

MARCH 1919

Kaus
from the
Rose **C**ross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

\$1.50 a Year

15 Cents a Copy

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOUL

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

GOING WEST

EXPERIENCE, THE CURRICULUM USED

IN THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

WHY NO VEGETARIAN DRUNKARDS

NUTS—THEIR VALUE AS FOOD



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

VOL 10

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA MARCH, 1919

NO. 12

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

* * * * *

There Is No Death

John McCreery

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death. The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death, although we grieve
When beautiful familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread
We bear their senseless dust to rest
And say that they are dead—

They are not dead. They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put a shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though unseen to the mortal eye,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never do forget.

Sometimes upon our fevered brow
We feel their touch, a breath of balm;
Our spirit sees them, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

Yes, ever near us, though unseen,
Our dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all God's boundless Universe
Is Life—there are no dead.

The Passing of A Great Spirit

ON Monday, Jan. 6th, at 8:25 P. M., Mr. Heindel was called into the great beyond. He was feeling in the best of spirits up to a few hours before, was standing at Mrs. Heindel's desk awaiting her advice on a letter he had written. He sank slowly to the floor with a stroke of apoplexy, while smiling at her, and did not regain complete consciousness.

His passing was not wholly unexpected to Mrs. Heindel, knowing his physical condition for years, and that his great persistence and pure life made it possible for him to prolong his stay in a body that was too small for the great spirit which had suffered for years on account of an injury to the left limb when a child, and abuse of the doctors who removed all main arteries and mutilated the bone, interfering with perfect circulation. But he was ever smiling, never complaining, although he was rarely free from pain.

He was most happy to feel that now the work had reached the stage where both he and Mrs. Heindel could leave Headquarters, that there were loyal and efficient members and workers who could now take care of the fast growing movement, could fill the rush of orders for books, could also take care of letters etc. While the leaders were spreading the message of the Elder Brothers from the lecture platform, he was contemplating starting early in April for the east and over to England, but God had a greater work for him to do.

The work of the Rosicrucian Fellowship will go on as before, under the leadership of Mrs.

Heindel who has been his close companion from the beginning, has been the executive head, has saved her dear companion from all annoyances of the management, leaving him free to write his books, lessons and letters. Mr. Heindel has often remarked to her that if he passed out first she would be able to carry on the work without a break, for with her perfect health and executive ability all would go on as

before, and with his help from the other side added as her inspiration, but should she be called first he felt that the physical and mental strain would be too much.

Mr. Heindel first came in touch with the Elder Brothers after a severe test in the Fall of 1908, and the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* was published in November, 1909. In our May magazine we will publish from Mr. Heindel's own writings a history of the the beginning of the work, its aim and object. The Fellowship was incorporated

under the laws of California on the 10th of January 1913, and has been under the management of a Board of Trustees. All the proceeds from the books, etc, go back into the work, Mr. and Mrs. Heindel have been receiving only their food and clothes in exchange for their labor. The papers are all drawn so that no one can benefit personally. All must go back to the work, the work must continue even should Mrs. Heindel be called.

Mr Heindel gave as much to the world through his pen in ten years as another man with a sound body could give in a life time. He worked day and night, brain and hands never



resting, for he had much to give, such a glorious message to impart to the world, that he could not give it fast enough. Yes, he sacrificed his physical body to give to the world that great light imparted to him by the Elder Brothers, and can such a work stop? No, indeed not, the magazine and lessons will be sent out as before, and you who have-received so much help and comfort through his writings, we know that you will do all that is possible to strengthen this work, be it in prayer or articles for the magazine. Now is your time to show your and loyalty for our dear leader.

Abe Victor!

PRENTISS TUCKER

Not with the sound of weeping
 Not with the funeral dirge,
 Not with a wail for the dust so frail
 Which with the dust shall merge,
 But with the Song triumphant
 Bursting from the lips of pain
 Hail we the flight of that spirit bright,
 Back to its home again.

There Is No Death

A PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT

W. STUART LEECH, M. D. (in *Azoth*)

IT is admitted by Physical Scientists, Theologians, Materialists, and all others that man is the highest product of evolution on the face of the earth, although he did not evolve from our present fauna as many suppose, but he is a true product of the "fire-mist," having tediously come up through the mineral, plant and animal eons to his present state of partial consciousness. Physically, he has developed a dense body, a vital body, a desire body, and the germinal mind body which we must not confuse with the brain. In our midst are creatures of only one or two faculties of perception, some with sight but no hearing, some with feeling but having neither hearing or sight; but only man has by the aid of the constructive hierarchies of nature developed the sensations of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling; and now he is on the eve of the unfoldment of another sense, namely, perception of "second sight." It is evolutionary, but instead of waiting for the slow process of evolution, the means is actually within the immediate reach of the intelligence of the age for rapid development of this higher perception; and it concerns directly the bringing out of the latent possibilities of the pineal and pituitary glands. In the Hyperborean Epoch man was bisexual, and is now double-brained, double-glanded, and in his two-faced wakeful state we find his dynamic portion

invisible to all physical eyes. Man changes from cell to embryo, from embryo to foetus, from foetus to infant, from infant to child, from child to lad. In each of these it was a death of the old body and the transfer took place unconsciously while the Ego slept. As man more and more approaches consciousness, the sleep, his miniature deaths, becomes less, and finally he dreams, which is an ability to stamp the physical brain cells with a few happenings as he re-enters the body. If the mechanism of the physical body, especially the brain, is rendered more and more efficient, the forces of the pineal and pituitary approach each other, making dreams more connected. If this process of development continues, the forces of these two glands eventually touch, and the chasm is bridged. As these two forces touch, thus harmonizing the physical body with the soul body (*soma psuchicon*), which is technically called the vital body, then and not till then do we have a continuity of consciousness.

Paradoxical as it may seem there is not a scintilla of doubt but that human consciousness is to be in the developed man an unknown continuity of wakefulness through both sleep and death. With a few individuals this unbroken continuity is frequently manifested long before the individual reaches a state of perfection. Continuation of consciousness or unbroken continuity is a natural inheritance into

which the bulk of mankind is coming by a sure process of evolution. There are many ways for the rapid development, most of which are dangerous counterfeits, but there are several permissible modes in vogue, though they are esoteric and difficult to locate. In ordinary sleep the vast majority go about in the desire body (a body of higher vibration than the visible physical) oblivious to their super-physical and grandiose surroundings. This oblivion is due to a dense mist or a wall of his own making. Occasionally some violent impact from without, or some strong desire of his own from within, may tear aside this curtain or mist for the moment and permit him to receive some definite impression; but even then the fog closes in immediately and the subject dreams on unobservantly as before. The ability of the Ego to remember the events of its journey in the desire world, while the physical body is being repaired in the customary sleep, can be attained by various physiological modes and by the use of well tried formulas of everlasting worth. For this astounding unfoldment of the self it is well to say that the physical body, desire body, vital body, brain, and mind must be radiant with vibratory health and their relationship must be harmonious. It is in this direction the future advancement of medical science lies.

By accident, tumor, disease, or by the use of narcotics, this mist of the soul's oblivion that sur-

rounds the ordinary individual during sleep may be removed before the time for its proper unfoldment, producing pathological conditions such as insomnia, phobias, and obsessional insanities.

By that subjective mode hypnotism, which I class as a dangerous counterfeit, and by the use of certain magical ceremonies, the continuity of memory can be forced, but it is similar to forcing the parturition at the fourth month, which is always disastrous to the incoming Ego. The physical or dense body is only one of the four vehicles of the Ego. The Ego, by the use of the mind in sleep, must impress upon the brain cells an event from the other side before dream memory can take place. The laws of music and all other harmonies teach us that there are one or more octaves between all planes of physical matter. As we approach the higher we find that if the radiations of the physical matter of the brain are rendered low by reason of either a lack of unfoldment, heavy food, drink, certain underground vegetables, depravity, or disease, the brain will not be able to respond to the vibrations of the higher events unless in distortion. It is as simple as the law of harmony. Reflex dreams due to indigestion and a multitude of confused events cannot be gone into in detail in a brief article. Suffice to say that they originate by reason of the Ego being partly drawn into the physical, which gives rise to the distortion and absurdities of some dreams.

In the Land of the Living Dead

PRENTISS TUCKER

Continued from February

THE tone of voice of the last speaker attracted the attention of our friend Jimmie, and he listened with interest. "What—what—what do you mean?" stammered the horrified Secretary.

"Just that. Can that everlasting fire stuff. It isn't logical and it isn't scriptural and it isn't Christian and it isn't in the Bible anyway, and a God who would act the way, you say he does, would be a devil and not a God."

It was a tall lean doughboy who spoke, and the interval of silence caused by the stupefaction of the horrified Secretary, who really could not believe

his ears and was dumb from amazement gave Jimmie a chance to take a hurried glance at the group before the doughboy continued:

"Who is God, anyhow?"

"Who is God! Who is God! Oh my poor, poor brother. Can you be so ignorant as to ask that question?"

You bet I can! You seem to know a lot about Him; at least you are allowing that you do. Now tell me, just who He is and what is His business?

"Who is He? Oh, dear, dear, He rules tho world with a rod of iron and breaks it in pieces like a

potter's vessel. He made you and He gave His only Son to die for you, to save you from eternal damnation and you ask who He is?"

"Now list on to me, parson. I don't mean to be unkind and I don't mean to be irreverent, but I've been through that hell out' yonder and I saw my chum, the finest fellow that ever wore shoe leather and the bravest man—" here he glared around the little circle as though challenging anyone to deny the fact—"the bravest man that ever lived. I saw him hit with a shell and it took both his legs off and he died right there in my arms and he didn't have a chance. I saw him die and I've got to go back when this thing is over, if I'm alive, and tell his wife and his mother how he died. And you tell me that God made the world and rules the world and He allows things like this war to happen? Why didn't He stop it? If He is as great and holy as you say, why didn't He stop the men who began this thing?"

"My poor, poor, ignorant brother. God did not permit this war. It was the devil, that great Adversary, who brought this on."

"Then God don't rule the world! He made us but He made such a poor job that He had to send His only Son to die to save us, and even at that He only saves a few—by your own reckoning the great majority are going to hell. I heard you say so when you spoke of the broad, easy way that leads to destruction."

"Oh, but, my brother, that is all in the Bible. Do you mean to deny the Word of God?"

"I don't know just what I'm denying but I don't believe the Bible says that at all. I believe you go to the Bible and get out of it just what you happen to want to get out of it and not what the Bible wants to give you. Now you listen to me for a moment and tell me if I make a mistake. God is almighty. Is that so?"

"Yes, yes, it is indeed and—"

"Now just wait a minute, parson, if you'll excuse me, it's my innings right now and I'm after getting at the truth if I can. Now to start over again—God is almighty—that means He is able to do anything?"

"Yes indeed."

"And I heard a minister say once that He is omnipotent?"

"Yes."

, "That means that He is almighty, but it means a lot more too."

"Gee! You're a regular lawyer!" was the admiring interjection from another soldier in the group.

"Well, I studied law a lot and practiced a little, too, but I never trained for this kind of a fight."

"Now my brother let me give you some tracts to read—"

"No, parson, I don't want to read any tracts. They all shy away from the big questions. You began this thing and I want you to stand up like a man and see it through because I'm not trying to damage religion any. I'm really and honestly looking for light, but I want real light—sunlight—not any of your tallow candle variety. I want to get at the truth. I've been in hell out there past the trenches and I've walked face to face with death and so have all these boys here and we are looking for truth—facts—true truth, not any counterfeit. Now I am right here to tell you, parson, that my eternal happiness is worth just as much to me as yours is to you and I'm not trying to shock you—I want the truth—so do all these boys."

"But, brother, I have told you. Accept Christ—put on the Gospel armor and you can resist all the wiles of the enemy."

"There you go, parson, evading the issue. The questions are, Who is God, Why did He make us, Why did He allow this war to come on?"

"Oh but you are wrong. He didn't allow it. It is all against His will—"

"Against His will and He omnipotent? No, parson, you've got to try again."

"But I tell you, brother, you must come humbly to the throne of grace. Accept Christ with the right hand of fellowship and even now you may be saved."

The tall soldier looked at the secretary for a moment, gave a sigh and turned away.

"It always ends this way," he said to another of the group. "I never knew a parson who could hold up his end in a real discussion with anyone who wants to know the real truth, if there is such a thing to be known. They always shirk and dodge. So long, parson," he said pleasantly as he passed out of the building.

Jimmie hastily folded his letter, stuck it in his pocket and followed. Here, perhaps, was a chance

for him to begin on the great work. The Elder Brother had said that the work would not be forced on him but that he would be given chances to work if he was in earnest. Perhaps this was a chance. He overtook the two men who quietly saluted as he fell into step with them.

"I overheard part of your talk with the secretary" said Jimmie, "and I want to ask you, if I may, whether you were really in earnest when you said that you wanted to know the truth?"

"You bet I was, lieutenant, but I never can get a minister to answer the questions I want to ask, and yet they seem reasonable to me."

"I think I can answer your questions, if you will let me take the parson's place, and anyhow I think we would enjoy the discussion."

"All right, sir."

The tone was a resigned one and Jimmie sensed the situation. The tall soldier had told the truth when he said that he wanted light but was disgusted at the idea that a very youthful second lieutenant should take up the scanty leisure of two tired soldiers with a lot of useless discussion on a subject of which he must be completely ignorant. He (the soldier) had applied frequently for light to the regularly appointed light-bearers and had received darkness. For this second lieutenant to presume to have what none of the ministers had had was like a grammar school boy offering to teach a major-general the rudiments of strategy. However, the tall soldier was good-natured and decided to put up with the infliction for a few minutes to see what the lieutenant had to say.

