

JUNE 1918

# Rays from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY  
OF GOD

COMMENTARY ON OMAR KHAYYAM

HUMAN ANCESTRY OF APES

THROUGH OTHER PEOPLES EYES

THE MOON AND PLANT GROWTH

A SONG OF THE CITY PAVEMENTS

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# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



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MAX HEINDEL

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# The Mystic Light

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JUNE 1918

## Commentary on the Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam of Naisapur

(An exegetic study in Comparative Religion)

H. Gentis

### INTRODUCTION

WITH the exception of students of Comparative Religion and of Eastern Philosophy, the modern citizen of the Empire is not well versed in the knowledge of those great poetical and philosophical works of the East, which the course of Ages has not been able to destroy. Their contents were certainly of stronger tissue, of higher value, than the great stream of literary products which has flowed from the human mind during the later centuries, especially so in our Western hemisphere. A large part of these modern products is not worth the paper on which it is printed, and many a piece of fiction disappears as quickly as it came into being; they are like fungi, short of duration, and some of them dangerous and poisonous.

But the great esoteric and philosophical epics of antiquity have in comparison to the ephemeral modern products a resistance like diamonds and rubies. They are real gems, of a brightness and brilliancy which shine through the history of mankind. They reflect, as those jewels the light of the physical sun, the great Spiritual Light of the Spiritual Sun, without which life would be extinct, without which nothing that is could be.

Kingdoms have come, and Kingdoms have gone. Dynasties fought their way into supremacy and, exhausted and degenerate, dwindled and rotted away into nothingness. Nations have won their place in the Sun and disappeared in the shad-

ows of the past, from being history, they become myths; from rulers, slaves; from slaves, shadows; from shadows, queries; but through all these ages, some of the great songs of Light have remained undisturbed, untouched, undefiled. They *seemed* less important, less strong, less real, less intense, than the Kings that recommended, or forbade them; than the people that adored or scoffed at them. But the Kings have turned into ashes, and the peoples, where are they? And still the Light of these divine songs is with us, and leads us on our pathway, if we wish to be led at all.

If we look backwards into the hoary ages, thousands of years ago, then we see the *Book of Dzyan* and the *Book of the Golden Precepts*, the *Upanishads* and the *Bagavad Gita*, or we find the wonderful *Tao Teh King* of the Chinese Sage. Or two thousand years ago we find the records of the rites of initiation, as told in the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Or still nearer our present date, approaching the period of the Crusades, we come across, "Omar's lovesong to the few," and we ask ourselves: When then shall the present generation fully appreciate these spiritual things?

In those ancient times when it was dangerous to express a difference of religious opinion, when a still greater percentage of mankind had the character of the tiger and the cannibal than in these modern times, though they are terrible even now, it was an absolute necessity to be prudent in what one said. And so the Goddess of truth had to cover

her beautiful nakedness with often coarse garments to protect herself against the sacrilegious hands of her half animal devotees. Presumably that became custom, if not condition to things spiritual, which had to be kept esoteric, and so we find in anyone or all of these great Epics of the Evolution of the Soul, Symbology again and again to cover the serenity and the subtlety of the conquered Secrets of Life. As Mother Nature provides the kernel in its tender fragility with a stone-hard scale, until the times are ripe for the sprouting of the New Tree, so were these Truths encased in Metaphors, and for centuries we have swallowed them, scale and all, until now it dawns upon some of us that thus they are indigestible. Now let us crack the nut—now let us taste the kernel and maybe we shall learn something—even it is only our own lack of knowledge.

Of all the books mentioned, except the little-understood Bible, one of the most widely known is the song of Omar, the Tentmaker. As few Westerners understand Persian, we have to thank the great poetical talent of Fitzgerald, in the first instance, for his melodious translation of its contents. But that is all that is due to the translator-poet, for if any of these legacies of the inner life of man is misunderstood and misjudged, even by its very interpreter, it is certainly the *Rubaiyat*.

Translators are traitors—traitors to truth, traitors to beauty—but they are that involuntarily, so there being no *dolus*, let us acquit them. Nicolas, the French translator, sees that Omar sings the Soul Song, sings of God; but Fitzgerald poohpoohs that idea, and is the poorer for it, and so are his readers.

Fitzgerald, considers Omar to be a Lucullian, a drunkard and a sensualist, whose advice to mankind is, “Drink and be merry, for tomorrow you will die!” and if that were the case, why translate such an advice? Have we not enough without. For the sake of some clingclang of words? Nay, then throw that book in the fire, it were only more disease—more degeneration; and it might, nay, it would be infectious. But, happily, such is not the fact.

The *Rubaiyat* is a song written by a poet who had a certain degree of initiation into the myster-

ies of the Evolution of the soul, and who spoke to those few who were almost on their way to the path which leads to that expansion of consciousness. For that is what real initiation means, not some superficial rites, some hand pinching, some valueless secrets; not husks, but grain. And he spoke to them, telling them his adventures of the Soul, his struggles, his victory, nay, even of his fall! And may be, he so enlightened their difficult path—and if he did not? they had ears to hear, and eyes to see. Was he to blame that they wanted to swallow the nut without cracking it?

Let us try to prove this thesis by explaining some of his metaphors, by comparing them with other scriptures of similar tradition, and similar aim. For this much is certain, that if we taste the fruits, we shall be able to determine the kind of tree on which it grows; and their very similarity will make it clear to our minds that, independent of life and death, independent of distance in time, or distance in location, independent of language or religious rites, the same fruits have been produced by the same Divine Tree for the illumination of Mankind throughout the Ages.

Of course if we prefer to be narrow, if we prefer to be religiously or materialistically biased, or if we think that we Christians hold the *only* spiritual communication, if we consider all other men, “except we of the fold,” fit only to keep the Hell fires burning; if we stupidly and arrogantly label our Divine Image with human faults similar to our own, then it becomes impossible to appreciate the idea that it is more probable, more plausible, that the Divine Cause of our being has given to all mankind such spiritual food as their diverse developments were able to digest and assimilate. From that viewpoint we shall be able to see how, over and over again, clothed in changing forms similar moral, intellectual, and spiritual instruction was given to those who went before us, whether they were the Chinese of Lao Tze, or the Persians of Zoroaster, or the Hindus of Shri Krishna, or the Egyptians of Thoth, or the Jews of Moses, or many, many others, all according to their necessities, their desires, their merits, their growth.

Then we get a better idea of the divine patience

of our Teacher, The Divine Love of our Father, and we feel safe, even on the steep Way of the Narrow Path, sure of the Future, because of the past, sure of the Victory, because of the Aim. We the Eternal, we the Indestructible, we the Virgin Souls, the great Wave of Humanity, from the Cannibal to the Saint, including the Scoffer and the Sinner, in its stupendous upward surge to the Higher Life.

We, in *stadis nascendi!*

Let us now try to explain some of the Verses of Omar, the Tentmaker. The translator has taken great liberties, and maybe we shall take greater, but nuts, although hard, are not pebbles, so we should seek for the contents.

Omar then said:

*Wake! for the Sun, who scatter'd into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Draws Night along with them from Heaven and  
strikes  
The Sultan's Turret, with a shaft of Light!*

(or better)

*Awake! for morning, in the Bowl of Night,  
Has flung the stone, that puts the stars to flight.  
And Lo! The Hunter of the East has caught  
the Sultan's Turret in a noose of Light!  
Before the Phantom of false morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried;  
"When all the Temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?."*

Of this the first line reads in the first edition of Fitzgerald's translation: "Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky." These differences prove with what a beautiful wideness of conception the translation is made.

So at the raise of the curtain a Reveille is sounded, and a symbolical reveille to boot. The theatre that is shown to us is that of an Aurora on the Spiritual Battlefield of the Soul, in which the Hunter of the East, with a magic Noose of Light has lassoed the Sultan's Turret. We have the mention of a *false* Dawn; further, among the personae dramatica there appears an enemy, symbolized by a reference to 'the Hunter in the East, or the *Left Hand*, which latter symbol is from hoary antiqui-

ty, a word used for the evil, and not for the good side of things, the *Right Hand* side, and therefore it is a warning of danger. We hear further that a Voice somewhere within calls even before that Phantom has died, even while that Left Hand is still binding the Soul's attention to such an extent that it cannot escape the noose thrown magically over its head. Then we have a wailing of that Small Voice within, a soft, earnest, divine appeal, not even yet a complaint. "Why nods the slumbering worshipper outside?"

In comparing this with other religious scriptures, what was the complaint of the Christ when he had gone up into Gethsemane and returned to his disciples: "And cometh and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter: 'Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation [the beguiling of the dreams]; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak'" (Mark 14:37-38).

The New Testament is a Vade-me-cum for the Soul on its way of spiritual growth. It may be a book of history; but it is also a book of the present and the future, insofar as it describes that which occurs to the aspirant on his way to Initiation. Suppose Peter, the Stone, to be evolved (i. e. concentrated) mind, therefore firm as a stone, maybe not a perfect product of concentration as yet but one which is sufficiently determined not to be thrown out of balance, so that the Spirit *can* build its Temple upon that concentrated mind.

That cannot be done on a vague consciousness, or a stupid one. The mind needs to have discrimination, or it will lose itself in the illusion of the desire world, and bewitched by the glamour cast over it, becomes a lunatic; the mind must be calm, quiet and thirsting for truth, for wisdom.

But even when it is sufficiently far advanced to go up to the mountain of the spiritual world, how difficult it is to keep it concentrated, and anyone who has tried meditation and concentration, in the hope of reaching contemplation, knows that these very first steps on the probationary path are liable to be frustrated by the mind *falling asleep*. The strain on the brain, the exertion on the mind to keep quiet are too great to be borne by the personality, and now we hear the Spirit wailing:

Couldst thou not watch with me one hour? Or, as Omar put it:

*When all the Temple is prepared within  
Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?*

Need we then ask what the Tavern is? If it is in the lower sense the place where alcohol, the spirit of degradation, may be purchased, then in the higher symbolism the term is used as a cloak for that spirit, which in so many places in the Gospels is referred to in the form of the Vine—the Vineyard, or the Wine of the Miracle of the Marriage—all these being the symbol of spiritual enlightenment. In those times symbolism was common. Was the Christ not born in a stable—and is the human heart not a home for animal lusts, and therefore to be likened to a stable? And if the Christ is not born in the stable of the heart, what immediate good is it to us whether he was born some two thousand years ago in Bethlehem?

So then is Omar Khayyam's Tavern the "Heart," and the "Voice of the Silence," the Soundless Sound, which he heard within is the Voice of the Christ; the most wonderful of all the Wonders that surround us, and among which we live, and which we are.

What then is the Phantom of *false* morning? Dreaming when Dawn's *Left* Hand was in the sky! What that noose of Light? What the Sultan's Turret, and who is the Hunter of the East?

We shall see in the next issue.

### **OUT OF THE NIGHT**

By A. D. C.

It was early morning, and I "found myself" poised above a quaint old farmhouse built of bricks covered with cement and painted white; the roof was of thatch. Not far from the house was a large evergreen tree, a yew I believe, that had thrown its friendly shade over many generations of the farm people.

But alas! Out of the East with the quiet dawn came a dark menace in the air. Bells were sounded by the watchers of the night. There was a great alarm and much scurrying to the bomb-proof shelters and cellars.

I became aware of a little child who was run-

ning away from a woman who stood in the doorway to a cellar that was under the farmhouse. The little girl ran out towards the truck garden to get her dearly loved pet, a small black and white kid but a few months old.

The woman screamed frantically for the child to come to the house, but the little girl first secured her pet, then started to return.

It was then that I received a mental impression from the Angel of the Tree. I was "impressed" that the farmhouse and all within it would be destroyed, but that the tree would not be harmed. I was then impressed to use all my concentration of will power to induce the child not to go to the woman, but to the shelter of the tree. This I did, and was so thankful to succeed in getting the little one and her pet close pressed in my arms against the trunk of the tree before the horror occurred.

The destroyers from the air were driven off, and the dust from the havoc they had wrought cleared away. Then bands of rescuers came to gather together the living and the dead amid the ruins. They found "my" little war orphan alive and unhurt, standing under the tree with her pet tightly clutched to her breast.

So the above is what I brought out of the night.

Thanks to the Angel of the Tree, glory and praise everlasting to Christ, our Savior, and gratitude and faithful service may I ever give, O our Elder Brothers in the Great Work. Amen.

All the above incident seemed to happen in a few seconds and I had enough of the light and reflecting ethers with me at the time to ring it clearly to my waking consciousness.

You may ask why I did not save the older people. The reply is that the older people are not so amenable to spiritual influences. It would have been a waste of time and the child might have been killed also. The child was seven years old, more or less, and its vital body (which is the channel for the forces that sustain life, cause growth, convey sense impressions, and support memory), had not yet been completely differentiated in the planetary vital body. Therefore I had a channel of connection with the child stronger than that of the Angel, because the Angel's etheric body vibrates

so high that it cannot slow down to the necessary low rate to impress an etheric brain and impel action in a human being. Hence I was permitted the sacred joy of being an intermediary.

Those who thoroughly understand what I have written above will see one of the spiritual causes operating to save children alive out of the terrible wrecks of war. They will also see the reason why so many children have done such “fantastic” and “unreasonable” things at the time of supreme danger, and have come out unscathed.

Twenty-five years from now those children will be the powerful factors of a new generation. They belong to a new type of humanity that is slowly evolving, with radically new principles of conduct. Humanitarianism will be much more than an idea too rarely expressed in isolated philanthropies, as at present. Humanitarianism will be a powerful principle of municipal, national, and international policies. Thy Kingdom come!

No doubt you will want to join the “Invisible Helpers” in the Great Work. Here is a way of preparation for the work.

*Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,  
Whose words are always true,  
That keeps ‘the law of kindness’ still  
Whatever others do.  
Blest be the hands that toil to aid  
The great world’s ceaseless need—  
The hands that never are afraid  
To do a kindly deed.*

### **THE SONG OF CITY PAVEMENTS**

Corinne Dunklee

The thronging pavements of a great metropolis are the white keyboards of humanity upon which the varied footfalls play. Stretching ever calm and quiescent they absorb and hold all this wonderful music, waiting always for the ear attuned to the playing: When ream upon ream, scroll upon scroll, in all the beauty of variations it is wafted back again for those who may catch the wondrous strains.

