

**Rays**  
from the  
**Rose Cross**



**A Magazine of Mystic Light**

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

\$1.50 a Year.

15 Cents per Copy

IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD  
THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS  
DEATH BY DECOMPRESSION  
PROBLEMS OF REBIRTH  
SLEEP WALKING; ITS CAUSE AND CURE  
POST MORTEM CONDITION OF DRUG VICTIM  
PLANETARY POLARITIES

OCTOBER  
1918



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



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MAX HEINDEL

VOL 10

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA OCTOBER, 1918

NO. 6

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Subscription in the U. S. and Canada: \$2 a year

Single copies 20c.

Back numbers 25c.

England: 8s 4d a year; Germany: 8 marks 25 Pf.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us before the 10th of the month preceding issue, or we cannot be responsible for the loss of magazine. Be sure to give *OLD* as well as *NEW* address.

Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912

Oceanside

Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

# The Mystic Light

OCTOBER 1918

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## The Lesson

We had played one day for a thousand years  
In the meadow of Asphodel,  
When my love grew weary of too much light  
And laughter, where angels dwell.

So we went and asked the Lords of Life,  
Who sent us to school again—  
For he who would learn to be more than man  
Must suffer and work with men.

They put us in the poor man's class;  
My love had a shovel and pick,  
And a washtub was mine for a spelling book,  
Until I was tired and sick.

"Oh, let us go back!" I cried to my love,  
"I faint in this school of pain";  
But he smiled, "To learn to be more than men  
We must use man's heart and brain."

But when it was done we went back to God,  
Who said we had studied well;  
And He sent us to play for a thousand years  
In the meadow of Asphodel.

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## In the Land of the Living Dead

Prentiss Tucker

**I**T ALL came about from a German high-explosive shell. Nothing happens without a cause. We might say that this story began in Germany when Gretchen Hammerstein put the finishing touches on a certain high-explosive shell and, with the contact of her fingers, filled the shell with the vibrations of her hatred for the Americans. We might note the various occurrences which, each the result of an endless train of circumstances, contributed to the fact that this particular shell was brought to the German front at just such a time and just such a place. But to follow up these lines of happenings, almost infinite in number, would require an eternity of patience.

And so we will take up the history when the high-explosive shell burst in the American trenches, scattering, besides its material and visible

charge and fragments, the hatred of Americans which Gretchen Hammerstein had packed into it.

Jimmie Westman was leaning against the trench wall nearest to the German line and was peering through the well *camouflaged* peephole which was used to watch the dreary and awful wastes of No Man's Land in guarding against any surprise attack. The shell burst within a few feet of him and to the rear but Jimmie did not know it. It was, in fact, a long time before he found out just what had happened, and it is of the things which came in between the bursting of the shell and the time when Jimmie was able to reconstruct the whole affair, that I wish to tell.

They were quite remarkable events and produced a great impression upon Jimmie and completely changed his ideas of life.

It was, as I have said, a long time before Jimmie

regained consciousness after the explosion. To be exact it was practically three days and while he is lying in that condition of *coma* let us take a little look into his life and history.

Jimmie was not born of poor but honest parents. His parents were honest but not poor and though not rich, they had given him a good up-bringing and a good education. He had gone through high school and was engaged in the study of medicine when the war broke out. I say he was engaged in it. I like Jimmie and am unwilling to say that he was putting entirely too much of his time in the sports of the gridiron and the diamond than he should have done, but nevertheless that was the case. He was a specimen of the clean, honorable, somewhat careless American boy, eager to succeed, eager to stand high in work and sport alike, but glamored to a certain extent by the almost adulation paid in the college which he attended to the prominent athletes.

However, he was engaged in the study of medicine, partially engaged, perhaps I should add, and to a certain extent he was deeply interested in his chosen profession, although he had not really progressed so far as to be very profound in his knowledge of *materia medica*. He had imbibed some of the scientific spirit of the lecturers to whom he had listened, and his mind had taken on a rather skeptical tinge which had given his mother some little worry, though not very much for well she knew that her early teachings were deeply rooted and the character of her boy was too strong for the scientific skepticism of his surroundings to do much more than ruffle the surface of his clean young life.

But Jimmie had an enquiring soul and while the platitudes, most of them grossly illogical and unscientific, which he heard from the pulpit when he did go to church, produced little effect upon him, yet the objections put forward by the doctors and students with whom he was associated seemed to him to be also lacking in force and weak in reason. He was swayed between the two, but controlled by neither, though at heart he was inclined to be deeply religious, as most people are if they have the chance.

So in the first year of his college life the great war began. It was practically at the end of the first

year just, before the final *exams*. and when he went home for the summer vacation the whole country was seething. Farsighted ones knew that the war would involve the United States. Fanatics and fanatical pacifists fought every measure of safety and sided with the traitors and the enemies of liberty and justice. Jimmie began to think and turned over and over in his mind the state of the world, and when he went back to his study in the fall it was with the settled conviction that the United States would soon have to mix in and that he would necessarily be involved. At that time no one had foreseen the shortage of doctors, and Jimmie, feeling sure that the fight was a righteous one and that it was his duty to help, even though his country still held back, during his second year enlisted with the Canadians. He paid a short visit home first and succeeded in making his mother and father see the matter in his way, though it was the hardest task he had ever attempted, and it was when he was home on this errand that he got the news of the death of an old friend of his. She had grown up with him and the loss of her dispelled a dream which had half formed in his mind and toward the realization of which he had unconsciously been working.

So he enlisted and was whirled into the great seething cauldron of war.

By the time the United States came in he was a war worn veteran of wide experience, in spite of his few years, and he sought and obtained a transfer from the Canadian troops to those of his own country by whom he was welcomed with enthusiasm. At the time the shell burst which made so great a change in his life he was second lieutenant with a good chance of promotion.

He had not heard the shell, and as I have said, did not know that it had exploded, and was somewhat surprised to find himself in a part of the country which he did not know. It was a wide, meadow-like stretch of land sloping gently upward and he was walking leisurely along as though he had all the time there was at his disposal.

The first return of consciousness found him walking up this gentle slope wondering a little in his mind because, as he remembered, he should have been at his post in the trench. Things were a

little different somehow but just how he could not for the life of him understand.

He seemed to be moving with considerable ease, much more so than he was accustomed to, for the everlasting mud of this country did stick to one's boots terribly and it was often hard work to lift one foot after the other. Now, however, he was stepping along easily and without effort, but he did not know where he was going or where he came from.

The trench was not in sight, but he was walking so entirely without effort that it made little difference to him for he could find it, doubtless, even though his knowledge of French was quite limited.

Thank goodness! he was not behind the enemy lines.

But stop!

If he was behind his own lines and did not know how he got there, why might he not be behind the enemy lines equally without his knowledge?

His mind was coming back to him more and more and he began to wonder a little. It was as if he had waked up out of a deep sleep and was just coming to himself.

But if he had been asleep, why did not some of the boys come and wake him up before the whole line had been pushed forward like this?

For goodness sake! where was the trench?

Where was the camp, the communication trenches, the roads, everything? Where was this place; this nice, easy meadow sloping gently upwards?

The line must have gone forward and he had been left behind in his sleep. That was evidently so, because if the line had gone backwards the *bosches* would have waked him up with their pleasant little civilized custom of killing the wounded and the sleeping, if there were any sleeping. No, the line had gone forward and somehow he had not waked up but had evidently walked in his sleep to this place, wherever this place might be.

He could not remember leaving the firing post where he had been watching through the peephole, but that was a mere detail, the main thing now was to find out where the command was and rejoin it. He could easily find it because he knew how to keep his direction by the sun.

Involuntarily he looked up. The sun was not visible, although it was broad daylight and there was no haze apparent.

Never before in France had he seen so long a stretch of country with no sight of humanity. Either there were towns and hamlets and farms, or there was the awful desolation where the *bosche* had passed, but this meadow showed neither the one nor the other. It was certainly a 'whale' of a meadow, especially for France. Put a bunch of tractors on this place and the dread of famine would pass away for there was land enough here to raise food for a kingdom.

But time was passing and he must hurry, also he must think up some kind of excuse for his absence, for the captain was pretty strict on such subjects and sleepwalking might not be taken as a valid reason for being away from his post of duty.

"Why don't you *glide*?"

"What do you mean, *glide*?"

He turned to see who spoke, for he had heard no footsteps and had thought he was quite alone. He saw a girl walking along beside him, or at least, moving along beside him, for apparently she was not walking in the orthodox way. He knew her well and, as he recognized her, he felt his face grow pale, for the girl beside him was one who had been a particular friend of his but he had been told, on his last visit home, that she had—had—well, that she had died while he was away at college, and just before his return to say goodbye to his parents before enlisting. He must have been misinformed, somehow. He looked at her, edged away just a trifle, pinched himself, and was quite at a loss just what to do or say. She must not have died but perhaps she was sent to an insane asylum and had gotten over here to France somehow by mistake and here she was talking nonsense to him about "*gliding*".

He glanced again. By Jove, she *was* gliding! For Heaven's sake! Had he gone crazy too?

A merry peal of laughter interrupted his amazement. It was the old, joyous, hearty laugh of the girl he had known well.

By jiminy! she was laughing at him. Bewildered? Well, who wouldn't be bewildered in such a case?

Thoughts flash through the mind at times with terrific rapidity and the thoughts which I am setting down apparently took a long time, but in reality they were almost instantaneous and practically took no time at all, yet they had a logical sequence and seemed to him, at the time, to be slow and careful reasoning.

She was laughing at him! Ghosts don't laugh. It is not-not-well, it simply is not done, that's all. Everybody knows that ghosts don't laugh. And she was talking to him about *gliding*. That showed she was crazy and upheld the insane asylum theory but, and here he glanced again at her feet—she really *was* gliding. At least she was not walking by lifting up one foot and putting it down again in front of the other. No, she was gliding and laughing at him.

Besides, ghosts are gloomy, distraught, lovers of darkness and graveyards and midnight and mystery and of frightening people. Yet here was one, if she really was a ghost, who was looking at him with a really beautiful face, happy, apparently joyous and frankly and unaffectedly amused at him—at him!

He remembered her well. He had known her well. He had been—er—well, to tell the truth, he had thought that perhaps, when he got started in his profession—oh! shucks, he must be dreaming. He was in France, come over to fight the kaiser and make the world safe for democracy, and that was a serious job.

Yet here she was laughing at him. How could such a mistake have occurred? They had told him all about it. They had gone over it again and again, for they knew how he had cared for her. Yet they must have made a mistake. He had to believe the evidence of his own eyes.

Dear heart! but she was pretty now. She had been pretty before, beautiful he had thought, but now she seemed radiant. Now she was walking, and with that little dancing step which cannot be described but is called “tripping.”

She moved slightly ahead of him and half turned toward him, laughing at him in such a natural way, just like her own old self, that he began to laugh too. Things had seemed pretty serious but with so much merriment around and such a pretty girl

mocking at him he could not realize that the Huns were so near and that so human suffering was going on.

She instantly grew serious, as though she had divined his thought.

“I couldn't help it, Jimmie, you looked so bewildered”

“I sure am bewildered. How did you get here? Over here in France? And why did they tell me that you had—er—gone—” He groped helplessly for a way to express the thought.

She answered him with a rippling little laugh at his dilemma.

“Don't be afraid to say it, Jimmie.”

He *was* “afraid to say it” however, and he countered with—

“How did you get here?”

“I was sent.”

“Look here, Marjorie, don't fool me. How did you get over here in France?”

“Truly, Jimmie, I am not ‘fooling’, ‘honest Injun’, as we used to say, I *was* sent, really and truly I was, but I asked to be sent,” she added. You see the others were so busy and there was not much that I could do, but I knew that I could help you and I knew that you would be glad to see me, so I asked for permission and the Elder Brother gave it to me, He is always so kind to me.”

The insane asylum theory received a new impetus with this statement. The ‘Elder Brother’ must be one of the doctors, but she didn't talk like an insane person. She was radiantly beautiful now, far more beautiful than she had been when he had seen her last, and she was talking rationally, but who in the dickens was this ‘Elder Brother’? She was an only child. It must be the doctor.

He had been through an insane asylum once with a party of sight-seers and had not noticed that any of the women inmates were beautiful. Even if one had been pretty, the expression of the eyes would have offset any mere physical prettiness. But this dancing, gliding, tripping girl beside him, with her blue eyes and fair hair, was so bewilderingly, dazzlingly beautiful, and her eyes had not a trace of that fixed stare or lack of focus which makes the insane person so terrible to look at.

And, besides, she *could* glide! Great Scott!

He had forgotten that. She could *glide!* How in the Sam Hill could anyone *glide?* It just can't be done, except on skates—

"Oh yes, it can! You can do it yourself!"

"Me! Gee Whiz! how did you know what I was thinking of?"

"Why, I can tell from your 'aura',"

"My—which?"

"Aura. Your aura! Didn't you know you have an aura?"

"Never heard of it before. I got a medal for sharpshooting but they didn't give me any aura and I know I didn't bring one over with me."

She danced around in front of him as he walked, gliding, tripping and looking tantalizingly at him, first from one side and then from the other, and all the time laughing at him with that trilling, tinkling laugh of hers, so full of merriment and fun. She was laughing so that she could not speak for some moments. He did not understand what the joke was but it was evidently such a good one and she was so happy over it and she was so pretty that he reached out and took her hand and they danced along together, laughing, she at him and he at himself, for the joke he could not understand.

By Jove! He had forgotten!

By all the rules he ought to be worn out.

Since the big bombardment had commenced several days ago he had not known what it was not to be tired; yet there he was, dancing along with this pretty girl just as though he was as fresh as a daisy. Ah! he felt tired now, dreadfully tired, it just showed the force of mind over matter that he had forgotten his weariness for an instant in the joy of this new-found friend. He could hardly drag one foot after another.

She drew her hand away with that old, familiar expression of pretense at anger.

You're not tired, either! You just *think* you are. Now make up your mind that you're *not* tired!"

"I can't, girlie! I'm awfully tired. Why I haven't had any sleep for two nights, and tramping around in that mud and all—why—Marjorie, a fellow can't do that for three days and *not* be tired."

"Now, Jimmie, don't you *know* you didn't feel at all tired at first, and when we were walking along and you were wondering how I came to be here

you were not tired at all because you were not thinking of it and now, just because you *think* you *ought* to be tired you go and *get* awfully tired. Let's sit down awhile."

"It's too damp here for you to be sitting on the ground, girlie, you'd catch your death of cold."

She laughed at him.

"No, I won't catch my death of cold. It's quite dry here. See how dry the ground is. Besides I *can't* catch my death of cold. There are reasons. That's what I came to tell you about, but I don't know how to begin, Jimmie."

He looked at the ground. It really was perfectly dry, just as she said.

"Well, let's sit down, then. But remember I've got to hurry back and report and so I can't stop but a minute or two. But what did you come to tell me about? And why can't you tell it? I never knew you to be unable to hold up your end of a conversation, Marjorie. What is it you want to tell me?"

"Oh, Jimmie! It's hard to tell you. You won't believe me."

"Yes, I will, Marjorie. I'll believe anything you say. But there are some mighty queer things happening this morning that I don't understand at all. Now, how did you come here?"