Jimmie said, after a little awkward silence:

"You know, I felt sorry for that poor secretary back there, you put some hard questions to him."

The tall soldier chuckled;

"They did kinda get his goat, didn't they?"

"They sure did. Yet the answers are very simple."

"I wish you'd give them."

"Well—ask them."

"Is there a life after death?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've been there and come back."

"Gosh! You scored that time, maybe. But here's another—How do you know that you've been there and come back?"

"I thought you would ask that question. I know that I have been over there and come back because I have met and talked with people whom I knew in earth life and also because I have met and talked with a person whom I had never known before but who had not laid aside his physical body and by following his instructions I have met him in the physical body afterwards. Still, I fully recognize the fact that what is proof to me is no proof to you because you have only my word for it, and even if you knew me well and did not doubt my word yet there is a large margin for error of judgment, so that strictly speaking there can be no 'proof' for you except through your own experience. But, there may be a secondary proof, circumstantial evidence, as you might say, which would be ten times more convincing 'proof' than anything I might tell you, even if you did not doubt my word."

"Just what do you mean?"

"I mean this—you have been told from your childhood that there is a God, that He is wisdom, knowledge, love etc. You see certain facts in the world around you which you find it hard to reconcile with such an idea of God. You see injustice, misery, war, pain, sorrow, parting; you see some who are lucky all their lives and some who are unlucky, through no fault of their own. You see all these things and you naturally want to know why they exist in a world which has been created by a Being Whose Name Is Love. Since they do exist and since they are not the evidences of love, you argue that God either does not exist at all or that He is lacking in some of the attributes you have always ascribed to Him, or that there is Rival Power of darkness almost, if not quite, as powerful as God. Is that not so?"

"That's the case exactly, lieutenant."

"You ask for the reasons why such things are allowed in the world and you are met with evasions and platitudes which show you that the men who are supposed to know most about the things of God are really ignorant as yourself, but not honest enough to admit it. They believe certain things on what seems to you to be insufficient evidence and they wish you to believe just what they do but are wholly unable to answer any of your questions and even resent the asking of the questions. Yet the whole matter becomes plain as day when you real-

ize that we are all evolving spirits, parts of God, just as the Bible says, who are growing in experience and knowledge and power through living many lives on earth, one after another. We are subject to two great laws: that of rebirth, which brings us back again and again to life on the physical plane; and that of consequence, which decrees that we must reap just what we sow—again just as the Bible tells us. In between our earth lives we are in another state of consciousness in which the experience of the past life is incorporated into our spirit as conscience. Sin is the result of ignorance of God's laws, and the resultant suffering in time teaches us how to obey these laws just as a child that has burnt its finger learns to avoid a hot stove. But some are fortunate because they have been longer on the path of evolution than others and have learned more lessons and are able to live more nearly according to God's law. Others are unfortunate because in past lives they have done wrong and have laid up more of a debt, or rather because they have not been so long on the path of evolution and so have not paid off so many of their debts, for no one in all God's universe is called upon to suffer anything which he has not deserved by his actions in the past. But you must remember that the past extends over hundreds of lives. In the great scheme of human evolution there are great turning points where extra help is given and this war is one of those points and was allowed to come on because the race was becoming bogged in materialism and a great shock was needed to turn the thoughts of humanity back to the only real thing in the world, which is the study of the laws of God and the attempt to obey them. And the laws of God were never better summarized than by Christ when He said, 'Love God supremely and thy neighbor as thyself.' Do I make myself plain?"

"Y—e—s, but if I have lived before why don't I remember it?"

"Well, the causes which operate to prevent your remembering your past lives are complex and would take a long time to explain but the fact remains that it is a merciful provision of nature because if you *did* remember all your past lives you could not advance at all for the old loves and hates of the past would compel you to wrong actions. A boy in school uses a slate until he is past the primary grades and does not make so many mistakes in

figures. Later on he discards his slate and uses pencil and paper and still later he uses ink. So with us. When we learn to live right and not make so many mistakes, when we are freer from the passions of hatred and revenge, we shall remember all our past lives."

"It seems to be all right but I can't see why I don't remember if I have lived before."

"Think it over and maybe you will see." Jimmie judged it best to drop the subject here and left the two men to go on their way. He was disappointed, too, for to his enthusiasm the inability to see so plain a question was a little disheartening. He had not realized the fact that each one has his limitations and that the limitations of one are further from the center than those of another. A large circle can contain a smaller one and can understand it and the fact that there is space beyond the confines of the smaller circle, but the smaller one cannot comprehend the larger one until it has learned to reason from the existence of still smaller circles that there may be something beyond its own limitations. It is easy for us to see the limitations of others but hard to see our own until we learn to cast out first the beam which is in our own eye before we attempt to remove the moat which is in our brother's eye.

And now began for Jimmie a life in which he found little time for the particular work he was so anxious to do. His regiment was sent back to the trenches and the strenuous life and the little real privacy and quiet which he could command hindered his attempts to further his own advancement. He did, however, manage to perform, most of the time, the simple exercises which Mr. Champion had given him and managed to say a few words, now and then when the chance offered itself, but the excitement of the actual fighting—for his regiment was brigaded with a British army contingent and was holding back the German advance in the spring of 1918—focussed his attention almost wholly upon military affairs. The matter, though, was in stronger hands than his and one day, in a charge to retake a trench, he received a bullet in his right arm and was sent back to a hospital, fuming at his ill luck.

In this hospital there was no Louise and he had been there hardly long enough to get his wound well dressed, before he received orders to sail at once for America for instruction duty in one of the

big training camps. He tried in vain for leave enough to hunt up Miss Clayton, for the situation was urgent and his orders were peremptory. He wrote a despairing letter to Mr. Campion but received no reply and was forced to board a returning transport in charge of a small contingent of wounded men, his great work undone, Louise and Mr. Campion left behind in France, his comrades still fighting tooth and nail to hold the grey flood, and himself, in what he bitterly asserted to be perfect physical condition, forced to go home before the war was won.

Oh the bitterness of that embarkation. Leaving behind him in France the great war which he wished to continue in, the girl whom he had grown to love, the man to whom he looked for guidance in the great work which he had dimly sensed. Leaving behind all the great activities which had entered his life and had changed it so completely, leaving it all for what? A safety which he despised, a work which he felt others could do far better than he, a life of unwelcome ease, and that dreadful, gnawing sense of separation from those whom he wished to be near.

Jimmie went aboard the transport weighted down with a feeling of injustice and calamity. His arm gave him considerable trouble for it was encased in a sling most of the time and yet he knew that at the front he would have hardly noticed such pain as it caused. But now little things annoyed him and trifles seemed important and he grew, not peevish, for Jimmie had naturally too sunny a disposition for that, but less buoyantly joyful than he had generally been. He spent as little time out of his cabin as possible and was generally supposed to be suffering more from the shell shock than from the wound in his arm, and as shell shock is a most peculiar thing and acts in a thousand different ways, his little foibles were passed over without remark and he was humored in them to the greatest possible extent.

The ship had been two nights and two days at sea and it was late in the evening of the third day, long after dark, that he stood at the rail alone looking wistfully out over the water. The moon was rising, a brand new moon, giving a little light to dim the beauty of the friendly stars. The breeze was blowing gently from the southward and the great ship

drove through the darkness without even the glimmer of a light to mark her way, heaving slowly and gently to the long, easy swells and rolling with something of dignity in her motion as though in a dim way she sensed her separate existence and the value of the precious human freight she bore.

Jimmie leaned against the rail drinking deep breaths of the salty air which tasted so clean and fresh after the reek of No-Man's-Land fouled with human hatred and the wrecks of human war and watched each long, low roller brimming slowly to the vessel's side and raising her so easily, so quietly, as though the lifting of a score of thousand tons of weight were the merest play. The exhibition of such tremendous power slowly brought into Jimmie's mind, torn with grief and disappointment, a feeling of calmness and rest, and when he looked from the ocean to the sky and watched the great stars shining so quietly above him as they had shone above Columbus and the sailors of the Spanish Main, as they had shone above Rome and Carthage, above Babylon and Baalbec, above the builders of the pyramids and the armies and the navies or old Atlantis, he felt stealing over him a faint perception of that great Power whose Being they attested and whose majestic purpose could not he thwarted a hair's breadth, even by the great upheaval of all the peoples of the globe.

His mind ran back over history and he pictured to himself the wars and plagues and pestilences and famines and the myriad scenes of battle and murder and sudden death, of quiet lives of unknown peoples, of the loves and the hates of men and women dead a thousand or ten thousand years ago, upon all of which these same stars had gazed with the same quiet calm, waiting, unperturbed the working out of God's' great Plan .

It seemed to him as the pictures of these things flashed through his mind, as though, the world swung on its way through space, leaving swirling behind it like a dense cloud of smoke visible to spiritual eyes, the prayers and tears of all humanity, the screams of the wounded and the dying upon all the battlefields since human history began, the appeals for mercy, the agony of despair, the strife of nations, the rise of races and their fall, the cry of the starving—all united in this dense black cloud which must roll upward to the very Throne of God. And

through it all there sounded that same despairing appeal—Why! And then he thought of his own little part in this mighty Drama, how he had been protected and shown a little of the great Plot, how a corner of the dark Curtain had been lifted for a moment so that he might catch a glimpse of that which lay beyond in order that he might know how to help.

How had he fulfilled his mission? What had he done? In his talk with the soldier who had asked such pointed questions at the “Y” hut, what had he accomplished? Nothing!

His conscience troubled him, yet, after all, what could he have done by argument? This question, as he began to feel, was one too great to be solved by any burst of enthusiasm, however ardent. It must be the quiet, steady work of time, unremitting, unrelenting, seeking every opportunity, undaunted by failure, and satisfied if, here and there, one person could be helped, though ever so slightly. Then, perhaps, after the war, he might return to Paris and meet again that wise man, Mr. Campion, the “Elder Brother,” and learn of how to fit himself for the great work.

And as his thought steadied itself into that firm resolve to “carry on” no matter how hopeless the task might seem, the calm of the great stars filled his heart and he turned away to seek his cabin and perhaps write a few more words in a letter to Louise which he intended to mail to her as soon as he got ashore.

And so, as he carefully closed his cabin door, before turning on the light which he as an officer was allowed and which was so thoroughly screened that no glimmer could possibly escape to be seen by lurking submarines, his mind was filled with the magic of the stars of the sea and keyed with the resolve to prove himself worthy, in time, of the confidence which had been placed in him and to show Mr. Campion, if he could ever find that gentleman again, that he was not an utterly unworthy pupil.

But he was not prepared for the shock which met him as he turned away from the door. Sitting quietly in the one chair which the cabin boasted, as though his presence were the most natural thing in the world was the very man about whom Jimmie had just been thinking—Mr. Campion.

Jimmie started with surprise, gasped out “Wh-

wh-why!” and held out his hand to his unexpected visitor. Beyond that monosyllabic utterance he could not seem to think of another word to say for an instant, so completely was he taken aback. But Mr. Campion did not offer to shake hands, merely motioning Jimmie, with a smile, to sit on the edge of the berth.

“I am not here in my physical body, so I can’t shake hands with you, but I am delighted that you are able to see so plainly. I have come to take you on a little excursion, if you are not afraid to venture, and as our time is short if you will lie down on the berth and fall asleep we will start on our travels.”

Jimmie might have asked a few questions or have expressed some misgivings if Mr. Campion had not used that expression ‘If you are not afraid,’ but after that challenge he felt that it would not do for an officer in the American Army to hold back. So he quietly turned off the light, arranged himself comfortably on the berth and in what seemed to him almost no time at all found himself standing on the floor looking down on his recumbent body, the whole cabin as plainly visible as though filled with daylight and Mr. Campion, no longer avoiding physical contact, standing at his side with one hand on his shoulder.

This is your first conscious leaving of the body and you must not fear that we shall not find the ship again or that anything will happen to her while you are away. Take my hand and trust me implicitly and whatever you may see do not give way to fear. Come.”

They soared away right through the fabric of the ship, hovering for a moment above her masts looking down at her for she was a beautiful sight as she plunged ahead through the smooth, rolling swell, plainly visible to their etheric vision.

Despite the assurances Mr. Campion had given him, Jimmie was afraid. There was his body, lying down below in its bunk, safe enough perhaps, but going one way while he was going another. The weather was calm but it was not weather which caused the ship to sail at her full speed without a light. Suppose a sub—He checked himself. Often had Jimmie gone over the top and never had he done so without fear, but no one who watched him would ever know that Lieutenant Westman was afraid. Jimmie had the true courage of doing his

duty, whether or not he was afraid, of acting just as though he did not know what fear was, and he had heard too many brave men admit constant fear to be ashamed of being afraid. But he would have been ashamed to show that he was afraid and never had he done so, and he resolved that this experience should never drag from him any expression of the fear he really felt, so he turned away from the ship and looked his guide full in the face with a smile of readiness for anything that might come.

(To be Continued)

MY BABY

ELLA VAN GILDER

Why did you come, dear little Soul,
 Into this world of ours?
 Was it to gather tears and thorns,
 Or play among the flowers?

What lesson did you have to learn,
 What sin must purge away?
 Or did you plan to come to me
 To help me on the way?

There was some reason why you came
 Across the No Man's Land of night,
 Into this turbulent, restless land,
 With your life all spotless and white .

What e'er your purpose, precious Soul
 I know you came to me;
 And my one prayer to God is this
 That I may faithful be.

All through the years of infancy,
 In the part I have to play,
 May I not fail in anything
 But guide you day by day.

I know not what of life you'll have,
 Or what your mission or your lot;
 I only know you came to me,
 From out that land which I forgot.

To guide you for a few short years,
 That blessed privilege is mine;
 Until you know within you lies
 A spark of the Spirit Divine.

