretty good world,” my husband said patiently in response to my outburst. Ready to argue at the drop of the hat, I took him up on that score.

“Oh, sure!” I exclaimed bitterly, “It’s a good world for you, because you’re strong and well. That makes all the difference in the world.”

“Well,” my husband hesitated, “you’re right in that respect about things looking brighter when one feels well, but remember, we have a lot to do with the way we feel by the way we think.”

“Are you insinuating that I don’t think right?” I asked in a hurt, half

angry, surprised tone. Now if anyone dislikes to argue, it is my husband. So carefully, he selected his next words.

“No, you don’t think right in this respect. Now, listen to me please,” he begged as he saw that my anger was mounting like a seething volcano about to erupt momentarily. “Just hear me out. That’s all I ask, and then you can think and do as you like about the matter.”

Begrudgingly, I agreed, and impatiently waited for him to finish. After talking to me, he kissed me and went out to water the lawn. Alone with my thoughts, I considered the advice my husband had given me. Could it be that he was right? If he was, I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of knowing it, I vowed. Suddenly, that “still, small voice” which we are told about in the Bible, spoke up and said, “There, see? That is a form of resentment, and stubbornness.” Briefly, my mind scanned the past. Maybe my husband was right. I had heard about being honest with oneself in order to eliminate all the

barriers to the overcoming of faults, but to my mind, that had always pertained to the other fellow . . . not me. "That's a lot of hooley!" I had said, and let it go at that. Well, here I was in this terrible weakened condition, not able to take part in any activities, nor be a companion to my husband and children.

"Maybe I *am* at fault!" I said aloud. Then, a series of mental pictures projected themselves upon my mental screen concerning the past, and I saw myself as I had been all along. I had been allowing all types of negative thoughts to hold me in bondage. I analyzed further. I saw that I had been indulging in fear thoughts, anxiety, long-range worrying, over-sensitivity, resentments, petty grudges, annoyances, and the terrible habit of always expecting the worst! That was it! I had ignorantly been attracting the negative to me. Of course I wanted to get well. . . . I had a grand husband and two lovely boys. I had said that I was doing the best I could, and had stoutly denied that I could do better. Now, I saw that I had definitely *not* done the best I could. Right then and there I resolved to at least try to pull out of the rut in which I found myself. I certainly wasn't satisfied the way things were . . . all else had failed; I could at least experiment. I decided not to say anything to my husband. I would just secretly begin working on myself and see what I could accomplish. I resurrected my Bible, which, I'm ashamed to say, had become almost a relic, thick with dust! When I had read it last, I did not know. This would be a good time to read and concentrate, while my husband was out tending to the garden. I still had a good dose of stubbornness in me, and didn't want to give him the satisfaction of thinking that his words had struck home. I read a good deal, and, to my amazement, became very absorbed and interested in the Bible. I read all about faith, and

love, and the words of St. Paul impressed me greatly:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

What beautiful thoughts! That, along with the Ten Commandments just about covered everything as far as being a guide to future happiness was concerned. I was really becoming enthused. I realized that I hadn't been living up to the Christ principles at all. I hadn't let my thoughts run along with the kind of things that were true. Neither had they truly run true to form according to the rest of St. Paul's words! Then, I realized fully the meaning of, "To thine ownself be true." I had not possessed true faith at all, still I would have assured anyone that I did have faith. Now I saw that I had possessed faith only in the negative things . . . a degenerated form of faith, and no wonder bad results had materialized for me! How true that "like begets like." I have one trait to my credit—when I am convinced that I am wrong, I set about to bring a change in matters, but what a stubborn mule I had been! My, how I had grumbled upon arising in the morning. I hadn't missed a thing about which to complain. It seemed then, that it was a miracle that my husband could still love me, and put up with my actions so patiently.

The next morning when I awoke, I began my new way of thinking and acting. I thanked God for the new day. Way back in my memory, I recalled a sermon on gratitude and the thankful spirit, and after all those years, it came to the fore to help me. When I heard it first, it had acted much in the same manner as pouring water on a duck's back. Strange that what I had listened to years before in a mechanical

manner, apparently not absorbing it in the least, was now serving its purpose! I knew that I must increase my faith; so I prayed for more of it. I discovered that in praying for more faith and understanding, my latent powers began to manifest. Of course, I had to learn not to expect things to change over night, and it took great patience, but as I had never had much patience, that was a good lesson for me to learn.

During breakfast, I forced myself to be cheerful, and I could instinctively feel the change in the atmosphere. My husband looked happier, and the children seemed easier to manage. Silently, as I went about performing the different little household tasks that my meager strength would permit, I gave thanks to God for even the slightest little thing that I had heretofore taken for granted. I made the beds lovingly this time, instead of uttering my usual complaint, "Oh, I hate to make beds!" Now, I realized that the more I had hated to do a task, and complained about it, either silently or aloud, the task actually became harder to perform. I also disliked dish washing. I used to moan aloud, "I'm just not the domestic type." But this day, I found myself blessing the dishes and really enjoying the work. Yes, I'd certainly made a mess of my life by constant crabbing and nagging. I soon acquired the habit of thanking God for the strength to do simple little chores, for there had been a time a few months back when I was too weak to stand up long enough to do them. I was really learning that gratitude is a great thing.

That night when I went to bed, I decided that my method of praying needed renovating, too. Instead of the former begging, almost tearful type of prayer I had been in the habit of saying nightly, I learned to ask God for guidance and to thank Him for all my blessings. I found that through praise and gratitude, I actually released a strong,

vibrant power from within that I had formerly been damming up making it an impossibility for the power of God to manifest through me. I had been too anxious for results to materialize exactly in the manner I had wished. Now, I learned that God knows when the time is "ripe" and that I must not fret and worry about anything . . . and to think that I used to be guilty of blaming God whenever things didn't go to my liking! When things seem wrong now, I realize that I am at fault somehow, and that God is always waiting to show me the right way. I had quite a hard time getting out of the rut of negative thinking and acting, but once I saw that I was at fault, and did something constructive about it, the battle was half won. I had to keep plugging away at it, however, in order not to fall back into the former pit, but in time, the positive way of looking at life became deeply embedded in my consciousness, and became an instinctive procedure. At first, I made the mistake of condemning myself terribly after seeing that I had been wrong, but I soon realized that condemnation was in itself negative. I knew that in order to have God forgive me, I must also forgive myself, make amends, and "sin no more lest a worst sin befall thee."

I also had to break myself of the habit of criticizing things that my friends did, when I didn't agree with their way of thinking. I learned to respect the opinions of others, and to realize that everyone is entitled to his own opinion. Oh, I had so many things to undo that had been purely thoughts of a destructive nature! I had been intolerant of everything and everyone, still, I had expected tolerance and understanding from others. It wasn't easy to climb up the steep road to success and happiness, for I had allowed myself to become a creature of negative habits. I was like the proverbial frog in the well, who, in trying to get out,

would leap up four feet and slide back two feet, but eventually made it to the top.

I also had to learn that right living along with a high type of thinking is necessary. It would do little good to think properly and neglect the body. I had not eaten right for years, indulging mainly in sweets, instead of the good wholesome food God intended for us to eat. I had also worked too hard and had forgotten to live and get a little fun out of life as well. So I learned to relax and to play a little during recreation hours. I had somehow allowed myself to take a too serious view of life, and had succeeded only in becoming melancholy. Now, I saw that one does not have to go around with a face a yard long in order to be a good Christian. To relax my mind, I took up the hobby and study of Interior Decorating and found it fascinating.

Whenever I found self-pity trying to enter into the picture, I got busy making someone else happy, forcing the Ego to take a back seat. I fully realized what a self-centered person I had been. I even used to grumble about the weather, saying, "Oh, dear! it's raining, and how I hate rain." What intense feeling I used to put into that little word, hate. Now, I thank God for the rain, knowing that it brings the fresh, green grass and the tender shoots that blossom into beautiful flowers. Of course, in order to make this change, I studied all available material on Truth that I could find, and the Rosicrucian philosophy on living was a life saver! I found that being happy is all a matter of habit, and I decided that I could acquire a brand new set of constructive habits as surely as I'd acquired the old, bad ones. Having once made up my mind to remain on the constructive side of the register, I found that I still must be always on the lookout to guard against sowing the wrong type of seed in my mental garden so that I would not have

to do a lot of unnecessary and painful weeding later on.

I have given this constructive type of thought and action a fair trial, and I have found that what started out to be an experiment, has resulted in being a life saver. It undoubtedly saved my home and happiness as well as the happiness of my loved ones. I never want to go back to the old, foggy way of thinking. It is fun, with the help of God, to live each day for itself. Each day is now truly like a new chapter in my book of life. I guard zealously the type of thoughts I put down on record in my little book, so that they do not give me trouble later. I am truly grateful for my progress and there is no more room for self-pity.

Another erroneous idea I had was that of thinking that I couldn't change. In fact, I had said it so often I actually believed it. However, I have found it to be the truth that it is never too late to change . . . that it is not a matter of age, but the will of the spirit that counts. I used to excuse myself by saying, "Oh, well, I was just born that way. It's just my temperament, and I can't do a thing about it." This I would say to my husband in an attempt to excuse a violent temper! Oh, I never hit anyone or got violent in a physical way, except I did have a habit of slamming doors, and yelling whenever angry. I soon realized that was a mighty foolish demonstration and only proved that I was emotionally immature. It took me a little longer to master that angle but I *did* emerge victorious, which proves what can always be accomplished if one is sincere.

Whenever that demon, self-pity, does look sideways at me now, I quickly think of the many marvelous people who have overcome serious handicaps, such as Helen Keller, and it gives me a tremendous lift. I feel ashamed of myself whenever I think that I would dare complain over petty matters when there

are such wonderful people in the world who let nothing hold them back! I thank God for my sight, hearing, and all the other blessings I had formerly taken for granted. I thank God that I *can* work, and have learned to bless the work in which I am engaged, knowing that it is a blessing in disguise. I have learned to like the things I used to dislike, and have found that in so doing, they become easier to perform. I had allowed the little things in life to get me down by being a good hostess to a chain of negative thoughts. Now, the minute an ugly though rears its head, I squelch it immediately by substituting a positive, pleasant thought in its stead. This is not just a "Pollyanna" attitude, but a common sense principle . . . it is not theory, but Truth. I have proved it to my own satisfaction, and what one has proved cannot be denied.

The other day I said proudly to my husband, "Dear, I feel so happy. Remember Mrs. T—? You know I haven't been on speaking terms with her for

years, but I broke the spell by giving up petty grudges, going to her, and talking things over. Now, we are friends again."

I have found that there is no room for false pride in the life of a true Christian. It has been only through honest appraisal that I have been able to erradicate my little faults one by one, and emerge the winner. Whenever I get a little discouraged, I ask God for strength to carry on, and He never fails me. I have reaped a just reward by making my family and others happy . . . not for the sake of reward . . . but simply because I *wanted* to push my Ego in the background and make others happy. Because the motive was right, it naturally attracted happiness to me. The effort expended in transforming my old, negative self into a happy, vibrant, positive individual was certainly well worth the trial, for now . . . deep down inside me . . . is a nice, warm, happy feeling that comes only with right thinking and living.

The Birth

By JOY KETCHAM



SPIRIT stood awaiting rebirth. And God said to it, "Along the way ahead of you on earth lie two paths, either one of which you are free to enter. One lies through vistas filled with a great human love. So great a song of joy will fill your ears that they will be forever deaf to cries of pain and sorrow among your fellow men. So great a light will fill your eyes that they will be forever blinded to the sight of others' tears. The other path is so lonely that only in passing may you know the pressure of another's hand-clasp; only in passing may you know the fragrance of life's sweetest flowers. But, free of self, the sorrow, the pain,

the cares of all those who cross your path will find their way to you and in your hands will lie the power to help. Take time, oh Spirit, think well before you choose."

With closed eyes and stilled heart the Spirit pondered—and then it said to God, "I have chosen; give me the lonely path." Mercifully, as God does when sending Spirits to earth, He veiled the Spirit's eyes and wrapped its consciousness in dreams.

It was even as God said. For many years the Spirit remained at peace, listening for every cry of sorrow, ministering to every want that came across

(Continued on page 448)

My Search for Truth

By ROXIE L. SHANNON



ONE of my first and most vivid recollections is of being dressed up in very crisply starched little dresses and sent off to Sunday School with my elder sisters and brothers. We were given small prizes for learning "by heart" the Golden Text, and for knowing our Sunday School lessons well enough to answer the questions. It did not matter that we did not understand either the sense of the question nor the answer!

However, we did learn the grand stories of the Old Testament and the sublime truths of the New, and they stayed in our memories. That was perhaps the first thing that caused me to begin questioning the Bible.