"Just as I told you. I was sent. But I *asked* to be sent because I wanted to help you. And now I don't know how to say it."

"Who sent you, Marjorie?"

"The Elder Brother. Oh, He is so kind and good to me."

"Who is this 'Elder Brother'—a doctor?"

She smiled, a little sadly, but very sweetly. "Do you remember what you thought first when I spoke to you and you looked around and saw who it was?"

"Yes, I remember what I thought—but, but, you don't know what I had been told."

"Oh, yes I do, for I was there when you were told and I saw you turn around and gulp something in your throat and I know you were told that I was—dead."

"Yes. That's just what I was told, and I believed it because everybody said it and they took me out and showed me the—the—grave and—and—"

"Yes, Jimmie, dear, I know all about it for I was

there and heard it all and I saw how you went out that night, way out into the country and into that old lane we used to walk in and how you cried and cried where you thought no one knew. Yes, I know all about it Jimmie, for I was there."

"You !—there!"

"Yes, Jimmie. My dear friend. My dear, *dear* friend. I was there and saw your grief and I put my arms around you and tried to comfort you. I was there, for it was true what they told you—it was *true*."

"You were—you are—?"

"Yes, dear friend. I was dead. There! I might as well say it." She smiled through the tears for she was frankly crying now.

"I might as well use the hateful word. It has to be used, though it is untrue-untrue, Jimmie. We never die. Neither you nor I are dead. No! My dear, dear friend, we are both more alive than we ever were before, for we are one step nearer the great Source of all life and love and I know that is true, for the Elder Brother told me and He is so great and so good and He knows everything, Jimmie, and He knows you and all about you and He loves you too, Jimmie, and I knew I *could* help you. And I have permission to tell you more than is told most of the soldiers because you are able to bear more than most of them can, and I know that you will believe what I tell you because it is what the Elder Brother has told me. And oh! Jimmie dear, it is nothing to worry about for now you will be able to do so much more work when you have learned about the war and the other things and about the Master."

She spoke now with almost a whisper and with awe making her beautiful face even more lovely than it had been.

"You will learn about the Master and how we can work for Him and maybe, maybe if you work hard for Him, Jimmie, some day you will see Him. I saw Him once," she added proudly, "I saw Him once, at a distance, but I think He looked at me and I felt so happy that I just danced and sang for a long time. But that was before they had let me do any of the war work that is going on here. They told me at first that the conditions were too terrible

for me to try to help until I got stronger, but since then they have let me help a little, especially with the children, and I do love to take the little ones when they first come over, so terrified and so frantic and to soothe them to sleep and to work with them until they realize that they are surrounded with love over on this side and not with that awful hate which has so filled poor Belgium. I feel so sorry for the poor little mites and I have helped that way a good deal lately."

Jimmie had not known what an aura was when the thing was mentioned but now he saw Marjorie surrounded with a glowing cloud, a radiating light of which she seemed unconscious, but of which she was the center, and it made her ten times more beautiful than she had been, and Jimmie shrank back a little, feeling unworthy to be so near one of God's own saints.

"Since I began that work I haven't danced much," Marjorie continued, "not near so much as I have today, for I am so glad to see you and be allowed to come and help you. It is the first time they have allowed me to meet any of the soldiers who have come over for it is a dangerous thing, sometimes, and it needs great strength and wisdom and I have neither, but have one thing that counts far more, far more." She turned away and whispered the words to herself and Jimmie was not sure but he thought the words were—"I have love."

"Oh Marjorie! Do you mean that I am—what we just now said?"

"Yes, you are, Jimmie; but don't let it worry you, for it is really an advantage. There are lots of reasons why it is a great thing to be here and I am going to tell you some of them, but you are lucky, for the Elder Brother is coming to meet you."

"I don't want to meet any Elder Brothers. I want to talk to you."

He reached out and took her hand.

"If I'm dead then you are too and so neither of us has any advantage and I'm sure you don't *look* dead a bit and I don't *feel* dead and I'll be darned if I can make heads or tails out of it."

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(The second installment of this story will appear next month.)

## The Religious Consciousness

BERNARD SEXTON

IT IS a common assumption among intellectuals that the religious consciousness has had its day and no longer serves a purpose in the evolution of the race. And this assumption is one of the causes of the wide and fatal chasm existing in the world of thought today, separating mankind into so-called believers and so-called unbelievers. The assumption itself is based on an error of observation which confuses religion with sectarianism, and assumes that the believing instinct is equivalent to superstition.

As a matter of fact the religious instinct is far more widely diffused even among intellectuals than is generally believed, and it is an instinct that survives both rationalism and superstition. It is one of the immemorial attitudes of the mind—it is a *certain way* of looking at the universe and, as such, it is to be judged by the success it achieves in making those who hold it fit for survival. And judged by such a standard, there seems no doubt of its efficacy—so that probably the “religious races” have had greater chances for survival than the “non-religious” races, if such there were.

And the reason that religion makes for survival is that it puts the believer at home in the universe. It makes the world “intelligible” to him. It offers a chart and a compass, and a goal to reach. It matters not that the rationalist protests that the chart is erroneous and that the compass is out of true and that the goal is not there. The probabilities are indeed that the evolution of the human race is taking place on such a gigantic scale that the religious goal may be ultimately the same as the scientific goal. At least, no one can fail to be impressed with the survival-value that religion has had for the Jew, for example.

Now, after centuries of experiment, we have learned to disassociate the religious instinct from what were formerly believed to be its inevitable concomitants—political power, dogmatic social creeds, and emotional ceremonial observances. Remove all these and Religion remains—an *attitude* towards the universe, the outcome of the indi-

vidual meditating on the whole that he sees.

Religion is widely suspected today because of the working of the law of association. The religious observances we remember are almost invariably associated with unpleasant elements of social inhibition. The surest way to make a child irreligious is to *send* him to church. Keep your child away from church if you would have him love your faith. After awhile he will want to know what goes on in the strange, ugly buildings that have spires and perhaps he will go in and be caught by the spirit of Man breathing out its deep desires in the solemn music of the old faith. And perhaps the archaic dogma will amuse him, for ‘they were formulated by childlike, simple men—who believed!

There exists a widespread belief that the religious consciousness can be destroyed by rationalism or built up and preserved by dogmatic preaching. This belief is not justified by the facts. Rationalism simply sweeps away the parasitic dogmas that thrive on the religious life. But always the religious feeling is a form of *life*. It can be changed in form, but not destroyed. And neither can its stature be added to by the evangelism of any particular creed. As far as the real religious consciousness goes, Isadora Duncan would be more effective than Billy Sunday. And her dances are certainly more “holy.” More *real* religion would grow in a community that her child-dancers had passed through than in the same community after the attentions of the “great evangelist.”

And this is so far the reason that all religions are inextricably interwoven with the instinct for beauty. A religion without beauty dies. Puritanism with its relatively clear rationalism has almost passed away from New England as a definite working religious force. And Catholicism with its roots deep in the mystery and beauty of art grows apace in the Puritan republics.

I am referring here to Catholicism *as a religion*, and not to the political or social attitudes of those who profess it. We know the fate that awaits the political church. There are those who dream that

our modern social passion—the most hopeful outcome of our civilization, will some day strike its roots deep down into the religious consciousness and that, drawing nourishment from that still undried reservoir of race force, it will become a

thing of undreamed-of beauty. Then the men of the Comrade-Kingdom will sing and carve and go on to victory, and will not suffer any longer that Beauty shall run like a winged Victory before the armies of the enemy.

## A True Story

CORDELIA WILSON

IT IS Halloween and a beautiful, balmy night for this season of the year. The quiet stars look down upon a village, bright with lights, shining upon the mountain side. From one house perhaps more than from the others come the sounds of gaiety and light laughter. Here there is a Halloween party. The yellow light shines from the windows and young voices send their music outward to mingle with the soft murmuring of the pines.

Within, the youths and maids of the village are gathered and they, with the intensity peculiar to youth, are engaged in those tests and games identified the world over with Halloween. All are gathered in the center of the room watching one of their number trying to bite an apple suspended from the ceiling by a string. Among the band of boys and girls is one gayer, more exuberant than the rest. They call him "Philip" and as he stands with the lights of the hanging lamp falling upon his head, he is well worth a description.

Hair of intensest black covers the head and is thrown back with an abandon that seems characteristic of the lad. Eyes that almost match the hair sparkle beneath a white brow. The red cheeks and redder lips seem bursting with the blood that races through his veins. His body, though not tall, is strong, supple and vibrating with life. With his swelling muscles and overflowing life he is a magnificent type of physical vigor. Philip's fun, too, matches his physique, for it is boisterous and sometimes coarse.

The apple game is finished by one of the lads tearing the apple from its mooring, the young people are turning their attention to the last game of the evening. Each one is to take a tiny lighted taper

and go into a dark room and look in the mirror. There within its shadowy depths each one hopes to see his future mate. With much laughter and bantering several have already asked the vital question when the lot falls to Philip. He at first refuses for some unwonted reason, but finally after being unduly urged marches forth to his fate, half laughingly, half reluctantly. The door had closed upon him some time and the others were becoming impatient when it opened and there stood Philip with his black hair in disorder and a face of ghastly whiteness. "What is it?" "What did you see?" "Did you see a ghost?" came the questions from every side. Philip deliberately took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is after twelve. Let us go home." Though some of them were startled by his strange appearance, his matter-of-fact tone had its effect. The party broke up and all trooped homeward with subdued gaiety. Philip himself was so quiet that his mood affected the others. Thus the Halloween party passed into the realm of happy memories.

The village church bell was ringing for the morning service when Philip opened his eyes. He lay listening to his mother moving about in the next room getting ready for church. "Mother, come in here," called Philip, and there appeared in the doorway a little old woman in a black bonnet and cape, with a care-worn face and toil-worn hands. Her face lighted up as she saw Philip lying there in his beauty and strong young manhood. He was her last and only child. There had been others but they had passed into that shadowy land that lies beyond the gates of death. She and Phil live alone together and she thinks he is a good son for he gives her what money he does not spend upon his own

whims and pleasures, so by rigid economy she ekes out a living for the two of them. She knows there is much left to be desired, but she is sensible enough not to expect too much of youth.

Phil has made a place for her upon the bed beside him and as she sits down she takes his young hand in her two old wrinkled ones and says, "What is it, my son?" Phil is filled with diffidence and has some difficulty in starting his story, but at last the story of last night's frolic comes out.

"Mother, do you believe in dreams or visions? I had one last night when I went in that dark room to look in the mirror. I didn't want to go in at first and even after I had shut the door invisible hands seemed to be pushing me backward and a voice seemed to be shouting in my ear, "Don't look in that glass." But, mother, I looked. At first there was nothing, but in a moment a picture commenced to form, as it were, from the mists of the mirror. And mother, it was a picture of myself, dead and in the coffin. I had on my new black suit with a white rose in the button-hole. What can it mean, mother?" And he looked at her with eyes so full of trouble that her only thought was to comfort him and quiet his fears. "Nothing, my child, nothing. It must have been your imagination." And she looked at him in such a positive manner that Philip was half persuaded that she was right.

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As time passed on even the most careless observer noticed a difference in Philip. It was of course much more noticeable to his mother, his constant companion. The fire of animal spirits seemed to be dying out—at least it only came at times—and these times came farther and farther apart. The old-time sparkle of Philip's eyes changed and there came into their black depths at times a sweet expression that made them shine with a soft splendor that was indescribable. His attitude towards his mother changed, too. He had always loved her, but in a selfish, boyish way. Now he treated her with a loving consideration and gentleness that often brought the tears to her eyes. Phil had not always been a clean boy morally, but now those dark and pestiferous haunts where he had spent, alas! too much of his time, knew him no more.

At Christmas time the church installed a pipe organ—such a great event for a small town! Philip had always been passionately fond of music so he started going to church with his mother to hear the organ. Every Sunday found him in the pew beside her and sometimes there was a strange expression of listening on his face as if he heard fairy voices calling him. The strangest part of Phil's metamorphosis was that he was utterly unconscious of it himself. But if Philip was unconscious of the change in himself, he very soon noticed a change in his mother. Happiness was making her young again. The many wrinkles seemed smoothed away and to the old cheeks had come a pink tinge like the roses of youth. In her eyes was a deep satisfaction.

Near the end of the month of May Phil and his mother came home from church together. It was a touching and beautiful sight to see the happy old woman leaning on the arm of her beloved and loving son. After coming in the house they sat down opposite each other in front of the window where there was a white rose blooming. Phil leaned over and took her hand. "Mother, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Mother, I have been thinking a great deal of late." He looked at her with compelling directness, but with diffidence he added, "I wish I had my life to live over again. I would lead a cleaner life." His eyes caught hers and there followed a long mutual gaze of solemn sweetness and understanding. Passionate words of love and tenderness and praise rose to the mother's lips but she left them unsaid. She dreaded to dispel that beautiful unconsciousness which surrounded her son's reform with an unearthly charm.

Phil kissed his mother good-bye the next morning—an unusual thing for, him, as he was inclined to be reserved. In the evening the villagers brought home his dead body. He had been killed that day in an accident.

On June 1st the bells of the village church were ringing for Phil's funeral. At the head of the quiet aisle stood the coffin and over it bent Phil's mother, her heart filled with the black anguish which comes only to the aged mother when she lays away the child she had thought would outlive her by many years. No tears had come to relieve the overburdened heart. Her eyes traveled over the

familiar figure. They rested on the face, so young, so boyish, so beloved; on the black suit they had spoken of last October as new. At last they rested on the white rose that she had herself placed in his button-hole but a few moments before. With a fearful blinding shock came the remembrance of Phil's description of the picture in the mirror. The old woman clasped her gray head with her wrinkled, toil-worn hands in utter bewilderment. "What does it mean, what does it mean?" she cried. She stood a long time thus questioning—questioning her own heart. At last she saw dimly,

oh! so dimly, through the veil into that region where there is no such thing as time, and into her heart came a new faith. She saw that devout old Christian that she was—she had been allowed to brush the surface of a mighty mystery, to catch a glimpse of eternal design. "O Christ, care for my son!" was the prayer that fell from her lips as the tears fell from her eyes—tears of love for her son, tears of trust and love for her Maker, lastly, tears of renunciation. Doubtless those precious drops were gathered up by the angels and placed among the gems of Paradise.

## Maria Mantellata

*THE TRUE STORY OF PADRE SETTIMO'S LAST DAY ON EARTH*

BY BLANCHE CROMARTIE

*(Continued from the September Number)*

**P**ADRE SETTIMO had just finished his Mass; a Mass all to himself and the angels, for other worshipers there were none; neither sacristan nor acolyte. The paroco was accustomed to this, since devotion was at a low ebb in Lucina and it was not the first time that Marzaccio's attendance had failed when nights were cold and drear. The little priest moved about the altar as in a trance of beatitude; his mind occupied with the glory and wonder of the past night, not knowing if what he had seen had been real or whether his Blessed Lady had visited him in dream. He could not reason about it at all; he could not even think, but his heart made celestial melody. "O Maria Vergine!" he ejaculated, closing his eyes to better enjoy the rapture that pervaded his soul.

