

# Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

NOVEMBER 10, 1913

NO. 6

Oceanside, CA

Virginia L. Kenney, Editor

Some of the students were very much concerned, even frightened, at the thought of Mr. Heindel having water on the brain, and we have received letters of commiseration. If they had been able to see him, brown as a berry, they would have understood the joke. Though he is not quite as nimble as a gazelle, he has been playing the goat all summer, climbing the steep trail between the pumping plant in our valley and the main grounds of Headquarters 235 feet above. So let all set their minds at rest, he is good for fifty more years of work in the Fellowship cause.

And, continuing about that vital water question, you just ought to see the change on Mt. Ecclesia since we have plenty of water. The strawberry plants are in bloom, so we shall probably have strawberries before Christmas. Our tomatoes are taking a new start and we hope to have plenty of the luscious fruit all winter. One of our fig trees has already a large crop on it, which may be ripe before Thanksgiving, and the glorious, golden California poppies are bearing their third crop of blossoms this year. The roses, geraniums and cannas are also in full bloom, the sweet alyssum will soon scent the atmosphere all around our Administration building. There is a large bed of violets outside the office window which will flower all winter.

In the preceding paragraph we said "Thanksgiving," that brings up another idea. On Thanksgiving day, November 27th, it will be just two years since we moved into the new building and Headquarters were definitely established on Mt. Ecclesia. Therefore we have some appropriate Thanksgiving exercises to commemorate the notable event, and to express our gratitude for the great privilege which has been ours of pioneering this glorious work. It has not been all sunshine, neither has it been a path of roses. There are plen-

ty of thorns by the wayside and probably they will remain for a long time, but in overcoming the obstacles and in putting up with the inconveniences, incidental to the work of the pioneer, there has been great joy in knowing that those who come after us may have an easier time. Besides, there is no credit in doing the things which are easy and pleasant, but if we go ahead and labor in the vineyard of Christ, regardless of our own comfort or inclination, soul growth is the inevitable result. If you can be with us on Thanksgiving day and take part in our exercises it will add greatly to our joy, but if circumstances prevent you from being present in person, please be with us in spirit and pray that Mt. Ecclesia may become the most efficient center in the world.

We record with satisfaction the arrival of Mrs. Jarrett of Los Angeles. She has come to Mt. Ecclesia to take Mrs. Gurney's place in the office, and we hope she will fill the position as efficiently. We are sure she will try hard. Mr. Joel Hawkins is another recruit from the Angel city. He will work in the garden department and help to make Mt. Ecclesia bloom like a rose. That brings us back to the flowers and plants again. A subject of which we are full to overflowing. We have great plans in that direction, one of them is a drive about fifteen hundred feet in length which will extend from the main gate on Mission Avenue to the Ecclesia on Ecclesia Point. We are going to plant date palms, which we consider the most ornamental variety, and besides, we believe they will bear fruit in the balmy atmosphere of Mt. Ecclesia. So we can have stuffed dates whenever we wish. Won't that be splendid!

The students have started a class in Expression on Friday nights. This is sort of an incubator for orators. And from what we have heard we feel sure that Mr. Joel Hawkins and Mrs. Fanny

Rockwell have ability, and that some day will make good public speakers, a commodity of which the Rosicrucian Fellowship is sorely in need, for no matter how far and how fast the literature spreads, there is nothing like the personal touch to awaken interest.

The students have also started a class in Spanish on Saturday evenings, because of the need of some one to take up the correspondence resulting from the spread of the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and other books in Latin America. The "Rays of the Rose Cross" have been translated by a student there, and from copies made by him these lessons are being studied in Buenos Aires. They say they have a list of fifteen hundred names of persons who would like to have these lessons, but until we have someone at Headquarters who is able to take care of the correspondence in Spanish, we dare not attempt to print these lessons. It is really wonderful how the literature is spreading and being translated into different languages. Last week we received a book from Bulgaria, purporting to be the translation of the twenty lectures. Of course, "it was all Greek to us," but joking aside, we hope it will prove an inspiration to the people of that country as it has to so many others in different parts of the world.

Simplified Scientific Astrology has also been translated into French by Mr. Richard Gordon Hallett of Brussels. And from advertisements which he has sent us it appears that the book is being given a wide publicity.

Mr. Heindel has been giving a series of stereopticon lectures on "The Ring of the Niebelung," but as he has taken the subject for the monthly lessons, it will be superfluous for us to add excerpts from his interesting talks on this opera.

