

# ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



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## Contents

### THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

	Page
A Song of Triumph. (Poem)	
Angela Morgan	123
The Mysterious Candlestick. J. H.	123
Out of the Unseen.	
Vivian V. McCollum Frisbee	123
The Sacrament of Marriage.	
Max Heindel	130
The Shadow. Mrs. Ethne Rayden	133
The Teachers. (Poem)	
Edwin Markham	134
The Silent Voice—A Personal Ex- perience	135
June Bradford	
The Doctor's Dilemma—A Story of the Unknown Realms	
Prentiss Tucker	138

### QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

Clairvoyance, Voluntary and In- voluntary	141
The Five Dark Globes	141
The Relation of Soul to Spirit	142

### THE ASTRAL RAY—

The Attributes of Mars in Gemini.	
Lizzie Graham	143
Impressions of Astrology.	
Dr. Sam Bering	144
Children of Leo, 1921	145

### Your Child's Horoscope:

Delineations:—	
Donald B.	146
Irma M.	147
Richard E. C. (Vocational)	147

### STUDIES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION—

The Rosicrucian Catechism	
Alfred Adams	149

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—

A Yellow Fairy Story. Patsey Ellis	151
Love Eternal. (Poem)	152
A True Story. Ella Van Gilder	153
Fairies Photographed.	153

### NUTRITION AND HEALTH—

Proteins and Vitamines. Peredur	154
To My Dog Blanco. (Poem)	155
What Shall the Harvest Be?	
Alice L. Strong.	156
Menus from Mt Ecclesia	157
Recipes	157

### The Rosy Cross Healing Circle:

Testimonials	158
Healing Dates.	158

### ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA—

The Inroads of Venus.	
Mary Anderson	159

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# The Mystic Light.

## A Song of Triumph

ANGELA MORGAN

Work!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the soul and brain on fire.  
Oh! what is so good as the heat of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it,  
And what is so kind as the stern command  
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,  
Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.  
Oh! what is so good as the urge of it,  
And what is so glad as the surge of it,  
And what is so strong as the summons deep  
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,  
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it,  
Fiery steeds in full control,  
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal;  
Work, the power that drives behind,

Guiding the purposes, training the mind,  
Holding the runaway wishes back,  
Rimming the will to one steady track,  
Speeding the energies faster, faster,  
Triumphing over disaster.  
Oh! what is so good as the pain of it,  
And what is so great as the gain of it,  
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,  
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it;  
Passions of labor daily hurled  
On the mighty anvils of the world.  
Oh! what is so fierce as the flame of it,  
And what is so huge as the aim of it,  
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
Calling the plan of the Master out;  
Work, the Titan; work, the friend,  
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,  
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
Doing whatever the spirit wills,  
Rending a continent apart  
To answer the dream of the Master heart.  
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,  
Thank God for the splendor of Work!

*The Outlook.*

## The Mysterious Candlestick

By J. H.

**G**OD, THE GREAT Architect of the universe, has in His infinite kindness given to man an inestimable gift which is the source of all wisdom. Through the Bible the glorious work of creation is made intelligible to the human mind, and His divine word is con-

firmed by every least work of Omnipotence. The Book of Revelation explains the Book of Nature, and the Book of Nature confirms the Book of Revelation; the one is the symbol or the correspondence of the other. Symbolism has played an all important part in our past

evolution, and is still a prime necessity in our spiritual development; therefore it will always be of great use to study the symbolism of the Bible with our intellects and our hearts, particularly with our hearts.

The best preparation for this article will be a study of "Symbols of Ancient and Modern Initiation," which appeared in this magazine in May, 1916. There we learn that the ancient Atlantean mystery temple, the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, was given to men that they might meet the Lord when they had qualified themselves by service and subjugation of the lower nature by the higher self. Being designed by Jehovah, it was the embodiment of great cosmic truths hidden by a veil of symbolism which spoke to the inner or higher self. The great care and attention to detail regarding the building of this tabernacle show that something far more exalted than what struck the eye of sense was intended in its construction.