He was about descending the altar steps when the church doors were pushed open by quite a number of persons who stopped just within the entrance, talking angrily. This unwonted interruption brought the priest back to the world of hard facts, and he turned his face toward them in question and astonishment. Could it be a whole troop of belated worshipers where two or three would have been a wonder? Had something untoward happened in the village and were the peasants

coming to the church for refuge? What was the matter and why did they stand there sputtering? Men, and women came elbowing in more and more; all the village seemed to be there. Prominent in the threatening crowd Padre Settimo recognized Marzaccio, whose voice, vibrant with anger and resentment, had almost the intonations of some ferocious beast.

Shouting and gesticulating, Marzaccio, led the body of peasants to where the priest's unimposing figure, clad in chasuble and stole, stood before the steps of Our Lady's altar. As they came up the nave, Marzaccio paused now here, now there, calling his followers attention to the crimson hangings which lay scattered up and down the church, wherever the frightened women had dropped them when, roused by Marzaccio's shouts, they woke and fled.

The sacristan, even more panic-stricken than they, had rushed to the nearest neighbors and, livid with terror, incoherently imparted his terrible story.

The women and children, fortunately for them, had made no ceremony about their going. Life had taught them that men were ever ready to persecute and to pursue, and this morning, rude though their

awakening had been, their bodies throbbed with an unaccustomed sensation of health and vigor, which lent speed to their flying feet and, when beyond harm's way, they halted to take breath, their hearts beat with a warmth and confidence to which they had long been strangers.

The villagers summoned by Marzaccio had recognized them and had indeed started in pursuit, but seeing that there was small chance of overtaking them, they turned back to the church to find out what havoc had been committed.

Reassured as to the nature of these nocturnal visitors, no Satanic intrusion as he had feared, not even robbers, but *women*, females of the lowest kind—outcasts—Marzaccio regained much of his self-possession. His native shrewdness and cunning thereupon set to work divining how this occurrence might be turned to good account; good, that is as exemplifying his own righteous zeal on the one hand and, on the other, convicting the paroco of questionable dealings with women of disreputable character—and introducing them into the basilica by night. The prospect had already kindled his imagination and when he beheld the hangings strewn abroad, he felt convinced of Padre Settimo's guilt, for no hand but the paroco's could have unlocked the vestment chest, no hand but his have given out the festal drapings. Marzaccio's moment had come at last and he exulted in the role of discoverer and denouncer.

What might be the cause of this extraordinary uproar Padre Settimo had not the vaguest notion; he simply stood where he was, gazing into the dim spaciousness of the nave in the attempt to discover who were the invaders of the hallowed peace of Santa Maria and filled with wonder as to the cause of their tempestuous bearing. He saw Marzaccio lifting something from the ground and waving it angrily before the little mob as he hurled out denunciations which they answered by a volley of angry shouts. Then he saw the sacristan and his band sweeping across the basilica like some storm-driven cloud till within a few paces of him; as if in surprise and hesitancy they came to a sudden halt.

In the grayish light of a December morning, and of a few flickering candles, the priest could barely distinguish any of the people before him, and the

agitated cries of contempt, derision and indignation fell on his startled ear a confused jumble of imprecations at once unintelligible and fearful, as if some horrid nightmare had become audible.

Marzaccio's expectation had been that the paroco would have taken incontinently to his heels and his malignant anticipation was already picturing the delight of the pursuit. Padre Settimo in flight, with the enraged villagers hard upon his track hounding him ignominiously from Lucina.

But the blameless conscience of the paroco never allowed him to suppose for a moment that this hostile demonstration could be directed against himself, and he stood his ground tranquilly. The broken phrases he so far had caught had not helped to enlighten him as to the real state of affairs; shouts of "lewd priest," "hypocrite," and such like opprobrious terms, mingled with many coarse provincial expressions, rang through the Basilica, but he did not grasp their application.

Seeing him standing there so quiet, so unruffled, so wholly unafraid, nonplussed his would-be assailants, dampened their ardor and recalled them to some remembrance of the sanctity of the place. Vociferations subsided into mutterings and then followed a moment's silence broken by Padre Settimo's low thin voice enquiring: "My children, what is all this about?"

The first shadow of a doubt fell chillingly upon Marzaccio, whose mind foreboded a terrible disappointment. Was he to be balked of victory? Was it possible that the paroco could be innocent after all? For a moment he was brought to pause by the aura of purity which emanated from the priest's person, but he repelled its influence. He recoiled a step or two and then, recovering his confidence, planted himself in front of the paroco crying as he flourished the crimson drapery in the latter's face:

"It is finished with your hypocrisy, my fine paroco! It is you who have defiled these precious hangings; it is no use your denying it. You have been discovered at last. Could you find no other place than the church to meet your disreputable friends? Say, which of them did you wrap in this?"

He flicked the priest's astonished face with the corner of the curtain.

Padre Settimo clasped his hands: "O Maria

Vergine!"

Although confidence had returned to Marzaccio, that momentary doubt had been of service to him, stimulating his scheming mind and inspiring him to conceive an issue to this morning's work which would answer his purpose better than putting Padre Settimo to flight like a frightened hare. As a rule his brain worked slowly; *now* his state of excitement gave it unwonted activity. A better plan had occurred to him, one which would not only discredit Padre Settimo more effectively but have the additional advantage of bringing him—Marzaccio—into laudable prominence before the eyes of the powers ecclesiastical.

There are moments when hatred seems nearly as swift as love and nigh as fertile in resource.

The sacristan turned to address his followers, who had now formed a ring about the two principal actors in this strange scene.

"Men of Lucina!"

The villagers, to whom he had long been a person to be reckoned with, were ready enough to listen to him.

"Men of Lucina! This is not for the laity to deal with; it is a matter of sacred importance. You must do nothing to offend His Eminence. There are but two men of religion here at Lucina; one"—Marzaccio indicated the paroco by a vulgar gesture—"has disgraced himself as you know." A fervent murmur of assent endorsed this. "The other is the sacristan, your friend here, Marzaccio. It is my place to act and I will lose no time. This very hour I will set out to acquaint His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop with what has befallen; *he* will know how to deal with the paroco."

No suggestion could have been better pleasing to the people of Lucina, for dearly as they would have enjoyed maltreating the paroco, yet his office and some sense of the sanctity of the place restrained them and, in far higher degree, their wholesome dread of the Cardinal, in whose domains they were, and who was only too likely to evidence his displeasure by doubling the taxes he levied upon them on behalf of the Pope. Therefore, after some further gestures and coarse taunts, they submitted to the judgment of Marzaccio, at whose bidding they jostled the friendless paroco out of

the basilica into the cloisters, securing the door behind him.

Then Marzaccio, with their assistance, replaced the dishonored hangings in the chest and having obtained all the keys from Padre Settimo's 'study,' locked up the church, mounted an ass subserviently loaned him by one of the contadini and, encouraged by the shouts and cheers of the excited peasants, jogged off in the direction of the Archbishop's palace.

Padre Settimo was alone, a dazed, forlorn, pitiable sight, shivering in the deserted cloisters, gloomy at all times and doubly lugubrious on this biting morning, but a deeper gloom than theirs pervaded the poor paroco's heart. He was in that condition when the numbed reason refuses to work; when the numbed body is unconscious of its pain; when the heart alone wakes, thrills, agonizes in dumb endurance.

Mechanically, his feet followed the familiar way to the tiny cell which he called his 'study' or 'parlor.' Its whitewashed walls were unrelieved by any ornaments saving a grim crucifix against which leaned a withered palm branch; for furniture there was a chair, a stool and a scaldino; two or three books of devotion were contained in a niche. Turning to a cupboard, which broke the uniformity of the blank wall to the left of the crucifix, Padre Settimo pulled a knob as if to open it, upon which the cupboard door, attached by hinges at the bottom, fell outward from the wall so as to form a narrow table, the only one in the room. Sitting down he laid his face upon it and there remained silent and motionless, as if turned to stone, while all the 'billows passed over his head.' His brain was bereft of thought; his whole being, engulfed in speechless woe, whirled helplessly in a blind chaos of emotion, wherein time and all the manifold changes and chances of this mortal life were blotted out by a baffling impenetrable mist.

There he sat; his hands clasped above his head, as if to protect it from the blows of fate, till at length a voice from the outer world came to draw him out of the gulf of mute despair into which he had fallen, an abyss where the soul found no footing, where everything deemed most sacred seemed on an instant to have become false and frail, where

even his Blessed Lady had failed him—no celestial vision but some deceitful phantom of the night.

A voice from the outer world, yet, in a sense, a voice from the world beyond it was, which called the paroco from the deathly shades where his soul was straying; the note of the Angelus, borne from some distant tower, penetrated Padre Settimo's consciousness, arousing him from his stupor of woe, calling him back into relationship with concrete things. He had been like a swimmer—overpowered, become the sport of the waves, tossed from billow to billow, surf-belashed and spent; but at the accustomed sound of the bell, he returned to himself and to some remembrance of what had been happening. Automatically he made the holy sign and repeated the Ave, whereupon the mist cleared away still more from his mind and quite a definite idea occurred to him; he realized that it was the hour of noon and the turn of Santa Maria in Lucina to take up the angelic salutation and to pass it on to hills and dales more remote, whose belfries would repeat it in their turn.

He remembered too that Marzaccio had gone to the Cardinal and that there was no one to ring the bell; remembered too that the basilica was locked against him. Immediately upon this recollection came another; there was a little door on the side opposite to the vestry, and he felt sure that the sacristan had forgotten to lock it. Action followed prompt on thought; three minutes had barely passed when Padre Settimo's foot was on the turret stairs and his hands grasping the rope which depended from the bell.

An ancient bell it was, cast at a period when bell-founders were artists indeed, and occultists too. It had been sanctified and dedicated in those olden days to the honor of the Trinity and in the name of San Gabriele, and throughout the surrounding region, wherever its voice was heard, the bell was familiarly and affectionately known as 'Il piccolo Gabriele' (Little Gabriel). Around its base

in quaint characters ran a distich with this significance:

*Hearing me  
The devils flee.*

Sweet and penetrating Gabriele's argenteous notes vibrated on the frosty air, speeding the angelic message far and wide; they rang in the paroco's ear like a benediction, and when he retired down the steps and through the vestry into the spaciousness of the basilica his countenance was completely changed; all its bewildered despair had vanished and been replaced by an expression of more than wonted serenity.

Straight to the shrine of Mary went the paroco. It was an unpretentious cabinet, little better in fact than a cupboard of solid oak secured by a massive old-fashioned lock. Search for the key only convinced him that along with the key of the great church, Marzaccio had carried off the key of Mary's shrine.

Characteristically enough, this discovery did not distress him; he had no feeling of resistance to distract him but in its stead only a spirit of humble acquiescence in the position in which he found himself.

It was not for him to resist evil, though no words can tell how in that moment he longed to gaze upon the cherished image which for so many years had been to him the symbol of all that was dearest and holiest in his life.

Returning to the vestry, he brought out all his store of tapers, set them up and lighted them before the shrine, and then kneeling before it, began reciting the rosary of the Virgin. As time passed, the great stillness of the place blending with the great tranquility he was experiencing lulled his senses to repose, and when at length Marzaccio, accompanied by the Cardinal's emissary, entered the church, he found the paroco sleeping like a child before the shrine.

*(To be Continued)*

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Men are disturbed, not by things, but by  
the principles or notions which they form  
concerning those things. Death is not terrible.  
The terror consists in our notions of death.  
—Epictetus

# Question Department

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## Rebirth and Sex

**Q**UESTION: While Theosophy representing the wisdom of the East and the Rosicrucian Teachings, representing the wisdom of the West agree in many respects, there are certain points in which there is a difference between the teachings of these two schools of occultism. One of these points is their respective teachings concerning rebirth. Theosophy teaches that the interval between the earth lives of the average ego is about five thousand years while the Rosicrucians teach that the interval is about one thousand years.

With reference to the sex of the ego, the Rosicrucians teach that each male embodiment alternates with a female embodiment, while Theosophy teaches that the alternation of sex is not in individual lives but is by series; that is, that a series of male embodiments, seven in number, alternates with a series of female embodiments of equal number. Will you kindly explain the discrepancies above noted.

*Answer:* It is our invariable rule never to criticize or belittle the teachings of any other spiritual movement. Therefore we can only say that you are correct with respect to the teachings of the Rosicrucians that the ego is reborn twice during the time that it takes the Sun by precession to go through a sign of the zodiac. It is also taught that these embodiments are male and female alternately because the conditions on earth do not so appreciably change during one thousand years and the purpose is to give the ego all the lessons that can be drawn from experience on earth under each sign and these vary for the man and the woman. But if the ego is born once as a man and the next time as a woman under the same sign, it will learn practically all the lessons that can be extracted from the conditions existing on earth under such planetary

vibrations.

This is not at all hearsay, either. Each neophyte is given the proof shortly after initiation, for he is in the first place told to watch a certain ego which is passing out of the body. Then he continues to watch its life in the invisible worlds for a year or two and when an embodiment is found for it he is shown how the ego seeks a new embodiment and thus he knows the absolute truth of the doctrine of rebirth. It is obvious that it would be impossible for him to watch for a thousand years as he does not live that long in an earthly body himself, but he is always given for this demonstration an ego which passes out as a child and therefore seeks a quick re-embodiment.

When that lesson has been learned and he knows by first-hand knowledge that rebirth is a fact in nature, he is taught to watch the lives of certain people in the Memory of Nature so that he may gain an understanding of the various details connected with this matter. This, however, cannot be done until the initiate has learned to function in the Region of Concrete Thought, for the etheric record of the Memory of Nature does not reach sufficiently into the past to give the detailed information. Every initiate who has progressed sufficiently far knows these matters as well as he knows his name.

The law of rebirth is not a blind law. It is under the administration of four great beings of wonderful knowledge and power. They are called the Recording Angels in the Christian terminology, and where it is necessary to vary the interval in the case of a certain ego, the necessary modifications are made so that it may be a much longer or a much shorter time before certain spirits are reborn.

The teachings of the Rosicrucians with respect to sex, borne out by the investigations of the writer and a number of others of whom he knows, are that

the sex alters in each successive birth for the reasons already given. It has been published in the newspaper reports of lectures given by Mrs. Besant, and it is also generally stated among her followers, that she claims to have been Hypatia in ancient Alexandria, a woman. It is said that later she was born as Giordana Bruno in Rome and at the present time she is again in a feminine embodiment. This, if true, would bear out the teaching of the Rosicrucians rather than that of the faith which, as you say, claims that there are a series of seven masculine embodiments followed by a series of seven feminine lives.

#### *MORPHINE AND THE POST-MORTEM CONSCIOUSNESS*

*Question:* When a person who has been very ill for a long time and who, because of the severe suffering, is kept unconscious by morphine for many days, passes from earth life in that condition, does the released spirit become conscious when it leaves the body, or what is the condition compared to that of one who dies suddenly and in full possession of all his faculties?