WHY WE SIT STILL TO THINK

It is best to sit still when you want to think. If you move your hands or feet or any other part of your body, some of the blood has to go there to operate the muscles, and there is less of it to send to the brain to help the thinking along.

The brain needs blood to furnish food for the little cells, for the little red corpuscles in the blood are the food carriers. Without food the little cells would quickly get tired, just as your body tires quickly when you have not eaten enough to keep it nourished.

The little corpuscles carry food all over our body, but they are so small it takes a great many, just as it takes a number of people to handle the food for our bodies and get it to us when we need it, and if some of them have to do other work, we cannot get our food so easily. So keep the little corpuscles at work on one job at a time, then they can do it *better*.

—Contributed

THE SILVER LINING

The silver lining to the cloud may not always be in sight, but if the sun is shining 'tis gilded by its light. So when your troubles thicken, and all looks drear and black, don't worry, fret and sicken, but find a little crack where sunny rays may filter through, and you can catch a glimpse of blue! The rain may fall, the thunder crash, the sky be black as night, but sunshine follows after all and floods the land with light.

Your life may feel the stress and storm, vain fears upset the heart, but after darkness comes the morn when all the ghosts depart! The silver lining is still there; our vision is but blinded, for we may find it everywhere if we will search to find it.

—The Bronxville Bard

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.

A Loaf of Bread

ALICE GURNEY

THERE is that today, in man, that is seeking, sometimes blindly, liberation from all that binds or impedes his evolution. This urge to "Come up Higher" is not quite understood by the outward seeking mind. But this Inner Urge, even though not understood, is a very potent factor in the activity of human lives today. The outgoing force is held in check by the urge within, and the urge within is not satisfied, and will not be until it has received recognition. The urge to come within may be said to be the magnetic phase and the outward going the electric.

We cannot think of electricity without also thinking of chemistry. We cannot think of leavening without knowing that it is chemical.

As all that is of nature and science has its body and soul, so have these two sciences. "As it is below, so is it above." With a close observation of what is apparent to the physical senses, and if duly weighed and measured, we can, if we are even faintly hearing the Inner Urge, arrive at a fairly good conclusion of what is the matter with our planet today.

A homely illustration may make this clearer. A good housewife looks in the bread box and sees that it is necessary to make a new loaf for the family's consumption tomorrow.: A good cook never waits until the last crumb is gone; no, she provides before hand. She takes flour and water; but the bread made from these ingredient alone would not be very wholesome, and this cook knows it, so she has provided the leaven also. Now what takes place when this good Mother puts in the leaven? Chemical fury is immediately evident. What can we imagine may be the sensation of the flour and water when they find themselves in this great WAR?

Most likely they are condemning the cruel mother that caused so much suffering. And as it continues until the leaven has gone into the whole mass, they may be constantly asking "When will the War end?" Who among them can tell? What is the function of the leaven? The separating of the atoms of the flour and water that the Air may enter in and

make the separated particles so free that a Union of the mass is made possible. Chemical action always produces heat, so we may say this world of flour and water is on Fire.

If we would listen we might hear, on its scale, just such a cannonading as has been going on in Europe. Has the housewife any concern about this suffering? No, she has but one idea in mind, the feeding of the family. When that fury has lasted as long as she thinks necessary, she adds more torture by kneading. This to the suffering atoms must be like irritating a raw sore. Very often the cook sings during this painful operation, all unaware of this suffering. After this has been done, and *raised* again, it is put in the oven for complete combining, to *unite* separated particles into *one* perfect *whole*. The method followed was the only one satisfactory to this good mother.

Now that the *bread* is baked and each little entity has suffered and done its bit for the re-combining of the scattered particles, do they suffer any more? No, if we had the listening ear, we might hear this question: "Why didn't we do this sooner?" The Cosmic Mother is making a *new* loaf of *bread*, the bread of a *risen* and *more* abundant *life* for the children of earth and water, those who have not yet been through the *air* and *fire*. This Path is the *one* to the kingdom.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till *the whole* was leavened."

"I will come again in the *air*." The fire that is bringing a new and more vibrant Life to our dear Mother Earth is now "*in the air*... My own Shall hear my voice." When the leaven is working most furiously *all* shall *hear* his voice, and be eager to be caught up with Him in the *air*. This is the *day* that ushers in the Resurrection. How could there be raising without leaven?

Then the war on our planet was not for what it seemed to be. We must not judge by appearances but judge righteous judgment. This can only be done after right thinking. What is right thinking? Is

the process of thinking like all other temporal things or acts, subject to change? Then what was right thinking yesterday is not so today! We may learn a valuable lesson by noting the difference—in past and present day methods of farming. In the past, the top of the ground was merely scratched, and for a time results were obtained from this, but not so today. The farmer is compelled to dig deep into the soil, and having done so, he finds that much greater results are had from this method than he ever dreamed of in the old way. Intensive thinking will accomplish no less. We must learn to dig today to find the hidden ore in all things, our neighbor, no less than other things. When we dig into our fellow man's being we find what we only vaguely dreamed of before, this notwithstanding his outer coloring, garments, social status, or belief. We shall have gone deep into his being and resurrected his better half. If we have done this same for ourselves, we shall find them twins, yes, Siamese twins, one and inseparable, now and forever. Oh, if we could only open our eyes and ears and see deep enough we should all rejoice that our dear Mother is making that new Loaf of Bread and be more than willing to do our part to help raise it for the new vibrant Humanity only awaiting this process to be completed to appear in great glory.

All this is the true concentration, the active concentration. We are being brought closer together because of a common cause, and this too is concentration. And a united humanity is concentration, the divine concentration that the heaven is working for today.

What good is money if we don't win this spiritual war? This war that is going all within the breasts of us all. Money will lose its value rapidly, as it becomes cheaper. Today it has less value than a year ago. When money is lusted for and made a god, it can be had by those concentrating for it, but there is a price paid, for we get only nothing for nothing. If the present greed for money should continue, it would soon be necessary to work longer for a loaf of bread, a real necessity, than the time the loaf would nourish. Then what good would money be? If a loaf of bread cost a thousand dollars who could buy it? What human need does money supply? If every man and woman worked for men and

women instead of money what good would money be? Only a mill stone around our necks. Man has worshiped a false god, and when he is *raised* from his dead consciousness he will know this. Then what good will money be anyhow? When the work of earth is done because every child of earth loves to serve his brother, will the symbol of work done be necessary? Many are serving in various capacities because of a divine madness to *serve*. *Service* is that which shall replace the greed for money.

When we are completely risen we shall wonder why we were ever so childish as to put value on a scrap of paper or a bit of mineral, a value that is so false that it made men false to themselves, and so robbed them of the power to enjoy the great bounty of Nature. Striving to get and then striving to hold, and envious of the one who possessed the most strength to hold on. All the beauty of the landscape, the flowers, the birds, the sunset, and the stars, all lost to the mind that gave to these idols so much false value. It was not the result of intensive thinking but of superficial, diffusive thought. We have all been dissipators of that divine energy that was and is now our birthright.

Many are awakening and as the number increases. They will be as leaven to go to and fro through the earth, that all may *arise* and go to the Father which is none other than a state of *more abundant life*. This is dynamism.

* * * * *

“*SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.*”

Oh, that the nation had planted a rose instead of a shell in the path of its foes! That the fair daisy and sweet mignonette could whisper of hope instead of regret; that the wee modest violet and pansy so bright could tell to the world how Love o'ercame Might. “Say it with Flowers” is the language to use. The perfume of roses none can refuse, for the breath of the mayflower's delicate scent will stir in the heart a throb of content. The tulip and lily with proud marigold their story of life forever unfold, while the holly and mistletoe tell of Yuletide, of Peace and Goodwill on earth to abide.

“Say it with Flowers” when you speak to a friend; and o'er the wide world its benison send!

—*The Bronxville Bard*

Going West

MARGARET WEST

Greater love has no man than that he give his life for his brother.”

Mine is a very precious possession which I wish to share with as many understanding hearts as possible—it is the memory of my friends among the British soldiers.

While in England during the first two years of the war, I had the privilege of being in correspondence with twelve “Tommys” out in the firing line, and the close personal contact with these twelve dear boys gave me the key to the deeper understanding of what soldier life in the great war has meant and in its far-reaching consequences will mean to humanity.

My special friends were of the British forces, but theirs is a voice speaking for all the armies who, as crusaders, have fought for the liberation of the race.

Also, to this day, I have made a purpose of reading as many books as possible on life in the trenches by men who have lived it. The authors have fought either with the American, British, Anzac, or Canadian army, and their books are written in simple, matter-of-fact language by unassuming, matter-of-fact men. But just because of that they carry conviction, and convey a great, a special message to all who are waiting and watching for the coming of the New Age.

The writers of these books have done their “bit” in duty, learned their “bit” through suffering, and now know their “bit” of spiritual understanding which they give to the world. Of great new truths which will soon alter mankind’s aspect of Life and Death, they tell in such a simple, almost casual way, as if they were self-understood. Of course, they are self-understood, according to the laws of higher nature, and were revealed as such to the men out there face to face with the great Realities.

Precious gifts, to us, these tales from the trenches! And fortunate I, who had twelve dear special

interpreters!

For that is what the twelve friends stand for in my life—interpreters of the Spirit of the trenches, interpreters of the Blessings of the War.

Some of the twelve I only knew from their letters; with others who came home either wounded or on leave after battle, I had long talks. But whether letters or talks, the message was the same. The Spirit of the trenches rarified into its finest essence; the Spirit of the trenches expanded serenely over the horrors of the place, like a white dove on luminous, ethereal, transparent wings. The Spirit of the trenches revealed to me through my soldier friends, is the same with which we who follow the Rosicrucian Teachings, try to fill our lives. It is Cheerfulness, Service, Brotherhood, and the Conviction of Life in death.

To smile!—Every letter I had began about thus: “I hope this finds you as it leaves me, I am in the best of health and spirits”—“I am in the pink!”—“I am Al!”—“just back from the front-line trenches, a bit muddy, but am in fine billets now.”—“I keep on smiling.”—“are we downhearted? no!”

To serve and to share!—“The welcome parcel received, my pals and I had a feast.”—“my pals and I had a real old English tea.”—“my pals and I had a spread in the trenches.”—“my pals and I stuffed our pockets with the good things before going out.”—“my pals wish to be remembered to you, a parcel for one is a parcel for all.”

To love and to know Life in death! “Old Billy has gone West. He was the finest pal a man ever had. Never mind, he is in a better place; the angels are taking care of him. Keep on smiling.”

The comrade has “gone West.” The soldier never says he died or was killed, it is simply, he—my mate—my pal—my comrade has “gone west.”

With the ancient Greeks the *Isles of the blessed* lay to the West, in the glory of the setting sun. The *Isles of the Blessed*, where, freed from the strain of

earth-life, the happy souls “played on meadows of asphodels.” The Egyptians believed the origin of their race to lie in a holy land towards the West, and after physical existence the freed soul returned to that Western homeland—the land of the gods.

When we worship in the Pro-Ecclesia, we turn our faces westward, towards our Emblem, the Cross, on the Western wall. And with eyes ever turned westward our race has spread over the globe. Westward, westward with the Sun! We see the Sun disappear in the Western Ocean and exclaim with Faust:

“...the glow retreats, done is the day of toil. He yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring.” Here on the shores of the Westernmost Sea the new race is to be evolved which will have the extended vision able to witness—the glories of the “new fields of life,” without going through death.

Our limited vision forms a veil. We are “East” of the veil. Those who have left the physical body are “West” of the veil. But the veil is growing very thin, almost transparent. Soon it will be rent altogether, and then there will be no East and West, no Here and There but a great, wonderful recognizing and merging.

The borderline is only imaginary, I know that at least six of my twelve friends have “gone West,” but it makes no difference, they are so near, so near; and at times, just when I think of them most intensely, I find it difficult to remember which of the twelve are “East,” which are “West.” And they out there in the trenches know that the fallen comrade had only for a time disappeared behind a veil, not dead, but just as fully alive as they themselves.

According to the testimony come to me, the men are few who have gone through trench life without experiencing the extended vision. With some it lasted a shorter, with others a longer time; to some it came only once, to others it was repeated. But when it came, it seemed perfectly self-understood and natural. For moments the veil was rent to most of them; none of those who had the experience were astonished at it.

But when they go back into their home lives they can never forget that they have learned a great fact in nature hitherto unknown to them.

To some it was revealed while they were waiting at early dawn, at “zero hour,” for the command to attack; to others while in the dark of the night they stood at listening post close to the enemy’s lines; to some while offering their life for that of the brother. They carried the wounded comrade in through shell-shower and bullet-hail. To some while they lay wounded, weak, exhausted, waiting through long hours for the stretcher-bearers; to some during a crisis on a hospital bed.

The question has often been asked: How did they endure the physical torture of their wounded state? By being lifted out of their bodies! With a vague sense of ownership, a greater sense of detachment they saw their physical bodies lying on the bed or in the shell hole and mud pool, while they themselves as conscious entities were either expanded above it, or roamed at will amongst their dear ones at home or their comrades, or communed with the host of Ethereal Beings ministering on the battle fields.

But whether wounded or not, there is hardly a man who has not experienced the presence of these beings. Intent with stress during dangerous mission, intent with longing for a loved one at home, intent with the feeling of union while a comrade passes out—at any moment where the intensity of suffering or of concentration, or emotion rises beyond normal state, the veil is rent, and the Invisible Helpers, the Angels, the Comrades in White are seen.

In the minority of cases the Ethereal Beings ministering on the battlefield appear to the soldier’s extended vision as saints or angels, according to biblical descriptions. Mostly the Invisible—then visible—Helper who holds a drink of water to thirsting lips, or changes the wounded body from an exposed position into safety, or nods encouragement to a soldier under great stress, or greets the newcomer West of the veil, is seen as the “White Comrade,” that is, a being in appearance and garb like a soldier-comrade, but face and form self-luminous and radiant with a pure white light.