Oh, the quivering heart-ache that trembles through some of the notes. He who listens well

may hear the music of the tear-drops falling, falling.

In gladsome arpeggios come the steps of youth. As radiant as the light of morning. All fragrant with hopes that sparkle like woodland flowers ‘ere the noonday sun has stolen the dew from out their hearts.

Faltering minor notes of despair sometimes creep into the wonderful harmonics; so long drawn out that the very pavements quiver with sympathy.

The hurrying rush of breathless crowds would wait and listen could they out hear even the faintest whisper. But alas, so intent are they upon externalized perceptions that unheeding they pass, and only the pavements—the great white keyboard of humanity—registers the song of sorrow.

In delicate trills that tremble with human sweetness, softly as cathedral music sounds the foot-steps of the mother-soon-to-be. In the beauty of her passing shines a tremulous mystery that quivers with the echoes of enchanted dreams .

Forming a deep undertone to the music rings the footfalls of the lonely. So many are the notes that sound from here, sometimes it seems as though the other tones must all be crowded out. Yet beautiful they are to the listening ear—these lonely foot-tones. Some of them blend into rare variations, giving forth such music as the world would never otherwise have known.

In all this pulsing, echoing orchestra there ever sounds an insistent note. Running through the lights and shadows; singing in octaves of majors and preludes of minors—the *dominant chord of unsatisfied aspirations*. Oh, the yearning music of this seeking multitude. Aimlessly drifting or anxiously searching. In a legato of unconscious pleading mourns, why? Why? Why? To be answered by a vast crescendo of sob-tones that re-echo, where? Where? Where?

As the shadows lengthen, comes the weary, toneless music made by tired feet. Have you ever listened to it? And wondered why in all the beauty and the gladness of God’s world a dissonance in life’s music should be sounding in the exquisite hour that tolls the passing of the day, when all the earth is encircled with prayer? Did you ever

listen for the gentle sighing that murmurs in the heart of night; at the ceaseless rush of dancing music from the steps of those who heedless of her matchless beauty, seek only the flickering will-o-the-wisps of pleasure. But for those who understand—Oh, the tender compensation of the night. The low, leaning night with its vast heartbeat of stars. And the gentle requiem of darkness that soothes all the woundings and the heartaches gathered in the rush of day.

All ye who may listen to the music of the pavements with its thousand foot-notes. A faltering, hopeful, weary, radiant, dreaming, longing chorus, bending into a divine unity of strange beauty that forms a stupendous shadow-song of the city.

And he who lifts his soul above the clinging hands of earth may listen to its singing.

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### **THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES**

Blanche Cromartie

The Prince lay on a couch in the vast studio, the one spot dear to him of all the many rooms of his many castles and palaces. Two bulky objects occupied its centre; a mass of clay covered by wet cloths, and a great block of rare marble.

Night was retreating and the planet of beauty, Venus, heralding the orient Sun, shed her luminous beam through the open casement onto the Prince's face.

It was then he roused from dreaming with the knowledge of what thing it was his to make. He has seen it as he journeyed in the land of awakened souls and now, from the marble's flawless core it called aloud to him:

"I am here. I am here. I, the collective Soul of Humanity. Set me free! Fashion me into a form."

Kindled by the vibrance of the star, touched by the marble's appeal, the Prince leapt to his feet and there and thus began a sequence of days, months, and years even during which every thought was devoted to his art, every duty of a regnant Prince forgot; for by day as by night, by night as by day, the claimant marble usurped him wholly, claiming all daylight hours, oft summoning him to leave his bed at nights; for the

voice of the imprisoned, once heard, rang ceaselessly in his ears:

"I am the Collective Soul of Humanity. Set me free! Fashion to me a form."

Rejecting the tentative clay, the Prince flung himself at once upon the marble and indifferent to all the immediate interests of his principedom, wrought tirelessly on; not his, henceforth, to occupy himself with the material needs of the fleeting hour; nay, but his to set before the people all that was highest, so that beholding, seeking, striving, they might finally attain. Scarce he ate, scarce he slept, but labored on, deaf to all calls of government and state; conscious of but one necessity—to set *Her* free, to fashion *Her* a form.

Days, weeks, months, years even, heedless of passing time the Prince wrought on, until at length the emerging perfectness stood revealed; peerless, mystic, wonderful; a creation prefiguring all Creation's goal; endued with faculties undreamed of yet, replete with beauties past imagining; the *Summum bonum*, Humanity's Collective Soul.

Throughout the principality the mandate ran; on such a day, to the great central piazza in the Capitol, everyone was summoned to repair; old, rich, poor, gentle and simple; all were bidden.

Transportation had been provided, seats prepared. The facade of the palace was obstructed by a huge platform on which, screened as yet from view, the Prince's Masterpiece had been enthroned.

Around it the flower of the aristocracy and the prominent men of army and state were clustered; the Prince with his consort by his side occupying the foreground.

The immense square showed one packed multitude of upturned faces; then, all at once, shattering the silence of expectancy, a single trumpet blared forth the signal and thereat the screen fell apart, leaving the people and the Masterpiece face to face.

And before the screen fairly fell the applause broke forth, applause thunderous, prolonged, renewed, reverberating, awakening every sleeping echo in the city, now repeated from the hills, now volleying afresh from every throat in the assembled throng, seeming as if it would never



cease.

At last the plaudits subside somewhat and individual eulogies could be distinguished.

“Glorious!” “Marvelous!” “Princely!” “Unsurpassed!” “Splendid!” and the like, till every laudatory had been exhausted.

In an ecstasy of joy the Prince faced the delirious multitude. He had given to the Collective Soul of Humanity its perfect expression, so far as marble can embody it. Men saw it and adored. Seeing and adoring they would grow into its image and likeness. The Prince’s supreme aim had attained its consummation.

Thus standing, rapt in bliss, the Prince chanced to lay his hand upon the statue.

Now mark me! This statue was no ordinary production but the rarest thing on earth, for it had been conceived in utmost sincerity, in utmost selflessness and, by virtue of such conception and such fashioning, was pregnant with vital truth.

It follows therefore that upon touching the statue the Prince’s inner ear was opened so that he heard true. The words of the lips fall upon the outward ear but the inner ear can catch the utterances of the heart so that though the crowd persisted in their loud-tongued eulogies they came to the Prince’s understanding in such terms as these.

“Fantastic!” “Hideous!” “A perfect freak!” “Ridiculous!” “Unnatural!” “Absurd!” “Have we come so far only to see such folly!” “After such a rotten show the least he can do is to give us a good feed!” “He has been letting everything in the country go to ruin while he was making that monstrosity!” “Not fit to be a Prince!” “Ought to be in a lunatic asylum!” Everyone had some term of condemnation, till finally they unanimously expressed their thought in one word—Mad! Mad!

“Mad! Mad!” hissed at him from every quarter; the very air seemed dark and turbid with its grim reiteration.

“Mad! Mad!”

With a ghastly look of appeal the stricken Prince turned to his consort’s faultless, inexpressive face.

“Exquisite. exquisite.” her lips were murmuring, but from her too came the same fatal verdict.

“Mad! Mad!”

And then, for one annihilating flash, he saw his Masterpiece with other people’s eyes.

“His Highness has fainted,” cried the attendants.

“The Prince is dead,” said the physicians.

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### **SIR ISAAC NEWTON’S IDEA OF THE SUPREME BEING**

Sir Isaac Newton wrote on the subject of God, in a most unexpected place, to wit, the close of his incomparable *Principia*, or *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, of which Laplace, the great French mathematical genius, said that it was “pre-eminent above all the other productions of the human intellect,” while of Newton himself it has been averred that he was “the greatest man who appears in the history of science, and possibly the greatest intellect that has ever worked on earth.”

In a “general scholium,” at the end of his mighty masterpiece of mathematical reasoning. Newton says of the solar system and the systems of the fixed stars that they could only proceed from the “counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being.” Then he goes on to develop his idea of God, in measured sentences that are like a magnificent song of praise, bursting unexpectedly upon the ear as the reader emerges from the stern, dry logic of the preceding demonstrations. Its beauty is enhanced by the sonorous Latin in which Newton, according to the practice of the learned men in his time, put forth the *Principia*.

“This Being,” he says, “governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all....The Supreme God is a Being-eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect....The word God usually signifies Lord, but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God....And from His true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being, and from His other perfections that He is supreme or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, His duration reaches from eternity to eternity. His pres-

ence from infinity to infinity. He governs all things and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration or space. He endures forever, and is everywhere present, and by existing always and everywhere, He constitutes duration and space....

“In Him are all things contained and moved, yet neither affects the other. God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God....As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen nor heard nor touched, nor ought He to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing.

“We know him only by His most wise and excellent contrivance of things, and final causes. We admire Him for His perfections, but we reverence and adore Him on account of His dominion, for we adore Him and His servants, and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same

always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things.

“All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which though not perfect, has nevertheless some likeness. And thus much concerning God, to discourse of whom from the appearance of things does certainly belong to natural philosophy.”

The ideas of such a man must possess a perpetual interest. People who think that science, since Newton’s day, has demolished God are fatally in error. Reading only portions of Newton’s argument above, some might imagine that God was identified with what modern science calls the ether or with that all-pervading thing called electricity, but Newton had no such meaning. He insisted upon God as a Being containing and controlling nature by His will and providence.

*Selected*

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## Prayer--A Magic Invocation

SOME months ago this lesson was originally sent out to students on our correspondence course and is reprinted by request of a number who feel that it ought to be given wider publicity through the columns of the magazine.

There is only one force in the Universe: the Power of God, which He sent forth through space in the form of a word, not a single word, but the creative fiat which by its sound-vibration marshalled the millions of chaotic atoms into the multitudinous shapes and forms from starfish to star and microbe to man which constitute and inhabit the world. As the syllables and sounds of this creative word are being spoken one after another through the ages, new species are being created and the older ones evolved, all according to the thought and plan conceived in the Divine Mind

ere the dynamic force of creative energy was sent out into the abyss of space.

This then is the only source of power, and in it we really and truly and literally live and move and have our being, just as surely as the fishes live in the water. We can no more escape or withdraw ourselves from God than the fish can live and swim on dry land. It was no mere poetic sentiment when the Psalmist said:

“Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.”

God is Light, and not even the greatest of mod-

ern telescopes which reach many millions of miles into space have found the boundaries of light. But we know that unless we have eyes wherewith to perceive the light and ears which register the vibrations of sound we walk the earth in eternal darkness and silence; similarly, to perceive the Divine Light which alone can illuminate our spiritual darkness, and to hear the voice of the silence which alone can guide us, we must cultivate our spiritual eyes and ears; and prayer, true scientific prayer, is one of the most powerful and efficacious methods of finding favor before the face of Our Father and receiving the immersion in spiritual Light which alchemically transforms the sinner to a saint and places around him the golden wedding garment of Light, the luminous soulbody.

*Preparation for Prayer*  
*Ora et labora*

But be not deceived, prayer *alone* will not do this. Unless our whole life, waking and sleeping, is a prayer for illumination and sanctification, our prayers will never penetrate to the Divine Presence and bring down upon us a baptism of His Power. *Ora et labora*—pray and work—is an occult maxim to which all aspirants must conform or they will meet but scant success. In this connection an ancient legend of St. Francis of Assisi will bear repetition because of the light it sheds upon the life of one wholly dedicated to the service of God.

One day St. Francis stepped up to a young brother in the monastery with the invitation:

“Come, brother, let us go down to the village and preach to the people.” The young brother addressed responded with alacrity, overjoyed at the prospect of a walk with the holy Father, for he knew what a source of spiritual upliftment it would be. And so they walked to the village, up and down its various streets and lanes, all the while conversing upon topics of absorbing spiritual interest, and finally turned their steps homeward towards the monastery. Then suddenly it dawned upon the young brother that they had been so absorbed in their own conversation that they had forgotten the object of their walk to the village. Diffidently he reminded St. Francis of the omission, and the latter responded: “Son, while we were walking the

village streets the people were watching us, they overheard snatches of our conversation and noted we were talking of the love of God and His dear Son our Saviour; they noted our kindly greetings and our words of cheer and comfort to the afflicted ones we met; even our garb spoke to them the language and call of religion, and so we have preached to them every moment of our sojourn among them to much better purpose than if we had harangued them for hours in the market place.”

St. Francis had no other thought but God, and to do good in his name, therefore he was well attuned to the divine vibration, and it is no wonder that when he went to his regular prayer he was a powerful magnet for the divine Life and Light which permeated his whole being.

We who are engaged in the so-called secular work of the world, and forced to do things that seem sordid, often feel that we are hampered and hindered on that account, but if we “do all things as unto the Lord” and are “faithful in a few things,” we shall find that in time opportunities will come of which we do not dream, and as the magnetic needle temporarily deflected from the North by outside pressure instantly and *eagerly* returns to its natural position when the pressure is removed, so we must cultivate that yearning for Our Father which will instantly turn our thoughts to Him when our work in the world is done for the day and we are free to follow our own bent. We must cultivate a feeling similar to that which ensouls young lovers when after an absence they fly into each others arms in an ecstasy of delight. This is an absolutely essential preparation for prayer and if we fly to Our Father in that manner, the Light of His presence and the sweetness of His Voice will teach and cheer us beyond our fondest hopes.

*The Place of Prayer*

The next point requiring consideration is the place of prayer; this is of very vital importance for a reason not generally known even among students of occultism, it is this: Every prayer, spoken or unspoken, every song of praise, and every reading of the parts of the scriptures which teach or exhort *by a properly prepared reader who loves and lives what he reads, brings down upon both the wor-*

*shiper and the place of worship an outpouring of spirit.* Thus in time an invisible church is built around the physical structure, which in the case of a devout congregation becomes so beautiful that it transcends all imagination and defies description. Manson in *The Servant in the House* gives us only the faintest glimpse of what it is like when he tells the old Bishop that,

“I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber, it is a LIVING THING. When you enter it you hear a sound, a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts; of the nameless music of men’s souls, that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome, the work of no ordinary builder. Its pillars go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and *up in the heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers in the world.* It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light. Now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings, like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night time one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome, the comrades that have gone aloft.”