*Answer:* The use of morphine and other narcotics in very small doses such as generally taken by the ordinary drug fiend has a deadening effect upon the nerves so that the spirit feels less sensitive in the body and more like the freed or released spirit which has left the physical vehicle. That is why, under such conditions, the mental faculties are better and the person feels such an ease of mind and body that it is like heaven itself until the reaction sets in, for at that time he begins to suffer the tortures of hell and consequently takes more in order to restore his previous sense of well being.

But when morphine is given in such great doses as you describe, that of itself would constitute a case of fatal poisoning, with a condition similar to that of a person who passes out while under an anesthetic. The writer has met a number of the latter but has never seen one who has passed out under the action of morphine. Therefore he cannot give you the direct information you want. But those people who have died while under an anesthetic were just as conscious as the ordinary human

being once the silver cord has been severed. They went through their life panorama in about the same way as the person who passes out ordinarily and had no different experience. Therefore we should say that the friend concerning whom you inquire has probably had no extra unpleasant experience on account of the morphine that was given him before his transition and the first feeling would be one of great relief that he had escaped from the suffering incident to the condition of severe illness which preceded death of the physical body. This feeling of relief is common to all who have suffered, no matter whether consciously or unconsciously. They are all exceedingly grateful that this is past and can scarcely realize that there is no sickness in the land of the living dead to which they go after leaving this world.

#### *SLEEP-WALKING, ITS CAUSE AND CURE*

*Question:* Please tell me what sleep-walking really is and if there is any way to help those who are subject to that condition.

*Answer:* The Rosicrucian Christianity Lecture No.4 deals with dreams, sleep, hypnotism, mediumship, and insanity. That is to say, the abnormal conditions of consciousness, and in that Lecture a very thorough explanation has been given of the various conditions, with the exception of sleep-walking which, however, resembles dreams in a great measure. We cannot give so full an explanation here, but suffice it to say that during the daytime the physical body, which we call man, is surrounded by an auric atmosphere composed of his finer vehicles, just as the yolk of an egg is surrounded by the white. But these finer vehicles interpenetrate the physical body and are the sources of power and sense perception. It is their activities which tire the physical body so that in the evening it, so to say, collapses and the finer vehicles draw out of it, leaving it helpless, sleeping upon the bed. When this *complete* separation has taken place, the sleep is dreamless. But sometimes the ego becomes so intent upon the things in the physical world that it is with great difficulty that it can tear itself loose from the physical vehicle. It may then be half in and half out of the body. Thus

the normal connection between the ego and the brain is wrenched, but not fully ruptured. Under these circumstances the ego sees the things going on in the invisible worlds which it confuses with the things of the physical world and this accounts for those phantastic and foolish dreams which we sometimes have. Under such a condition the body may toss about on the bed; it may even speak and gesticulate, and from that condition it is only a step to sleep-walking where the ego compels the vehicle to leave the bed and wander about, sometimes aimlessly, but at other times with a definite purpose in view.

If we remember that when the ego is outside its physical vehicle during the hours when that is left sleeping on the bed, the spirit moves with equal facility through the window or the wall as it does through the open door, and when we realize that it cannot be burned by fire nor drowned by water or fall from a house-top, we can readily realize that, being unconscious of the fact that its physical vehicle is with it, it may attempt to go out of a window, and should that window be open, the physical body naturally drops to the ground and is hurt more or less according to the distance of its fall. We can all walk a very narrow plank when it is close to the ground but if the same plank is lifted up only a few feet a sense of fear comes over us, and we would probably fall off a very wide plank were it placed hundreds of feet from the earth. But when the body

is manipulated by the spirit from without, it is itself unconscious and therefore fearless. Consequently it walks with impunity wherever it can get a foothold and the only danger is that the sleeper may awake; that is to say, that the ego may draw into its vehicle and assume the normal position. Then the fear will almost inevitably cause him to fall from whatever perilous position he may be in and, in consequence, there is an injury of more or less seriousness.

As to the remedy for this trouble we would suggest the practice of conscious relaxation of the body. It is the desire body which keeps a grip on the dense vehicle and during relaxation this desire body is taught to let go and leave the dense body inert, so that if an arm or a limb is lifted it drops immediately to the bed. This practice will in time stop sleep-walking, but in the meantime, if wet towels are placed on the floor, it will probably have the effect of awakening the person the moment he steps out of bed, for the higher vehicles are of a nature somewhat akin to electricity and we know that water has a wonderful drawing effect with respect to the electric current. Similarly, when the feet of the body contact the wet towels on the floor, the finer vehicles are drawn into the central position with respect to the body and consciousness is restored. Thus the body is awakened and the danger of sleep-walking is averted for the time being.

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## Astrology by Correspondence

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion, and we teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but use to help and heal suffering humanity.

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### HOW TO APPLY FOR ADMISSION

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will, *upon request*, receive an application blank from the General Secretary of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is returned properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

### THE COST OF THE COURSES

There are no fixed fees; no esoteric instruction is ever put in the balance against coin. At the same time it cannot be given "*free*," "*for nothing*," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery, and postage also cost money, and *unless you pay your part someone else must pay for you*.



# The Astral Ray

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## Planetary Polarities

**W**HEN we study magnetism we are dealing with an invisible force; and ordinarily we can at best state the way it manifests in the physical world, as is the case whenever we deal with any force. The physical world is the world of effects; the causes are hidden from our sight, though they are nearer than hands or feet. Force is all about us, invisible and only seen by the effects it produces.

If we take a dish of water, for illustration, and allow it to freeze, we shall see a myriad of ice crystals, beautiful geometrical figures. These show the lines along which the water congealed and these lines are lines of force which were present before the water congealed; but they were invisible until the proper conditions were furnished them and they became manifest.

In the same way there are lines of force going between the two poles of a magnet; they are neither seen nor felt until we bring iron or iron filings into the place where they are, then they will manifest by arranging the filings in an orderly pattern. By making the proper conditions, we may cause any of the nature forces to show its effects, moving our street cars, carrying messages with lightning speed over thousands of miles, etc., but the *force* itself is ever invisible. We know that magnetism travels always at right angles to the electric current with which it manifests; we know the difference between the manifestations of the electric and the magnetic current, so dependent upon one another,

but we have never seen either; though they are about the most valuable servants we have today.

Magnetism may be divided into 'mineral' and 'animal' magnetism, though in reality they are one; but the former has very little influence upon animal tissue, while the latter is generally impotent in working with minerals.

The mineral magnetism is derived directly from 'lodestones, which are used to magnetize iron, and this process gives to the metal thus treated the property of attracting iron. This kind of magnet is very little used, however, as its magnetism becomes depleted, is too weak in proportion to its bulk, and principally because the magnetic force cannot be controlled in such a so-called 'permanent' magnet.

The 'electro-magnet' is also a 'mineral' magnet. It is simply a piece of iron wound around with many turns of electric wire; the strength of the magnet varies as the number of turns of wire and the strength of the electric current that is passed through it.

Electricity is all about us in a diffused state, of no use for industrial purposes until it is *compressed* and forced through electric wires by powerful *electro-magnets*; We must have *magnetism* in the *first* place before we can get any electricity. Before a new electric generator is started the 'fields,' which are nothing but electro-magnets, must be magnetized. If that is not done they may turn it till the crack of doom, at any rate of speed they please, and it will never light a single lamp or

move a grain of weight; all depends upon the magnetism being there *first*. After this magnetism is once started it will leave a little behind when the generator is shut down, and this so-called 'residual magnetism' will be the nucleus of force to be built up each time the generators started afresh.

All bodies of plant, animal, and man are but transformed 'mineral.' They have all come from the mineral kingdom in the first place, and chemical analysis of the plant, animal, and human bodies brings out that fact beyond cavil. Moreover, we know that plants get their sustenance from the mineral soil, and both animal and man are eating 'mineral' when they consume plants as food; even when man eats the animals he is nevertheless eating mineral compounds, and therefore he gets with his food both the mineral substances and the magnetic force which they contain.

This force we see manifesting as "Haemoglobin," or the red coloring matter in the blood, which attracts the life-giving oxygen when it comes into contact with it in the millions of minute capillaries of the lungs, parting with it as readily when it passes through the capillaries, which all over the body connect the arteries with the veins. Why is this?

To understand this, we must acquaint ourselves a little closer with the way magnetism manifests as seen in industrial uses.

There are always two fields or a multiple of two fields in a generator or motor, every alternate, 'field' or magnet being 'north-pole' and every other alternate is 'south-pole. If we wish to run two or more generators 'in multiple' and force electricity into the same wire, the first requisite is that the magnetic current in the field-magnets should run *in the same direction*.

If that were not the case, they would not run together; they would generate currents going in OPPOSITE directions, blowing their fuses. That would be because the poles in one generator, which should have attracted, repelled, and vice versa. The remedy is to change the ends of the wire which magnetizes the fields; then the magnetic current in one generator will become like the current of the other, and both will run smoothly together.

Similar conditions prevail in magnetic healing; a

certain vibratory pitch and magnetic polarity was infused into each of us when the stellar forces surged through our bodies and gave us our planetary baptism at the moment when we drew our first complete breath. This is modified during our pilgrimage of life, but in the main the initial impulse remains undisturbed, and therefore the horoscope at birth retains the most vital power in life to determine our sympathies and antipathies, as well as all other matters. Nay more, its pronouncements are more reliable than our conscious likes and dislikes.

Sometimes we may meet and learn to like a person, although we have a feeling that he has an inimical influence on us for which we cannot account, and therefore strive to put aside, but a comparison of his horoscope with our own will reveal the reason and if we are wise, we heed its warning, or as surely as the circling stars move in their orbits around the Sun we will live to regret our disregard of this handwriting on the wall.

But there are also many cases when we do not sense the antipathy between ourselves and a certain person, though the horoscope reveals it, and if we see the signs when comparing the two horoscopes, we may feel inclined to trust our feelings rather than the stellar script of the horoscopes. That also will in time lead to trouble, for the planetary polarity is certain to manifest in time unless both parties are sufficiently evolved to rule their stars in a large measure.

Such people are few and far between at our present stage of evolution. Therefore we shall do well if we use our knowledge of the stellar script to compare our horoscopes with those at least who come intimately into our lives. This may save both them and us much misery and heartache. We would advise this course particularly with regard to a healer and his patients, and with reference to a prospective marriage partner.

When anyone is ill, resistance is at the lowest ebb, and on that account he is then least able to withstand outside influences. So the vibrations of the healer have practically unrestrained effect, and even though he may be ensouled by the noblest of altruistic motives, desiring to pour out his very life for the benefit of the patient, if their stars were adverse at birth, his vibratory pitch and magnetism

are bound to have an inimical effect upon the patient. Therefore it is of prime necessity that any healer should have a knowledge of Astrology and the law of compatibility, whether he belongs to those who admittedly heal by magnetism and the laying on of hands, or to the regular schools of physicians, for they also infuse their vibrations into the patient's aura and help or hinder according to the agreement of their planetary polarity with that of the patient.

What has been said with regard to the healer applies with tenfold force to the nurse for he or she is with the patient practically all the time and their contact is so much more intimate.

For healer, nurse, and patient, compatibility is determined by the rising sign, Saturn, and the Sixth House. If their rising signs agree in nature so that all have fiery signs rising, or all have earthy, airy, or watery signs rising, they are harmonious, but if the patient has a watery sign rising, a nurse or a doctor with fiery signs will have a very detrimental effect.

It is also necessary to see that Saturn in the horoscope of the nurse or healer is not placed in any of the degrees of the zodiac within the patient's Sixth House.

With respect to marriage, the planetary polarity is shown principally by a consideration of the feminine Moon and Venus in a man's horoscope, for they describe his attractions towards the opposite sex, and in a woman's horoscope the masculine Sun and Mars have a similar significance. If these planets are harmoniously configured and the signs on the cusps of the Seventh Houses of the prospective partners agree, harmony will prevail, especially if the Sun, Venus, or Jupiter of one person is placed in the Seventh House of the other. But if the planets mentioned afflict one another, or the Seventh Houses of the parties are out of harmony, or if Saturn, Mars, Uranus or Neptune of one is in a degree included in the Seventh House of the other, it is the handwriting on the wall which indicates that the planetary polarity is inharmonious and that sorrow is in store for them if they allow their evanescent emotions to draw them together in a bond of unhappiness, for it is easy to change the field wires on two electric generators so that their polarities will agree, but it is extremely difficult to reverse the planetary polarity of one person to make it agree with that received by another at his planetary baptism.

## Progressing the Horoscope

By N. B. Goodrich

**T**he most practical and interesting phase of the absolute science of Astrology is the progressed horoscope. Here is shown in general terms each year's experiences of the individual in this physical life. No student can say what anyone will do under these aspects; he only sees the indications, for as is often said, "the stars incline, but do not compel."

In these progressed charts are found the time when an illness of years may pass and the person may again take an active part in this world's affairs. Here may be noted the success of the long-struggling inventor, and there where another may turn from cant and bubbles to seeking realities. More and more does this science fill one with wonder and amazement in its exact denotations. However, one may state most emphatically that

only the student who takes up the study of Astrology with some degree of veneration seems to make any great advancement, because it is a spiritual science and as such cannot be desecrated with impunity.

Before progressing a chart for a future year, always rectify it by dates of events which may be given. As the degree of the rising sign changes every four minutes, unless the minute of birth is first determined it might make a difference of a year or more in an important event. For instance, suppose in a chart the progressed Mars was going to a square of the radical Ascendant, indicating an accident (natal horoscope denoting accidents). Suppose Mars was moving less than forty minutes a year; if the natal horoscope was half an hour incorrect, the student might miss this primary

direction by some years.

When asking an instructor how to rectify horoscopes, the writer was assured it is an art in itself. It is, truly; but the only way to learn is to get at it; no matter how blundering, for by those blunders one can work out a fine system which, by the way, is excellent training in learning how to judge future events.

To find the minute of birth, the student should first cast the natal horoscope for the time given; then progress it to the time of any of the data given as guides to rectification. Taking the configuration, he looks for indication of the nature of the event he is endeavoring to prove. Suppose it is a date of marriage; we first look to the primary directions. Here we may note if the progressed Mid-heaven is within about a degree of conjunction with the radical Venus, or a similar configuration prevails. For the secondary, there might be seen the progressed Moon perhaps in almost an exact trine to the radical Moon. If we turned to an ephemeris for that year, we might see the ruling planet transiting some benefic on that date. Such testimonies would prove the time as given right; perhaps within a few minutes. Making the correction in the natal time so this direction is exact, the student may progress the chart to the dates of the other events given and strike an average for the true time of birth.

All marriages are not denoted by a progressed M. C. conjunction radical Venus; or trine radical Moon ; or the progressed Sun conjunction radical Venus. As there are many ways of expressing any action, so does Astrology diversely indicate similar events, but it shows or describes the event exactly as pertaining to each individual.

Astrology makes one think, and if the student, having the right attitude, is in earnest, he seems to be advanced in it as fast as he can assimilate the knowledge. There are many little points, and if one knows them the work of rectification may be greatly facilitated. For instance, when the writer was rectifying a chart recently, the time given showed the person to have the last decan of Capricorn rising. This described his personality very well, except that he is slightly deaf. Sagittarius was on the cusp of the Twelfth House and Mercury was in

the Eleventh House, being in square to Mars. Referring to page 67 of *The Message of the Stars*, one reads that if Mercury be in the Twelfth House and afflicted, deafness is denoted. Recasting the horoscope for fifteen minutes later placed Mercury in the Twelfth, showing the above affliction. Only one further slight change in time was necessary to prove the minute of birth. Thus are numerous aids given the student.