We must remember that most of the men, according to the tendency of their times, went into trench-life as happy-go-lucky materialists, neither

held any longer by the old orthodox religion, nor yet awakened to the new and truly Christian one. But there in the trenches the very essence of our true Christian religion soon became infused into their being, namely, the idea of *Brotherhood*.

It has been asked, how was it possible for them to smile in the terrible grimness of life "over there"? Yes, trench-life was grim, but it also was so simple, so uncomplicated, so big. All the pettiness, the artificiality, with which people complicate their lives, had fallen away; all the superficiality, the sham which is so often confused with "life," had vanished into nothingness.

Out there they were alone with the great Realities, with Duty, with God and with Death. Alone, yet not alone! For they were in closest companionship with their fellow-beings. Never before was there such fellowship established and experienced as in the trenches. Brothers all! In suffering, in smiling, in serving each other, in facing death, in finding God. "My Pal—my Mate—my Comrade." Oh the love that radiates from these words! Whether written or spoken, they vibrate with an intensity of feeling—a feeling of *Union* such as never known in the world before.

The first great spiritual experience of trench-life: *Brotherhood!* And the second one comes: the

Extension of Vision, then—this is most significant and most beautiful—the Beings from the Higher Worlds are seen by the soldier as brothers as Comrades—Comrades in White .

The White Comrade puts loving arms around those who have arrived "West," bidding them welcome, offering them guidance. Across thousands of years this fact seems to be linked with the old Norse myth of the Valkyries, the beautiful maidens who, as messengers from Wotan, descended on to the battlefields and gathered the fallen warriors into their arms; to carry them into Valhalla, the abode of the gods.

The Valkyrie also appeared as a Comrade, clad with helmet and breastplate, carrying shield and spear like the warriors, but a great radiance streamed forth from her. A "sweet seriousness" was the expression on her face, but she smiled while she kissed the warrior's brow; before lifting him up in her arms—and an answering smile went over his features—in sleep. Only those who take life seriously know how to smile! And only the fallen warriors are called into the castle of the gods! Only those who, to their very last moment, fight life's battle bravely will reap the full benefit of the Heaven-Worlds! And to fight bravely is to fight smiling.



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

RIPE DESTINY OR FATE

QUESTION: Is it right to interfere with ripe destiny? If a certain fate is shown in my horoscope, is it not useless to try and avoid it?

Answer: If you were out at sea on a ship in a storm and you were washed overboard, would you make an effort to save yourself, would you not try to reach the boat or struggle your utmost to find something by which you could drift to safety? Or if you saw a friend in the same predicament, would you not make an effort to reach them and help them to safety? The same holds good in life. Would we allow a friend or loved one to suffer, to see them day by day carrying a load; although self-inflicted in a previous life, had we the knowledge to see in their past and would know that they brought this upon themselves by wrong doing in previous lives, yet we could see where we might be able to assist them or relieve them of much of their burden, would we, or could we, look on and say this is their "karma"? Surely not, it would just be natural for us to do something to help them. We would not say "what's the use, if it is their fault, let them suffer." No indeed, if we did so we would lose a most valuable opportunity.

If we have made this ripe destiny, surely we have a right to change it. If we are on a muddy road and we see a way around it whereby we may save soiling our shoes, we would not deliberately walk through the mud, would we? Why do we study the clock of destiny, the horoscope? Why study life and its mysteries unless we can benefit by it? If knowledge is power, why not make use of the knowledge we gain?

If there were no possibility of changing our destiny, why then let us eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die. What would life be worth and why this struggle?

Affirmations also are a means of dodging ripe destiny. The only permanent method of overcoming errors of past lives is by right action, by our life here in this body. It is all right to claim that we are divine, Yes, we are a part of this great God that rules everything, as the Christ said in St. John, 14th chap-

ter, 20th verse, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

So let us back up this claim of divinity by actions of a divine nature, let us not only be so in words but let us make our life express that which we endeavor to teach.

HINTS TO THE HEALER IN THE SICK ROOM

Question: Is it possible to change the vibrations of a sick room or to destroy the thought forms or disease that are built into the aura of a patient? I find that after manipulation and osteopathic treatment of a patient, they respond and to all appearances are healed. The cause seems to be removed, but the patient cannot let go of the thought of disease. Also, frequently after leaving, I feel the same pain for which I have treated the patient,

Answer: Disease is first shown in the vital body before it is felt in the physical. Where osteopathic, chiropractic, massage or the laying on of hands is used, the healer must first with his own magnetism change, or disturb the vital body of the patient before healing can take place. Just as a muddy pool of water must first be disturbed and drained before the fresh water is put in.

During treatment there is an exchange of vitality. If the doctor is full of magnetism and loves his art, his thoughts are centered on the patient, giving out health and filling the sufferer's body with vitality. The patient, looking to this physician to be healed, also makes the body responsive and is willingly receiving the effluvia or magnetism that is exchanged with the doctor. The healer is giving out much of his own strength, yet in exchange, if his vital body is in good, healthy condition, he receives more of the good, pure, health-giving strength from nature than he gives out, and can keep himself in perfect physical condition. But one who is negative, lymphatic, and does not live right, whose thoughts are not clean and pure, who has taken up the art of healing merely as a means of livelihood, who does not love the work, nor cares if he helps to relieve suffering, a healer such as this kind will attract to himself the impurities that are set free from the one whom he is treating. Like attracts like, we can only

respond to those things which we have within ourselves. If we are unselfish, clean, and pure in thought, and keep our bodies in good condition, we make good healers. But if we have nothing to give, how can we expect to be successful in healing others? We only relieve them to a certain extent of their ailments and attract them to ourselves; therefore, we would advise all healers using the art of manipulating the patient or the laying on of hands, that they wash their hands in cold water before touching the patient and from time to time throw off the effluvia they receive from the patient into this basin of water, changing the water frequently. The moisture from the hands of the healer attracts the impurities; therefore he is more able to relieve the patient. Water not being handy, we would advise throwing the magnetism out of a window or into an open fireplace, lighting a piece of paper in the fireplace to burn it up. The effluvia of the suffering one when taken from the body by the hands, appears to the clairvoyant like a dark, jelly-like mass full of impurities, it is heavy and drops in a mass on the floor or into the fireplace and can be removed by burning. But if the patient who has been relieved, or a negative healer, pass over this jelly-like substance, it is very apt to be drawn back into the body and reabsorbed. This is the reason why patients frequently suffer with a spell of the same malady of which their doctor has cured them; they have attracted it from some part of the room where it has lain probably from the previous treatment.

To change the thought of patients who insist on holding on to disease, we would advise: moving them into another room, giving them a new nurse, different surroundings or environment. Very often those near and dear to them, the family, are administering slow doses of poison by sympathy and too great a zeal as to their welfare. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine and bright surroundings are essential, and each time that the doctor visits his patient he can do much to change the thoughts. A smile, a joke, a little story of some kind, act as a stimulant. Some years ago the writer knew a family who had a number of cases of typhoid fever, four being down at the same time. The mother, who was the only one left to nurse, was on the verge of a break. The one ray of light every day was the old physician, who paid his visit. He gave no medicine, but

came in with his smile, made his round from one patient to another, told some joke, something to laugh about, went into the kitchen, slipped a piece of pie from the table and going back to the patients would joke with them, ask them if they did not want a bite of his pie, and telling them to hurry and get well so they could also have some. In this manner this old doctor came in as a bringer of sunshine, and went out leaving his patients better and more cheerful.

Never enter a sick room with a long, serious face. A smile, a laugh will radiate health and the physician himself will be benefitted. This is the secret of success of the healer. A bread pill may at times be necessary to the patient who thinks he must have medicine, but the suggestion of health and cheerfulness is the bread of life.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Question: I purchased your *Rosicrucian Philosophy* and *Rosicrucian Mysteries*—have been a subscriber to the Rays Cross.

Yet I am still unable to solve the Immaculate Conception. It has to be according to a law of “biological psychology” and I should think it would be lifting “desire for man” to the realm of ideal in mind. This would bring back to woman the long *lost part* of herself—hence an author’s pound of flesh etc.—in perfect balance. This renunciation of “flesh” would polarize her mind in the realm of *abstract thought*, of unselfish *love*. This done, the *idea* would project from the unconscious into the conscious the *cherubim image*.

Now as to *what follows*, by Law, I ask of Mr. Max Heindel, through *you*: Would the law then provide the ideal father to create by Natural methods a *physical form* or habitat of the already projected, through the “life principle,” child soul? If so, what would *such* a child mean to the race at this time? Or, putting it another way: If the “breath” would breathe upon a woman the cherubim image and she became conscious of the *child* but *knew not* the man what would it mean?

Of course, a psychologist would say, “Union in *emotional nature before* in the *physical*.”

Answer: The *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* is the textbook and the key to all the teachings. This, combined with the Bible, which has been given to us by the recording angels, is necessary for our

proper understanding of all problems.

First, we will take the word “immaculate,” which is defined as spotless, pure, without stain or taint. It would seem that a conception under ordinary surroundings could not fulfill these conditions, but it is possible for man and woman to so purify their desires that they may be without taint and make the act a sacrifice: a willingly giving their bodies as an avenue for an advanced ego to find rebirth, taking all the pain and responsibility that such an act entails as a privilege and joyfully giving their life, if such should be necessary, that a brother be supplied with a physical vehicle, which is explained in the *Cosmo-Conception* towards the end of the book.

The Bible, having been given to us for our enlightenment, is the book to which we must look for these higher truths. In Matthew 1:16 it reads, “Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.” Luke 3 :23 “Jesus.... the son of Joseph.” You will note that the words in that verse, “as was supposed,” are placed in brackets. The angel foretold to Mary that she should bring forth a son, and all generation takes place through the action of the Holy Ghost, the Jehovic principle, as you will find explained in the *Cosmo*.

Both Mary and Joseph, her husband, were very advanced beings, both had studied in the school of the Essenes and were supposed to lead a celibate life. Therefore the creative act, when performed by these two advanced beings, was one of pure sacrifice, each being impressed with the fact that a holy being was to find birth in the physical world through their vehicles. No thought of self-gratification of desire entered into their Union. They were the most advanced and pure man and woman who could be found at that period of evolution, and the being that was born of this union was named by the angels, Jesus. He was a Jewish boy, born of father and mother like any other child of earth. But if you have studied our Philosophy, you will find that he had behind him a wonderful record. In the previous life he was King Solomon, who built the temple, and tracing him back through the genealogies in Luke you find he came from Seth, whose children always represent those connected with the churches. Jesus, during his early years, received the highest possible instructions in the advance schools, and when, at the age of the beginning of serious life,

about 30, he came to be baptized of John in Jordan, he willingly left his dense and vital bodies and went into the heaven worlds, and from there he ever since is guiding the churches and the religions of humanity. At the moment he vacated his dense vehicle, it was taken possession of by the Christ ray who used this pure physical body during the three years of his ministry on earth.

There is nothing unnatural, nothing contrary to the laws of nature in this wonderful story of the immaculate conception. Through many lives of purity Jesus had prepared himself to build this body perfect enough to be used by the Christ, but the body was born in the usual manner, of two parents on the physical plane.

CAN THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND BE EDUCATED?

Question: Is it true one can talk to and educate the subconscious mind? If so, how should one proceed to train the subconscious so as to be able to do greater work for others?

Answer: To educate the subconscious mind, you can only do that through the conscious mind. If the desire is to train oneself to do greater work for others, well, of course we may use different methods. We can pray that we may have the eyes to see the light that is shining all around us and the heart to do all the things that come near us. But we don't need to hunt for any opportunities, they are right around us. You know the story of Sir Launfal, who was going to search for the Holy Grail—how he came out of the castle on a splendid charger with his shield and the cross on the breast plate, and as he was coming out of the castle gate he saw a leper, and that was the only blot and blur on the landscape. He didn't want to see the sordid things, he wanted to do great things for God, not little things like that leper. But of course that leper had to be helped and he tossed him a gold coin and rode on:

*The leper raised not the gold from the dust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn empty from his door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives from a slender mite,*

*And gives to that which is out of sight
That thread of all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.*

Then years pass, Sir Launfal returns, “An old bent man worn out and frail, he came back from seeking the Holy Grail,” and as he comes to his castle gate he is turned out, and again he sees the leper, and this time there is a different story—

*The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.*

Then a transformation takes place, the leper becomes, the Christ and he says,

*In many lands, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here!—This cup which thou
Did’st fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water the blood I shed on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me.*

That is the great point we should always remember: we have the opportunities for service right here, and if we give ourselves in that spirit, give ourselves without regard to outward circumstances, to those who need it and are not glamoured by riches or power or glittering armor as it was in those days—and glittering gowns today, and glittering fortunes and glittering names today, all these snares are in the path of service, for we are always apt to want to help somebody who is somebody and forget that poor one who is sitting there. But that is no help, no, Christ always went to the poor and needy. We should look at nothing else save the human soul, regardless of its riches. If the person happens to be rich and regards himself as a steward for the Lord to do good with the things that have been given to him, then it is all right, then riches are all right. He is not rich but he is poor in spirit, he holds what he has in trust, then he is one of us. But if he comes full of ostentation as the rich man came to Christ and said “I have done all these things, I have kept the law, what shall I do?” Christ said, “sell everything you have and follow me.” He couldn’t do it, and therefore riches and such things that detract from the call of the Grail, they are really a hindrance and we should be thankful we have no riches. So the first thing we must do if we want to become Visible Helpers (that always goes before Invisible Helpers) then we must become poor in spirit, we must get away from the world’s goods. If we have anything we must try and get rid of it as these things are hindrances, as “when things are in the saddle they ride the man.”