In my understanding of the Bible, God was good and powerful. He could do anything for anybody that asked Him in "faith believing." Yet He did not seem to do anything for any one that I could see. I heard the preacher pray for rain, health for one person or another, or for good crops, and nothing happened. My idea of a Christian was absolute perfection. My own father and mother came nearest to anyone I knew to living up to that ideal, yet mother would listen to visiting ladies gossip! I know now that mother was a very gracious lady and could not well rebuke her visitors for repeating gossip they had heard. Mother herself never gossiped.

Another thing I could not understand was my mother's impatience—sometimes at the hordes of company we had. To me company was always welcome. The excitement of their arrival, the certainty of extra nice meals during their stay, were all very nice. Besides, the Bible said to "welcome the stranger

within thy gates" and much of the time they were really strangers.

My father had a habit of inviting farmers with their families, who had driven a long way into town to trade with him, to come up to the house and spend the night before driving the long miles back to their farms. Mother was always very nice to them but I knew they were not really "welcome" to her in the way I understood "welcome" to mean.

It was all very confusing to my childish mind because if mother wasn't a Christian then certainly no one was. She wasn't perfect—therefore she wasn't a Christian. I knew she prayed earnestly to be a Christian and if God would not make her one then He wasn't good and if God wasn't good, then He wasn't God! Still a world without God simply could not be. I had to have a God I could understand and love, so I would take my Bible and slip off up to the hay loft and read it and cry, and pray to be good and to know that God heard me and that He would make me over so that I could not help being good! He never answered my prayer. I never really expected Him to, though I hoped and hoped that He would someday, if you know what I mean.

I simply could not be a "Christian" of myself. I would decide every so often there was no use of me trying any more. Despairing of ever being a "Christian" I would decide to go on and get all the fun out of life I could. I would cheerfully pay the penalty of eternal damnation, since I was going to be completely damned anyway. But life without even the search for God was impossible, so back I would go and try once again. My final decision was to be

as good as I could without God's help since He would have none of me, it seemed. That was the only way I could keep my self-respect. If I couldn't be really good I wouldn't be bad.

Do these seem like rather mature thoughts for a child under 'teen age? Let me assure you that they are not. I am convinced that most children have such groping, seeking thoughts. They are born into this life, and for several years the spiritual understanding they have acquired in former lives, the atmosphere of the spiritual transition they have undergone previous to rebirth, clings to them though they do not understand just what it is. The material world is not yet understood; the spiritual world is forgotten in their waking consciousness. The grown-ups, the highest authorities they know, tell them this is so, or that is so, without any explanation or reason. They teach them in their Sunday Schools one mode of life, while they themselves live quite another. They drink, smoke, divorce, quarrel, and gossip unkindly. Children see this and yet they love their parents, to some extent respect their elders, so their little minds are a continuous battleground, trying to reconcile what they are taught as "right," and what they see their beloved elders do.

This subconscious spiritual urge within myself made me keep on trying to understand.

When I was about thirteen, my uncle, a Baptist minister, and a thoroughly good man, came to spend the night with us. Catching him alone on the porch I asked him the most momentous question of my life—momentous because he, good man, tried to answer me.

I asked him if he believed in the heaven and hell that he preached about, because if that was the truth then I was better than God, for I would not punish anyone forever and forever for doing something he couldn't help doing and I knew that people could not be as

good as the Bible said they had to be in order to get to heaven. I told him that I had tried every way I knew and every way the Bible said, and that I could not always be good. *Not really good.* I had begged God to *make* me be good and He wouldn't even do that. So, if what he preached was right then I was better than God!

When he got over his surprise at my unheard of daring to make such a statement, he answered me to the best of his ability. Not as fully as he could have, I am sure, for he thought that I would not understand the real explanation. I was very grateful that he answered me at all; no one else ever had. He said that he had to preach a literal hell of fire and brimstone because his people demanded that he preach that way, since they believed the only way to save sinners was to scare them into repentance. He assured me that there really wasn't any such hell. Hell, he went on to say, was like a very bad dream and heaven was like a very pleasant dream. Everyone was not punished just the same, but each according to the bad they had actually done, no more, no less, and rewarded in the same way. He told me to keep on trying and someday I would understand.

I did keep on trying. I read everything I could get my hands on, good, bad, and indifferent, that I thought would help me understand what it was all about.

I once horrified a visiting preacher by telling him I quite agreed with Robert Ingersoll that there was no God. Because I was a child or because he could not or would not, he gave me no reason not to believe Ingersoll's writings. He merely told Dad that I should not be allowed to read such trash. Since Dad had not known that I read it, it was a little unfair to him. Of course he forbade me to read any more of that kind of literature, and of course I kept right on reading it.

Since I had been disobeying him before and he knew about it, just as truly as I was disobeying him afterwards, I felt no more guilty than I had before. I continued to read all I could find. From all I could understand of the Bible I was a lost soul anyway, regardless of what I did. Pitiful? Not at all. Since even then, child that I was, I knew deep inside of me that somewhere there was a God.

Not the God of vengeance and narrow intolerance that was my understanding of the God they preached about in church, but a God of Love. More loving, more kind, more understanding than I could possibly be. That God I was determined to find. I hoped fervently that if I kept reading, kept praying (though I did not know how to pray aright, since He did not answer my prayers) I might somehow, somehow, blindly or by accident as it were, "touch the hem of His garment," and I would at least *know* that there was a God, a real God, that could help and would help if I could just make the connection.

I *believed* that He meant it literally when He said, "Knock and it shall be opened, seek and ye shall find," so I was determined to do all the "seeking" and "knocking" I possibly could, with my limited understanding, sure that God would do His part, as soon as I was *good* enough so that He could.

When I was about fourteen years of age I joined the church my father and mother belonged to. At last I was sure I was on the right road. One night two young fellows, a few years older than myself, came into the church, late. The preacher stopped preaching until they had doggedly marched up the long aisle to the very front pews, where the only vacant seats were, and in the awful silence had embarrassedly taken their seats. Then he told them not to come to church any more and disturb Christian worship if they could not get there on time!

The boys got up and just as doggedly marched back down the long aisle and out of the church, still in that awful silence. I rose and marched out just as determinedly after them. My God was not there, for my God had said, "I come to save sinners." "The righteous have no need for a physician," and "suffer little children to come unto me." My God would have welcomed those boys even though they had come during "Sacrament." They were the ones the church was for, or so I had always thought.

Once more I was left with nothing sure I could cling to. I was discouraged and almost gave up hope, though I did not again make the mistake of deciding there was no God. I only decided this time that people had lost Him, had drifted so far away from Him that they could not find their way back. And, who was I, to think I could find Him when so many good people, people so much better than I could ever hope to be, had lost Him?

The years passed and I grew up, went to parties, picnics, and did all the other things the young folk of my day did. But always when I was alone, especially at night, the old longing and questioning came back to me. *Where was God?* Why had He left His people alone to find their way back to Him if He was all powerful, as I was sure He was?

I married and had children, yet still I had not found the Way. Emotional excitement, yes, exaltation, yes, so that at times I was sure that at last my search was over, but always in the back of my mind I was not satisfied. My reason simply would not agree with my emotions, however much I wanted it to. I would see the sickness, sorrow, poverty and unhappiness around me; greed, envy, and jealousy rampant among the people, all just people like myself, trying to be good Christians even as I was trying, falling short, even as I was falling short of perfection, and

yet we were commanded to be perfect if we were to be saved. It did not make sense to be lost for all eternity for the mistakes and sins that we were not strong enough to overcome in one little lifetime!

At that time I had never heard of rebirth. Reincarnation did not seem to me to make God any more a just God than the old conception of God had, and I knew that that conception of God was not the right one.

When my children were almost grown I heard of a people that taught of a God of Love and Healing. I obtained their literature and read and studied it for some time. It was a very great help to me, but it was still not what I wanted, for it did not explain the difference in the conditions of different people; and if one person could be healed of sickness, or other evil by going to one of their Healers, what of the ones who did not have the money to go? However, I was, and am, very grateful for their teaching, for it taught me in a way I had never realized before, that God was Mind. Not a Great Old Man, sitting on a great billowy white cloud, judging each one of us and always condemning us, no matter how hard we tried to please Him.

Of course I had known that for a long time, but that conception of Him had been so firmly fixed in my mind as a child, that I never had been entirely successful in eradicating it. However, it turned my thoughts to Metaphysics, something that I had always thought of as far too deep for me to understand and slightly irreligious.

When I was a child I had had intuitive knowledge of coming events, and when I would tell my mother, for instance, that a certain person was coming, I was gently but firmly chided for using my imagination too much. It mattered not at all that the person came when I had said he would. Mother would merely laugh and call it a coinci-

dence. I soon lost faith in my own clairvoyant powers and then I lost the power. I became afraid to look into the future for fear of seeing some evil misfortune. So my own fears took the place of real clairvoyance, however involuntary, and I could see only bad luck, death, and destruction. Since these never happened I soon knew they were merely figments of my own imagination. It was this involuntary clairvoyance, coupled with other unexplained happenings of my childhood, that inspired me to go on searching through the years for the Truth.

One day I went into the library of our little town and the first thing my eyes fell on was a small pile of magazines on the very bottom shelf of a bookcase over to one side of the room. I walked straight to them as though drawn by a magnet; even before going to the desk to return my books. The pile contained four copies of the Rosicrucian Magazine. I borrowed them all, went straight home and sat down and read them without stopping—every word in them. I kept them for several days and read them over and over. I waited impatiently for more copies to come in, and read them.

It was probably a month from the time I saw the first magazines, when through a friend, I obtained a copy of the *Cosmo-Conception*. I read it with a very "doubting Thomas" attitude. I had been disappointed too many times to take anything on faith. But as it answered one question after another that had been bothering me, I began to see that, at last the Key was in my hands. Reasonable answers to reasonable questions, rebirth, cause and effect, God, and His plan—it was all there as I had thought it must be, somewhere, and its logical explanations taught me tolerance and understanding both for myself and others, and I now know that all those good people of my childhood were real Christians, following the teaching of

the Bible to the best of their understanding, and if their understanding was limited, if they knew nothing of rebirth, mystic teachings, et cetera, their calm trust in God was sufficient for them in their present incarnation. Most of them, like my own dear mother, were afraid of any "new" teaching. The devil, "walking up and down on the earth, seeking to deceive even the very elect" was very real to them. So Christian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and the Rosicrucian philosophy were all distrusted and to be avoided. Their fathers and grandfathers had never heard of them, their churches did not teach anything regarding them, so they must be inventions of the devil.

When in my first glad surprise in finding there were other people with my same questioning mind who had found the answers to the questions that had puzzled me, and had written books and papers explaining those answers so that all might read and prove for themselves the Truth, I was so overjoyed that I thought surely everyone would be as happy as I was when I told them that "Lo, I had found the pearl of great price" in the Rosicrucian philosophy.

I was bitterly disappointed when my mother would have none of it. When I pointed out how it explained the Scriptures so clearly, giving their spiritual interpretation to parts of the Bible that I had never been able to reconcile before with my reasons, she said, "Oh, Honey, the devil can quote Scripture."

There were tears in her eyes; she was quite sure I was being sadly misled by some newfangled religion that had no truth in it because she had never heard of it before! She decided I was "saved," however, because to her prejudiced mind at least I was "good" and God would forgive me since I was very sincere in my belief.

That was my first lesson. After that I never mentioned the teaching to anyone unless he showed an interest in

metaphysics, or was sincerely seeking an answer to the problem of life. Then I merely gave him the literature and told him where he could get more. I had learned that no one's interest can be forced, and when one is ready he will be shown the way.

A short time after that I learned my second lesson, a lesson just as much needed and much, much more severe! Being a Scorpio, I was very much interested in the occult side of the teaching, fascinated by the opportunities it offered to help other people, and profoundly curious as to the life on the next plane. Carried away by my enthusiasm I immediately began trying to learn how to leave my body at will and enter the spirit world. My curiosity slightly leavened by an unselfish desire to help those who had passed over with no knowledge of what might be waiting them led me farther than I myself had realized.

A neighboring young man whom I knew slightly, had committed suicide. I had just been reading the awful horrors encountered by suicides at the threshold, so I earnestly set myself to cross over so that I might in some way help him. Just how I could help I was entirely ignorant. I thought that the way would be plain to me if I could only get across to him.

In my egotism and ignorance I never stopped to think of the danger to myself, or to remember that there were strong, wise Ones who were doing all that could be done to help those who pass on, and doing it with far more wisdom and love than I could hope to do even after years of study and work, and that I was only a baby in the teachings!

I was lying in bed; it was almost midnight or slightly earlier, when I began the experiment. The room was very dark and still, then without quite knowing how it happened, I found myself seemingly outside my body, at least I seemed

suspended up over the bed about two feet, and I could see clearly all over the room which was filled with misshapen forms with haunting, staring eyes. The air in the room seemed hot, and close, and in the midst of those unhappy faces was that of the young man who had committed suicide, wearing a look of utter despair and fear.