Having rectified the horoscope, one proceeds to progress it to the present year, figuring each planetary position: its declination, and the declination of the M. C., Ascendant and cusp of the Sixth House. Regarding the latter, it may be observed that the parallel declination of the progressed sixth House to the same declination of radical Mars or Saturn may be the only configuration showing a serious illness. The writer recalls a progressed chart of a man who was ill for two months. The only aspect was the progressed Sixth House in exact parallel with radical Mars, the lunar direction relating more to his business; besides, a secondary alone would not indicate a long sickness.

Having placed the planets in the chart for the progressed birthday, on the reverse side of the sheet place the twelve months, beginning with the adjusted calculation date, and opposite to it the monthly longitude of the Moon, as : Aug 17, Moon 8 :37 Virgo; below this, Sept. 17, Moon 9 :42, etc. Place all lunar aspects in the month of their culmination, writing after them their exact longitude, as: Pg. Moon trine Rd. Uranus (8 :52) . One will thus be able to see at a glance what part of the month a lunar direction culminates. Next calculate and place on the sheet all primary directions in force. First note any aspects of the progressed Sun to the position of natal or progressed planets, the M. C., and Asc. Next figure the mutual directions; then note important transits, and if any New Moon forms an exact configuration.

After the tabulation, the student takes up the general reading of the year's events of the person. It may be mentioned that only that which may be shown in the radix will affect the native by progressed position. If a planet is not a significator its progressed aspects will have small importance; if a malefic is an afflicter in the radix it will be in like

significance by transit, by lunar and primary direction. Likewise if a planet be in benefic ray it will bring its sunshine.

First then, the primary directions are studied carefully, heeding any counterbalancing aspects. Next take up the secondary, including the position of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars transiting the radix. The secondary usually give the fuller reading, but they most always assume the nature of the important primary; although there may occur both desirable and undesirable experiences at the same time.

The advanced chart is read in connection with the natal one, excepting aspects pertaining to the former alone. In determining an event indicated, the significator is studied. It will have somewhat dissimilar meaning in different horoscopes. Its position by House, Sign, and Rulership must be given thoughtful attention. For instance, suppose in a man's chart Mars, ruler of the Second House, is in the Eighth House, there being no planet in the Second House; then aspects to the radical Mars would largely relate to the man's finances. Suppose Mars, ruler of the Third House, were in the Eighth House, no planet in the Third House; then an aspect of the Moon in the Third House trine radical Mars would likely indicate a short trip. Suppose Mars to be in the Sixth House, then malefic aspects thereto might denote some fever or inflammatory disease, temporary or otherwise, according to primary or secondary direction. In one figure a long period of intestinal illness was shown by the progressed Ascendant (Virgo) coming into opposition with radical Saturn, the latter being ruler of the House of sickness.

While text-books on this science are very helpful, the student must gradually learn to think out these problems. Astrology is like that excellent

game of golf, in which it is impossible to reach perfection. So in Astrology there does not seem to be any limit to the knowledge one may obtain from its study.

Regarding the time of an event: Primary indications last in effect from a month to over a year, according to the aspect under consideration, and the relative significance of the planets in the radix. Thus several secondary directions may bring out a number of desirable conditions under a benefic primary.

To ascertain the date of some special event, note that it may occur on the date of the lunar culmination, or several days before or after this date; however, it is usually shown by an agreeing transit or New Moon, which is in exact aspect, thus pointing even to the part of the day the event may happen.

While holding that everyone should study this science, one realizes from looking at some horoscopes that it would be extremely difficult work for many people to reach proficiency. However, if only one member of a family would take up its study in earnest, innumerable benefits would be shown them, especially if that member, is a parent. The latter could see the various needs of guidance as might be best for the child—mentally, physically, and spiritually. The parent would not try to coerce his son to enter the same profession or business as that of the father, but would glean from the son's horoscope what his real talents are, the things to overcome, and the general nature of his work in this world.

The older student can be of great assistance to his friends. By personal demonstration to them, superstition may be allayed and the viewpoint of life broadened, showing the divinity seemingly hidden, but ever moving in its marvelous order, system and harmony.

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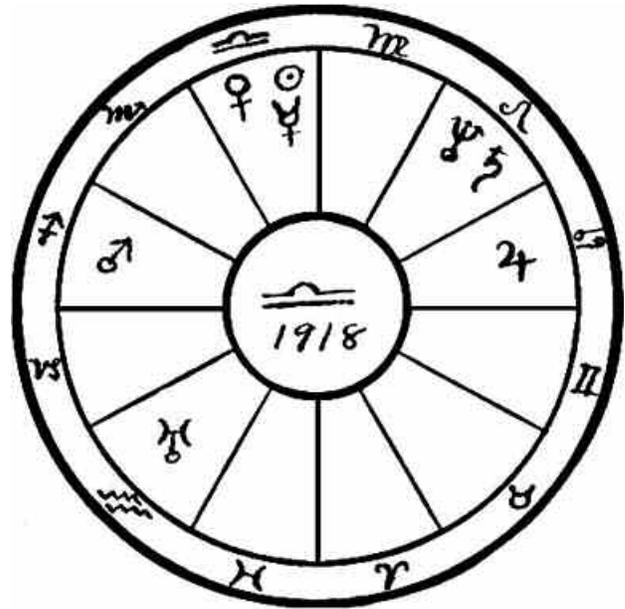
# The Children of Libra, 1918

BORN SEPTEMBER 24TH TO OCTOBER 23RD, 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.

THE nature of the children of Libra is aptly expressed in the swinging scales which form the symbol of the sign. As the scales are made to swing up or down by the weight placed into them, so the offspring of Libra vibrate from joy to sorrow, from apathy to enthusiasm, from love to hate, and from one extreme to the other of the whole gamut of emotion, in the most incalculable and disconcerting manner, for one may never be sure where they stand on any subject. They may take up a fad or a foible in a most enthusiastic manner, perhaps regardless of the protests and entreaties of others that it be laid aside. They may under such circumstances assert that it is as vital to them as life itself and then drop it entirely a few days later, not because they feel and admit being wrong, or out of deference to others, but simply because they have lost interest in that particular thing.

Libra is ruled by the harmonious, artistic, beautiful, lovely, and suave Venus and therefore the children of Libra have a number of attractive characteristics and make social favorites when the horoscope is otherwise unafflicted, for then the Venus ray gives them a polite and pleasing manner, a love of art and music and particularly a strong conjugal affection which makes them adored in their home sphere.



But when the horoscope is afflicted, it brings out the faults of the Venus nature and makes them dissolute, sensual, vulgar, slothful, and lazy, so that they are apt to destroy the home ties either by their faithlessness or by failure to create a home atmosphere because of their untidy habits and laziness. Libra is also the exaltation sign of Saturn, hence the saturnine ray has a tendency, when the horoscope is otherwise well fortified, to bring out the good traits of this planet. Then these people are jewels indeed, for in addition to their harmonious, lovely and artistic traits, they are cautious, deliberate, methodical, persevering, thoughtful, tactful, and thrifty so that they make home a heaven and create a social environment that adds to the joy of life of all who are fortunate enough to come in contact with them. But when Saturn is afflicted in their horoscope and the faults of the sign are more prominent than its virtues, these people also become pessimistic, bigoted, narrow, and melancholy. They rob home of all the joys and comforts which rightfully belong there and they become pests in the social sphere in which they happen to move.

Therefore they are despised and shunned by all who can possibly get away from them.

The children of Libra who are born in 1918, from the 6th to the 23rd of October, will express the venusian characteristics in a particularly strong degree, for on the 6th of October Venus enters Libra, where she is at home and has a powerful influence. In addition, the quick-witted, versatile, eloquent, literary, and dexterous Mercury also enters Libra on the 3rd of October. Therefore the children born in the latter period named above will be particularly versatile, eloquent, artistic, and dexterous, having a keen, quick wit and a ready-answer on all occasions.

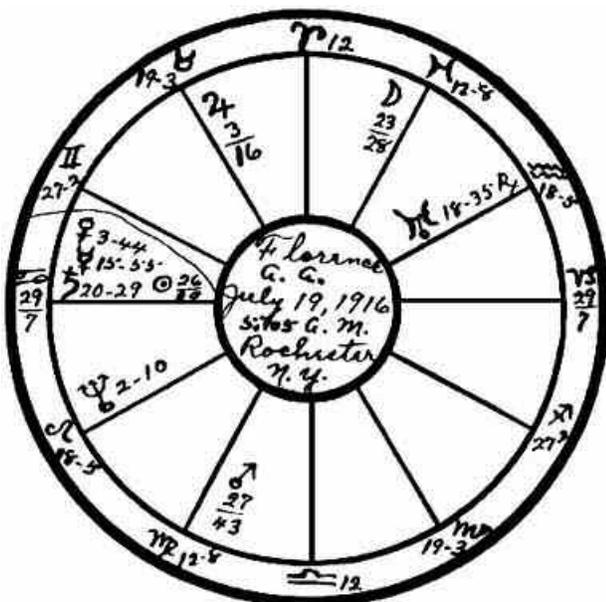
The enterprising, energetic, enthusiastic, and constructive Mars is in the jupiterian sign Sagittarius, making this year's children of Libra frank, free, enthusiastic, generous, and constructive, for Mars in this fiery sign will give more ambition and energy to the Libra nature than it usually possesses. The optimistic and benevolent Jupiter, in his exaltation sign Cancer, will have the effect of brightening the seriousness of the Libra character, although his mundane square to the Sun, Venus, and Mercury will not allow him to express his characteristics to the very best advantage. The cautious, deliberate, and methodical Saturn is in mundane trine to the enthusiastic Mars. This will

add to the mechanical ability and constructive faculty of these people and it will give them a keen, shrewd, and penetrative insight into things, which will make them capable executives in whatever vocation of life they may feel called to fill according to the testimonies of their particular horoscope.

With respect to health we find that the 1918 children of Libra are afflicted by the planet of obstruction, Saturn, in Leo the sign which governs the heart. This shows that there is an organic weakness and a tendency to over-exertion of this organ which may give trouble in later life. But as Saturn is aspected by a mundane trine from the planet of dynamic energy, Mars, this martian ray will in a large measure compensate for the sluggish saturnine vibration.

Nevertheless care should be exercised, particularly during the earlier and growing years, not to overtax the vital organ, for the ounce of prevention is always preferable to the pound of cure. The hot, impulsive, and inflammatory Mars in Sagittarius, the sign which rules the thighs, is indicative of accidents and broken bones. Mars, however, is in mundane sextile to the Sun, Venus, and Mercury. Therefore it is not likely that such accidents will be serious or have a fatal effect.

## Your Child's Horoscope



Florence A. A., born July 19th, 1916, 5 :05 A.M., Rochester, N. Y.

At the time of Florence's birth four cardinal signs were on the angles of the horoscope. This will give her an active life, but the weak, watery sign Cancer on the Ascendant with the life-giving Sun in conjunction to the saturnine dragon's tail shows that her constitution is not very strong. Therefore it will be necessary to give her the greatest of care, particularly in childhood. Saturn, the planet of obstruction, is also conjoined with the Sun in Cancer, the sign ruling the stomach, and this makes the digestion poor. Therefore, to get comfort and make life worth living, Florence must learn to eat right. She will have all sorts of notions and want to indulge in things that are not good for her, but you must be firm and teach her both by

precept and example to be satisfied with the things that are most easily assimilated. By doing this you will save her much misery in later life; for you should always remember that though the stars impel to a certain course of action and incline to particular tastes, they cannot and do not compel; hence it is possible for Florence and all other human beings to rule their stars and overcome the bodily weaknesses or faults foreshown, if only sufficient will power and forethought is exercised.

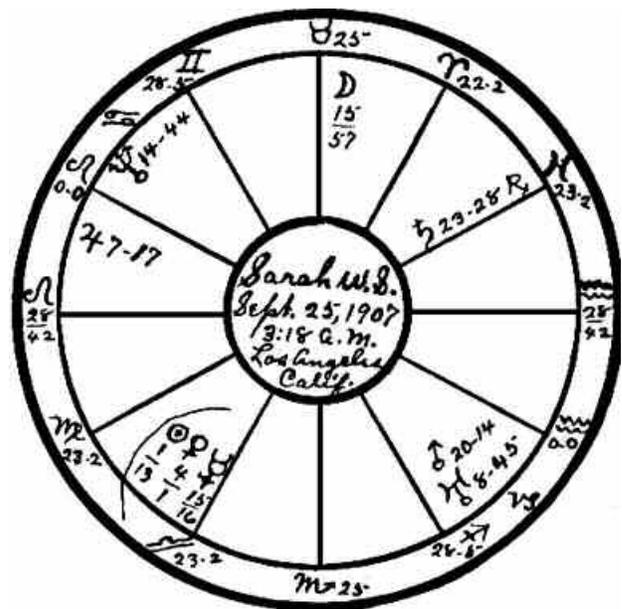
The cautious, methodical, and thoughtful Saturn, in conjunction with the quick-witted, studious, and intellectual Mercury, gives her a splendid memory which will be of great assistance to her in life; also the power of concentration which will enable her by forethought to map out her life and make it a success if she only follows her own ideas. It also gives her the system, method, and tact so necessary in business and dealings with other people, and the thrift that assures her of always having the wherewithal to tide over the rainy days of life. But Saturn in conjunction with Mercury makes her timid in addressing people, strangers especially. She will be inclined to make a recluse of herself and will be too diffident to push herself to the front. Therefore you should endeavor to help her to overcome these drawbacks during childhood years; and above all, be very insistent in teaching her to speak the truth always and under all circumstances, for if she does not learn to do this, sometime in life it will bring her a great deal of heartache, as shown by the fact that Saturn and Mercury are conjoined in the Twelfth House, denoting sorrow, trouble and self-undoing.

The arrogant, haughty Sun conjoined with the secretive and suspicious Saturn will make her melancholy, pessimistic, and distrustful of others, though she may not show it. But if in childhood you can teach her the optimistic view it will help her. Get the story of "Pollyanna" and read it to her. It tells how a little girl spread sunshine all through her environment by the attitude she took toward all things in life. Then begin to teach it to the child as soon as she can understand the difference between sunshine and gloom. Saturn has small power over children and probably you can keep her out of his clutches if you go about it in time.

The harmonious, lovely and affectionate Venus sextile to the optimistic, opulent, and benevolent Jupiter will help to brighten Florence's life. It offsets, in a large measure, the undesirable effects of the conjunction of Saturn and Mercury, tending toward a more cheerful outlook on life.

We have already considered the question of health to some extent, but in addition we may say that the hot, inflammatory Mars in Virgo, the sign which governs the intestines, and in opposition to the Moon, which is the chief significator of health for a woman, further bears out the previous testimony of abdominal and intestinal trouble, which may result from careless dietetic practices. Jupiter in Taurus, the sign which governs the palate, sextile to Venus in the sign of the stomach, Cancer, indicates the gourmand, and if she is not taught to be frugal, she will have digestive trouble in later years. Saturn conjunction Mercury in the Twelfth House shows a tendency to deafness. If you train her hearing in childhood you may forestall this.

