

# Rays from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

\$1.50 a Year

15 Cents a Copy

THE AQUARIAN AGE  
MYSTICISM  
STOIC PHILOSOPHY  
ASTROLOGY OF THE BIBLE  
IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD  
STORIES OF THE UNSEEN

JANUARY  
1919



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

VOL 10

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA JANUARY, 1919

NO. 9

## General Contents

### The Mystic Light

A Department devoted to articles on Occultism, Mystic Masonry, Esoteric Christianity, and similar subjects.

### The Question Department

Designed to give further light upon the various subjects dealt with in the different departments, where queries from students and other subscribers make this necessary.

### The Astral Ray

Astrology from an original angle, Cosmic light on Life's Problems.

### Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

### Nutrition and Health

Our body is 'A Living Temple', we build it without sound of hammer, by our food. In this Department articles on diet teach how to build wisely and well.

### The Healing Department

The Rose Cross Healing Circle, its meetings and their results.

### Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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

# Mystic Light

JANUARY, 1919

## The Law

It is a Truth, old as the soul of things—  
Whatever ye sow, ye reap.  
'Tis the Cosmic Law that forever springs  
From the unimagined deep.  
'Tis shown in the manifold sorrowings  
Of the race; in remorse with its secret sting,  
That he who grief to his brother brings,  
In his turn shall some day weep.

To the man who hears his victim cry  
And hardens his heart at the sound,  
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise  
From out of the world profound.  
Who sows in selfishness and hate  
Shall gain his desserts in the years that wane,  
For slow and remorseless wheels of Fate  
Forever turn round and round.

If ye give of Mercy and Love and Light,  
The same shall return to you;  
For the standards of right are infinite  
And the scales of God are true.  
By its good or evil each life is weighed;  
In motives and deeds is its record made,  
When your wages at last fall due.

---

## The Case of C.

*A Picture from the Past*

By A. D. C.

This is written in the presence of God my judge. Every word is true according to my knowledge and belief. May it show to the many what spiritual Astrology has to offer in solution of the riddle of life, cause and effect, and rebirth. May it show to the few who can see, the methods of the Elder Brothers in using us as self-conscious channels for the benefit of humanity.

C. came to me for help. She stated that she was one of the most unhappy of people. Deploring the seeming injustices in her life, she questioned, to learn if the Western Wisdom School had a reasonable solution to her difficulties.

She said: "I am naturally of a loving nature; I long for love and peace and harmony in the home. Instead of that, I was born of parents who hated each other, who quarreled, separated, and came together again, while at times I was a sort of bone of contention, now living with one, now the other. My home life is very

unhappy with quarreling parents, and my mother, particularly, seems to leave no method untried to drive me insane. She is not well, and finds fault, and unkindly criticizes all I do or say, and all my friends, never missing an occasion for bickering about the most trivial affairs. Some time ago I attempted to help the maid to move the piano away from the wall for cleaning, as she refused to do it alone. I badly strained some ligaments in the sagittal region of the back. Since then I can do nothing without pain. Sometimes to simply open a door gives me the most excruciating stabbing pains in that region. I am in a constant state of semi-invalidism. No physicians seem to be able to heal those strained ligaments. I hoped to escape the unpleasant relations at home by a happy marriage; this too has been denied me. One man gained my entire love, then after a slight difference, during our engagement, he disappeared, and I have just received from him, the announcement of

his approaching wedding to another. He was wealthy and handsome, I love him dearly. My love seems to be thrown back upon me from all directions. Can you see any justice in these afflictions, or show me the cause?" she concluded.

My heart was wrung in compassion for her. I longed to comfort, but did not see just how.

Her horoscope was on the table before us. We had been studying it from the viewpoint of Astro-Therapy.

Suddenly I "felt like a god", the vibrations were so high and strong about me, and there in the air, seemingly beside her head, I beheld a vision of startling clearness, quivering, as a mirage or a moving picture. And more, I was at once thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances in the lives of persons leading up to this situation, portrayed in the vision.

The scene was set in a narrow, dirty street, in some ancient town. The street was in the poorest quarter. It was paved with cobbles that sloped from the house walls down to a ditch in the center. There were doorways, and larger openings in which sat vendors of various wares. It was early morning, and the poor farmers were bringing in the produce for the householders. They crowded the street, scurrying on from sale to sale. Suddenly, down this narrow way, driving with reckless speed, two magnificent white Arabian steeds, caparisoned in white and gold, came a Patrician youth. He was the picture of Apollo, the sun god. Soft curly hair clustered about a head of proud beauty. His body, clothed in short tunic of white and gold, was instinct with glad strong youthful activity, as he snapped the whip over the spirited horses. He stood in a small chariot of white ornamented with gold.

There were cries of fear from the crowds, as they scurried to safety or pressed themselves closely against the walls. Some less agile were knocked down, bruised, and their wares scattered. One old man, I noticed particularly, because he cursed the youth so maliciously, and prayed that he might yet see the proud one suffering, as he himself was now suffering from a former cruel recklessness of the charioteer. It seemed that the old man had been tossed aside and bruised by the chariot. His sagittal ligaments had been strained, so that his gardening was done in constant pain. Thus afflicted, he had to carry the produce to town and sell to keep body and soul together.

As I gazed upon the youth, I saw that this was his pleasure, daily to drive through the crowded narrow street of the poorer quarter, gleefully laughing, as the crowd scattered like rats to their holes, before his spirited steeds. Others might drive on the broad way of the charioteers, but for him this narrow way was more exciting.

He was born of fond parents who had financially wrecked themselves to pay for his follies. He had married a lady of high rank, and then had excluded his poor parents from the festivities in his palace, so that their love had turned to scorn. His wife was watching him with jealous eyes that had not missed an episode in his light amours. She had married him in a mad passion for his physical beauty, but a keen desire to make him suffer, as he made her suffer, was growing in her heart, embittering the cup of love.

("As ye sow, shall ye reap," even though the harvest time come not for a thousand years.")

All the facts concerning the life of the youth of the vision were at once apparent, just as all the facts of the life of one of our own children are apparent and cluster around the personality of the child as it enters the room.

I believe the spirit of the youth was the same spirit reborn in "C." I believe "C" is reaping the natural reactions of those incidents shown in the vision. I believe that the old man of the vision is the maid in "C"'s home. That spirit now has its prayer answered in a way that impresses it with the futility of prayers for vengeance. The desire for vengeance generally dies out long before the natural law works out the result of the bad desire let loose, and the fulfillment of the wrong comes when it is for our best good, chastening the spirit.

We can easily connect the present parents with the past. It is a lesson to us that if we foster bad principles in any human being in this life, we will at some time have to live under or associate with some one who has those principles developed. The parents are compelled to see the fruition of the nature of those principles of selfishness that they ignorantly fostered, in the past.

To me, the youth who jilted "C" in this life is the outraged wife of the past life, whose desire to make "him" suffer has its fulfillment now; a fulfillment that brings no happiness, as I am sure that if we could follow the life with the mate chosen, we would find there was little peace.

## In the Land of the Living Dead

PRENTISS TUCKER

*Continued from December*

Part II BACK TO EARTH

A sensation as of falling. Great swirling masses of darkness, felt, not seen. The impression of rushing through space with dizzy speed, alone, now head first, now feet foremost, utterly helpless to control the terrific plunge, yet with it all, not uncomfortable nor particularly uneasy, merely curious to know the result of this unguided and precipitate excursion. Dimly conscious of a lessening of the darkness and speed, a gradually increasing glow of twilight with no particular source and disclosing nothing in particular. Eons of time were passing. A final appearance of the sun seen dimly through clouds and fog and little by little a clearing of the vision. Ages passed and the clouds became lighter and more rosy. The final slow change of the sun into the glint of daylight on a swinging incandescent globe and the rosy clouds into a white ceiling and walls. Nothing more was visible. A shadow fell upon the wall and across the range of vision moved the head of a young goddess wearing the uniform cap of the Red Cross.

She looked a little like Marjorie...Who was Marjorie? He tried to remember. The name came to him easily, Marjorie—Marjorie—who was Marjorie?

Who was he, himself? Jim, Jimmie—who was Jimmie? Where did he come from? Familiar name! they called him Jimmie. They? Who? Who were ‘They?’ Marjorie called him Jimmie.

Who was that girl in the Red Cross cap who looked a little like Marjorie? She had stopped and was looking at him. No, she was not Marjorie. Marjorie was much prettier and Marjorie had a soft glow of light about her. Marjorie had seemed to be so much more *alive* than this girl and she glowed with light. This girl didn’t glow. Probably not her fault. Naturally few girls could glow like Marjorie—he smiled.

What was it that Marjorie had called it? Oh yes, an aura—aura.

The girl in the Red Cross cap was smiling at him now but she didn’t glow like Marjorie. Still, she had a sweet smile. She was a nice girl. He knew it. She

ought to glow. He would speak to her.

A Red Cross nurse, passing on her rounds among her patients, saw one who had lain unconscious for days, suffering from shell shock, without a wound but whom they had been unable to rouse, and as she glanced at him was surprised and pleased at seeing his eyes open and showing consciousness. He was watching her and his lips were moving feebly. She stepped to his side and bent her head until her ear was close to his lips. Then, only, she could faintly hear his words.

“You’re not glowing. Where’s your aura?”

The mystified nurse stroked his forehead gently as she straightened up, a great surge of pity for this poor human wreck of battle sweeping over her. His lips moved again and again, she bent to listen.

“Scuse me. My mistake. You’ve got it.”

“Go to sleep now, you’re very much better.”

She laid her hand on his head for a few moments and then, as his regular breathing showed that he had followed her direction, she moved away on her rounds. Later, in making her report to the head nurse, she remarked that Number 32 had regained consciousness but was apparently a little “off” as he had asked foolish questions about why she did not glow and where her aura was.

“What is an ‘aura’?” she asked the head nurse. “It seems to me that I’ve heard the word somewhere.”

“I don’t know, child. I don’t think there is any such thing. He’s just out of his head.”

Jimmie awoke from his sleep some hours later with his head fairly clear as to outward impressions but very confused as to other things.

He went back over his experiences with Sergeant Strew and the Elder Brother and Marjorie. They were vivid and distinct and he could remember almost every word, especially of Marjorie’s, but how did he come to be here and where was ‘here’? There were no hospitals in the ordinary meaning of the term over there, yet he was in a hospital. Also the nurse walked and did not glide and she had no aura, though he remembered dimly that, as she had bent over him when he first waked up and had

touched his forehead so soothingly she had seemed to glow—yes, he remembered that she had, all of a sudden, been enveloped in a cloud of faint purple. He had said something to her at that time but he could not remember now what it was. He didn't care particularly. It was enough just to lie here quietly and not to think at all—not more than he had to, anyhow. This place might or might not be Heaven, but it certainly was very comfortable.

The nurse again stopped at his side. He smiled up at her, too comfortable and entirely satisfied to do more than smile. But she was a competent young woman and did not approve of nurses smiling at patients or patients at nurses. She wanted to know how he felt and what his temperature was and insisted on shaking up his pillow and generally rousing him up in a gentle way. But he didn't care. Who could be annoyed by the attentions of a goddess? Now he would find out where he was, now that she was roused up enough to talk. He would go about it diplomatically so that she would not know what he was trying to find out. He spoke, and she was glad to hear his voice so much stronger.

"Why don't you glide?"

Poor fellow! His voice was stronger but evidently his mind was wandering. Still one can often accomplish a great deal by humoring such cases, so she answered:

"Why, don't you know that we're not allowed to dance in here and besides, no one glides now. The only dances we have are the waltz and two or three of the very latest, but the glide is out of date."

He looked at her, puzzled. Maybe it wasn't Heaven. Maybe it was—no—it couldn't be. Her face was too sweet and altogether wholesome for that.

"Tell me—say—" She bent down in sympathy at the sight of so strong a man lying so helpless and in expectation of some piteous revelation of shattered reason.

"Where'm I at?"

The revulsion of feeling was too much for her and she laughed outright. When she could stop laughing long enough to talk she answered his question.

"You're in the American Hospital in Paris, France, and it's certain you're ever so much better—that is, all except your grammar."

Again, in watching her, he saw that wave of color surround her like a glow of purple light and he

needed no words to tell him that though she might not glide nor know what an aura was, yet she was true sister to those compassionate ones who spend their time in helping others, even as the Master does. He knew, though he knew not how he knew, that such a glowing pulsing gentle radiance cannot be counterfeited by any art, skill, knowledge, or power, however great. Nothing can produce it but purity, kindness, love and service. So he was satisfied for the time, and lay back on his pillow and in a few seconds was asleep.

It was a whole day later before he woke again, this time in full possession of his senses and memory and when the nurse of the kindly face and the beautiful aura made her rounds she met a look of full recognition which told her at a glance that Jimmie's mind was entirely restored.

"Good morning," she said, smiling, "how's my shell-shocked patient this morning? Still suffering from dislocation of grammar?" Jimmie grinned, "What did I say to you yesterday?"

"Oh nothing much, You were naturally a little light headed and you said some queer thing. You asked me where my aura was and why I didn't glow. By the way, what is an aura? Is there such a thing, or did you just imagine the word?"

"I don't know that I can tell you just what an aura is. I've heard the word and I think I know what it means. I'll tell you about it."

Three days later Jimmy was allowed to go out for a walk. He felt practically well and very hungry but had to promise that if allowed to go out he would not buy anything to eat.

"I don't know whether I can trust you or not," the doctor had said, "It may be better for Miss Louise to go with you."

"I think very likely it would," said Jimmie thoughtfully. "I think it would be much better."

Miss Louise did not seem averse to a little walk when the doctor asked her if she would take her patient out for a stroll and in fact appeared rather proud of the tall young lieutenant in his newly cleaned and pressed uniform from which all traces of the trench mud had been removed in the hospital laundry.

"Which way shall we go?" she asked as they passed out of the hospital gate.

"Do you know where the Rue de la Ex is?"

"No, but we can ask."

They asked. He asked in the best trench French, and she asked with a charming little hesitation in her accent and a most bewitching interrogatory raise of her eyebrows, but neither of them could make anything of the answers they received. The replies were hidden in such a torrent of verbosity and gesticulation that they were left no wiser than before.

"I know what's the trouble," said Jimmie after the eighth or ninth native had left them in a maze of waving palms and shrugging shoulders.

"Oh, what is it? I'm so mortified about my French!"

"Why, it's all your fault."

"My fault?" her eyebrows went up in a distracting arch, "why?"

"Why, these natives take a look at you and get so excited they can't talk sense. I don't blame them either."

"Well! I like that! Am I as awful looking as that?"

"I didn't say you were awful looking. I said they looked at you and got excited."

"Well! That's just the same as saying I'm awful looking. Thank you, Mister Lieutenant James Westman for your kind opinion."

"Fishing!"

"What do you mean 'fishing'?"

Jimmie saw his mistake and was afraid. He had not realized how much her good opinion meant to him and now that it was in danger he was distinctly nervous.

"Why, you know, Miss Louise, just what I mean. If you don't I'm going to tell you. I mean just this—say! you won't get mad if I tell you?"

"Why I'm mad now—quite mad. You said I am so ugly that nobody can look at me without getting excited."

