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Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



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The Mystic Light.

There's Joy For You

CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

There's joy in the breath of the morning,
There's joy in the tint of the rose,
And a million joys from a million flowers
On every breeze that blows.

There's joy in the glow of the sunset,
For God is the Artist, dear,
He paints it for you and for me, love,
That we may feel Him near.

There's even joy in our sorrows;
The angels smile when we weep;
They know that our trials are blessings,
Yes, lessons, true and deep.

If you only see God's purpose
In joy and in suffering, too,
And try to keep His commandments,
There'll be joy in the world for you.

So let us list to His teachings,
Let us live in accord with His will,
He'll say to the turbulent waters of life,
"Be still! Peace, peace; be still!"

And then in the wonderful silence
With peace pervading our soul,
We'll look through Eternity's vistas,
We'll see the way and the goal.

We'll see with the eye of the spirit,
And our soul will be filled with the Light;
There'll be joy in the brightness of morning,
And joy in the blackness of night.

We return to our daily duties;
Shall our vision perish then?
Ah, no, dear heart, let our light shine forth,
Bringing joy to the hearts of men.

The Return

An Occult Story

JOSEPHINE DOANE OPDYKE.

Editor's Note—This article received second prize in our recent Prize Competition.

THE MEMORY of my association with the soul of Laura Leigh will stand out as vividly clear through future years as it does today.

I had returned home to Parry Sound, my native town, on the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay, for a much needed vacation. Almost immediately on my arrival Dr. Stewart, our old family physician, asked me to nurse a patient for him. When he informed me that the patient

was Mrs. Hugh Leigh, whom I had known as a girl at school, and that she was about to become a mother, I was interested indeed. He went on to state that although she was now married to one of the best and most devoted of young men, she had really never rallied from the shock of the death of Will Gordon, her first husband, which had occurred about two years previously. She had become, as time passed, more and more abnormal of mind; though for a short time after her second marriage she had seemed more cheerful, he thought. But now that she

was to have a child she was showing symptoms of a strange mental disorder. She entertained, he said, some wild idea about the return of the dead; claiming that she could and would bring back the dead Will Gordon by the sheer force of her will—"And God knows what else," worried the doctor. I forgot my weariness then, for I was more than interested, and I at once consented to take the case. The doctor then gave me further particulars.

The courtship and marriage of Laura Cameron and Will Gordon had been an ideal and beautiful love affair; but in an incredibly short time after Gordon's death and to the great surprise of everyone, she had married Hugh Leigh, who long had been her ardent admirer. During the following year people had noticed that her natural expression of deep and almost sad seriousness was only a little changed, and opinions varied as to whether her happiness had been increased. Her husband idolized her and appeared satisfied with the portion of her spirit which she gave him. They had made their home, at Laura's earnest wish, on the old homestead where she had passed her brief but happy married life with Gordon. At present she was alone except for an aged housekeeper and companion, for her husband had been called away on an urgent and protracted business trip. Therefore my duty would be a double one: I was to be both friend and nurse. The doctor then requested that I keep the patient under close observation during her time of waiting, which, he said, would not be more than two weeks at most. "Get these cursed notions out of her head if possible, Catherine, and try to arouse her interest in the coming of her child. If any one can do it, *you* can. Thus far no nurse has been able to remain on the case."

I felt that a good deal was expected of me. Ordinarily the nursing of sick minds has never appealed to me, but the very audacity of her "notions" was strangely attractive. I found it difficult to imagine the perfectly poised Laura Cameron of my earlier acquaintance as a "mental case."

We had known each other during five or six years of our early school life. I was but a mischievous little ruffian in those far-off, care free days, while she was—well, different, a quiet,

thoughtful, reserved child and very grave for her years. She never cared to romp in play with the rest of us, preferring to take long, solitary rambles instead, and we thought her stiff and conceited. She was not an easy girl to know, and we had never become close friends. I had often heard her spoken of as "that quaint little Cameron girl" and as "a queer dreamy child." But underneath that dreamy exterior was a firm self-confidence and a cool poise that was hard to ruffle. She never doubted her own ability to accomplish anything she had set out to do. I heard her once state emphatically that she always got her wish. She said that most people didn't know how to wish hard enough and that they were all afraid.

I scarcely remembered how she had looked in the old days except that there was a peculiar little twist to her smile and—of course her eyes. They were the kind one always does remember; sombre, black, steady and unafraid, and yet perhaps somewhat old for so young a face. But that was a long time ago. Since then I'd been far from home, had met with all conditions of people, and had experienced many things; so I had scarcely thought of her in the intervening years. I pondered over all these things, now that I was to renew my acquaintance with her. How was she to accomplish the miracle of bringing back her dead husband? Why could she not become reconciled to his death? And exactly *what* were her feelings for Hugh Leigh? But the doctor had called it a mental case, and these were its puzzles.

The old homestead which I have mentioned, was situated on a wooded, wind swept hill and was quite isolated, being several miles from the town. Well I remembered that old place with its trees that were, nobody knows how old. We school children used to run through its grounds on our many picnicing excursions. It was Laura Cameron who remarked on one of these occasions that "one would be able to rest here and to dream dreams."

And so it was with peculiar interest that I found myself again in those familiar woods with their shadows and their mingled odors of spruce, pine, and hemlock. It was early autumn, and although there was still abundant life everywhere, there was also a hint of death. But it

would all be made very beautiful when the springtime came again and these pathetic decaying things were given new life. On the edge of the wood and within sight of the house was a giant pine towering over all the other trees, a veritable patriarch among them. I had lingered in play at its feet many times in the old days. Those dear Canadian trees! I shall never forget them and the sounds of them, each with a song of its own. Together they formed a splendid choir of spirit voices. Then at times it was scarcely to be distinguished from the fretful sighing of the sea. The trees grew so closely together that there was a perpetual cathedral-like gloom over the whole place. And winds! There never were such winds as those which blew through the woods and around the quaint rambling old house. All this stately, sombre beauty held a suggestion of peace that well might prove a soothing balm to a troubled soul.

Except that Laura had become a woman, I found little change in her. Her youthful peculiarities had simply taken on the gentle seriousness of maturity. There was the clear pallor of face and the same inscrutable eyes; eyes to which one could not lie; eyes which seemed to read one's very soul but which, themselves, were difficult to read. Her gown was of some soft, silken grey stuff. There are pictures whose frames are their chief attraction; there are other pictures so arresting that you pay little attention to the frames. Laura Leigh was like the latter.

I think that on the whole she was glad to see me; though she showed no enthusiasm. She doubted, she said, whether I would care to remain with her. "They say that I am—queer. And then you've perhaps heard about the—ghost?" she gave her bitter little smile. "Other nurses were sent to me but they were afraid; and, of course, I can allow no one near me who is a medium for fear."

I felt somewhere inside of me a little flutter of apprehension but managed to hide my concern by stooping to pick up a book which had fallen to the floor. Its title "*Know Thyself*" had been staring up at me. "I shall remain, Mrs. Leigh," I smiled cheerfully.

"Thank you, Catherine, perhaps *you* are an understanding soul." She regarded me coolly

and with speculation; then with a sigh of relief she went on with her book, seeming not to be aware of my presence that evening.

I found that it was her habit in the absence of her husband to dine alone in her room; so that my own solitary dinner was served in the big dining room by old Nannie, the housekeeper. This old woman was an interesting mixture of Scotch and Irish blood, having the canny thrift and hard common sense of the Scotch, with a dash of picturesque Irish superstition. She had served in the Cameron family since the birth of Laura, and though fond of gossip, was faithfulness personified.

"Ye'll no be lettin' the puir soul gae oot the night? She aye gaes oot when the wind blows and the banshee calls."

I assured her that nothing would induce me to let her mistress go out that night. Then I let the garrulous old soul ramble on about the fairies, witches, and other such interesting folk and paid but little attention to her until she began to speak of Will Gordon; then I became a better listener. I heard all about the courtship of Laura Cameron and Will Gordon, how he would blow a beautiful silver flute that she might know of his nearness and go to meet him in the gloaming; how, after the two were married and had settled there on the old place, Laura would run to meet him at the first sound of the flute as he returned from his work in the evening.

"But the fairies had him marked for their ain, aye, the red mark was across his heart from birth. They got him, woe's the day! And ever sin' his death—God rest his soul—the banshee cries in the wood." The old woman sighed mysteriously and crossed herself many times.

There was something so "eerie" about the old woman, the big, gloomy dining room and the wailing of the wind, that a premonitory shiver ran through me. A spell seemed to brood over the place, and not until I had returned to my patient's room did the queer sensation leave me. In her presence there was an atmosphere of serenity and quiet confidence.

The interior of the house was, like its mistress, gently austere. Walls, ceilings, tapestries, and upholstering were all of the softest of dull shades. The furniture was of some rich, dark

wood and severely plain in its lines. But all around the living room were scattered books: such as "The Inner Life," "Concentration," "Life After Death," "Power of Will," and "Reincarnation." There were books by Maeterlinck, Hyslop, James, Lodge, and others of that class. I doubted the wisdom of her choice of reading at that time. But, after all, wasn't she Laura Cameron?

We retired that night to the accompaniment of the ever moaning wind, which rose at times to a veritable shriek. I occupied the room adjoining hers, leaving ajar the connecting door. Before long, as I tiptoed into her room, I heard the smooth regularity of her respiration and was thankful that she, at least, could sleep. I doubted, though, whether I should be so fortunate. But after a time the very insistence of the throbbing, roaring night cast over my senses a soothing spell and I slept.

I think that when I shall have become weary of the world with its petty bickering, its strife and sin and sorrow, I shall seek again that old windy, wooded hill and yield myself entirely to its restful influence.

Suddenly I was awakened by the voice of my patient: "Come, Catherine, we must go." She had turned on the light and was completely dressed. I was astonished that I had not heard her sooner and that I had slept so soundly, for I'd always been a light sleeper.

"But where are you going? See, it's past midnight," I protested. She sat on the side of my bed for a moment and her eyes had a far-away expression as if looking into things afar off. "Come," she said, "and you shall hear the voice." She was quite casual as she moved about getting wraps for us, expecting, apparently, no objection from me.

"But you cannot go out tonight, Mrs. Leigh. Come, go back to bed, its cold and —"

"Cannot!" she exclaimed. "Why, Catherine Hardy, I thought that surely *you*—. Oh well, if you cannot, then I must go alone as I have done many times." She stood looking down at me with her calm, steady gaze, until I felt myself weakening, and I began mechanically to dress. I had never before experienced such a feeling, that of being compelled by the mind of another.

There exhaled from her a certain power. It was pure force.

"I owe you an explanation," she said. "But never mind that now, only remember there is nothing to fear."

I was actually being led by her will. I tried to persuade myself that I was merely catering to the whim of a weak patient. It was nearly one o'clock when we slipped quietly down stairs and out into the turmoil of the darkness.

She paused when she came to the big pine tree and stood in a tense, listening attitude, white and like a statue of faith. She called out several times loud and clear, "Will, Will, are you there? It's I, your bonnie Laurie."

To see her and to hear the hope throbbing in her voice was poignantly thrilling. It affected me strongly. In spite of all reasoning, I found myself listening, too, and expecting, I knew not what. But there was nothing, nothing but the sobbing, sighing wind. She trembled violently and great beads of moisture stood out on her brow. "Come, Laura, come, you are cold," I pleaded. She waved me back imperiously. "No, no, who cares for the cold? Only wait; I feel him near. There—hush!"

There came from the darkness and mingled with the wind a sound, thin, reedy, and thrilling. It was a plaintive, mournful, little sound and very sweet. There were no words, nor anything remotely resembling words, only a little brooding modulation. It was repeated several times though not at regular intervals, she standing there in rapt attention. Then when it seemed finally to have died away and we heard it no more, she turned and we went back to the house.

"He keeps his tryst with me, you see. If he did not, I should go to him. But he will come, perfectly manifested when the time is ripe." She slept through the remainder of the night as sweetly as a babe.

I lay thinking of her until daybreak: poor Laura Leigh! perhaps she *was* demented; but there was that about her, a forceful poise and a quiet, confident manner which is not to be looked for in the mentally deranged. I reasoned that there *might* be in the world many wise and gifted souls who saw more clearly behind the veil than did the majority of us; souls who

were stupidly and wickedly misunderstood, and who were, perhaps, called cranks, fools and fanatics. Then I began to speculate upon the "voice." What could it be? Could it be some strange effect of the wind among the trees? Or was it the tree's response to some message brought by the breezes—their converse? Those old woods! What wonder-world stories their trees might tell, trees growing here such ages ago! The spirit of the wood sang a lullaby, and I do not know at just what point in my rambling thoughts I fell asleep, but I was deep in dreams of pipes of Pan when wakened at a late hour by the thrifty old Nannie, who looked at me in stern and conscientious disapproval.

We made that journey to the woods several times, Laura Leigh and I, before we again heard the "voice." She was quiet during those days and very thoughtful, being firmly fixed in her expectation of Will Gordon's return.

"He never broke a promise to me," she would say, "and he never will."

She seemed to take but little interest in the other expected event, the birth of her child. The little wardrobe had been left almost entirely to old Nannie, and of course the final preparations to me. She sat there in quiet contemplation, gazing out at the old pine which was in direct view of her chamber window. Conversation seemed to bore her, and I feared that I had not yet gained her confidence. Then one day she surprised me.

"Catherine, have you ever wished with your whole soul for a thing? Have you ever concentrated so firmly and so long that finally your wish was granted?"

"Prayer, do you mean?"

"More, much more," she said. "Do you know that nothing can withstand the human will if it be properly exercised? But first, one must get rid of fear, cast it out absolutely."

"Might you not draw upon yourself some calamity?" I asked. "It seems almost like usurping God's province. I should be afraid of the cost."

"Yes," she said, "there again is your fear. However, it *has* cost me something. Once I *did* pay a price; but that is the thing that shall be given back to me."

"You cannot call back the dead."

"Dead!—there are no dead," she declared. "Those who have seemingly left us are, after all, very near; of that I am firmly convinced. Though only in our strong moments, moments of pure faith, do they make themselves known."