An important part of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness was the Golden Candlestick, which like all the rest of the sacred furniture was made according to the pattern shown to Moses in the Mount. This archetype or pattern, the original thought form of the candlestick, still exists in the Continental Region of the World of Concrete Thought, where the trained seer can find it, and from it any number of candlesticks similar to the one in the tabernacle may be constructed.

The fact that it was a work of pure gold, and that it stood in the south where the sun, which is the glory and beauty of the day, is at its meridian height, indicates the importance of this mysterious symbol. But before we shall try to give an explanation of its sacred teachings, we must consider the plan of the tabernacle itself with serious, careful, and reverential attention, remembering at every step the heavenly origin of it all. The few illustrations which we herewith give may assist to form a better conception of the symbols.

The tabernacle was an oblong tent, 30 cubits long by 10 broad, and 10 cubits high (Ex. 26:15-30). It was placed at the western end of a court measuring 100 cubits by 50 (Ex. 27:9-19). The western room, the Holy of Holies, was a perfect cube, measuring 10 cubits in every direction; the eastern room, the sanc-

tuary or Holy Place was 20 cubits long by 10 in breadth and height.

### THE PATTERN OF THE TABERNACLE

L-3	A-1	M-4	I-1	H-5
A-1	M-4	I-1	H-5	L-3
M-4	I-1	H-5	L-3	A-1
I-1	H-5	L-3	A-1	M-4
H-5	L-3	A-1	M-4	I-1

The Shadow of the Cross.

Fig. I.

Our first illustration shows the western half of the court as a square of 50 by 50 cubits, divided into 25 smaller squares. The measure of the tent from east to west and from south to north is indicated by three smaller squares which form a perfect solar cross. The letters and numbers in these squares will be explained later.

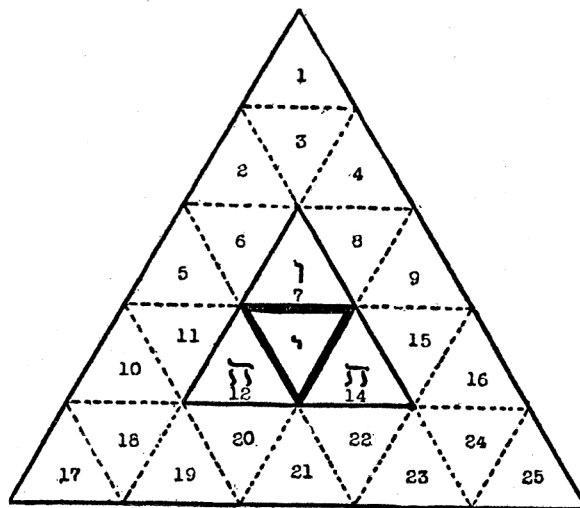


Fig. II.

The next illustration shows the square of 50 by 50 as an equilateral triangle divided into 25



smaller triangles. Here the measure of the tent is indicated by the three triangles inscribed with H. W. H. which surround a fourth inscribed with Y.

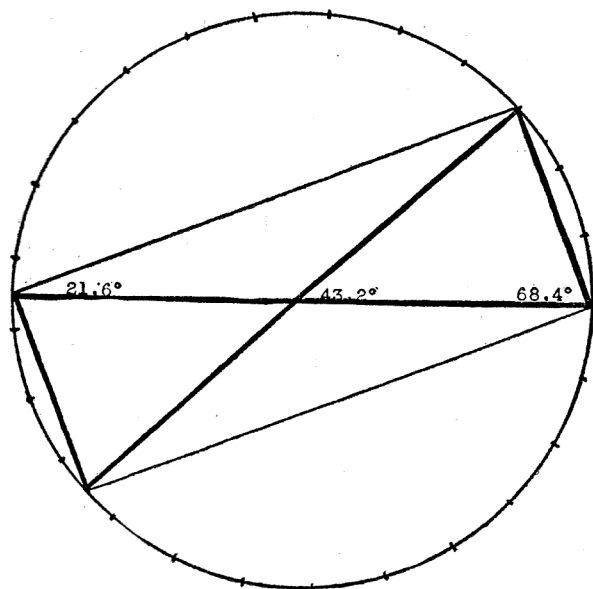


Fig. III.