"No, I didn't either, and I'm going to tell you now whether you get mad or not. What I mean is that you are so pretty that when anyone looks at you he just naturally—just—"

"Just what?"

"Just naturally loses his head, that's what. That's just what I do every time I look at you. Now get mad, if you want to."

Silence.

"Are you mad?" More silence. "Are you?"

Her head was averted but as he bent to listen he thought he caught the words,

"Not very."

It was Jimmie's nature was to be carried away by his enthusiasm when he was greatly interested in a subject and he was carried away now.

"And I'll tell you more and you can get mad if you want to, just as mad as you like and I know I've no right to say it but I think it and I say you're the prettiest and the sweetest and the nicest and the dearest girl in—in—" before Jimmie's memory flashed the picture of that other girl—dancing, tripping, airy, gliding, glowing Marjorie, golden Marjorie, sweet-voiced gentle Marjorie, and hesitated in his speech. Was he true? he wondered. His conscience smote him a little. Was it right to make love to two girls? He faltered. "In France," he ended lamely.

Louise noted the falter in his voice. She did not know whether she was in love with this man or not and she had not tried to analyze her feelings, but she had thought she was going to hear a proposal, a thing always dear to a girl, and she was disappointed. This falter in the voice was too much of an anticlimax in his somewhat fiery speech and while she did not understand, yet she was at a loss how to explain in any other than the orthodox way: Clearly he had a sweetheart at home. Gently she disengaged herself from his grasp and slowly turned towards him.

"I—I—think I'd better go now, Mr. Westman." There was just the faintest trace of a catch in her voice.

"Louise! Oh Louise! Don't think that of me. I know what you are thinking but it's all a mistake, dear. Won't you listen to me?"

She hesitated, provoked that he had tried to make love to her when he had a sweetheart in America, yet unwilling, too, to break with him entirely until she was sure that there was no misunderstanding.

"Well Mr. Westman, what do you want to say?"

"I say you're the sweetest girl in the world!"

"In France, you mean?"

"No, in the whole wide world."

"Are you sure? Don't you mean in France?"

"Yes! I'm sure, and I mean anywhere!"

"How about the girl back home?"

"There isn't any!"

She looked at him meditatively at first, then with a little touch of contempt in her glance. He saw it and began to realize that his situation was desperate.

Like a flash of light the realization came upon him that he loved this girl and must not lose her. He must not.

"Then why did you stammer so just now?"

"I'll tell you and you'll understand everything". Please listen to me, won't you?"

"I'm listening now but I'm not hearing very much."

"Well, I can explain all about it as we walk back."

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Westman, I'm not sure that I care to waste time over things that have to be 'explained.' I think you are strong enough to take care of yourself now and I have an errand I want to do anyhow, I'll leave you here and hurry along."

She left him, in spite of his protests, and turned down a side street while Jimmie, loitering on the corner, watched her in the hope that she might relent and turn or look back. But he watched in vain.

Sadly he turned away toward the hospital.

There was nowhere else for him to go. He did not care to visit a club or Y. M. C. A. for he was too sore and hurt to mix in a crowd of soldiers. He wanted only to be alone and to think up something to say to her that would change her mind. Suddenly the Elder Brother's words recurred to him:

"Your introduction to spiritual things has come in an unusual way, but it is not a gift for you have earned it, and it will be your duty to work *ten times harder* from now on."

He saw now, that he had wholly forgotten his promise and the great work, whatever that might be, that was contained in that magic word "duty." He had somehow carelessly come to look upon his wonderful experiences as upon a dream. He had started out to find the address given by the Elder Brother and had calmly let everything go, in order to make love to a girl! Oh, but such a pretty girl! Thus he justified himself. This was undoubtedly a tangle. He was in love with two girls, both beautiful and sweet and altogether lovely, but one on earth and one in—in—well, say in Paradise. He could marry only one. Would that offend the other? Would Louise believe him when he told her of his other love and would she be jealous or not? He thought, or at least he hoped, that she cared for him, but such a story as his would be hard for her to believe.

Oh! the thought just struck him. The Elder Brother could straighten out this tangle, providing

there really were such a man. He did not know, himself, whether to believe his memory or not, and if *he* had any doubts, how could he expect Louise to believe? Was there an Elder Brother, or was his great adventure but another cloud of the stuff that dreams are made of? Stupid! There was proof—sure proof—if he could only find it—proof that would convince even Louise, no matter how skeptical she might be. Hurrah! He would put his dream to the test and proof, which the Elder Brother himself had suggested, and in doing so he would prove it to himself and to Louise at the same time.

Some French children playing in the street were astonished to a Lieutenant of "Les Amis" strolling slowly along the pavement break suddenly into a run as if his very life depended upon his speed.

Louise had not yet returned to the hospital when Jimmie forced himself to saunter leisurely in at the gate, but he determined to let no grass grow under his feet and sat down in an easy chair to wait for her.

Louise came in feeling repentant over her exhibition of temper. After all, Jimmie was suffering from shell-shock and such patients are not always fully responsible for their actions. Her vigorous walk by herself had done her good and the brisk circulation which it had induced had made her more charitable by sweeping some of the cobwebs from her brain, and also it had, though of course she was unaware of the fact, brought the roses to her cheeks.

Jimmie sprang from his chair as she entered, or at least he would have sprung if he could, but as it was he got up as quickly as possible and came to meet her, and whether or not there are such things as auras and whether or not Louise would have recognized one if she saw it, the fact remains that before Jimmie could speak a word she knew that every atom of his being was vibrant with apology and inquiry, reminding her of nothing so much as a big, playful, loveable puppy in an agony of endeavor to please. She could not refuse to speak to him for a few minutes? No, of course she would hear what he had to say, though he must hurry for she went on duty in half an hour.

And so Jimmie, who had made up his mind that the only way was to tell her exactly how matters stood, walked her out into the little garden where a recreation ground had been made for the convalescent patients, and there poured into her ears the story of his adventures from the time he found him-



self walking along the meadow until he finally awoke in the hospital. She listened with interest, especially when he spoke of Marjorie.

"And so you see," he explained "how very important it is that I should find that address, because if there is such a street and such a number and if there is a man named "Campion" living there, then it will prove the truth of all that I have told you and he will be able to help me out and convince you that the story is true."

"There is no need of that, Mr Westman, because whether or not the things you have told me really happened does not affect your truthfulness at all. I believe every word you have said and I think it wonderful. How I should like to see some of those beautiful colors you speak of. And Marjorie, too; she must be a dear!"

Jimmie's heart throbbed violently at the joyful revelation that she accepted his story as true and consequently forgave him for his loyalty to Marjorie. It was evident that Louise did not believe in the actual truth of his account, but so intense and earnest had been his manner in narrating his experience that, though she considered the whole story the figment of a brain suffering from shell shock, she was firmly convinced that he believed it and that was all she really cared about, for it explained his hesitation and accounted for his loving another girl as well as herself, a thing which she could in no wise have forgiven except for the fact that the other girl was merely a creature of the imagination and had no existence in reality.

"Louise, say, Louise!"

"Well?"

"Gee! I'm glad we've had this talk. You know I've been afraid you were mad with me."

"So I was. I thought you were trying to flirt with me while all the time you had a sweetheart back home."

"I don't blame you. But now you know all about it you've forgiven me, haven't you?"

"Why, Mr, Westman, how absurd! There was nothing to forgive."

"But I believe when you thought I had a sweetheart at home you cared a little bit or else you wouldn't have got mad. Say! Louise!" he dwelt on the word, pronouncing it slowly as though it tasted good. "Louise—"

"Well?"

Don't you think, maybe, after a while, after you know me a little better—"

"Well?"

"Don't you think—maybe—perhaps—you might come to care a little more?"

Silence. He took her hand as she turned her face away.

"Couldn't you?"

"Maybe—"

The next day Jimmie sought and obtained permission for another walk and for Louise to accompany him, which he assured the doctor was a necessity on account of the dizzy spells which might seize him at any time. The doctor demurred at first and kindly offered to send an orderly with him, or another convalescent soldier who would not be subject to "spells," but Jimmie's consternation was so evident that being very human and a kindly enough man, the doctor gave the necessary permission and then disgusted Jimmie by showing a quite superfluous anxiety in the matter on account of an alleged fear that the "spells" might be the result of heart disease.

Louise and Jimmie had studied the map of Paris in the meantime and had found that there actually was a Rue de la Ex, but this proved nothing, for Jimmie might have heard the name somewhere and the subjective mind, with its wonderful memory, might have brought that particular name out of all the rubbish with which it was loaded and presented it to his shell-shocked imagination.

Jimmie knew, or thought he knew, a great deal about the subjective mind and carefully explained the matter to Louise as they walked along, but it is a question as to whether his somewhat technical language enlightened her to any great extent, and even if it did, it must be confessed that her interest in the enlightened her to any great extent, and even if it did it must be confessed that her interest in the mysteries of the subjective mind was not particularly intense .

Before a certain house in the Rue de la Ex they halted. The house was there, but that proved nothing. The front door was in an arched passageway which led to an inner courtyard. They rang the bell. A rattling of the door announced that someone inside was in the act of opening it. The next few moments would decide the matter.

*To be continued in the February issue*

## The Lion

*A Scene from a Past Life*

In a place paved with stone, with walls and arched roof of stone, some twenty or thirty persons were crowded together. There was an iron gate across an opening, and beyond it the sunshine blazed upon the sand of the arena. Where the sand ended a portion of stone wall, pierced by low openings and lying in deep shadow, was visible.

I stood with the others, but nearest to the bars, looking out into the arena, and idly talking with a young soldier.

We were all Romans who had been collected haphazard from the prisons to be thrown to the lions, for they needed food. The prisoners were of both sexes and various conditions—good and bad, rich and poor.

Behind me a young woman had thrown herself face downward on the ground and was sobbing; but for the most part we were a silent and stoical company. This was the established order of things, and did not arouse any feeling of outraged justice.

The young man and I were plainly of the educated class—though he was a soldier and I was a courtesan—and I noticed the well-bred quality of our voices. I was saying that being mauled by a hungry and probably mangy lion would not be a pleasant experience, to which he assented with a shrug.

He appeared to be thinking deeply, and I studied with some interest his rather stern face, small head, and athletic figure. Presently he said:

“of course I cannot help you much when we get out there, but if you will stand close beside me and bury your face against me, I will hold you in my arms and may get the first onslaught. At least you will be spared seeing the beggar come on.”

Kindly meant as it was, the proposal did not please me. To meet death with averted eyes offended all my instincts. An interruption spared me the necessity of replying. There was a sound of clashing weapons, the gate in front was withdrawn, the prisoners behind us were thrust roughly forward, and we found ourselves in the arena, the gate closed again behind our backs.

The glaring light, the smell, the heat, was overpowering.

I saw nothing of the spectators that I knew must

surround us, but only vague, lean shapes leaping and creeping in the alternating light and shade of the circus. I heard snarling, and one piercing shriek. Then I felt protecting arms round me, and hid my face submissively.

Almost instantly I was flung to the ground by a violent shock, and was aware that a large lion had felled my soldier, crushing in his head with a mighty paw.

I sat on the ground where I had fallen.

The soldier was certainly dead, and the wild beast was already tearing and wrenching as he stood between me and the body. With every movement the big muscles rippled along the lion's back and flanks under the tawny hide. I could see his tossing mane, but not his head. As I leaned there on my hands, I seemed to see some portion of myself. Hanging forward over one shoulder was a thick tress of hair, of reddish-yellow color, and so solidly and thickly wavy as to be almost ugly. I was scantily clothed in a single garment of white wool or linen, much torn and not very clean.

My hands pressed down on the sand, and reddened by the position, were small and delicate, and the slender arms were of an extreme whiteness, having a slightly greenish tinge.

Calmly observant, I studied the lion.

A strange emotion of sympathy and kinship with the animal was stealing over me. For the dead soldier I felt nothing, He was dead and of no further interest. But the lion—splendid vital creature of the jungle and desert, caught and caged, enjoying now a brief moment of liberty—the lion touched a chord of deep understanding.

Cautiously drawing a little nearer to him, I laid one hand on his heaving back. With a snarl he swung his head round and looked at me, his eyes glaring, furry ears pressed back. For an instant we held each other's gaze, then he turned away and went on feeding.

“As he is nothing but a big cat,” I thought, “he may like having his back stroked,” so I crept yet nearer and gently rubbed and patted him.

This time he only snarled without turning, continuing to feed; and I thought he lifted his back a little

under my touch, as cats will, asking for more. I was now entirely absorbed in the lion, and in my desire to show him my friendship. A feeling of isolation grew upon me, and I seemed to be shut away from the sounds and sights of that blood-soaked place. Nothing existed for me except the burning sunshine and the beast, and I watched and stroked him, sinking my nails into his coat, while he satisfied his hunger.

Presently raising his head, licking his terrible jaws, he turned toward me. Now his great mask face me as I sat. Straight into mine his eyes glared, and I held them without any feeling of fear, and saw the flame of animosity slowly die out of them.

Dropping his head, and with a sort of lumbering carefulness, the lion came close to me and pressed his great front against my shoulder. I laid one arm across his neck, and pulled and kneaded his mane.

After rubbing and butting against me, nearly knocking me over, he flung himself down beside me, and proceeded to lick his paws, occasionally pushing me with his muzzle to signify that he was content with my presence, and also, perhaps, to make me understand that I was by no means free to go at my own pleasure. We two seemed to be alone on an oasis of peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beneath a canopy supported by white and gold post Nero sat. Lounging back, he twirled round his finger a jewel hanging from a silken cord that gleamed in a varying circle as the cord wound and unwound. Slightly behind him a very handsome man, evidently a courtier, leant on one elbow and whispered a long story into the Emperor's ear. Nero's amused expression showed that his attention did not wander from the narrative; and, as the courtier spoke, his own glance moved, hardly seeing, over the rapidly moving drama of death and fear that was being enacted on the blood-soaked sands below. Today's spectacle was like that of so many previous days. And yet—the courtier's gaze was suddenly arrested by something unusual happening in the arena. The thread of his story broke, he started in surprise.

"By the Gods? That is—that can only be—Ignatia? There are not two women in Rome with hair like that, which looks so fatally like a wig, yet is not. How came she here?" Summoned thus abruptly, Nero leaned forward on the stone

balustrade and looked where the pointing finger indicated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Patiently I stroked the lion until he rolled over on his back, wriggling in the sand, paws in air, cruel teeth sheathed, a picture of lazy ease. Suddenly, with lightning spring, as though the point of a spear had touched him, he was on his feet, standing tense, apparently startled by something I had not noticed, listening, every sense alert. My hand lay upon his mane, and I instinctively grasped a lock of it. With a movement that I cannot explain, as it was too quick to understand, the lion had tossed me upon his back and was carrying me as he ran in great bounds. I was breathless, half-frightened, half-exhilarated by the springy jolts and held fast.

The air, hot as the blast from a furnace, rushed over me. "In this way," I reflected, "do these creatures carry their dead prey home to the lair." My weight seemed nothing to him.

Across the blazing sand we swept, and through a low opening into darkness.

The lion dropped me roughly on stones, and flung himself down beside me, panting. I had almost lost consciousness, but here it was cool and shadowy, and I began to revive. The uneven pavement under me hurt my body, clothed now only in fragments of cloth. Overhead was a low roof of stone; stone walls surrounded me. I was in one of those cubicles where the wild beasts were kept.