I had never seen her so animated and I deemed it a rare privilege to be given this glimpse into the depths of her nature. I knew it would be folly to argue the matter with her, or to try to persuade her against a thing of which I knew so little.

"Why, my dear," she went on, "when the rosebush apparently dies but blooms again, when all nature revives itself over and over, how *can* you think that mortals do not the same? Can you or anyone prove that loved spirits do not return to their friends?"

She was white and wan, though she never had that passionate ravaged look that you see on so many earnest faces.

"Let me tell you, Catherine Hardy," she said, "that not even the great Supreme Being, after casting two souls into each other's keeping, can rend them apart for ever and ever. That such a thing could be is not true. It *never* was true—unless one were weak enough to allow it."

She was silent and preoccupied for a day or so again, and seemed entirely unaware of things that were taking place around her. It was as if she dwelt for a time in another world. Her maternity was close at hand before she again broached the subject nearest her heart.

"Speaking of prayer," she said, "I have always prayed, but with me, to pray is to concentrate, to dwell upon the thing for which I long, for 'prayer is the soul's sincere desire,'" she quoted. "And do you know, Catherine, that no two people ever prayed and no two ever loved more than did Will and I! We wanted a child. Our happiness would not be complete until there was a child. But the great God was deaf. I grew weary of my humble supplications and I—I commanded! 'Give us a child!' I cried, 'and take, if Thou wilt, my dearest possession, but *do* Thou give us a child.' You see I willed that it should be."

As she recounted this thing she looked stern with a great purpose; like a pilgrim bent on reaching the sacred city.

"Will had gone into the woods that morn-

ing," she continued, "and I waited until past his usual hour for returning, expecting each moment to hear his customary signal or his dear voice humming some familiar air: 'The Campbells Are Coming' or 'The Maple Leaf Forever.' But at last I could wait no longer, I felt something impending, and I ran down the path to the woods to meet him. Catherine, I found him. He was lying face down on the grass at the foot of the old pine, his beautiful body broken. You see that pine had been his lookout tower. From its high limbs he could see over the whole wood and could tell what progress had been made with the cutting of the timber. He smiled and spoke only once. 'I'll be leaving you now, bonnie Laurie, but I shall come back to you, never fear, and —' that was all. I knew then that God had—had listened. When they found us," she went on, "I was lying unconscious by his side, and they say I remained in a torpor for many days, oblivious of the fact that he had left me. But I shall know him, even though it be a thousand years. I shall know him by the mark across his heart."

From the first, I had longed to hear her own version of how she came to marry Hugh Leigh; and at last one day I summoned courage to ask her:

"Laura, dear, forgive me, but—was it loneliness, perhaps, unbearable, that you married again, or—?"

"No, no," she said, "why I *love* solitude. Nor did my love and allegiance to Will's memory ever for one moment weaken; but I was under a peculiar pressure. I felt compelled, and, strange as it may seem, Catherine, I became convinced that it was Will who was urging me to take the step."

As she drew near to her great trial she kept on waiting and watching. I do not believe she ever considered the question of how or by what means this reunion was to be *accomplished*. She had what the Easterns call "a faith one-pointed."

One day when physical strength in her was at a low ebb, she insisted on taking her daily walk among the trees and expressed a desire for some of the lovely autumn foliage to put about the house. "He is so fond of it," she said. The day was serene and beautiful and strangely

quiet, not a ripple or a rustle anywhere. The tree voices were all hushed as though waiting breathlessly for some important message. We sat down at the foot of the old pine, and she rested her head against its trunk, closing her eyes wearily. When I thought she had fallen into a light sleep, I began to gather for her the golden, brown, and crimson leaves. Soon a gentle little breeze sprang up and the sweetest, most intimate whispering of all the leaves and grasses. I heard her murmuring, "Yes, dear, I am ready." The breeze after a time grew stronger and she awoke. Then we heard again the "voice," at first but vague, sketchy and far away, then, as the wind grew in force, it came in one prolonged, pure, high note, which sounded startlingly near. It was such a sound as passes through one's very being. As we listened, the sky became overcast, the wind veered and took on an insistence that somehow held a threat. We saw that a storm was brewing. The "voice" died away and we returned to the house.

Through the remainder of the evening there was the low muttering of thunder with occasional flashes of lightning. Laura was calm and restful as usual. She remarked that she expected to sleep well that night. Severe thunderstorms were not unusual among those wooded hills and had never disturbed the composure of Laura Leigh. That night, however, I knew that I must send for the doctor.

An hour later the storm burst in great violence. The obliquely darting forks of flame, the bounding, roaring thunder, the trees and grasses writhing as if in agony were like the anger of some great God of vengeance. We saw in the lurid glare of the lightning, the old pine divide through its tall length and come majestically to the ground. Before dawn the boy was born.

I have never been present at a birth but I have wondered just where the little soul hails from; and I have never looked on death—that I have not asked to what the spirit is journeying. This child was an uncanny little thing. He lay there during the process of his first bath with round eyes fixed unblinkingly, never crying out as babies will, and yet in perfect condition, physically. Afterwards he lay hour

after hour, motionless, soundless, and sleepless. He was like one waiting with infinite patience for the sound of a welcoming voice or perhaps for the release of the spirit. And this wee mite with the wise old countenance had *the mark across his heart*.

That morning the doctor said the mother could not live. We battled for her life all day and on through the following night; but nothing that we could do, it seemed, was of any avail. One storm succeeded another while the soul of Laura Leigh hovered on the threshold of the world.

At dawn of the second day there was a sudden quieting of the elements; a queer deathly stillness which lasted one breathless hour. There was a sense of nervous strain which became suffocating and almost unbearable. Laura Leigh was slipping away. There was scarcely a pulse beat, hardly a fluttering breath. All we could do was to wait.

Just when it seemed that some cord must break, some nerve must snap, there came from all around and from the shadows of the grey dawn an icy, sharp, vitalizing breath. It was stimulating—like wine. Then the voice of Laura Leigh, thin and hollow at first, came from far spaces. "*I will go back. I will remain in the world.*" She paused and her fluttering hand groped about. "Hold me, Will; there is no death." She trembled violently from sheer fatigue. Later, when I laid the child in her weak arms, she was very still for some time as though she might be drawing strength from the tiny body. Soon we saw that she had rallied marvelously, and that she was crooning softly to the babe. But suddenly, sharply, she cried out; "Oh doctor, Catherine, look, it is he!" She gazed long and with intense scrutiny into the little face, then the happy thing transpired; the babe with a little relaxing, fluttering sigh closed his eyes for the first time and slept. She looked up at us in smiling, white radiance: "You see," she breathed, "he has come back."

"Well, well! and to think that we have saved her," exclaimed the doctor a few minutes later, rubbing his palms together in pleased satisfaction. "My, but that was a close call! but she'll be all right now. I haven't seen that happy smile on her face in years. But, Catherine, you

look most confoundedly white; go, take a walk out of doors."

The air was all velvety with fragrance that glorious, storm-washed morning. The world had received a wonderful cleansing. The old pine lay, its stately length upon the ground like a fallen monarch whose subjects need him no longer.

When Will Gordon fell from that tree, it was surely a comforting voice which he left, for in the fork of two great limbs about halfway up the tree and lodged tightly in the funnel shaped hollow which they formed around its mouth, was the beautiful silver flute.

THE SHADOW

A Shadow dim
Shapeless and grim
And darkened all my days.
And all who saw,
With bated breath,
Said, "It is Death!"

And I, in weakness
Slipping towards the night,
In sore affright
Looked up. And lo!—
No Spectre grim,
But just a dim
Sweet face,
A sweet high mother-face,
A face like Christ's own Mother's face,
Alight with tenderness
And grace.

"Thou are not Death!" I cried;—
For life's supremest fantasy
Had never thus envisaged Death to me;—
"Thou are not Death, the End!"
In accents winning,
Came the answer,—"Friend,
There is no Death!
I am the Beginning,
—Not the End!"

John Oxenham.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—James Russell Lowell.

The Sacrament of Communion

"In Remembrance of Me"

MAX HEINDEL

"**T**HE LORD JESUS, the same night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is MY body, which is broken for you. This do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in MY blood. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."—1 Cor. 11:23-30.

In the foregoing passages there is a deeply hidden esoteric meaning which is particularly obscured in the English translation, but in the German, Latin, and Greek, the student still has a hint as to what was really intended by that last parting injunction of the Savior to His disciples. Before examining this phase of the subject, let us first consider the words "in remembrance of me." We shall then perhaps be in better condition to understand what is meant by the "cup" and the "bread."

Suppose a man from a distant country comes into our midst and travels about from place to place. Everywhere he will see small communities gathering around the Table of the Lord to celebrate this most sacred of all Christian rites, and should he ask why, he would be told that they do this in remembrance of One who lived a life nobler than any other has lived upon this earth; One who was kindness and love personified; One who was the servant of all, regardless of gain or loss to self. Should this stranger then compare the attitude of these re-

ligious communities on Sunday at the celebration of this rite, with their civic lives during the remainder of the week, what must he see?

Every one among us goes out into the world to fight the battle of existence. Under the law of necessity we forget the love which should be the ruling factor in Christian lives. Every man's hand is against his brother. Every one strives for position, wealth, and the power that goes with these attributes. We forget on Monday what we reverently remembered on Sunday, and all the world is poor in consequence. We also make a distinction between the bread and wine which we drink at the so-called "Lord's Table," and the food of which we partake during the intervals between attendance at Communion. But there is no warrant in the Scriptures for any such distinction, as anyone may see, even in the English version, by leaving out the words printed in italics which have been inserted by the translators to give what they thought was the sense of a passage. On the contrary, we are told that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, all should be done to the glory of God. Our every act should be a prayer. The perfunctory "grace" at meals is in reality a blasphemy, and the silent thought of gratitude to the Giver of daily bread is far to be preferred. When we remember at each meal that it has been drawn from the substance of the earth, which is the body of the indwelling Christ Spirit, we can properly understand how that body is being broken for us daily, and we can appreciate the loving kindness which prompted Him to thus give Himself for us; for let us also remember that there is not a moment, day or night, that He is not suffering because bound to this earth. When we thus eat and thus realize the true situation, we are indeed declaring to ourselves the death of the Lord, whose spirit is groaning and travailing, waiting for the day of liberation when there

shall be no need of such a dense environment as we now require.

But there is another, a greater and a more wonderful mystery hidden in these words of the Christ. Richard Wagner, with the rare intuition of the master musician, sensed this idea when he sat in meditation by the Zurich Sea on a Good Friday, and there flashed into his mind the thought, "What connection is there between the death of the Savior and the millions of seeds sprouting forth from the earth at this time of the year?" If we meditate upon that life which is annually poured out in spring, we see it as something gigantic and awe-inspiring; a flood of life which transforms the globe from one of frozen death to rejuvenated life in a short space of time; and the life which thus diffuses itself in the building of millions and millions of plants, is the life of the Earth Spirit.

From that come both the wheat and the grape. They are the body and blood of the imprisoned Earth Spirit, given to sustain mankind during the present phase of its evolution. But as we repudiate the contention of people who claim that the world owes them a living, regardless of their own efforts and without *material* responsibility on their part, we nevertheless insist that there is a *spiritual* responsibility connected with the bread and wine given at the Lord's Supper: *It must be eaten worthily, otherwise under pain of ill health and even death.* This, from the ordinary manner of reading, would seem far-fetched, but when we bring the light of esotericism to bear, examine other translations of the Bible, and look at conditions in the world as we find them today, we shall see that it is not so far-fetched after all.

To begin with, we must first go back to the time when mankind lived under the guardianship of the angels, unconsciously building the body which he now uses. That was in ancient Lemuria. A brain was needed for the evolution of thought, and a larynx for verbal expression of the same. Therefore, half of the creative force was turned upwards and used by man to form these organs. Thus mankind became single sexed and was forced to seek a complement when it was necessary to create a new

body to serve as an instrument in a higher phase of evolution.

While the act of love was consummated under the wise guardianship of the angels, man's existence was free from sorrow, pain, and death. But when, under the tutelage of the Lucifer Spirits, he ate of the tree of knowledge and perpetuated the race without regard for interplanetary lines of force, he transgressed the law, and the bodies thus formed crystallized unduly, and became subject to death in a much more perceptible manner than had hitherto been the case. Thus he was forced to create new bodies more frequently as the span of life in them shortened. Celestial warders of the creative force drove him from the garden of *love* into the wilderness of the world, and he was made responsible for his actions under the cosmic *law* which governs the universe. Thus for ages he struggled on, seeking to work out his own salvation, and the earth in consequence crystallized more and more.

Divine Hierarchies, the Christ Spirit included, worked upon the earth from without as the group spirit guides the animals under its protectorate; but, as Paul truly says, none could be justified under the law, for under the law all sinned, and all must die. There is in the old covenant, no hope beyond the present, save a foreshowing of *one who is to come* and restore righteousness. Thus John tells us that the *law* was given by Moses and grace came by the Lord Jesus Christ; but *what is grace?* Can grace work contrary to law, and abrogate it entirely? Certainly not. The laws of God are steadfast and sure, or the universe would become chaos. The law of gravity keeps our houses in position, relatively to other houses, so that when we leave them we may know of a surety that we shall find them in the same place upon returning. Likewise all other departments in the universe are subject to immutable laws.

As *law, apart from love, gave birth to sin, so the child of law, tempered with love, is grace.* Take an example from our concrete social conditions: We have laws which decree a certain penalty for a specified offense, and when the law is thus carried out independently, we call it *justice*. But long experience is beginning to

teach us that justice, pure and simple, is like the Colchian dragon's teeth which breed strife and struggle in increasing measure. The criminal, so-called, remains criminal, and becomes more and more hardened under the ministrations of law, but when the milder regime of the present day allows one who has transgressed to go under suspended sentence, then *he is under grace* and not under law. Thus, also the Christian, who aims to follow in the Master's steps, is emancipated from the law of sin by grace; provided he forsake the path of sin.