If the circle of  $360^\circ$  is divided into 25 equal parts, one part will be equal to  $14.4^\circ$ , the square of 12 (†) and the measure of the Holy City; and three parts will be  $43.2^\circ$ . This will be found to represent one cycle of twelve solar years (4320 divided by 360 equals 12), corresponding to one Great Sidereal Year of 25,868 ordinary years which are required for the precession of the equinoxes to complete the cycle of the twelve signs; while its division into two equal parts gives  $21.6^\circ$  or 216, the number of wisdom, which St. John wrote as 666 in the Revelation, it being the cube of six, and the sum of the cubes of three, four and five. This number we shall meet again later.

If the angle of  $43.2^\circ$  corresponding to the measure of the tabernacle is used as one angle of a triangle, the other two angles will each be  $68.4^\circ$  or the lunar cycle of 19 years (6840 divided by 360 equals 19), also called the Metonic cycle, equivalent to 235 mean lunations, the period required for the new or full moon to recur on the same day of the month. These two lunar cycles of 19 years added to the

solar cycle of 12 years, give a period of 50 years, and this expressed in cubits is the measure of the square in which the tabernacle stood.

The Holy of Holies had the form of a perfect cube, measuring 10 cubits in every direction. The Hebrew letter for 10 is yod, which as the name implies is the sum of 1-2-3-4-10; and yod is the first letter of the divine name, Jehovah. If we visualize the arrangement of things inside the tabernacle, we shall readily see this cube of the Holy of Holies unfolded in the shadow of the cross. Commencing at the eastern gate there was *the altar of burnt offerings*; a little further along the path to the tabernacle itself we find *the laver of consecration*, the molten sea, in which the priests washed. Then upon entering the east room of the temple we find one article of furniture, *the golden candlestick*, at the extreme left, and another, *the table of shewbread* at the extreme right, forming a cross with the path we have been pursuing towards the tabernacle. In the centre in front of the second veil, we find *the altar of incense*, which forms the centre of the cross; while *the Ark* placed in the westernmost part of the west room, the Holy of Holies, gives the short or upper limb to the cross.

In this manner the symbol of spiritual unfoldment which is our particular idea today was shadowed forth in the ancient mystery temple, and that consummation which is attained at the end of the cross, the achievement of getting the law *within* as it was within the Ark itself, is the one that we must all concern ourselves with at the present time.

The Tabernacle in the Wilderness was in many respects built on the same pattern as the great temples in Egypt. For example, if we compare the plan of the tabernacle as described in Exodus with a plan of the temple of Rameses II, we find some remarkable similarities. Both seem to have had the same oblong form; both seem to have been surrounded by a court and to have been divided into a holy place and a holy of holies; both were open on one side and absolutely closed on the other. But while the Holy of Holies in the tabernacle contained the Ark of the Covenant with the tables of the law, the holy of holies in the Egyptian temple contained a shrine, the naos, inside of which was a richly adorned bark with the figure of the god appear-

(†) (In the symbolical use of numbers, decimal points are neglected.)

ing on "the great seat" between two cherubim facing each other, covering and surrounding the figure with their joined wings in the form of a square. Each cherubim held one ankh or "sign of life" in his right hand and another in his left, indicating the union of the two halves of the creative force. This particular figure of the god was so strictly guarded from profane eyes that it is never once represented in picture or otherwise. The pictures show only the bark, in the center of which is a little deck cabin like a little temple with the cherubim within, which for further protection was covered with skins tied together below with strings. On great festivals this bark was carried in procession, and to the outside world it was itself the figure of the god, which remained invisible.

In the Egyptian temple we find the great altar of burnt offerings, reached only by a flight of steps, standing in the middle of a large court which we enter passing through an immense pylon. We find a large tank in the center of a little garden, with a flight of steps leading down to the water where the priests performed their purification ceremonies. We find twelve storerooms, six on each side, filled with "shewbread" which was for the priests to eat. We find the altar of incense in the hypostyle hall, or the hall in front, the holy place and we find the sacred bark in the holy of holies, but where and what was the golden candlestick? There were lamps lighted in front of the statues of the deceased, and there were lamps lighted in the temple, but a pattern of the candlestick can nowhere be found. Neither can we find one in the temples of Babylonia or in any other part of the world previous to the building of the tabernacle. This particular object was a special revelation of Y. H. W. H., the highest initiate of the Moon Period, by and for whom the tabernacle was built.