From where I lay I could see the opening by which we had entered; opposite that was a barred door giving the keepers access to the place. The cubicle was clean, but had the evil smell of carnivorous animals in captivity.

Confused sounds reached my ears from the arena; faint shouts and muffled roars, shouts and applause; like wind in rushes at a river's edge and having little more significance to me.

The noisy panting of the lion lessened.

He yawned, turned over, and became absorbed in licking his paws, and the long hair under his throat.

He was certainly a magnificent specimen of his kind, a creature of royal attitudes and lithe movements.

Even his toilet he performed with a sort of noble dignity. Having brought this to an end, he heaved himself lazily erect and stood regarding me.

Throughout the whole episode, I had been unconscious of physical fear of him, although I was well

aware that at any instant I might be killed by a blow from that enormous forepaw. Perhaps I was too tired to feel fear. Possibly I faintly enjoyed the thrill of toying with the death I knew presently awaited me—the swift and merciful death I was beginning to long for.

Once more the lion and I gazed calmly into each other's eyes. Then he came very close, sniffed my face and hair and rubbed his head against me, plainly trying to be gentle and ingratiating.

I pulled his velvet ears, and he almost purred, his head sinking ever lower, until with a sigh he lay down once more, this time with his head in my lap. I might have enjoyed it, but for my increasing fatigue, and for the odor of the place. Slowly I stroked him, giving him the caresses he invited, and felt the weight of his head relax upon me, almost crushing my knee. I thought he was about to go to sleep. In this, however, I was mistaken, for suddenly and without warning, he sprang to his feet, and flinging me flat on the ground with a push of his shoulder, began to shove me about with his muzzle. The roughness, the blast from his nostrils, were almost unendurable. This way and that he rolled me upon the uneven stones, tapping me with powerful velvety pads, until I was so bruised and aching that I could hardly keep myself from screaming with the pain. I was growing weak and faint, and my only definite thought was "A mouse caught by a rat must feel as I do now." But in this play of the lion there was a difference. He did not wish to harm me; rather he loved me and was showing his affection in this terrible manner.

I must have fainted then, for I was next aware of a sound at the keeper's door and that the lion was standing above me and growling. His four giant legs seemed to grip the pavement like rods of iron riveted to it. The door beyond the bars was cautiously opened, and from where I lay I could see soldiers and the gleam of armor trying to line up in the restricted space of the corridor. The captain, a blond and sunburnt man, whose red nose was peeling, called out—

"Hey, you there, come out. The Emperor wants you. He says you are too good for the lions."

Slowly I raised myself, grasping one of the forelegs of the lion; dragged myself round in front of him who stood like a statue of bronze; leaned back against him.

"Who wants me?" I inquired.

"Nero, the Emperor."

"The Emperor—your Emperor? Tell him that I prefer the lion."

Strange, how plainly I can see myself at that moment.

I looked the man straight in the eyes, insolently.

Raising one arm above my head, I buried my hand in the lion's mane and rested against him, smiling.

There was confused movement among the armed men observing me. Then the captain said—"I suppose you know what you are saying?"

"It is my habit to weigh my words," I replied.-

"Well then, we must kill the lion, take you to Nero—and not deliver your message."

"First you must kill the lion," I reminded him, smiling eyes half closed.

And now the bronze statue came to life. Through the lion I felt a tremor run and heard the lashing of his tail. He sensed danger.

Like a clap of thunder, a coughing roar rent the air. It struck that narrow place of stone and seemed to crack the walls and fall back upon us in a rattling avalanche of sound.

In that mighty challenge I heard the defiance of a free-born creature, the defense of its own, the nostalgia for wide spaces, the indifference to odds, and yet the uneasiness of the savage faced with some unsuspected trick of civilization. Again and again it pealed forth. The vibrations were like blows and I felt the remnant of strength leaving me.

At the first impact of sound, the soldiers had recoiled, but now one pushed forward armed with a long spear tipped with iron. I saw that they were going to kill my lion from a safe distance, and I think he saw it too. With a tremendous bound, he hurled himself against the bars, and before that onslaught the men fell back.

The lion wrenched and tore at the bars with teeth and claws, struck through them at the soldiers, seized the pike and broke it in his jaws.

Another spear was brought, and they drove it into his breast. As I saw the royal fighter beaten down I could bear it no longer, and sprang to his aid, throwing myself in front of him.

Something cold pierced my back.

No doubt they killed me then, for I remember nothing more.

K.L.P. in *The Occult Review*

## Fijian Witchcraft

By LOLOMA

Those who have lived their lives in peaceful English towns can have no idea of the strange atmosphere which broods over Papua, the Fijis, and other South Sea Islands. Experiences of the supernatural may and do frequently happen in English towns and villages, but to a sensitive person the very air in Fiji is filled with a strange and indefinable something—a something which gives the impression that here the unseen world is nearer, and that certain powers—certainly not powers of good—are abroad.

I have had friends who lived in Papua, and all of them agreed that there was more in the witchcraft which the natives there practice than the average person was willing to believe. But of Fiji I can speak with more certainty, for my brother lived there for nine years, and until the war came, and with it the end of so many women's hopes, it was my intention to make my home in that garden of the South Seas.

My brother is not a believer in the supernatural. Only on rare occasions can he be induced to speak of those things which he has seen for himself and for which he has no reasonable explanation to offer. He has the Briton's dislike for "tall stories," and he keeps silence rather than permit the average man whom he meets to dub him one of the Munchausen type of travelers. But to me, sometimes, he will speak of Fiji and the natives, for whom he has a genuine affection and admiration; and more rarely he will tell of strange and weird happenings.

He has told me of a brilliant, sunny day, when the blue sky was reflected in the bluer sea below, when a little schooner lay tossing at anchor near a coral reef. Two white men, wearied with the monotony of the schooner's decks, the everlasting smell of coconut oil, and the endless warfare against the giant cockroaches which infest all vessels engaged in carrying coconut and coir, had rowed across to the reef. On the far side they found a small group of Fijians, gathered behind an old, old native, who crooned in a quavering voice a strange haunting tune. He sat at the edge of the water and his weird song mingled with the lap-lapping of the waves against the coral. At a little distance, motionless in the water, were seven huge sharks. For some time he sang, the sharks apparently remaining attentive listen-

ers. The he finished his song on a long wailing note, and arose. Instantly the monsters swirled through the water and disappeared. Politely, as is their custom, the Fijians bade farewell to the white men, and departed in their fishing canoe. Whether the rite had been for the obtaining of good luck in the fishing, whether it was purely religious rite—some form of ancestor worship—those white men never knew. But they will never forget the eerie feeling which possessed them as those man-eating sharks lay apparently charmed by the thin notes of an old man's voice.

This is another tale of Fiji, but it is not a pretty story. In an inland village there lived a white man—one of those derelicts who drift to the South Seas to hide from all those who once knew them. This man was a University man, and had been a doctor. One day, maddened with drink, he shamefully ill-treated the little Samoan girl with whom he lived. My brother noticed that his natives seemed restless and excited and inquired what was wrong. He was told that early that morning the white man had beaten S\_\_\_, his native wife. My brother lived three days journey from the erstwhile doctor, but he knew enough of the strange system of bush telegraphy which exists in Fiji to make no comment on the rapidity with which the news had reached his people.

Late in the afternoon my brother's natives betook themselves to the bush. He heard afterwards that with many rites and chanting of strange songs they buried some threads of the white man's clothing in a split bamboo stick. It was perhaps a week afterwards that my brother learned that the woman-beater had been seized with paralysis at the day and the hour when unseen guardians were called upon to avenge the Samoan girl. That bamboo stick was dug up and turned around and reburied more than once, and on each occasion that it was touched, another stroke of paralysis stole the use from limb and tongue. The unfortunate man lingered for a few weeks speechless and helpless, until a final ceremony took place in the mysterious bush and the tortured spirit left the broken body.

It is a beautiful place, is Fiji, but there is something evil, something mysterious and terrifying, hidden beneath the smiling playful exterior.—*Occult Review*

# Mysticism

AGNES COOK

**T**o the uninitiated, the word “Mystic” conjures up the vision of a person who spends his life in a semi-dreamy state, evoking thoughts and imaginations which have little in common with an orderly, wholesome life. Yet, curiously enough, on the roll of names are those of men and women of affairs, capable organizers—many of great executive ability. In short, the mystic has been, and is, the greatest power we have in the world today.

There is no room for idleness in the mystic life, for even the hours of seeming contemplation and absorption veil divine activities and companionships, which, though they correlate in a marvelous way those of physical life, yet are transcendent in their scope. And we must posit also that everyone, whether he will or no, has a part in the unseen life, for the seed of the spirit lies within each individual, and the Path which leads to a knowledge of the soul is the same road by which we find God and the Kingdom within; thus we all possess the silver thread which is the clue to that world of beauty.

And here we must also premise that mysticism has little in common with psychism in its manifold present-day forms. For the visions and experiences of the psychic, if unaccompanied by purity and spirituality, may be false fires,, luring to destruction the premature floescence of an unevolved soul, whose roots are bedded in shifting sand—yet, when guarded by a clean heart and a fearless outlook and accompanied by the earnest desire to love and serve humanity, these same powers are a heavenly ladder upon which the angels of aspiration and inspiration ascend and descend.

To the avowed skeptic, one can give no proof of these subtle experiences, for the things of the spirit can only be sensed by the spirit, and only a mystic can comprehend the mystic life. Herein probably lies the part of skepticism in God’s

economy; for the materialist by his unbelief acts unconsciously as a porter who guards the door of the Temple from those who would profane its precincts, and his own attitude may be his safeguarding from a premature vision and a too hasty evolution of the psychic side of his personality.

It has been said that mysticism takes four forms—Practical, Devotional, Symbolical and Natural.

The *Practical Mystics* are best exemplified in the life of Saint Teresa of Avila, who was eminently a woman of affairs, whose hours of absorption in Divine mysteries fortified and vitalized her schemes of reformation, what she received with spiritual ear and eye being promptly translated into useful labor by her generation. This type is all too rare, but we may look for many such in the future, particularly among Western nations, as our naturally practical outlook becomes spiritualized by wisdom, and we understand more of the life of the spirit and its compelling power.

*Devotional Mysticism* finds expression in the writings of Thomas à Kempis, Jacob Boehme, William Law, and Madame Guyon, to name but a few whose nearness to God has given a series of works to the world which are a source of continual inspiration to lesser lights who also seek the Path of Holiness.

Emmanuel Swedenborg, with his wonderful doctrine of correspondence between the two worlds of Spirit and Matter, Thomas Lake Harris, with his counterpartal theory expressed in majestic poetry, are two typical exponents of *Symbolical Mysticism*.

To these we must add the Churches, especially those of the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions, with rites and sacraments, each having her special ladder of communication with the divine.

Symbolism is one of the most usual forms of mysticism, but there are many pitfalls therein, as

to describe what happens in higher states of consciousness by physical acts is to confine the experience to the symbol and sometimes to lose its significance and efficacy.

*Nature Mysticism.* Many hail Saint Francis of Assisi as Apostle and leader, and in this expression of religious experience lies no danger, for its very essence is Love. Love to all things, and in every insect, bird, tree and flower the Nature Mystic sees part of the Divine life, and the Brotherhood to which he belongs includes every sentient thing. The wonderful side of Nature Mysticism is the response it evokes from our brothers of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. How gratefully they receive his spontaneous outflow of good will. Witness the birds gathered round the good Saint as he includes them in his simple service of praise to a common Father.

There is a very wholesome trend in this direction in present-day literature. The different Nature-books issued, presumably for children, but giving equal delight to older persons. Such works as Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, Blackwood's *Education of Uncle Paul*, and Barrie's *Peter Pan* do more to show the fragrance of this path of joy on the Mystic Quest than reams of theology, because they are couched in what one cannot but believe are terms of personal experience, and for these are we very grateful.

Some may fear a return to Pantheism, which has been such a bog of hindrance to many seekers after truth. But Pantheism can never stand in the way of those who feel the stirring of Divine Life under the green robe of Nature, and who see in her "One Spirit in myriad Manifestations"; to whom the nightwind sings a real love-song, who can hear the voice of the Father speaking in whispers in the hush of dawn, and again in the twilight, as a chorus of twittering birds heralds the rest-hour; who look in the heart of a rose and find under its crimson canopy a love message from his Friend and Maker, with whom he walks in the cool of the day, up and down the Garden of the Soul, made fragrant for the Heavenly Guest by pure and lovely imaginings.

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,  
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in.  
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone.  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:  
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no  
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay my son,  
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with  
thee,

Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise.  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring words.  
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No.'  
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst.  
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night.  
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud.  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls.  
She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
She finds the fountain where they wail'd  
'Mirage'!

...lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou  
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—  
beyond

A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,  
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see  
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day  
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

—Tennyson, *The Ancient Sage*

---

#### CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

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

## The Lady in Grey

She is very, very old, and yet as young as the dawn, and always dresses in grey. Everybody knows her and nobody likes her! She calls on each and all, but no one has ever yet given her welcome.

Every little child, every man and woman in the wide world is on her visiting list, and the strange thing is that, thought unloved, uninvited, feared, and often hated, she is perfectly at home in all the rooms of all the houses.

I first made her acquaintance when a tiny child, and have grown to know her intimately since then, and I have made many discoveries in her favor.

Some people learn to understand her better than others, and those who do are invariably among the best and most esteemed characters, and speak gently, often tenderly about her.

Others persistently ignore and despise her, and thereby lose much that would be great gain: for this lady's hands are full of gifts, curious in size and shape, but containing what wise folks seek after.

As I was so young when this friend first came to me, I saw no higher than her grey skirt and turned weeping in dismay from the cold stranger. But closer scrutiny has since revealed a gleam of rose under the grey robe—a hint that “Things are not always what they seem,” and that the unwelcome guest is fairer than at first sight appears.

Now and then she has drawn aside her veil and allowed me a fleeting glimpse of her face.

Will you believe me if I describe her? Such sweet grey eyes—grey like her gown, and full of love and pity; grey hair, too, and soft and abundant; a fair skin and a mouth as red as her under robe.

Not a face to fly from! But few know this, for the veil is never raised, save to those who treat her with respect, remembering that such visits are only of necessity and not from petty captiousness.

She frequently makes her way into palace and Parliament, and nothing of importance ever takes place without her presence.

Soldiers and statesmen are among her closest friends, and those who take counsel at her lips, learning the lessons she is qualified to teach, rank ever among earth's bravest and best.

Poets, artists, and aspirants after the highest possible good have reached success solely through heeding her voice.

In the homes of the poor she is better received than anywhere else. They call her “never mind,” and generally say it softly, with a sigh, and then she smiles and scatters gifts.

But the fashionable folks can't bear this lady, and rudely dub her “Hard Luck,” whereat she frowns and turns away, leaving only an ache behind.

One day the veil will fall from her face for ever, and the grey of her robe will flush into the exquisite rose of perfect and beautiful desire fulfilled.