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.



The Astral Ray

* * * * *

Helps By The Wayside

NORINE WELCH

ASTROLOGY is a perfect system of study, whereby we may obtain an understanding of the admonition "Man, know thyself." Its true purpose is to serve as a guide through this earth life, for it is the indicator of Divine Law in *action* and will help us in working out our destiny. One's horoscope is like a panoramic view of the life as a whole. In our past lives we have woven the web of our destiny by our own thoughts and acts—we have set *causes* in motion, and must later reap the *results*. Hence all testimonies in the birth chart will, each in its own time, become prominently active and much will depend upon one's self as to what influence will dominate the life. Where there are many cross aspects and contradictory inclinations, it is always for the purpose of soul growth—they give the opportunity for *choice*—for the stars only *impel*, they do not *compel*; it is "tendencies" that they show, not actual acts that *have* to be committed or traits or character that are *unchangeable*. "Tendencies" are the results of acts or sins in a former life and sin is the result of ignorance. Therefore, as "there is a *13th* factor—an unseen mystic star, with which no astrologer can reckon, which is more significant in the make-up of human destiny than all the twelve signs of the zodiac and the planets—the human Will"—it is through knowledge and the use of an indomitable will that we may "rule our stars." Every time we conquer an aspect we have lived up to our Divine nature. An

"evil" aspect *controlled* furnishes a reservoir of power with which no "good" one can compare. It is not the benefic or malefic aspects, as much as the *use* made of them, that marks the *strong soul*. If the chart has an unusual number of squares and oppositions, it would be fitting to make use of the following truth: "It is the strongest soul usually that has the most to fight, and from an occult standpoint the most adverse nativities are the most progressive, for such souls realize life's purpose and are ready to take up their cross and work off past accumulated debts." It would be well for "young" astrologers to ever remember that now and then they will meet a person who, if they know them well, they would find them strangely at variance with their horoscope and whose high social standing, and relations in all departments of life generally deny its validity. These may know they have met a *strong* soul who may never have succumbed to their evil aspects or has conquered them—through spiritual illumination "the slate may be wiped clean." So let it constitute a lesson to them never to form an unalterable adverse judgement, based wholly upon the natal chart, remembering that "man can change his horoscope to suit his will."

*There is no puny planet, sun, or moon,
Or Zodiacal sign which can control
The God in us! If we bring THAT to bear
Upon events, we mold them to our wish;
'Tis when the Infinite 'neath the finite gropes
That men are governed by their horoscopes.*

The Effect of Saturn In Aquarius and the Eleventh House

ISABEL CLAY

The combined significance of the Eleventh House and the celestial sign Aquarius may be summed up as expression of the most beautiful, ideal friendship, with intuitive sympathy and altruistic feelings of fellowship with and for all mankind. Under the influence of the Aquarian ruler, Uranus, whose keyword, Altruism, is one and the same with the eleventh sign, the person born under this planetary condition would live a beautiful life of service, and experience in his own soul something at least of the joy of the spirit. But the entrance of Saturn into this ideal state would (as I see it, intellectually) obstruct the expression (in outward acts at least) of all the beautiful altruistic promptings of the Christ spirit, causing the personality thus afflicted to *appear* in the eyes of the casual observer as cold and entirely lacking in human sympathy. This appearance of coldness and lack of sympathy would be aided by the very virtues of the person so born, because of the fact that the true Aquarian, having learned to hold his passions, appetites, and emotions absolutely under his control, and his ability to live more in the intuitional, inspirational mind, and working more in the regions of abstract thought than a person of less development could do, would tend to confirm the appearance of coldness, etc. Thus through the saturnine influences the pure joy of the spirit in expressing altruistic service to any and all humanity would be changed to a sorrow—deep in exact proportion to the height of joy—at the frustration of these altruistic schemes. Also, I think, that Saturn placed in this sign and house would exert an evil influence on the Fifth house and sign, Leo.

This is the conclusion that I have reached through my Reason—by analogy—but it does not satisfy my soul. *Something* within me rises in righteous warmth and seems to feel that a time has come when the Christ within shall reveal himself and say “Get thee behind me Satan.” Therefore to satisfy my soul, I will write what I feel ought to be the result of Saturn in the Eleventh sign and house.

Solution No. 2

After many lives, during which the Ego has

finally arrived at a stage where his passions, appetites and emotions are entirely under his control, and where he has also evolved to a stage where Altruism urges him to serve his brothers at all times, anywhere, in any way, expressing as far as may be, the Christ-like attitude of pure friendship—even to the laying down of life not necessarily the physical life but merging his personality in his feeling of At-one-ment with the whole family—then the Ego will incarnate in the Eleventh house and sign. Having overcome his desires and personality, he *should* be able spiritually, through the inspirational and intuitional faculties, to overcome outward things. Therefore (my soul seems to demand) this Ego *should* be able to bring forth into expression the Christ consciousness and say, “Get thee behind me Satan,” whether done by the spoken word made manifest, or, as Mr. Heindel says in the *Cosmo*, “Persistent looking for the good in evil will in time transmute the evil into good.” With the intuitional knowledge which such an Ego possesses, the right pathway would be shown. The final effect of Saturn in Aquarius would. then be the transmuting of the obstructing power of Saturn into the *overcoming* power of the Christ within, and what threatened to be a source of sorrow and misfortune would be transmuted into greater spiritual attainment, bringing with it the joy of hearing the voice within saying, “well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Spirit.”

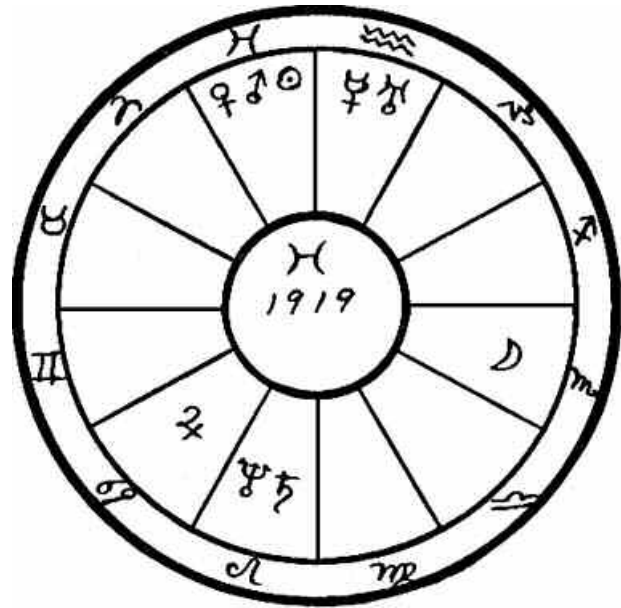
RAYS FROM THE ROSE-CROSS

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

The Children of Aquarius, 1919

BORN FEBRUARY 20th TO MARCH 20th, 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.



THE Children of Pisces are a little sensitive psychic plant, easily influenced and molded by the environments they are surrounded with in their home. The parents and guardians should be most careful of their influence. The child's playmates should be most carefully chosen until they become old enough and wise enough to resist evil influences and have their will sufficiently developed so that they can resist, for they absorb readily both good and evil. Therefore it is necessary for the guardians to shield them in childhood and until the character is sufficiently molded, for the child's first seven years have much to do with the future as to both physical and mental characteristics.

Pisces people are averse to labor, they are naturally lazy and are apt to become recluses or dreamers, wanting solitude, are very timid and retiring. But this month with Venus and Mars both in the sign of Pisces, this will greatly change the timid child and bring out a beautiful flower. If we take the enterprising, enthusiastic, and energetic Mars, combine this with the harmony and love of Venus, in the sign ruled by the opulent, benevolent, and reverent Jupiter, we have a beautiful combination, and with the Moon and Jupiter both in mundane trine, we would advise the

parents to develop the harmony, music, and art in these little ones. Teach them rhythm, to sing and to dance, for harmony in childhood is very necessary to build a healthy and normal body.

Quarreling and inharmony in the home will cause a Pisces child to shrink and to become warped and sickly. It is like the beautiful flower, the orchid, when taken out of the hothouse and placed in the scorching rays of the Sun.

Pisces children should be given a certain line of work to do each day and left to do it in their own way. Let them express that which is within them. So often parents force a child to do things against their natural instinct. As we understand no two people are alike, each must do his work in his own way. Tell a Pisces child what to do, give it a definite work, and then go away and leave it express itself in the work, for they are very methodical and without any seeming effort they accomplish things. With their natural indifference to work, in a most amazing manner they accomplish their ends by a saving of labor. So different from an Aries child, whose natural tendencies are to put all the energy into their work, while the Pisces will go at it in a slow methodical manner, yet will accomplish far more than the Aries who scatter much of their energy blustering and making a great noise

over their work.

A Pisces child can be trusted with a secret. No one could worm it out of them, but they are also too prone to be secretive and hard to understand and never confide in anyone, having very few close friends. Therefore they are often misunderstood and people become mistrustful. On account of this quiet secretive nature, they have no confidants, and shrink from people to seek solitude.

Uranus and Mercury in Aquarius will attract to them intellectual friends, but friends, will not be critical and deceitful, as Saturn and Neptune in in mun-

dane opposition and the Moon is square, causing much suffering and disappointment through friends, also nervous troubles. Great care should be taken of the physical health, for should there be a strain put on the body the heart will suffer, also nervous affections are shown. With Jupiter, the natural ruler of Pisces, in Cancer, they are prone to eat too heavily, especially with Venus, Mars, and Moon in mundane trine to Jupiter, there will be a tendency to overeating and fondness for drink.

Hospital work would be very successful for Pisces children with the configurations shown this month.

Your Child's Horoscope

* * * * *

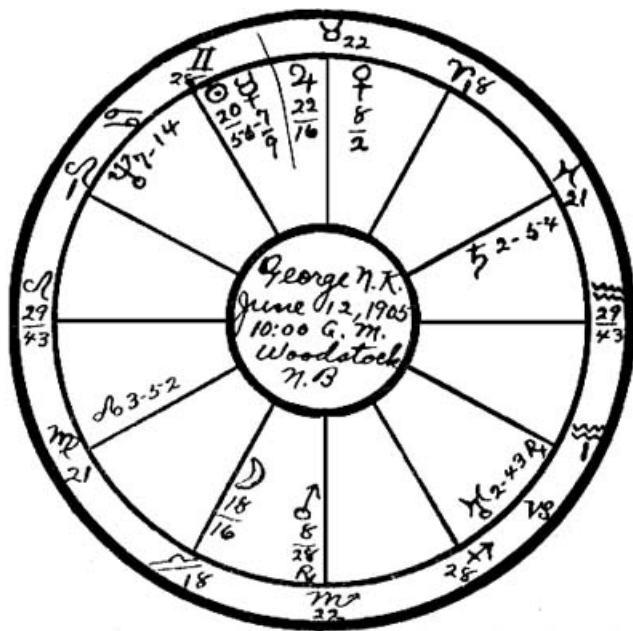
If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. for besides typewriting. typesetting, plating of the figure, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires at least one half day of the editor's time. **Please note that we do not promise anyone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

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

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

* * * * *

GEORGE NEWTON K. Born June 12th, 1905,
10 :00 A. M., Woodstock, N. B.



At the time of George's birth, the last degrees of Leo are rising, giving him the characteristics of the

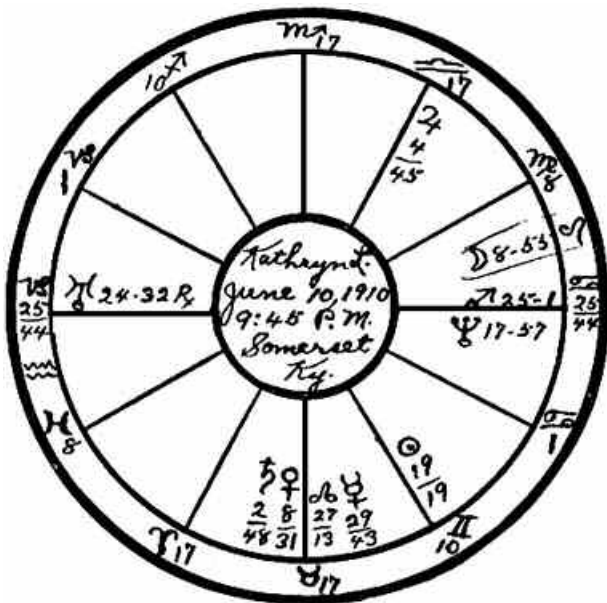
next sign, Virgo, with the ruler Mercury in its own sign of Gemini and in elevation, is square to Saturn. This affliction will give George a very sarcastic and critical nature, but with the harmonious, cheerful, and suave Venus in its own sign Taurus in the Midheaven, also the opulent and law-abiding Jupiter in the same sign on the cusp of the Midheaven, he can overcome all the evil tendencies of the square of Mercury and Saturn. For with Venus sextile to Saturn and the occult, prophetic, inspirational, and musical Neptune, George can accomplish much through the good influences brought about while young by the guardians, if they will develop the Ninth House qualities; that is, religion and the higher aspirations, and give him a musical training, cultivate the voice, and encourage him to sing in a choir in church. He will have a musical voice and will also be able to express himself from the public platform. With the vital, dignified Sun trine to the magnetic Moon in the Seventh House sign, Libra the scales, he will be able to appear before the public.

Teach George to be most truthful and honest at all

times, for with Mercury and Saturn square, and the egotistical, passionate, and impulsive Mars in its own sign, Scorpio, retrograde, in opposition to Venus, the lower nature will be a great detriment to him, especially with Uranus in the Fifth House in opposition to Neptune, he is very apt to drift into evil company., "Wine, women and song" might be his motto. And it behooves the parents to be careful of this boy's training, for with Neptune in Cancer afflicted by Uranus, he may take to drink, for friends will be his greatest enemies.