The candlestick had the form of an almond tree with branches and blossoms. Now we find a very ancient sacred tree in the great hall at Heliopolis in Egypt. Rameses II is there represented seated before it, while Thoth and the goddess Sefcheth, "the lady of writing and ruler of books," wrote the name of the monarch on its fruits, followed in her example by the god Atum, who "wrote the name on the noble tree with the writing of his own fingers."

This tree, bore seven fruits, and on the throne of the god Atum are represented seven figures in the act of worship.

A sacred tree guarded by two cherubim is also represented many times on the walls of the temples of ancient Babylonia, where men are pictured bearing horns like the new moon. In the tablet library of Assurbanipal, discovered in 1875 by the late George Smith, were found interesting parallels to the Biblical creation stories, and similar legends are to be found in Egyptian, Phoenician, Indian, Persian, Greek, and Etruscan cosmogonies. But all the ideas that have been formed and all the ideas that may still be formed by human science concerning creation cannot disprove the simple truth that the world was made by one true and living God.

On the fifth tablet of the Babylonian creation legend we find the first allusion to the creation of the zodiac. "It was delightful—all that was fixed by the great god. He arranged the appearance of the stars in figures of animals to fix the year through the observation of their constellations. He arranged twelve signs of stars in three rows from the day when the year commences unto the close."

A sacred tree is also mentioned by Moses in the Biblical creation story, where "the Lord made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." But what was this tree which was so zealously guarded, and was the golden candlestick a symbol of it? As the woman saw, "this tree is a delight to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise." This tree is KNOWLEDGE, or SAPIENTIA, written with nine letters, the knowledge of good and evil, a sacred knowledge which extends like a golden thread from the first dawn of human consciousness through the whole history of human evolution even to our day, and beyond into the boundless realm of eternity. We sometimes see it in flashes of blinding brightness, but we cannot hold the vision with-

out paying the price of life. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." It is a knowledge more precious than gold or diamonds, nay, than all earthly wealth or honor, but so elusive that as soon as it is touched it is gone, and man is left behind to till the ground from whence he was taken, more anxious than ever to solve the great mystery of life, the mystery of death.

This tree is indeed good for food and pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise, but hidden within its stem and branches is a serpent that guards it as the dragon guarded the Golden Fleece.

As a symbol of this tree of knowledge the golden candlestick was placed in the south, not merely to disperse the physical darkness in the east room of the tabernacle, but far more to illumine the spiritual darkness of the poor and blind candidate who was traveling toward the west.

The Jewish historian Josephus informs us that the candlestick represented the seven planets, and Philo of Egypt thinks that the shaft or middle stem represented the sun.

In the Babylonian religion the seven planets were the seven chief gods. The Babylonians thought of the stars as fruits hanging on the celestial tree, and of the planets as almonds. To them the seven planets or lights were the seven eyes of God beholding everything, with the sun as the light in the center. Therefore the ancient writers seem to agree that these seven light sticks represented "the Seven Spirits before the Throne."

But when we learn that an entire account of the past evolution, the present constitution, and the future development of the human race was embodied in this sevenfold luminary of the Atlantean mystery temple, and that its instructive tongues of fire told the whole story of creation, of involution, evolution, and epigenesis to the attentive ear, we shall more clearly understand why it was a work of pure gold.

From the World of Thought, which is pre-eminently the sphere of tone, proceeds the creative word. "And God said, Let there be light." Light is white, including three primary and four secondary colors. It is the garment of the sun, while the other colors belong to the planets.

Our sun could not become a sun until it had

sent out from itself all the beings who were not sufficiently evolved to endure the high rate of vibration and the great luminosity of the beings who were qualified for that evolution. All the beings upon the different planets would have been consumed had they remained in the sun.

This visible sun, however, though it is the place of evolution for beings vastly above man, is not by any means the father of the other planets as material science supposes. On the contrary, it is itself an emanation from the Central Sun, which is the invisible source of all that is in our solar system. Our visible sun is but the mirror in which are reflected the rays of energy from the spiritual sun. The real sun is as invisible as the real man.