Have you guessed her name? It is Dame Disappointment.—S. A. Women in Council

---

As one who gathers on the ocean shore  
Day after day the treasures of the sea,  
Conch shell and coral and the abalone  
And many-tinted sea-anemone,

So we, upon the shore of life may glean  
Our treasures, also, from the mystic Sea,  
The Ocean of Experience which yields  
The fadeless riches of Eternity.

—Prentiss Tucker

---

### RESOLVED THAT

The law of compensation shows us again each day that everything has its price. Yes and Mother Nature is the cashier and she demands full payment, and Mother Nature who is so relentless in her demands for payment will *pay* you an hundred fold for your *do*. If you will plant a grain of corn Nature will give three ears for your work. In Nature's justice there are no holes to sneak out through. Your lawyer can't get a stay—you are paid with a cold and relentless precision and charged the same way. Your cries for mercy are unheeded. You disobey the law and get yours. Ah yes, mother Nature is kind while she seems indifferent, for when you take your hand out of the fire she heals up the burn. When we repent she lets us forgive ourselves. We only sin against ourselves. It doesn't injure *God* nor *Nature*.—“Buster Brown”



## Causerie

THERE are many proverbs which are inflicted upon our unwilling ears when in the throes of a disappointment, which only aggravate us to the point of frenzy and convey no real comfort, especially when delivered by a well-meaning friend.

Of such an order are the vulgar expressions, "Grin and bear it," "What can't be cured must be endured," "It is no use to cry over spilt milk." But I venture to think, nay I know it, that there is something going on underneath the shattering processes of blighted hopes and ruined castles in the air, to which a clue of hope may be found. This silver thread, however, is not perceived by the Stoics but by those more eager souls who are wise enough to realize that the evolving spirit seeks to build for itself more and more enchanting dwellings, and that to do this there is a ceaseless process of breaking down and rearrangement going on in which seeming disappointments play a beneficent part.

In that charming story, "A Weaver of Dreams," the writer shows how futile it is to clutch with eager hands at joys which are already passing us by. They are not for us, and our energies are better expended in going forward to meet those which are our legitimate property. I suppose the two centers round which the fires of disappointment most fiercely rage are the twin passions of love and ambition, and well it is for us that these are never fully satisfied, even in the hour of apparent accomplishment. Were it so, were love at its deepest depths and loftiest heights to secure satiety and ambition be gratified to the utmost horizon of power, this world would indeed be an evil dwelling place, peopled by devils.

Individually we should be in the condition of pampered lap dogs with all the diseases incident to overfeeding. Better far the life of the veriest mongrel kicked from pillar to post. He at least sees life and has his moments of intense joy.

Another point of view in the face of grievous disappointment is the fact that when we are able to look back calmly on our bitterest hours, we survey them as a possession, as experiences which seem to round out the orb of life, which we would be sorry to have missed.

Of course I realize that this is the peculiar privilege of middle and advanced age, To the child and very young person with each disappointment the world lies in ruins about them and they cannot see beyond the blank walls of the evil day which closes in. A disappointed child needs all our sympathy, but to older persons, past sufferings may be viewed as so many gateways to fuller experience.

The books we read, the open windows of art, operas which we hear, so recently enjoyed, are feasts all the more filly entered into in the light of personal experiences, good or evil.

Even a simple love tale has no charms to one who has not experienced the throes of the divine passion, and our disappointments may become wings on which we rise to the level of the artist or poet, as he reconstructs past scenes in vivid imagery.

Let us therefore grasp our nettles and no longer sit amid the ruins of ancient hopes and aspiration, but go forward calmly to meet those which are already advancing towards us and which in some other life, if not this, will surely be realized, for the powers of thought are regal indeed, and no ardent desire sent into the Empyrean but finds a goal, and in the joy of an advancing ideal lesser ambitions will lose their savor. —*Exchange*

### True Stories of the Unseen

An Arizona miner relates the following experience:

"At the time I was at a mine called 'Rosales,' about twenty miles east of Carbo, Sonora, Mexico. I had with me my assistant and two other Americans. A Mexican family occupied the building where we made our headquarters, The corral, or inclosure for the horses of the party was about fifty yards from the house, and was fenced with posts and brushwood, with one entrance. There were no other houses within two hundred yards.

"We had been quite busy examining ore samples in the house and finally, late in the afternoon, to get a breath of fresh air and rest a little, I went to the outside door and leaned up against the door frame lazily, thinking of nothing in particular. The rest of our party were inside busy with assay samples.

None of the Mexicans was in sight.

A voice, more to my inner hearing than outward, but to me perfectly audible, said: 'Go to the corral!' Now, if there is anything I am not likely to do on a trip, it is to have anything to do with the care of the horses or the corral.

I looked toward the corral, saw nothing out of the way, and answered the voice, perhaps not audibly, 'What should I go to the corral for?' and kept my position. In a few seconds it came again, 'Go to the corral!' peremptorily. I went. I stepped quickly inside the corral (first time I had been there). The ground was covered with several inches of dry grass and hay, old fodder, etc., which, near one side, was on fire. I gave the alarm and by quick work we saved the corral and the horses.

Before I got inside the corral I had neither seen nor smelt smoke and had not the slightest idea of anything wrong. None of our party or the Mexicans knew anything of what was going on till I gave the alarm."

---

Were there no sleep to the end the day of sorrow,  
 Were there no rest to end the day of pain,  
 How could we look with joy for a tomorrow  
 Or hope to see the golden sun again?  
 Were there no death to end a life of sadness,  
 Were there no grave to end a life of sin,  
 How should we hope to live in Heaven's  
     gladness,  
 Or trust a sweeter, purer life to win?

—Prentiss Tucker

### The Martyr

A flame above the candle hung—  
 A flame no earthly torch had lit—  
 And even as the cradle swung  
     His eyes would follow it.  
 And older, as he bent to turn  
     The book that held his heart, behold!  
 The shadow of a flame would burn  
     Across its page like gold.

And men reviled him in those days,  
     When from old creed and tenets grim  
 He turned to follow through strange ways  
     The flame that beckoned him.  
 That flame that never burned above  
     The tall cathedral spire, but stood  
 Above that outcast flock his love  
     Had made a brotherhood.

And when before his judges flung,  
     Daring their council to be meek,  
 The live flame fell on lips and tongue  
     And burning, bade him speak.  
 Hence, one day, glorious with grace,  
     Men led him with bell, book and prayer  
 Out to the crowded market-place  
     Where the heaped faggots were.

And lo! he saw the flame—his flame  
 Spring from the pile men's torches lit,  
 Exultant to its light he came,  
 And gave himself to it.

—Theodosia Garrison

## 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 IT TO HELP AND HEAL SUFFERING HUMANITY

---

### 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 contribute your share, someone else must pay for you.*

# Question Department

## The Aquarian Age

**QUESTION:** Why do some Astrologers give the year 1912 as the beginning of the Aquarian Age?

**Answer:** We have seen that statement made, but no reason is given. You don't need Astrology for that calculation; ordinary astronomy will give it very clearly. The vernal equinox at the present time is in  $10^{\circ}$  of the *constellation Pisces* and that, of course, is called by Astronomers the first degree of Aries. They have the same system we use in Astrology of differentiating between the two zodiacs, and they always start with the first point of Aries, which they call 0 degrees of longitude, indicating the time when the Sun passes over the equator every year. They know and measure precession at the rate of about 50 seconds of space every year. When we go back that 50 seconds of space every year it amounts to one degree in about 72 years, and one sign in about 2,100 years, so that is the same measurement we are using in Astrology. The Sun is at the present time crossing the equator in about  $10^{\circ}$  of the constellation Pisces, as already said, and as it precedes at the rate of 50 seconds a year, or one degree in 72 years, you can easily figure when the Sun will by precession enter the constellation of Aquarius: about the year 2638, and why anybody should say that the Aquarian Age begins in 1912 we don't know. This much may be said, however: that every one of us has an aura about 16 inches and growing larger as we become more spiritual, but that is the average. That accounts for the fact that sometimes we *feel* a person standing behind us, his aura and our blend and thereby we sense the presence and feel his vibration. And it is the same with the Sun, Moon, Earth, and all the other planets: Each has this particular aura. Thus, as the Sun moves towards the constellation Aquarius, its aura goes before it and contacts the Aquarian vibration of the Sun, so that the influence began to be felt by us in about the middle of last century. And if we will consider the fact that Aquarius is the sign of invention, originality, inde-

pendence, changing the world to brighter and more liberal ideas, and then remember that since 1850 the religious and social ideas of the world have undergone a very complete revolution, science and invention have taken a wonderful turn, this seems to work out. Just think of the things that have come into the world since that time. Steamships were then beginning to be used, then the telegraph and telephone, then wireless telegraphy, automobiles, airships, electrical appliances, and everything that has revolutionized life in the past 60 or 70 years. We have just transformed the whole world with that Aquarian influence and this is being more and more felt every year. Therefore it may be said that *we are in orb of Aquarius*, but the Aquarian Age has not started. When Christ came the Sun by precession was in  $7^{\circ}$  of Aries; it still had seven degrees to go to Pisces, but it was within orb. In 498 A.D. the Sun crossed in  $0^{\circ}$  of Aries, and from that time it has been preceding into the sign Pisces and then the Piscean Age began.

It is usual for a great Teacher to come in each age, and we may expect Him to come through the Rosicrucian Fellowship, because the Rosicrucian Fellowship is the herald of the Aquarian Age, as John the Baptist was the herald of the Piscean Age.

---

### PLANETARY HOUR TABLES

**Question:** Is it right to use the guidance of the Planetary Hour Tables for the purpose of pecuniary gain, or to gain the advantage over another person?

**Answer:** It is certainly very wrong to use any means to get the advantage over another person. It doesn't matter what the reason is; but if, on the other hand, we want to help somebody—let us say that a person is sick and we want to pour out our vitality and give him all that we can spare, then we can do that best in the hours of Mars, the planet of dynamic energy. And if we want to help somebody to obtain a position, we use the hour of the sun to go and ask for a position for him, the Sun signify-

only be coincidental, because children are dependent upon the other party's horoscope also), and they also died on the same day. And so the main events of their lives were similar, yet they were different because of being placed in different environments: one was a kind, the other an ironmonger. If you will read the article in the *Message of the Stars* about "Amenability to Planetary Vibrations," you will see that humanity learns to respond to one after another of the planets. Many of us are beginning to respond to Uranus, but very few people respond to the vibrations of Neptune.

#### THE ELDER BROTHERS

**Question:** Please give a clear description of the Elder Brothers and say if they function on this plane in a material body, also of the Lay Brothers, etc.

**Answer:** As far as the Elder Brothers are concerned, they have a material body just as you and I and they live in a house which you might think the house of some well-to-do people, but not ostentatious, but well-to-do. They seem to hold offices of distinction in the community where they live, but it is only a blind that they have these positions so as to give a reason for their presence and not create any question as to what they are or who they are or that there is anything out of the ordinary in them. But outside of that house and in that house and through that house there is what may be called the Temple; that is etheric and is different from our

ordinary buildings. It might be likened to the auric atmosphere that is around our Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters that is much larger than the building and is etheric. Manson's word picture of that spiritual church he built gives an idea of what such structures are. They are around buildings and churches where people are very spiritual and of course they differ in color. The Rosicrucian Temple is superlative and not to be compared to anything else, but it surrounds and permeates the house in which the Elder Brothers live and that house is so permeated with spirituality that most people wouldn't feel very comfortable there. And the Lay Brothers, "have they a material body?" Certainly, the editor is not very ethereal and may serve as an illustration of the average.

#### THE WEDDING GARMENT

**Question:** What will be the condition of those who have not prepared the wedding garment when Christ comes? Will they still live on earth and go on evolving?

**Answer:** That is very difficult to say. A great number of those who were left behind in Atlantis because they had not evolved the lungs so they could live in our atmosphere have not been able to catch up with us yet, and there is quite a grave doubt if people who have not evolved the wedding garment to the point where they have some soul growth will be able to live in that Age or whether at a later point and apart from us.



## Now Ready — *THE MESSAGE OF THE STARS*

By the time this magazine reaches you, the *Message of the Stars* will be ready for distribution, and if you have not already sent in your order, you should do so at once, for this is a wonderful book, a mine of information, written in such a clear beautiful style that even Part II, the *Medical Astrology*, can be understood by any layman.

### 36 Example Horoscopes

36 Example Horoscopes are used to illustrate the science of Astro-Diagnosis and they show strikingly the stellar symbols of the diseases most commonly met.

This book of 700 pages embodies the experience acquired by the authors through many years of practice, during which time they have successfully diagnosed many thousands of horoscopes.

The arts of reading and prediction are thoroughly explained. To those who delight in the philosophical side of Astrology, it offers numerous discourses on esoteric Astrology—It is a marvel.

PRICE \$2.50 POST FREE

# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS  
(Sixth Installment)

*THE WORLD OF THOUGHT*  
(Pages 48 to 55, *Cosmo-Conception*)  
Continued from December number

- Q. And where is the World of Life Spirit reflected?
- A. In the Etheric Region of the Physical World.
- Q. And the World of Divine Spirit is reflected where?
- A. In the Chemical Region of the Physical World.
- Q. Are the seven Worlds placed one above another as shown in the diagram?
- A. They are not, but they interpenetrate one another.
- Q. How can you illustrate these relations of the seven Worlds?
- A. We may represent the dense earth by a sponge. Then imagine that sand permeates every part of the sponge. Let the sand represent the Etheric Region, and let us further imagine the sponge and sand immersed in a spherical glass vessel filled with clear water, and a little larger than the sponge and sand. The water as a whole will represent the Desire World if we think of the air in the water as representing the World of Thought. Finally imagine the vessel containing the sponge, sand and water placed in the center of a larger spherical vessel, then the air in the space between the two vessels would represent that part of the World of Thought which extends beyond the Desire World. By placing another larger spherical vessel outside, we have a representation of the World of Life Spirit.

- Q. In order to travel from one planet to another, what is necessary?
- A. It is necessary to have a vehicle correlated to the World of Life Spirit under our conscious control.
- Q. To what may the various solar systems be compared?
- A. To so many separate sponges swimming in a World of Divine Spirit.
- Q. What is the highest vehicle of man?
- A. The Divine Spirit.