KATHRYN L. Born June 10, 1910, 9 :45 P. M.
Somerset, Ky.

Here we have a young lady with a strange and very



unfortunate combination of planets. The unconventional, irresponsible Uranus in Capricorn on the Ascendent, with the combative, discordant, and impulsive Mars in opposition in the Seventh House, and conjunction to Neptune, Neptune being very powerful in the watery sign Cancer. This gives her a most stubborn, self-willed and erratic mind, a girl who will want her own way and will ride rough-shod over anyone who tries to interfere with her. She is prone to speak very sharply and even cruelly when cross, ever restless, wanting change or diversion.

She will never follow, but will want to lead. Kathryn will bring much suffering and sorrow upon herself by her unconventionality. She will care little

for the opinion of others, as Uranus in the saturnine sign Capricorn will give her strange ideas of dress, also in her actions she will be very odd. Naturally she will not be popular on account of this strange temperament, being very straightforward and blunt in her speech. Mars, the ruler of the Tenth House, in opposition to Uranus, will impel Kathryn to conduct herself in such a manner that she will bring slander upon herself, although unmerited.

She should be taught as a child to act discreetly; teach her also to speak kindly and lovingly and always stick to the truth. However, with Mercury in good aspect to both Uranus and Mars she may be diplomatic enough to overcome some of the impulses of the planets in the First and Seventh Houses, for she will be very quick and bright mentally, will absorb knowledge without effort, and Mercury in the slow determined sign of Taurus, she will not stop at the most difficult problem until she has mastered it.

There is also a good side to this horoscope, but this will be brought out and developed more in later life, that is, after Kathryn has suffered through her impulsive and restless nature, for marriage will bring her much inharmony and unhappiness. The first marriage will be very unsuccessful and separation is shown, but the second marriage is where she will get her opportunity. We find the magnetic and imaginative Moon in the sign Leo, the heart, square to Venus. This will bring trouble in courtship. But the Moon is sextile to Jupiter in the Eighth House and the second marriage will bring great benefit financially and will also develop the character.

Originality is Kathryn's strong point. Help her to express this in music and song. Under inspiration she may be able to improvise. Unfortunately the Sun, being unaspected, will give her little assistance to bring out that which is within her. Therefore the guardians should do all in their power to give her that assistance, so that she will be able to use the talents that are latent. But if we realize that we are building the bodies and vehicles which we will use in future lives, that man's yesterday is a stepping stone to his tomorrow, it behooves us to help the children to bring out and strengthen all their latent possibilities so that they may build good foundations. If they cannot use them in this life, the soul has this to carry with it into lives to come, and parents lose a valuable opportunity when they neglect a child. Even though

the talent may be weak, by care it can be brought out and strengthened, making it possible for that soul to express some time, even though it may be in a life to follow.

As to health, care should be taken of her at puberty as she will suffer from restricted menses and poor

circulation. Also Mars and Neptune in Cancer will give her a very ravenous and queer appetite, a desire for liquids, and she may go to excess in eating and drinking, especially coffee or tea, and one with Uranus afflicted on the Ascendant would become very nervous and the heart action might suffer.

VOCATIONAL READINGS

GERNEAUX H. Born Sept. 22, 1906
5:00 P. M., Watkins, N. Y.

Here we have a young man who has four Common signs on the angles, a character that is easily swayed by others, either for good or evil, and the melancholy, pessimistic, and secretive Saturn on the Ascendant in opposition to the destructive, impulsive, and hot tempered Mars.

Gerneaux will find much opposition and in-harmony in life, especially through the marriage partner, or should he go into partnership in business, for he is very apt to be severe and critical, suspicious of his partner, and we would advise him never to enter into this relationship with anyone. But we find Mercury in conjunction with the Sun in its own sign Virgo, sextile to the Moon in the Ninth House in Scorpio; also Neptune from the watery sign, Cancer, trine to Venus in Scorpio, and Mars trine to Uranus from the Seventh and Tenth House. This would indicate that this young man would succeed well as a chemist, or an inventor along electrical lines. But we would caution him very strongly against Fifth House conditions. Here we find Jupiter and Neptune in conjunction in the sign of Cancer with Uranus afflicting in opposition. This gives a tendency to drink, and we would warn the young man against taking his first drink for it may lead to others. If he could use the good aspects of Jupiter, as we find a trine to Saturn and a sextile to Mars, use him for constructive work instead of destructive, then he can be a force in the Fifth House. Employment in a publishing house would be successful.

LESLIE WARREN G. Born Feb. 9, 1903
at Noon Texarkana, Texas

Leslie is a young man who will make his mark in the world. A keen mind which should be very quick

to catch a point, and with the dignified, authoritative Sun conjunction to the reverent, opulent, and law-abiding Jupiter, in the humanitarian sign Aquarius in the Midheaven, and sextile to the original, inventive, and liberty-loving Uranus. This young man would make a success at law, would be a most wonderful and humane Judge on the bench, but in government work as Consular in some diplomatic office for the government he would excel. But here we have also a young man with Neptune and Moon in Cancer, Moon square to Mars in the Fifth House, giving a tendency to gamble and drink. This aspect, coming from the house of finances, will bring many reverses, he will be very unfortunate in speculations and is apt to invest his money recklessly.

MARRIAGE, MOTHERHOOD AND VOCATIONAL ADVICE GIVEN TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

We are giving short readings for children under fourteen years of age, to help parents suppress faults and foster talents while the character is plastic. Life is still in the making for the young man or woman between fourteen and twenty-five years. They may also benefit by knowing what talents are latent, and what life work to select. We have therefore decided to give this advice so far as space permits. Each must wait his turn.

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, date, and hour (as near as possible).

(2) Birth-place-city, state or country.

Studies

in

The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

* * * * *

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

- Q. What happens when a medium allows his or her vital body to be used by entities from the Desire World?
- A. The vital body generally oozes from the left side, through the spleen, which is its particular "gate," then the vital forces cannot flow into the body as they do normally.
- Q. To what condition does this state usually lead?
- A. The medium becomes greatly exhausted. Some of them resort to stimulants to counteract the effects, and in time become incurable drunkards.
- Q. What vital force surrounds us and how is it absorbed?
- A. The vital force of the sun surrounds us as a colorless fluid and it is absorbed by the vital body through the etheric counterpart of the spleen, wherein it undergoes a curious transformation of color. It becomes pale rose-hued and spreads along the nerves all over the dense body.
- Q. To what is this vital force compared?
- A. To a telegraph system. Though there be wires, instruments, and telegraph operators all in order, if the electricity is lacking, no messages can be sent.
- Q. What parts of the human system are compared to the telegraph system?
- A. The Ego, the brain, and the nervous system. They may be in perfect order, but if the vital force is lacking to carry the message of the Ego through the nerves to the muscles, the dense body will remain inert.
- Q. What happens when part of the dense body becomes paralyzed?
- A. The vital body has become diseased and the vital force can no longer flow. In such cases, in most sicknesses, the trouble is with the finer invisible vehicles.
- Q. What do the most successful physicians use in conscious or unconscious recognition of this fact?
- A. They use suggestion, which works upon the higher vehicles as an aid to medicine. The more a physician can imbue his patient with faith and hope, the speedier the recovery.
- Q. Describe the vital body of a person in good health?
- A. The vital body specializes a superabundance of vital force, which, after passing through the dense body, radiates in straight lines in every direction from the periphery thereof, as the radii of a circle do from the center.
- Q. Describe the vital body of a person in ill health?
- A. In ill-health the vital body is not able to draw to itself the same amount of force, and in addition, the dense body is feeding upon it. Then the lines of the vital fluid, which pass out from the body, are crumpled and bent, showing the lack of force behind them.
- Q. Why is the danger of contracting disease greater when the vital forces are low than

Experience, the Curriculum used in the School of Life

KITTIES SKIDMORE COWEN

IN our past studies in the *Cosmo* we have learned that God created man within Himself a three-fold immortal spirit; that the threefold spirit during involution, with the aid of various Hierarchies (teachers), built for itself a three-fold body; and that when this work was nearly completed, the spirit, which had been *outside*, began to draw *inside* its vehicles, and the link of mind was added.

The threefold spirit then possessed a threefold body and a mine connecting the bodies with the spirit. And being thus equipped the spirit was ready to begin its work in evolution, ready to enter the great school of life. But in order to gain admission and master the lessons prescribed therein, the spirit must build for itself a soul—a soul being the only medium through which it could extract and assimilate the experiences gathered by the body from the outside world. This soul the spirit built from its own breath record, good and bad, during each successive life (see *Rosicrucian Mysteries*, page 38). While the process of soul building was going on, the various lessons were learned and their meaning applied.

Primitive man, we must remember, was very far from being the highly organized individual we now know him to be. He was as yet very low in the scale of evolution. It was not until the latter part of the Lemurian Epoch that there appeared anything to which the name Race could be appropriately applied. Until this time the vehicles of man had not become sufficiently organized to render him fit for such a classification. And so it was not until the latter part of the Lemurian Epoch that we hear the word "Race" applied to the evolving life wave to which our present humanity belongs.

In our previous article in *Rays from the Rose Cross*, November, 1918, we stated that twelve kinds

of opportunities come to mankind each month through which to gather experience for soul-growth. That these opportunities for service come to us through the twelve departments of life represented by the twelve houses in the horoscope, and according to how much or how little we make use of each opportunity when presented, depends our progress in soul growth .

Now let us make an examination into the existing conditions of the life of mankind, past and present, and endeavor to discover the practical application of the foregoing statement.

During the Lemurian Epoch, infant humanity was absolutely guided, directed, and controlled by Divine Rulers. This regime was carried on under the planetary condition of Mars, the Moon, and Saturn. And had a horoscope been cast for any of the people who lived in that Epoch, it would have been unnecessary to have entered the places of the other planets as the Lemurians were entirely unable to respond to their vibrations. (See *Message of the Stars*, page 31.)

A brief examination into the effects of the rays of these particular planets—the Moon, Mars, and Saturn—will readily reveal to us why this is true. First we will take under consideration the Moon, which is under the Divine Rulership of Jehovah. The effect of the Moon's rays was to give to the infant humanity of that Epoch a childlike amenability which would bend itself readily before rulership and authority. Implicit obedience to authority was absolutely necessary at that time, in order to further evolution, on account of the limited consciousness of the evolving life wave.

Next we will enter into a consideration of Mars, the home of the dominant Lucifer Spirits. Mars is the planet of action. Mars is dynamic, energetic, forceful, aggressive, active, restless. And from his

demands all for self. Therefore the savage must learn to conquer self in a certain measure ere he may become the more civilized family man of modern times. But the Mercury delusion of intellectual superiority in man also needs another influence to conquer it; and this woman is now attracting by aspiration. As she mastered the martial brutality of Mars by Venus beauty so also will she free herself from Mercurial bondage by Uranian intuition.

“Thus we see that the first step toward civilization requires that a man conquer one or more of the planets to a certain degree at least. Unbridled passion, such as generated by the primitive Mars rays, is no more permissible under the regime of modern civilization; neither is the tenet that “might is right” any longer admissible, save in wars when we return to barbarism. The Mars quality of physical prowess, that at one time made it a virtue to attack others and take away property, is no longer admired *in the individual*. It is punished by various means, according to law, though it is still effective as far as nations are concerned, who go to war under this primitive impulse in order to secure territorial aggrandizement. However, as said, Mars has been conquered to a great degree in civil and social life in order that the Venus love might take the place of Mars passion.

“The children of primitive man were left to their own resources, as soon as they had been taught to defend themselves in physical warfare. With the advent of Mercury another method is observable. The battle of life nowadays is no longer fought with physical weapons alone. Brain, rather than brawn, determines success. Therefore the period of education has been lengthened as mankind advances, and it aims principally at mental accomplishments because of the Mercurial rays which accompany the Venus development of modern civilization. Thus man sees nature from a more sunny side when he has learned to respond to the Sun, Venus, Mercury, Mars, Moon and Saturn, even if only in a very slight measure.

“But although these various stages of evolution have gradually brought man under the dominance of a number of planetary rays, the development has been one-sided, for it has aimed to foster interest solely in things over which he has a proprietary

right; *his* business, *his* house, *his* family, *his* cattle, farm, etc., are all vitally important and must be taken care of. *His* possessions must be increased, if possible, no matter what happens to the possessions, family, etc., belonging to anyone else—that is not his concern. But before he can reach to a higher stage of evolution, it is necessary that this desire to appropriate the earth and retain it for himself, if possible, must give way to a desire to benefit his fellowmen.

“In other words, Egoism must give way to Altruism, and just as Saturn, by wielding the whiplash of necessity over him in his primitive days, brought him up to his present point of civilization, so also Jupiter, the planet of Altruism, is destined to raise him from the state of man to superman, where he will come under the Uranian ray in respect to his emotional nature, where passion generated by Mars will be replaced by Compassion, and where the childlike consciousness of the Moon is replaced by a Cosmic consciousness of the Neptunian ray. And therefore the advent into our lives of the Jupiter ray marks a very distinct advance in the human development.”

The evolution of the human life wave is carried all along two distinct lines of progression; namely, emotional and intellectual growth. The emotional development is forwarded through the agencies of the planets Mars, Venus, and Uranus. The intellectual development is under the influence of the Moon, Mercury and Neptune.

Mankind has passed through two stages of his emotional development, marked by the planets Mars and Venus, and is now in preparation for the third stage, marked by the planet Uranus. Mars was the first stage, and when he was amenable only to the rays of this planet animal passion reigned supreme. He sought unrestricted gratification of all his lower desires in intercourse with his fellowmen, and with the opposite sex particularly. He was destructive, cruel, aggressive. His keynote was dominance, his chief aim self-indulgence.