I was not actually in the midst of these beings for there appeared to be a space between me and the disembodied entities; but just the same I felt utterly defenseless with them so near. However, there must have been something holding them back, since they were all on one side of the room and stayed there, seeming to float in space, staring at me with wide, despairing eyes.

I would like to be able to say that I was calm and cool, but I cannot, for I never was so scared in all my life! I knew that I could do nothing for myself, much less help the man I had wished to aid. So I did the only thing I knew to do—I prayed. Silently, desperately I begged for help. Instantly, almost, I was back in my own body, the room was again cool and dark, a feeling of calm and peace seemed to be wrapped around me and I felt as a baby must feel when held safe in its mother's arms.

I thanked God earnestly that I had learned my second lesson, without harm to myself or to any other person.

I quit concentrating on occult development, and began to study earnestly to acquire the wisdom and love necessary to the development of real soul growth. I now realized that I could not at present help those who had passed over, but there were many opportunities to help those who were all around me here. I took as my watchword the Scripture text, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, oh, Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." I studied the *Cosmo-Conception*, worked, and prayed, and slowly, surely, I found

myself gaining a little more of harmony and quietness of the inner self, a little surer knowledge of God and of His unfaltering goodness, His unalterable justice, His all-pervading Love.

I began to see God in everything, to see us all as God's beloved children, each learning his or her daily lessons, each span from birth to death, just a day in the great school of life. I then realized that we are each placed in the proper grade, and given just the right lessons we need for our greatest soul growth and advancement along the Path that leads to our ultimate goal which is perfection.

I have been reading the Rosicrucian literature for nearly three years now, and I have learned just enough to know how little I do know, but I *have* also learned that a lifetime of study is well worth-while for it gives a grand meaning to life, its aim and its reward. And now I no longer question God's Love or His justice, for I know that God is, that I am His child, and so I am content.

THE BIRTH

(Continued from page 442)

its ways, content to walk alone along the path leading to the goal of "Peace for All." Then one day a ray of wondrous light was flung across the valley in which the Spirit was walking and the lilt of a singing voice reached its ears. The lonely Spirit stopped, thrilled. With a cry of joy that made all nature veil her eyes, the Spirit with outstretched arms approached the ray of light. "My own!" it cried. "This is my own!" and then the Voice of God Himself spoke—"This is not the pathway that you chose. You may not leave it now." Through all that night the trees and flowers and birds heard the sobbing of the lonely Spirit but when morning came they saw it walking again along its chosen path—white-lipped, but dry-eyed, and with heart that once again saw Peace beyond for All.

The Wheel of Life

A Story of Destiny

By A. R. BOMAR

(SIXTH INSTALLMENT)

“ALF, do you like it here?” Marian asked. “Yet, I know that you do. Now I have a real surprise for you, a pleasant one for both of us—Raymond is here to help start us in our new work.”

Passing along we soon came to the door of a large room which I had not as yet seen. It was enormous and in appearance presented the aspects of the interior of a cathedral. Rows of seats lined each side with a flower strewn aisle down the center to where two beautiful marble pillars arose to a considerable height, coupled overhead with an arch of alabaster covered with roses. Beyond the arch under which we passed was a raised altar back of which was a golden star containing a white cross hung with red roses. My memory flew black to Raymond and his Lodge in the mountains and just then, from an alcove at one side of the room, he came forward and greeted us taking Marian’s hand and leading her in front of the altar. Bidding me come forward he placed her hand in mine.

The silence in the crowded room was intense as he raised his hand and spoke: “My friend, through the ages, my more than brother, I have been allowed through special permission to come here tonight to witness the beginning of the new work of two whom I love most dearly. It is with extreme regret that I must perform the errand that has been suddenly imposed upon me which concerns my sister and her companion, my friend. We have met here tonight to witness the reunion of two souls mated in temperament at the dawn of

time, and separated because of sin, and kept apart by circumstances.

All is ready for the joining in work of those two who are all in all to each other. But it has suddenly been decreed otherwise. Alf, on earth the war slaughter continues and the Arch Fiend who at the present time holds the balance of power, the power to crush out civilization, has through the black force of magic made known that he would throw his influence on the side of peace and save the rest of humanity from partial destruction if we furnish him with a celestial companion, one beautiful beyond comparison, one who will consent for humanity’s sake to go back into a body of flesh to act as a consort to this monster. One who will sacrifice all on the altar of charity. My sister is the only one available. But as she is promised to you in your future work so both her and your consent is necessary, before she will be permitted to make such a sacrifice. My friend, what is your decision? I must have it now.”

Marian turned, and for the first time kissed me. “I will do it, Raymond. You may tell the Great One that if Alf, my love, consents. I feel that it will be a terrible shock to give him up again but I must not fail my high calling. I will sacrifice myself for humanity’s sake.”

Marian was pale as death and there had come over her such a change as I had never thought possible. Lassitude seemed to wilt my love until she stood drooping and listless. As for me, heaven had suddenly become a fuming hell, and all the passions and emotions which I had thought dead suddenly came to life and engulfed me. Surge after surge of intense feeling came over me until I

looked at Raymond, and from him I suddenly caught a fleeting glance which told me, somehow, to consent. Then I got control over my emotions and by a supreme effort calmed myself. Turning to my friend I spoke in a calm voice at which I was surprised. "Raymond, my consent is also given. I will work here as best I can until my love comes back to me."

At this juncture an entirely different feeling came over me and I felt that my duty was done. That though all heaven had been lost, it was well lost, and that for my fellow man I would sacrifice to the utmost. Then I had the courage to look at Marian and had the surprise of my life. Her face was glorified, and she rushed forward and clasped me in her arms. And as we stood there clasped close in love there came a voice which I had heard before—that of the Great One. We looked up and there he stood above us on the raised altar. I cannot describe his looks except to say that he was all radiance and his voice was soft and clear. He looked at me with his wonderful eyes and stretched forth his hands. "Brother, let me congratulate you in standing the supreme test. You will, I am sure, forgive this trial; but it was necessary to know how far you would go in sacrificing self for others. We are satisfied. Stand forth, my brother and sister. By the authority given me by One higher than myself, I consummate this holy union in the higher work. Go in peace and joy."

From the time of this union began our life together. For a while I missed the earth nights, and wanted to stroll with my love in the moonlight. This thought came to me as we sat in our large conservatory where the flowers bloomed in profusion. Suddenly Marian gave a silvery, tinkling laugh.

"Oh, you romantic boy. Although in heaven, you cry for the moon. Well, you can have a moon made all by yourself. Come on, youngster, the moon is

full and your partner is by your side ready for a stroll."

Again she had read my mind and throwing a scarf around her head we walked out on the rotunda facing the ocean. And there was my night, and a glorious moon coming up over a range of mountains. Marvel of the Desire World. Wish and lo, there it is. We walked down the steps to the strand where the little wavelets broke with a swish at our feet. We then took our course along the shore following the sea as it curved in and out among the trees finally stopping where a rock jutted out into the waves. There, as we sat in the moonlight, I looked at Marian and she seemed glorified. Her eyes shone like diamonds and the ethereal beauty of her face was enhanced by a halo which encircled her head. I sat spell bound in adoration. She leaned closer as I swayed nearer to her and our hands met. Long we lingered on this delightful shore where the moon moving toward the zenith sent shimmers of silver as far as we could see over the water. Then with arms about each other we strolled back to our mansion on the hill. Marian looked at me mischievously.

"What now, my worldly friend? It is still night until we wish it otherwise. Shall we sleep as mortal do? All things are possible that we wish."

We had entered the house and climbed a magnificent stairway at the head of which were two suites of rooms. Marian opened the door of one, the grandeur of which I could not begin to describe. The floor seemed of Parian marble all in variegated colors and the high walls and fretted dome were done in filigreed silver scrollwork, sparkling in the light from a central chandelier which threw an amazing flood of vari-colored lights over the other furnishings which were mostly crystal and pure gold. In an arched alcove was a couch like eider-down covered with silken comforts edged with pearls and diamonds. Marian

smiled at me and coming forward placed her hand on my shoulder which trembled at her touch. When she spoke, her tone was as balm to my troubled spirit. "Alf, my spirit friend, do not fail me now. This is the supreme test. Do we live here as mortals on the physical plane? It can be done for a time, or are you ready now to enter fully into the spiritual work pertaining here, free from all lust and physical entanglements? Remember our past lives of which you have had a retrospect. Let the Christ aid us now for if you should fail at this time we will again be barred from our future progress and your nemesis, your Dweller on the Threshold of your higher life, will again have you in its toils. You must overcome all *lust*, beloved. Are you strong enough?"

As I looked into her eyes a spiritual light flowed into me and I realized that the glory of celestial existence had been as yet no part of me; and I then knew beyond all doubt that my source of power, my strength of purpose came from the Christ, and that His light shown from my beloved's eyes. Then I held out my arms. "Come to me, my spirit companion; I have at last conquered all desires of the flesh. They are as the ashes of a burned out past, purified in the fire of spiritual conquest." Marian's smile was holy as she passed on to the other suite.

Marian and I worked together and our happiness was boundless. Gradually I overcame the delusion of day and night and settled down to the regular order of things in the heaven world. We attended lectures, visited art galleries, studied, concentrated and meditated on spiritual verities. We met many of those who arrived hourly and helped them find their balance. We had children come to live in our house and instructed them in lessons pertaining to the heaven world.

Once when we were returning from an errand of mercy, we noticed hun-

dreds of people going in the direction of the Holy Temple to which I had never been as yet. I asked Marian what it was all about.

"One of the Great Ones is to talk in the Temple to the people for one thing," she said. "We must go too, for you must hear and talk to him. Other Teachers, and perhaps Raymond, will be there also, although I hardly expect that, for he is so busy working on the earth plane that it is hard for him to get away."

Hand in hand we went on with the crowd, and soon found ourselves directly in front of the Temple which stood in the center of the most magnificent plain, which had the appearance of a well-kept park; and the streets and houses which surrounded it baffles description—all streets shining like gold and houses made of glass. Colored in different shades they presented an aggregation of beauty I never thought possible; and the light, of which there seemed to be no source, reflected hundred of colored rays flashing and swaying in thousands of whirling vortices. Steps leading up to the houses seemed made of pearl, and people came down and went up them as their fancy pleased. The color of the houses was most pleasing to the eyes as they would occasionally change completely so that as one looked and admired a combination of colors they would in an instant change to something more lovely. The crowds in the streets of the city seemed to be slowly converging toward a center leading up to the Temple. With what appeared to be countless thousands, we arrived at the amphitheatre. Inside the Temple the seats, which number hundreds of thousands, were made of gold and pearl and shone with a brilliance indescribable. We all sat down—from habit I suppose—as there is no sense of fatigue in heaven, but it did seem good to sit there with my dear one and see the happy throng all looking with eager expectancy toward the raised dais where

the Great One was to appear and talk to the multitude. I here noticed a strange thing: Covering the multitude as a mist, was a brilliant blue color. It permeated the entire throng like a beautiful cloud, but in no way impaired vision; rather it enhanced it.

Marian pressed my arm and pointed to the dais. I looked and there the blue color was scintillant with flashes of rose-pink mixed with the blue. "Look, beloved," she whispered, and then appeared the Great One. He came as it were from above and stood with outstretched hands over the people who all knelt in his presence—Marian and I among the rest of the devotees. Then came the music—I call it music, for it was nearer that than anything else with which I can compare it. What cannot be fully described was the effect it had. More wonderful than any tone I had ever imagined, it stole over us as we knelt there before the Presence. First it came as a low, tremulous note, if I can so call it, for an Ego on the heavenly plane can actually see with its feelings and emotions. Gradually the tone changed to a higher key, and I felt now a blissful ecstasy as it entered my being and gradually absorbed me as it did all present. I felt at first that I was being gradually changed into someone else and wondered at it until I looked at Marian. Then I knew what it was—the key note to our spiritual vibration which in our earth lives had so ardently drawn us together for centuries. Under the influence of this tone, stripped of our fleshly impediments our spirits were being drawn closer and closer until both vibrations were near blending. Then the note changed and another feeling joined with our emotions. We seemed to know without thinking that it was sounding the keynote of the higher Self. Together we sat there bathed in bliss, listening to the words of the Great One. All that He spoke of is not to be told as some things

are too sacred for utterance. But one thing He stressed, that at certain times it had become the rule for all heaven to pray for peace on earth and good will to men to save, if possible, the earth from dissolution. He urged all to concentrate on sending out love vibrations to the unhappy world from which we had come, and to pray without ceasing for its betterment. He told in the event that the earth should be destroyed that His kingdom would then be set up in its place.

We were sitting well up toward the front near the dais on which stood the Great One. He was clothed like the others and his general appearance was as those of the crowd except that the nimbus of violet-blue color which extended from the periphery of His entire body shone out from the head fan-shaped in electric radiance. His hair was as white silk or wool, and His eyes had a glowing quality undescribable and the effect of His gaze was magnetic as though a battery inside himself had been liberated. Suddenly I sensed this feeling although at the time I knew not what was happening. It was when I looked at Marian that I realized that something out of the ordinary had taken place for her aura shone with an effulgence like unto that of the Great One. She smiled and arose.