Uranus and Neptune being dark planets to the ancients, the sun was represented by the light at the extreme right of the candlestick. The first planet to be thrown off and the one furthest removed from the sun was Saturn, represented by the light at the extreme left. Then followed in their order Jupiter, Mars, the earth with the moon, Venus, and Mercury. The earth with the moon was represented by the light in the center of the candlestick.

The earth itself is passing through seven stages or conditions of evolution, which were also represented by these seven lights. It has passed through three of these periods, called Saturn, Sun and Moon Periods, and is now in the fourth or Earth Period. When this period of our globe has been completed, it will pass in turn through the Jupiter, Venus and Vulcan Periods before the first great septenary Day of Manifestation comes to an end, to re-emerge for further and higher development at the dawn of another Great Day.

The three and one half periods or conditions of evolution already behind us have been spent in gaining our present vehicles and consciousness. The remaining three and one-half periods will be devoted to perfecting these different vehicles and expanding our consciousness into something akin to omniscience.

*(To be continued)*

It is the serious minority which accomplishes great things.  
—Dr. Gove.

## Out of the Unseen

### A Mystic Sequence Under the Sacred Number 9

VIVIAN V. MCCOLLUM FRISBEE

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#### X

#### A SOUL'S DESPAIR

**I**T WAS DURING the small, dark hours of the night while stillness reigned unbroken throughout the entire house, that I found myself standing beside the bed where my physical form lay motionless in sleep. From the two great windows on the southeast, the moon rays came pouring into the room, flooding its central portion in a pool of light, while behind, and to one side from where I stood, darkness stretched away in a forbidding, impenetrable mantle of infernal mystery and black gloom to descending regions of the Nether Spheres, the while I gazed beyond the walls of the room, with unhindered vision as through an unreal veil of sheer illusion, mocking tangibility.

But of all this I took no thought then, for out of that terrible, all-enveloping darkness *one* called to me in accents, compelling, sonorous, hypnotically resistless.

"Come! Come out into the darkness with ME! Wrapped in each other's arms, we will drift on forever to the farthest verge of endless night, lost to all beside each other, utterly! *Come! I claim you as MINE!*"

As I heard that well known voice, I felt projected upon my being an overpowering thought wave which swamped me with a well-nigh resistless impulse of unrecking, blind self-abandonment. As I dimly perceived that tall, imposing presence, the flowing outlines of his oriental robe, his many folded turban, where he stood half revealed within those menacing shadows of hell; as I felt the basiliscine gaze of those great eyes which were like inky pools of mirroring blackness, darkly glowing, fixed upon me with concentrated, diabolical power, despair took possession of my spirit.

Lifting my hands I wrung them together while a force that seemed greater than I, sought to draw me backwards and downwards into the

depths — the unimaginable depths — of the Spheres of Night.

"Alas!" I cried, heartbroken, brought to my knees, conquered it seemed, at last, "have I come thus far, fought, struggled, suffered, but to meet defeat? Lost, *lost!* forever! For others, a heaven may be! For them, *God* exists! But for me, there is no hope, no heaven, no God! All, *all* is at an end!"

Even as thus I spoke, even as thus the crisis of the conflict came, even as I was toppling on the edge of the abyss, about to fall captive into the waiting arms of him who sought to draw me with all the fell might of his awful will down and down with him to a doom unknown, unnamed—beyond, above me, a voice rang out, stern yet sweet, like a clarion battle note!

"Until you, *yourself* admit defeat," it said, "*you are not conquered! For the soul who fights to the death, hope is NEVER lost!*"

Lifting my eyes, I glanced in the direction whence came the voice, and saw—an *angel!* A shape of majestic beauty, features half concealed behind a sheer veil of glowing silvery light, he was poised where the moonlight fell brightest through the air, gazing down upon me with an expression at once set and centered, yet serene in its uncompromising invincibility.