The planet Venus marked the second stage. When he became amenable to the rays of this planet, love softened the brutality of his desires and his animal passions were held somewhat in abeyance. Under the higher phases of this planet he becomes willing

to sacrifice himself and his desires for the benefit and comfort of those he loves. But before he can reach a higher stage in his evolution his desire to benefit and comfort those he loves must give way to a desire to benefit and comfort all mankind. And this change in his emotional nature is brought about through the benevolent rays of Jupiter, for Jupiter is the planet destined to raise him from the state of a man to superman, when he will be fitted to reach the third stage which will bring, him under the Uranian ray.

And it behooves everyone who endeavors to live the higher life not to try to aspire to the Uranian ray until he first becomes thoroughly imbued with the altruistic vibration of Jupiter. Then, when he has evolved to the point where he can feel the rays of Uranus, the passion of Mars gradually turns to compassion; there the love of Venus, which is only for one particular person, becomes all-inclusive so that it embraces all mankind, regardless of sex or any other distinction, for it is the divine love of soul for soul which is above all material considerations of whatever nature.

The mental development of mankind has also passed through two stages of advancement, marked by the Moon and Mercury, and is now passing through a state of preparation for the third, which will be marked by the planet Neptune.

When man was only amenable to the influence of the Moon, he was childlike and easily guided by the higher powers who led him by implicit obedience through the first stage of his development.

Mercury marked the second stage, and under the rays of this planet he gradually developed intellectual powers and became a reasoning being, responsible for his trend of thought, his conduct, his mode of living, and his manner of dealing with his fellowmen. But here again, before he is ready to be advanced to a higher stage, his Mercurial reasoning powers, which have also generated selfishness and egoism, must come under the rays of the beneficent Jupiter, and undergo the spiritual transformation which will transmute his selfish mental conceptions into Jupiterian altruism, which takes cognizance of the spirit or man, recognizes it as his real brother, and knows the body to be a physical garment only which the spirit wears but for a time.

And so gradually, through the agency of Jupiter

expansiveness, the cold calculation of the Mercurial reasoner is exchanged for the Cosmic consciousness of the Neptunian ray. And thus he gradually develops a consciousness, which is above and beyond human reason, but which nevertheless is connected with reason, in such a manner that when the result has been reached, the man who has this Cosmic Consciousness knows the reason why such and such a thing is and must be, or why he ought to take a certain action.

(See *Message of the Stars*, page 46.) "The Cosmic Consciousness developed under the ray of Neptune differs from that intuitional right feeling developed under the ray of Uranus in the very important fact that while the person who has developed the Uranian quality of intuition arrives at the truth instantaneously, without the necessity of thinking over the matter or reasoning, he is unable to give anything but the result; he cannot connect the various steps or logical sequence whereby the final result was reached. The man or woman, however who develops the Neptune faculty, also has the result of any question immediately and is able to tell the reason why that result is the proper and right one
(*To be continued*)

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.

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. There *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.

Nutrition and Health

* * * * *

A Mental Method for Bowel Regulation

HARRY LESLIE STROUPE (in *The Vegetarian*)

THE assertion has been made, and we have not heard it disproved, that there never was a vegetarian drunkard. Here then, is a remedy for intemperance far more effective than all the drug cures that men take. The discontinuance of flesh eating will carry off the craving for strong liquids like beer, wine, tea and coffee, Anyone can test for himself. Stop eating meat for even one month and that unnatural thirst which accompanies and follows a diet of flesh will disappear. There is a physiological reason for this. Meat is always in a certain degree of putrefaction, and the decay is increased when it is introduced into the stomach. The decaying mass in the body gives off animal heat, a sort of fever is set up in the stomach which the man or woman tries to cool with water, tea, coffee, beer, or whiskey. Some people flood the stomach with quarts of water daily, claiming that the system requires this large quantity of moisture to keep it cleansed. But the facts are that those who eat meat are already burdened with an excess of fluids. They drink at meals many times what the system requires and then follow this by frequent potations between times. I have found my experience that fruits and vegetables in their natural state contain all the fluids necessary to the needs of the system, and those who have adopted a strictly raw food diet never drink at meals, because they have no desire to do so. From these facts, which are being demonstrated by food reformers in all parts of the world, it is evident that the Temperance Societies are overlooking a most essential factor in their work They are trying to legislate the liquor traffic out of existence while at the same time they are cultivating by the eating of flesh an appetite for strong drink. Mothers and fathers everywhere need educating in dietetics. They should be plainly told that they are creating, in feeding their sons meat,

an appetite that is at any time liable to break forth into drunkenness.

The juicy steak which lovers of flesh smack their lips over is saturated with salty urea, which in the stomach calls for liquids. Physiologists say that this juice in the steak is the urine of the animal arrested on its way to the kidneys. In eating this mess man not only makes his system a sewer for the corrupting animal flesh, but he also puts into his stomach an irritant that demands a cooling solvent at once. If it's the flavor of the meat you like, perhaps the source of the flavor will satisfy you. The flavor of meat comes from the unexcreted matter which is on its way to be transformed into urine. My proof of this is, wash a piece of flesh and you have no flavor.

Meat digests quickly and throws off animal energy that must be used in brain or muscular activity very soon after eating; if it is not so used it goes back into the system and fills the joints with uric crystals, causing them to stiffen and eventually ossify. Swollen, stiffened joints are the result of flesh eating, accompanied by sedentary habits. The eating of flesh causes your brother to stumble. To meet the demand of the flesh eaters' ferocious appetites, thousands of men are daily steeped in blood and beer. These men are made to cultivate the cruel side of their nature in slaying defenseless animals in horribly inhuman ways. No man or woman "liveth unto himself alone," and you are responsible for this stumbling of your brother in the slaughterhouses.

Here again is proven in these slaughterhouses the close relation between meat and drunkenness. In the vicinity of the packing houses the liquor traffic thrives immensely. The "wettest" block in one of our large western cities is at the very door of its largest packing house. Here are twenty or

more saloons in one block. At the dinner hour men stand in lines at the entrance of these saloons waiting to have their pails filled with beer. Just another proof that our temperance brothers are on the wrong track. What creates this insatiable thirst? *Flesh eating.* These men live on bread and meat, no vegetables, as a rule. A woman from this district told me that she had not cooked a vegetable in her house for years. She said the men wanted nothing but bread and meat and beer. She was yellow as saffron and wanted help for her liver. Did she eat meat and bread? Yes, but she claimed she drank no beer. When questioned what she did drink, she said about three cups of coffee at a meal, three times a day. Yet she did not think there was any relation between her yellow skin, shakiness, and the meat and coffee she consumed. It is not climate that makes the sallow, muddy complexion, but material thinking, wine, beer, whisky, tea, or coffee. The mother who gives her children meat is paving the way for intemperance. The wife who feeds her husband flesh is tempting him to drink. With this constant fever of rotting flesh in his stomach, it is marvellous that any escape drunkenness.

Blot out flesh eating and man will soon become temperate without the enactment of a single law. No one who eats the food that nature prepares will have any desire for strong drink, not even tea or coffee.

Then the sure cure for the drink habit is to stop

eating meat and all animal products. Cereals, vegetables, nuts, and oils have all the elements necessary to the body's sustenance. Try this remedy for even ten days and you will find that your countenance will be fairer and you will be fatter in flesh. Why insist upon getting your vegetables second handed? All of you meat eaters are doing this very thing. Why? Because all animals that are butchered for food live on vegetation.

Flesh irritates the body, causes intestinal ferments, decays the teeth, overworks the body organs, and plays mischief generally. To consume flesh is just exactly like trying to burn gasoline in a kerosene lamp. The result is always the same, something has to break. The reformed drunkard who continues to eat meat is liable at any time to fall into his old drinking habits, because he is keeping alive the fire in his stomach that calls continually for stimulants.

Daniel and his companions in Babylon could give us lessons in eating and drinking as aids to health. Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the King's meat nor with the wine he drank. He said to the Prince of the Eunuchs, "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days, and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink," and at the end of the ten days their countenance appeared fairer, and they were fatter in flesh than all the youths which did eat of the King's meat.

Nuts--Their Value as Food

ERNEST HECKLER, N. D.

Nuts are an excellent article of diet and offer the best substitute for meat, as they contain a large percentage of proteid; i. e., muscle-forming substance and fats, both in a state of absolute purity. No physical worker who is living on a meatless diet can do without nuts. There are many varieties. The peanut is often named as the first in rank for nutritive value, next to the chestnut and then the walnut. At the present time, the peanut is about the only one the average pocketbook can afford, but as a matter of fact it is in reality no nut at all but a pea, resembling a nut; so it ought to be

rightly named "nutpea." This name would very much more respond to the botanical and chemical character as well as to the taste of this leguminous fruit. Besides, one who has made a study of food problems and of physiological chemistry knows that the nutpea contains a slight amount of xanthin, $C_5H_4N_4O_2$. Thus one needs warning against eating too much of it. As long as they are eaten raw, unroasted, the danger is not so great. Everything is good as it comes from the hands of Nature and much is spoiled in the hands of men. When roasted this xanthin becomes concentrated and a uric

acid builder in the urine, the spleen and the muscles. Peanuts should, after being shelled, be exposed to a very hot fire only for a short while, so that the skin can be removed. They should be served after removing the skin, best warm, with a little bit of salt, together with black bread.

The chestnut boiled and roasted is rich in carbohydrates and has a relatively great fuel-value; the percentage of mineral matter is a little high, however. The same is true with the brazil nut. Not so the walnut, which has a very small amount of ash and great fuel value.

Almonds should be eaten sparingly, as they contain a small percentage of arsenic. There is still another nut, the largest of them all—the coconut, or cocoanut. Both spellings are used. The spelling “cocoa” appeared first in Johnson’s dictionary, probably as a mistake, and later became the more common spelling. “Coco,” however, is the spelling preferred by more careful writers, to avoid confounding with the cocoa-bean, from which chocolate is being gained.

No doubt the coconut should have been named in the first place, not only because it is the largest of all nuts, but also for its value as a perfect food, which with the smallest amount furnishes the greatest energy. Yet for a third reason would I call it the Queen of all Nuts. Why, do you think? For the *milk* it contains, real milk of Nature. If milk has the tendency to put man in touch with the cosmic forces and enable him to heal others, as we are taught, then I know it to be right to attribute this quality much more to the coconut-milk than to the cow-milk. Meditating on the coconut tree, which yields nuts, meat and drink, fire, fuel, and clothing, your spirit is, if you have learned to successfully form pictures of the mindstuff, carried into the beautiful tropical climes, where the sun forever smiles over paradisiacal islands dreaming in purity and silence under a cloudless sky, in the midst of the blue sea. Think of cows, on the other hand. You can’t help but see the Egyptian flesh pots beside the milk pail. We are carried back to the latter third of the Atlantis spoils and the more sensitive feels the often brutal and stupefying vibrations around cattle and dairy places. In these very places men are made actually “beefy”—from beefy to “beery”

is but a little step, and housewives often bewail their lot in being unsuccessful in making their husbands “milky.”

Many Bible interpreters think that John, in the last chapter or Revelation, speaks of the coconut tree, because it produces fruits every month of the year. John, no doubt, refers to the zodiac, and to evolution as shown in the zodiac, and not to the coconut tree. There is an occult story, however, connected with the discovery of the coconut tree, originating from Ceylon, on the southernmost coast of which there is erected a gigantic statue about 18 feet high made of granitic rock representing the picture of the prince of the Singhalese Rottal-Rajah. At his time there were no coconut trees to be found in the interior of Ceylon. The prince, so it is recorded, suffered from an impurity of the blood which caused eruptions all over the body. He prayed fervently to Buddha for healing, and to him appeared as an answer to his prayer and a sign of Buddha’s helpful grace the famous Naja, the Holy Serpent of the Singhalese, the cobra dicapello, which hypnotized him so that he fell asleep. He was shown in a dream the coconut trees on the southernmost shores of Ceylon, between the cities De Galle and Mature, where visitors see now the gigantic granite statue, and was instructed not to eat of the fruit, but to drink the milk for three full moons. Rajah discovered the tree after a long search and found healing of body and soul, praised and proclaimed Buddha the Great, and in gratitude created the stone monument.

It is an old and true proverb that “Hard things people chew least.” This applies to mental food as well as physical. Many have never tasted this wonderful nut because they would not take the trouble to break it. There is nothing easier and more delightful, however, than to break a coconut. On one end of the nut you will notice three dark, soft spots, that is where the nut was connected with the tree. Drill a hole in one of these soft spots with a little knife and shake the milk into a glass. This milk is the very life, sweet and delicious, a nerve-soothing and stimulating drink promoting sleep. It has proven to be the best substitute for mother’s milk, a boon for babies, better than cow’s milk

(Continued Column 2, Page 436)

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

BREAKFAST

Daisy Eggs
Cracked Wheat with Cream
Loganberries
Coffee *Milk*

DINNER

Bean Soup
Fried Cauliflower
Buttered Beets
Parsley Potatoes
Milk *Tea*

SUPPER

Carrot Salad
Rye Bread and Butter
Raisin Buns
Milk

Recipes

Daisy Eggs

Toast lightly and butter three slices of bread, take three eggs, separate the yolks from, the white, beat white very stiff, make a circle of this on the toast, place yolk carefully in the center, season and put in hot oven for a few minutes to brown white and cook yolk, serve on hot plates.

Bean Soup

One cup of cooked beans which have been flavored with onion, pink beans are the best, yesterday's left overs will do, but try and have some of the liquor with them, rub through colander or sieve with wooden spoon. Have ready in a pan a teaspoon of flour browned in a tablespoon of butter, to this add half a cup of tomatoes, the beans and enough water to make a quart of soup, allow it to boil, season, and serve.