---

Following are excerpts from a paper on "The Education of the Heart," by Mr. Ed. B. Warten, who is now at Headquarters:

Thoughts, in order to be potent factors in our lives, must first be prompted by a motive. Therefore, incentive is the first essential of all creative thought. Much of our thought is a mere aimless reflection of our immediate environment, or

of the thoughts of others; but whenever our sympathy is sufficiently enlisted in a subject, the Will automatically concentrates our thoughts in the same channel. This would seem to indicate that the most important center of education is the heart. Cold mental training is the mother of pride, but the education of the heart gives wisdom. The first lesson the heart must learn is kindness. To learn this lesson, it is generally necessary that the student first become the victim of the unkind. The reason for this is that before the heart can earnestly desire, it must learn by a contrast of experiences, the difference between the thing or condition desired and its opposite. The man who has always enjoyed good health will not so readily study the science of health as will the person who is, or has been an invalid. John Howard Payne knew from experience the heart hunger for home; and out of the fullness of his longing heart he wrote "Home Sweet Home." Knowledge is always at a discount until a hungry heart furnishes the motive for well-directed effort.

Altruism teaches the heart to be glad (the clean heart is always glad, and the glad heart clean, as long as its joy endures). Then let us "Come before His presence with a song," for music opens the door of the heart that Truth may enter.

Much that has been written about the dynamic power of mind might have been more lucidly expressed as the dynamic power of the heart. The mind is to the heart what the brush is to the painter. Therefore in telepathy it is not necessary that either party understand each other's feelings, or tone of heart. Someone has said that words were given to man to help him conceal his motives. And I believe it is true that the more Love we have in our hearts, the less need we have of words as a means of communication between friends. We all know what happens when we "speak with the tongues of men and of Angels, and have not Love."

But when the heart has something to say there is a dynamic force precipitated that goes direct to another heart and knocks at the door.

Where Love is, hope never dies. Truly the Word of God is a Tone of Love. And when the heart falters, the tones of sweet music may convey the

message that "Love hopeth all things."

Then let us breathe a song upon the air, for we know not how oft the Star of Hope may penetrate the garret of despair from the whistling lips of a stranger miles away.

---

The following is an excerpt from a paper by Mrs. Virginia L. Kenny:

The subject of this paper was taken from thoughts contained in the following passages of Scripture: 1 Thess. 4-11: "But we beseech you, brethren, that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business"; St. Luke, 2-49, "Jesus said, 'know ye not that I must be about my Father's business!'"

In the life of every earnest seeker after truth, after the first enthusiasm of awakening to his spiritual possibilities and his wonder of his newly found joy, there comes a period of depression in which everything seems to fail him, and a shadow of discouragement, almost lack of faith seems to spread over him. In his mind questionings arise, at first fleeting, then growing more persistent: "After all, is this great change that has come into my life worth the effort I have made to give up old ideals and conditions and remodel my life? Are these new ideas practical? Or, are they mere ephemeral sophistries which fail me in my hour of need? And the teachers to whom I have listened, are they not human beings, full of frailties like myself, with nothing to give me that I have not already of myself?" A great fear possesses him lest conditions beat him back and compel him to resume the old treadmill of his former life, without hope and without being able to contact the spiritual power that sustained him at first. All his beautiful soul experiences, looked at from this Slough of Despond, now seems to have been but fantastic imaginings and the cry goes forth: "What is the use of all this struggling?" At this point, unless some understanding of the Law is grasped, the seeker is apt to slip back, apt to repudiate all the good resolutions and vows he has made to his Higher Self and like the man from whom the unclean spirit was cast, he then takes unto himself seven other unclean spirits of worry, doubt, fear and discouragement and his last state is worse

than the first. If he turns to the 23rd Psalm, he will find "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." This Slough of Despond is indeed the "valley of the shadow of death," a valley in that it is between two heights, and if he persists in walking up and down the valley for lack of courage to essay the height ahead, the shadow will descend and enwrap him. "Beware, friends, this is the shadow of thyself outside the Path, cast on the darkness of thy sins," but the rod and staff are given to every disciple to climb the Mountains of Attainment by following the old injunction to "Mind your own business," trusting to the law to straighten out the faults of others, you will realize the joy that comes from such conquering and when you cease to worry it will be like a physical burden rolling from your shoulders.

---

Students who are affiliated with Headquarters by virtue of being on Mr. Heindel's list of correspondents may apply for admission to the School.

The rates are \$6.00 per week or \$25.00 per month for those who are content to dwell in tents; but if room in a cottage is desired, the rate is \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month. This is for board and room only. Students are expected to support the school by voluntary contribution. As accommodations are limited, application must be made in advance.

We are also prepared to receive patients at the Sanitarium, whether members or not; the rate being \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month for the physical accommodation. There is no charge for healing, but patients are also expected to give as they have received. The rule about application for admission applies to patients also and the reason is the same.

At the Oceanside garage we have a rate of 50¢ each where two passengers come together from the depot to Mt. Ecclesia and return. When anyone comes alone they charge 60¢ for the round trip. This includes a reasonable amount of baggage and it is cheaper than the expressman's charge. So call up Main 25 on arrival in Oceanside and they will call for you at the depot.