As I heard those words, saw that celestial being, like an electric elixir hope thrilled through me anew! Determination possessed me afresh, and I girded myself for battle,—aye, war to the death, eternally, if need be in this conflict of souls, this test of the supremacy of right and wrong! Within myself I became suddenly aware that with the aid of God, within as without one's soul enthroned, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, encompassing good and evil alike *there can be no defeat for that spirit whose desires, whose hopes, whose aspirations are toward the LIGHT!* Yea, to that soul is given power to endure forever, for *heaven is stronger than hell!* The soul beset is not forgotten of God in its extremity, even when most it deems

the Powers of Light deaf, dumb, blind, to its anguished voice, its overwhelming peril. Over me swept the realization that we are each and all the captains of our ultimate fate, and that with heaven always near even when we seem most alone, there is no such word as "Lost!" Nay, no faintest shadow of need to be overcome by the giant specter of soul paralyzing despair!

As this constructive, inspiring wave of thought and emotion flowed in upon my being, carrying fresh courage and strength with it, the demon spirit of him who, erring greatly thought also to overpower another, vanished. Gone, too, was the shining angel, but—*it was enough!* The tide of battle turned just when I, like many another hard pressed soldier, not knowing that victory was about to crown the day, deeming all lost, utterly and forever, was about to give way before the foe, forgetting that the last stand is often the shortest, sharpest, hardest, ere the enemy's strength collapses absolutely, leaving the field in possession of the victor!

## XI

### IN SUBTERRANEAN CAVERNS

**A** SLATE GRAY, dreary light everywhere! A region all unfamiliar to me, but earth, it seems nevertheless, wherever it may be that I am straying the while my body lies tenantless. Green trees, dust white roads, houses modest or more pretentious—the straggling, half unkempt atmosphere of some wayside village—half country, half town. And ever that depressingly sunless, mirthless gloom over all! A cheerless place indeed, to say the least, this to which for some obscure reason I seem to have been drawn!

As I pace slowly along, faking in the scene around, ahead of me and a little to one side of the road I perceive a wide cavern mouth in the side of a low hill, which excites my curiosity. Directing my steps toward it, I reach its broad opening and enter therein with the intent of exploring its unknown recesses. Even as I do so a sense of lurking danger, of hidden evil presences, descends upon me strongly enough to deter a spirit less adventurous or daring than my own from going further. But my desire to see whatever there may be to see outweighs all other considerations, and so I proceed but with

every faculty alert, wary, for what I may encounter on the way.

With an instinct to avoid making myself conspicuous to those dark creatures whose constantly traveled highway something tells me this is, I draw closer to the shadowed sides of the cavern walls as I pass along. And now I perceive that the cavern floor is beginning to slope as it curls in and around, spiraling downward into darkness while the whole place seems more and more to seethe with danger and evil. Truly, I *am* out of my element here!

Hist! Who is approaching? I do not see, I do not hear, but I *feel* a presence I would prefer not to meet more closely. I shrink into a pocket-like niche in the cavern side just as a lusterless, gray-black form that to me seems nearly ten feet tall, comes into view, gliding along as though it were some hideous, living automaton, projected by the evil will of its creator. Human, yet not human, with long, tapering lines to its slender, stony shape, a terrible vitality, a seemingly tough indestructibility inherent in its every atom, is the impression flashed upon me as my glance takes in the entire appearance of the demoniac creature coming towards me, his head encased in a snugly fitting, hood-like helmet, the visor-like lid of which serves to conceal in partial shadow the face beneath. A shadow fiend from out of the shadows! One with them and of them!

It did not see me, as with eyes directed straight ahead, looking neither to right nor to left, one thought only appearing to possess it, stealthily, noiselessly gliding, it went forth to do the bidding of the sin-steeped soul whose living thought form and messenger it was, wherever its destination led.

As it vanishes into the upper air beyond the cavern archway, I draw a breath of relief and once more resume my perilous exploration. Soon I find myself approaching another and a lower opening as the passage again widens out and the dense darkness through which I have but just passed grows less black. Increasing my pace, glad to leave behind the forbidding corridor of the winding cave despite what may yet confront me, I emerge into a subterranean landscape, skies of midnight hue, an atmosphere that seems electric with storm and of blue-black, flamelike quality.

I look about me: not a living thing in sight for some strange reason, yet I *know* this region is filled with inhabitants of the nether planes and their living thought companions born of their sinning minds, and I also know that here, too, are other things nonhuman and subhuman.