It was the sin of our progenitors in ancient Lemuria that *they scattered their seed* regardless of law and without love. But it is the privilege of the Christian to redeem himself by purity of life in remembrance of the Lord. John says, "His seed remaineth in him," and this is the hidden meaning of the bread and wine. In the English version we read simply: "This is the *cup* of the New Testament," but in the German the word is "*kelch*," and in the Latin, "*calix*"; both meaning the outer covering of the seed pod of the flower. In the Greek, we have a still more subtle meaning, not conveyed in other languages, in the word "*poterion*"; a meaning which will be evident when we consider the etymology of the word "*pot*." This at once gives us the same idea as the chalice, or calix—a receptacle; and the Latin, "*potare*" (to drink), also shows that it is a receptacle capable of holding a fluid. Our English words, "potent," and "impotent," meaning possessing or lacking virile strength, further show the meaning of this Greek word, which foreshadows the evolution from man to superman.

We have already lived through a mineral, a plant, and an animal-like existence, before we became human as we are today, and beyond us, lie still further evolutions where we shall approach the Divine more and more. It will be readily conceded that it is our animal passions which restrain us upon the path of attainment; the lower nature is constantly warring against the higher self. At least in those who have experienced a spiritual awakening, a war is fought silently within, and is all the more bitter for being suppressed. Goethe, with masterly art,

voiced that sentiment in the words of Faust, the aspiring soul, speaking to his more materialistic friend Wagner:

"Thou by one sole impulse art possessed,
Unconscious of the other still remain.
Two souls, alas, are housed within my breast,
And struggle there for undivided reign.
One, to the earth with passionate desire,
And closely clinging organs still adheres,
Above the mists the other does aspire
With sacred ardor, unto purer spheres."

It was the knowledge of this absolute necessity of chastity (save when procreation is the object), upon the part of those who have had a spiritual awakening, which dictated the words of Christ, and the Apostle Paul stated an esoteric truth when he said that *those who partook of the Communion without living the life were in danger of sickness and death*. For just as under a spiritual tutelage, purity of life may elevate the disciple wonderfully, so also unchastity has a much stronger effect upon his more sensitized bodies than upon those who are yet under the law, and have not become partakers of grace by the cup of the new covenant.

(To be continued)

"NOT A CHRISTIAN"

So you condemn him once for all as "not a Christian!"

What is your test of a Christian?

I call Christian those whom Christ would be likely to associate with if He came back to earth to-day.

Do you think he would frequent bishops' palaces?

Are you sure that they would find Him quite orthodox—in short, your kind of a Christian?

Where do you think He would preach, at St. Paul's or in Hyde Park?

Would He explain the doctrine of the Trinity, and the efficacy of infant baptism, and the use of proper vestments at the Mass?

How the poor priests would hustle these things out of the way if they really saw and recognized Him.

But they would not recognize Him.

Talks About Occultism

PRENTISS TUCKER

ONE OF THE fundamental teachings of esoteric philosophy is that of rebirth. Without rebirth, the great Law of Cause and Effect falls away of its own weight. Without rebirth, the great science of astrology is like the baseless fabric of a dream. Without rebirth, all the information which we have received concerning the past history of the world, and of the solar system, and of the various rounds and revolutions and periods, is necessarily nothing more than a guess, and a poor guess at that, for the reason why our earth has gone through such experiences is the fact of rebirth.

One of the many differences between the true occult philosophy and movements like that of spiritualism, which is sweeping the world at present, is that the philosophy states great general truths, by conformity to which mankind can better itself and raise its moral level; while spiritualism gives nothing but disconnected phenomena, which, even when they are not deceptive, teach nothing beyond the mere fact that the human entity lives after the death of the physical body.

This fact, I submit, is not widely doubted. The great urge which seems to lie behind spiritualism is more due to the desire to know how our lost ones are faring than to a desire for proof that they live at all. Few people really doubt the "life after death." Many, however, would like to communicate, or to get messages, or to find out how the others are getting along.

Spiritualism is silent upon the great problem. It gives, or purports to give (and for the sake of brevity we may take its claims upon their face value) various phenomena: It tips tables, knocks off hats, writes on slates, gives messages of which very, very few have any claim to even a slight general importance. It sometimes reveals secrets of an unimportant kind, and even if it is absolutely true, even if we grant each and every claim which it makes, it still remains an unprofitable servant.

A tree is known by its fruits. Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles now, any more than in those idyllic days in Galilee, when the Master walked and talked with His disciples. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

One of the tests of any teaching is its tendency to raise the moral level of its students. This depends upon its ability to teach the great laws of the universe which, so far as we have been able to discover, all tend towards the uplifting of the race. This particular statement may be denied from some quarters but we have not time to discuss it here. These great laws which will help mankind are the general laws which apply to the whole race, and by conformity to them we shall be able to prepare for the future life, to get ready for the great change.

Occult philosophy does this by its promulgation of the great laws of rebirth, cause and effect, service, etc. Other teachings err either on the one side of too great particularity, like spiritualism, or on the other side of too great generality. We need no new society to promulgate any of the general teachings of morality. That has been done in the past by master minds. But the teachings of cause and effect and the philosophy of soul growth are of the utmost value to humanity. Their value is away beyond estimation, beyond thought. The good that they would do were they known widely, is unthinkable. And they depend for their value upon the truth of rebirth. If rebirth is untrue, they also are untrue. Therefore, it is of the greatest importance that we should find out something about rebirth, its truth or falsity.

The average man says, "Why you can't possibly know whether it is true or not. You can't prove it!" Can't we? Well, let us see.

What is proof? Disregarding the dictionary definition we may say that proof is that which will establish the certainty of a fact. But there are different kinds of proof. A statement

in chemistry can be proved by experimentation. A statement in the domain of history must be proved by the examination of authorities. A statement in a suit at law is proved by the examination of witnesses. A statement in mathematics is proved by calculation. But a statement in the domain of occult science is in a different category. It cannot be proved (at least not immediately) by experimentation. There are not enough witnesses of proven reliability, and the possibilities in the way of proof narrow themselves down to the domain of reason and logic.

Yet, as the internal evidence of a work of literature is sometimes far more convincing than the external evidence, so the proof of logic and reason is often the very best proof that we can get; far better, indeed, than any testamentary evidence, and not even secondary to personal experience, since personal experience is subject to many errors both subjective and objective.

So it is, to a great extent, with rebirth. Theology has coined three great words as descriptive of qualities of the Deity and we may take these three words as basic. They are: Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent. For the sake of brevity let us take as established several things such as the existence of God, the truth of a future existence, an intelligent future existence for each human spirit, etc. We have then a God who creates a mankind whose conscious existence shall be eternal, and we have that God described by the adjectives omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent: a God who is, as the highest races on earth all believe, the very essence and acme of goodness, truth, justice, purity, love, and so on. So far we have not diverged at all from the orthodox Christian belief. We may go further yet and say that the word omnipotent means not only all-powerful, that is, able to do anything, but that *God is all power*. That all power, every single ounce of power, is the power of God. That we can do nothing which requires power without calling on the power which belongs to God.

So with omniscience. Not only does it mean that God is all-wise in the sense that He knows everything, but it means that He is all knowledge. Every fact, every piece of information,

exists within the knowledge, and is part of the knowledge of God.

God is omnipresent. Not only is He everywhere present but He is everywhere present in full knowledge and power, and the fact that there is a "where" for us to be, is due to the previous existence of God.

Now this great Being elects to create mankind and it is unreasonable to suppose that He does not foresee the development of mankind. In thus creating mankind God makes room within Himself for man to exist and gives man access to the storehouse of knowledge and power. "But," one may say, "if God Himself is **all the knowledge** and all the power there is, what is left for man?" Man has these things—*free will and a field of choice*.

We take it that it is perfectly fair to assume certain premises which are of universal acceptance, and so we premise certain characteristics as being attributes of God and these attributes must never be lost sight of in our discussion. We assume, for instance, that God is infinite. He is the very pinnacle and perfection of all those qualities which we consider as desirable, and those qualities He has, not only to perfection but to infinity. So He is infinitely just, infinitely merciful, infinitely kind, infinitely loving; not to be offended nor rebuffed as human beings are offended and rebuffed, wholly lacking in any tendency towards revenge or malice or hatred. So when we read that God is offended or that He hates this or that nation or that He hates His enemies we are not to understand hatred as we know and feel it. It is not so with Him. Knowing that it is His presence and activity which holds the atoms and molecules and ions and electrons of the universe in their appropriate rates of vibration, and that if He should cease this activity for one instant the universe would melt like a cloud of steam—knowing this, we cannot predicate any petty emotions to so transcendent a Being.

But to reason with any degree of accuracy on this subject, it is absolutely essential that we have as nearly correct an idea of God as it is possible for us to attain; admitting, of course, that the best we can do in this line is still re-

mote from the real truth, although it is in the right direction.

Now we have this great Being creating a universe and it matters not at all if this same universe is the field of growth for other grades of beings, it must also answer this purpose perfectly for us, since the Creator of it is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. He creates mankind and puts them here—for what?

There are only two theories which I shall consider, the one which in the Western World, is "orthodox," and the occult teaching. Let us consider them in order:

At birth a human soul is created and put in a newborn body. It is eternal, everlasting, though before the birth of the body it did not have an existence. The body lives, say fifty years, and dies and the soul goes on living forever. But its whole eternal life is decided for it as to its happiness or unhappiness, by the tenor of the earth life. There are variations of this teaching but they are unimportant, for the main point is that death is the deciding point for the whole future of that soul throughout eternity.

Consider for a moment one point which is usually overlooked: Life, or intelligent existence, means growth. Growth means power and increase of power. No man is so stupid that he does not profit by experience to a certain extent, and if his youth were eternal he would gradually attain to vast power and skill in living. If he takes the wrong path in this eternal living, and that path, once chosen, must be followed, it stands to reason that he must gradually grow in power and ability along that predetermined line. The place, then, where the human souls who have made the wrong choice are confined, or the state, if that term is preferred, must be a place or a state of increasing knowledge and ability along the wrong lines—no more lurid description of a hell need be given.

Heaven must also be just the reverse, a place or state of eternally increasing happiness and joy.

Remember that we have predicated of God that He is infinite in wisdom, power, justice, mercy, and love. Remember that it is this infinitely

perfect God who has decreed that a short life of ignorance, misfortune, temptation, weakness, and of pain and sickness, shall determine the eternal lot of the soul, unchangeable after death.

It would seem that we have here what almost amounts to a contradiction in terms, but let us continue.

The other theory which we wish to examine, predicates that this infinitely perfect and loving God differentiated within His own being a myriad of potential intelligences and proceeded to create for them a field for progression; and when He had, after a long preparation, made for them vehicles or bodies in which to live, He gave them free will and made their field of progression also a field of choice.

It predicates further that each spirit, born into a body, has an eternity of life behind it, and that in its body it learns a little of the way in which free will should be exercised. Then the body dies and the spirit goes into the finer realms of nature where its experiences are amalgamated into its being, so that when it comes back into another body it is slightly in advance of where it was before, and that this progression is almost automatic; that, while it is slow, yet it is certain, and we are not to suppose that God is in a great hurry. Eternity is His.

Since generalities are often called "glittering," and as most minds are better able to grasp a concrete example, let us take a case which is not only perfectly possible, but which is very common, and see which theory fits it better when viewed in the light that God is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and also infinite justice, mercy and love.

Two boys are born in a great city. One is born of wealthy people, a family of culture and refinement. He has a fine body, a fine mind, a fine environment. He goes through school and college. He is kind and charitable. He is honest and honorable. He helps the poor; he feeds the hungry; he subscribes to orphan asylums and hospitals. He belongs to the church and does what he can to spread the Gospel. He is honest in business. He dies and goes to heaven. He deserves it and we do not grudge it to him.

(To be concluded)

Unusual Experiences

BY N. B. D. K.

Editor's Note:—The following article was one of those submitted in our recent Prize Competition.

This article illustrates the fact that an increasingly large number of people are becoming sensitized to the vibrations of the next plane, and are becoming able to cognize the inhabitants of that region.

I OFTEN VISITED my friend in a nearby town, and on these visits always occupied the guest room which was next to her own room, but with no connecting doorway. The exit from each room opened upon a hall. The bed in which I slept had the head against the western wall of the room and so near the door that I could easily open it without getting up. I am a sound sleeper, but I waken instantly with my senses alert. I am not much of a dreamer, ordinarily, though I do dream sometimes.

This was a Halloween night, October 31st., 1891, but we had spent the evening quietly and had retired at the usual hour. Toward morning I wakened instantly with the impression that some one was in my room. By the head of my bed I saw the figure of a woman who had apparently just that moment entered through the door. I did not speak—neither did she, but I had no thought but that it was my friend. I wondered why she had come into my room unannounced and in the nighttime. Also the thought went through my mind that I certainly remembered having locked my door before going to bed. I did not speak because I expected her to speak. As I waited, she slowly moved straight toward the opposite side of the room. I could see her distinctly. She was slender, about the height of my friend, and she was dressed in a dark garment of some kind which trailed upon the floor. I could hear the gentle swish of a trailing garment as she moved. Her hands were hanging by her side. Her chin was raised and

she looked straight ahead. The room was dark, but she seemed to emit a soft, glowing light which enveloped her and made her plainly visible. Somehow, I did not think of that as anything odd at the time. The oddest thing to me was the fact that she did not speak to me, so when she had passed the length of the bed I said, "Well?" Instantly the figure vanished. The room was in total darkness, not even the outlines of the windows being perceptible. I was frightened and pulled the bedclothes over my head. You may be sure I did not go to sleep again, and it seemed a long time until the windows became perceptible in the coming dawn. As soon as the darkness really began to vanish, I reached my hand to my door and found it locked, as I was sure that I would.

This was not a dream. It was an actual occurrence. I am conversant with psychological explanations of dreams, with the marvelous quickness of time in which an extensive and complicated dream may occur, with the marvelously vivid and real quality which some dreams may possess, with the wonderful quickness with which the mind may pass from the dream state to the waking state; and yet I *know* that this was not a dream. I have had dreams so vivid, so seemingly real, that I could almost have believed they were reality: dreams, the minutest details of which remain today, after many years, indelibly fixed in my memory—and yet, I always *knew* them as dreams. But this *was* not a dream. I knew myself as being awake and in my senses the moment I saw that figure by my bedside, and from that moment until I again fell into sleep the next night.