Sarah W. S., born September 25th, 1907, 3:18 A. M., Los Angeles, Cal.



At the time of Sarah's birth we find the law-abiding, conservative, reverent, optimistic, opulent, and benevolent Jupiter sextile to the affectionate, artistic Venus. This will give her a jovial, optimistic disposition, always looking for the

broad, bright views in all life's vicissitudes. She will be very fond of art and music, extremely suave, polite, and hospitable, fond of social pleasures. Hence, she will be popular in the social circles of her sphere of life, make many friends, and enjoy life to the full.

The magnetic, imaginative Moon, highly elevated and very powerful in her exaltation sign Taurus, sextile to the occult, prophetic, inspirational, and devotional Neptune in the psychic sign Cancer will give Sarah an unusually rich inner life, filled with dreams and visions of a brighter world. It will make her very inspirational and endow her with some supernatural powers, such as psychometry, perhaps even a natural spiritual sight. This aspect also indicates considerable travel.

The vital, venturesome, and distinguished Sun in conjunction to the harmonious, affectionate, and artistic Venus gives her an open eye for art and beauty, an ambitious, honorable and courageous nature, and an affectionate disposition towards her mate, which will make for happiness in married life.

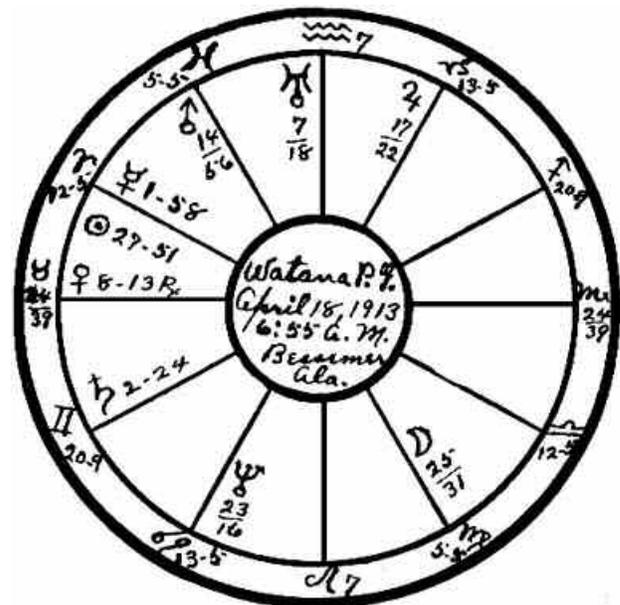
But prior to the consummation of that happy event there is a grave danger to Sarah, for the impulsive Mars, which signifies the masculine element in a woman's horoscope, is placed in the Fifth House which rules courtship; the unconventional and licentious Uranus is there also and afflicted by a square from Mercury the planet of reason, and an opposition from Neptune, the planet of fraud and deception. This shows that Sarah is apt to be taken advantage of during the earlier years of childhood and you should therefore be very carefully on your guard when she reaches puberty, say beginning about the age of twelve, and continue to watch until she is married. This is a very serious matter. It will need all your care and ingenuity to avert a calamity. We would suggest that you also begin early to teach her the sanctity of the fountain of life, the beauty of a virtuous motherhood. Be sure also that you provide her with the home conditions which give her a natural outlet for her demonstration of love, for that must have its expression. It is as vital to her as life itself, and if you are cold and unresponsive you will drive her to seek the affection she craves elsewhere; so you must shoulder a very grave responsibility if

you neglect this.

The Sun conjoined with Venus, the planet of attraction, in the Second House governing finances, and Venus sextile to Jupiter, the planet of opulence, shows that Sarah will have very comfortable financial circumstances throughout life.

With respect to health we find that the life-giving Sun is in conjunction with Venus and the vital sign Leo is rising. This is a good indication, but Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, trine to the Moon, which is the particular significator of health in a woman's horoscope, is much better, and the indications are therefore that Sarah will enjoy unusually good health. The only exception to this is shown by Saturn in the sign Pisces, which governs the feet. This may produce some trouble with these extremities and also some irregularities in the abdominal region. But if you teach her to live on a healthy diet, she will probably be able to overcome these tendencies.

Watana Pauline E., born April 18th, 1913, 6:55 A. M., Bessemer, Ala.



Here we have a little lady destined to come before the public as an inspirational musician, for the harmonious and artistic Venus is strong on the Ascendant in her own sign Taurus which governs the throat, and the magnetic, imaginative, and emotional Moon is sextile the inspirational and musical

Neptune.

The original, inventive Uranus is highly elevated and strong in its own sign, the intellectual Aquarius, trine the methodical, systematic and persevering Saturn. This shows that she has a great deal of persistence. She will work hard and perseveringly to attain success and never give up until she reaches her goal. The enthusiastic, enterprising, and energetic Mars in the Eleventh House denoting friends, sextile to the optimistic, benevolent, and influential Jupiter, shows that she will have influential, staunch and enthusiastic admirers who will endeavor to aid her to obtain her hopes, wishes, and aspirations. Thus she will be sure to have a successful life and comfortable financial circumstances.

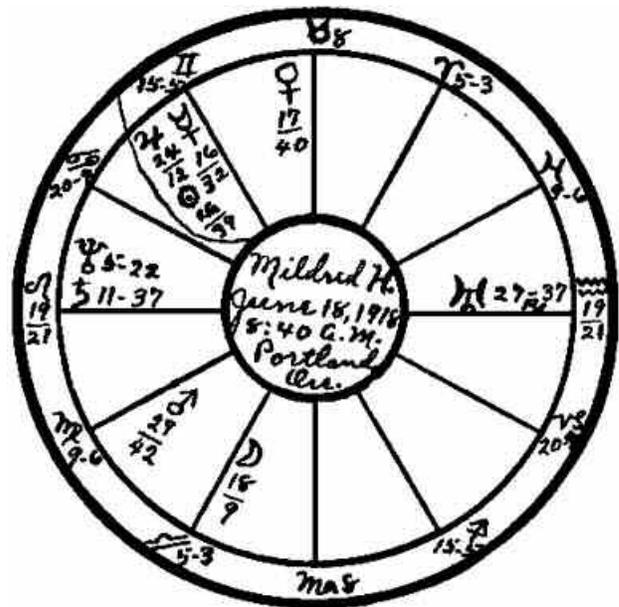
A grave danger threatens her for the unconventional, licentious Uranus is square to the sensual Venus in the Twelfth House of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing. This indicates clandestine love affairs and possibly rape. About the tenth year the Sun, which designates the masculine element in a woman's horoscope, comes to a conjunction with Venus and square to Uranus. This will excite the condition and it will be imperative to safeguard the child, say from the ninth to the thirteenth year. She must also be careful all her life, but the need is not so great as at this particular time.

The law-abiding, conservative, and benevolent Jupiter sextile the energetic Mars gives us hope that you will be successful in saving her; but as a further helping hint, we may tell you that the danger will probably come from some one with influence to help her to follow the public career for which she is destined. He is described by the Sun in Aries. Be sure that you teach the child most carefully the moral rectitude which is so necessary to her, for at some time or another during her life scandal threatens her career, but strong and influential friends who will stand staunchly by her will probably save her. The quick-witted, logical Mercury sextile to the tactful Saturn will give her a deep, thoughtful mind and a splendid memory that will enable her to seriously consider and understand the problems of life. Therefore you have the most excellent material to work on.

With respect to health we find that the strong vital sign Taurus is rising, that the dynamic Mars

is elevated and well aspected, the Moon also being unafflicted. These are signs of fair health, but the Sun in Aries which rules the head, square to the nervous Neptune indicates a tendency to headaches. Saturn in Gemini, which rules the lungs, shows a tendency to colds and she ought to be carefully guarded against them. All things considered, however, we may judge that average good health is in store for Watana.

Mildred Marion H., born June 18th, 1918, 8:40 A. M., Portland, Ore.



At the time of Mildred's birth we find four fixed signs on the angles, showing that she has a mind all her own and "when she will, she will, and you can depend on it, but when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on't."

The quick-witted, logical, versatile, eloquent, and dexterous Mercury sextile the thoughtful, cautious, methodical and tactful Saturn will give her a deep, thoughtful mind capable of concentration to solve the problems which may arise in her life. It will make her systematic and methodical and when she starts to do anything she will persevere until she has accomplished her desire. She will have a good memory so that she will benefit to the full by all she learns and she will be able to gain her ends by tact and diplomacy, when these qualities can be used. We may also note that she will be very capable with her hands.

The optimistic, opulent, and benevolent Jupiter conjunction the dignified, vital, and courageous Sun and sextile the emotional, magnetic and imaginative Moon will give her a dignified, benevolent, and kindly manner; a courage and an ambition to undertake any noble, altruistic and humanitarian work; the vision and imagination to carry it through to success; and the comfortable financial circumstances necessary to gratify such noble aspirations.

As the Sun and Jupiter are in the Eleventh House, indicating friends, hopes, and wishes, it shows that Mildred will be surrounded by influential friends who will endeavor to aid her in the realization of her hopes, wishes, and ambitions.

These are the strongest and most conspicuous indications, but there is another side to Mildred's nature shown by the bombastic, indolent, prodigal, Jupiter square the egotistic and hot-tempered Mars. This indicates that Mildred has a temper and on such occasions may be very overbearing and domineering; if that tendency is allowed to manifest, it will inevitably lead to loss of friends and prestige, which she prizes so highly. Therefore it should be your part to teach her self-restraint by all the means within your power. There is also a tendency to pessimism and melancholy which will

rob life of its joy and cause her to look at the dark side of things. This is shown by the melancholy, pessimistic, and worrisome Saturn square to Venus, the planet of love, affection, and pleasure. At times when you see these characteristics coming on, rouse her by all means, lead her thoughts into brighter channels, lest she surround herself with a thought form of fear and worry that may shut out life and love.

With respect to health we find Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Leo the sign governing the heart and square to Venus, the planet which has rule over the venous circulation. This shows that there is an obstruction and a tendency to heart trouble. But if you are careful to restrain her, particularly with respect to temper, this will probably not give her any serious trouble. On the other hand, if temper is allowed to rule and if she indulges in too strenuous exercise then the matter may become serious in later years and cause confinement in a hospital, as shown by the presence of Saturn in the Twelfth House. The hot and inflammatory Mars in Virgo, the sign which governs the intestines, and square to the life-giving Sun and Jupiter in Gemini, the sign ruling the lungs, also shows a tendency to feverish complaints, but you know the diet that will overcome this tendency.

#### VOCATIONAL READINGS

Anna E., born November 9th, 1903, 12:00 Noon, Lima, Peru.

At the time of your birth the quick-witted, logical, versatile, and dexterous Mercury was elevated in the Midheaven and going before the Sun. He was sextile to the energetic, enterprising, enthusiastic, and constructive Mars. This gives you a bright, quick mind and the ability to plan and manage others. You are versatile, quick, and capable with your hands, but very set in your ways. It would be to your advantage if you would try to be somewhat more adaptable.

The vital, venturesome, and dignified Sun is close to the Midheaven, trine the professional, opulent Jupiter and also trine to the magnetic Moon. This will give you ability in a professional capacity and the favor of people in authority over you; also a good measure of financial success in whatever you may choose. But we should say that

your true vocation is marriage and motherhood, for the Sun is the significator of marriage for a woman and he is ruler of your house of marriage, highly elevated and splendidly aspected, indicating a happy marriage to a man of very high and noble character. And the reproductive Moon in the fruitful sign Cancer in the Fifth House, indicating children, shows that you will have numerous offspring and be very happy in the work of educating them and bringing them up to successful manhood and womanhood.

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Donald A. T., born Wednesday, December 4th, 1895, 3:30 A. M., Dayton, Ky.

At the time of your birth we find Jupiter the professional, opulent planet elevated in Leo near the Midheaven; he is ruler of the Second house which governs finance. And in the Second House we find

*(Continued on Page 236)*

## Life, God's Training School

By KITTIE SKIDMORE COWEN

**O**NE of the chief sources of misunderstanding which arises in the interpretation of the Bible, we believe, would be eliminated once and for all, were its readers to get this basic fact fixed firmly in their minds: The soul and the spirit are not synonymous terms.

The majority of people know little or nothing of the Hebrew or Greek languages. And far too many never stop to consider that the Bible was not originally written in English. As to whom were its translators and their ability to perform with any degree of accuracy this most stupendous and super skillful task, they know little and apparently care less. The Bible is placed before them, they read and endeavor to understand its contents, but its glaring inconsistencies, when they do awaken a questioning attitude in the mind of the investigator, invariably meet with something like the following method of procedure: The subject in question is taken to a favorite minister of the Gospel for solution, and his interpretations, relative to the truth which the conflicting statements were intended to convey, is supposed to be accepted by the enquirer as correct and right without further question. If a clear and lucid explanation presents itself to the mind of the minister, the passages under examination are taken literally as to meaning and intent, but in case a hazy, elusive solution, merely suggestive in its character and outlines, appears, then undoubtedly the whole subject matter was intended to be taken figuratively and the explanation which seems most plausible to the minister is given. But in case no suitable hypothesis at all presents itself, then all too often the budding mind is silenced by the admonition that "God's ways are infinite and past all finding out and it is sinful to attempt probing into those things which He, in His divine wisdom, has seen fit to conceal." The minister is perfectly honest with the enquirer, he has given out to the very best of his ability. He has read, meditated, and these are his honest conclusions. He understands neither Hebrew nor Greek,

he has read from his King James version and placed the clearest construction upon the subject matter that he could command. But all too often his conclusions fail to satisfy the mind of the enquirer and finally, after searching in vain for an explanation which does appeal to him as being both logical and consistent, he turns in discouragement and dismay from the result of his investigations and gives up the quest as hopeless, only to accept in its stead the task of stifling the ceaseless longing of the spirit for truth, with the argument that so long as so many of the Bible statements do conflict, and there appears to be no reliable means of reconciling them, the whole fabric of religion must, of a necessity, be composed of nothing more authoritative than a myth; that only what the senses can perceive, know, and investigate are real, and that death puts an end to all things. And thus is the skeptic born. Not from any desire of his or her own to be placed outside the pale of the Kingdom of the Father, but rather from the lack of an available source from which to draw, in order that the mind may be satisfied when confronted by statements the nature of which are so conflicting that some logical explanation must be forthcoming in order that the apparent differences may either become reconciled or disappear.

The heart of the little child, fresh from the Kingdom of God, is always ready to accept, without question, the story of God and the Christ child, for intuitively it knows and recognizes the divine relationship. But as the child grows older, the memory of that heaven world grows dimmer, and then it is that reason, the product of the mind, begins to assert its prerogative, and the "still small voice" to a considerable degree is silenced, and man is left to work out his own salvation.