"Come, beloved, the Great One is calling us." Hand in hand we walked down the aisle and knelt with bowed heads in front of Him as He raised His hands in benediction. I cannot tell you how or what I felt for sensations in the heaven world are different from earth feelings. There on the physical plane our spiritual senses are hampered by the flesh, ruled and governed by the appetite. Here it was different, and our Spirits were free to receive and absorb the wonderful vibrations which fill all space. There are no barriers to break down there and our Spirits vibrate quickly in unison with that of the Teacher. This radiance covered us as

we knelt before Him, and shone in a blaze of glory. The ecstasy was so great that the sensations overran themselves in a wild ecstatic radiance. Oh, the glory of it; the satisfaction and fullness, the beauty and peace of it! Gone were all feelings but the here and now. Vanished were all and everything but an absorbing sense of peace and *love*. I clasped the hand of my beloved. The point of full contentment was reached.

Suddenly I sensed a change like I had experienced before when we had knelt at the Great One's entrance. It was both a sound and an intense feeling of ecstasy. I felt that Marian and I were being joined into one glorious mission; our consciousness merged each into that of the other. My thoughts became as one with hers and existence took on a more wonderful meaning as there flowed into me a Love so powerful, so overwhelming, so uplifting, so imbued with the spirit of sacrifice as to utterly astound me! Now, at last I knew my beloved for what she was and could to some extent understand a love that in its unselfishness transcends any earthly feeling and pertains to Christlike beauty. The Great One spoke: "Alf and Marian, my friends, you are now joined in spiritual union. Alf, your Higher Self is here represented by your beautiful companion, Marian, who has by her ceaseless efforts clung to you through centuries of disappointment and vicissitudes. She is one of our brightest stars and of a high order of spiritual attainment. I have joined your destinies temporarily that you may feel in some manner what the future holds for you when in time you contact consciously a complete union with your Higher Self. After you have learned more it will be decided in just which field your labors will be needed most. Should questions arise whereby you must have advice you have but to call and help will come to you. The state in which you have joined yourselves is of your own choosing and

may you prove worthy of your high calling. Take my blessing and go."

After this interview I took up a study of the things that I contacted in heaven. Marian of course was my teacher, and I learned that the nature of the bodies we now occupied were determined by our wishes and desires. The houses we lived in, like our bodies, were also as we wished them to be. That if we desired we could recall in essence any feelings or emotions that we had cultivated on earth. I learned that we were in the lowest part of the First Heaven World where color predominates all else. For instance, our dwelling house would for a time be a riot of colors, white, blue, green, orange, red, purple, either one, or all of these and could suddenly change to a color entirely unknown to me. Sometimes the colors would commingle and merge into others. Then their beauty would be indescribable, a riot of whirling brilliance. Not only would the color of the house change but the landscapes, mountains, hills, and sea would change quite frequently and as one stopped to admire a combination of beauty, that too would suddenly change to something entirely different. As time passed (I speak of time relatively), I wondered frequently just where the Holy Temple was situated; and I yearned to again see the Great One and hear His voice. I asked Marian where the Temple was and when we could go there again and a yearning came to me to remain there always.

Marian laughed. "Yes, my dear, I have been expecting that you would ask that question. No one lives in the Temple permanently, but one can earn the right to live in a residence near there. You were allowed to go there with me as a privilege given by the Great One for the purpose of raising your consciousness. I could live near there now but I would have to leave you here which I will not even consider."

(To be continued)

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings

Christian Mystic Initiation



HE doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as popularly understood, is, that about two thousand years ago God, in a miraculous manner, fertilized a certain Mary who was a virgin, and as a result she gave birth to Jesus, an individual, who in consequence was the Son of God in a sense different from all other men. There is also in the popular mind the idea that this incident is unique in the history of the world.

It is particularly the latter fallacy which has served to distort the beautiful spiritual truth concerning the Immaculate Conception. It is not unique in any sense. Every Great Soul who has been born into the world to live a life of sublime saintliness, such as required for the Christian Mystic Initiation, has also found entrance through parents of immaculate virginity who were not besmirched by passion in the performance of the generative act. Men do not gather grapes of thorns. It is an axiomatic truth that like begets like, and before anyone can become a Saviour he must himself be pure and sinless. Therefore he, being pure, cannot take birth from one who is vile, *he must be born of virgin parents.*

But the virginity to which we refer does not comprehend a merely physical condition. There is no inherent virtue in physical virginity, for all possess it at the beginning of life no matter how vile their disposition may be. The vir-

ginity of the mother of a Saviour is a quality of the soul, which remains unsullied, regardless of the physical act of fertilization.

When people perform the first creative act without desire for offspring, merely for the gratification of their animal lusts and propensities, they lose the only (physical) virginity they ever possessed; but when prospective parents unite in a spirit of prayer, offering up their bodies upon the altar of sacrifice, in order to provide an incoming soul with the physical body needed at the present time to further spiritual development, the purity of purpose preserves their virginity and draws a noble soul to their hearth and home. Whether a child is conceived in sin or immaculately, depends upon its own inherent soul quality, for that will unerringly draw it to parents of a nature like unto its own. To become the son of a virgin predicates a past career of spirituality for the one who is so born.

"The mystic birth" of a "builder" is a cosmic event of great importance, and it is therefore not surprising that it is pictured in the skies from year to year, showing by graphic symbolism in the great world, or macrocosm, what will eventually take place in man, the little world, or microcosm. We are all destined to experience the things that Jesus experienced including the immaculate conception which is a prerequisite to the life of saints and saviors

in varying degrees. By understanding the great cosmic symbol we shall more easily understand its application to the individual human being.

The Sun is "the light of the world" in a material sense. When in winter time it reaches the extreme southern declination at the winter solstice on December 23rd, the people in the northern hemisphere, where all the present religions have had their birth, are plunged in the deepest darkness and bereft of the all-sustaining vital power emanating from the Sun, which is then partly dead so far as its influence upon men is concerned. It is therefore necessary that a new light shine in the darkness, that a Sun of *Good be born*, to save humanity from the cold and famine which must inevitably result if the Sun were to remain in the southern position which he occupies at the winter solstice.

On the night between the 24th and 25th of December the Sun having commenced to slowly rise toward the earth's equator, the zodiacal sign Virgo, the immaculate celestial virgin is on the eastern horizon in all northern latitudes (in the hours immediately preceding midnight). In the science of astrology it is the sign and degree on the eastern horizon at the time of birth which determines the form of body of the creature then born. Therefore, the Sun of Good is said to have been born of Virgo, the sublime celestial Virgin, who remains as pure after giving birth to her Sun Child as she was before, and by analogy the Son of God who comes to save his fellow men must also be born of an immaculate spiritual virgin.

From what has been said it is evident that a great period of preparation precedes the entrance of a Christian Mystic into the present sphere of human life, though he, in his physical consciousness, is usually entirely unaware of the fact of the great adventure in store for him. And in all probability his childhood days and early youth will pass in

obscurity, while he lives an inner life of unusual depth, unconsciously preparing himself for the Baptism which is the first of the nine steps in this method of attainment.

It is noteworthy that nearly all religious systems prescribed ablutions previous to the performance of religious duties, and the worship performed in the ancient Atlantean Mystery Temple, the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, was no exception, as we have seen from the previous articles on "Ancient and Modern Symbols of Initiation." After having obtained justification by sacrifice on the Brazen Altar, the candidate was compelled to wash in the Laver of Consecration, the Molten Sea, before he was allowed to enter upon the duties of his ministry in the sanctuary proper; and it is in conformity with this rule that we find the Hero of the Gospels going to the river Jordan, where He underwent the Mystic Rite of Baptism; and when He rose, we learn that the Spirit descended upon Him. Therefore it is obvious that those who follow the Christian Mystic Path of Initiation must also be similarly baptized before they can receive the Spirit, which is to be their true guide through all the trials before them.

But what constitutes Baptism is a question which has called forth an argument of almost unbelievable intensity. Some contend that it is a sprinkling with water, and others insist upon the immersion of the whole body. Some say that it is sufficient to take an infant into church, sprinkle it with water despite its protests, and presto, it becomes a Christian; an heir of heaven; whereas should it unfortunately die before this sacred rite is performed it must inevitably go to hell. Others take the more logical position that the desire of the individual for admission into the church is the prime factor necessary to make the rite effective, and therefore

(Continued on page 479)

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

Stragglers

Q. Has our life wave, from the time we were Virgin Spirits, made constant and uniform progress?

A. No, there were stragglers, of course, as there are in any great body or company. In school there are, every year, those who fail to reach the standard required for promotion into a higher grade. Similarly, in every Period of Evolution, there are those who fall behind because they have not attained the standard necessary to pass onward to the next higher stage.

Q. When did such differences first occur?

A. Even as early as the first, or Saturn Period, there were some who failed to improve sufficiently to take the next step forward.

Q. Were these conscious at that time?

A. At that stage the Higher Beings were working with the life, as it was itself unconscious, but that unconsciousness did not prevent the retardation of some of the Virgin Spirits who were not so pliable, nor so readily adaptable as others.

Q. How important is adaptability in the scheme of evolution?

A. In that one word "Adaptability," we have the great secret of advancement or retardation. All progress depends upon whether an evolving being is flexible, adaptable, and pliable, so as to be able to accommodate itself to new conditions, or whether it is crystallized, set, and incapable of alteration.

Q. What is adaptability?

A. Adaptability is the quality which makes for progress, whether an entity is at a high or a low stage of evolution. Lack of it is the cause of the retardation

of the Spirit and retrogression of the Form.

Q. Does this apply only to the early stages of our evolution?

A. This applies to the past, present, and future, the division of the qualified and the unqualified, thus, being made with the exact and impersonal justice of the Law of Consequence. There never was, or ever shall be any arbitrary distinction made between the "sheep" and the "goats."

Q. How does this relate to the Christian's term "salvation"?

A. Progression with our present wave of evolution is what is meant when "salvation" is spoken of in the Christian religion, and it is something to be earnestly sought, for though the "eternal damnation" of those who are not "saved" does not mean destruction or endless torture, it is nevertheless a very serious matter.

Q. What would be their fate?

A. They would be held in a state of inertia for inconceivable millions of years before a new evolution shall have progressed to such a stage that those who fail here can have an opportunity to proceed.

Q. What is the greatest danger toward this end?

A. The greatest apprehension of occult scientists is materialism, which if carried too far, not only prevents progress but will destroy all the seven vehicles of the Virgin Spirit, leaving it naked. Such an one will then have to commence at the very beginning of the new evolution. For this reason, the present period is to our humanity, the most critical of all.

Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 223-4; 229-31.

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

Premature Judgment?



Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—*Matt. 7:20.*

Perhaps the first indication of individual crucifixion in the life of the newly consecrated candidate is the unreasonable censure of his close associates. These demand that the neophyte, contrary to the principle underlying all Nature, be instantly perfect without going through the process of becoming so. As soon as a fellow mortal resolves to refashion his life so as to conform to Cosmic Law he must never again be sick, never lose his temper, never be selfish, afraid, discouraged, lacking in wisdom. Unless his human frailties and his old faults are transmuted promptly into spiritual supremacy he is pronounced a hypocrite or dupe on the conviction that "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Surely this is unreasonable as no change in the universe is accomplished in that spontaneous way, neither in the macrocosm or the microcosm. Nature's policy is growth and growth is a gradual process. Nor does it ever begin in the external, in the fruit that meets the eye. Construction and reconstruction always begin where the human vision cannot penetrate, deep within at the root of the structure. There the fierce, unremitting struggle must go on long before improvement is apparent to the superficial onlooker. In the unseen the newly inspired gardener first does his slow but thorough work; breaks up the set, unyielding soil of persistent habit; grapples with entrenched parasites that dig in deeper when attacked. His concern

is not with the fruit already on the tree.

Even the new aspirant himself usually believes that he can become instantly "different," transformed into a chosen vessel of the Lord, perfect and without blemish. Experience soon teaches him, however, what a difficult task he has undertaken in attempting to reform his destiny by reforming his natural inclinations. With every effort to change the set tendencies of his powerful desire body, the evils in his nature seem fired with diabolical determination to maintain the supremacy they have held for many lives. What he believes he conquered yesterday lifts its head with intensified life today. A magnificent but prolonged battle. The constant vigilance, however, and the seeming failures are very trying, a mental, emotional, and physical strain on the mere human not accustomed to such conscientious conflict. And so it is quite natural that in the stress of this revolutionizing crisis the struggling aspirant might present a more tempestuous and less agreeable personality than before his conversion; it is a period of transition in which each tenacious fault exerts its utmost in defiance of a new authority.