I related this occurrence at the breakfast table the next morning. My friend who was a W. C. T. U. lecturer, then related an experience which she had had a short time previous. I wish to state that she was an absolutely level headed young woman, not given to "notions" of any kind. She felt an intelligent interest in such topics, but she was not seeking experience

along that line. She was calmly and efficiently doing the W. C. T. U. work. This is her story as she told it that morning to the family there assembled. I shall use the first person form for the sake of better construction, but I do not pretend to recall her exact wording. The story is as follows:

"I was giving a lecture in a town, where the house in which I was being entertained had no guest room, so a bed was made for me upon an adjustable couch in the living room, which communicated with the hall by sliding doors. There was a light in the hall which was sufficient for my preparations for retiring for the night. The family had gone up stairs and quiet had settled upon the house. I completed my preparations for bed and started toward the hall to put out the light. As I did so, a woman quietly and naturally crossed the hall from another direction, and turned it out. I went to bed supposing the woman to be some member of the household. At breakfast next morning my hostess asked me how I had rested, and, if anything at all had occurred. I spoke of the fact that some one had kindly put out the light for me. A quick glance shot around the table and my hostess said in an even voice, 'We wondered if she would. She frequently does. We do not know who she is nor where she comes from.'"

My friend knew these people and knew that they would not make such a statement if they did not believe it to be true.

I am personally acquainted with a woman who lost her husband in the first, awful, influenza epidemic of the winter of 1918-19. She grieved very much over his death. She is a quiet, well poised woman and had no especial leaning toward the occult. But not long after his death, she told friends of a peculiar phenomenon which had become a daily occurrence with her. She said that her husband was with her a great deal, that she could actually see him. She said that if she sat at a table where there was an unoccupied chair, he would sit down in that chair and look at her. If she sat in a room alone, she would see him sit down near her. Often he would roll a cigarette, and she could see his class ring on his finger. She said it

seemed perfectly natural and that she had no feeling of alarm. She went about so quietly and naturally that one would never dream that such a strange thing was a part of her daily life. I have not seen her since the early summer of 1919, but I hear of her occasionally through a mutual friend. She is living her life quietly and calmly, making her living, and has not developed any hysteria nor "queerness" from her strange experiences.

Among my acquaintances is an elderly woman, a lady of personal charm, thorough breeding, education, and high social position, who for many years has known a somewhat parallel experience. This elderly lady was married quite young, but her young husband did not live long. His death was quite unexpected and she was not with him at the time. But, she says that he came to her, and she knew that he had died before any word reached her. She never married again. She says that she has never felt really separated from her deeply loved husband, that during all these years she has *known* that he has kept near her, that she has had constant communication with him, the authenticity of which she cannot possibly doubt, and that *once* she heard his voice. She told me this thing, herself. She is the close and dear friend of a lovely, dignified woman who is my own dear friend and we three have talked of these wonderful things together.

I have not gone far afield to hunt up incidents for this article. These occurrences are not something of which I have *read*, but are my own personal experiences or experiences which have been related to me first hand. In each instance I personally knew and talked with the narrator, and in each instance I can vouch for the personal integrity and mental balance of the person concerned.

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;

Labor, all labor is noble and holy:

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Frances S. Osgood

The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms

PRENTISS TUCKER

CHAPTER XIII

WEEKS CAME and went and still the Doctor had not apologized to the Chilean, nor had Miss Edgerly shown signs of relenting. Da Siletra was still in town, or at least was often in town, and was a constant visitor at the Edgerly house, where he seemed quite welcome and where the automatic writing was still indulged in. But another factor had entered into the equation in the person of Billy Edgerly, Frances Edgerly's younger brother.

Billy's friendship was the whole-souled, hearty friendship of a boy, a thing too often undervalued, and which, once possessed, can be depended upon to the uttermost. It is a golden thing, this boyish friendship, made up of loyalty and love. It is undaunted by circumstances, adverse or otherwise. It takes no account of wealth or poverty. It is a thing to be sought for and striven for and won. It cannot be bought. Boys are very quick to detect falsehood and insincerity, not because they know more than grown-ups, but because they are very sensitive to impressions; and when they associate with other boys in such organizations as the Boy Scouts, in the camp and the drill and the long, weary hike, they learn to appreciate sincerity and truthfulness, and to detect sham and pretense. No boy can circulate among his fellows for very long on the strength of a false pretense, yet when his sympathy is aroused by some real reason, there is no one more ready to help, nor can anyone possess a more loyal and honest love than that of the average, genuine boy.

And Billy was the Doctor's friend. Billy's opinion of the Chilean we know. He had heard some of the gossip of the Chilean's servants in Santiago, and he had heard the Chilean, himself, the time that gentleman was in ignorance that others understood his talk. And, between the man's self which he showed to the Edgerlys,

and the self which he had carelessly revealed to Billy, there was a great gulf fixed; wherefore Billy had quietly "sized up" da Siletra for himself, but with the wisdom born of experience had kept that opinion to himself so far as his sister was concerned.

Billy had been away on a visit when his friend Doctor George Bidlow had been politely requested to leave the house, and then he had gone to an encampment of the Boy Scouts before returning home, and so it was some time before he knew that there was anything wrong. Still the situation did not dawn on him as anything other than an evidence of the Doctor's extreme popularity as a physician until he had been home for some weeks, although he had dropped in to see the Doctor several times as he had long been in the habit of doing in spite of the difference in their ages.

Now, however, several things had happened which Billy did not like. Twice he had come rushing into the house after school to find the Chilean busy with his sister over a writing pad or the ouija board. His own dislike of da Siletra made him wonder how his sister could endure the fellow, but he had not reached the mature age of twelve without learning that a big sister often has peculiar ways entirely beyond one's understanding. So he held his peace until, sitting one afternoon on the table in the Doctor's study and swinging his feet violently, he approached the Doctor diplomatically with the inquiry as to the nature and properties of the ouija board.

The Doctor guessed a great part of the mental processes which lay behind that question, and was uncertain how to answer it until it occurred to him to make use of an old dodge which had always delighted Billy hugely, and so he told the youngster that he was not yet old enough nor sophisticated enough to comprehend the exact shades of meaning in the somewhat

technical and dogmatic terminology, the use of which could not be obviated by any circumlocution nor paraphrasing, since the shades of distinction cognate to the more common phraseology inhibited expression of the exact meaning requisite to the purpose.

Billy blinked a little as the long words beat upon his ears.

"I guess you mean I'm not old enough to know," he grinned.

"Well, that's partly it, old fellow, but there are some reasons why it's rather a delicate question for me to answer just now. Some day or other I'll tell you all about the ouija board."

Billy dropped the subject, and the rest of his visit was concerned with the affairs of the Boy Scouts, of whom he was an enthusiastic member, and the Doctor a warm friend, but he went home a little later with several ideas in his head which he had determined to consider.

The afternoon sun was streaming through the curtains at the Edgerly home, tinting with gold the various objects upon which it rested, and surrounding with a halo of glory the head of Miss Frances Edgerly who sat in an easy chair reading a novel. Slightly turned from the direct rays of the sun so as to shade her eyes, the light tinged the curve of her cheek and tangled itself in her hair, some of the beams becoming imprisoned there as though not with entire unwillingness, and the others, envious of their fellows and yet unable to break the great law which compels sunbeams to travel in a straight line, dashed themselves against the walls and ceiling that they might in that way be reflected and rebound, even with their glory lost, to meet this earthly goddess.

Da Siletra was out of town, the Doctor was forbidden, and she was alone, reading her novel and entirely unconscious, perhaps of the picture she made with the sun glint on her hair, a picture which our friend, Doctor George, would have gone far to see, a picture which would make anyone believe in the existence of the angels, since one of earth's own daughters could be so fair.

It is a well known fact, however, that for some reason the average, normal, healthy, small boy is singularly unimpressed by aesthetic ap-

peal, singularly unmoved by beauty if that beauty is of a type far beyond his own years and expressed by the loveliness of an elder sister. Let the elder sister, who wishes to hear an opinion of herself wholly uninfluenced by the glamour of her beauty or her wit, of her elegance or her aesthetic poses—let such an elder sister, if she is in earnest, appeal to brother Johnny. The result may startle her, should she do so. The chances of her doing it, though, are very remote, since this same opinion is generally a voluntary offering, having rather to be suppressed than demanded.

The sun was streaming in as we have just seen, scattering its golden glory about the room where Frances sat reading, and losing many of its more fortunate rays as radiant prisoners, caught in the tendrils of her hair. It was a sight to give one pause had one been lucky enough to enter at that time and place, but it gave no pause to one small boy who came bouncing in noisily, disregarding both the glory of the sunshine and the beauty of the girl.

"Shucks!" he would probably have remarked had the matter been called to his attention, "of course she's pretty. She always has been pretty."

He was preceded by a shrill whistle which completely betrayed his whereabouts to all within hearing. The whistle ceased as he spied his sister.

"Hey! Frank, guess where I've been!"

Miss Edgerly did not seem to be consumed with curiosity.

"I've been to see Doctor George. I thought maybe he'd moved out of town. Say, sis, what's the matter? He don't come here any more?"

"Run along and let me read. Maybe it's because he doesn't care to come here any more."

"I don't believe that's the reason. I think maybe something's the matter. I bet it's got something to do with that da Siletra chap. I don't like that man."

"Now, never you mind, Billy, about my friends. The senor is a fine man, and I don't need your opinion of him!"

"Well, anyhow I'll bet Doctor George is worth about seventy-five thousand of that Chil-

ean, anyhow. Why, Doctor George is as fine a man as Amyas Leigh!"

The hero of "Westward Ho" was also the hero of Billy's wildest imagination and praise. So far as he was concerned, none could go higher. But Billy was something of a diplomat, too, in his way, and with this parting shot he left as hurriedly as he had come, his presence being urgently needed, anyhow, in matters connected with a neighborhood baseball nine of which he was the pitcher and one of the star batters.

The matter of the Chilean and the ouija board was one which could not be hastened, since older sisters are proverbially peculiar and hard to convince when they are obviously in the wrong. It has to be gone about carefully and with tact. But there are other things which will not wait, a match game of baseball being one of them, and when one is whipping a team into shape every available moment must be made the most of. So Billy left the question of the Doctor and the Chilean, and the ouija board to be settled later, while he caught up a rather dingy ball and a bat which he cherished for some occult reason of his own, and fled noisily.

Some other and perhaps less fortunate rays of the same sun were merrily darting into the study of our friend, Doctor George, and though they had no such distracting privilege as had their fellows who were so lucky as to find the Edgerly house in their way, yet in their ignorance of what they had missed they seemed to be as happy and to shine as brightly and with as much radiance and glory, as though they, too, had had the hair of a beautiful girl to dance over and play hide and seek through.

Some of them fell upon certain curious and glittering instruments which daunted them not in the least, since one cannot injure a sunbeam with a pair of forceps or surgical scissors; and some of them fell upon no less a head than that somber and rather horrent one of our old acquaintance, Mr. Scruggs.

Mr. Scruggs had lost none of his apparent surprise at things in general; his brazen hands were still upraised in protest at whatever it was he saw, and his brassy lips still seemed about to make an answer to something. He did not speak, however, for the Doctor was demand-

ing all of his attention in a lecture, which he was delivering to the brassy one, walking up and down the floor of his study the while, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Now, Mr. Scruggs, I would not, ordinarily, confide my sentiments on such a subject to anyone, but I know that you are very judicious and never talk over what I tell you with any third party, and so I regard you as a perfectly safe confidant.

"I have been thinking over the reasons why I was shown that fragment of the history of old Atlantis which I told you about. It seemed so utterly unconnected with anything else and yet I know that it was shown for some definite and particular reason and also that it is intended for me to ferret out that reason for myself. What we work for, we value, Mr. Scruggs, and when we work for the explanation of such a puzzle, we value the answer more than if we were told without any labor on our part; also, we remember it better. At least it is so with me, and I presume it is also true of yourself, is it not, sir?"

Mr. Scruggs maintained an interesting silence, his brassy smile now being illuminated by some of the sun rays which had not had the good luck to find any more beautiful resting place.

"I did not recognize any of the people I saw that night, or rather that day; but doubtless it was my own fault. I might hazard a guess, but after all I do not think that such a recognition would have been of any particular importance. I am of the opinion that most likely the important thing was not the personalities but the principles involved. You see, Mr. Scruggs, it is the big cosmic laws which are the important things. They are the things we need to know in order that we may guide our lives aright. The little, everyday happenings are entirely unimportant. It does not matter whether I recognized any one in that company in the temple, but it does matter that I should realize with every fibre of my being the absolute fact of rebirth; the fact that it is a fact, not a theory, a fact and not the dream of some mind-wandering philosopher—a fact, Mr. Scruggs, that is—"

(Continued on page 30)

Question Department.

Keep the Study Centers Open

QUESTION:

Dear Friends at Headquarters: Can you help us? Summer is approaching and it has been suggested by some of our students that we close our study center during the summer months and resume the work in the fall. The feeling both for and against this proceeding has been so strong that we now come to you for advice.

ANSWER:

Now is the springtime of the year when all forces in nature are bubbling over with fresh life. Easter is past, the Lord and Giver of life has returned to the Father. Soon physical desires and pleasures will call to us and seek to control us until the fall when the Christ Spirit will re-enter the earth and our spiritual desires will receive a new impulse.

In all the study centers the students during the past month have been earnestly "heaping their coals" together, generating a flame that will give both light and warmth, that flame of divine love which warms and embraces all who come within its power. Each student has been fanning the flame in the way that seemed best to himself, and often he has driven the stinging smoke into his neighbor's eyes, causing discomfort, discord, and tears.