---

*THE FOUR KINGDOMS*  
(Pages 56 to 86, *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. How many Worlds of our planet are at present in the field of evolution?
- A. Three, the Physical World, the Desire World, and the World of Thought.
- Q. How are these Worlds divided as regards our evolution?
- A. They are divided into a number of different kingdoms, at various stages of development.
- Q. How many of these kingdoms concern us at the present time and which are they?
- A. Four, the mineral, plant, animal and human kingdoms.
- Q. In what way are these four kingdoms related to the three Worlds?
- A. They are related in different ways, according to the progress these groups of evolving life have made in the school of experience.
- Q. What can you say of the dense bodies of all these kingdoms?
- A. So far as form is concerned, they are all composed of the same chemical substance, the

- solids, liquids and gases of the Chemical region.
- Q. Is there any difference between the dense body of a man and that of a stone from a chemical standpoint?
- A. They are both composed of a chemical compound, but the latter is ensouled by mineral life only.
- Q. In speaking of man and mineral from a physical standpoint, are there any differences?
- A. There are several differences. Man moves, grows and propagates his species, while the mineral in its native state does none of these things.
- Q. When we compare man with the plant kingdom, what similarity do we find?
- A. Both plant and man have a dense and a vital body and are capable of growth and propagation.
- Q. What faculties does man possess that the plant does not?
- A. Man feels, has power of motion and the faculty of perceiving things exterior to himself.
- Q. When we compare man with the animal, what do we find?
- A. We find that both have the faculties of feeling, motion, growth, propagation and sense-perception.
- Q. What faculties has man that are not possessed by the animal?
- A. Man has the faculty of speech, a superior structure of the brain and also hands, which are a very great physical advantage.
- Q. What else has man evolved that places him above the other kingdoms?
- A. Man has also evolved a definite language in which to express his feelings and his thoughts.
- Q. Where must we go to find the causes which give to one kingdom that which is denied to another?
- A. We must go to the Invisible Worlds.
- Q. What is first necessary to function in any of the Invisible Worlds?
- A. We must first possess a vehicle made of its material.
- Q. What must we have to function in the dense Physical World?
- A. It is necessary to have a dense body adapted to our environment.
- Q. If we did not have a dense body, what would be the result?
- A. We would be what is commonly called ghosts and be invisible to most physical beings.
- Q. What must we have to function in the Etheric Region?
- A. A vital body to express life and grow or externalize the other qualities peculiar to this Region.
- Q. What kind of a vehicle is necessary to show feeling and emotion?
- A. It is necessary to have a vehicle composed of the material of the Desire World.
- Q. What is necessary to render thinking possible.
- A. A mind formed of the substance of the Region of Concrete Thought.
- Q. Why is it that the mineral cannot grow, propagate or show sentient life?
- A. Because it does not possess a vital body.
- Q. As an hypothesis necessary to account for other known facts, what does material science hold forth?
- A. Material science holds that in the densest solid, as in the rarest and most attenuated gases, no two atoms touch each other; that the atoms float in an ocean of ether.
- Q. What does the occult scientist know relating to the atoms above referred to?
- A. He knows that it is true of the Chemical Region and that the mineral does not possess a separate vital body of ether; and that it is the planetary ether alone which envelops the atoms of the mineral, that makes the difference described.
- Q. Then what is necessary to express the qualities of a particular realm?
- A. It is necessary to have a separate vital body, desire body, etc., to express the qualities of a corresponding realm.
- Q. Then why is it that the mineral cannot feel, propagate or think?
- A. Because it lacks a separate vehicle to function in the different realms. It is interpenetrated by the planetary ether only and is, therefore, incapable of individual growth.
- Q. Which of the four states of ether is active in the mineral?
- A. The chemical ether; and it is due to this fact that chemical forces are active in minerals.

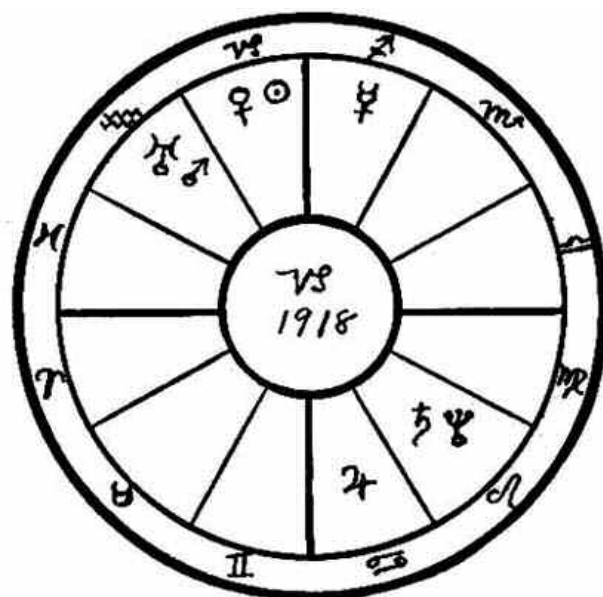


# The Astral Ray

## The Children of Capricorn, 1919

BORN DECEMBER 23RD TO JANUARY 21ST, 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 20¢ each.



**C**apricorn is ruled by Saturn, the planet of obstruction; therefore the vitality of these children is very low and they are difficult to raise, but once infancy is passed the saturnine persistence makes itself felt and they cling to life with such an amazing tenacity that they often become very old. They are very much subject to colds and their principal source of danger is falls and bruises. The children of Capricorn are usually timid and bashful in the presence of strangers, but when they have become used to people they show their domineering nature and endeavor to make everybody around them conform to their will. The saturnine quality of the sign makes them jealous and suspicious of the motives of others, therefore they are very fond of detective work. They will follow a trail with unerring instinct and unwavering perseverance than never gives up as long as there is the remotest

chance of success. It is good to be friends with Capricornians and bad to make enemies of them, for they find it very hard to forgive a real or fancied offense or injury and always brood over any wrong done them. On the other hand, if they once give their confidence or friendship, they are also consistent in that direction. They are very ambitious and anxious to have their services recognized by other people and they have a splendid executive ability because of the unusual qualities of forethought and concentration conferred by Saturn. They are born leaders and organizers but chafe under restrictions and dislike particularly to take orders from others. When they are placed in such a subordinate position and cannot have their own way they become gloomy, taciturn, moody, pessimistic, irritable, and given to worry. The children of Capricorn usually have a disinclination to marriage and are seldom at ease if they

enter into that state. The union is usually childless or children are few.

This year's children of Capricorn have Saturn in Leo and if he is well aspected in the individual horoscope this will give favor with people higher in the social scale and success in obtaining public appointments where the saturnine virtues—tact, diplomacy, discretion and system, honor and executive ability—are required. If Saturn is afflicted in Leo, however, they will be cruel and quick-tempered, jealous and will not scruple to stoop to underhanded methods to satisfy an ambition.

Mars in Aquarius, if well aspected, will make them quick-witted and intuitive, ingenious and original, enterprising and ambitious, hard workers for success in whatever line they may choose in life, hence this will aid them in gaining the friendship of others who are able to help them realize their hopes and wishes.

This position will also make them very mechanical and inventive, particularly in things connected with the electrical science, and as Uranus is there, the children of Capricorn this year will have unusual ability in that direction. They also succeed well as managers, officials, or workers in and for a philanthropic society or public utility corporation.

But if Mars is afflicted in Aquarius it makes them too independent, bombastic and resentful of authority, too blunt of speech and manner towards others, and resentful in the highest degree if not treated with what they consider the proper respect and consideration; hence the children of Capricorn with an afflicted Mars will be very difficult to get along with, they will quarrel with everybody around them. There is a tendency to loss through gambling and speculation.

Mercury in Sagittarius, if well aspected, will give this year's children of Capricorn a religious and philosophical turn of mind which will scorn the shackles of convention where they interfere with freedom of thought and speech, and this will in a measure counteract the tendencies of Mars in Aquarius, so that it will soften the character considerably, for Mercury in Sagittarius always holds people within the boundaries of law and order and consequently gives them great respect in the community.

This position of Mercury will also make them very fond of travel, they will love to see the sights and scenery of nature and to investigate the customs

of strange people. It will also make them fond of animals and pets. On the other hand, if Mercury is afflicted it will incline to lawlessness, dishonesty and a twisted character.

Venus is in Capricorn this year but she does not blend well with Saturn, the ruler of Capricorn, there is therefore a slight tendency to melancholy in these children of Capricorn. This also will give a tendency to make them less secure in the favors of other people or in their popularity, for Saturn has a tendency to throw them down when they have reached the highest pinnacle. Therefore though this position may help them to climb the ladder of advancement in social circles or in business, they are never quite safe in their position.

This placement of Venus also makes these people very jealous of honors and they will take it to heart when sometimes Saturn administers one of his blows. Venus in Saturn's sign often causes the person to disregard the fact that disparity of age is so fatal to happiness in marriage and either they marry young or take some one who is much older than themselves for a partner; or if married in later years they select some one who is still in the bloom of youth with an almost inevitable result that disagreement and dissolution of the marriage tie takes place in the course of a few years.

Frequently also people with this position of Venus marry for business or as a matter of convenience. In short, Venus never reaches her legitimate expression of love in Saturn's sign, and therefore such unions are always a source of sorrow and disappointment to the contracting parties.

With respect to health we find that the Sun in Capricorn lessens the vitality, therefore these children are not very strong in the first place and need particular care during childhood's years. We also note that Saturn in Leo, the sign that rules the heart, giving a tendency to obstruction of the circulation and other troubles of the heart.

Mars in Aquarius gives a tendency to trouble with the eyes, and the parents should therefore be careful, when they notice the slightest sign of eye strain, to take these children to a competent oculist who will be able to prescribe for them with a view to saving their vision for later years.

---

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



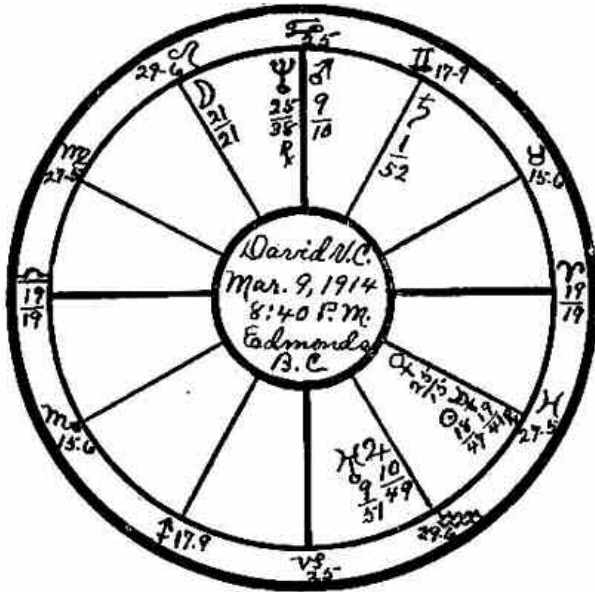
# Your Child's Horoscope

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

## We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

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

David V. C., born March 9, 1914, 8:40 P.M.,  
Edmond, West B. C.



At the time of David's birth we find the harmonious, artistic, beautiful, lovely, suave and affectionate Venus trine to the occult, prophetic, inspirational, spiritual, devotional, musical Neptune. The sign of Venus, Libra, is rising, and Venus herself is on the cusp of the Sixth House, indicating the life work. Neptune is high in the Midheaven, showing the social standing, and taken altogether the auguries indicate the fact that David is an inspirational musician of no ordinary ability. You will therefore do well to cultivate this talent from the very earliest time possible, for he is bound to make a mark in the world in that line.

But there is one great drawback which you must help him overcome. We find that the Moon, which brings activity into the life, is unaspected, the same may be said of Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, and the Sun in Pisces always makes those born under its influence indolent; therefore we find that David has a tendency to dream his time away and

will not apply himself to any task unless he is forced to do so. Such characteristics and tendencies are most easily overcome during the years of childhood; therefore be very sure that you make him help himself in everything, do everything for himself that he possibly can do, and give him certain tasks every day so that he may become used to labor one way or another.

On account of the above mentioned configurations music will come to him so easily that there will scarcely be an effort necessary; nevertheless, to attain something really worth while practice is absolutely necessary, and this drudgery he will try to escape; therefore, it must be your duty to force him to do his work in a thorough manner, without shirking.

We also find the quick-witted, versatile, eloquent and dexterous Mercury in close conjunction with the Sun, combust, as we call it; but he is trine to the occult, prophetic, inspirational Neptune, and therefore what has been said with regard to music may also in a great measure be said concerning the mind. He will be very quick-witted and things will come to him in a moment, flash through his mind, but then they will be gone again. He will not want to do any studying, and therefore that also must be made part of his training by rigid discipline. Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, is highly elevated in Cancer, and though unaspected it will have a considerable influence in the life, giving David a home-loving disposition; but he will be more apt to show temper there than he will on the outside; therefore if you can teach him different during childhood's years, so much the better for the peace and comfort that he will gain when he comes to make for himself.

The law-abiding, conservative, reverent, optimistic, opulent and benevolent Jupiter is sextile to the independent, original Uranus, and from this

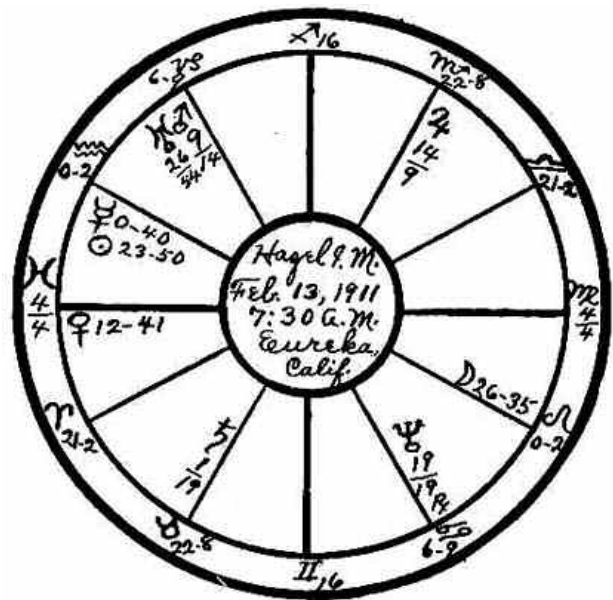
configuration David will get a broad, humane disposition and a tendency to delve into the occult arts and sciences. It favors an association with secret orders and gives promise of prosperity in life; it will make him honest, sincere, sociable, hospitable and likely to benefit a great deal from influential friends. This position also gives executive ability and success in connection with institutions of learning. Thus as Venus is placed in the Fifth House which has to do with education, he will perhaps succeed best if he devotes himself to the teaching of music in such an institution.

With respect to health we find that Mars, the planet of heat and inflammation, is placed in Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach; therefore it is necessary to teach David how to eat right so that he does not overtax his system and become liable to gastric troubles of an inflammatory nature. We also find that Saturn, the planet of obstruction, is placed in Gemini, the sign which rules the lungs. This shows that there is a tendency to colds in these organs and you should therefore keep him as warmly dressed as possible, particularly because he is living in such a cold climate, and if you can find means of seeking a milder and warmer place of residence, it will be so much the better for him. But Saturn is not afflicted and therefore you need have no apprehension that with ordinary care anything more serious will develop than the common colds.

Hazel Irene M. Born February 13, 1911, 7:30 A.M., Eureka, California

At the time of Hazel's birth we find the affectionate, lovely and suave Venus rising in the sign Pisces and trine to the optimistic, opulent and benevolent Jupiter, also to the occult, prophetic, inspirational and devotional Neptune. This will give her a very emotional nature, and it will make her very sympathetic and charitable towards others. The configuration with Jupiter is one of the best signs of success and general fortune; it favors the accumulation of wealth and the enjoyment of all the good things in life; it is a good indication of a successful and happy marriage, social prestige and the respect of all with whom she will come in contact. It will give her a jovial, genial, optimistic,

generous and large-hearted disposition, and it will make her hospitable to a degree, interested and active in social and philanthropic measures, and it will endow her with a liberal mind, tolerant of the views of others even where they differ radically from hers. She will be fond of pleasure, travel, parties, and capable of enjoying life to the fullest.