But this invisible edifice is not merely lovelier than a fairy palace in a poet’s dream, it is as Manson says, *a living thing*, vibrant with divine power of immense aid to the worshiper, for it helps him in adjusting the tangled vibrations of the world which permeates his aura when he enters a true “House of God” and gets into the proper attitude of prayer; then it helps him to lift himself in aspiration to the throne of divine grace and to offer

there his praise and adoration which calls forth from the Father a new outpouring of the spirit in the loving response, “*This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*”

Such a place of worship is essential to spiritual growth by scientific prayer, and those who are fortunate to have access to such a temple should always *keep the same place* for that becomes permeated by *their* individual vibrations and they fit into that environment more easily than anywhere else, consequently they get better results.

But such places are scarce, for a *real* sanctuary is required in scientific prayer; no gossip or profane conversation may take place in or near it, that spoils the vibrations; voices must be hushed and the attitude reverent; each must bear in mind that he stands upon holy ground and act accordingly, therefore no place open to the general public will answer.

Furthermore, while the power of prayer increases enormously with each additional worshiper—the increase may be compared to geometrical progression—if worshippers are properly attuned and trained in *collective* prayer; the very opposite may result if they are not.

Perhaps an illustration may make the principle clear: Suppose a number of musicians who have never played with others, and perhaps are not very proficient in the use of their instruments, were brought together and set to play in concert; it needs no very keen imagination to realize that their first attempts would be marked by much discord, and were an amateur allowed to play with them, or even with a finished orchestra, no matter how earnest and how intense his desire, he would inevitably spoil their music. Similar scientific conditions govern collective prayer; to be efficacious the participants must be equally well prepared as elucidated under a previous heading; *they must be attuned under harmonious horoscopic influences*; when a malefic in one nativity is on the ascendant of another, those two cannot profit by praying together; they may rule their stars and live in peace if they are developed souls, but they lack the basic harmony which is absolutely essential in collective prayer. Initiation removes this barrier but nothing else can.

It was knowledge of these difficulties which prompted the Christ to warn his disciples not to say their prayers before men and advise them, "When you want to pray enter into your *closet*." We cannot each have a large beautiful edifice for our devotions, nor do we require it; too often pomp and display are apt to turn our hearts from God, but most of us can set a small portion of our room aside for devotion, curtain it off with a screen, separate it from the rest of the apartment, *or* we can take a closet (literally) and make it into a sanctuary. The nature of the encircling walls matters not, it is *the apartness and the invisible House of God* which we build by our prayers and the divine downpouring which we receive in response from Our Father that are important.

A picture of Christ and a Rose-Cross may be hung upon the wall if desired, but are not essential. The All-seeing Eye is preferred by some very successful occultists of our acquaintance, as a symbol of the Father, but we remember the Words of Christ, "The Father and I are one," so though we have no authentic picture of Him, we prefer such as we have, for we know that thoughts are not mis- sent on that account, and Christ is the Lord of this era. Later, of course, the Father takes charge, but now Christ is mediator for the masses.

We need scarcely say that no matter how large or small, the whole room or apartment of the successful aspirant is permeated by an atmosphere of holiness, for all the thoughts which he can legitimately have, apart from the faithful performance of his worldly duties, are for the heavenly Father, but the corner or closet set apart as a sanctuary soon becomes filled with *superlative spiritual vibrations*; therefore any aspirant who contemplates following the scientific method of prayer should first secure *a permanent place of residence*, for if he moves about from place to place he will suffer a distinct loss every time and have to begin to build anew. The invisible temple which he built and left disintegrates by degrees when worship ceases.

#### *The Wings and the Power*

It is a mystic maxim that "all spiritual development begins with the vital body," which is

next in density to our dense body; its key-note is *repetition*, and it is the vehicle of habits; hence somewhat difficult to change or influence, but once a change has been effected and a habit acquired by repetition, its performance becomes automatic to a certain extent. This characteristic is both good and bad in respect to prayer, for the impression registered in the ethers of this vehicle will impel him to faithful performance of his devotions *at stated times* even though he may have lost interest in the exercise and his prayers are mere forms. If it were not for this habit-forming tendency of the vital body, aspirants would wake up to their danger as soon as the real love began to wane and it would then be easier to retrieve the loss and keep on the path. Therefore the aspirant should carefully examine himself from time to time to see if he still has *wings* and *power* wherewith to swiftly and surely lift himself to Our Father in Heaven. The wings are two in number; *Love* and *Aspiration* are their names, and the irresistible power which propels them is *intense earnestness*. Without these and an intelligent understanding to direct the *invocation*, prayer is only a babble; properly performed it is the most powerful method or soul-growth known.

#### *The Position of the Body*

The position of the body matters little in *solitary* prayer; that is best which is most conducive to concentration of purpose, but in *collective* prayer it is the practice of accomplished occultists to stand with bowed heads and hands folded in a peculiar manner. This makes a magnetic circuit which unites them spiritually from the very commencement of the exercises. In communities not so advanced, the singing of a hymn so standing has been found of great benefit, *provided all take part*.

#### *The Invocation*

Prayer is a word which has been so abused that it really does not describe the spiritual exercise to which we have reference. As already said, when we go to our sanctuary, we must go as the lover who hastens to his beloved, our spirit must fly ahead of our slow-moving body in eager anticipation of the delights in store for us, and we must for-

get all else in the thoughts of adoration which fill us on the way. This is literally true, the feeling required for success resembles nothing in the world so much as that which draws the lover to his beloved; it is even more ardent and intense. "As the hind panteth for the water brook, so thirsteth my soul after Thee," is an actual experience of the true lover of God. If we have not this spirit, it can be cultivated by prayer, and one of the most constant of the legitimate prayers for self should be, "O God, increase my love for Thee so that I may serve Thee better from day to day." "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Invocations for temporal things are black magic; we have the promise "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added." The Christ indicated the limit in The Lord's Prayer when He taught His disciples to say: "Give us this day our daily bread." Whether for ourselves or others we must beware of going further in a scientific invocation. But even in praying for spiritual blessings we should beware lest a selfishness develop and destroy our soul-growth. All the saints testify to days of darkness when the divine Lover hides His face and the consequent depression. Then it depends upon the nature and the strength of our affection: Do we love God for Himself, or do we love Him for the delights we experience in the sweet communion with Him? If so, our affection is essentially as selfish as the feelings of the multitude which followed Him because He had fed them, and it was necessary for Him to hide, a mark of His tender love and solicitude for us which should bring us to our knees in shame and remorse. Happy are we if we right the defect in our character and learn the lesson of unfaltering faithfulness from the magnetic needle which points to the pole without wavering despite rain or storm or clouds which hide its beloved star.

It has been said that we must not pray for temporal things, and that we ought to be careful even in our prayers for spiritual gifts; it is therefore a legitimate question: What then shall be the burden of our invocation? And the answer is, generally, *praise and adoration*. We must get away from the

idea that every time we approach Our Father in Heaven we must ask for something. Would it not annoy us if our children were always asking for something from us? We cannot of course imagine Our Father in Heaven being annoyed at our importunities, but neither can we expect Him to grant what would often do us great harm. On the other hand, when we offer thanksgiving and praise we put ourselves in a position to the law of attraction, a receptive state where we may receive a new downpouring of the Spirit of Love and Light, and which thus brings us nearer to our adored ideal.

### *The Final Climax*

Nor is it necessary that the audible or inaudible invocation should continue during the whole time of prayer. When upon the wings of Love and Aspiration, propelled by the intensity of our earnestness, we have soared to the Throne of Our Father, there may come a time of sweet but silent communion more delightful than any other state or stage; it is analogous to the contentment of lovers who may sit for hours of unbroken silence, too full of love for utterance, a state which far transcends the stage where they depend upon speech for entertainment. So it is also in the final *climax* when the soul *rests* in God, all desires satisfied by that feeling of At-one-ment expressed in the words of Christ, "My Father and I are One." When that climax has been reached the soul has tasted the quintessence of joy, and no matter how sordid the world may seem or what dark fate it may have to face, the love of God which passeth all understanding is a panacea for all.

It should be said, however, that that final climax is only attainable *in all its fullness* at rare intervals; it presupposes not only the intensity of purpose to soar to the divine but a reserve fund to remain poised in that position, which most of us have not always at hand. It is a well known fact that nothing worth while comes without effort. What man has done, man can do, and if we start to cultivate the power of invocation along the scientific lines here laid down we shall in time reap results of which we little dream.

And may Our Father in Heaven bless our every effort.

## Question Department

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*Question*—Are doctors justified in allowing a child to die that is bound to be an idiot and physically helpless when an operation would enable it to live? Does an idiot gain any experience during life? Is the ego within aware of the physical disability of the mind and body during such a life, and does it learn thereby? Can insanity be classed among the hereditary diseases?

*Answer*—Supposing a child met with an accident while playing, a blow on the head, and hence became abnormal, or perhaps was put into a state of coma; no one would hesitate for a moment to have the operation of trepanning performed so that by taking the pressure of the skull from the brain the child might be restored to its normal state of consciousness. And why should a new born child not receive the same care, and have everything done for it that is possible? It would be considered criminal to allow an older child to die for lack of care, and it is just as indefensible in the case of a new born child, for when the ego has gone through the womb in order to gain the experience of this physical life, we are duty bound to support its efforts in every possible manner. Then you ask, is insanity hereditary, and does the ego gain experience by a life of insanity? Yes, it does, for the ego itself is never insane, but it is the improper connection between its various vehicles, the mind, desire body, the vital body, and the dense body, which makes insanity. When the connection between the brain centers and the vital body is imperfect, then we have what is called the idiot, often melancholy but generally perfectly harmless. When the faulty connection is between the desire body and the vital body, the conditions are somewhat similar, but include the class where the muscular control is defective, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, et cetera. When the connection is broken or faulty between the desire body and the mind we have the raving maniac who is violent and dangerous. And when the connection is defective between the ego and the mind, we

have what we might call a soulless man, the most dangerous of all, gifted with a cunning that is usually at some unexpected time put to a most diabolical use. However, if we consider the body, or the different bodies, as musical instruments upon which the ego is playing, then when every connection is perfect the ego can bring out a more or less beautiful symphony of life, according to its stage in evolution; but when the connections are faulty or broken the ego is like a musician forced to exercise his talent with an instrument lacking a number of the strings, and therefore unable to bring out anything but discords. To a musician it would be torture to be forced to play upon such a defective instrument, and it is the same with the ego which is immured in an insane body; for reasons to be sought in past lives it is forced to stay with a body that it cannot control, so it suffers more or less acutely according to its stage in evolution, and thus it is learning the lessons in the School of Life, which are required to make it perfect. It is a sad condition, but though a life time appears to very long, it is but as a fleeting moment in the unending life of the spirit, and we may console ourselves with the knowledge that when the ego comes back to earth it will have a normal body, provided of course the lesson has been learned.

With respect to the third part of your question, is insanity hereditary? We may answer either in the affirmative or the negative, according to which phase of the problem we are considering. From the spiritual point of view, as we have already stated, insanity is not a defect in the ego, but because of a twist in its character it cannot build a normal body, hence by association, it is drawn to a family that is similarly inclined. This on the very same principle that we see people of like character always seeking one another's company, as the old saying goes, "birds of a feather flock together." Musicians congregate in music halls, at concerts, and similar places. They also seek birth in the families of musicians because

there the instrument needed, long slender fingers and an ear in which the semicircular canals are properly placed, et cetera, give them the ability to express music. Sporting men and gamblers flock together on racetracks and in gambling dens. Thieves have their resorts, and so on. Similarly those with a certain defect in their characters are attracted to people and families which have the same defect. Hence if we view the problem of insanity from the *form* side, it may be said that it is hereditary. As the following article sent us without name of source will show, scientists who view the matter entirely from the form side are of the opinion that by limiting the reproduction of defectives they may stamp out the disease; but just as the soft juices which at one time formed the snail's body are gradually set out and crystallized into the hard and flinty shell it carries upon its back, so it is also the acts of the soul at one time which gradually crystallizes themselves into a body wherein the spirit must dwell until it is worn out, and relief will never be obtained by working with and upon the physical body alone, any more than operating upon the shell would cure a sick snail. Emerson said truly that "a sick man is a scoundrel who has been found out breaking the laws of nature." The insane are in that category, and if we wish to cure them we must apply the spiritual means of education, for all other methods are simply palliative, they do not reach the source of the disease.

*Question*—If we should not eat meat, I presume fish is included, what then is the answer to the miraculous draft of fishes as told in the Bible? No a doubt these were wanted for food.

*Answer*—We have often stated that while the gospel is a true version of the life of the man Jesus, they are also manuals of Initiation. The Sun, as visible in the heavens, is the physical light-bearer which is the "light of the world," but behind it there is the invisible Sun carrying also spiritual light, and the initiate who follows the path of initiation is in the Same sense a light bringer or enlightener of the people. Therefore their lives are inseparably connected with the Sun, and as the Sun in its yearly course goes through the twelve signs of the zodiac by direct motion

from Aries, the ram, to Pisces, the fishes, and in its course ripens the grain and the grape which feed mankind physically, so there is also another motion of the Sun known by astronomers as the precession of the equinox, whereby the Sun goes through each sign in about 2100 years. This is connected with the spiritual progress of humanity, and therefore the symbol of the Saviour of any age is always that of the sign through which the Sun at that particular time is moving by precession.