When a vital question comes up, such as, "Shall we close for the summer months?" there is much difference of opinion, and many forget the needs of their brothers in their desire to avoid the responsibility of keeping up the work in the city during the beautiful summer days when they would enjoy being in the country. We agree with you, friends, that there are times when even this work seems wearisome, and we long for a short respite. But think for a moment: Suppose we here at Headquarters decided that we were all overworked and that we must have a rest. Suppose that we just closed down and the workers from all departments

took a vacation. Suppose that we stopped all work in the office, the print shop, and the healing Temple; what do you think would be the result in the world? You are a "headquarters" in miniature, and every student must be willing to sacrifice something in order to keep the work going. To some it may be money, to others, time, and yet to others still it may be personal pleasures or interests. It is only by sacrifice that we grow spiritually, and through our sacrifice the world will grow better; and good is reflected to us through this growth of the world. By such sacrifices only can the world receive what it needs so badly; therefore, our suggestion is: Keep the center open the whole year, even during that time when many will be away taking their vacations and rest in the country. Keep the center going even though the attendance may be small. Keep it going even though there may be only one or two attending the meetings, for it would be very disastrous to the work to break off the vibrations which have been formed by your efforts. It would practically shatter the work already done.

There will always be in study centers a certain amount of friction, as the students congregated there are so evolved that they are highly individualized. However, they have not yet evolved far enough to always see and understand "the other side" of the question. We must learn to see all things from the viewpoint of those with whom we are working. If a problem is considered from the love standpoint, this will be accomplished in time, and we shall all work together in harmony as a solid unit. How could an army overcome the enemy if each soldier insisted on carrying out the maneuvers according to his own ideas? Paul says, " . . . as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." None of us have yet reached a state of perfection, and each one needs a great deal of tolerance from others.

THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF CHRIST QUESTION:

What is your interpretation of, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you?" (John 6:53.)

ANSWER:

When the Christ was with us, He spoke to multitudes in parables, but to the disciples He explained the inner meaning as they were able to understand it. As the four Gospels are not only the story of the life of Jesus Christ but four descriptions of the Path of Initiation with which the life of Christ Jesus is related, there is in many of these writings both an inner and an outer meaning.

We must first recognize that the earth is not a mass of dead matter, but that it is the living, breathing body of a Great Spirit. Through this body He expresses Himself and comes into close touch with the beings upon the surface of the planet. This spirit is the Christ, the Son of God, who periodically indraws to the center of the earth and again withdraws. This indrawing begins at the time of the fall equinox, and then commences the impregnation of all seeds with the life force which later will break forth and clothe the body of this Spirit in living green and provide food for all beings living upon the earth. In the streams and rivulets we find the fluids, the blood, which as a great circulatory system is ever flowing back to the ocean to be again distributed over the surface of the earth through rain and fog. Thus our food and drink are truly the flesh and blood of the body of the Son of God. Without partaking of it we could not live.

The spiritual meat and drink that this passage symbolizes can only be explained to those who, like the disciples, have true spiritual understanding, the true wisdom which makes clear to them all the mysteries of God. In general, however, we may say that these symbolize the formation of the "Christ within," through the soul body, built of the two higher luminous ethers by unselfish lives of service.

WHY MAN SHOULD NOT KILL ANIMALS QUESTION:

May I ask you to explain why, as animals are permitted by the group spirits in whose care

they are to destroy one another for food, it is not permitted man to kill for food or for his own protection? Why not kill reptiles or poisonous insects?

ANSWER:

Group spirits allow their charges to kill and devour other living species that they may sustain life and that their own species may not become extinct, they being at a stage of their evolution where just such food is useful to them. In time group spirits will progress and lead their charges away from flesh food. There was a time when we required such food. After we came up from the the waters of Atlantis and when we were building lungs that could breathe dry air, we needed a material found in flesh food—albumen—to harden the tissues of our bodies. But that time is past. Now our aim is to keep our bodies from becoming too hard. Here we quote from one of Max Heindel's students' lessons:

"Thought force breaks down tissue which must be replaced, and the lower and more material the thought, the greater the havoc, and the the more pressing the need for albumen to make quick repairs. If we go on thinking along purely business or material lines, we shall have to go on eating flesh food. The more spiritual we grow, the more our thoughts will harmonize with the rhythm of our bodies and the less albumen will be needed to build tissue, consequently a vegetable diet will suffice our needs."

This shows that vegetarianism is a clear step in progression and evolution.

Man has free will and is permitted to kill and eat any animal he may desire, but if he eats for pleasure what his constitution does not require, he will suffer. Maladies will appear in body and mind.

If he kills an animal or reptile because it is repugnant to him, and his attitude has excited an aggressive attitude in the animal, he is putting still further off that day when the lion will lie down with the lamb. There are times when our younger brothers must be slain, when quick and decisive action must be taken or our lives may be endangered. Let us then do it as duty without hatred or fear, and with sorrow for the necessity that causes the act.



The Astral Ray.

Neptune Simplified

S. O. HARRIES

Editor's Note:—This article was awarded third prize in our recent Prize Competition.

"UE CANNOT drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils. Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and the table of devils."

All things in manifestation depend for manifestation upon the Universal Spirit. In it all powers are latent, and in various successive waves of evolution latent powers become actively expressed according to the nature of the vehicles of expression.

The struggle for dominance of the desire nature by reason is a marked characteristic of human evolution. It gives, ultimately, in place of blind impulses, or instincts, of the desire nature a self-conscious control and direction of the individual man and his relationship to environment. Conscious evolution replaces unconscious adaptation.

This is a slow process but gives invaluable power. So far, the evolution of reason or intellect has been mainly in relation to external experience. Many people now think that reasoning power is but a stepping-stone to the consciously controlled use of higher powers yet latent as possibilities of spirit unfoldment.

The greatest men of all ages have depended upon some subtle inner power for the inspirational guidance of their lives, and this inner fount is a more fruitful source of knowledge and creative power than any intellectual relationship to the external world. Intellect teaches

us that all experience is divisible into two main kinds, namely, objective and subjective.

Objective experience has direct relationship to our external environment; subjective experience is, as it were, experience gained within ourselves. One kind may lead to the other. Subjective experience may lead to objective expression through suitable vehicles. Objective experience may stimulate subjective activity. It is now believed by many that consciously controlled development of the subjective nature is a further step in evolution than the development of reason or intellect through interaction with external environment. This step of evolution leads the individual to develop the spiritual power of experience within and to consciously express this power in moulding the external to harmonize with the inner spiritual nature.

Self-consciousness in relationship to the objective universe leads to consciousness of the real internal spiritual nature and its great powers. In each individual human being is a subtle spiritual force, more or less latent. It may be termed a subjective force as it does not depend upon objective stimuli for its activity. It is the power by means of which we generate our deepest, innermost moods or thoughts, in those moments of inner light and power when we know that we transcend all objective relationship and find the source of power to be within, in the invisible. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Turned to objective uses, this spirit power

occupies mainly the spinal canal and nervous system and renders ethereal the blood of the individual. Directed downward and outward by desire, this force merges into the life forces and sensual existence, and obverts its true nature. When directed upward and inward, it gives increasing power to lead a conscious subjective existence, an inner life, and when rightly controlled gives at will the power to function on the inner or higher planes of consciousness. Used aright, it leads to intuitive genius, enlightenment, adeptship; wrongly used, it gives selfish destructive power, insanity, emotional and nervous instability.

This subjective consciousness is ruled by the planet Neptune, and the phases of its expression objectively by the complementary planet Uranus. As Saturn may be said to rule mineral form; as Sun and Mars may be said to rule life activity; as Moon and Venus may be said to rule desire or emotion and emotional ideals or states of feeling; as Mercury and Jupiter may be said to rule thought and objective mental ideals; so Neptune and Uranus may be said to rule the subjective phases of being and their conscious expression.

A fine Venus, Jupiter, or Mercury in the horoscope has its basis in a fine vibration from Neptune; a perverted Venus, Jupiter, or Mercury has its basis in a perverted vibration from Neptune or the subjective in the individual. From this limitless fount, the inner spiritual nature, springs all that is manifest in the individual. Neptune is not the octave of any one planet (†), but with its active complement, Uranus, is the spiritual counterpart or synthesis of all planets which influence through harmonic vibration man's vehicles of expression.

Its nearest counterpart in lower phases is Mercury, for as Mercury is the symbol of reason which should control all objective relationships, so Neptune is the symbol of that inner spiritual intuitive nature which should dominate and rightly guide all subjective phases of experience. Every person who lives at all in the subjective is to some extent directly amenable

† (*This differs slightly from Max Heindel's teaching on the subject, namely that Neptune is the direct octave of Mercury.*)

to the influence of Neptunian vibrations. Only those who are entirely objective in their aims and associate every thought and feeling directly with definite objective states are outside the influence. Considering the prevalent interest in spiritualism and kindred subjects, the wide range of Neptune's influence will be apparent.

A person with Neptune well aspected in the horoscope and who is susceptible to its vibrations, will find much opportunity for development of the subjective nature. This may take the form of positive clairvoyance, subjective inventive power as in creative art, or any line of genius; or in scientific occult study as in astrology, telepathy, mesmerism, psychic or mental healing.

Those with Neptune prominent but adversely aspected will have a similar tendency to subjective activity, but of perverted nature, as in negative psychism, mediumship, perverted subjective mental and emotional creative activity, morbid psychopathy, obsession, involuntary trance, epilepsy, drug coma. This is punishment for previous wrong use of subjective possibilities. Wrong use of subjective consciousness and power in one life leads to suffering later. Dwelling subjectively on morbid states of thought and emotion, dwelling subjectively on abuse of life forces and delusive pleasures, subjective intensification of hate, of miserliness, of fanatical beliefs, of any unbalanced mental or emotional state, is a wrong use of subjective forces and will inevitably result in inharmonic Neptunian vibrations and subjective suffering later.

People use alcohol or drugs mainly for the temporary subjective states of pleasure and illusion produced as a consequence, and quite disregard the effect on the nervous system, on the vehicles through which the spirit forces function in objective manifestation. Consequently, having depleted the nervous forces in one or more lives for the sake of subjective bliss, they pay for this undeserved entrance into psychic states by nervous diseases, instability of the vehicles in later incarnations. Nature offers all at the price of merit. Subjective development is of great value if properly attained. It gives us all the best in life, in art, in invention. It is the source of all genius, for genius is the result

of tapping the subjective after deserving to do so by infinite labor.

While many men can subjectively appreciate genius or the expression of genius, few can express the wealth of material or inspiration derived from the subjective. To do this needs development of sensitive, well trained vehicles. To force entrance into subjective phases through use of ouija boards, drugs, mediumship, leads to disaster if the system of vehicles, physical, emotional, and mental, has not been trained previously to that state of refinement and equilibrium necessary for safe contact with the concentrated forces met with in intensified subjective experience.

Some men have the power of developing and conserving a vast fund of physical energy which enables them to accomplish without fatigue tasks that would prostrate the average man. Some mental workers have developed a like mental power, which enables them to perform mental work without nervous breakdown, whereas such work would soon make an untrained man a nervous wreck or a victim of insanity. Likewise, some people have developed vehicles which can stand the strain of intense subjective experience and, possibly, its expression objectively.

This work calls for expenditure of much spiritual force. Many who cannot generate this force consciously and have not properly trained their vehicles to stand the strain, use negative methods of attaining to intensified subjective experience. They are like the man who overexerts himself physically, or the untrained man who suddenly attempts concentrated study; there is an overdraw on the nervous system leading to nervous debility and exhaustion, resulting in instability of the vehicles. Hence, in such people the prevalence of nervous and psychic diseases.

In almost all cases where Neptune is strong for good or harm, it gives the power to hold the physical body in obedience and to consciously or unconsciously exist in a state of intense subjective experience. The range is wide, from genius to insanity, from refined mysticism to fanatical bigotry, from profuse mental creation to cramped, stunted monomania. It is not necessary to enter into full details of Neptune

posited in various houses, signs, and its aspects to planets. Instead of Neptune, in each case substitute the word "subjective."

For example, Neptune in the 1st house, well aspected, gives much subjective activity during childhood, possibly clairvoyance, daydreams, vivid imaginative power, and power of visualization. In such case, also, early environment is likely to be such as will favor such activity. Neptune in the 10th gives subjective dreams of social success or subjective desire for social prominence. Well aspected, it is likely to give public activity along occult lines. A lady who is a very active secretary and worker for "advanced sects" has Neptune in the 10th in Gemini, sextile Jupiter, and supported in objective expression by Sun trine Uranus.

Neptune well aspected by Mars gives much active subjective experience. One occult student, very active in several branches, has Neptune in the 12th, trine Mars in the 5th, trine Mercury in the 9th, and supported in objective expression by the Sun in the 10th, trine Uranus.

A girl, very intuitional, emotional, musical, aesthetic, but with no intellectual force, has Neptune conjoined Jupiter, trine Venus, Moon, and Saturn, sextile Mars, but the only aspect of Mercury is a conjunction with the Sun.

A boy, epileptic, psychic, erratic emotionally, had Neptune retrograde in Cancer, in the 8th, square Jupiter, opposed to Uranus.

A man described as addicted to "wine, women, and song," had Neptune retrograde in the 5th in Gemini, square Jupiter and Mercury, but trine Mars; supported by Venus square Uranus.

A confirmed materialist had Neptune retrograde, opposed to Mercury and to Uranus and square to M. C.

A case of loss of mental power and infantile paralysis had Neptune conjoined Saturn, retrograde, and opposed to Mercury.

These are just a few cases taken at random. Their significance will be apparent to all students.

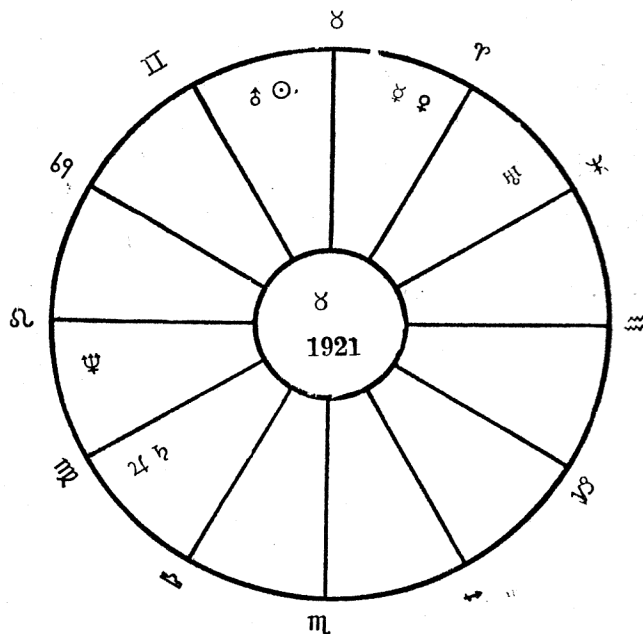
The important lesson to be learned is that subjective power and experience, like all manifest forces, is dual in possibilities. To gain the best development the vehicles of expression, as

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The Children of Taurus 1921

Born between April 21st and May 21st inclusive.