These aspects, particularly that to Neptune, give her considerable talent for music, which should be cultivated by all means. There are four Common signs on the angles, and were there no testimony to offset this, it would make her listless and changeable; in fact, she has some tendency in that direction conferred by the opposition of the Sun and Moon; therefore you will at times find her vacillating and unsettled in disposition, changeable, and unable to pursue a fixed course in life, rash to plunge into something but lacking the persistence or continuity of purpose to carry it to a successful conclusion.

Were this, as said, and the testimony of the Common signs on the angles, not offset by a powerful influence, it would have a tendency to make her a failure in life; but we also find that the enterprising, energetic, enthusiastic, and constructive Mars is sextile to Jupiter and Venus. This will add to the fondness for pleasure already spoken of and it will give an aspiring and adventurous nature; it will also make her demonstrative in her affection and make her very free with whatever money she

may obtain. As Mars is in conjunction with the licentious, unconventional, fanatical and irrepressible Uranus, it will be necessary for you to look after her very carefully during the youthful years, for it may lead her into a very hasty and early marriage which at the time may seem not to her best advantage, but in the end it will probably be all right as there is no affliction to Venus. There are so many good and favorable things in this horoscope that it does not seem any lasting ill can befall her.

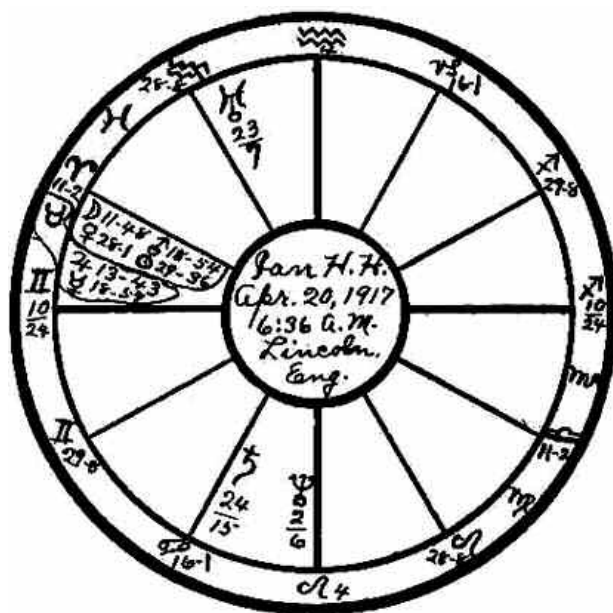
The magnetic, imaginative, plastic and emotional Moon is trine to the cautious, deliberate, methodical, persevering, tactful Saturn; this will impart all the best saturnine qualities to her mind, make her self-reliant and systematic, careful and thrifty in her business affairs, and it will help her to bring success in life through tactful and diplomatic dealings with others. In that way it will offset the effects of the rather brusque marian aspects. It will also give her patience and persistence, but unfortunately the untruthful and dishonest Mercury is also square to Saturn. This will give a tendency to be deceitful and cunning, and on that account she will meet with trouble and sorrow. It will give her a tendency to become bitter and sarcastic at times, and thus she is in danger of losing the prestige which she gains by her good characteristics.

As you know, reputations are easily lost but very hardly won; therefore you should be very careful to instill in her a high regard for truth and fair dealing with everybody under all circumstances; make her stick to whatever she undertakes and abide by whatever agreement she makes. She is already beyond the first childhood's years and is not so easy to manage as if you had come earlier to us and received this information, but you can still do a great deal with her.

With respect to health, we find that she is a very nervous child because of the square between Mercury and Saturn, and as this planet is placed in Taurus, the sign which rules the throat, there is a tendency to colds and disorders of the throat, also of the generative organs. Be careful to keep her warm, her vitality is none too good on account of the opposition of the Sun and Moon; therefore she needs extra clothing, particularly keep her feet warm.

Ian H. H. Born April 20, 1917, 6:36 A.M., Lincoln, England

At the time of Ian's birth the mercurial sign Gemini was rising and Mercury, the ruler, is splendidly fortified by a conjunction with Jupiter in Taurus, the sign of voice. It is also sextile to Saturn, the planet of forethought, tact, diplomacy and system. Jupiter is the planet of reverence, benevolence, optimism and opulence, and Taurus is the sign of voice; this will give him a splendid mind, not a small mind that is quickly made up, but a large mind that takes time to arrive at a conclusion, but once this has been formed it will be almost as difficult to change as the laws of the



Medes and the Persians. However, being based upon reason, the judgment of such people is also extremely reliable. Ian will believe thoroughly in the ancient adage that "silence is golden," he will not be a chatter-box but can be depended on to keep a secret.

At the same time the conjunction with Jupiter will forestall any tendency to become a recluse; it will give him a pleasant, sociable, jovial disposition, fond of fun and recreation, love of music, art and literature, so that he will be thoroughly likeable and popular. It will give him a cheerful, optimistic disposition, with ability to look upon the bright side of things and keep up his spirits in the hour of adversity; it will make his mind broad, versatile and able to reason correctly to form a reliable

judgment by careful deliberation. If he should care to take up law or literature, either will be a splendid vocation for him. Jupiter will also bring him the respect of the community and assure him of comfortable financial circumstances.

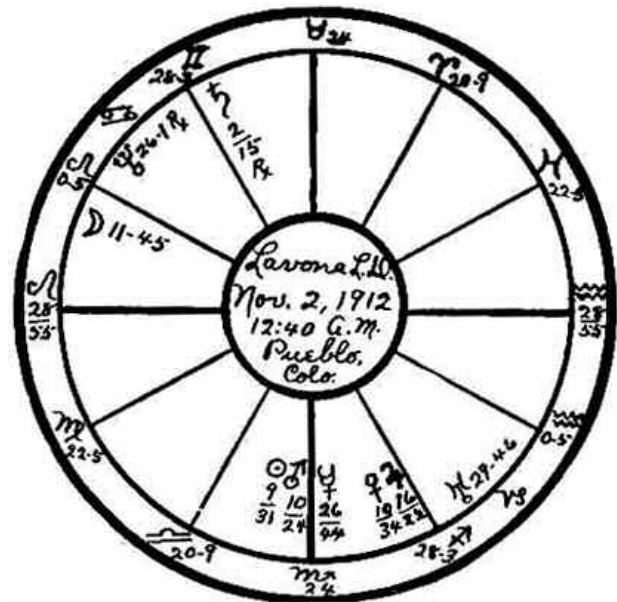
From the sextile of Saturn to Jupiter, his mind will gain added seriousness, depth, and the power of concentration which is of such inestimable value in life. The forethought and profound reasoning ability indicated by this aspect insures success in whatever vocation he may pursue. It will also give him a patient persistence which will permit no temporary failure to stand in the way of ultimate success, and the caution and diplomacy which will make him invincible in the long run, so that in the end he will become prominent in connection with some serious enterprise, banking, investments, politics, or government affairs. It will make him capable of holding a high position in great undertakings where a steady hand is required on the helm. But though he will have a fine voice and the power of expression he will probably be so unassuming as to escape notice save in circles where his fine mental qualities are known.

But there are two dangers to his career; the first is indicated by a square of the fanatical and irrepresible Uranus to Mercury, showing that there is some danger that he may go off at a tangent and become rather anarchistic and radical in his ideas. This danger is not so great on account of the other configurations already mentioned, but the real danger lies in the fact that both Mercury and Jupiter are cooped up in the Twelfth House and in an intercepted sign. All that is in the Twelfth House shows a latency and a tendency to sorrow, trouble and self-undoing; the intercepted signs also show a difficulty of bringing out what is in the planets contained therein.

Thus there is a double limitation upon Ian and it will be necessary for you to push very hard at him to get him to express the good qualities that are in him. He will be quick to learn and observe, and he will have an exceptional memory, but the danger is that he may keep it all within himself and you should therefore try to make him take as active a part as possible in everything that pertains to exercises, games and social functions of childhood and

youth. The unsuspected Moon is a third indication of this same nature; it is also placed in the Twelfth House.

Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach, and square to the life-giving Sun and to Venus, which are both placed in the Twelfth House of sorrow and trouble, show that the vitality is not very strong and that this may be the reason for the before-mentioned tendency to creep into a shell and avoid expression of his talents. Therefore it is necessary for you to see that he does not overeat or eat things that are not good for him, so that the organs of digestion may not become impaired and the system clogged



with poisons, for no matter how talented a person may be, if he is a victim of indigestion he is handicapped and hampered so that the life which would otherwise have been a success may become a failure.

Lavona L. D. Born Nov. 2, 1912, 12:40 A.M.  
Pueblo, Colorado

Here we have a marked dual personality which will make Lavona a serious responsibility upon her parents who must endeavor to repress the undesirable characteristics and bring forth the splendid traits of character revealed as the other side of her nature. There is first the affectionate, harmonious, artistic, lovely and suave Venus in conjunction with the law-abiding, conservative, reverent, optimistic, opulent and benevolent Jupiter, who is

strongly fortified in his own sign, Sagittarius. This is one of the best aspects in the gamut, promising general success on account of the characteristics it confers. It is a good indication of a successful and happy marriage, social prestige and the respect of all with whom the person come in contact; it gives a jovial, optimistic, generous and large-hearted disposition, and it will make her hospitable to a degree, interested and active in philanthropic measures. It will give her a liberal mind, tolerant of the views of others even where she differs radically, fond of pleasure, traveling, parties and capable of enjoying life to the fullest extent. It will also give her a talent for music, which should be cultivated, and it favors the accumulation of wealth so that there will always be the wherewithal to do whatever she wishes.

The emotional and magnetic Moon is trine to Venus and Jupiter; this will give her a kindly, affectionate and sympathetic nature, an engaging personality, and an attraction to the opposite sex, a powerful magnetism, lofty ideals and a fruitful imagination, a straightforwardness and open-hearted honesty that will win the regard of all within her sphere of association.

The quick-witted, versatile, eloquent and dexterous Mercury is trine to the occult, prophetic, inspirational and devotional Neptune, also sextile to the independent, original, liberty-loving and inventive Uranus. These aspects will give her splendid reasoning power, make her independent and original, preferring to do her own thinking on all subjects, and they will probably bring her into touch with occultism in such a manner that it will leave a lasting mark upon her life.

These are all splendid characteristics and if it is possible for you to bring them out you will have a grand child, one who will make herself felt in her environment and one who will be a credit to you in every respect. But naturally where there is a strong light there is also a deep shadow, and we find the other side of her nature is also very strongly marked. It is indicated by the negative, dreamy, visionary, insipid, frivolous and vacillating Moon, square to the lazy, ambitionless and cowardly Sun, and the egotistic, discordant, destructive and hot-tempered Mars.

In this connection we may also note that Mercury, the planet of expression, is in Scorpio; thus, whatever she says will be said with considerable force. She has a very high temper and when that is aroused Mercury in Scorpio will sting like a viper. If this tendency is allowed to grow uncurbed it will give her a very vitriolic tongue when she is in a fit of temper, so that she will at such times make bitter enemies and lose the respect of those who would like to be her friends. Therefore it is of the very utmost importance that you should strive from the earliest beginning to curb her temper and teach her self-control. These configurations will also make her extremely foolhardy in her undertakings when in that mood, hence liable to accidents and injuries of a serious nature; therefore you have a very great responsibility and we only trust that you may realize it to the full, take the proper precaution and thus overcome the evil and foster the good.

With respect to health, we find that the significator, the Moon, is square to the Sun and Mars. This lowers the general vitality and makes her liable to fevers and inflammatory complaints. It is therefore necessary to keep her warmly dressed, particularly the shoulders and chest, for Saturn, the planet of cold, is in Gemini, the region which governs these parts; but do not give her a diet that will be too heating. Let her take plenty of exercise and live as much as possible in the open air, so that she becomes hardened to outdoor life. If you attend to this from childhood, it is probable that she will grow strong, hale and hearty despite the affliction.

---

*YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE FREE!*

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore *we will give each month a short delineation of character and tendencies of four children under 14 years in the Astral Ray department of this magazine. Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.*

## The Astrology of the Bible

FREDERICK K. DAVIS

(In *The New Age*)

**A**STROLOGY is perhaps at once man's oldest science and the most spiritual in its concepts. The philosophers of ancient Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, India and even China were apparently conversant with it and deeply imbued with its transcendent philosophy.

An accurate knowledge of our solar system, the sidereal year, the zodiacal signs and other astronomical phenomena must have been possessed by the enlightened priesthood of antiquity, for otherwise the philosophy of astrology would have been devoid of any basis. The marvelous pyramid of Gizeh is a mighty monument of the astrological knowledge of an ancient race.

Indeed, astrology was undoubtedly included in the Ancient Wisdom Religion, which was highly scientific as well as philosophical and devotional. The myths of many widely scattered races reveal the universal influence of the philosophy of astrology. Its lore seems to have penetrated all lands and to have left indelible traces on nearly all religions.

Greek and Roman mythologies teem with astrological allegories, and the Bible itself contains many astrological allusions and illustrations, the aptness and lofty beauty of which must be largely lost on all but one who has some knowledge of the philosophy of astrology.

The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel begins with an inspired apostrophe to the four great cosmic adjudicators of the Divine Law: The zodiacal signs Aquarius, the man; Leo, the lion; Taurus, the bull, (or ox calf); and Scorpio, which in its lower aspect is symbolized by the scorpion and in its higher aspect by the eagle.

These four signs are sometimes designated as the Recording Angels by occultists, who derive their philosophy from the same Ancient Wisdom to which Masonry seems so largely indebted for its lofty philosophy and the mystical symbolism which Albert Pike declared to be the soul of Freemasonry. The term *Consequence* signifies the Law of Harmony or Adjustment which these

Cosmic Hierarchies are supposed to maintain.

In occultism these mighty Recording Angels are also identified with the "wheel of rebirth" whereby man is brought back again and again into embodiment for the purpose of gaining further wisdom and experience and to adjust the disharmonies he occasioned in previous lives on the physical plane.

In startling concurrence with this idea, Ezekiel connects these four zodiacal signs with "wheels." He asserts that "their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel" (*Ez.* 1:16). This plainly seems to refer to their governance both of the larger "wheel" of the involution and evolution (re-birth) of humanity in the aggregate, and the lesser or inner "wheel" of the involution and evolution of the individual members of it. After concluding his impassioned prologue regarding these Great Beings who balance the scales of life and destiny, Ezekiel enters upon his prophecy of what judgment they have in store for Israel.

These four great zodiacal signs, or Recording Angels, whose portentous influence upon private and national life is disclosed by astrology, are also vividly described in the Revelation of St. John, which is replete throughout with astrological allegories.

St. John refers to them with the identical symbolism employed by Ezekiel, presumably six hundred years earlier (*Rev.* 4:6,7). He also depicts them with eyes before and behind, thus expressing in felicitous imagery their knowledge of the least deed and circumstance—which is necessary, perforce, if their requital shall always be unailing and just.

In the same chapter of the Apocalypse, St. John apostrophizes the seven lamps (seven sacred planets) burning before the throne (the Sun) and avers that these Great Beings are the Seven Spirits (Planetary Rulers) of God, the Sun symbolizing God's unspeakable grandeur and majesty, the Source of our light and life. The four and twenty Elder crowned with gold who sit around the throne

symbolize the twenty-four aspects (negative and positive) of the twelve zodiacal signs.