For a long time only the Warrior within knows how the battle fares, who is winning, who is losing. Although to the superficial outsider the fruit may show little if any improvement, the persevering soul is conscious of an inch by inch advantage being gained by the spirit, and knows that *in its season* the perfect fruit will appear, when the faulty remains of last year's crop will no longer cling to the rehabilitated tree.

Astrology Department

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Humanity on Trial An Astrological Philosophical Fantasy

By CRESCENTA MAY

I love to view the moon when high she rides, Amidst the heavens, in borrowed lustre bright; And how she borrows from the sun her light. O! these are wonders of the Almighty's hand, Whose wisdom first the circling orbits planned.—*T. Rodd.*



ALL sound in the universe was hushed as a new dawn rose upon a scene of indescribable grandeur and tragedy. The Star-Angels of the nine planets, beautiful to behold in their majesty, had descended upon the planet of suffering, the earth, and stood grouped together, conversing in low voices, their faces expressing varied emotions. They did not seem to agree with one another; some were pleading, some undecided, one openly opposed to all and everything that was said. It was the day of judgment of the earth-children, whom the Star-Angels had commanded to appear before God, the Great Architect of our solar system, to answer for the misuse of the awakened powers which the Star-Angels had aroused in them.

Shorn of their pride, the earth-children were massed together like cattle before the break of a storm. Fear and guilt were written on that sea of upturned faces, and shame for deeds beyond recall. It was only yesterday that husbands and wives had hated each other, children revolted against their parents, brothers and sisters had drifted

apart. Today, misery and a common sense of guilt had drawn them together and they stood united, looking to each other for support. The king felt as humble as the beggar. Those who were judges of man, in turn feared judgment; the sinner tried to recall a few good deeds to his credit; the saint looked within and found some bad. Not one was good nor so bad but that good and evil were found in each other's company. Gladly would the assembly have given all they possessed in material wealth to change conditions now; but they all knew that the Divine Judge could not be influenced. They knew that they must pay the penalty for breaking the laws of nature, of man, and of God, and for the misuse of the help of the Star-Angels, which they had diverted to selfish purposes. Racial and religious hatreds were overshadowed by the coming battle for existence. Poor humanity, possessing God's own power to create, yet knowing not that within themselves lay hidden the way to their own salvation.

The sky was bathed in a glorious mass of scintillating colors as the sun

rose high. The atmosphere became electrified, as a voice of magnificent timbre set the ethers in motion—a voice of such indescribable beauty that each human heart ached with longing to behold the Speaker—It was the Voice of God.

Searchingly the earth-children looked above, but their eyes were blinded by the sun, God's only visible symbol. These were the words He spoke: "I am the Father of you all, accusers and accused. My love includes you all, sinners and sinned against; so be not afraid, earth-children, justice and mercy shall be granted you. Speak, Star-Angels."

Mars rushed forward with flaming eyes, sharpness in his voice: "Dynamic energy, I awakened in the earth-children, and mine is the most abused of all forces; for they have used it, more for sense gratification than constructive work. If they would only control that priceless energy, untold suffering and tragedy could be avoided. God's own power is given into the earth-children's hands, but, insensible to the fact that it is

Divine power, they have become drunk with it. They could not or would not sense that it must be used in utmost purity. During youth many believe that power to be inexhaustible, and waste it recklessly and indiscriminately till they can qualify only as damaged goods. The most deadly of diseases have become the most common among them, destroying flowers and thistles alike.

"Others there are among them who sow their seed, but do not let it ripen into fruit. They want all of life's pleasures and none of its responsibilities, thereby denying waiting Egos a chance to reincarnate. They waste the most powerful force in the universe—the force to create, to bring forth from themselves

other living beings, to give form to those who wait for entrance into earth's great school.

"In mansions of creative thought they could live, but they choose to *hide* away in the ruins of dissipation. So long as the creative force finds expression only through sense gratification, man remains close to the animal: when that force is drawn upward, and has passed the "danger mark," then man is close to God. The "danger mark," where so many meet defeat, is the tongue—the malicious, gossiping, slandering, ever-criticizing tongue. If the creative energy is conserved only to be lost again through destructive speech, then it cannot rise higher, and in the brain set the finer sense centers vibrating. And so the gates of the spiritual world remain closed to those who use it thus.

"Gods in the making they are, but creatures of destruction they choose to be. The creative energy can be used and abused in many ways. It can lead to the heights or drag down to the depths.

"The leaders among men are those who are masters of the desires of the flesh. They have harnessed their creative energy, and direct it unselfishly into their chosen lifework. They are activated by the great desire to give something worth-while to the world, to benefit mankind, and to be of service to humanity at large. Royal spenders they are, who forget or decline to serve self, and give their very life force in the service of humanity. Only to the strong, the pure, the unselfish in mind and heart is given the power to express the beauty of spirit over matter.

"But so long as these foolish earth-children are slaves to their desires and passions, the way to freedom will be

THE ROSICRUCIAN BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY

How can a ball of mud and mineral up in the sky affect my destiny? asks the skeptic. It *doesn't*, says the Rosicrucian; but the *indwelling Planetary Spirit* of that ball, that planet, *does* have an effect upon you. The planetary arrangement at birth is a photograph of your character and character is destiny.

blocked. It is the power of thought that opens the door to freedom, and it is the power of mind over matter that keeps it open, and that power is generated only when the creative force is drawn upward to build and nourish the brain. Nothing worth-while is gained without a sacrifice of some kind. The pleasures of the spirit are only given in exchange for self-denial of the flesh. The fleeting joy of physical sensation cannot compare with spiritual exaltation. However, very few of the earth-children at the present time are willing to give up the pleasures of the flesh, and so they benumb their higher senses with liquor, indulge in immorality, and under the full sway of uncontrolled desires commit various acts of vice. Their bodies become diseased, their minds blurred, dissipation is written on their faces, jealousy and hatred leave their ugly lines, and finally they can no longer hide the outward expression of the inward degradation. O God, I wish to withdraw my power. It is too dangerous to trust it longer in unskilled hands," moaned the disappointed Mars.

MERCURY, with wings sadly drooping, thoughtfully spoke: "I quickened their germ of mind, with its ability to reason, to analyze. It is my work that has raised these earth-children above the animal, brought light into their darkened minds, to banish their fears and superstitions. I held the torchlight of freedom out to them, that they might learn to reason from cause to effect; that they need no longer be subjected to circumstances and environment, but might be enabled to mold their lives as they would.

"I taught them that the mind, controlled and directed by a powerful will, need recognize no obstacles, and that it is the will which gives to mind its positive qualities; that without will, the mind is negative, wavering, open to all sorts of undesirable outside influences, subject to inner restlessness, qualified only

to follow, but never to lead. I impressed upon them the fact that only woe comes to the positive thinking man who takes advantage of his negative brother in order to further his own selfish interest; woe to him who can reason from cause to effect and yet deliberately does wrong, for his mind shall be his most severe accuser. Then when the earth-children began to comprehend the fact that brain is mightier than brawn, they began to make their own law, the law that would benefit the most mentally fit. I tried to impress on their minds that the thinking man of his community, state, or church, who prostitutes his intellect for material gain is many times worse than the ignorant one who commits crimes of violence; that the word, spoken, can hide thoughts, but the act bears witness to the lie of the first, the truth of the latter. And so by their acts they would be known.

"I desired they know that high and lofty thoughts cannot lead to low and questionable actions; that a low mind can be only temporarily hidden by deceiving speech; and inevitably is exposed through a hasty act in an unguarded moment of selfishness; that through the power of mind they can avert wars, poverty, sickness, and the mental diseases that are the result of negative states of mind and emotions. I wished them to know that so long as self-preservation is uppermost in their minds they can live only in their immediate, limited earth sphere; but when they begin to lift their minds up above material things, they will receive a foretaste of heaven life.

"However, laziness on the part of these children has been the greatest hindrance to the development of work. I quickened their germ of mind, and tried to make them exercise the brain that it might grow. I tried to make them understand that through mental and spiritual growth, soul progress is made; that mind and heart must be

forever linked in order to form the perfect balance; that those intellectuals who break that link, who crush their higher emotions, lose their human touch; that they exchange the love of their fellow men for admiration—a stone for bread; that intellect is of inestimable value; but the danger is in overemphasis of it—to worship it to the exclusion of feeling, and to look upon emotions as human weaknesses of which one should be ashamed. I wished them to know that mind and heart must cooperate and intellect must not close its ear to the voice of love, for without the inspiration of love, intellect is a deadly force, cold, selfish, and cruel. Like a flower—gorgeous, but without fragrance; and all its beauty cannot make up for its lack of sweetness. I wished them to know that mind used wisely in unison with the heart would give the earth-children the power to hasten their evolution; but its misuse would plunge them into a darkness deeper than that out of which they came, for now they were able to choose consciously between good and evil. O God, I would plunge them again into the darkness whence they came, but sister Venus has been pleading for them, and I have learned to listen to her voice. I will give the earth-children another opportunity if they will listen to her also.”

The Moon in all her mystic charm, spoke forth in silvery voice: “Imagination I awoke in the earth-children, but you have heard, O Father of all, what my brothers Mars and Mercury have said. I am working hand in hand with them. My efforts fade into nothingness, like bursting soap bubbles, while the earth-children let the glorious reflection of their imagination drift through their minds, and then fail to reproduce them in concrete form. If they would only realize the value of my work, and think not of it as a poet’s

fancy, as an amusement for idle hours. I let the servant see himself as master; I let the schoolboy see himself in the President’s chair; I let the student dream of the day when he himself will be the teacher; I let the struggling singer see his audience spellbound at his feet; and I let the author set the world on fire in his thoughts.

“Alas, most of the earth-children are dreamers, idle dreamers, satisfied with building castles in the air instead of putting forth the effort necessary to make their dreams realities. The wish to be great, alone will avail them nothing; only *will* expressed in action will avail. Without my power there would be no progress. The inventor and scientist do use it to make the world a safer and more comfortable place in which to live, the artist and poet to make life more beautiful and inspiring. Through my power solar systems and the four kingdoms of nature came into existence.

(To be continued)

Your Child's Horoscope

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR
A READING

Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either new or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to a chance for a reading of a child's horoscope in this department. Character and vocational delineations are made for applicants of any age up to 16. The names are drawn by lot each month, those not drawn losing their opportunity. Application for reading should be sent in when the subscription is made or renewed.

Data required are name, sex, birth-place, and year, month and date of birth, also hour and minute as nearly as possible. *If Daylight Saving Time was in effect this should be stated.*

We do not read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine. We teach, however, the reading of horoscopes in our Correspondence Courses, notice of which appears elsewhere in this issue.



The Children of Libra, 1945

Birthdays: September 23 to October 24.

LIBRANS are generally ardent and enthusiastic in everything they do. Like the scales, symbol of Libra, these people are capable of delicate discernment, of weighing intrinsic values against each other, or in relation of definite standards. Again, like the scales, they are likely to swing from one extreme to the other; being happy, optimistic, and contented at times, dejected and indifferent at others. Acquiring persistence, serenity, equilibrium, and refraining from misusing their charm (of which they usually have much) for selfish ends are perhaps necessary lessons. A high degree of social awareness and responsibility is often apparent, and most of their activities involve partnerships or groups. Yet, there is a certain amount of aloofness and reserve which they cannot bear to have violated. Librans are generally affable, cultivated, refined, persuasive people with strong artistic leanings. They have an innate love of beauty, peace, and harmony, all of which seem essential to their health and happiness.

The Sun forms three conjunctions as it enters Libra this year; one with Neptune until October 10th, one with Mercury until October 13th, and one with Jupiter until October 14th. This unusual grouping of Sun and planets will profoundly affect the character of the children born during that time. Marked social consciousness, personal attractiveness, and creative ability may be expected. Some will manifest lofty ideas, deeply religious or mystical traits, and lifelong devotion to humanitarian, artistic, or intellectual pursuits. The Jupiter-Neptune conjunction is of an inspirational nature; it is idealistic and humane, and may be expected to influence all Librans born this year in subtle, widely differing ways by means of a deep understanding of cosmic principles. Sun conjunct Mercury gives mental vigor and decisiveness, but suggests the need of detachment and flexibility.

A square between Sun and Mars, active all the solar month, indicates a need of training in caution, patience, kindness, justice, and tolerance. Calm, wisely directed desires and energies can

spare these children from making many errors. Sun square Saturn may bring some difficulties or limitations into the lives of Librans born after October 9th, or there may be circumstances requiring thrift, perseverance, industry, and other saturnine virtues. Skepticism, doubt, fear, and other negative mental states should not be permitted to develop. Sun trine Uranus October 1st to 20th will give considerable independence, attractiveness, dramatic drive, and strength of character to those born during this time.