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



The children born while the sun is passing through Taurus, the sign in which Venus, the goddess of music and art, is at home, are very amiable, loving, and agreeable as long as things go their way and if everything about them is harmonious. But cross them or place them in a position where they are disturbed and they will be just as disagreeable, stubborn, and cruel.

They are very firm in their opinions. Persuasion will not change them. The only things that will melt them are love and praise. They have liking and ability for detail; but they quibble and worry about little things and allow themselves to become very gloomy and morose when things do not go as they like them to. They are also very jealous, especially in the home. A Taurus child is jealous of its sisters and brothers; it wants all the love bestowed upon it by the parents; especially so this year, since the Taurian children will have Mars, the fiery planet, in Taurus. This planet shows itself the cruellest and most disagreeable when placed in this sign of Venus. The symbol of Mars is Venus reversed, showing that the lower nature is dominant when Mars is in a Venusian sign, and this often expresses itself in selfishness.

But after the fifth of May, Mars will progress into the mercurial sign of Gemini, ruling the hands. Here Mars is quick and active mentally and the children then born will be very clever with the hands, original and mechanical, especially those born between the 15th and 21st of May when Mars will also be in conjunction with Mercury. These children will also be very quick and sharp with the tongue.

Venus, the planet of music and art, is in the martial sign Aries, but being retrograde it will not influence the life of the child to any great extent.

Jupiter in Virgo, the sign which rules the small intestines and also the sign of its fall, in opposition to the spasmodic Uranus in Pisces, will not be well for the health of these children: for Jupiter rules the arterial circulation, and we may expect that this will create general sluggishness. The food will not digest well in the small intestines, thus tending toward a run down condition and giving a liability to coughs and colds. The destructive planet, Saturn, is also in this sign, Virgo. Therefore we would advise the parents of the children born while the sun

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Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him 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 good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

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 inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

Editor's Note—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

LILLIAN B. S.

Born March 6, 1913.

11:12 A. M.

Lat. 48 North, Long. 117 West.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Pisces 3; 11th house, Aries 6; 12th house, Taurus 22, Gemini intercepted; Ascendant, Cancer 3-23; 2nd house, Cancer 21; 3rd house, Leo 10.

Positions of the Planets:

Neptune 23-26 retrograde, Cancer; Jupiter 12-38 Capricorn; Uranus 5-48 Aquarius; Mars 11-53 Aquarius; Moon 2-29 Pisces; Sun 15-37 Pisces; Mercury 2-48 Aries; Venus 0-03 Taurus; Saturn 28-24 Taurus.

Lillian has the watery sign of Cancer on the Ascendant with the life ruler, the Moon, on the cusp of the Midheaven. This will give her a very restless nature. She will want change and pleasure. Deny her what she craves and she will give way to the Cancer gloom, due to the Moon being elevated and sextile to Venus, the planet of pleasure, which is in its own sign of Taurus and the eleventh house of friends, being also the ruler of the fifth house governing theatres and places of amusement. This girl will crave a public life and will thrive on praise and attention from the public. She will be very popular, especially with her own sex. Her women friends will be very faithful to her and will seek her companionship.

Cancer children are usually retiring and sensitive, preferring the home environment, but with Lillian this will not be the case, for she has

Mercury in the quick-witted martial sign of Aries, in the 10th house, sextile to the alert and original Uranus, and sextile to Saturn. This will also make her bright mentally.

The Moon on the cusp of the Midheaven, sextile to the goddess of music, Venus, in her own sign of Taurus, will give Lillian a wonderful talent for music, especially that of the harp or a stringed instrument; and her women friends will be ready to help her to bring this talent before the public. She will some time appear before the public, and will attract people far above her station in life who will be ready to assist her. She will also marry a man of prominence, for her Jupiter is in the seventh house, sextile to the Sun in the 10th house.

With Uranus in conjunction with Mars and sextile to Mercury, and the Moon on the Midheaven, sextile to Venus, she will crave attention and want flattery, and the Moon sextile to Venus will make her very attractive to the opposite sex. But with Venus square to Uranus there will be great danger of her being led astray or being taken advantage of by some one of the opposite sex. However, the serious, sober, and cautious Saturn, sextile to Mercury and trine to Uranus, will be of great assistance to her and will act as a guardian angel to protect her from the above evil aspect.

We have read a number of horoscopes where the evil aspects of Venus and Uranus were very prominent and these planets were near the Midheaven, but where a trine from Saturn to Uranus or Venus saved the girl from a fate of the above nature. Therefore it is always wise to judge the horoscope from different angles and not jump to the conclusion that a woman must go wrong because we find Venus and Uranus square. Look for the guardian angel,

which is usually a good aspect from Saturn or the Sun.

This girl's life will be full of very interesting experiences. She will be free with her money yet will never want.

There will be some trouble at puberty, since with the venous blood afflicted by the square of Uranus, cramps and some disturbances during the menstrual periods may occur.

VOCATIONAL

EGMOND, H.

Born January 3, 1909.

2 A. M.

Lat. 5 North, Long. 55 West.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Leo 10; 11th house, Virgo 11; 12th house, Libra 13; Ascendant, Scorpio 12-57; 2nd house, Sagittarius 12; 3rd house, Capricorn 11.

Positions of the Planets:

Mars 25-25 Scorpio; Venus 14-9 Sagittarius; Sun 12-14 Capricorn; Uranus 16-45 Capricorn; Mercury 18-13 Capricorn; Saturn 4-4 Aries; Moon 2-36 Gemini; Neptune 15-48, retrograde, Cancer; Jupiter 14-30, retrograde, Virgo.

We will use for our vocational reading the horoscope of a young man with the fixed and martial sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant and the life ruler, Mars, in its own sign, near the Ascendant, and sextile to Mercury. Mercury, the planet of reason is in conjunction with the original and inventive Uranus, and trine to Jupiter, which is placed in Mercury's house, Virgo. The above configurations will give this young man a very keen and quick mind, especially with Mercury in the house of Capricorn, the home of Saturn. This will give depth and balance to the mind, which will be original and inventive.

The Sun, Uranus, and Mercury in Capricorn, the natural tenth house sign, and the Sun, ruler of the tenth house, indicating the government, will make this young man especially successful, and he will win the favor of the government through his inventions along the lines of wireless or electricity.

As a writer he could be very successful, for we find the Sun, Uranus, and Mercury all in conjunction in the third house, which rules literature, and these planets are trine to Jupiter, the ruler of the fifth house, governing publica-

tions. Jupiter in the mercurial sign of Virgo is sextile to Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury, Neptune being in the house of the higher mind, the 9th house. These two planets, however are retrograde, and this sometimes delays the good that may be found in the planets. In this case it will be necessary for the boy to strive harder to accomplish his object than otherwise. But the planets only show tendencies which are latent, it is only necessary that the soul assert itself in order to overcome the difficulties. With fixed signs on all the angles and the dominant Mars on the Ascendant, this boy will not allow obstacles to hold him back. He will, or rather should be, able to surmount them. Impulse may sometimes rule him and cause him to act quickly, but Saturn in Aries, sextile to the Moon, will give him stability and may help to balance the martial-Uranian impulse.

We must always take this fact into consideration, that planets show only the tendencies; the will determines which, the evil or the good shown by the horoscope, will decide the fate. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says in her inspirational poem:

One ship sails east, and another sails west,
With the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That determines the way they go.

THE CHILDREN OF TAURUS

(Continued from page 26)

is passing through the sign Taurus to be careful with the children's diet, for Mars in Taurus gives a tendency to gormandize and a desire to tickle the palate, which would naturally be dangerous to them.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons is issued by the Rosierucian 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 higher degrees depends upon merit.

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(*Pages 133 to 141 Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What are some of the characteristics of the newborn entity?
- A. All the negative qualities are active, but before the ego is able to use its different vehicles, the positive qualities must be ripened.
- Q. How is each vehicle brought to maturity?
- A. By the activity of the corresponding vehicle of the macrocosm, which acts as a womb for it until it is ready for birth.
- Q. Why is a child's body more rounded and well built from the first to the seventh year than in later life?
- A. Because the vital body grows and slowly matures within the womb of the macrocosmic vital body, and because of the greater wisdom of the macrocosm the vital body is better nourished during this period than later.

BIRTH OF THE VITAL BODY

- Q. When does the individual vital body take charge?
- A. During the seventh year, when the period of excessive, dangerous growth begins and which continues the next seven years.
- Q. What does the macrocosmic desire body do during this period?
- A. It performs the function of a womb for the individual desire body.
- Q. If the vital body were to have unrestrained sway in the human kingdom as it has in the plant kingdom, what would happen?

- A. Man would grow to an enormous size.
- Q. Did such a condition ever exist?
- A. There was a time in the far distant past when man was constituted like a plant, having only a dense body and a vital body.
- Q. How may this fact be substantiated?
- A. By the traditions of mythology and folklore all over the world concerning giants in olden times, which are absolutely true, because men then grew as tall as trees.

BIRTH OF THE DESIRE BODY

- Q. What does the vital body of a plant do?
- A. It builds leaf after leaf, carrying the stem higher and higher.
- Q. Why does the plant cease to grow taller after a certain period?
- A. The macrocosmic desire body steps in at a certain point and checks further growth. Were it not for this fact the plant would keep on growing indefinitely.
- Q. What becomes of the force that is not needed for further growth?
- A. It is then available to build the flower and the seed.
- Q. How can this be compared with the growth of the human body?
- A. The human vital body acquires control over the dense body after the seventh year, making the latter grow very rapidly. About the fourteenth year the individual desire body is born from the womb of the macrocosmic desire body, and is then free to work on the dense body.

- Q. What becomes of the excess of vital force when rapid growth is checked at the fourteenth year?
- A. It becomes available for propagation, that the human plant may flower and bring forth.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

(Continued from page 20)

The telephone bell rang and the Doctor walked leisurely over and took down the receiver, only to be greeted by the familiar "Number please?"

"Why! my bell rang."

"'S no one on th' line for you."

The Doctor walked back.

"I think I made that point clear, did I not, Scruggs?"

The brassy one seemed surprised, but ventured no comment.

"You see, Scruggs, the trouble with the ouija board, or one of the troubles, is that it never gets past the trifling stage. Most of the revelations are entirely from the physical side, and most of those which really come from some one else than the operator are entirely without any foundation in fact. Of those few which are really from the other side none amount to anything from the standpoint of general human interest, outside of the one thing that, if true, they do prove the existence of some form of consciousness outside of the physical form—"

The telephone bell here rang tumultuously.

The Doctor again took down the receiver.

"Hello, is this you—George? This is Frances. Please come up right away. I think Billy's been killed!"

(To be continued)

NEPTUNE SIMPLIFIED

(Continued from page 25)

well as of subjective activity, must be trained to an advanced stage of refinement and control. The physical vehicle can be trained directly by any form of exercise which leads to greater power of control, of mental, nervous, and muscular co-ordination. One of the best ways of doing this is learning to play well some musical

instrument, while at the same time leading a true life from the standpoint of physical culture: right diet, exercise, and relaxation or rest.

The emotional and mental nature or vehicles can be refined and controlled by direct subjective training. It is useless or harmful to dwell too much upon shortcomings. The best method of removing defects is exclusion by substitution. Start in a small way to deliberately train emotion and thought, according to subjective ideals. The Rosierucian Fellowship morning and evening exercises are invaluable for this purpose. Avoid all negative methods. Utilize the best in literature, in music, in pictures, in human experience itself, for intensified subjective impression.

It is not how many, but how elevating, how refining, and how intense the subjective experiences, that make for real progress. A little of concentrated good building is more valuable than much indifferent work. Begin at once to control the influence of Neptunian vibrations in the inner spiritual nature and to refine the vehicles and subjective being gradually and deliberately until is reached that stage of inner illumination, that expansion of consciousness, which conceives of no limitation, and intellect as a means of gaining knowledge is transcended in turn by divine intuition, the surest of all guides to knowledge, wisdom, and power. Build subjectively the strength of faith, of hope, of love, until their power radiates through the refined vehicles as a direct force in the objective environment.

To those who think that the ecstasies of the mystic, the wisdom of the adept, the inventive power of creative genius, are too far in the future to be the subject of present thought, it should suffice to say that all must tread the path and that early in the endeavor to consciously control subjective development comes a sense of inner power, inner illumination, that amply repays the necessary effort of will and the sacrifice of trivial and transitory pleasures of the sensual desire nature.

The spirit that sleeps in the mineral, lives in the plant, moves in the animal, and reasons in the human being, embraces universal consciousness in the highest Initiate, and becomes one with all.

Children's Department

The Joke the Fairies Played

PATSEY ELLIS

IT HAPPENED just after Easter, when there was a rest among the little people. All the springtime work was done, and Funny Fingers, the leader of the gnomes, said there ought to be a picnic. It was at this gathering that Tippy Toes thought of the joke, and when he did, he clapped his turned-up toes together and laughed until his sides shook. A mocking bird down at the foot of the canyon caught the lilting laughter and sent it back in merry song, and after awhile the passing night wind took it up and blew it in delicious dreams to sleeping children, lying with outstretched arms ready to gather it in.

At last Tippy Toes managed to catch his breath and explain what it was all about. "It will be the greatest joke that ever happened," he said. "This is the way it goes. Today I was flying through a garden down by the seashore. Two little children were planting sweet peas, and as they were in a great hurry, one of them dropped two seeds, which rolled down under a big rosebush. I intended to tell you gnomes about it so that you could go down and plant them tonight. Now, here's the joke: Let's plant them in the canyon."

"Plant sweet peas in a canyon!" cried everyone at once. "You're crazy, Tippy Toes! You're crazy!"