After his exalted tribute to the Planetary Angels and the "four beasts with eyes before and behind," who ultimately requite all men and nations in exact accord with their accrued deserts, St. John proceeds to reveal symbolically the portents of times to come, and this he does in a far more inclusive and extensive manner than Ezekiel.

Like all such inspired utterances, the allegories of the Apocalypse apply with equal relevance to the growth and unfoldment of the individual soul, or to the evolution of the entire human race, because the One Law that molds the cosmos simultaneously directs the destiny of nations and of man individually.

The sidereal year of approximately 25,000 years results from the backward rotation of the Sun through the twelve zodiacal signs, or Mazzaroth, as they are termed in the Book of Job. About every 2,100 years the earth therefore enters the influence of a different sign.

In this celestial phenomena which alters the dominant cosmic forces focused upon the earth every twenty-one centuries, we have the explanation of the occult tenet that a Great Teacher is sent from the heaven world to strike the key note for each new zodiacal period. In reality, of course, the zodiacal sign itself projects the now vibratory conditions that bathe the earth during the 2,100 year cycle, while the Great Teacher gives out a religious philosophy adapted to the new conditions that are to prevail.

In the Bible we discover clues to the same teaching. Moses, it would appear, was the Great Teacher sent at the commencement of the zodiacal cycle ruled by the sign Aries, the symbol of which is the Ram. He therefore is appropriately linked with the Ram.

Moses instituted the sacrifice of rams undoubtedly as a symbol of the new cycle of Aries the Ram, but at the same time he retained a limited use of bullocks in apparent remembrance of the previous zodiacal cycle of Taurus, the Bull or Calf. He seems to have employed the symbolism of humanity's errors and failures during the preceding cycle, and the flesh was burnt outside the camp to signi-

fy that the old cycle had been done away with (*Exodus 29*).

The former cycle having been under the dominance of the preceding sign Taurus, the Bull, it was the mission of Moses to lead the people forth from bondage to the old cycle, which had run its course, and to provide them with a law and philosophy adapted to the new period which the earth and humanity were then entering upon. But such is the tenacity with which mortals cling to tradition and old revelations that the first defection of his people disclosed itself by a return to a use of the Calf, the symbol of the preceding Taurian cycle (*Exodus 32*).

Indeed, Moses encountered the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon his followers to forego the worship of the Calf (i. e., their slavish adherence to the teachings and religion of the effete cycle of Taurus) and to enter boldly into the new cycle with its new cosmic influences which would afford opportunity for them to take a more advanced step in evolution.

Michelangelo's famous statue of Moses at Rome is adorned with horns. This is significant of the esoteric knowledge of the great sculptor, as the horns are not only symbolic of the mission of Moses as the Great Teacher for the cycle of Aries, the celestial Ram, but also of his powers to accomplish. (*Psalms 75 :10*)

The astrological cycle that hundreds of years later succeeded the cycle of Aries the Ram was, of course, that of the next sign, Pisces the Fishes. The Great Teacher who introduced this cycle to humanity was Jesus.

Like Moses, Jesus came to do away with the worn-out teachings and practices and the decadent conditions of the previous cycle—in this case that of the Moses cycle of Aries the Ram. He came to formulate a philosophy adapted to the influences to be focused upon the earth during the reign of the new zodiacal ruler, Pisces the Fishes, and to lead all who would follow him into the opportunities of the new world period of 2,100 years.

Here again the experience of Jesus was similar to that of Moses, for he, too, found humanity tradition-fettered, especially those who were most thoroughly trained in the religious concepts and theology of the old cycle. While nothing is more

certain than the Law of Change, yet the minds of most men are loath to accept new philosophic ideas. They cling to the past. The beliefs of their ancestors are good enough for them. For them God said His last word ages ago and must remain forever dumb.

But the zodiacal influences of a great cycle may be safely trusted to gradually lead the most spiritually advanced groups of humanity into a considerable degree of *rapport* with the message of the Great Teacher of that cycle (in this instance, Jesus) while the less advanced groups waver around spurious leaders or cling to religious expressions adapted to a dead zodiacal cycle that they have not yet spiritually evolved beyond.

In a number of his thaumaturgical feats Jesus employed fishes, and indeed gave as his sign that of Jonah, who was swallowed by a fish (*Matt.* 12:39). Jesus could scarcely have hinted any more broadly his connection with the zodiacal sign Pisces the Fishes. Undoubtedly Jesus was the Pisces Herald and the last great racial Teacher.

That the teachings of Jesus were often deeply symbolical is clearly affirmed by the Bible (*Matt.* 13:34). Near the close of his ministry Jesus gave his followers a clue to the next great zodiacal cycle when he instructed them to look for a man carrying water at the time of the passover (into the succeeding cosmic cycle).

Around 1850 the earth entered the orb of the next cycle, that of Aquarius the Waterman, or the sign of the Son of Man. That Aquarius follows Pisces, the Fishes, and is a man carrying water, may be seen by anyone who will consult an almanac.

Speaking of the close of the cycle of Pisces the Fishes, and "until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled," Jesus said: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity....And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." (*Luke* 21:25-27) In this mystical language Jesus apparently refers to the coming of another Great Teacher (or his own return) when the earth entered the next great cycle—that of Aquarius the Water-bearer.

Jesus also seems to have given another hint regarding the close of his Great Teacher period and

the entrance into the new cycle of Aquarius when he said: "And then shall appear the sign (Aquarius) of the son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." (*Matt.* 24 :30)

Whatever may be our attitude toward Biblical prophecies, certain it is that Aquarius, the sign of the son of man, has appeared in the heavens to remain 2,100 years, and that war and mourning encompass the earth as never before in modern history. May we also expect the third condition to be fulfilled—the coming of a World Teacher?

It is, indeed, to be expected at the end of a great zodiacal cycle in which there has been so much intolerance, unbrotherliness, bloodshed and religious strife as during the last 2,000 years, that widespread turbulence and suffering would occur. We know that in the physical body discordant conditions or impurities that cannot be harmoniously adjusted or eliminated from the system are corrected and sloughed off in a cataclysm of illness, through boils, measles, scarlet fever, eczema and other eliminative ailments. The body may be left weak and exhausted by the cleaning cataclysm but nature had no recourse but to correct the condition in a violent manner and at the price of much suffering on the part of the patient.

The same natural law that rules the individual rules the race. All the vast mass of inharmony, hatred and racial antagonism engendered during the Pisces cycle, that could not be harmoniously adjusted in international amity and fellowship, had to be precipitated in the form of a cleansing cataclysm—the Great War. Storms clear the air.

The Great War is a cruel healing crises in the diseased body of humanity, but the healing cannot be permanent unless the underlying causes—all the fundamental sources of national infection and corruption—are utterly wiped out, which is most unlikely.

In other words, the Great Law, symbolized by Ezekiel and St. John as the four Great Beasts or Recording Angels, requires that humanity clean off the slate of the old, dying cycle and submit to the sifting, trying and testing necessary to prove what lessons it has gleaned during the cycle of Pisces



the Fishes and to what extent it can exemplify the teachings given out by Jesus, the Great Teacher for that period.

Like a class at school, humanity is called up for examinations in life and ethics that it may prove what has been learned during the preceding cycle or study period. From this viewpoint it does seem that humanity has made a muddle of it; yet who can calculate the flood of sympathy, devotion, self-sacrifice, fellowship and love poured out by the peoples of the warring nations? What of the growing yearning among the suffering nations for a greater knowledge of spiritual realities? What of the increasing interest in the problem of life after death is denoted by the phenomenal sale of Sir Oliver Lodge's book *Raymond*, and by the recent notable articles on the subject in *The Metropolitan*, *The Bookman*, *Current Literature*, and other leading magazines?

The Great War, therefore, seems to be an expression of the Law of Consequence—the universal Law of Adjustment, the law that what is sown, whether by individual or nation, must be reaped. And Europe is properly the chief focal point because it was there that the greater part of the inharmony of the last cycle was engendered through the terrible Dark Ages and by the wars and savage persecutions of religion that have in the past drenched European soil with blood.

There would seem to be but little doubt that the same fiery, cleansing cataclysm of war that has been sweeping the physical world must likewise sweep through the mental or intellectual world in a chaos of conflicting ideas and extremes of individualistic thought that will shake governments, religions, and social and labor systems to their foundations. Russia is perhaps an example of the intellectual anarchy that must soon engulf the world for a time. Winston Churchill has declared that France and England are sure to experience a tremendous social revolution when the Great War closes, if, indeed, the revolution can be kept in suspension until Germany is beaten.

But in the light of Astrology and the Bible the signs in the heavens now point to the dark hour when humanity must be purged, that those who are proven steadfast and true may stand ready for the

New Day. The flail of the Great Garnerer falls fast and heavy. But who can say how long it may require to separate the chaff from the wheat, that the Great World Teacher for the incoming cycle of Aquarius, the Water-bearer, may appear to give out the religious philosophy for the New Age?

### The Little Girl's Riddle

EVA GORE BOOTH

(In *The Occult Review*)

A Jelly-Fish afloat on the bright wave—

A white Sea-gull—a great blue Butterfly—

A hunted Hare—a Wolf in a dark cave—

All these I was—which one of these was I?

A gold-maned Lion mad with rage and fear—

A white Bear ranging over trackless snow—

A Savage living by my bow and spear—

A mighty fighter giving blow for blow.

A Student gazing at the starry skies—

A Rebel planning the downfall of kings—

A Searcher of the wisdom of the wise—

A Questioner of all mysterious things—

A Priestess singing hymns to Proserpine—

An old King weary on a golden throne—

A Marble Carver, freeing limbs divine

From the cold bondage of enfolding stone.

A hothead Poet by the world reviled—

A Heretic of desolate dreams and dire—

And now a little silent long-legged child,

Weeping alone beside the nursery fire.

Ye who have guessed the hidden lights that burn

Behind the blue wings of the butterfly,

In a child's grief the riddle's answer learn—

"I was all these, yet none of these was I."

To obtain a vocational reading the parents, guardians or applicants must be yearly subscribers. Only one request from each subscriber will be entertained, and unless it contains the following data it will be thrown out, for without this a horoscope cannot be cast:

(1) Birth year, month, day, and hour

(as near as possible)

(2) Birthplace—city, state, and country

# Nutrition and Health

## The Safety Valve of Sorrow

DR. ROMME

IT is not necessary to have studied anatomy to know that on each side of the neck we have a large artery called the primitive carotid. Close to the larynx, it divides into two branches which, as they subdivide anew, are simply blood channels carrying blood to the brain (the interior carotid artery) and to the capillary covering and face (the exterior carotid) .

These two systems of circulation are not wholly independent of each other. Not only have they a common origin, but they communicate with each other in the region of the eye by means of the ophthalmic artery. This is a regular canal running between the interior carotid and the exterior.

Tears, it is well known, flow from two different causes, either in great sorrow or in great joy. How then are we to explain the fact that two contrary emotions produce an identical phenomena—namely, a flow of tears? Laughter—loud laughter—is, from the strictly physiological point of view, nothing but an effort. In laughter, as in the effort which is called for in raising a heavy weight, we call into use practically the same muscular action or energy. In each case we begin by contracting the muscles which close the throat and which contract the stomach. If the laugh is a very hearty one we call upon other muscles, in such a way that the whole torso is shaken with the effort, the breath ceasing and the system being practically convulsed. While the normal breath has ceased, the lungs are filled by short, intermittent breathings, which are, nevertheless, not sufficient to rid them of the condition of semi-asphyxiation into which the rigid contraction of the throat muscles has brought them. Just look at a man who is laughing heartily and you will know by his face that his brain is in a state of acute congestion. Apoplexy is often a danger incurred by those who indulge in hearty laughter.

When the muscular contraction takes place in the upper torsal and throat regions, it has the effect of compressing the exterior carotid. What happens, then in the case of a violent laugh? Since the exte-

rior carotid is not available, owing to contraction, the blood which comes from the primitive carotid, and which is traveling toward the face takes the route of the interior carotid and flows toward the brain. The brain already congested and swollen by the blood which cannot flow because the breath is stopped, would certainly not stand the pressure of arterial blood to which it is subjected. But the ophthalmic artery, of which we heard above, is there to save the situation.

It is really owing to the existence of this canal, situated between the two carotids, that the blood which was flowing toward the brain escapes around the eyes, the lachrymal glands becoming congested.

The lachrymal or tear glands react against the overflow of blood by an abundant secretion of tears. In other words, these glands convert into tears the blood which presses upon them, a fact which is evident in that tears are of exactly the same nature as the liquid part of blood. In these conditions the act of crying is equal to a letting of blood from the congested brain, and herein consists the value of tears. But they are also useful in grief, although the operation in this case differs from that in which violent laughter is their cause. It is almost a converse process. Here it is:

If the brain is congested during laughter it becomes, on the contrary, anemic during grief. Nevertheless, as in the case of tears produced by laughter, the “bleeding” takes place at the expense of the blood destined for the brain, thereby increasing the cerebral anemia. Now, the anemia has the effect of creating a kind of cerebral torpor, a species of psychic inertia and mental indifference. The result is that we are less receptive to impressions, and that as the nature of our grief travels through the brain it becomes less poignant. In short, for the organism that is overwhelmed by a physical or moral pain, the “white bleeding” by tears constitutes a mode of defense against grief, a kind of anaesthetic comparable to artificial anes-

thetics like chloroform, alcohol or ether. One drowns one's sorrows in tears, even as in alcohol.

It is interesting to note, too, that the more or less ugly faces which we make when we cry are caused by the contraction of the muscles which, in some way or another, act upon the lachrymal glands and ophthalmic arteries. This is the case with the eyelid and eyebrow muscles and those at the corners of the mouth. All these muscles have this in common, namely, that when they contract they accentuate the compression upon the lachrymal region, rendering the bleeding all the more effective, and the relief to the brain all the more necessary. In the case of children, more especially in those in whom hysterical predisposition is strong, owing to their nervousness, it is impossible to overestimate the value of tears.

---

### Diet by Price

Rules for getting the best results from food-selection are given in a new and interesting way by a New York philanthropic society. They are stated not in pounds or quarts, but in terms of money spent, which brings them rather closer to the average housekeeper. In quoting them, with his approval, the editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* commends them as particularly "specific, sane and clear" among the tons of advice about "what to eat," or "how to cut down the meat bill," or "foods we ought 'to know" in these stirring days of rising costs of living. He goes on:

"Some of the instructions are formulated in terms of menus which only a skilled house-wife can easily interpret; others are expressed in the increasingly more popular language of calories with its implication of energy and consequent strength; still others abound in the platitudes of the food-faker who has his 'daily column' to be filled. We have rarely seen a more specific, sane and clearly understandable propaganda than that recently formulated by the Bureau of Home Economics of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In a leaflet aimed to suggest such meals as will be best for growing children, an expert's advice is summarized under this caption:

"To get the best results spend money for food as

follows :

"1. Spend from one-fourth to one-third of your food-money for bread, cereals, macaroni and rice.

"2. Buy at least from a third to half a quart of milk a day for each member of the family.

"3. Spend as much for vegetables and fruits together as you do for milk. If you use half a quart of milk for each member of the family, this may not always be possible. Then spend as much for vegetables and fruit as a third of a quart of milk a day would amount to.