To keep within historic times, we may say that at the time when the Sun by precession went through the sign Taurus, the Bull or Calf' was worshiped among the most advanced human nations. We find the Bull, Apis, among the Egyptians and Mithras, the Persian Christ, riding-upon a Bull. But when the Sun by precession moved from Taurus, the Bull, into Aries, the sign of the Ram or Lamb, *God's people went out of Egypt* at the passover or vernal equinox when "the Sun passes over the equator. It then became idolatry to worship the Bull or the Calf, and they were taught to worship the Ram or Lamb of God. At the time of the advent of Christ the Sun by precession was in about seven degrees of Aries and within orb of the next sign, Pisces, the *fishes*. He was the Saviour of the coming dispensation, and therefore He sought *fisher-men*, and as He took them from their vocation He stated He would make them *fishers* of men. All through the New Testament you will find this continual allusion to *fishes*. At the time when the Christian religion was being established after His death, there was a controversy whether the symbol of this Saviour should be the Lamb or the Fish. Therefore, and as a relic of that controversy, we have even to the present day the Bishops wearing a mitre shaped as the head of a fish; at the same time the functionaries of that Church also have the staff of the Shepherd, signifying the connection with Aries, the Lamb. It was not until several centuries after the death of Jesus that the Lamb was used as His symbol, but Pisces, the sign of the fishes, is a watery sign, and therefore we see at the doors of the Catholic Church the holy water wherewith the worshippers make the sign; they are taught that on Fridays they must





## The Astral Ray

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### The Heavens Declare the Glory of the Lord

(Continued on page 66)

**W**E who are city dwellers do not study the heavens. We are generally shut up in and among houses and look up and down long electric lighted streets, but when we go out in the country and view the heavens expanding over the earth as a vaulted dome, we obtain a better view, especially if we have the seeing eyes.

Perhaps towards the west we may see a vapory cloud draping as a curtain the couch of the setting sun; perhaps we may see a living fire above the broad expanse of the Pacific; and after that has disappeared perhaps we may see the new moon a little further up, and a little further up still, Venus, the most beautiful and luminous of all our planets. And then, as we turn around and look further toward the east, we may see how, one after another, the lamps of heaven are lit as the stars of different magnitude appear, and finally we behold a myriad of worlds.

There seems to be no order and no system, and yet, when we look carefully and with understanding, we may see that there are many constellations; and that they move in orderly succession from the east to the west; that the nearer they are to the pole, the more they swing around in an orbit, and as the different stars take different positions at different hours, we may well quote the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the

glory of the Lord."

There is something wonderful in that vaulted sky and those fiery blossoms of heaven when we look upon them one after another, as the day disappears and the darkness of night deepens. In the day-time we see only the sun and perhaps on certain days the moon, but at night we are more impressed with the infinitude of space, the vastness of this universe in which we are living, and surely we must realize that there is a ruling power behind it all.

The materialistic science of the middle of the last century started the theory of spontaneous generation—that at some time there appeared in space, spontaneously, a fire-mist, and just as spontaneously there appeared in that fire-mist currents which sent it spinning, and then, spontaneously also, the centrifugal force threw off rings and they formed planets which revolved around the central sun, and thus solar system after solar system was formed.

But even Spencer, the great master materialistic thinker of the nineteenth century, could not agree with that nebular theory, for he saw if such a theory as that were true there must have been behind it all a first cause; he would not believe in a Divine Creator but he thoroughly understood that there must have been an extraneous cause to have started that fire-mist. The scientists of that day were wont to make an experiment with a little oil, which they stirred in a basin of water to show how

the fire-mist would shape itself into a ball and would throw off planets, so they would revolve about the sun, and they tried to make people believe that it was nothing but blind natural law; but Spencer understood that the one who stirred the water represented a first cause, and so we must sometimes believe that behind this vast universe there is a ruling power, or there could not be such orderly expression. If we throw a box of type up in the air, do we expect it to come down in such a way as to spell a beautiful poem? No, we could not, and much less can we expect a mass of atoms, such as was predicated by science at that time, to shape themselves into such orderly forms.

So "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord," and when we look up into the skies and see all this with our naked eyes, that should be enough to assure us that there must be a great and ruling Being that orders the motion of all these worlds in their orbits, and when we look through a telescope we see that there are a still greater number of worlds; and the greater the telescope, the more we see that there are worlds upon worlds that are not revealed to the naked eye.

Look up, for instance, at the constellation Orion, the lowest one of those three little stars which form the sword is, as it were, a nebulous mass; nothing will be seen by the naked eye but a nebulous mass, and we may try even such a telescope as the great astronomer Herschel used when he discovered the planet Uranus, but that also will only show a nebula. It is only when we use the greatest telescopes of our own day that we get any satisfaction concerning what is there, and when we see it through such a telescope we find that it is not a nebula at all, but a solar system such as ours, only many, many times greater.

We are here upon a little planet that we call the earth, and the sun around which it revolves is one million times greater, but such a sun as Arcturus that we see so far away in the heavens, sheds five hundred times more light than does our sun, and one star in the far distant Pleiades that are so nebulous as to be scarcely distinguishable to the eyes, is said to shed one hundred million times more light. Our earth spins around upon its axis at the rate of one thousand miles per hour, and it rushes

along in its orbit around the sun at the rate of sixty-five thousand miles in the same time. It takes it three hundred sixty-five days to make that revolution; it is part of a solar system, and the solar system in which we live is said to move in an orbit that it has been calculated would take eighteen hundred million years to accomplish. Orbit within orbit, and star within star, and so it goes, but "the heavens declare the glory of the Lord," because they point to the fact that there must be a great and wonderful central source of power that keeps all this going.

And when you and I, dear readers, think that we have accomplished something great, when perhaps we feel vain, and when we go out and look up into that vaulted sky, what is the lesson we learn there? When we compare our own small achievements with what is there in that universe should it not teach us humility? And if sorrows and troubles visit us, if we feel worried about the little things that happen in our lives, let us just think of that wonderful universe in which we live.

Upon earth there may be sorrow and pain and strife; the tempest may in one hour destroy more than man can build up in centuries; and the eruption of a volcano can in a few seconds destroy a city of millions, and an earthquake can bring great havoc, but when all this has passed, and we look up, the universe has not been moved one particle. The same stars shine above us that have shone above the earth for millenniums. There is immutability there; these stars that move about in their changeless orbits are under an immutable law that holds them steadfast there. We may call that law gravity, or we may call it God, but it is there, and this very immutability—this very fact of the changelessness of the laws—is that which gives us security.

If it were not for that law of gravity, we could not safely leave our homes in the morning and rest assured that we should find them there at night, but because of that law of gravity which holds everything in its place, they are there when we return. We know that water, when evaporated into steam, is a force, and that under certain conditions that force can be used; we depend upon the immutability of the laws of God, and we rest

safely in that.

As it is in the universe so is it with the small things of life. To contemplate those changeless orbits of the stars gives us faith that we are not to be hurled into nothingness; that year after year there will be time for further development, until such time as we have rounded out and enjoyed all the opportunities that are here for us; faith that there is not to be a sudden convulsion of the earth to hurl us into space and make this life count for nothing; faith that everything that is here is under the same immutable law that governs and has governed and held up countless stars in space for millions and millions of years, and then we can thank God that we have been given this opportunity, and that we can have faith to look into the heavens and in that way come nearer to Him.

Mankind in former days always contemplated the heavens with reverence; it is only in these materialistic days that we for a time have forgotten; but we who have been studying the stellar science from a spiritual point of view should realize that just as there is the orbit of the earth around the sun, and also the orbit of the sun around another central sun, so we too have an ever

widening orbit. We may at the present time have small opportunities, but it depends upon how we use them whether we shall have greater opportunities in the future, or stay on in the environment that is ours today. If we do not diligently embrace the opportunities here, Nature in her beneficent solicitude takes us off and gives us another chance in another environment; but when we have exhausted the opportunities here on earth, a new environment is given us with greater opportunities.

Those who have received the deeper teachings ought to take especial advantage of all the opportunities for study given here, and appreciate the Rosicrucian teachings, which are the most advanced given to the Western world, and we should also appreciate any opportunity we have to live more useful lives in the world than we see other people living. We should not seek work far afield—it behooves us to do all we can in the environment where we find ourselves to live noble and lofty lives, though also very humble. We should not let the little worries of life overcome us, but aim to let our lights shine in increasingly larger orbits, that we may add luster to the Glory of the Heavens as becomes students of the

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## The Moon and Plant Growth

The old idea that the moon has some sort of influence on plant-growth still persists among farmers. Some farmers, we are told by *The Rural New Yorker* (New York), refuse to plant crops or to kill hogs unless the moon is in some particular position, and there is frequent argument about the matter among them. But the influence of the moon on the growth of crops, or on other agricultural operations, has always been denied by scientific men. The following statement by C. F. Marvin, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, printed in the paper named above, shows what they think of the matter:

“It is the general belief of scientists that the moon has no appreciable influence on temperature, rainfall, or any other weather element, or on

stellar science.

plant-growth.

“Plant-growth depends upon temperature, light, humidity, and plant-food (both in the soil and in the air), and its availability. Obviously the moon neither mellows the ground nor fertilizes it, neither does it alter the composition of the atmosphere; hence it affects neither the mechanical condition of the soil, nor the kind of quantity of available plant-food.

“If the moon has any influence on plant-growth, it would seem that it must exert this influence through its light. Experiment, however, shows that when a plant is so shadowed that it gets only one-hundredth of normal daylight, it grows but little better than it does in absolute darkness. Full

daylight is about 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight; hence one hundredth of daylight, already too feeble to stimulate appreciably plant-activity, is still 6,000 times brighter than full moonlight. The conclusion is that, even in respect to light stimulus the moon's influence on plant-growth is wholly negligible."

But the scientists are by no means unanimous in their beliefs. Professor Serviss admits that though "we are not quite as ignorant of the nature of the fluid medium in which we live, the air, as fish are assumed to be of the nature of their medium, the water, yet there are many things about the atmosphere which may be of fundamental importance to us concerning which we know nothing. Of course, there are many things about it that we do know. It is a transparent shell, relatively a mere film, surrounding the earth, out of which we could not pass and live.

"It is the home of clouds and winds and storms. It is a blanket to retain heat. It is an invisible machine continually conveying water from the sea and scattering it in refreshing showers upon the continents. It is the agent through which the sun distributes some of the most important of his life-sustaining energies broadcast over the earth. Not a river would flow but for the atmosphere. The loftiest mountain would have no crown of snow if there were no air. Every land would be a desert without the atmosphere.

"When the earth was divided between land and sea an atmosphere had to be stretched over them both in order that the land might be rendered habitable. But, in fact, the atmosphere is probably more ancient than either land or sea. When the globe was yet too hot to retain oceans, and too plastic to have permanent elevations and depressions on its surface, it must have been already enveloped with gases and vapors.

"That primeval atmosphere differed widely from the present one, but was, in a sense, its ancestor. After the continents rose, the clarified air became a universal highway between them, through which the energy of the sun brought up vapors from the sea, even to the mountain tops, where, condensed to water, they began to flow back again, by gravitation, to their source.

"It is amazing to think that the waters of all the mighty rivers first ride invisible over our heads from the broad oceans, to come back again, under foot, through the soil, through rivulets and springs, gathering in the valleys, uniting their hurrying streams, until a Hudson or a St. Lawrence, a Mississippi or an Amazon, is formed, pouring its majestic current unceasingly seaward! An irrigating system so vast that we may see its working without comprehending its mechanism!

"But, while we know and infer these great facts about the atmosphere, there are others, perhaps not less important, that remain to be cleared up, and possibly some whose very existence is still unguessed. What, for instance, is the explanation of a phenomenon that everybody must have noticed at times, namely, the curious influence of certain atmospheric states upon the activities of the mind and the body? This earth seems to be independent of all the so-called meteorological elements constituting weather.

"On days when the detailed weather report shows practically no difference of atmospheric conditions, some subtle influence appears to be at work, stimulating or deadening the nervous system, as the case may be. Many human beings, like many lower animals, are conscious of the coming of foul or fair weather long before the most delicate meteorological instruments give an indication.

"Many think that electric forces play a great part in such phenomena, and a possible support for such an opinion is furnished by an observation recently made at the Lowell observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona. It has been found there that since June, 1915, when the experiments were made, a persistent auroral illumination has prevailed in the sky whenever spectroscopic photographs of the sky light are made.

"The effect has been found even in the presence of moonlight, which might be expected to obscure so faint a luminosity. The light is not distinguishable to the eye, but its presence is shown clearly in the photographs because the apparatus is so arranged as to bring out with particular prominence the most characteristic line of the auroral light, which is in the yellow-green portion of the spectrum.

“Continuous exposures of a few hour,; show this line in the spectrum of the faint light of the sky, no matter in what direction the instrument is pointed, but there are indications of greater intensity toward the horizon and possibly towards the sunrise and sunset points. The inference is that there is a permanent, though probably variable, auroral illumination in the atmosphere.

“Now, the auroral light, which attains its greatest intensity in displays of what is usually called the aurora borealis, or the Northern lights, is believed to be due to electricity, and the ultimate source appears to lie in the sun. Great outbursts of solar energy, whose effects may or may not be otherwise noticed, seem to react upon the earth in such a manner as to produce “magnetic storms,” arches and streamers, waving and coruscating in the sky and centering about the earth’s magnetic poles.

“The recent observations at the Lowell observatory indicate that besides these great exhibitions, which are relatively rare phenomena, there is always a play of similar electric forces in the atmosphere, and that if we could look on the earth from outer space we might see its night side continually illuminated.”

It is the invisible etheric lunar rays that affect the growth and propagation, not only of the plants but of all sentient beings as well, as has been long stated by the Western Wisdom Teaching, for the Moon is the vehicle of Jehovah and his Angels, who have particular charge over the etheric vital bodies of plant, animal, and man, which form the matrix or mould for the dense physical forms of the various species. Hence the Moon is the planet of fecundation, and in time the scientists will learn these truths which are now hidden because they close their minds to obvious facts.

#### *A BED-TIME FANCY*

“I don’t object to going to bed,”  
A young Philosopher once said,  
“Because, you know, when day is done  
I think it’s rather jolly fun  
To lie there and dream that I  
Am out a-walking in the sky,  
And getting introduced to stars  
And planets like old Mr. Mars.

They’re all as friendly as can be,  
And wink most cordially at me.  
Why, sometimes when I’m fast asleep,  
All of a sudden, the Moon will peep  
In at my window, with a grin,  
And whisper, ‘Say, may I come in?’  
Then the baby Moonbeams come,  
A jolly band, and frolicsome,  
And dance all over me until  
Dawn drives them from my window-sill.  
At other times I take a trip  
Right up the Moon-wake in a ship  
That lands me where the small stars play,  
Both up and down the Milky Way.  
We’ve tag, and puss-in-corner, too,  
And hide-and-seek with all the blue  
To hide in—oh, it’s lots of fun  
With merry twinkling stars to run!  
To hide inside the Dipper bright  
And hear the Great Bear growl all night  
Because, in spite of all his wit,  
He’s doomed forever to be it!  
And then when once again ‘tis day,  
With all your pranks and lively play,  
To wake up fresh as you can be  
Back in your own sweet nursery!  
No matter how far you may roam  
To find yourself always at home  
The moment you wake up, and hear  
The breakfast bell sound loud and clear!  
Ah, bedtime is the time, I say;  
It doubles up your hours of play;  
And best of all, with all its rout,  
It never leaves you tired out.”