Mercury is conjunct Jupiter from September 23 to October 7th; and, conjunct Neptune September 26th to October 5th. These aspects will broaden and sensitize the mind in many respects, rendering it imaginative, ethical, humane, and visionary. While the minds of those born September 29th to October 12th may be sharpened and quickened by a square of Mercury to Mars, this inharmonious aspect may leave much to be overcome in the way of ill-temper, irritability, hostility, or even rudeness. Mercury sextile Saturn September 23rd to October 27th will do much to insure success in all undertakings, for it has a practical ambitious influence, giving perseverance, depth, and seriousness. But a square between the same two planets may impel those born from October 7th to 16th to over-stress the same qualities resulting in harshness, worry, narrowness, greed, et cetera. Early training in kindness, generosity, faith, and an optimistic, open-minded attitude should prove helpful. Those born during October 2nd to 12th have Mercury trine Uranus and may be unusually clever, progressive, and ingenuous in many ways.

Considerable fortitude, faithfulness, tact, and other social and moral virtues may be apparent in those born during October 9th to 19th, due to a trine between Venus and Saturn. Venus conjunct Neptune October 18th to 24th

may greatly sensitize and refine the feelings; while idealistic affections may bring much of either inspiration and joy, or loneliness and discontent later on, depending upon the individual's spiritual development. Because of a Venus to Uranus square, those born during October 2nd to 15th may need to become more cooperative, adaptable, and well-balanced; while curbing unconventional, wilful, erratic tendencies. Venus sextile Mars, September 29th to October 16th means active and generous affections, love of fun and adventure, and benefits in family, and business life for those born within that period.

Librans born this year after October 6th have Mars conjunct Saturn; a difficult aspect tending to harsh, selfish, violent, or egoistic traits. A need of growing more kind, patient, forgiving, lenient, and altruistic is indicated. Otherwise, accidents or unhappiness may be attracted. Those born before October 3rd have Mars square Neptune and Jupiter, which could result in grave emotional problems, cravings for strange and intense sensations, contacts with sordid characters. Careful training in self-restraint, moral cleanness, moderation in all things, and in simple, rational living, could prevent much avoidable sorrow. Drugs, intoxicants, sensationalism, mediumship, and objectionable associates are all fraught with danger and should be shunned.

A trine of Jupiter and Uranus will benefit mentally and spiritually all Librans born this year after October 7th. Popularity, forcefulness, altruism, and determined, constructive activities may be expected.

Pluto sextiles Uranus, Jupiter, and Neptune all of the solar month; an influence of tremendous and varied possibilities; an indication of wide opportunities in a truly wonderful era during adult life.

Reading for a Subscriber's Child

TWINS.

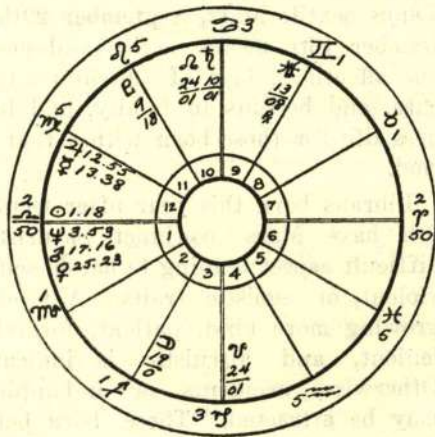
LUANN C.

Born September 24, 1944, 7:30 A.M.

LINALLE C.

Born September 24, 1944, 7:45 A.M.
(War Time).

Latitude 32 N. Longitude 82 W.



It is always interesting to cast charts for twins. In their chart we note, first of all, that the twins have the artistic, musical sign Libra rising. We would like to call attention to the fact that with fifteen minutes difference in birth time, Luann has Neptune in the 1st house rather than in the 12th as it is in the chart of Linalle. Neptune going from the 12th to the 1st house will change the inner feelings and emotions and will cause one to take the lead in doing things and also in saying them.

Most of the planets are above the horizon in these two charts, indicating that the twins are advanced, quick, clever, and versatile. Four planets—Sun, Neptune, Mars, and Venus in Libra place both children, definitely, in the world of art, music, and artistic dancing. Mars and Venus sextile to the Moon in Sagittarius indicate that there will be travel connected with the performance of their work. We would like

to stress the point that Neptune and Mars are in square aspect (a so-called evil one), to Saturn in Cancer in the 10th house, their path of honor and glory. Therefore care should be taken in the rearing of these girls to ensure their reaping the full benefit of their abilities. Wrong habits of living, thinking, and acting can defeat the destiny of these high Egos. Uranus is opposed to the Moon, the public, and their lives must be approved by the critical public.

Jupiter and Mercury are conjunct in the sign Virgo and the 12th house—this means work for the unfortunate in the world, which indicates that the twins should carry forward two lines of work and service.

Jupiter and Mercury are square Uranus in the sign Gemini, the concrete mind, which indicates that education early in life is the best method to use in overcoming a tendency to be rather indifferent to the value of study and application. A sextile (good) from Uranus in Gemini to Pluto in the sign Leo shows a well-developed heart, and these charming twins can and will always be reached through their hearts as well as their minds.

Saturn in Cancer sextile to Jupiter and Mercury will insure them against financial losses and they will have enough of this world's goods—not only for themselves but also enough to aid others. Sun and Neptune are parallel which shows the advanced stage of both of these girls as well as does the Neptune-Libra position. They will work, not only for their own evolution, but for the good of others.

The charts are working charts—there will not be an idle moment in their lives. The most important thing to watch, is, that they follow *through* to completion any task that they begin. If

(Continued on page 478)

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THIS PAGE is 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 this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS, 16 to 45 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Educator. Reformer

IVAN F.—Born December 10, 1919, 6:15 A.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 77 W. Sun and Mercury, (mind) in Sagittarius on the Ascendant with Sun trine Neptune and Jupiter, and Mercury sextile to Mars, in Libra, and Venus in Scorpio, trine to Pluto in Cancer, gives Ivan ability, knowledge, and power to do much good in the world and will bring him into prominence working through his contact with people. Education and regeneration of all is his field of activity and this should be carried out from the animal kingdom up to the higher waves of life. Civic and cultural affairs will lead to the fulfillment of Ivan's evolution. Working with groups, Pluto, for the betterment of all will bring success and financial security.

Chemist. X-ray

LOIS M. E.—Born December 11, 1926, 3:45 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 96 W. Mercury in the 1st house trine Uranus in the 5th house and both planets in watery signs gives Lois ability as a chemist or a dietitian as well as dexterity in the use of X-rays. Jupiter in Aquarius, ruled by Uranus and Saturn, again bring out ability along these lines. Having planets in most of the signs shows adaptability in working with others and adjusting herself to her work. Venus sextile Jupiter in Aquarius, and Mars sextile the Moon in Pisces, will give Lois a great desire to work with those who cannot help themselves and will urge her to take up battles in their defense; she will therefore work well in hospitals and institutions for the unfortunate. Sun in good as-

pect to Jupiter and Neptune, one in the Midheaven and the other the nadir will aid her to be very successful in her chosen profession.

Teacher. Writer

FRANCES Y.—Born May 31, 1910, 2:00 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 114 W. With the fire of Mars (Mars rules Aries, the Ascendant) and Venus sextile Pluto in Gemini, and a Mars-Neptune conjunction, Frances should be able to write well and she also has the ability to teach. Either occupation could be followed in the home (Cancer) in such capacity as tutor for those who need special training, or that of an author. Mercury and Sun trine, (good) Jupiter in the 6th house, in the sign of Libra gives Frances an artistic, quick mentality and she thinks in terms of greatness which carried forward will lead to real success.

Attendant. Nurse

FLORENCE H.—Born April 15, 1911, 7:45 A.M. Lat. 43 N. Long. 79 W. All things that pertain to health and work that is done in seclusion is the field in which Florence can and will work. Four planets, Sun, Saturn, Venus, and Mercury, in the 12th house (the house of institutions and hospitals) indicate this kind of work. Having Jupiter and Moon in Scorpio opposed to the planets in the 12th house a word should be said about setting an example to others by living a life such as described of Caesar's wife—above reproach. Mars in Aquarius trine (good) to Pluto in the 1st house in Gemini will give Florence the ability to work with groups and to express her inner nature when doing so.

Monthly News Interpreted

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Television Promise

With only six commercial television stations yet in operation—three in New York City, one each in Schenectady, Philadelphia and Chicago—the \$400 to \$500 cost of television receivers has worked no real hardship on the privileged U.S. public. But lest it should, Manhattan's Viewtone Co. last week said that it was ready with a set for "the average man." Viewtone, which is now making electronic devices for military use, backed its claim by displaying a small table model, with a small (4½x6½ in.) screen. Price: \$100. Viewtone promised to go into production of "hundreds of thousands of sets" as soon as WPB said the word.—*Time*, August 13, 1945.

Most adults can remember the time when Television would have seemed utterly fantastic. Yet today, even while its use is extremely restricted, many have witnessed demonstrations of this invention, and doubtless in a few more years "television sets" will be as common as the radio is today.

Perhaps this will bring a change in the attitude of the "man in the street" who frequently considers himself highly practical and ridicules the claims of the occultist that there is a faculty known as Clairvoyance, and that this faculty may be cultivated in time by all who are willing to employ the proper methods. If through the use of a man-made machine one is enabled to behold events transpiring at a distance, surely it is not strange if man, through the machinery of his own vehicles and the spiritual powers of his being, can accomplish the same, and far greater results.

But regardless of whether the masses arrive at this conclusion or not, it seems obvious to the discerning that invention after invention is gradually lifting even the most materialistic toward the point in evolution where they must at last recognize the existence of the spiritual

worlds and realities which the pioneers among their fellow men have always accepted, first intuitively and finally as facts revealed through firsthand knowledge.

Matriarchs Win Votes

In the recent first election in France in which women were permitted to vote, the small northern town of Echigey elected a complete matriarchal government. Ten women ran on a single ticket and somehow the ticket won. The men demanded a recount.—*San Diego Union*, August 12, 1945.

Students of the Rosicrucian philosophy know that in the Aquarian Age, whose orb we are already touching, men and women are destined to work together in harmonious equality. While the above item hardly presents an example of equality, 'it is an indication that women are awakening to their rightful place in the world, even in a country where suffrage has been denied them until only a few months ago.

Of course the war is undoubtedly responsible in the main for this change of outlook, and even in America, where women are now quite accustomed to their right to vote, war conditions have had a decidedly emancipating influence. Women have, to a far greater extent than in World War I, been drawn during the past few years into what was previously regarded as a man's world almost exclusively. Unfortunately, many have appeared to think that because they were doing a man's work, they must adopt manners usually (though often erroneously) considered masculine, with the result that they have presented a picture neither masculine nor feminine, but merely crude and vulgar.

In times of rapid change there is

always much that is undesirable, but as we draw nearer the Aquarian Age, woman will learn that although she shares equally with man in the world and its responsibilities, she is not to sacrifice her femininity, but use it as a complement to the masculine powers of her brothers.

Atomic Power

A lot of unnecessary energy is being wasted arguing over the potential effects of atomic power upon the world's social and economic structure in the future. One commentator has proclaimed that atomic power will cut the world's man power needs in half. Others see in it a disappearance of the need for coal, gas and other orthodox fuels as sources of power and heat.

It is well to bear in mind that every great invention or scientific discovery that has been made for mankind's benefit, even though it may be diverted to destructive uses in wartime, has benefited the human race. Wherever it has upset an economic principle it has established one far better than the one it displaced.

So it probably will be with atomic power. First, it must be harnessed. Then it must be intelligently applied. If those two things are accomplished, none need worry about its future. If it scraps a way of life in the process, it will be so great an improvement that none of us will fear it. And if man has the intelligence to discover the secret of atomic power, then certainly he has the intelligence to use it to humanity's advantage.—*San Diego Union*, August 15, 1945.

The above quotation is from one of the countless news items which have been flooding newspapers and magazines all over the world since the discovery of the "atomic bomb" and the demonstration of its staggering power which, according to Emperor Hirohito of Japan, was the chief cause of his country's surrender to the Allies.

This startling discovery has been greeted with varied opinions and emotions. Some persons regard it as a divine revelation to bring about the overthrow of our enemies; others fear that the very existence of the world is endangered thereby. In some quarters it

is regarded as the harbinger of revolutionary advances in our way of life; while there are those who are inclined to belittle the value of this discovery, perhaps in fear of losing the power and advantages they enjoy today if the existing industrial and economic order were to be radically altered.

Science has for some years recognized the possibility of unleashing the power of the atom. But to the average man it was only a romantic theory—something to be woven into the stories of the more imaginative writers of fiction. Nearly every great discovery, however, was first a so-called impractical dream to material minds which can grasp only that which cannot possibly be denied.

The atomic bomb, even though it has at present unlocked only in a small degree the force within the atom, serves to bring to our attention the tremendous power in which we "live and move and have our being." For all power is the Power of God, as the Rosicrucian student is taught, and this power may be used either for construction or destruction, good or evil. If employed for good, the results are good; if for evil, the misuse of power inevitably destroys that which the evil-doer seeks to accomplish.