The question now naturally arises: But is there no logical, reliable procedure available whereby the earnest, sincere investigator may arrive at the source of truth relative to these apparently contradictory statements as recorded in the sacred Book? The answer is, yes. We believe that there is. But

first of all the truly sincere investigator must rid himself of many of his preconceived ideas, chief among which is the belief that either the Bible as we now have it is the "Word of God" from cover to cover, or that it does not represent the Word of God at all. For one conception is quite as erroneous and equally as far-fetched as the other.

Relative to the first part of the assertion, it is a deplorable fact, as stated in the *Cosmo*, page 318, that "there is a large number of people in this country who insist that the *English* text of the King James version is absolutely correct from cover to cover, as though the Bible had been originally written in English, and the King James version were a certified copy of the original manuscript."

Now let the earnest searcher for truth face at once the real facts as they actually exist, and then decide for himself whether or not the first of the foregoing beliefs is not an extremely narrow one. If the truth seeker will turn to the *Rosicrucian Philosophy, Questions and Answers*, page 155, he will be able to glean a few most interesting facts from its pages. Here we read: "In the first place, it should be remembered that the Old Testament was written in Hebrew at various times and by numerous writers, and that no collection of these writings was made prior to Ezra [a Hebrew scribe and priest who lived in the middle of the 5th century B. C.]. Of these Hebrew writings, there is not a single scrap in existence. Even as long ago as 280 B. C. the Hebrew language had been abandoned, so far as scriptural writings were concerned, and the Septuagint, or Greek translation, was in general use. That was the only Bible in existence at the time of the birth of Christ. Later some of the Hebrew writings have been collected and collated by the Masorettes, a sect which existed about 700 A. D. This is the best and most accurate text.

"The English translation most in use today is the King James Version, but His Majesty was not so much after accuracy in translation as after peace, and the act which authorized the translation of the Bible prohibited the translators from translating any passages in a way that would interfere with existing beliefs. This was done to avoid any uprising or dissension in his kingdom, and of the forty-seven translators, only three were Hebrew scholars

and two of them died before the Psalms had been translated. A number of the books were omitted, words were wrenched out of their original meaning to conform to the superstition of the age. Martin Luther, in Germany, translated from the Latin text which had itself been translated from the Greek, and thus the chances of conveying wrong meanings have been enhanced in many and various ways. Add to this that the old style Hebrew vowel points are omitted and there is no division into words, so that by inserting vowel points in different ways, words and sentences of entirely different meanings may be obtained from almost any sentence. In view of these facts, it is evident that the chances of our getting an accurate version of what was originally written are small indeed."

Now in the light of the foregoing facts let us take under consideration the etymology of the two words "soul" and "spirit," which every orthodox student of the Bible well knows are used interchangeably and as meaning one and the same thing. In *Rays from the Rose Cross*, May, 1916, Mr. Heindel tells us that the Hebrew word *Ruach*, and the Greek word *Pneuma* both mean spirit, while the Hebrew word *Neshammah*, and the Greek word *Psuke* both mean soul. This being a fact, any interchanging of the two words, which are in reality wholly dissimilar in meaning, is bound to bring about not only much confusion but direct contradiction in statements as well. For instance, we are told in the Bible that when "the silver cord is loosed...then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to the God who gave it." But in another place the equally plain statement is made that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Now, if we accept the orthodox view, that the terms "soul" and "spirit" are synonymous, then surely the investigator who has decided that death puts an end to all things, has quite as much foundation for his decision as has the Christian for any other. For of a certainty, all men sin. But the occult student knows that the two terms are not synonymous and, therefore, not interchangeable. Man, they tell us, is a composite being composed of spirit, soul, and body. And the Bible, when read with the light of occult knowledge, which reveals at

once the mistakes and interpolations of the translators, bears out this statement.

We will first quote from the Bible, John 1:1-3: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

“The same was in the beginning with God.

“All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.

“In Him was life and the life was the light of man.”

Now let us turn to the occult interpretation. See *Rosicrucian Philosophy, Questions and Answers*, page 9: “In the beginning of manifestation, God differentiated within Himself a multitude of potential spiritual intelligences, as sparks are emitted by a fire. These spiritual intelligences were thus potential flames, or fires, but they are not yet fires, for, though endowed with the all-consciousness of God, they lacked self-consciousness; being potentially omnipotent as God, they lacked dynamic power available for use at any moment according to their will; and in order that these qualities might be evolved, it was imperative that they should go through matter. Therefore, during *involution*, each divine Spark was encased in various vehicles of sufficient density to shut off the outer world from their consciousness. Then the spirit within, no longer able to contact the without, turns and finds *itself*.

We will now draw comparisons between a few statements, Occult and Biblical, and note how closely their meanings coincide.

See *Rosicrucian Philosophy, Questions and Answers*, page 12: “The New Testament was written in Greek originally, and the word Logos means both *word* and the *Thought* which precedes the word, so that when John tells us in the first chapter of his Gospel that “In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God,” we may also translate that verse: “In the beginning was the thought, and the word was with God, and God was the word.” *Everything exists by virtue of that fact (the word)*. In that is “life.”

“Everything that exists in the universe was first a *thought*, that thought then manifesting as a *word*, a *Sound* (a certain rate of vibration), which built all forms (according to the rate of vibration) and itself

manifested as the life within those forms. That is the process of creation, and man, who was made in the image of God, creates in the same way, to a certain extent. He has the capability of thinking; he may voice his thoughts and in that way, where he is not capable of carrying out his ideas alone, he may secure the help of others to realize them. But a time is coming when he will create directly by the word of his mouth, and he is now learning to create by other means, so that when in time he becomes able to use *his word* to create directly, he will know how. That training is absolutely necessary. At the present time he would make many mistakes. Besides, he is not yet good—he would bring into being demoniac creations.”

The Old Testament is full of references to mankind as being created spirit (Ruach), also of God as being a Great Spirit (Ruach) Creator. In the New Testament (John 4:24) we find the following unequivocal statement: “God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.”

Paul makes the following statement in 1st Thessalonians, 5th chapter, 23rd verse: “Now may the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly and may your entire spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Turning again to the *Cosmo*, page 87: “God, the Great Spirit *in Whom* we actually and in fact ‘live and move and have our being,’ is the Power that permeates and sustains the whole Universe with Its Life; but while that Life flows into and is immanent (indwelling) in every atom of the six lower Worlds and all contained therein, in the Seventh—the highest—the Triune God alone IS.

“The next highest or sixth realm is the World of Virgin Spirits. Here those sparks from the divine ‘Flame’ have their being before they commence their long pilgrimage through the five denser Worlds for the purpose of developing latent potentialities into dynamic powers. As the seed unfolds its hidden possibilities by being buried in the soil, so these virgin spirits will, in time, when they have passed through matter (the school of experience), also become divine ‘Flames,’ capable of bringing forth universes from themselves.

“The five Worlds (World of Divine Spirit, World

of Life Spirit, World of Thought, Desire World, Physical World) constitute the field of man's evolution, the three lower or denser being the scene of the present phase of his development, and man has a vehicle for each of these divisions."

Genesis, 1st chapter, 2nd verse: "And darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Acts, 17th chapter, 24-29th verses: "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

"Neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he had need of any thing, seeing He giveth

to all *life* and *breath* and all things;

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, though He be not far away from everyone of us:

"For *in* Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for *we are also His offspring*. For as much then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device."

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### APPRECIATIVE

Seattle, Wash.

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends: Am enclosing a check for five dollars as a contribution with my answer to Ast. Lesson No. 10. Expect to keep my contributions up to five dollars or more a month now as am earning about that much per day.

This sum is practically negligible compared to what I have received and am receiving from you so don't think I consider I am making any sacrifice as yet, as money has never been able to excite an insane desire in me for its power. The real reason for this increased contribution is partly because I have begun to realize slightly what it would be like if I were too poor and unable to buy any of this literature, or incapacitated so that I could not get to a library or friends. So please accept the extra to take care of the more unfortunate, financially speaking.

Have had a taste for the first time since starting to spread your teachings of the joy and undefinable sense of pleasure one receives when one finds that the seed has taken root. Have learned through friends that Mr. and Mrs. P.— have taken to the teachings as eagerly as a thirsting man in the desert drinks from a pure bubbling spring of water when he comes to the oasis. I sincerely hope that all others who come to this modern oasis of wisdom will drink as eagerly at least as I do.

N.M. C.

### THE WILD FLOWERS

ELLA VAN GILDER

One day as the Master was walking through his garden of flowers he heard the little anemonies, hepaticas, and bright-eyes weeping.

"Why do you weep, little flowers?" he asked.

"Because we are so small, no one will see us; the lily is so fragrant, the rose is so lovely and the poppies and sun-flowers are so gorgeous, that no one will look at us."

"Remember, little flowers, to do your part for the Master when the time comes."

And lo! while yet the lily slumbered in the earth, and the rose shuddered in the winds, and the poppies and sun-flowers still dreamed of summer in their tiny seeds, the anemonies and hepaticas and bright-eyes, with their faces washed clean by the winter snows, were smiling and nodding from every corner of the forest, and children came from far and near to seek them and cried, "See the pretty wild-flowers," and they gathered them and took them home, and loved them the best of all.

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### *The Message of the Stars*

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# Studies

iii

## The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

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### The Rosicrucian Catechism

Alfred Adams

#### *The Etheric Region of the Physical World*

(Pages 34 to 38, Cosmo-Conception)

Continued from last month

Q. How are these forces differentiated?

A. The forces which work along the positive pole of the life ether produce male plants, animals, and men, and the forces which express themselves through the negative pole generate females.

Q. What is said of the light ether?

A. It is also both positive and negative.

Q. What is accomplished by the forces which play along the positive pole of the light ether?

A. They generate blood heat in the higher species of animal and in man, which makes them individual sources of heat.

Q. And what work is accomplished by the forces which play along the negative pole?

A. They operate through the senses as the passive functions of sight, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. They also build and nourish the eye.

Q. How does the light ether operate as regards the cold-blooded animals?

A. The positive pole is the avenue of the forces which circulate the blood, and the negative forces have the same functions in regard to the eye as in the case of the higher animals and man.

Q. What are these forces doing where eyes are lacking?

A. The forces working in the negative pole of the light ether are perhaps building or nourishing other sense organs, as they do

in all that have sense organs.

Q. What do these forces accomplish in the plant kingdom?

A. The forces which work along the positive pole of the light ether cause the circulation of the juices of the plants.

Q. Why does the sap in trees and plants cease to flow in the winter season?

A. In the winter the light ether is not charged with the rays of the sun, as in the summer, and the sap ceases to flow until the sun again invests the light ether with its force.

Q. Which of these forces produces the color in flowers and plants?

A. The forces which work along the negative pole of the light ether deposit the chlorophyll, the green substance in the plant, and the color of the flowers.

Q. Why do animals have the darkest color on their backs and flowers deepest color on the side of the light?

A. Because the forces which work along the negative pole of the light ether are charged with sunlight.

Q. What is the effect in the polar region where the rays of the sun are weak?

A. All color is lighter and in some cases so sparingly deposited that it is withdrawn altogether and the animals become white.

Q. What does the reflecting ether contain?

A. The reflections of the memory of nature. Everything that ever happened has left behind it. an ineffaceable picture.

Q. What examples can you give of these in-

effaceable records?

- A. The idea, or picture, of the house in the mind of the architect even after his death, the giant ferns pictured in the coal beds, the progress of the glacier of a bygone day.
- Q. Are the thoughts and acts of men recorded in this reflecting ether?
- A. They are, and they may be read there by the trained seer.
- Q. Where is the real memory of nature found?
- A. In a much high realm.
- Q. Why do trained clairvoyants not care to read in the ordinary reflecting ether.
- A. Because the pictures are blurred and vague compared to those found in the higher realm.
- Q. Where do ordinary psychometrists and mediums obtain their knowledge?
- A. Through the reflecting ether.
- Q. How does the student in the occult school obtain his knowledge?
- A. To some slight extent, the pupil in the first stages of his training also reads in the reflecting ether.
- Q. What warning is given him by his teacher?
- A. He is warned of the insufficiencies of this ether as a means of acquiring reliable information.
- Q. Through what medium does thought make an impression on the human mind?
- A. Through the reflecting ether.
- Q. Where is the home world of the human mind?
- A. In the region of concrete thought. There a much clearer version of the memory of nature is found than in the reflecting ether.

#### *THE DESIRE WORLD*

Pages 38 to 48 Cosmo-Conception.)

- Q. In what respect does the Desire World correspond to all the other realms of nature?
- A. It has seven subdivisions called "regions."
- Q. What is accomplished by the forces in the seven regions of the Desire World?
- A. They impel the quickened dense body to move in this or that direction.
- Q. If only the forces of the Physical World existed, what would be the result?
- A. There would be forms having life and able to move, but with no incentive for so doing.
- Q. How is this incentive supplied?
- A. By the cosmic forces active in the Desire World.
- Q. What would result without the activity of the Desire World?
- A. There would be no experience or moral growth. The different ethers would take care of the growth of form, but moral growth would be lacking.
- Q. Of what great importance is this realm of nature?
- A. Without the Desire World, evolution would be an impossibility, both as to form and life, for it is only in response to the acquirement of spiritual growth that forms evolve to higher states.
- Q. What is expressed in the matter of the different regions of the Desire World?
- A. Desires, wishes, passions and feelings.
- Q. Is the distinction between the forces and the matter in the Desire World as definite and apparent as in the Physical World?
- A. It is not. Here the ideas of force and matter are almost identical or interchangeable. To a certain extent, we may say that the Desire World consists of force-matter.
- Q. In speaking of the matter of the Desire World, we say that it is one degree less dense than the matter of the Physical World, but is it finer physical matter?
- A. It is not, although so held by many who have studied occult philosophies.
- Q. How is this wrong impression caused?
- A. By the difficulty of giving a full and accurate description necessary for a thorough understanding of the higher worlds.
- Q. Why should the descriptions we hear of these realms be taken tentatively, as similes?
- A. Because our language is descriptive of material things and, therefore, entirely inadequate to describe the conditions in the super-physical realms.
- Q. Is it possible to explain in words the change or difference in physical matter when it is broken up into desire-stuff?
- A. It is not. We do not say that the rose is a finer form of iron because both are composed of one ultimate atomic substance.

*(To be continued)*

# 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.

Goldsmith

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## Death by Decompression

**A**NY of the soldiers killed by high explosives in the present war meet their death not from wounds, not from nervous shock, but from identically the same disease that affects men who have been working under high air-pressure. This disease, variously known as “the bends,” or “caisson-disease,” is due, not to the pressure itself, but to its too sudden release. When the worker comes out into the open air, his blood fills with bubbles like an uncorked soda or champagne bottle, and if these are large enough to clog the circulation, he dies at once. On the battlefield, both the increase of pressure and its sudden release are due to the passage of an intense explosion-wave. The whole effect takes place in the fraction of a second, and the man dies where he stands, sits, or lies, without changing his position. How the real cause of this phenomena was discovered by the adventure of a pocket aneroid barometer is told in an article on “Death by Decompression,” contributed to *La Nature* (Paris). Says the writer, in substance:

“After each of the recent battles, it has been shown that although most of the corpses bore traces of projectiles, there were others without apparent wounds, that preserved the attitude in which they were at the moment of death. It was generally admitted that these died of shock, from an instantaneous stoppage of the circulation; but no further explanation was possible. This was the state of affairs when M. Arnoux told at a meeting of the French Society of Civil Engineers how a

French officer at the front had found a pocket aneroid barometer which had been put out of commission by the nearby explosion of a German shell. Its stoppage was found to be due to the fact that one of the levers for transmitting the movements of the aneroid box to the pointer, which normally rests on the other level, had passed beneath it. This could only have been due to abnormal inflation of the box, caused by a considerable barometric depression.