That crafty little fairy balanced himself on his hands and laughed up at his friends. "Why shouldn't we plant garden flowers in a canyon?" he asked. "You think it can't be done because it never has been before. Of course, I don't believe in following every passing fad and fancy, but I've no patience with you folks who keep on doing the same thing over and over. If the sweet peas don't like it we can take them back next fall, but they'll love it. You just wait and see. I haven't tied their bonnets on them every summer for years and years without

finding out what fine little darlings sweet peas are."

Now Tippy Toes usually had his way with his playmates, and in a little while the whole party was winging its way down to the garden by the sea. It took very little time, by the light of the glowworm lanterns, to find the sleeping sweet peas, and before the robin had begun his morning song, both little seeds were tucked away in the loveliest, warmest corner in the canyon.

And then the little people could hardly wait. "It's all I can do to keep my hands off," laughed one little gnome. "It seems as if I just must give them one wee pat to hurry them up."

"I know," chimed in a blue winged fairy, "I dream about the color we'll give their blossoms some day. It seems to me we ought to paint them brown. People 'most always wear khaki when they camp in the canyon."

But the time of waiting was over at last. One day after a summer shower had sent its message of love and life to all sleeping seeds, the two little sweet peas yawned and awoke. "What a delightful nap!" they said to each other, as they stretched themselves and yawned and yawned. Their tiny feet shot down into the soil and there were roots. Their little hands groped upward for the light and two wee sprouts began to grow. Then began such a kicking and reaching and squirming as you never heard of before; and in their effort to dig their way up through the ground they uttered their first rapturous cry of life. The first one to hear it was the mocking bird. He shot like an arrow to the highest tree in the canyon and sent his piercing call of joy out into the listening air. Instantly the gnomes and fairies were on the spot, and with gentle hands and encouraging words helped the two little

kicking babies to climb above the ground. At last they stood there, so delicately beautiful and graceful that the ones who had played the joke upon them scarce dared to breathe. They watched with bated breath until one little sweet pea broke the magic spell. She gave one glance at the loving faces gazing at her with eager eyes, and then she clapped her tiny hands in glee. "I like it here," she said. "The air is delicious. I like it better than a garden." The delighted audience rushed upon her, almost smothering her with hugs and kisses.

"Stand back. Stand back," cried Tippy Toes. But the two little flowers lifted up their faces for more kisses and danced in merriment. "We like it here. We like it here. We like it here,"

they sang.

"We like you here. We like you here. We like you here," trilled the mocking bird.

"We love you here. We love you here. We love you here," came in chanting chorus from all the gnomes and fairies, as they caught one another's hands and skipped and danced around the little flowers.

It was the happiest day of all that happy year, and the joy that came to the canyon the day the baby sweet peas were born, found its response in the hearts of the two children who lived in the seaside garden. They did not guess that their absent flowers sent them greetings. They did not know that their joy was an echo of the fairy laughter.

A Corner in the Orchard

ELLA VAN GILDER

IN FARMER JACKSON'S large orchard grew a plum tree and a cherry tree, side by side.

Old Mother Nature had awakened all the trees early that spring, and had seen to it that every tree in Farmer Jackson's orchard had put forth its leaves.

On a warm spring day, which one might fancy belonged in June rather than April, the cherry tree addressed the plum tree: "Well, it will soon be time to blossom if we have many such warm days."

"All you can think of is, what you can do next," replied the plum tree. "Why go to all the trouble to blossom? In this part of the garden, right by the fence, we no sooner get out our blossoms than some one comes along and pulls them off. If we were in another part—"

"But we are not," rejoined the cherry tree. "What if they are pulled, think of the pleasure they give to people!"

"Well, work all you care to, I shall not blossom this year; it will do me no good," grumbled the plum tree.

A few days later when the cherry tree was all in bloom, they saw several persons coming from the house toward the orchard, and heard a lady speaking:

"This is so lovely of you, Mr. Jackson," she said, "The little girl is sick and is longing so for some spring flowers; these cherry blossoms are so pretty and will do her worlds of good."

In a few moments the little cherry tree was stripped of some of its prettiest branches.

"It was just as I told you," said the plum tree. "I have no blossoms and so I am not broken."

The cherry tree did not answer, but worked all night trying to replace the lost blossoms, having a heart full of thankfulness that it was helping the little sick girl.

By and by the blossoms faded and small green balls took their place. Then one day the plum tree opened the conversation:

"Why do you work so hard?" she inquired, "when the fruit is at its best the farmer will pick it off."

"But it is our duty," answered the cherry tree, "that is why we are here; the farmer expects us to bear fruit, and he prunes us and sprays us every year, so we must do our part."

The plum tree nodded as the wind rustled her leaves, but soon forgot the words of her neighbor.

When Farmer Jackson came to gather the fruit, he was much pleased to find that the

(Continued on page 37)

Nutrition and Health

The Milk Diet

DR. RAYMOND A. MOERSHALL

Editor's Note:—The following article was awarded fourth prize in our recent competition.

This article describes a system of diet that is said to have many remarkable cures to its credit. We are not in a position from personal knowledge to vouch for all the details given, but believe that the system in general possesses much merit for certain cases.

IN THE presentation of this subject, I realize that a great many readers have a very vague idea as to what the exclusive milk diet really means. Many have the notion that to take a glass or two of milk in addition to their regular meals means that they are on a diet of milk. Such is far from being correct, however, as the milk diet proper means a diet of milk only, no other food being allowed. This means, also, that the milk be taken at regular intervals under competent direction, or a person may take it without such direction if he will take the time to thoroughly study the subject himself.

When I have mentioned to patients that the adoption of this diet meant the taking of one glass of milk every half hour during the day, they have held up their hands in horror, saying that such a thing would be impossible, that milk never did agree with them, that they did not like it and, therefore, simply could not drink it, etc. But I wish to state that, regardless of what you have formerly thought, it is possible for anyone, properly instructed, to take this amount of milk with the utmost benefit.

Briefly stated, the milk diet means an absolute rest for every organ in the body with the exception of those having to do with the elimination of waste and those connected with the converting of the milk into new tissue and new

blood. Milk is the only food that can produce a large quantity of blood in a very short space of time. While on this diet the supply of oxygen must be continuous in order to completely oxidize the blood so as to burn up the waste material therein. Warm water baths at or slightly above body temperature, for the purpose of relaxation and elimination and in order to regulate the circulation, are necessary; also exercise towards the latter part of the month of treatment to stimulate the circulation of the blood and excretion of waste material, and to build new tissue.

Any one desiring to be rid of chronic disease that he has had for years, and who has tried remedy after remedy to no avail, will certainly after trying the milk diet, be surprised at the marked improvement of his condition within the very short space of time of one month. After the four weeks of milk, followed by a proper regime in right living, a complete cure can be promised, provided the diseased condition has not progressed too far; and, furthermore, that there is no mechanical pressure such as spinal lesions or ligamentous contractures, etc.

It is really very astonishing to note the most remarkable cures made by milk. By its use I have seen so-called incurable diseases vanish in a very short space of time: Take those old chronic cases of dyspepsia, constipation, migraine (sich headache), neurasthenia, rheumatism, chronic Bright's disease, floating kidney, prolapsus of the stomach, intestines, or uterus, low vitality, emaciation, malnutrition, and a horde of other conditions—these and many other diseases are amenable to this diet.

Milk actually creates new blood and builds new tissues, while the continual supply of fresh air, day and night, burns up all waste, poisons,

and worn-out cells that have been resident in the body for years. But be sure to keep in mind this fact, that while the milk diet is the nearest approach to a cure-all diet that is known, if there are mechanical pressures, these first of all, must be removed by the proper manipulative treatment.

In the treatment of any disease, the very first thing to be accomplished is elimination, and since elimination is of the utmost importance, it is necessary to employ a method of diet that is at the same time both eliminatory and nourishing, instead of one that has a tendency to clog the system and fill it with the products of fermentation and putrefaction. Milk causes elimination and builds new blood and tissue at the same time; therefore, I know of nothing that can equal milk in this direction.

The water content of the milk stimulates all the emunctories. While a large portion of the fat, protein, and salts is absorbed, there still remains some bulk which acts as a mechanical stimulant to peristalsis (the muscular contractions of the intestines).

While the entire fruit or the uncooked food diets are ideal, there is nothing that can replace milk for a thorough, quick, eliminatory and up-building treatment of chronic conditions. Remember, it is not so much organic elimination that is to be maintained, as it is cellular elimination. The average person has the false idea that in causing a movement of the bowels he is accomplishing wonders in aiding Nature to eliminate waste material; but remember that you are not eliminating systemic poisons by colon flushing or the taking of laxatives; you are merely removing the possibility of absorption of the products of fermentation and decomposition. You haven't assisted in the elimination of any of the systemic and cellular poisons that have been resident in the individual cells, billions of them by the way, and it is only through cellular elimination that a permanent cure of disease can be accomplished. Colon flushing treatment is an excellent means of organic elimination. I do not disparage the use of the high enema, but what I desire to make clear to you is that you must not get the idea that by repeated colon flushings you are in any

way causing cellular elimination, for you are not. As compared with cell elimination, organic elimination is of secondary importance. As long as old poisons, worn out cells and debris, are clogging the system, no possible hope of a cure can be expected.

Milk flushes the entire system. Each individual cell is flushed and cleansed; every organ is purified; new blood and new tissue are built. Is there any other method of diet that can so quickly accomplish these things?

In starting this treatment we must first consider the preparation, for if you are not properly prepared to take the treatment, better not start. First and foremost, the most essential thing is an enforced rest for about four weeks and this means rest in bed. There should also be a full length bath tub available if possible, for the taking of the daily bath. The temperature of the water should be about 99 degrees. If the ordinary bath tub cannot be had, you may use an ordinary wash tub and sit in the warm water, occasionally bathing the upper part of the body while in the water. Do not neglect to take the milk at the regular half hour intervals while bathing.

Arrangements should be made to obtain Holstein milk and mixed from several cows; this is much better than milk from one cow as there seems to be a better balance of the elements in the milk. Jersey milk will never do as it is entirely too rich in fat and will only cause failure and possible harm. If the Holstein milk is not available, you may use the milk from any other cow but the Jersey. The milk should be delivered at least twice daily, morning and evening; two thirds of the daily supply in the morning and the rest in the evening. Remember that sterilized or pasteurized milk will never do; such milk is absolutely worthless. When drinking the milk do not have it too cold. Milk at about body temperature is best although it may be taken somewhat cooler provided it is sipped very slowly. A good idea is to have a bunch of straws handy, for each glass a fresh straw being used, and in order to sip the milk slowly enough it is a good plan to make one or two bends in the straw. From three to five or ten minutes should be consumed in drinking one glass of milk.

The room should have a free supply of fresh air at all times whether it happens to be winter or summer. The bed should occupy the middle of the room, away from the walls, as there is only a dead air space there. A sleeping porch is an ideal place for these purposes.

Loose garments or just a sleeping garment should be worn. This garment should be changed morning and evening, and the sheets should be changed once each day, as much of the poison that is eliminated by the skin is absorbed by the garments worn and the sheets.

The room should be as free from furniture as possible, with the exception of a stand and a chair.

A thirty-six hour fast must precede the diet, it sometimes being necessary to fast several days, all depending upon the patient's condition. In the majority of cases thirty-six hours will be sufficient, but this thirty-six hours of complete abstinence from all food, with the possible exception of a little orange or lemon juice, is of paramount importance. The system will not take the milk diet nearly so well if there has been no fast. The longer the fast, the better the system absorbs the milk; in fact, it seems to act like a sponge in this respect and there are fewer unpleasant symptoms.

Should the patient not fast previous to taking the milk, there may be a number of very unpleasant symptoms that will occur during the first week, such as vomiting, nausea, feeling of extreme fullness, etc.; but if a sufficient length of time intervenes in which no food has been taken, these symptoms are mitigated, if not entirely eliminated.

The fast should be started after the last meal of the day and continue until the morning of the second day in the thirty-six hour regime. At the beginning of the second day a glass of milk may be taken every hour during that day, the third day every three-quarters of an hour, and after the third day every half hour throughout the four weeks. It is very important that the milk be taken every half hour right on the dot, and therefore it is necessary that you have a clock handy in order to determine this. For instance, should you start at seven in the morning, then the next glass would be taken at seven thirty, etc. Do not count the time, or rather,

do not deduct the time it requires to drink the milk.

No matter what symptom presents itself, whether it be vomiting, nausea, or a feeling of extreme fullness, continue the milk every half hour. During the first, second, or third day, there may be vomiting of large curds of milk, or there may be an extreme full feeling which will usually occur in the late afternoon. Should the milk ever "turn against you," start in to suck lemons immediately and the taste for the milk will soon return. This symptom often occurs and is due to the absence of acid in the stomach, which has been used up in the digestion of milk, therefore more acid must be supplied in the form of citric acid found in the lemon. Should you happen to vomit large curds of milk on the first day or second day, do not stop drinking milk on that account; just as soon as you have finished expelling the contents of the stomach, start taking more milk. This symptom, luckily, is never of more than one or two days' duration. Constipation, diarrhea, rash, and various other minor symptoms may occur. Should the diarrhea be persistent, it will be necessary to discontinue the milk for a day or two and either fast or take orange or grape juice. Should constipation be persistent, slightly increase the quantity of milk or eat a fig or two once or twice daily. The bowels will usually move from two to three or four times per day normally while on this diet, otherwise it may be necessary to take an enema until the movements are established.

As to the quantity of milk, all the way from six to eight ounces may be taken at a time. Be sure to have the same sized glass every day. Take an ordinary tumbler and make a little mark on it so as to determine the exact measurement each time. The average individual will consume about six or seven quarts daily. Let me add a word of caution: Never start the day with a glass of cold milk, in fact, never take the milk cold unless sipped very, very slowly. A good way to heat the milk is to set the glass in a pan of warm water.

Sometime during the third week you may look for the crisis. By this I mean that there will be a recurrence of all former symptoms of the disease from which you have been suffer-

ing. They might possibly be in a more severe form, but this should not be viewed with any alarm, rather welcomed, as it is the best thing that can happen. It indicates the fact that the system is making an extreme effort to eliminate all the remaining poisons. This is what is termed the *healing crisis*. The milk should always be continued until this crisis does occur, if a complete cure is to be expected.