Those who have accepted the Rosicrucian philosophy believe in the *Invisible Government* of the world (the "Upper Cabinet," as Abraham Lincoln called it), and with that Invisible Government working behind the scenes, inconceivably more influential than any government on the material plane, is it not reasonable to assume that the method of releasing atomic power would not have been permitted to fall into man's hands if there were not also the strong probability of his using it rightly? While the Great Ones never encroach upon our free will, we know that there have always been secrets man has not been allowed to "discover" until he has proved himself worthy.

READERS' QUESTIONS

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The Nature of Color in the Desire World

Question:

Can you give me an idea of the nature of the color which is seen in the Desire World, as compared with physical color?

Answer:

The colors seen in the Desire World are not at all the same colors which we see here in the physical world, for physical color is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays. It is not really a property of the object with which it is associated except in the sense that the object consists of a substance which reflects the light in such a way as to produce a specific color.

In the Desire World, however, *light is a property of matter itself*. One might almost say that from the viewpoint of that world the desire stuff IS LIGHT, or, conversely, that light IS desire stuff. Everything there *consists* of light, in a sense, unlike material objects which have no color to the physical vision when there is no light for them to reflect.

Another difference between physical and Desire World color is that the latter has a *living* quality which is absent in its physical counterpart. Physical colors, even in the form of light, are inert compared with the light and color of the Desire World which seem actually instinct with a kind of life. This is why the colors of that world impinge upon

the consciousness with a healing power, according to their nature—red, vivifying; yellow, mental, electrical; green (depending on its hue) soothing and at the same time intellectual, partly because it relaxes the physical tension which interferes with pure intellection; violet, the protective principle of spiritual love; and so on.

These colors as seen in the Desire World with spiritual vision are superlatively bright, and the darkest of the colors there are brighter than the brightest sunlight here.

To the spiritual sight, this desire stuff interpenetrates all of the etheric region and every physical form; and the dark—almost black—chemical ether seems almost inseparable from the lowest grade of desire stuff. They are so dense that they seem nearly gaseous, and they are frequently visible even to the uncultivated sight of those in whom the higher faculties are just beginning to stir.

When we say that *desire stuff is light* we have the key to the meaning of auric color, for the aura, which is a radiation of the desire stuff, consists of this light-substance. The colors drawn from the lower regions of the Desire World are more gaseous or cloudy in appearance—the Ravenhead of the alchemist which through the alchemical formula is transmuted into the fiery and glistening beauty of the higher regions of the Desire World.

The light-substance of the Desire World is actually *emotion, life, made visible*, in terms of living color.

CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER DEATH

Question:

How do you know the Ego is conscious after death?

Answer:

In the Rosicrucian philosophy we are taught to bring the light of reason to bear upon all the problems of life, but at the same time, like the material scientist, we recognize the value of laboratory techniques and the *perfection of instruments* by which experimentation may be carried on to substantiate the findings of reason. A theory alone, however brilliant, is not enough. We seek to substantiate the theory, after which we may call it an hypothesis and use it as a basis of further experimentation and exploration; finally, after the hypothesis has been adequately substantiated, we may, on the accumulated evidence, safely call it a Law of Nature.

In the same way, in occult science we must use our reason to come to a decision in many matters with which we have had no personal experience to guide us. The Rosicrucian philosophy is called a *philosophy* because it appeals to no other authority than the reason of the student, who is asked to consider what is taught with an open mind, willing to accept tentatively what seems reasonable. He is told that if he approaches the subject with an open mind, accepting *tentatively* as true *whatever seems reasonable*, he will be given a formula by which to perfect certain instruments (faculties lying dormant in his own Ego) by means of which to substantiate the occult theory and prove to his own satisfaction that the basic principles taught in the Rosicrucian philosophy are workable and true.

Thus in the matter of the consciousness of life after death, it is to be observed that history affords innumerable

examples of supersensible phenomena which can be accounted for only on the theory of intelligences acting somehow apart from a physical, visible body. The Society for Psychical Research has done a great deal towards bringing positive evidence before the public that there is really a continuation of consciousness after we pass out of the body. It is true that much fraud has also been uncovered, yet at the same time we must recognize that there has been an overwhelming mass of evidence brought forward under conditions where deception was utterly impossible. This is especially the case where the evidence was brought forward by people who were not professional mediums, nor even professing spiritualists, and had more to lose than to gain by coming forward.

However, it is not necessary to rely on spirits from the other side of the veil of death to communicate to us the facts of existence there. Each of us has latent within himself or herself a sixth sense which, when cultivated, enables us to penetrate consciously into the super-physical fields of life and to see and know those who have passed out of our own material sphere. We may then prove to our own satisfaction, if we weigh our evidence carefully, that the consciousness which we have here in the physical world is augmented, if anything, by "the shuffling-off of the mortal coil."

Of course it requires labor and thought to awaken that spiritual faculty, just as it requires labor and intelligence to cultivate any other technique. For fundamentally it is a matter of thoughtful and unwearying application, according to the best occultly scientific principle, to develop this inborn faculty to the point where it is of use in solving the problem of the continuation of consciousness—or, for that matter, any other problem which confronts us in our daily living.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

• • •

The Spirit Willing, the Flesh Must!

By LILLIAN R. CARQUE, Sc.D.

Educational Director, Skydoor Products Co., Los Angeles, 6, Calif.

One means very effectual for the preservation of health is a quiet and cheerful mind, not afflicted with violent passions nor distracted with immoderate cares.

—John Ray.

LITHICAL men and women must learn to feel and appreciate virtuous affection and the purity of spiritual love; to reverence and worship the Spark of Divinity in each other. It is folly to desecrate pure and noble love to the level of mere sensual indulgence, thus defiling instead of ennobling a sacred relationship.

The Virgin Spirit yearns for that individual completion which culminates in exalted godlike perfection. The male-female state of being is in epitome the united state of consciousness, namely, the positive and negative elements working together, as one in the same form of being. The male and female powers of the Spirit act as one in divine consciousness; and the image or likeness in which this consciousness functions was conceived in perfection, and is eternally held as such in Divine Mind. Hence each sex must seek, find, and build its polar opposites within itself, thus fusing or melting into one entity both potencies of consciousness.

Excessive sense gratification is one great cause of marital alienations, for the demands of the Spirit transcends the requirements of the body's appe-

tites and emotions. Mankind will yet find its highest, most exquisite happiness in spiritual affection. Spiritual love overcomes passion and vice versa. Love rarely lusts; lust seldom loves, for undefiled love supplants lust. The carnal phase is neutralized in the presence of that of the Platonic. Pure untarnished love is always Platonic at first, expending itself in intellectual and spiritual communion.

That which inflames one kind of appetite is likely to arouse and to sustain another. For the field in which we meet an artificial hunger for lust finds a spurious outlet also in a morbid appetite for drink and for excessive indulgence in flesh foods. Occult facts support the contention that when the flesh of animals is assimilated by man as food, it imparts to him, physiologically, some of the characteristics of the animal from which it came. Occult science also teaches and confirms the statement that the coarsening effect on man is greatest when the flesh of the larger animals is partaken of, and diminishes in the intensity of its influence when birds, next fish, and other cold-blooded animals, and least of all, when fruits and vegetables are consumed.

That meat, spices, condiments, alcoholic liquors of all kinds, fish, tobacco, coffee, and tea are aphrodisiacal, i.e., sexually irritating has been observed by philosophers, physicians, and religious devotees since ancient times. In striking contrast, it has been significantly demonstrated that a diet from which those aphrodisiacal substances were excluded tended to reduce sensual indulgence and to preserve continence. Not only meat, but all foods rich in protein, including beans and eggs were excluded from the diet of the Orphists, Pythagoreans, and Manichaens.

Recent scientific researches have shown that those foods which introduce much uric acid into the blood were a source of erotic stimulation, due to the irritating influence of uric acid upon the genital mucous membranes. Uric acid is a normal end-product of protein metabolism. This is especially true of flesh foods, for besides forming uric acid by decomposition of their protein, uric acid is an intrinsic part of their composition.

Pork, game, sausage, goose, and kindred animal foods should be abstained from by those likely to be tormented with low suggestions and erotic yearnings. Certain sea foods contain even more uric acid than does meat. Oysters, crabs, and other shellfish are of this order, and should be avoided by all those who have difficulty in controlling amorous desires and in disciplining thoughts.

Salt, pepper, and spices, by their irritating effect on the mucous membranes, should be avoided by those desiring to lead a spiritual life. Races which use much spices have been found to be filled with low desires. Indeed all fatty and salted meats, oily, greasy, food, especially when fried, as well as rich and highly seasoned dishes, contain gross, indigestible matter which arouses an unnatural heat—an indignant effort to expel the unwelcome, un-

usable intruders. This irritability, by the law of sympathy, spreads from the alimentary canal to other parts of the body often arousing undesirable emotions.

Coffee is perhaps the one beverage above all others that, taken into the human system, gives rise to ungovernable salacity. Wine itself does not spur desire half so irresistibly as does coffee. Let us see what Dr. Tissot writes in his treatise on the Diseases Produced by Onanism: "It is well ascertained that children who indulge in the use of spirits, wine, strong coffee, and tea, or a full flesh diet, especially if highly seasoned, always exhibit precocious propensity to sexual gratification."

This opinion is collaborated by Dr. Miller in his *Treatise on the Causes of Exhausted Vitality*, in which he states that feeding children upon pork, gravies, eggs, and pastry made of lard, salted meats with mustard and pepper, rich pies and cakes, spices, cloves, and other excitants: refined sugar, candies, vinegar, pickles, tea, and coffee or anything of that description at night tends to fire the blood, to derange the functions of the system, to excite the nerves, and to bring on precocious, adult development.

It is therefore self-evident that alkaline vegetarian foods, notably fruits, vegetables, bananas, potatoes, and milk are best to reduce inflammation and irritation of mucous membranes related to low desires. Such vegetables as cabbage, turnips, beets, melons, and carrots, as well as sorrell, sour fruits, lettuce, chicory, endive and other salad foods are reported to have special virtues in the subjugation of the passions, declares Dr. Nepheys in his *Transmission of Life*. Low in proteins and high in alkalinity, potatoes may replace meat and bread advantageously in helping to subdue those extremely delicate nerves which govern the reproductive func-

(Continued on page 478)



HEALING

Founded on the Admonition of the Christ to Heal the Sick.

HEALTH THROUGH SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT

When we understand the higher philosophies, when we live the life that is taught by them, our body becomes extremely sensitive and must be given more care than formerly. Those who are interested along the lines of spiritual development are particularly high-strung. Therefore, as we progress it becomes necessary to take more and more care of this instrument. *But we also learn the laws of its nature and how to conform to them.* If we apply our knowledge it is possible for us to have a sensitive instrument and keep it in comparative health.

There are cases, however, when a sickness is necessary to bring about certain changes in the body which are the precursors of a higher step in spiritual unfoldment, and under such conditions, of course, sickness is a blessing and not a curse. In general, however, it may be said that the study of the higher philosophy will always tend to better one's health, because "knowledge is power" and the more we know the better we are able to cope with all conditions, *provided, of course, we bring our knowledge into practice and live the life—that we are not merely hearers of the word, but doers also, for no teaching is of benefit to us unless it is carried into*

our lives and lived from day to day.—*Occult Principles of Health and Healing*, by Max Heindel.

●

A Visible Helper is just as important as an Invisible Helper, and our friends and patients may be Visible Helpers if they will join with us in sending out healing power to those in need. Our healing service is held every evening in Temple pictured above at 6:30. There is also a healing service in the Pro-Ecclesia, on the dates given below, when the Moon is in a cardinal sign. At 6:30 (by your own clock) or as near that time as possible, relax, close your eyes, and make a mental picture of the pure white rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Ecclesia, and concentrate on *Divine Love and Healing*.

September	1—8—15—22—28
October	5—12—19—25
November	1—9—16—22—28

PATIENTS' LETTERS

Canada, June 27, 1945.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends of the Healing Department:
I find myself entirely recovered and relieved from previous psychic disturbances. I would like to express my sincere gratitude

to the Healing Department for its helpful and encouraging letters and to the Invisible Helpers for their aid and prayers.

At this time I do not seem to be aware of a trace of subconscious fear and I feel my mental attitude has during these past months of my connection with the "Healing Department" become much more optimistic and positive.

Yours with loving thanks,
—P.M.

California, July 7, 1945.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

The Monday after I wrote you on Friday I found I could do machine sewing *without* those thick glasses which I had to use to see at all.

But the most surprising thing was that I was fast at it again.

—M.L.M.

England, May 23, 1945.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

My very dear Helpers:

My son is progressing very favorably and thanks to your suggestions I am paying extra attention to timing his meals of which he is very fond. He is always ready for his bottle and has a good appetite.

How glad I am that I studied astrology for I can now cast his horoscope and so guide him in his upbringing. He is a very high strung child and I have to be careful about him getting overexcited as he is very advanced for his age.