—John Kendrick Bangs

#### *THE INFANTILE PROBLEM*

“Say, dad!” “Well, son?” “What do they mean by the riddle of the universe?” “Just this, my son; a kettle of boiling water with the fire and steam inside the water, there being no kettle.” “But, dad!” “Son! no more questions. Why did nature endow you with brains? Go, neutralize yourself in the waters of Being, the Fire of Life, the Mists of Time, and when you have attained to understanding, come back and you may learn more. But then you will be in no need of a teacher.”

# The Children of Taurus--1918

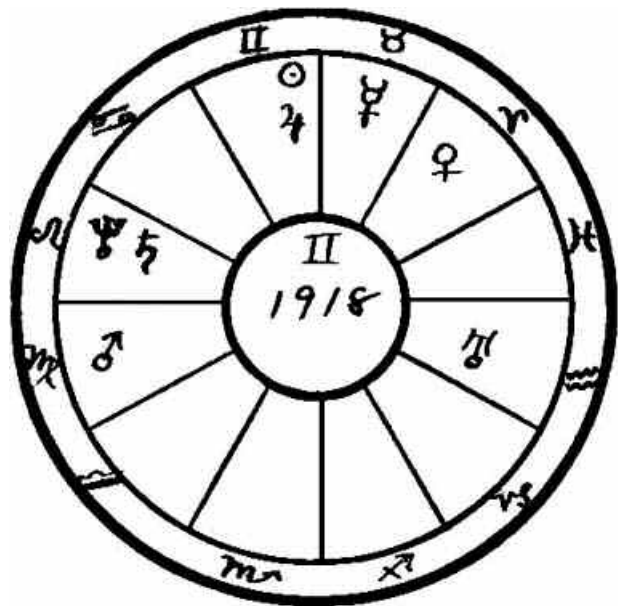
Born May 22nd to June 22nd inclusive

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the custom of astrologers, when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine his remarks to the characteristics given by the sign the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what these people are like, for if those were their sole characteristics there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We are going to improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. That should give a much more accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.

There are two types of Gemini children, dark and fair, but both usually have a tall straight body with long arms and limbs. They are very active and alert, quick in their motions, and decisive in their actions. Gemini is ruled by Mercury, hence these children partake of the mercurial qualities. They are quick-witted, fond of reading and writing, debating, and other activities which call for the exercise of the mental powers. They are also very ingenious and resourceful in overcoming difficulties, possessed of considerable manual dexterity and they excel in speed as stenographers, telegraph operators, et cetera, where flexible fingers are required. They have a natural ability for architectural or mechanical drawing, and are also very nimble on their feet. Therefore they are fond of walking and dancing. Gemini is a sign of voice and confers upon its children the ability of vocal expression, so that they always have an answer ready in any emergency; generally speaking they have a very good disposition, but there is a tendency to worry and irritability. They are versatile, well informed, and clever at making an argument. But if the Sun is afflicted in Gemini, or if Mercury is afflicted in the horoscope, they are apt to be sophisticated in their methods of reasoning, or even dishonest and untruthful. This is also the tendency if Saturn,

Mars, Uranus, and Neptune are afflicted in Gemini.

This year's crop of Gemini children ought to be exceptionally good and fortunate for they have both the life-giving Sun and Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, opulence, and good fellowship, in this sign to confer upon them the qualities that make for comfort and success in life. They will be endowed with all the good tendencies enumerated above under the general reading of the tendencies of Gemini, and besides they will have that expansive good will and fellow feeling which radiates to all in their environment and attracts all good



things to its possessor, giving them the joyful nature to love and appreciate it all. They will enjoy the respect of the community and rise to posts of honor and preferment. Theirs will be a contented mind.

For the children of Gemini born after the 10th of June we predict unusual mental powers, for Mercury, the planet of reason, is then entering its own sign Gemini and acts as a focus for Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, and the life-giving Sun, thus adding strength to their rays and intensifying their effect in the life. Those born earlier

in the month will experience the same beneficial results later in life when Mercury enters Gemini by progression, so that they may all be said to have been born under very lucky stars.

Venus is in the Martial sign Aries during the whole month; this will add to the popularity of the 1918 children of Gemini and bring them many friends, but they are apt to lose some at intervals because of a tendency to be too domineering, and this position is also apt to bring, inharmony in the marriage relation because it gives a tendency to be too masterful with those they love. This tendency should be counteracted in childhood; the parents can do a great deal during the first seven years to modify the child's character, and it is the particular purpose of these horoscopes to enable parents to so help the souls that have come to them for guidance. These children are also apt to be too impulsive in their love affairs, and when they reach youth parents will do well to watch them that they do not run off and marry hastily to regret later at leisure. Venus in Aries will also make them impulsive in their sympathies, and therefore they may often be taken in by persons who come to them under the guise of friendship to use them for selfish aims.

Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, is in the

other Mercurial sign, Virgo; this has the tendency to further sharpen the mental powers of these children.

Uranus, the planet of intuition, in the intellectual sign Aquarius, will also help them in that respect, and Mars will infuse energy in a measure, but it will also make them restless, impatient and irritable towards those with whom they work, whether employers or fellow employees. It gives natural ability in chemistry and the sciences relating to food and diet.

Saturn in Leo makes it hard for the 1918 children of Gemini to forget an injury and they take a real or fancied slight much to heart. That is their worst fault; they need to learn to forget and forgive, otherwise they may have much unhappiness and suffer severely in health,

Neptune in Leo strengthens their ambitions, thus they are thoroughly well fortified in the battle of life.

To sum up, the 1918 children of Gemini are possessed of the vim, vigor, vitality, and ability which makes for success in life. Their worst fault is irritability and a tendency to be domineering. They have good constitutions and recuperative powers, but should beware not to put too great a strain on the heart, for that is their weakest point.

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## Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. for besides typewriting, typesetting, plating of the figure, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires at least one half day of the editor's time. **Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get them to subscribe.** We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your luck. If it does not, you have no cause for anger at us.

### We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the trouble of returning their money. Please do not thus annoy us: It will avail you nothing.

**M**MARGUERITE K. Born May 8, 1915, 5 :50  
a. m., Santa Monica, Calif.

Marguerite was born under one of the most beneficent configurations in the whole gamut. At her birth the life-giving Sun was rising in the robust, vital, and energetic sign Taurus, sextile to the Moon which is the particular significator of health for a woman, and also sextile to Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, opulence, and good-fellow-

ship. This shows that Marguerite has an exceptionally strong constitution and is likely to enjoy splendid health all through life, for should any slight temporary indisposition occur she will have a wonderful recuperative power to right herself quickly, It shows that she has a kindly lovable nature, radiant with good-will towards all with whom she comes in contact, and therefore she will gain much respect in the community, and

many friends who will endeavor to help her in whatever way she desires, and they will be of great material benefit to her. It also promises financial success above the average and thus she may be sure of all the comforts of life. Furthermore, she will richly deserve all she gets, on account of her character, her unselfish nature, and the good use she will make of what she has. Her Eleventh House, indicating friends, is the best fortified of all the Houses in this horoscope, having both Venus, the planet of love, Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, and the Moon which is the planet of fecundation that brings to pass that

originality, is sextile to Venus, the planet of art and music, we may judge that she has musical ability latent in her which will some time bring her out prominently before the public in an artistic capacity, These talents will make her beloved by the public in general and bring her the financial reward spoken of in the earlier part of this reading. The Sun and Moon are signifiers of the marriage partner for man and woman, therefore their sextile configuration in this horoscope indicates that Marguerite's life will also meet with satisfaction in this respect, and that her happiness will be increased in the marriage state. Thus all that she or anyone can hope for is likely to be fulfilled, that is, provided she steers the straight course.

But as there is no light without its shadow, so also in this horoscope we find indications of trouble if the path of rectitude is forsaken. Uranus is the planet of originality and independence and when it is afflicted it gives a tendency to reckless disregard of the social conventions. It is placed in the Tenth House, which governs the honor and social standing, and it is square to the Sun which signifies the marriage partner.

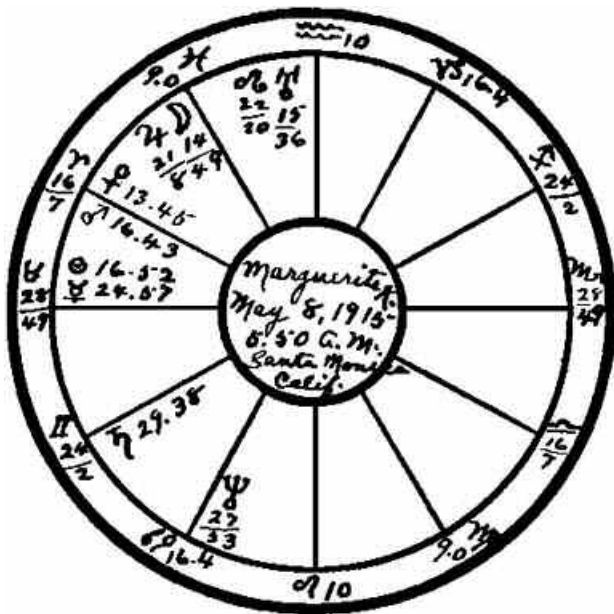
This shows that there is a tendency to reckless conduct both in Marguerite and in the person with whom she will enter into marriage, even with her friends among the opposite sex generally. On that account she is liable to become involved in scandal and to be slandered by people who have more conservative ideas.

This tendency is offset in a considerable measure by a sextile of the Sun to Jupiter, the planet of law and order, for this will cause her to value the opinion of the community in a general way, as already stated; but the square of Uranus and the Sun will under certain later planetary configurations have the tendency to make her act impulsively and rashly with disregard of public opinion, and she will suffer therefor, even if she has done no actual wrong.

Therefore you, as parents, should try to inculcate in her the highest respect for the conventions and her motto should be to avoid even the slightest appearance of evil, for by so doing you will save her much sorrow and trouble.

which is promised in the horoscope. This shows that she will be all in all to her friends and they will be all in all to her; that is the principle of reciprocity, we cannot get unless we give, we cannot have friends unless we are friendly to them as well.

With respect to her mental qualities, we find Mercury, the planet of reason, sextile to Jupiter, the planet of law, order, benevolence, et cetera, showing that she has an extremely well-balanced mind. Mercury is also the planet of expression and he is close to the cusp of Gemini his own sign. This would indicate that she possesses the art and faculty of expression to the point of eloquence, with the ability to set down her thoughts in writing. And as Uranus, the planet of intuition and





# Studies

in

## The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

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### Not Peace but a Sword

Kittie Skidmore Cowen

**I**t is now nearly two thousand years since the bright Sun Spirit Christ came to our earth to walk and talk with man, to live the life which He sought to teach, and to inculcate into the hearts of humanity the great principles of service, unity, and love. As we have stated in former articles, previous to this time Jehovah and His angels, assisted by the archangels, tended and guided infant humanity through the embryonic state of its evolution. It was Jehovah and His messengers who patiently and persistently coaxed, led, persuaded, and prodded nascent humanity onward and upward until the masses were ready to receive the beautiful and sublime religion of the Son.

Jehovah is the author of all Race-religions, and under His sway these various religions have flourished and worked in the desire body of man. Jehovah helped mankind get control over the mind and desire body by giving laws and decreeing punishments for transgression of the same. The fear of God was pitted against the desires of the flesh, and thus it was that sin became manifest in the world.

All Race-religions are separative, inculcating self-seeking at the expense of other men and nations, and therefore it is evident that if this principle were carried to its ultimate conclusion it must necessarily have an increasingly destructive tendency and finally frustrate evolution, unless succeeded by a more constructive plan. Law must give place to love in order that the separate Races and Nations may become united into one Great

Brotherhood.

The birth of Jesus took place among and amid great spiritual manifestation. Angel choirs, we are told, heralded Him as the great Peacemaker Who was to give to mankind the choicest of all gifts—Peace on Earth and Good Will among men. Time passed on and the child developed into manhood, and then we hear it told that He Himself proclaimed to the world, “I came not to bring peace but a sword.” Surely this is a very different story from that which the songs of the Angels told, a very different career which He pointed out for Himself in the world, than that which was caroled by the Angelic hosts on that far off Holy Night. And from that date until the present time history has furnished us with ample evidence as to how that prophecy has been fulfilled.

Let us turn to Mr. Heindel’s lecture, number sixteen of the Christianity series, for more light on these two apparently conflicting statements as made by the angels in proclaiming Christ’s mission and that made by the Christ Himself.

“The Christian religion He came to found has been the bloodiest scourge the world has ever known, without exception. The Mohammedan has been somewhat akin to the Christian religion and has been akin in that [regard] also—that it has been a religion of blood, of war, and of murder. The gentle Nazarene spoke also of a time of love beyond, but those who came after Him have fought like the Indian, they have outdistanced the Indian in cunning in devising tortures for their victims, and yet they call themselves by His

Name—Jesuits. The Christian nations maintain, and have maintained all along, armies and navies. They pay inventors enormous prices for inventing machine guns and high explosives wherewith to destroy their fellow-men.

“All over the western world has gone the battle cry and nothing has equaled this religion in fierceness and destructiveness; the religion of Buddha has won its many hundred millions without the cost of a single life, but this religion of the western world has cost rivers and rivers of blood; has brought untold sorrow and misery into this world. We see it gradually spreading its bloody trail as these western nations go all over the world, carrying the sword of Christ, overcoming and subjecting the nations of the world.

“Even where there is peace within the nations we have every day the war of competition. Every man’s hand is against every other man’s; there is no co-operation in this cruel struggle. We see on every hand the evidence of this in the growth of trust systems. All over there is a great strife and struggle. One must look this fact in the face when he is a Christian at heart; he feels at heart that there is something wrong when he sees those things and is forced to ask himself, “Was it a lie that was sung by the angels on that holy night? Was the star of hope that guided the wise men a mockery? Was this all a delusion we have heard about, and is it only a cruel religion that we have here in this western world?”