“The two levers were replaced in normal position and the machine was placed under the bell of an air-pump. By lowering the pressure little by little, the experimenter showed that one lever slipped under the other when it reached a degree of exhaustion about equal to that at the top of Mont Blanc, at an elevation of 15,000 feet.

We may logically conclude, then, that the explosion of the shell caused a brief barometer depression corresponding to the pushing back of the air at a rate of about 900 feet per second. Under such a pressure all nearby objects are thrown down and all living beings are physiologically destroyed by the violent displacement of the air, while those sheltered behind any obstacle can be affected only by the static lowering of pressure in the surrounding atmosphere.

“Now, the effects of lowering the barometric pressure have been observed in aeronautics, when a too rapid ascent has occasionally been fatal. We know that the blood holds in solution air and carbonic acid, in larger proportion as the pressure is higher, and that these gases separate out as bubbles

when the pressure is lowered, precisely as happens when a bottle of soda water or champagne is opened. In this case the bubbles escape from the bottle, but in the human body they are caught in the capillaries, where they stop the circulation of blood instantly.

“The phenomenon is dangerous only when the lowering of pressure is very sudden, for the bubbles are dangerous only when they are large enough to obstruct the capillaries. Death is said to occur from ‘gaseous embolism.’

“The effects produced by shell explosion have thus been long familiar in other fields. Observed in aeronautics, they are also known among workmen engaged in tunneling. Working at depths of 75 to 100 feet, and thus subjected to pressures of 2 1/2 to 3 atmospheres, their return to normal pressures must take place very slowly, to enable the gas in the blood to escape in small bubbles.

“In case of violent increase and decrease of pressure produced instantaneously by explosion, gaseous embolism affects all the blood-vessels in the organism and instantly arrests all muscular action. This is why soldiers thus attacked preserve the attitude in which the double phenomenon has surprised them. Death occurs with lightning rapidity.”

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### What Others Think

Frederick White, publisher and editor of *The Adept*, says in the September issue of that magazine:

“We have received notice that the English government has forbidden the exportation of ephemerides during the war. Therefore you cannot get an English ephemeris for 1919 or any other year, but we have the *Simplified Scientific Ephemeris* [published by the Rosicrucian Fellowship-Ed.] and in my judgment it is fully as good as the English, on better paper, better print, larger type, and minus some of the nonsense of useless and ridiculous aspects that mean nothing and confound those who are trying to study the effect of aspects.”

Thank you for the praise Mr. White, you might also have stated that unlike other monopolists, we have not taken advantage of our corner on

ephemerides to double the price, but are even selling a better ephemeris at half the price charged by our former competitor.

The magazine is now sent gratis to 330 Libraries. Part of these subscriptions have been paid for by members and the rest are supplied by the Headquarters fund. The price to Libraries will not be raised, so that members wishing to subscribe for one or more may do so at the former price: One Dollar a year in the United States, \$1.25 in Canada and \$1.50 foreign.

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### VOCATIONAL READINGS

(Continued from Page 228)

the vital, venturesome, and ambitious Sun, who is ruler of the Tenth House. These two planets are both trine and in mutual reception., This is a very powerful configuration indicating that your success lies in a professional career, that you will rise to a high position and will have the support of people of influence and authority in furthering your hopes, wishes, and ambitions.

The particular profession for which you are best suited is indicated by Mars who is lord of Scorpio, the rising sign, and also lord of the Sixth House, which denotes the nature of your employment. This indicates a vocation involving the use of iron and sharp instruments. Scorpio makes both surgeons and soldiers, those who kill and those who heal; we hope you will choose the latter. You also have original inventive ability and will probably put some new and different methods in your work; this , will help you to win recognition.

Saturn, the planet of obstruction and malice, is square to Jupiter, hence you may expect delays and obstruction, principally due to a certain timidity which you should try to overcome, as it will prove a hindrance to success. You have a good mind on account of the thoughtful Saturn being trine to the magnetic Moon. But at times you act on impulse on account of the conjunction of the impulsive and reckless planet Mars with the still more impulsive and rash Uranus. If you will search yourself and try to overcome these faults it will help you a great deal in your career and make for greater success in life.

## Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

### BREAKFAST

Muskmelon  
Economy Muffins Escalloped Eggs  
Milk or Coffee

### DINNER

Consomme  
Potatoes au Gratin Stewed Tomatoes  
Stuffed Baked Onions Whole  
Wheat Bread and Butter  
Milk

### SUPPER

Combination Salad  
Cinnamon Cake Comb Honey  
Milk

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## Recipes

### *Escalloped Eggs*

Moisten finely ground bread or cracker crumbs with milk, add salt, chopped parsley and a little melted butter. To each tablespoon of soaked crumbs add one egg, stir this in lightly. Drop into hot oiled gem pans, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake for ten minutes.

### *Economy Muffins*

Cover two cups of stale whole wheat bread crumbs with cold milk, allow to stand until well soaked, work with a spoon until it becomes creamy, add the yolks of three eggs, one tablespoon of oil or butter, gradually work into this one cup of white flour to which has been added while dry one teaspoon of baking powder and 1-2 teaspoon of salt, beat for ten minutes, gradually adding the well beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in muffin pans for twenty minutes.

### *Vegetarian Consomme*

Slice six unpeeled tomatoes, roll in flour and place in oiled baking pan with two finely sliced onions, bake until well browned. Cook in one quart of water with three whole cloves and two bay leaves for half hour. Strain and season with salt and one tablespoon of browned butter.

### *Stuffed Baked Onions*

Use large mild onions. Place in cold water to remove outside skins; boil in salted water until tender but not broken, drain and slightly cool, remove part of center. Prepare stuffing with this part of the onion ground with tomatoes, bread

crumbs or cold boiled vegetables left over from the day before, this can be flavored and seasoned to make the stuffing most appetizing. Mix well together by frying or browning in oil or butter, refill onions, sprinkle with ground nuts or cracker crumbs, place in oiled baking dish and bake until well browned.

### *Combination Salad*

Wash and allow to stand in cold water until crisp, one head lettuce, one cucumber, small head cabbage, green onions, radishes and three tomatoes. Garnish plate with lettuce, after peeling and slicing the cucumber and tomatoes, distribute same on plates of lettuce, sprinkle with cabbage finely cut, and finish plates with small green onions and radishes. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

### *Cinnamon Cake*

Dissolve one half cake yeast and one tablespoon sugar in one half cup lukewarm milk (which has first been scalded), add three fourths cup flour to make sponge, beat until light and allow to stand in warm place to raise for one hour. Beat two tablespoons butter, one half teaspoon salt, one half cup sugar, one well beaten egg, until creamed and mix with the raised sponge, adding flour enough to make soft dough. Knead lightly, roll one half inch thick and place in oiled baking pan, cover with cloth and place in a warm place to raise until twice its size. Cut across top with sharp knife, brush with egg, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake for twenty minutes.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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## Bayonets Cannot Pierce the Spirit

[EDITOR'S NOTE:-Letters from soldiers are printed everywhere, and many show a high sentiment and a lofty purpose one would not ordinarily look for in the very young, but this one expresses, especially in the last paragraphs, a view of life and death which we feel will certainly appeal to our readers, it is so quaint and so true.]

My loved Ones at Home:

When you receive this letter I will already, barring mishaps, be over there. The weeks and months of anticipation will have been passed and our one great purpose—to get over—will have begun to be realized.

How strange it seems to be writing this!

How different I feel from what I thought I would feel when this supreme anticipation of the past year is about to be realized! As I have looked forward to the eve of "shoring off," it has many times seemed that the adventure immediately confronting us would appear so huge, and at the same time so foreboding, as to make the last few hours in our beloved native land anxious, and certainly the last night sleepless.

And yet it has not been that way. We are naturally looking forward to a great adventure, but it is the uniqueness rather than the danger of it that stimulates our thought. Except for a certain quiet expectancy, all of us are as calm as though we were going about our peaceful pursuits back in the dear West.

In fact, one can scarcely be otherwise in the army. The first commandment here is to be ready, and after one accustoms oneself to be constantly ready for anything—either the best or the worst, the easiest or the most difficult—even a trip on a transport on these stormy days does not alarm one unduly.

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So every man of us is ready. No sleep is being lost and, now as later on, we are ready to accept the worst even, as a part of the day's work. I only hope

that our loved ones at home will accept the future with as little foreboding and as much optimistic faith as we do ourselves.

As for myself, I am absolutely sure that I am in the one place of all the places in the world where I should be. There is no task in all the realm of the world's work where I could dedicate myself more completely than the one in which I am engaged now.

"Going off to war" for such a cause as America in this war is not an awful thing. It is not a cause of despair, but rather an occasion for thankfulness. It is one of the privileges which come to the average man but once in his life. It is a chance to find himself and realize his best self, as most of us have never had before, and may never have again. An American soldier's life in this emergency is not a cause to feel that hope has fled, but rather it is a challenge to the very best which he possesses.

Practically all of us are coming out of the war bigger and stronger than we ever could have been without the discipline and training which this crusade for democracy is giving to us.

I am so thankful that I have this opportunity. It is one of the greatest blessings that could have come to me. I surely do not count it a tragedy. If our country did not have such an altruistic motive in waging the war, it would be different. But as it is, the person who purposely stays out of this great Christian campaign is depriving himself of an opportunity which will leave his life marked forever.

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Because Germany began the war; because she began it to realize her own criminal lust for world dominion and not for her own protection or for any legitimate cause; because Germany hacked her way through unsuspecting Belgium and raped and sacked and plundered like fiends from hell; because Germany disregarded her own pledges

and promises in the conduct of the war by bombarding unfortified towns, resorting to pillage, using poison gases, dropping bombs on sleeping villages; because she flung aside international law and sent to the bottom of the sea the Lusitania and other ships filled with innocent men, women, and children; because Germany filled our land with spies and plotted for the destruction of our mines and factories and churches and homes and all that America holds dear, and tried to alienate us from other friendly nations; because Germany imperiled civilized standards by declaring that might makes right, and because she made the world unsafe for democracy as well as for every other institution, including the home, which we Americans hold sacred—because of these things it is necessary that she be humiliated.

I thank God that I have inherited from my parents the red blood, the six feet of stature, 180 pounds of weight, the attitude toward my brother man, the love of righteousness and the determination to do my part in prosecuting this present program until once again justice and safety and peace are enthroned in the world.

In the light of all this I know that you will not weep or regret or even worry because I have embarked for over there. I am glad that I can go, and you will be glad that I can be your representative. I am doing something better than I have ever done before. I am only doing my duty as a man is bound to do.

Whatever happens will be for the best. I am positive of this. God is in his heaven and rules the world still. Our life is in his hands and even submarines or German seventy-fives cannot thwart His purposes. His will shall be done, and we would not have it otherwise, would we? And even if we shall not come into physical contact again, let us not forget that the ultimate substance of our lives is, after all, not physical, but something far more permanent and eternal.

The thing in your life that has always called forth my love is not a something to be measured in avoir dupois and vice versa. But the real thing that constitutes life, the essence of our beings, the part that will cling to us after taps has sounded for the last time—is our unseen, intangible but neverthe-

less real spirit, and bayonets do not go that far.

So it really makes very little difference what happens to our physical selves. It is the soul of a man which we love and the soul is immortal and eternal. The Germans cannot get that because it belongs to God.

You will be good while I am gone, I hope. I guess you could scarcely be otherwise, could you? Take good care of one another and keep the home fires burning till I come home again.

With a greater love than I shall ever be able to express or show, I am your humble but loving son and brother,

RALPH E. DAVIS

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### Help Wanted

We need a strong healthy woman to help in the kitchen at Mount Ecclesia. For information write the Secretary.

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### Healing Meetings

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p.m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs is dynamic energy, which they infuse into every thing or enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 p. m., meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

# The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

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## HEALING MEETINGS

October 4—12—18—24—31

November 8—15—21—28

December 5—12—18—25

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Dear Esoteric Secretary:

While I would like to have the Helpers at Mt. Ecclesia and the Helpers in the unseen know my feelings of deep gratitude, yet in words I am unable to tell you. All have occasion at times to feel that noble quality of the soul—and you know—and I will not take your time. I have *waited* to tell you, that I might do so calmly and without other emotion than grateful, earnest gratitude that I am better! A pain in my partially paralyzed leg has been very menacing. I can scarcely realize it is disappearing. I feel the help—am quietly joyful, and know that God, the all-prevailing good, is everywhere awaiting recognition and quickly responding to the loving cry of the unselfish ones at Mt. Ecclesia and elsewhere, and the agonizing cry of the suffering.

I have written my dear ones that a hospital no longer confronts me—yet am willing to do their bidding. They will understand more and more and they do love me.

The lessons are priceless now that I am without my *Cosmo* and the *Rays*, but I will be, before snow flies, back in the West, and there is much for me to absorb and live up to in the literature of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, which I was obliged to leave behind.

With surprise and much pleasure, I have learned since returning to my old home here that you have an earnest Student who says she could *never* have lived through desperately harrowing experiences of the past two years, had it not been for the little work she has done with the teachings and the comfort the slight knowledge has afforded her. She has longed to write a personal letter and has hesitated. I told her that I would tell you a little, and her cry to you for treatment and encouragement would receive sure answer. She is a very gifted pianist—only 29 years of age—has three little children who

were stricken with infantile paralysis, one being left with a withered leg and the other passed on in her parent's home away from her where she was quarantined, also for black diphtheria. She was a beautiful soul—the face of a Madonna. Her husband is now ill and she is playing during the dinner hour at a club.

I thank you for the partial view of Mt. Ecclesia. It looks enticing. I am so glad to have the Lessons again regularly, and again gratefully I thank you for all. I miss the letters of our dear one, Dr. C. He felt a great gratitude for the Rosicrucian teachings. I have not felt so full of faith for many months.

In love and hope,

F. C.

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Mr. Max Heindel, Oceanside, Cal.

Dear Sir:

I failed to write you last week, so I will write you a few lines tonight. I am feeling very well now. My back does not bother me but very little now. But the lump in my groin has reduced to about one-half the size. Otherwise I feel very well.

Sincerely yours truly,

J. A. G.

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Montpelier, Bristol, England

Dear Mr. Heindel:

I received your letter of April 24th in reply to mine asking for healing in a case of hay asthma, and thank you very much for your interest and instructions. You certainly have my full faith in this work and in your Fellowship I place my trust; I shall neither consult my doctor nor take medicine for this complaint during the coming season. Your instructions I shall carry out as far as my circumstances will permit.

I have heard of some of the wonderful cures effected through your association, certainly modern miracles, and this gives me abundant confidence to place myself entirely in your hands.

Again thanking you, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

C. M. R.