—Mrs. M.C.J.

Do You Want to Regain Your Health?

HEALING THE SICK is one of the departments in which the Rosicrucians specialize through their system of healing by the ministrations of the Invisible Helpers. The Helpers work on the etheric body of the patient, principally at night while he is out of the body in sleep. We shall be very glad to give anyone who is sick the benefit of the assistance which we can render along this line. The patient establishes connection with the Invisible Helpers by writing a weekly letter to Headquarters. He is also given supplementary advice on diet, exercise, etc. This department is supported by free-will offerings. If you are sick, and if you are interested, address,

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

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Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

Children's Department



Cornelia's Trip Through the Rainbow

By EVERETT AUSTIN GOODELL AND HASMICK VEE



“WELL-well-well!” “What did you say, daddy?”
“Why, I didn't say anything, Cornelia!” Mr. King paused below the green springtime beauty of Fairly Falls. “Wait a moment, Nelia, I have to get my breath! Goodness, I had no idea I was getting so fat!” (This last to himself.)

“All right, I'll wait,” Cornelia called back. She waited patiently on the bridge she had reached as she raced on ahead.

“Well-well-well!” Like cascades of fairy laughter, the voice came again, this time from the racing rapids of the Pearl River which forked its leaping waters around the singing fir-clad Merry Isles.

“Well-well-well,
Bell-bell-bell!”

This time Cornelia was sure she heard those words, for they were clearer and nearer. She stopped and listened. “Who are you?” she asked, peering at the splashing water.

“I'm Cheerie,” answered a small voice. “Look—ho-ho—here I come!” And there on a large rock in the midst of the waterfall stood an elfin creature waving his little hand at Cornelia. On his face was a smile that seemed to stretch from ear to ear.

“I see you now, Cheerie!” said Cornelia, smiling back at the little being.

“Will you tell me about yourself? I have never seen one like you before.” For he seemed to be quite at home in the water.

“People don't believe we exist,” explained Cheerie, “except for a few, such as you. Therefore, we keep ourselves invisible most of the time. However, there are countless numbers of us wherever rivers, streams, and pools of water are found.”

“What do you do there?” asked Cornelia, admiring the little fellow's blue and silver suit.

“Oh, we have a special kind of work,” replied Cheerie as he sat cross-legged on the rock. “We keep busy all through the year, looking after the water element to see that it stays clean and happy. Sometimes a pool becomes so clogged by leaves and mud, we find it very hard to carry on our work. But we do our best no matter how long it takes.” He looked down at the sparkling water. “It is much more to my liking here.”

“Yes, it is very nice,” agreed Cornelia. “I'm so glad my mamma and daddy brought me here. I love the big trees with the pretty green needles that smell so good.” She paused and took a deep breath. “But how does the music get up in the tree tops, Cheerie?”

“That is made by the wind-players called the sylphs,” replied the friendly

creature. "They never come down to earth any more than they can help. The sylphs like to play with the salamanders who are the fire-beings. We are rainbow revel's, akin to undine, or water coolers. We often play games with the fairies and earth spirits. But the air sylphs and the fire salamanders are too wild and flighty for us."

"Oh, is that what they are!" exclaimed Cornelia. "I thought I saw them in the campfire last night. Some time I would like to visit them, too."

"Well-well-well, perhaps you will," remarked Cheerie, "but we find the water element more to our liking because it is most suitable to our purposes." With that, he stood up and added some words which sounded like "come-come, chorus, come-come."

All at once a group of other little beings like Cheerie could be seen, dancing gracefully on tiptoe upon the bubbling water. It was indeed the prettiest sight imaginable as this miniature ballet performed. When they had finished, Cornelia clapped her hands and said, "Thank you, thank you, it was lovely!"

Cheerie and the others bowed. "This is the Merry Isles' dance chorus," said Cheerie. "I'm their leader—I tell them when to become visible and when to disappear." He turned, motioned three times to the chorus with his right hand, and the next moment only Cheerie could be seen, smiling broadly at Cornelia. Then he turned again, peeked over his shoulder, waved his hand, and when Cornelia blinked her eyes, he had disappeared.

"Goodness, 'Nelia, but you have me beaten!" called Mr. King as he came puffing up the trail. "Next time I'll get your mother to go hiking with us and see if she can keep up with you." He stopped beside Cornelia and watched the scrambling waters. "Quite fascinating at that," he muttered to himself.

"Well, let's go, child! There's what

they call a 'Vapor Trail' about halfway up the Falls. Might as well see what it's like, eh, Cornelia?" He pinched her left cheek gently and smiled. "Having fun?"

"Oh, yes, daddy! I was playing with the water people—one of them is named Cheerie. He says he is a rainbow revel, related to the undines, and he has a wide mouth when he laughs, like this—see, daddy?" Cornelia grinned, spun around on tiptoe and waved to her father from a few feet up the trail.

Mr. King laughed heartily. "You look like a little 'Cheerie' yourself, 'Nelia! Wait for me, and hold on to that railing. It's getting misty and wet underfoot." At this point the air was quite moist from the ever rising clouds of white vapor or mist floating up over the trail. Mr. King breathed deeply of the delightful evergreen fragrance. "It is good," he said simply.

Being some distance ahead, Cornelia's quick eye soon caught sight of a rainbow farther up the trail. Though the path was becoming quite steep, she hurried to get closer to the beautiful sight. Mr. King continued on at a much slower pace, but he could still see his daughter's flying feet. "Be careful, Cornelia, don't run so fast," he called.

"All right, daddy," she called back. "There's a surprise up here and I'm almost there."

Indeed, several inches ahead now, gleamed the lovely rainbow. Cornelia reached out her hands toward it eagerly.

"Why, I can touch it!" she exclaimed. A few more steps, and the cool cloud of shimmering color enveloped her. "Oh, I'm in the rainbow—I'm all covered with rainbow!" she repeated over and over, filled with joy at the marvel of it.

With light steps she tripped back and forth, flinging out her arms to watch the play of colors on them.

"In and out, in and out," she said as she moved this way and that.

(To be concluded)

MT. ECCLESIA NEWS



MT. ECCLESIA is coming out in gala attire. We have just enjoyed a two day's rain—very unusual for this time of the year—and the vegetation everywhere is beginning to get green again. The trees and shrubbery have lost their coat of summer dust and appear to be taking on new life. However, the nature spirits who are the principal agents in bringing rain, just cannot please every one. This we learned when we mentioned the fine rain to a farmer, who immediately came back with the remark that this was no time for rainy weather, as it was not expected at this season of the year and the farmers were not prepared for it.

Our usual evening classes in the philosophy and astrology have been suspended for a few weeks during vacation time. These classes are conducted by our workers here at Mt. Ecclesia and we felt that the teachers needed a rest in order to be better prepared to take up the work in the fall, when we hope that many of our students in the world will be able to visit us again since peace has been restored to the world.

The President's request that a day of prayer be devoted to thanksgiving for Peace, was observed at Mt. Ecclesia by a short talk in the morning in the Pro-Ecclesia followed by meditation on "Peace on earth, good will to man." We rejoice that the war is over, but we certainly are going to miss the dear young people connected with the service who have been with us from time to time, all of whom we wish God speed on their return journey to their various homes. We are hoping that many of them will come back to us again under happier conditions.

One of the our workers, Miss Doris

Chappell, loved and respected by all who knew her, recently passed on into the Great Beyond to join in the work of the Invisible Helpers on the Other Side. We shall greatly miss Doris here, but we know that our loss will be a gain to those who were waiting to welcome her there.

Mrs. Geraldine Davis, one of the instructors in the *Temple and College of Astrology* in Los Angeles, spent a week end at Mt. Ecclesia, and while here gave a most interesting lecture on coming events as indicated by the aspects of the full moon on September 21st, that also being approximately at the time of the Fall Equinox. The audience was exceedingly appreciative and hope that Mrs. Davis will find time in her busy life to visit us again in the not too distant future, and that she will be kind enough also to favor us with another of her instructive talks.

Several of our workers at Mt. Ecclesia took advantage of the suspension of gas rationing and spent the last week end either in one of the several surrounding cities or nearby resorts. Many of the wartime restrictions have not been felt by us so very much, as we have had such an abundance of fresh vegetables grown in our own garden and much fruit. Our apricot trees hung so full of fruit that it was necessary to prop up many of the branches to keep them from breaking off from the trees, and many of our lemons were as large as good sized oranges; and our young orange grove certainly did itself proud. We feel that God has been most kind to us here, and in return we are earnestly trying to get the message of our School out to the world where so many are much in need of the consolation and definite information which we have to offer.



Center and Study Group Activities Of The Rosicrucian Fellowship

GLEANINGS FROM OUR VARIOUS CENTERS

FROM a new Study Group recently formed in New Zealand we have the following bit of news: "Our group has from the beginning taken a keen interest in astrology and the writer has tried to bring forward the spiritual side of the science as much as possible. Both in the philosophy and astrology classes, talks and discussions from the students are encouraged as much as possible." Good idea. Nothing creates interest in a subject more than self-expression.

Kansas City, Missouri. The secretary of this Center states in the monthly report: "The spiritual attitude of those who attend is excellent. We continue to hold the Probationer's Healing Service on Sunday evenings." Never has there been a time when so many people seem to be in such dire need of healing as at present. We are glad to know that this Center is faithful to this work.

From MIAMI, FLORIDA: "For the past month we have been studying the lessons on *Etheric Sight*. Everybody is very much interested in them and enjoys them much. Attendance is very regular." Etheric sight is one of the developments of the New Age which we are soon to enter. Much success to you in this advanced work.

The SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA Study Group secretary writes: "Our Study Group is small but all are keenly interested and

we are looking forward to larger numbers when the present hostilities cease." That is the spirit. The greatest of all Teachers said: "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find."

A NEW STUDY GROUP

At the home of one of our Los Angeles, California probationers, Mrs. Juanita Emerick, 248 S. New Hampshire street, a new study group will be formed, October 5th, 1945, at 7:30 P.M. One of the members starting this group writes that all earnest Students of the Rosicrucian philosophy are invited to attend the meetings. For further information, phone Federal 2776 in the evening.

We take great pleasure in knowing how well our Centers are progressing in all parts of the world, despite wars, strikes, rationing, and the many other retarding problems of today. For example, we have near home the Rosicrucian Fellowship Center at 511 North Eastern Avenue, Los Angeles, California, a bright, enthusiastic group devoted to the dissemination of the Rosicrucian teachings. This group is to be congratulated on maintaining a high standard of endeavor in war or peace, faithfully holding the devotional as well as the Solstitial and Equinox services regularly. The leader of the Center is the genial Sr. Alberto de Bussy, who is always delighted to welcome visitors to his busy Center.

You Are Invited to Attend

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READING FOR CHILD

(Continued from page 464)

they start things and do not finish them it will bring confusion into their lives, and they will not accomplish the real work for which they came to birth. The Dragon's Head and Tail are in Cancer and Capricorn respectively, showing that these girls are here at this time to walk a path of honor and glory, which is especially true when the Dragon's Head is in the 10th house. These children should always eat the right kind of food for they have sensitive bodies and food will play an important part in bringing them to strong, vital maturity.

SPIRIT WILLING, FLESH MUST!

(Continued from page 471)

tions:—a fact which has already been observed by several gynecologists.

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg named among the low desire stimulating foods those which tend to produce constipation through intestinal putrefaction, chief among which he indicates rich protein foods of animal origin, fish, eggs, and old cheese, which putrefy most rapidly. As a dietetic corrective, he recommends a laxative vegetable diet, abounding in roughage and low in proteins.

Procreation is a mere expediency through which Nature, for its manifestation of life, obtains renewed opportunities to bring progressing lives into new forms, bodies, or coats of flesh that are harmonious to their expanding states of consciousness or growing comprehensions. Hence sex life must be held at its true dignity and purpose. Its proper use is to perpetuate the species in all forms of life needing physical bodies. Passions, moods, propensities, in any and all of their degrees of power, can and must therefore be subject to purity of purpose and self-control. The Spirit Willing, the Flesh Must! The last farthing of emotional excess must

be paid before the task of godlike ascension is finished—the last appetites of the flesh must have lost their power before the beast of prey can be tamed and subsequently converted into the God-man of universal love, service, and constructive usefulness to all that lives.

CHRISTIAN MYSTIC INITIATION

(Continued from page 455)

wait until adult age before the performance of the ceremony, which requires an immersion of the whole body in water. But whether the rite is performed in infancy or in later life, it seems strange that momentary immersion or sprinkling with water should have the power to save the soul; and when we examine the subsequent life of those who have thus been baptized, even in adult age and with their full consent and desire, we find little or no improvement in the great majority. Therefore it seems evident that this cannot be the proper rite, because the Spirit has not descended upon them. Consequently we must look for another explanation of what constitutes the true Mystic Rite of Baptism.

Life's Way

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his calling true;
To think without confusion, clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Van Dyke.

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