“I hope to be able to show you that there is a reason for all this; that there is a good, sound reason for every act of cruelty Christianity has brought in its wake, and that this trouble is only a necessary forerunner for something better, a state of peace, of joy, of love; that the star of hope was indeed a star of hope for all who will seek it, and that the burden of the angel’s song is *but deferred*; that the present unhappy condition is just on the same order that when a person cleans house he puts a fairly orderly house in disorder, piling chairs on top of one another, taking up carpets, raising dust, etc. But that is all done with the ultimate idea in view of making the house cleaner, sweeter, better than before. Those historical facts in that past history of the Christian religion are of

the same order; a present chaos out of which shall come the brotherhood of love and good will.

“In order to understand this we must go back in time. We know that man has not always been as he now is; that he has lived in different states. We look upon everything in the cosmos not as it is now, but as it has evolved up to the present stage. Above all, we must cease to look at things in a materialistic manner. We must cease to regard ourselves and this earth as mere *forms*. We must cease to regard the universe as a vast perpetual motion machine, and realize that the stars are the organs of a great Being whom we call by the holy name of God; that these stars are also the bodies of the great spirits and that their motion in the universe means something. When we see a man gesticulate we attach a meaning to it; when we see him hold out his hands with the palms toward us, we attach a meaning to it; he is telling us to go a way. We know there is a different significance to it when the palms are turned toward himself, then he is beckoning to us to come to him. So with the stars. As they go round the zodiac year after year everyone has a different position with regard to every other, until after countless ages they return to the first position. Every one of them is a feeling, living, thinking organism. The solstices have different meanings. The summer solstice brings about one certain change in the earth; when the sun goes to the winter solstice in December there is another influence upon the earth. So with the vernal and fall equinox. They all mean something; they all have significance in the cosmos. The earth itself is a feeling, living organism. When we go out in the summertime and see the harvesters mowing the grain, let us not think there is no feeling about it. A cow that gives its life force to its offspring experiences joy and pleasure of having brought forth; it feels relieved when the calf takes the milk. It is so also with the earth when the grain is taken off by the harvester. It is the same when we pluck flowers.

(To be continued)

### **HUMAN ANCESTRY OF APES**

New Scientific Discoveries

Since the days of Darwin science has assumed

that man is descended from the anthropoid apes, although admitting that there is a missing link in the chain of evidence and that that has not been found, despite much research. This view is in distinct opposition to the occult tradition which has always maintained that the anthropoid apes have *degenerated* from the human species and is yet ensouled by spirits belonging to the same life wave as our present humanity. Now, however, there is a change in the attitude of scientists. Professor Wood Jones, professor of Anatomy in the University of London, recently delivered a lecture on the origin of man and in that lecture he claimed that man is *not* descended from anthropoid apes; that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from men; that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch; and that compared with him the chimpanzee and orangoutang are newcomers on this planet.

The professor claimed that these assertions were proven not only by recent and authentic research but also are deducible from the whole trend of geological and anthropological discoveries.

One of the most interesting references in the lecture was to recent reports by Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith of Sydney on the Talgai skull discovered in 1889 in Darling Downs, N. S. W., but never seriously investigated till 1914.

“This undoubtedly human skull, very highly mineralized,” he said, “was found in a stratum with extinct pouched mammals, and probably is as ancient as the famous Piltdown skull, whose human nature was so hotly disputed just before the war. In deposits of the same age as those in which the Talgai skull was unearthed were found bones of dingo dogs, and also bones of extinct pouched mammals gnawed by these dogs.

“Until the arrival of Captain Cook in Australia no non-pouched mammals were ever introduced upon the Australian sand continent. It is geologically certain that Australia has always been surrounded by the sea since the time of the evolution of pouched mammals. Had it not been so, it is almost certain that many non-pouched mammals in the neighboring continents would have migrated thither.

“How then can the presence of the Talgai man and his dingo dogs, alone among these, be accounted for? The conclusion deducible is that he must have arrived there in boats with his family and his domestic dogs, and the astounding fact emerges that there was a period in the world’s history when—only a year or two ago the most advanced anatomists were satisfied man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors—a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals and to be a boat-builder and navigator was actually in Australia, and, to an astonishing degree, the reasoning master of his own fate.”

In view not only of this, but of even more convincing evidence gathered from man’s own anatomical structure, Professor Wood Jones made a moving appeal for the whole reconsideration of the post-Darwinian conception of man’s comparatively recent emergence from the brute kingdom. The missing link of Huxley, he asserted, if ever found, would not be a more ape-like man, but a more human ape.

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### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(Continued from Page 55)

abstain from the use of meat and take *fish* instead, and also during the Lenten season *fish* is the main food. All this because the Sun by precession is going through the sign Pisces. It is now nearing Aquarius, the sign of the Son of Man, and in that day and age the symbol of the Saviour will be different; a different phase of the Christian religion will also have its vogue to meet the needs of the more advanced generations which will then inhabit the earth; in fact, that is the object of the Rosicrucian Teachings.

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### CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM BY CORRESPONDENCE

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the deeper degrees depends upon merit.

# Nutrition and Health

\* \* \* \* \*

To the slaughter I condemn;  
No Flock that roam the valley free,  
Taught by the power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

## Lent as a Sanitary Season

**L**ENT as a season of fasting is not only a religious observance—it is “a moral gymnastic,” whose object is to stir up the will to resist evil and to keep under subjection the unruly impulses of the flesh. So we are assured by Francis Malahay, who writes on “Why We Keep Lent,” in *The Forecast* (New York, April). Mr. Malahay reminds us that Prof. William James regarded this ancient means of educating the will and clearing the brain as essentially sound and effective.

It is equally sound, too, the writer tells us, from the physiological standpoint, since a prolonged fast involves a kind of spring house cleaning of the system, a getting rid of the poisonous products of decomposition, with a corresponding increase of energy and endurance. Mr. Malahay reminds us that fasting is not peculiar to the Christian religion alone—it is well-nigh universal. He writes:

“Back of a custom or such universality, the modern mind looks for some basis of solid utility, and in this case it is not far to seek. Translated into modern terms, the ecclesiastical subjection of the flesh means simply the elimination of autointoxicants. The reduction of the proportion of meat in the diet and the substitution therefor of lighter fare is, as a matter of fact, the very last word of dietetic science.

“It has long been known by physiologists that putrefaction of food in the intestines is the source of many poisons which tend to be reabsorbed into the blood, causing what is popularly known as ‘autointoxication.’ It has also been known for a

long time that this decomposition of food was largely the decomposition of protein; but only recently has the question been raised as to whether the reduction of the protein element in food might not help to overcome the evil. A sweeping permanent reduction of protein has been advocated by the highest authorities, and although its advisability is still under debate, there is no question that a temporary reduction is, under certain circumstances, decidedly advantageous.

Such a change is especially valuable in spring-time, when our winter tendency to overindulge in flesh foods, heavy in protein, is beginning to show results in the customary spring lassitude and irritability. Fortunately, Lent comes at just the right time, and a properly conducted Lenten fast will thoroughly cleanse the system of its accumulated poisons. Especially in the case of people who lead an indoor or sedentary life, this physiological spring house-cleaning is much to be commended.

“Leaving the question of intestinal poisoning aside, Professor Chittenden, of Yale, is of the opinion that waste products from the combustion of protein are probably responsible for fatigue, and that Americans would increase both strength and resistance by restricting their ordinary consumption of meat. In his classical experiment with a squad of soldiers, he found that their strength and endurance were actually thus increased.... Irving Fisher, in another well-known experiment on nine men, gradually reduced the protein allotment of eight of them and found as a consequence

that their physical endurance increased over 90 per cent in five months....

“Many religious systems have insisted that fasting was a great aid in the curbing of passionate sexual impulses.

“In their indorsement of the fast, the saints and ascetics of all ages seem to have hit upon an important truth which only in recent years has received scientific confirmation, but it appears that they were in truth wiser in their generation than the ‘children of the world.’

“The advantages of the complete fast are not so well established as those resulting from the mere reduction of protein, but it still remains to be proved that the saints and ascetics were not physiologically right when they abstained completely from food for longer or shorter periods. Absolute fasting as a remedy for the accumulated ills of the body, and hence for those of the spirit as well, has been advocated with considerable vigor of late, and various prominent persons claim to have proved the efficacy of the practice in their own persons. These conclusions still want authoritative, scientific confirmation, but the fasters hail as a justification of their claims the successful treat-

ment of diabetes at the Rockefeller Institute by this means, as lately reported in *The Journal of Medical Science*.

“Whatever may be the outcome of this controversy, there is no doubt that the miraculous accessions of power and insight, resulting from prolonged periods of prayer and fasting, to which the ascetics of all ages have borne witness, were not wholly imaginary. Modern psychology has proved without a doubt that there is a scientific basis to such assertions. Whether or not the low-protein standards of diet recommended by Chittenden and many other scientists will be generally accepted as the normal standard of mankind the year round is a matter which is still unsettled. The consensus of opinion seems to tend that way. Anyone who wishes to play safe, however, will not make a mistake from a hygienic standpoint if he adopts—for six weeks in the springtime, at any rate—the meatless Lenten fare, and lets down a bit on the social whirl. The temporary discomforts he may experience will bear fruits that will far outweigh their disadvantages, and he will reap his reward in an increased efficiency throughout the months that follow.

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### MUSIC

“I care not who makes the laws of a nation; let me write its songs.”—Quotation

Anna Kingsford was right when she said that the poet (harmonist) was the highest type of man. For harmony, whether it be in the form of health, comfort, peace, poetry, or music, is certainly that factor of life which wields the greatest influence. By means of music one's whole nature may be awakened, as shown by the spiritualizing effect of sacred music; the motionary effects of dance music; the enthusiasm engendered by martial music, etc. When it is recognized that there is a power that wields such a mighty influence over human life as this, were it not folly for those who have the betterment of the human race in mind to ignore such an influence and the part of wisdom to give it the fullest consideration? Mere laws do not exert such a powerful influence by any means. Perhaps wiser ones of the coming generations will write their laws in songs.

### THE MEANING OF EXPERIENCE

Experience is a means of awakening or intensifying some phase of one's nature to the point that he shall become conscious of it, and then using such power for the benefit of others, for if he fails to do this, it will react upon himself destructively.

The individual is held to strict account (by the Great Law of the Universe, which is inherent in his own being) responsible for the proper education, development, and application of the awakened power of which he has become conscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

Life is a form of activity. Hence, to live is to act, and the more complete the action, the more complete is the life. Thus when we put thought and feeling, as well as physical force, into our movements or actions, we are putting more life into them; we experience life more completely; we consequently get more out of life.

**THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE**

Now food taken internally is broken down and decomposed by heat *inside* the body, thus the chemical ether permeating each particle of food combines with the chemical ether of our vital body. The food magnetized by the Sun working in the plant is thereby assimilated, and remains with us until this magnetism is exhausted. The more directly food comes to us from the soil, the more solar magnetism it contains, consequently it "stays with us" the longest when eaten uncooked.

When food has gone through the process of cooking a part of the ether it contained is lost, as a number of the finer particles are dissolved by heat and ascend in the kitchen as odor from whatever food it comes; consequently the cells of cooked food remain a shorter time as a part of our body than in the case of uncooked food, and food which has already been assimilated by an animal has very little chemical ether of its own (except milk, which is obtained by a vital process and has a greater quantity of ether than any other food). Hence with regard to the flesh of animals it may be said that most of the chemical ether in the fodder has gone into the vital body of the animal before it was killed and at its death the vital body leaves the carcass, therefore flesh putrefies very much quicker than vegetables and "stays with us" only a short time after we eat it.

Death and disease are largely due to the fact that we subsist on food composed of cells robbed of their *individual* chemical ether obtained during plant assimilation. This is different and not to be confused with the *planetary* chemical ether, which permeates mineral, plant, animal, and man. But the flesh food deprived by death of the individual vital body which ensouled the animal during life is really reduced to its chemical mineral form and as such is of small value in vital processes; in fact, it is a detriment thereto and ought to be eliminated from the system as quickly as possible. But being mineral these particles of flesh are dead and difficult to move, therefore they accumulate gradually. Even a part of the plant food which is ash and mineral stays in our system, and so there is a gradual process of clogging which we describe as growth, this because we rob the plant

or other food of its chemical ether.

Were we like the plants and capable of impregnating the mineral with ether, we would be able to really assimilate it and grow to giant stature, but as it is, the dead material accumulates more and more, until finally growth is stopped, because our powers of assimilation become less and less efficient.

In the future we shall not digest our food inside the body, but extract the chemical ether, which is our real food and inhale it through the nose where it comes in contact with the pituitary body; this is really the general organ of assimilation and promoter of growth; then our body will become more and more ethereal, the life processes will not be hindered by clogging waste, and consequently disease will gradually disappear and life will be lengthened. It is significant in this connection that often cooks feel no inclination to eat because the pungent odor of cooking satisfies them to a great extent, if the kitchen is close.

Science is gradually learning the truths previously taught by the occult science and their attention is being more and more directed to the ductless glands, which will give them the solution of many mysteries; but they do not seem to be aware as yet that there is a physical connection between the pituitary body, the principal organ of assimilation, and therefore of growth, and the adrenals, which eliminate the waste and assimilate the proteins. These are also physically connected both with the spleen and the thymus and thyroid glands. It is significant in this connection, from the astrological point of view, that the pituitary body is ruled by Uranus which is the octave of Venus, the ruler of the solar plexus where the seed atom of the vital body is located. Thus Venus keeps the gate of the vital fluid coming direct from the Sun through the spleen, and Uranus is warder of the gate where enters the physical food, and it is the blending of these two streams which produces the latent power stored up in our vital body until converted to dynamic energy by the Martial desire nature.

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Help to spread these glad tidings by introducing this magazine among your friends.