Fried Cauliflower

One head of Cauliflower, divide into sprigs, par-boil in salted water. Make a batter of one cup of flour, one cup of water, one teaspoon of baking powder, two tablespoons of oil, one egg and salt. Dip each sprig in this and fry on greased skillet till brown.

Raisin Buns

Two cups of flour, half a cup of raisins, two teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons of molasses, three tablespoons of sugar, three tablespoons of oil, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, one cup of milk, and half a teaspoon of salt. Mix stiff, drop on hot oiled pans and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Carrot Salad

Take four carrots well washed and scraped. Cut in slices and put through grinder. Mix together two tablespoons of lemon juice and one tablespoon oil,

half a teaspoon of salt. Sprinkle over carrots, serve on crisp green lettuce leaf with a little thick boiled dressing on the top.

Loganberries

Take dried loganberries, wash well, cover with cold water, soak twelve hours, bring to boil and sweeten to taste.

(Nuts—Their Value as Food, Continued)

because the latter is apt to form Hime (mucus), the fundamental cause of many infant diseases and disorders of the alimentary system. Then take a hammer and knock around the center and in most cases the shell will readily split in two halves. The meat should be scraped out with a sharp knife and chopped as finely as possible. Eating the nut in big slices is not advisable, as it results often in sore gums. In the chopped form it is also much more palatable and can be chewed even by old people with deficient teeth. The innermost part is the most juicy and milky and furnishes an excellent food for babies, the parts clinging to the shell are more fatty and oily, and a tonic for ladies who want to improve their skin.

A quick and good way is to drive the meat through a fine vegetable grinder. I have seen it served in this way in the shell as a desert, which looked very attractive.

One indulging in larger quantities of the coconut must heed how he combines it with other foods. All cereals, especially rice, mix well with it, as nuts are somewhat deficient in starch. It also goes well with fruits, as apples, bananas, oranges, etc. Avoid eating it with any kind of vegetables and drink water only about an hour later.

Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

* * * * *

MOUNT ECCLESIA has been my home for over five years and I have had every opportunity to verify my first impressions.

To the world at large Max Heindel was the Student and Teacher of Mysticism. Many all over the world have received their first impression of Occultism from him. To those in his correspondence courses, both Students and Probationers, he was our Leader—authorized by the Elder Brothers to lead us into the higher mysteries of the Rosicrucian Philosophy—but to those of us who were privileged to live at Headquarters, who saw the man as well as the Lay-Brother, he was a living example of his teachings.

Unassuming, he shunned the crowd who came with curious questions, yet to those who sought assistance he was ever kind and a tower of strength. A man of few words, but we who needed help received an answer which carried conviction and satisfied. He taught us to *serve* by his own example. Seldom without pain, he never acknowledged it by word or sign. He was one of us and loved his home, was most considerate of all, and whenever needed he *served*.

This has been hard Pioneer work. Sagebrush and weeds covered the ground when bought seven years ago. We never lacked for money for what was necessary, but, alas, the workers who came—sent by our Elder Brothers, for none come who are not sent—often failed him. It was their test and they were not ready. Was the pump in the valley out of order? He climbed down with the lame foot and impaired circulation, a distance of 235 feet, and repaired it, that Mount Ecclesia might have water. Was any thing out of order in the automobile? He was on his back under the car to fix it. Lately he found it necessary to be the mechanic of our Press Room, as competent mechanics on the Linotype were scarce on account of the War.

Five years ago I saw him come into the old tent

which then served as a Dining Room and seated over fifty people, with pail and mop to clean the room, for every male Probationer thought it too menial a work for them and he would not let a woman do it so long as there were men around. men around. He was the architect of our many buildings and often, when workmen failed, could be seen handing up the tiles to those above. His heart has grieved that so many whom he thought he could trust had failed him.

And so the frail body gave way under the strain when he might have been saved to this great work if all had done their duty.

He loved these mountains and hills, snowcapped Baldy and San Jacinto, and the wide sweep or the Pacific Ocean with its ever-changing sunsets.

Always the gentleman, he was not afraid to show his loving consideration for his companion, for they were *one* in Soul and Spirit. A strong tie binds all of us who have had the privilege of knowing the man as well as the Leader.

We cannot forget his strong voice as he led us in singing in the Pro-Ecclesia, or the happy, beaming smile with which he greeted those in whom he had confidence.

Can any of us who were here at Christmas time forget the Christmas dinner and the afternoon that followed? How happy and cheery and witty Mr. Heindel was, the songs he sang in his rich bass voice, and the stories he told, the jokes that passed. And again at our little New Year's party, he was one of the merriest there, applauding heartily the efforts of others, and ever ready to do his part in adding to the enjoyment of all. None can forget his singing us the sailor's version of "Where are you going; my pretty maid," to the old time melody which he did with appropriate action.

We miss the bodily presence, but he is yet our Leader, and we still hear his voice as he repeated that favorite hymn, "There is no Death."

—Mary L. Lyon

Fairies

Elsie Lund (15 years old)

INDEED there are fairies. We couldn't get along without them, we "imaginative" folk. To painfully matter-of-fact people the idea is preposterous; even the credulous still demand, "show us that we may believe," and when one cannot produce a fairy on the spot, one is stared at triumphantly, and rather superciliously, with an "I told you so" manner. But the knowledge that one is really right, that he is privileged to catch a glimpse of what is denied to the many, render him immune to the opinions of others.

I suddenly asked my mother one evening what she thought about fairies—she doesn't know them as I do. She replied, "Some people have a sweeter way of looking at life than others. That makes their thoughts better, and those thoughts are fairies."

Fairies paint the butterflies. To make them, my colorful friends take a caterpillar and roll him up as tight and paint him in spots. Then they place him gently in a cocoon. When he is done enough, they let him come out, and he quickly hastens to make some one happy, by just being beautiful.

Gardens blossom because a flock of fairies alight for a few days in every garden. When they depart to brighten some one else's life for a while, others just as lovely take their places.

Have you ever wondered where the spring perfume comes from? It is simply the loving thoughts sent out by the fairies. Love which truly comes from the heart is always redolent with purity. So what wonder that the perfume sinks straight into our hearts, and puts us into such a state of ecstasy that we become thoroughly in love with Humanity, with Nature, and with Love.

To the fairies who attain the highest standard of excellency from the Queen Fairy, is given the far more important task of encouraging the good mental qualities among mankind. When one goes slowly out into the sunlight with a dull, dead ache filling her heart, it is the duty—and joy—of the Consolation fairy to come to her and make the sun sink into it, to tap gently at its door, which is guarded by the ugly demons of despair and bitterness. If the fairy can elude them in any way at all, she can

have free range in the girl's heart, for the wrong thoughts are indeed only at the threshold of one's heart, no matter how very deep in they seem. They are only impostors....I say "she" and "the girl" because I think fairies—as fairies—come more often to girls than to boys, to women than to men; though, fortunately for mankind, a few masculine beings have their heads and minds open to them. My Consolation fairy whispers to me when she gets past the forbidding outposts—"Peace I give unto you; my peace give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Nothing at all matters but God and Love."

The fairies of love and Charity are often shamefully overworked, but they don't mind it a bit. They never weary. The Purity-fairy has to be very vigilant to keep out all the wrong thoughts. The fairy of Judgment often times sighs gently, but deeply (I can hear her), because we most often, it seems to me, disregard the "Judge not." Judgment and Faith are very close friends—one is almost indispensable to the other. And Hope—Hope is the happiest of all the happy fairies.

The fairies to whose lot it falls to weave the wonderful pink, misty sunrise out of dew and sunshine, must be joyous indeed, in creating such beauty for half unappreciating humans. This should include also the weavers of the twilight, when all nature is hushing for the night, the final profound silence of the wood being broken only by the occasional sleepy chirp of a birdling: the gentle good-night whisper of the leaves and the fairy-music of the brook.

There are always artists among all sorts of people; just so with the fairies. These gifted individuals paint the wild roses their bright hue; the dear little blue and yellow violets; the fragrant honeysuckle; the red, red rose hips; the wildly beautiful maple leaves; and do an the delicate work which combines to make a perfect whole . . . It is possible to *earn* that privilege . . . They have to make the pansies; they weave thoughts, and was ever anything more expressive of thought than pansies?

Fairies have to fluff up the thistle blossoms and

dandelions. That is a work I should like, fluffing them and scattering them all over. Then I thought (a fairy told me, I mean), that I *can*; I can fluff up the ugly and horrid things of life till they are as light and gladsome as the fairy-fluff, and scatter the results broad cast.

You ask how I know?—When the silent, pure snow was falling from above on Christmas eve bearing a shimmering, glistening fairy on each perfect little flake, I caught several in my two hands and begged the tiny marvels to tell me all about themselves, as a Christmas gift from on High. First one of them touched my heart with her wand and examined it carefully to see if I were worthy to be entrusted with the wondrous secrets. When I awoke on the greatest Birthday of the year, I possessed the “peace which passeth all understanding,” for I realized as never before that God is Love, and the expressions of that Love are the Fairies.

“THE PEACE THAT PASSETH
UNDERSTANDING.”

Give all thou hast of life, my soul,
In service for mankind;
‘Tis only thus the peace will come
That thou hast tried to find:
Reserve not one small thought of self,
Give, everything thou hast—
The dearest treasure of thine heart
And when ‘tis done, at last,
When every tie thou hast unbound
That holds thee to the earth,
Then may thy soul sweet freedom find
From bondage to rebirth.

—ZINA BARTON PARTRIDGE

LIFE’S SYMPHONY

Your place my friend, is with the throng to work, to build, to plan. Your presence there will help to cheer some lonely fellowman. Life’s burdens will grow lighter when a comrade shares the load, the journey seem far shorter if a friend walks o’er the road!

The sunny smile and tender touch, the words of sympathy, with gentleness the heart-strings clutch and stir love’s melody. So in the humble tasks each

day dwell chords of music sweet; through fellow-service we can play life’s symphony complete!

Then do your part with kindly heart, redeem yourself through deeds. ‘Mid crowded court and monied mart ‘tis love this old world needs. For bitterness and hate uproot the goodness from the soul; seek not the level of the brute, let Heaven be your goal!

—*The Bronxville Bard*

WILL YOU HELP US?

How would you like to help along the work in the office at Mount Ecclesia? You may not be able to be there in person, but you can help us indirectly, and this is the way. Every time you send in a lesson, letter or communication of whatever kind, write your name very plainly and also your full and complete address with it. The reason for this is that our office force spends hours and hours walking many thousands of steps to and from the card case to hunt up the addresses of those to whom we write. So please remember this.

Now, just a word about changed addresses. When you are about to change your address, even if only for a short time, be sure and leave your new address with the postmaster before making a change, if possible to do so. If it is to be a permanent change then also notify us. It takes the greater part of one person’s time here at Headquarters looking after changed addresses. It frequently happens that, when it is only a temporary change, the party is back home nearly as soon as the request for a change has been recorded on our mailing lists, and this necessitates our making a second change almost immediately.

Also please have a little patience when awaiting a reply to your letter from Headquarters. It sometimes happens that a second letter is written to us before the first has had time to reach us. Such a condition makes it necessary for us to write an extra letter of explanation, which would be unnecessary if you would only have a little more patience. In one way and another, the mails are occasionally delayed by causes over which we have no control.

So please remember the above points and act accordingly. By so doing you will greatly lighten our numerous duties here and also you will be assisting indirectly in the work.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Healing Meetings

February—4—11—18—25

March—4—10—17—25—31

April—1—6—13—21—28

Northampton, Mass.
December 3, 1918

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Mount Ecclesia

Oceanside, California

Dear Friends:

While I know you must have many, many letters to read and lessons to look over, I cannot refrain from adding these few words to my lesson. I feel so grateful for the opportunity you are giving those who wish to study your teachings and for your patience in behalf of the students. Those who knew my brother, Benjamin L. C., felt that he had a very beautiful influence over all with whom he came in contact. I think I have felt the effect of this influence more since his death than before, and I cannot but believe that he gained more than we can realize from the Rosicrucian teachings. He was a Probationer member who lost his life in France, in July last. We used to talk over things together, but it has only been recently that I have felt such a strong desire to make a study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, and I am encouraged in this because I feel sure you will help me and be patient with my mistakes.

With sincere thanks for your efforts in my behalf, and with every wish for the growth of the Fellowship, I am

Very sincerely,
Elizabeth. L. C.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 7, 1918

It may interest the Fellowship to know that a young sergeant. in the 91st. Division took with him a copy of the *Cosmo*, given him by Miss L. The soldier had not much time to read and he carried the book with him through all the fighting—of July and

August—and finished it, wounded—lying in a cellar in Northern France, reading by the light of a candle. Such interest and persistence seems to me remarkable—the *Cosmo* is not exactly “light reading.” I am sending you the incident because in telling Mrs. W., she thought it would interest Mr. Heindel. And Miss L. willingly gave me permission to repeat. the story as she told it to me.— *A student*

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

I am still on the gain, I have not had a chill in almost two months, when I used to have one almost every week. I am extremely grateful to you all for the help you have given me and sometime in the near future I, will show how much I value your help.

Yours truly,
L S.

San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 16, 1919

Esoteric Secretary

Dear Society:

You may discontinue healing on the finger. It was cut until the tendons showed. I immediately called for help. The finger bled very little and I was never compelled to give up the use of it. It. has nearly healed but never had a sore on it. as cuts usually do.

Very truly,
Mrs. H. S.

Mountain Home, Idaho, Jan. 7, 1919

Dear Friends:

It seems one could not be as ill as I was very long and live. The healing is certainly marvelous for I was able to go about my duties in a few days. I feel almost well again. I am so thankful we can be connected with such wonderful help as the Rosicrucian Fellowship, consciously and with faith.

Very sincerely,
N.H.