The end of the fourth week usually signals the gradual discontinuance of the milk. For about three or four days the milk should be taken up till noon each day, then discontinued till evening, when, on the first day an orange and a glass or two of milk may be taken; the second day a slice of toast and a very soft poached egg: thus may the diet be gradually increased. For about two or three weeks it would be better to abstain from all heavy food and live mostly on the fruits and vegetables, yet never combine fruits and vegetables at the same meal an account of the tendency to fermentation. Not that fermentation is bad but excessive fermentation is not the proper digestive process. Fermentation should always be kept within normal limits else there results an increased secretion of hydrochloric acid, one of the causes of so-called sour stomach.

The fifth week should be devoted to graduated exercise and diet. Proper living should be the the foremost thought.

Much more could be stated regarding the milk diet, but in the brief space allotted I can give only the major details, yet enough for any one who desires to thoroughly try out this system; and you may rest assured that the person so doing will never regret it. I realize that there will be a number who read this who will condemn such a treatment without any further thought or investigation, but such condemnation will not belittle the actual facts. I have seen thousands at the different sanitariums receive the utmost benefit from it, with health and strength returned. These people had tried many systems of cure to no avail. If milk can do this and is at the same time a perfect food (for many persons have lived years and prolonged their life on milk alone,) what objections could be raised to a mere four weeks' re-

juvenating treatment? If you could be promised almost perfect health within four weeks, would you not be willing to make the attempt at least? Of course a complete cure is not always accomplished, but a very good start can be made within four weeks' time so that by proper care thereafter a cure may be promised. With the average case very few, if any, of the old symptoms will be noticed after the four weeks of milk. The milk diet has not been tested in only a few instances but in hundreds of thousands of cases with only the very best results. The final and determining value of any system of therapeutics is one that will stand the rigid test of results accomplished.

A RAW FOOD DIET AS MEDICINE

Inoculated with the most virulent germs, including those of anthrax, the scourge which has made terrible inroads during the last few years, William Aird of Sompting, Sussex, England, has startled the medical world by curing himself with natural foods. He allowed himself to be inoculated to prove his assertion. He has suffered no harm. His only medicines have been fresh, uncooked fruits and vegetables.

"Disease," he told a Universal Service representative who visited him, "is not an accident that cannot be avoided. It is a curative process. The germs which we think are our bitter enemies are really our friends. They enter our bodies to feed on waste products. If all the food we ate were only that which the body needed, uncooked fruits and vegetables, there would be no waste products and no germs.

"By eating these simple foods, cancer, epilepsy and other so-called incurable diseases can be effectually and permanently cured."

Aird says he can delay death with his diet. The tissues of the body will remain consistently healthy because there will be nothing wearing them away. It also solves the servant problem, because there are no dishes to wash and no cooking.

Medical men are intensely interested in Aird's statements and are carefully investigating his experiments.—*San Diego Union*.

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

Rhubarb Sauce

Corn Meal Waffles

Soft Boiled Egg

Cereal Coffee

Milk

—DINNER—

Corn Chowder

Vegetable Pie

Spanish Rice

Whole Wheat Bread and Butter

Milk

—SUPPER—

Nut Bread

Carrot Salad

Peach Cobbler

Milk

Recipes

Corn Chowder

Fry one chopped onion in oil until brown. Add 3 cups chopped raw potatoes and 3 cups canned corn. Cover with boiling water and boil until tender. Add 1 cup boiled milk and season with salt, celery salt and paprika. Serve with crackers.

Corn Waffles

One cup yellow corn meal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 well beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Mix these ingredients well together. In separate dish dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk. Slowly add this to the dry ingredients. Have the waffle iron hot and well oiled. Bake quickly.

Vegetable Pie

Peel and slice 2 onions, 4 carrots, one clove garlic and 4 potatoes cut into small pieces. Put this into an oiled baking pan, adding half cup rice, and cover with boiling water. Boil until vegetables are tender. Season with butter, salt and paprika. Thicken with a little flour. Be sure to have plenty of liquid in the pan. Roll out pie crust and sprinkle with cheese and place on top of vegetables. Bake about 35 minutes.

Spanish Rice

Put 1 teaspoon butter in frying pan, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup uncooked rice. Fry until brown, adding 1 cup chopped onions, 1 can tomatoes, a little Spanish pepper and salt. Add 1 cup boiling water and cook slowly 45 minutes, adding more hot water as it boils down. Allow to cook until the liquid is all absorbed.

Carrot Salad

Peel and grate 4 medium sized carrots. Grind $\frac{1}{2}$ cup English walnuts through grinder, adding a few mint leaves. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Nut Bread

To 4 cups sifted flour add 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well. Then add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 egg, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk. Let rise $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and bake in medium oven for one hour.

A CORNER IN THE ORCHARD

(Continued from page 32)

cherry tree in the fence corner was full of delicious cherries, and when he left, the little tree was quite bare.

"Just as I told you," remarked the plum tree, as Farmer Jackson passed on to the next tree.

In a few days two of Farmer Jackson's sons came with a saw and went straight to the plum tree. Soon it lay on the ground its topmost branches reaching to the foot of the cherry tree, but that little tree had no thought of saying, "I told you so."

The next spring a new, little, plum tree was planted by the stump where the old one had been; and as the wind rustled through the orchard, the twittering birds knew that the cherry tree was whispering to the little plum tree, teaching it the lessons of duty and service.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

San Francisco, Cal., Mar. 18, 1921.

Healing Department,

Brethren:

It gives me great pleasure to report that I feel completely recovered at last. My aches and pains have disappeared and I am feeling stronger each day.

For these great blessings I am devoutly thankful to the Healing Department for the great aid and comfort that I have received during this trying crisis; and I am thankful as well to the Supreme Great Master who has granted your prayers and mine.

You may now drop my name from the list of those for whom aid is asked, as others will need it far more than I.

I shall continue to be with you in spirit on the dates appointed, to add my prayer for those who suffer; and I shall also from time to time do what I can financially to aid your work.

It is with a sense of deep and lasting appreciation of the truly humanitarian practices of the Fellowship—an institution that is absolutely unique in this commercial age, and gives freely, without compensation, that which is priceless—that I thank you all again, individually and collectively, for all you have done for me.

May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the Rosicrucian Fraternity whithersoever dispersed.

Faithfully yours,

G. C. G.

Edmonton, Alberta.

My dear Friends:

I will write a few lines to thank you for the help I have received. The inflammation in my hands is quite a lot better and so is the lameness in my shoulder. Oh, the blessing of such wonderful help!

I thank you for the book on "Natural Dietetics." I am studying it. May the richest blessings rest on your good work.

Yours as ever,

MRS. J. J.

HEALING DATES

May 4—11—17—24—31

June 7—13—20—28

July 4—11—18—25

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 P. M.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 P. M., meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief. At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

Notice to Vegetarians

The Federation of Humano-Vegetarians of America desires that vegetarian societies and also individual vegetarians throughout the country enroll with them, in order that a united effort may be made to promote vegetarianism.

A convention of vegetarians will be held in the summer of 1921, (date to be announced later), in Philadelphia, Pa. It is desired that local vegetarian societies elect and send delegates to this convention.

The Federation will assist local societies in organizing their work, and will aid individuals to establish new vegetarian centers.

Send your name and address to,

JACOB W. ROSE, Sec'y.

Federation of Humano-Vegetarians of America,
1742 Lindenwood St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

A woman to help in the kitchen and do plain cooking.

—Address—

ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside - - - - - California

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

Easter at Headquarters

HOMER A. SHELLEY

SPEAKING OF beauty, it is my conviction that all the powers of tongue and pen are unable to tell the veritable or inner beauty of Mt. Ecclesia. As regards the outer beauty, though the grass is no greener, the sky no bluer, the bird songs no sweeter, and the flowers no lovelier here than elsewhere, still the reflection of the inner beauty shining through makes them *seem* so. In the case of the flowers, the writer has seen them glow, actually glow, as though with concealed electric lights or as though some sort of *living fire* sustained them from within, which, indeed, it does. It is a literal fact that the life which ensouls the loveliest flower and all other forms of life, is a *living fire*, and we as Rosicrucians and students of the true science of life are growing ever more familiar with that fact; for the reason that "beauty lies within the eyes of the beholder," requiring only that one have the "eyes that see." To such eyes beauty is omnipresent, and the perception of it is possible to all.

To further the evolution of the plant kingdom and bring its beauty into visibility, the workers at Mt. Ecclesia find that "Nature, unaided, fails." For instance, to plant the palms that line the gracefully curved driveway from the administration grounds to the Temple, it was first necessary to dig a large round hole in the hard earth, then to drill in the bottom of this and explode a charge of dynamite there to loosen up and aerate the ground. Then we put lime and fertilizer and water in each hole, and finally the tree with the soil packed around it.

You might, if you cared to, class this aid to Nature as work, and so it is, but ah! in the years to come the stately palms will cast a grateful shade over the passing pilgrim, who mayhap will be moved to think, even as we are now, of the workmen who have gone before. One workman we remember most particularly: Max Heindel was his name. He planted the cross in the center of the flower star in front of the library building. Around that cross we gather

on each Easter morning.

This year Mme. D'Artell opened the exercises by singing from the center of the flower star in a rich contralto voice, "Eastertide," by S. Lyddle. And the birds listened literally in silence, and applauded afterwards. The song was followed by an impressive address entitled, "The Resurrection," by Mrs. Max Heindel. Then we stood in silence with bared heads for the sun, the Lord of Light, to rise above the horizon—the sun, whose forerunner of light undulated along the distant mountain tops that formed the horizon, with incredible intensity of golden color that seemed to be always fleeing but yet was always there. Marvelous intensity of vibrating gold! Do you ask if it was beautiful? Verily, beyond the power of word to more than hint at. A poet, writing in prose has said, "An indescribable fragrance, an almost inaudible rustling sound, faint, as the roar of the rushing world is faint beyond all human ears to hear—filled the air. The pulse of the world quickened. The fireheads of the hills were bathed in light The lyric rapture of the Easter morning made a sound of rejoicing. The green earth sighed, and was awake." And the sun, mystic, mighty, was wholly visible and shed its glorious light upon us and the whole grateful earth.

At that moment we were true Sun (Christ Son) worshippers. Not from any sense of superstitious awe, but from a deep realization of the profound significance of that which lies back of the annual observance of Easter—the Resurrection Day. Most clearly does the Rosicrucian teaching show the generally unknown but vital connection between the sun, the Christ, the Easter time and the confluent stars.

Headed by the choir we marched to the Temple singing, "He is risen." Here, Mrs. Della B. Joy and Mr. S. Shudshift, through the instrumentality of organ and violin stirred the soul with the "Pilgrim's Chorus" by Wagner.

Bible reading by Mr. Darrow—24th Chapter of

St. Luke. Following the silent meditation, which has so well been described as the intense dwelling in thought upon divine realities—was an organ selection and the song, "Nearer My God to Thee;" then the parting admonition and the closing song, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

An early, but none too early, breakfast was duly appreciated, for on *this* morning the rising bell rang at 5:00 A. M. which, as you can see, necessitated getting up considerably before breakfast.

At 11 o'clock the Temple service was begun by an organ voluntary with violin, "The Holy City." The congregation sang "Alleluia." Mme. Louise D'Artell gave a contralto solo, "The Light of the World," by Sullivan. Mrs. Cramer's address, "The Cosmic Significance of Easter," was illuminating as showing the relationship of world or cosmic truths to individual life. The usual silence or spiritual communion was ended with a zither selection by Mr. Eugene Muller. Mrs. Joy's specially trained double quartette rendered the song, "Eternity," by Gates-Bliss. Parting admonition and organ voluntary with violin in the "March Pontificale," by Gounod, closed the second service.

The third and last Temple service of the day, at 7:30 P. M., was inaugurated by organ and violin in the "Aria from Elijah," by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The opening hymn was "The Rosierucian Anthem," followed by a contralto selection by Mme. D'Artell. The Temple certainly responds splendidly to musical vibrations. Alfred Adams read the Rosierucian Temple Service. During the silence our thoughts were centered upon "service" in its highest aspects. Mrs. Heindel used stereopticon views to illustrate her address, "Jesus, the Christ, from Baptism to Resurrection." Mr. Shudshift played "Ave Maria" exquisitely. The parting admonition and the song, "God Be With You" closed the ceremonies on one of the year's most momentous days. The day's program has been given in some detail because of the belief that many of our friends scattered over the round earth will be interested.

Those of us whom a kind providence has enabled to work at Headquarters know by our own

experience something of the hopes and longings that center here. Let us all, then, those who are here and those who are there, try to *radiate that which we would receive*, knowing that to be the application of the perfect law which the great Christ, Lover of the World, exemplified upon the earth, and who gave us the satisfying assurance that even more than He has done was possible to us all. Hence, the hope that rose in our hearts on Easter morn.

Mrs. Cramer's Lecture Tour

Mrs. Arline D. Cramer will leave Headquarters on April 14th, delivering lectures in the following cities:

Long Beach, Calif.—April 14th (evening)—Hotel Arlington.

San Francisco, Calif.—April 17th—Subject: The Riddle of Life and Death.

April 19—Subject: Death and Life Hereafter. Berkeley, Calif.—April 21st.

Sacramento, Calif.—April 24th.

Salt Lake City, Utah—April 27th.

Columbus, Ohio—May 1st and continuing here for one week.

Schenectady, N. Y.—May 9th, remaining here for some time, giving lectures and instructions to students.

All lectures will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

The addresses at which the lectures will be delivered have not yet been determined, but the following people are in charge of the matter and information can be obtained from them:

San Francisco—Mrs. Barbara Birdsall—419 22nd Avenue.

Berkeley—Mrs. C. R. Allen—1909 Henry St.

Sacramento—Phillip Grell, 224 J St.

Salt Lake City—John R. Richardson—568 So. 4th East St.

Columbus—Mrs. Mary I. Gardner—45 North 9th St.

Schenectady—Mrs. Joseph Gersting—456 Hulett St.

It is hoped that members and students of the Fellowship in the various cities will co-operate to the fullest extent possible in getting out a good attendance and in making the lectures a success.