### PEANUTS AS FOOD

Nuts may be used instead of meat in the diet, and they are being so used more and more. They are rich in both protein and fat, which makes them comparable with flesh food. Meat is growing more costly, and we are learning more about nut-production, so that it is natural to anticipate a still greater use of nuts as meat substitutes. In these war-times, too, people are ready and willing to try all sorts of dietetic experiments that they would reject in the piping times of peace. An editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, March 23) calls attention to the fact, however, that the equivalence of two foods in calories is not always evidence that one can replace the other. There are other things to be taken into account—hence the importance of carefully investigating all proposed dietary innovations from various points of view. This, we are told, has recently been done in a most satisfactory way for the peanut, a food which has steadily grown in popularity so that it seems about to be transferred from the category of a delicacy to that of a more staple item in the diet. Says the writer:

“The peanut enters into the preparation of most of the vegetable ‘meat substitutes,’ long warmly advocated by the vegetarians and now made more conspicuous by the governmental admonition to ‘eat less meat’; and peanut ‘butters’ or ‘pastes’ are widely used. Today the value of the peanut crop, which is divided between the production of the promising peanut oil, peanut cake for animal fodder, and roasted peanuts for human food, has begun to total many millions of dollars. At the University of Wisconsin, Daniels and Loughlin have demonstrated by feeding-experiments on animals that the peanut can supply adequate protein...in sufficient proportions for growth and reproduction. It also can furnish an abundance of the water-soluble vitamins. The food as used in the human dietary does not, however, yield the growth-promoting fat soluble vitamin, which has come to be recognized as a remarkable constituent of butter fat and egg fat; nor are the inorganic constituents adequate in quantity to supply sufficient calcium and certain elements. Of

course, the peanut is not used as a sole source of nutrients for man; nevertheless, the delineation of its physiologic value enables one to define more intelligently the place which it can take in the ration. Daniels and Loughlin foresee an increasing usefulness for the peanut, now that its real value has been scientifically established. When we consider the broad areas, they say, which may be adapted for growing the crop, and the fact that our food supply tends toward a wider use of the seeds of plants, it seems appropriate to expect that the peanut, when rightly supplemented, will form a staple article of the human dietary. Like the soy bean, which has lately come into new prominence in American homes, the peanut needs only to have added suitable inorganic salts and the fat-soluble accessory to make it a complete food.”

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### KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is the one greatest factor in life, that thing of which we are most in need. Not merely passive knowledge, but the active as well; not only the *why*, but also the *how*. With the requisite knowledge we can accomplish anything. Hence, we should always be willing to learn, that we may understand these ever-changing combinations, associations, relationships, and correspondences of which we are an integral part and which constitute our life. And as we begin to understand these various states and conditions, we will learn to harmonize them, for in no other way can we get the best out of life nor the most of the best.

\* \* \* \* \*

The path of direct knowledge is paved with the pebbles of concentration and observation upon exterior, visible things; abstraction and meditation upon interior, invisible things.

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### XANNINE'S LAW OF NECESSITY

That which is, is what it is because of the necessity of being what it is; i. e., because it could not be anything else. A great truth that is always applicable to everything: The Universe, man or an atom, the changeable and the unchangeable, the finite and the infinite, the known and the unknown.

## Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

### *Breakfast*

Sliced Oranges  
Soft Boiled Egg  
Potato and Corn Muffins  
Milk or Coffee

### *Dinner*

Rice and Spinach au Gratin  
Creamed New Potatoes  
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter  
Milk

### *Supper*

Celery and Peanut Salad  
Mint Sandwiches  
Tea or Milk

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## Recipes

### CELERY AND PEANUT SALAD

To two cups of crisp finely cut celery, add one cup of chopped roasted peanuts. Mix well and place on lettuce leaf, and sprinkle with French dressing.

### MINT SANDWICHES

Pour enough hot water over fresh mint leaves to cover; drain and allow leaves to dry; chop very fine. Work the chopped mint into fresh cottage cheese or butter until it creams. Spread between very thinly sliced bread. Serve on plate garnished with sprigs of mint.

### RICE AND SPINACH AU GRATIN

Carefully wash fresh spinach, beet tops, or Swiss chard, boil in hot water for twenty minutes, drain into cheese cloth bag and wring well to remove all liquid. Chop fine. Have prepared cold boiled rice, mix with enough milk to spread a layer in bottom of oiled baking dish, then a layer of chopped greens, grate a light layer of cheese, then another layer of rice, sprinkle the top with

another layer of cheese. Season with salt, celery salt, and pour over enough milk to cover. Bake for twenty minutes.

### CREAMED NEW POTATOES

Choose small spring potatoes of even size. Wash and boil for twenty minutes in hot water. Drain and peel, being careful to take off only the thin shell. Prepare a sauce by heating one heaping table spoon of butter in a shallow pan, gradually adding one tablespoon of flour and enough milk to make a thick sauce, season with salt and grated nutmeg, pour over potatoes and allow to come to a boil. Serve in hot dish with chopped parsley.

### POTATO AND CORN MUFFINS

Mix two cups of flour with one teaspoon each of sugar, salt and baking powder, rub this into two cups of cold mashed potatoes and one tablespoon of butter, gradually adding enough milk to make a soft dough, drop in hot muffin pans and bake twenty minutes.



*WHAT IS CONSCIOUSNESS?*

A bubble of the Infinite which has become enmeshed in matter and which is slowly working its way back to its source in the Eternal Spirit. As butter is evolved out of cream, in like manner is the manifested universe evolved out of the unmanifested and Infinite Substance. And as bubbles of buttermilk are caught in the mass of butter, so also in the universal creation bubbles of the Infinite Spirit are caught in matter.

As a bubble of air, released from its bondage in mud at the bottom of a pond and slowly but surely works its way upward through the mud, the ooze, and the water till it reaches the surface, where it expands or bursts or unites with its own element, so likewise is the progress of the individual ego in its journey upward to final union with God. In the first stages of its evolution, in the mineral kingdom, the individual ego, or consciousness, is so heavily weighted down by gross matter, i. e., matter presses so heavily upon the consciousness, that "its life is fairly crushed out of it," hence, its state of "unconsciousness." But in the vegetable world the pressure of matter is somewhat relieved and the ego becomes semi-conscious; a still higher form of consciousness is apparent in the animal: but not until man is reached does self-consciousness become manifest.

But also in man, at various times and under varying conditions, all the lower forms are found. Even self-consciousness assumes several forms,

as the imaginative, the intellectual, the intuitive, the "class" and the cosmic states. The real ego, or self, "that which in thee knows," is, of course, no other than the consciousness. It is that which thinks and feels moves and acts and wills. Realizing this, the problems of life, of individual development and self-evolution become simply a matter of the use or expansion of one's consciousness, the extent of such use or expansion being limitless.

*HUMANITARIANISM*

This is Humanitarianism: To help others to help themselves and in such way as may be most advantageous for their comfort, happiness, development, and progress.

Man must learn to consider himself, like nature, as a part of the universe and infinite life, rather than a connecting link, something slipped in between. With this view before us we will have no difficulty in observing that each life of each finite being of whatever nature is but a limited, finite expression of the infinite life. That there is a sort of undercurrent in the life of all, another phase of the infinite life, and that this undercurrent bubbles up to the surface in various manner and form, occasionally and sporadically in individual lives, and finally comes to the surface universally, as it were, in a flood tide sweeping all before it. This is to be applied to the present time in relation to the abolition of money, for this undercurrent is so strong that were "humanity" to say the word, money would be abolished tomorrow.

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# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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## THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

M. L. Lyon.

There is a story about a child from a filthy home who went to school and was taught to wash his face. He went home so much improved in appearance that his mother washed her face. The neighbors happened in, saw the great change, and tried the experiment with their faces, until that whole street was purified. This shows the power of example. It is not necessary to speak a word. No explanation need be given if there is an example to go by. The influence of example is magnetic. We catch meanings quite as much by gestures or looks as by words.

No one understood human nature so well as Christ. He appeals to the outcast millions to look to Him for example. He encourages them in every quarter, no matter how low they have sunk, to turn toward Him. He knew that mankind is moved by encouragement more than any other motive. Tell a man he is a fool and you make him angry, or else you paralyze his efforts. Tell him that he has lost every chance, spoiled every opportunity, and is not fit to live, and you may burden him with all the distress of absolute despair. It was only when men stood before Christ boasting of their self-righteousness that He turned upon them with the fury of a tornado; at all other times kindness accompanied the invitations of Christ, because He saw the springs of action, the force of the temptation; no one was so compassionate.

Here is a lesson for us in dealing with children. If we want them to live better lives, we must not treat them as if they were young devils. If you want your boy to be a gentleman do not constantly tell him how awkward he is. A sure way to make your girl dull is to tell her daily how stupid she is. But the surest way to lose all influence over them is to make fun of them. If you want to be of use to others show them that you are their

friend. Find out the best in each and from that point help them to develop. The worst men and women have something good in them. Go to them with a frown or a cross word and you will lose all influence over them.

“Let us cultivate a smile. It is easy when you get the habit.”

What an immense amount of faith Christ showed in His church when He started them out with this compliment: “Ye are the salt of the earth,” “The light of the world.” They who never suspected they had any power to do good, were told to let their light shine, to throw a circle of radiance wherever they were—in the family circle—the neighborhood—the country. They were to set the example. Not to originate truth—only to put it into practice. The wisdom of the Golden Rule “To do good as we would like to see others do it,” is becoming clearer every day.

The selfish man is his own worst enemy.

If you want anyone to respect you, respect him. If you want anybody to be forbearing toward you, be forbearing toward others.

There is a good deal of common sense in a remark of Bonaventura: “The best perfection in a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner.”

It is a great pity that we do not better understand the influence of example. There are some who might be luminous enough to light a whole town who do not even light their own home. Many lose their opportunity, they try to do the right thing, but in the wrong way. If they give they grumble. God wants a cheerful giver. If they begin to advise they put on a sepulchral or dictatorial tone. “The evil that they would not, that they do; the good they would, that they do not.” The power of the follower of Christ today is in his example. The world today is tolerably well acquainted with the precepts of the Christ. They are looking now for the

practice of gospel truth, for the spirit of unselfishness which aims to serve all mankind, for a Brotherhood of man whose foundations are deeply laid in the precepts of our Master Christ Jesus. Until that time comes we look in vain for the Millennium.

Christ cannot reign over a selfish people. Let us each study carefully what has been the example we have set in the past and as the spring leaves of Easter, 1918, are unfolded to us, resolve to use the opportunities given to us for unselfish service in our Master's Vineyard so that they may bear fruit an hundredfold.

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### THE REASON WHY

Ethel M. Tebbetts

Perhaps I should not speak of it but I have seen in the *Rays* from time to time a few small half allusions to the fact that some of my fellow students seem to think that after we have studied The Teachings for a while that we have been overlooked or that there is something more our Teacher or even the Elder Brothers could do to hasten our spiritual progress if we could just attract their notice in some way to ourselves.

An honest confession is said to be good for the soul so I may as well own up to it that I used to think the same thing myself, so I can sympathize with those who still think so and are perhaps just a little hurt about it, as I know how they feel.

One day the real truth of it came to me so clearly that I had to drop my work sit down on a chair and laugh at the sheer childishness of it—truly we need more patience with our own lower natures than with anything else.

When I first began studying occultism the best I could with the information at my disposal (it was not until later that I found the Rosicrucian Teachings), I had some vague idea that if I kept up the reading of my books and did the best I could to conquer my faults that one day a Teacher would come to me out of the air and perhaps touch me with an Arabian Nights wand or something else mysterious and like the story book people who live happy ever after I would from that moment henceforth and forever be a full-fledged occultist of good and regular standing, as we say in church,

and that this same Teacher would later tell me wonderful secret things, not because of anything special I had done to deserve them, oh dear, no, such an idea never entered my head, but he would just-well-er-just tell me when he thought best things that would give me great power, without a single sacrifice or real effort on my part! Now you are laughing at me, but be honest, have you not at one time or another thought very nearly the same?

Then upon the day when I saw clearly it came to me that that would be almost involution and would really be the greatest unkindness anybody could do us, as in this way we should always depend upon another instead of upon our own higher nature and God, which would defeat the very purpose of evolution, which is to make us strong, self-reliant, and independent of all human help.

What made my smile break into a laugh was a sudden conviction that there is no such thing as a magic starch or ginger that our Teacher or even the Elder Brothers could pour into our wills that would cause us to strive as they and all others must have striven to have attained what they have. It would have been much easier and the quicker for them and for us if They could come to us in their higher vehicles with a bottle of this compound in one hand and a funnel in the other, but it does not sound logical, and besides, God would have to change some of His laws. It seems too serious to laugh about but really I could not help it when I saw it in this changed light. Then we all know of the varied and never ceasing activities and sacrifices of our Teachers, which, after all is said and done, is really for us—for you and I, that we may grow strong as quickly as we safely can to bear our share of the heavenly burden of the work and pull as many others up with us as we can. To do all this for us, always working for us with never a spare moment for themselves, surely they have our best interests at heart and if there was an easier way for us they would find it.

It's my private opinion that we are watched much closer than any of us realize. I have and I am sure others have too, suddenly awakened from sleep in the still of the night with a frightened start to think what I should have done without the

Teachings. I should still have been groping, blindly, pitifully groping, as so many far more worthy than I are doing today. I would then suppose what if our Teachers had not passed the tests set for them by the Elder Brothers, how long would it have been before I should have had another such chance as I am now having. Would it have been in this life? I doubt it. Am I passing my own tests? I wonder, I do wonder.

The things I have learned from the Teachings which I love to think of in my spare moments remind me of when I was a child and our mothers gave us certain small tasks to do even in vacation time. The boys had the garden and flower beds to weed and wood to carry into the house. Little girls were given dusting, dish towels to hem, peas to shell, and such useful tasks—for little hands must be trained. I remember how glad I used to be when I had finished my duties and was free to escape to fairyland or to Robinson Crusoe on his island, or a great favorite was the Swiss Family Robinson. I helped them rescue useful things from the wreck, built small houses high up in big trees, made rope ladders, maps, and plans for them; oh, we had lovely times! I have thought it's just the same now, I have my work to do, but then in spare moments or when I am through what a pleasure it is to escape to the Land of Beautiful Things the Teachings describe for us and that we may imagine and make our own until we can really see them for ourselves, then, *then* it will be fairyland come true only much nicer, much a grown up fairyland.