"4. Spend not more for meat and eggs than for vegetables and fruits. Meat and eggs may be decreased with less harm than any of the other foods mentioned. The amount spent for meat may decrease as the amount spent for milk increases."

---

### A Little Parable

Anne Reeve Aldrich

I made the cross myself, whose weight  
Was later laid on me.

This thought is torture as I toil  
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think my own hands drove the nails!

I sang a merry song,  
And chose the heaviest wood I had  
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed—  
Its weight was meant for me,  
I should have made a lighter cross  
To bear up Calvary!

When any person doth ill by you, or speaks ill of you, remember that he acts or speaks from a supposition of its being his duty. Now it is not possible that he should follow what appears right to you, but what appears right to himself. Therefore, he judges from a wrong appearance, he is the person hurt since he too is the person deceived. For if anyone should suppose a true proposition to be false, the proposition is not hurt, but he who is deceived about it. Setting out, then, from these principles, you will meekly bear a person who reviles you, for you will say upon every occasion, 'It seemed so to him.'

—*The Enchiridion* of Epictetus

## Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

*BREAKFAST, 7:30 A. M.*

*Baked Apples*

*Toast and Soft Boiled Egg*

*Puffed Rice with Cream*

*Coffee or Milk*

*DINNER, 12 M.*

*Nut Loaf with Brown Gravy*

*Steamed Potatoes*

*Crteamed Cauliflower*

*Whole Wheat Bread*

*Milk*

*SUPPER, 5:30 P. M.*

*Fruit Salad*

*Sponge Cake*

*Whole Wheat Bread*

*Honey*

*Milk*



## Recipes

*Baked Apples:* Take smooth skinned apples, wash and remove core without breaking skin, put one teaspoonful of honey in hole, put a little water in bottom of baking pan to keep apple from burning, bake in oven for 20 mins.

*Nut Loaf:* Grind one cup of English walnuts, two cups of whole wheat bread crumbs, one stalk of celery, one medium sized onion, one small clove of garlic and a few sprigs of parsley through a vegetable grinder twice. Fry the above after grinding in a little hot oil, turning and frying until nice and brown. Take from stove and mix with two eggs and a cup of tomato sauce; season to taste; bake three quarters of an hour; serve hot with brown gravy.

To the above may also be added cold boiled vegetables left over from the previous day, by grinding them with the loaf will improve flavor.

*Brown* Take one slice of brown bread toasted; grind and place in skillet previously heated, with one tablespoon of butter or olive oil. Let

fry a few minutes. Take the vegetable water saved from boiled vegetables; put enough of this into the skillet, adding slowly so as to make it the thickness of gravy; season to taste and serve over nut loaf ..

*Steamed Potatoes:* Peel and slice potatoes into slices one inch thick, place them in a deep frying pan which has been heated, with two table-spoons of butter or oil; cover to keep steaming; watch closely so that they will not burn; allow to fry for ten minutes, then remove lid, putting enough salt on top to flavor; add one cup of water, also a tablespoon of chopped parsley, cover again to cook for ten minutes.

*Fruit Salad:* Peel and slice two mellow apples, two oranges, three winter nellie pears; arrange them on a plate garnished with lettuce or dandelion greens. Put one half cup dried prunes, one half cup walnut kernels, chopped fine and place on top of salad. Cover with the juice of pineapple.

# The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

## Helpful Letters from the Students

Lincoln, Eng., Oct 20, 1918

Dear Friends:

My heart is still getting stronger. Please thank the Helpers who so readily came to my assistance; they were with me each time that I asked for help in about three minutes. Also I am fortunate in having a Rosicrucian as my doctor.

It is useless for me to try to express my thanks to you as it is simply impossible. So to show my thanks I will try to get one person each month interested in the Teachings.

This is my first hour out of bed. I expect my letter is a bit disjointed, but I set to write as soon as I could.

Again accept my heartfelt thanks, also Mr. R. wishes to thank you.

Yours very Sincerely,  
Margaret R.

Lincoln, Eng., Nov. 3, 1918

To the Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

Enclosed please find money order as a donation. Also I must take this opportunity of thanking you for the very generous help they gave my wife in her recent illness. She had a very serious collapse due to her heart, which has troubled her for some considerable time. The Doctor said she had a valve which remained open, and was clearly very much disturbed about her. I feel convinced in my own mind that she would have passed out during two very serious attacks but for the timely aid of the Invisible Helpers, who worked most strenuously. Fortunately, my wife is now thoroughly clairvoyant and is able to see what takes place and inform me afterwards which enables us to thoroughly appreciate the unselfish help which is rendered. We both feel we can never repay this help, and can only show our thankfulness by passing on the teachings whenever we get the chance and I am glad to say the chances occur more and more frequently, as I am getting known amongst my friends

and colleagues at the office as a "chap with some funny ideas for sale," and amongst the little arguments and inquiries that are brought to the surface I often find an earnest soul after more light and then pass on some of the literature and pamphlets you frequently send me.

Again thanking you all for your kindness, believe me.

Yours fraternally,  
Arthur R.

P.S. Apropos of your lessons and articles from time to time regarding the spiritual effects of the present world war, etc., I enclose a rather interesting cutting of the *Daily Mail* which I think is a forerunner of the facts as stated in your lesson on "The War an Operation for Spiritual Cataract."  
A. R.

Columbus, Ohio

To Esoteric Secretary  
Kind Friend:

Just a few lines to thank you for the help you gave my brother and the great relief and help to myself. It was as you said—My desire or urgent appeal brought help almost immediately as I could feel the relief, I might, say before I mailed the letter. I hope brother will have faith in you and continue to keep in touch with you. It means more than I can express so I again thank you knowing you understand my thoughts and grateful heart.

Lovingly,  
Mrs. D. W. R.

*Healing Meetings*  
January 2-8-14-21-29  
February 4-11-18-25  
March 4-10-17-25-3

DO IT TODAY

Are you a subscriber to our Magazine?  
If not, you are missing more than you can afford. It is the best Magazine on Occultism, Astrology, and kindred subjects of absorbing interest.

# Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

## The Symbols on our Literature

LIZZIE GRAHAM

How often have we looked at the cover of the *Cosmo-Conception* and our other publications and perhaps remarked that it was a good design and quite unique, and wondered who made it up, and if it meant anything at all. The following are the thoughts of one who has often tried to interpret it

At the foot of the cover is the *fleur-de-lys*, the emblem of the Trinity—Father, Son and Spirit—but as only the Father and Spirit were active at the time here represented, we find but two of the petals colored with red, thus showing energy.

The beings created we see as a stream flowing upwards, provided for a time with but two bodies, the dense and vital, but after a time the desire body is added and is shown by the red appearing in the ascending stream.

Although each stream looks alike outwardly, they are vastly different, the one on the left being known in our literature as the Sons of Cain. They are full of positive energy and are the craftsmen of the world, the *phree-messen*, who carve their way through life, rather enjoying the obstacles which they know strengthen the character. They work through the intellect, as is shown by the lamp from the flame of which proceeds *nine rays*, showing the positive path chosen by the esoteric student.

The other stream develops the heart side of life, and the divine flame proceeding from it shows but *eight rays*, a negative path; those following it desiring that they should have a leader, someone to follow, some one to worship. They are the churchmen of the world, who obey the teachings of their leaders.

Each stream of life flows onward, side by side, until a time comes when the wise and loving ones guiding evolution decide that to hasten progress it is necessary that the two unite, and plan that this shall be accomplished by the building of a Temple for the worshipers by the craftsmen and that both

streams would unite in a Mystical Molten Sea. We can see the wonderful impulse by the chalice raised from each and filled with the red wine of life. You will read the story of this in the building of Solomon's Temple. This plan was frustrated by the Treachery of the Sons of Seth—those on the right. And after this each swung further away from the other than before.

A serious condition now is shown in which some appear to fall away entirely through materialism. But still the race lives on, the churchman and the scientist, the mystic and the occultist, each pursuing their own path independent of the other, until a stage of such materialism is reached that the spiritual Guides see grave dangers ahead. To prevent the plan of evolution being defeated, a great destruction of the human bodies is permitted—the present was—which for a time looks as if it would wipe humanity off the earth. See the break in each stream. But this calamity has the desired effect: We now see again great force and each stream turned directly towards the other, where they may shortly unite as one.

At the foot of the page we find another symbol, so small that you may have overlooked it. Here is a small black cross that represents the physical body. In the enlarged head of the cross is seen the heart. Heart and head have united, and the result is shown in the spreading ray—the resultant soul-body.

Still another emblem occupies the center of the page—The Rose-Cross. The lower limb represents the plant life, which draws its sustenance from its roots. At one time in our existence were plant-like. The crosspiece is the emblem of our passage through the animal stage with its horizontal spine. The upper limb is the symbol of mind, which is a human attribute, and the radiant star represents the golden wedding garment which shall make us divine.

# The Stoic Philosophy

ERNEST HECKLER

In our October magazine the writer noticed a maxim of Epictetus, the Greek Stoic. "Men," he says, "are disturbed, not by things, but by the principles or notions which they form concerning things. Death is not terrible. The terror consists in our notion of death."

By the way, in another translation the second to last sentence has an interesting addition: "Death is not terrible, or", it goes on, "it would have appeared so to Socrates, the wise, when he drank the poisoned cup of hemlock."

Just before our magazine came out the writer had spent a few hours studying Epictetus' "Golden Sayings" in a volume of *The Harvard Classics* in our library. Somebody else must have thought "Stoic" at about the same time.

Epictetus' maxims are well worthy of being printed in our magazine. They are golden indeed for anyone who is looking for spiritual light.

In the light of our higher teaching, it is interesting, and sometimes even amusing, to see how others struggled along in their endeavor to reach perfection, in their walking in the light. The men who help us best are those who allow us to come near and close enough to see something of their own struggles and victories, the moist brow as they tugged, the hard breathing under stress, and then the glory-light that came afterwards. And this we do in some way and to some extent when we study other people's and nation's philosophies.

We are probably all familiar with the philosophy of the Stoic, which played quite an important part in the intellectual development of ancient Greece, aiming to lead the Greeks *from sensual gratification to self-control*. The Stoic sect was founded about 300 B.C. by Zeno, and Epictetus, his disciple, is authority on Stoic morals.

The points on which they laid chief stress were:

(1) The importance of *cultivating complete independence from external circumstances*;

(2) The realization that man must find happiness *within* himself; and

(3) The duty of *reverencing the voice of reason* in the human soul.

The Stoics were unmoved by grief or joy; they despised bodily and worldly pleasures and regarded *tranquillity of soul* as the best of all good. Perhaps it would be better and more correct to say "holiness" is the best of all good. Holiness, of course, would bring forth tranquillity of soul abundantly. We have all read the Bible story of David, who was put to flight by his son Absalom. The writer does not recall all the details of the event, having read the story when a schoolboy—but he remembers that King David is said to have slept soundly under an apple tree. How many of us would have slept that night? Probably not many, but David did, and he didn't have pillows to change either.

The Stoics have created for themselves a system directed to the daily practices of life. They touch mostly moral problems and only a few of them. Let us try to define a few of their main principles.

First: They never allowed themselves to dislike anything *not in their power*. For instance, Epictetus says, death is not in your power, the weather conditions are not in your power; rain or sunshine, snow or hail—take it as the disposer has disposed it. The will of somebody else is not in your power, therefore, the Stoic concluded, it does not matter to you what somebody else thinks, or says, or does; let him have the same freedom as you wish for yourself.

This latter maxim they regarded as one of the most important; and if rightly understood it would sink deeply into our souls and give us at one the secret "*How not to worry*." And true instruction for a Christian mystic is indeed this—to learn to wish that each thing should come to pass as it does.

Second Principle: *Whatever bad has happened, it is done, and all weeping and lamenting will avail you nothing*. Epictetus says, "somebody breaks your looking glass; lose no word about it and do not worry for a minute, for it is broken say, 'it's

broken'." Epictetus has shown us how to apply this to bigger things. When he was a slave of a Roman—he was born a Greek, but came into captivity in the Roman Empire—his brutal master, in a fit of rage, crushed Epictetus' leg with a heavy iron spear. His leg became lame, we can imagine how heavy the spear must have been. Epictetus, however did not worry or lament but simply said, smiling, "Sir, did I not say you will break my leg?" It is recorded that this made such an impression on his Roman master that he at once made Epictetus a free man; from which time Epictetus was teaching in the Roman Empire.

Third Principle: The Stoics studied attentively *natural voices*. In the aforementioned case, for instance, where somebody has the bad luck to break your looking glass, we ought to consider for a moment, they say, how we would feel if we had had the bad luck to break our neighbor's mirror. Would it not be natural to say—after a few conventional phrases perhaps—"well, it was glass and glass breaks easily, I just touched it a little bit and it fell to pieces." Just the same way we should think and feel when our own mirror has been broken. It isn't necessary to say that we should learn how to apply this to big events, because almost all our troubles begin with and are turning around little things.

Fourth Principle: *Silence* was their general rule, what was absolutely necessary. This, of course, will appear to most of us as an absurd ideal. We would say, "Oh, it's so unpractical, so unsociable and inartistic." "But I say unto you, that for every *idle* word that men shall speak they shall give account in the day of judgment." (Matt. 12:36)

We all know this day is coming: "There is only one certainty in life and that is death", death for everyone, and on that day we may be alarmed or cheered to find everything we have done, every word we have spoken, well registered. "And by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12:37) We all feel miserable and depleted after dissipating our forces with idle chattering, but did you ever feel the magic power which is in keeping something on the tip of your tongue, or to use a Bible expression, the tongue cleaving to the roof of your mouth? Try it for a day. For a day? No, let us try it till we have

a *genius for keeping still at the right time*. It is true: "Silence if golden." Life is hard, because, among other things, silence is hard.

To be silent at the right time is on the other hand essentially connected with the *necessity to speak at the right time*. To be silent when it would evidently mean lack or moral courage might become a source of our worst troubles in life. The writer remembers how when taking his first steps toward walking in the light, they were attended by embarrassment, a shamed hiding and storing away of this knowledge, just as we did hide ourselves before God when we became aware of our sins. Here a temptation and there a yielding, he fell, and fell often, because of lack of moral courage, each time feeling like a tree that is reset every few days. If the planter is kind enough to carry a bit of the old soil along with it, the tree may not die, but it will never grow large under such conditions. We shall finally win the victory when we feel deep regret and shame after trespassing the laws of God; but it is not until we have developed a strong moral courage that we are enabled to be *always true to our convictions*.

Fifth and last principle: *The Stoics were unmoved by joy or grief and despised bodily and worldly pleasures*. Does that look to us as a cold comfort? No joys, no pleasures? Well, let us throw a glance around us. In our Sunday services we ask God for "not more of joy but how to feel its kindling presence near." and to "give us all *holy joys* to know." For the rest of the joys we should not care, because we know how ephemeral and vain joys and pleasures are in this world. No worldly pleasure which is not followed by deception or satiety, nor worldly joy which does not bring some trouble, no worldly affection which does not hide a bitterness, a sorrow, or even remorse. It would lead far to name some of the pleasures we ought to abstain from. It will be less difficult for those consciously working to restrain desire, to build that vehicle without which we cannot enter the New Age of which Mr. Heindel spoke so clearly in his last lecture. Luke says in Chapter 21:28: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."