About my "Crusade," it is assuming proportions and interesting—it beats the movies all hollow. A little while ago I was in the city about my "Crusade" and while standing on a busy street corner at the noon hour waiting for a car, the chimes of one of the great churches began playing a hymn and I was absent-mindedly humming it when the half forgotten words came to me. "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." The next words flashed into my mind in words of fire, "Ye soldiers of the Cross." Instantly I knew that was what I was—what all my fellow students were. The chimes pealed on, "Lift high your royal banner, It must not suffer loss." The street before me faded and I

was one of a great army of warriors. I was only a banner bearer; the last in that great company. I was so very small I could not see well. There were other small banner bearers near me. All we could do was to carry our banners; we were not strong enough to do any of the actual fighting; we were only doing what we could until we learned how. I resolved to carry mine high and not let it carelessly trail. I carried it because I loved it, it was a great privilege given me, and not because it was my duty to do so. I threw back my shoulders and held it high; the wind blew out its beautiful folds and thereon was broidered a cross with golden rays and flowers upon it. There were warriors of all sizes from wee small banner bearers to great knights of unbelievable power and splendor and I knew we were all, from the least to the greatest, Soldiers of the Cross—Crusaders, and all fought in His Name. Sometimes those about us who were taller and could better see what was ahead would call out a word of counsel or encouragement. There were those who performed wonderful deeds of valor and moved with great strength and swiftness. Once, as the crowd parted, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a great Knight in dazzling armor. He rode a beautiful white charger which was the white powers he controlled and used in his fight. We did not appear to be using our physical bodies. Those we used looked rather like them but were stronger.

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#### THE COSMO IN THE CAMPS

Sergeant Fred L. Carter, one of our oldest students and at one time a worker on Mount Ecclesia, is now attached to the medical corps at Camp Kearney where he has started a Cosmo class. In the middle of last month his company marched to our neighboring village of Carlsbad where they camped for a week and during that time a number of the boys visited headquarters where they enjoyed the meatless meals hugely, also the concerts in the library, tennis court, and specially a stereopticon lecture given by Mr. Heindel at the Sunday Service. The subject was "The Riddle of Life and Death." The Cosmo is also being introduced in the other camps by students, so are our other books and the magazine.

# The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

## On the Witness Stand

The Esoteric Secretary

Dear Friend:

I am getting on splendidly, gaining in weight and vitality. I was thinking what a pity it is that all of the patients can not know when the Invisible Helpers are working upon them, it is such an inspiration. I have from the first remembered fairly well what was done for me when I was asleep, but I confess it is most interesting and instructive following what is being done while I am awake, although I do not see them. I am sure They know this and have of late kindly been coming when I am awake.

Saturday evening I was resting on the couch in the living room, apparently listening to family conversation but really watching the Helpers and could not help smiling at the assurance with which One was tracing a nerve in the left side of my face with as many branches, turnings and twistings to it as the River of Doubt.

And again a few weeks ago I over worked and allowed myself to become very tired, so much so that my nerves were on a tension and it was very difficult getting to sleep until They came to help me. From the rags and tatters of my school anatomy it seemed to me that They went over the whole nervous system, quickly and easily, beginning with the left side, the head, then the right side, head and

sleep—the last I knew. They played upon the intricate nerve centers as easily and surely as an experienced musician plays upon his strings or keys. I used to think it was just because they were so good that they were able to help us, but a number of such experiences as these have brought me to the opinion that there is something more than goodness involved—such skill and knowledge have certainly required much study and work—some time, somewhere—and it is not like Topsy “just grewed.” I repeat it is a pity all of their patients can not know the “cause” behind the results they see.

With all best wishes for the work and gratitude to the Invisible Helpers. May God bless you every one.

In Friendship,

E. M. T.

Dear Friends:

O, I do thank you from the depths of my heart for your help. When I called for help last Saturday morning I was worn out both mentally and physically—in fact in such a nervous excited condition that I feared that I was losing my mind. In less than ten minutes after my call the Invisible Helpers were treating me, I soon fell into a restful sleep and when I awakened, I had passed through the shadows.

Yours in Fellowship,

C. M.

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Dates of Healing Meetings: June 4—10—17—24. July 1—7—22—28

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## Helpful Letters from the Students

Sacramento, Cal.

April 22, 1918

Dear Secretary:

I notice in the *Rays* someone remarking that Mr. Heindel's writings are somber. I wish to express my observation if you will permit me. I have noticed that all the horoscopes of which a reading is published the bright and cheerful side is given *first*. When I first read the *Cosmo* I felt as if I was under a four or six inch pump and as if the water was pouring on and in me—my whole body

seemed to be only a mental stomach and I could not read too much at one time for fear of indigestion.

At that time I had been in more or less confusion on account of the conflicting nature of denominational doctrines.

Since reading the *Cosmo* I have learned to see the harmony in all—even the so-called heathen. Therefore life—death—everything ought to make us happy.

Very sincerely yours,

H. C. G.

March 1, 1918

The Esoteric Secretary  
Mt. Ecclesia  
Oceanside, Cal  
Dear Friend:

This has been a week of reviewing what I have gained from the Teachings—a mental stock taking. Also I have tried to see all those I possibly could whom I have been able to interest along these lines in the past year; it has proved both interesting and profitable.

Twice in the *Rays* I have noticed articles by those who had found the “Land of Heart’s Desire” and did not want to come back. I do not believe either of these articles were written by students of yours, because the first lesson you teach is “Service.” Could a mother leave her helpless little ones in a forest with wild beasts and go to her own comfortable, peaceful home and forget about them? Is not this the same, we being all one part of the whole, how could we not want to come back, especially those of us who have learned by Service how the other half live and how helpless they are. I do not understand this.

I have also found a lost chord. I have for a long time been casting about in my mind for a fitting description of the Invisible Helpers and have at last found it. Their title and degree is “*Friend of All the World*,” whether it’s The Colonel’s Lady or Judy O’Grady, their love and skill is shared equally.

Speaking of Judy O’Grady reminds me that it was just yesterday that I advised a Mrs. L. to have her husband write you for Healing. I have never seen him but have known her for some months. It is such a pitiful case—Italians knowing so little of the language of our country, a family of five living in two rooms, one of which must have a gas light burning all day as no outside light or air can get into it; they also keep boarders. It is rather difficult to understand them and get them to understand me and I do hope this birth date is correct. He will have to write you in Italian as he can not write one English word. I left a bunch of envelopes properly stamped and addressed to you for his weekly letter and made them understand that he must be regular. He has for years worked at marble cutting and it is the dust from this in his

throat that is making him sick. He is only able to work one or two days a week. When he works the baby can have milk, but when he has to stay at home, she has no milk. A letter of advice from you in English could be read and translated by one of the little children who goes to school.

I next called upon Mrs. H., and I can give you no adequate idea of the change in her and *change* is the only word to use. I dropped into a chair and sat staring at her in wonder. I had not seen her since I advised her to ask for your help five months ago. It was well that I met her in her own home, as I should have passed her by on the street without recognizing her. She is now able to do her own housework and would not be robbed of the pleasure for a miser’s hoard. After spending all the years of her married life in hospitals and sick rooms and having one round of operations, doctors and nurses, perhaps you can imagine in some slight measure her love and appreciation of you and what you have done for her.

I am sorry about W. R.; it seems that he has discontinued his letters for some months. His mother is most interested in the Teachings and has been quite grieved with his conduct, but thought it best not to force him to it. He is just too old to have his mother write for him and yet not old enough to understand very well for himself, but I think I was able to make him see clearly, so he wishes to go on with the Healing. It seemed as if an apology was necessary to you, so I promised to write you about it.

Mr. S. in Pittsburgh I can see is improving, although not with the great strides he made in the Fall, which is due to the extremely cold and trying winter we have had which has, of course, depressed him, but am sure he will go right along, now the weather is normal again. His faith in the Invisible Helpers needs no crutch, even if his limbs do.

Mrs. R. I find very much better in spite of the weather that we have had, having a stiffening effect upon her joints. The greatest change I noticed in her eyes—she could not focus them properly when you started helping her and could read only a few sentences at a time, where now she is studying the Teachings and is very much interested in digging jewels out of the *Cosmo* and

is able to read as long as she likes. She is already planning for all the people she is going to see to tell them about what has been done for her and how they may be helped, too—all this is to take place as soon as she can walk. She told me this lovely story of the Elder Brothers' love and care for us: Her little boy of ten had, for some time, a very bad cold and one evening his condition grew so alarming that they all began working over him with might and main doing everything to be done and still he grew worse so rapidly that by midnight he was growing delirious and it was then that she realized he was past human help. She said she would have liked to have asked sooner, but did not think it right until she had first done all she could. Soon after sending out her call the child went to sleep and slept soundly until morning, when, to the astonishment of the rest of the family, he was found to be quite himself and able to go to school with other children. Since then her faith has been of the unshakable variety.

A Miss G. will probably write to ask for Healing. She is so very tired and thin and there must be a reason for it. I lent her books that explain the Healing method and I am sure she will enjoy them.

I also saw Mrs. C. and found her much improved. I had lent them books in the Fall and think I gave her a fair understanding of what she most needed to know except on one point and an important one. She does not as yet understand that your help began coming to her as soon as she wrote you; she still thinks that it did not begin until she received your letter, which was some time after she had written, of course; so if you would please help her to understand this when you write her without in any way mentioning me, I would be most grateful. She has studied along these lines for years and is a very bright woman, and I feel sure will respond to the help given her, not only physically, but spiritually and mentally, as well as like all loyal souls, it is a little hard for her to give up some of her pet theories that she must to accept the Teachings wholly, but she will soon.

We are delighted that our sister, G. T. of M., is a student with us and is now our sister indeed.

Mark Twain says there are just two kinds of people in the world, the Lifters and the Leainers—G. is a Lifter.

My friends, Mr. K. and Mrs. H., are going to ask to be taken as students and wish to begin with the study of the stars. My first impulse upon receiving the notice asking my husband to find out about whether the *Rays* was receiving proper attention at the North Side Library, was to attend to it at once myself, but I thought that you probably had some good reason for asking him, so I am leaving it for his return. I expect him back in about a week. He will be most pleased to attend to it or anything else you could give either of us to do at any time. We are both working for the spread of the good news—it seems as if we were not accomplishing much, but we are doing the best we can and with experience will do much better. I feel as if it was my work—my “business”—and nothing else interests me as much—not even the Teachings themselves, if you can understand what I mean—it is hard to put in words. It seems more important to me to get out and get the knowledge to others than to study it myself, not that I do not spend every spare moment with my books, and at times when I think of it I am so ashamed of how little I know of the *Cosmo*, but I do know the fundamentals that others do not know and that would be such a comfort to them if they only understood that little, so I shall just keep on as I started, even if it takes me the rest of my life to learn the *Cosmo*, all of which sounds stilted and not at all as I feel it. I have for some time been looking for a *Mars Hill* upon which I might stand and tell to many the things that they need to know and that it is their right to know because I know them—and are they not a part of myself? So far I have found only Mole Hills, but it's encouraging to notice that even the Mole Hills are increasing in size and I am sure that I do not imagine that I have grown larger, too. So perhaps it was best that I did not find it just at first, as I probably would not have had the strength to climb it, but I shall continue searching for it; when I am strong enough I know I shall find it.

It is almost useless to make the attempt to voice my thanks for all of your help and friendship, but

lest I be guilty of what Emerson calls the vilest fault of man—ingratitude—I will again say, thank you.

In friendship,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 ETHEL M. T.

*A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE*

Here is a letter from one of our students who left a large and lucrative business to join the Red Cross workers in France and came within an ace of being killed by a shell from the big gun where-with the Germans are bombarding Paris. Fortunately, he escaped and is going to the front, for he wants to be where his services will count the most regardless of his own comfort. There are a number of students in this work, and we pray continually that God may spare and speed them on their errands of mercy.

Paris, France  
 March 26, 1918

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
 Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

Received my transfer and expect to leave Paris in a few days for the front just back of the American lines, which is just the place I have wanted. Yesterday met a lady whose husband is at the same place and he told her that “all the rich people who can afford it have left and the poor live in cellars,” so am expecting an interesting time.

I had an interesting experience last Saturday. The alert was sounded and about nine A. M. shells commenced to drop. At lunch was a loud explosion close by and everyone got up from the table and found that a shell had exploded in the Tuillerie garden. We went about our business as usual but we had to walk to the warehouse about three miles away for there were no cars going. At Pl. de la Republique thought I would pass on the left of the statue as I had seen the other side before. As near as I can remember this is what followed. I was walking along looking at the statue about one hundred feet away when suddenly the earth in front seemed to rise up and darken the sky (it was a beautiful clear day), something knocked me over and I wondered if I was still alive. I

moved my limbs and everything seemed O. K. so I staggered up. My first impulse seems to have been to go forward, then I looked behind and saw people, including soldiers, going for shelter. I followed for almost half a block then pulled myself together and went back to the scene of the explosion. Four men were lifting another, his face covered with blood and horribly mutilated; he left a steady stream of blood. A woman and a child were also killed. Yesterday I went back and saw a metal lamp post near where I was, about twelve inches in diameter and the metal one-half inch thick, cut through. The hole made by the shell was about six to eight feet deep and ten to twelve feet in diameter. It looks as if I had been five seconds earlier it would have got me. Went back to work the same as usual. The paper stated next day that it was a shell from a gun seventy-five miles away.

In one of the lessons it was stated some time ago, if I remember correctly, that a person will only pass out before his time by the act of a fellow-being. Would this be considered a fellow-being act? There could be no intention of hunting any special person at that distance.

It did not seem to frighten me but rather dazed me. It was all so strange and seems so impossible. I feel I am ready, come what may, and am going about my duties regardless of results. I will be away some time but will try to write regularly, but make allowances if you do not hear. Address: Red Cross, Paris, France.

With sincerest hope that we may meet again in the flesh, I am

Sincerely yours,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 E. W. O.

Dear Friends:

I am progressing wonderfully since writing last. I have been feeling better, having no more trouble with my stomach nor bowels, which were a great worry with me. Instead I feel better than I have been for ever such a long time. I trust you will continue to look after me until I am absolutely cured.

Will write again next week.

Sincerely yours,  
 Mrs. M.