The weird light, the oppressive sense of ever present menace, of nameless danger, come down on me like a pall. A strong prompting urges me not to delay longer but to make my escape while yet I am undiscovered. Ah, *but!* To leave I must even return the way I came—if I leave at all! With a sense of dread I turn and re-enter the cavernous night, making my way with all possible speed until I once more strike the gray upper world, thankful that on my outward path not a single creature of any description has been encountered by me.

For once I feel that my inquisitive spirit has for a time, at least, seen quite enough and *more* than enough of such a sphere as the one just left behind, and something tells me that I may consider myself fortunate indeed—that had not higher powers guided me, I might have

known a less pleasant ending to my recent visit below. For, like fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, I had most rashly ventured.

But *this* knowledge I brought back with me: That such spheres, such beings, could not be did earth serve her God with as much zeal as she serves herself, and she loved light as well as she does darkness, righteousness for its own sake as she does lawless self-indulgence, mental and physical, and if her heart lifted itself to higher things as much as it now inclines to lower things. For by evil thought, sinning unenlightened desire, and their resultant deeds and naught else, is created and sustained the very life upon which the existence of these spheres depend. When shall the day come that this is universally known and recognized? When shall the entire planet resolve to destroy forever these horrible planes by substituting good for evil, right for violence, love for hate, purity for lust, ideal, selfless aspiration for unholy, unrecking desire? *Answer, O World!* For upon your answer hinges all your future destiny of weal or woe. This is *your* test, *your* problem! *Which choose you, CHRIST or Barabbas? As your heart, SO BE IT UNTO YOU!*

## The Sacrament of Marriage

MAX HEINDEL

**W**HEN STRIPPED of nonessentials, the argument of the orthodox Christian religion may be said to be as follows:

First, that tempted by the devil, our first parents sinned and were exiled from their previous state of celestial bliss, placed under the law, made subject to death, and became incapable of escaping by their own efforts.

Second, that God so loved the world that He gave Christ, His only begotten Son, for its redemption and to establish the kingdom of heaven. Thus death will finally be swallowed up in immortality.

This simple creed has provoked the smiles of atheists, of the purely intellectual who have studied transcendental philosophies with their niceties of logic and argument; and even of some among those who study the Western Mystery Teaching.

Such an attitude of mind is entirely gratuitous. We might know that the divine leaders of mankind would not allow millions to continue in error for milleniums. When the Western Mystery Teaching is stripped of its exceedingly illuminating explanations and detailed descriptions, when its basic teachings are stated, they are in exact agreement with the orthodox Christian teachings.

There was a time when mankind lived in a sinless state; when sorrow, pain and death were unknown. Neither is the *personal tempter* of Christianity a myth, for the Lucifer spirits may very well be said to be fallen angels, and their temptation of man resulted in focusing his consciousness upon the material phase of existence where he is under the law of decrepitude and death. Also it is truly the mission of Christ to aid mankind by elevating them

to a more ethereal state where dissolution will no longer be necessary to free them from vehicles that have grown too hard and set for further use. For this is indeed a "body of death," where only the smallest quantity of material is really alive; as part of its bulk is nutrient matter that has not yet been assimilated, and another large part is already on its way to elimination, while only between these two poles may be found the material which is thoroughly quickened by the spirit.

We have in earlier numbers considered the sacraments of baptism and communion, sacraments that have to do particularly with the spirit. We will now seek to understand the deeper side of the sacrament of marriage, which has to do particularly with the body. Like the other sacraments the institution of marriage had its beginning and will also have its end. The commencement was stated by the Christ when he said, "Have ye not read that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said: For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh." Matt. 19:4-6. He also indicated the end of marriage when he said: "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." Matt. 22:30.

In this light the logic of the teaching is apparent, for *marriage* became necessary in order that *birth* might provide new instruments to take the place of those which had been ruptured by *death*; and when death has once been swallowed up in immortality and there is no need of providing new instruments, marriage also will be unnecessary.

Science with admirable audacity has sought to solve the mystery of fecundation, and has told us how invagination takes place in the walls of the ovary; how the little ovum is formed in the seclusion of its dark cavity; how it emerges therefrom and enters the Fallopian tube; is pierced by the spermatozoon of the male, and the nucleus of a human body is complete. We are thus supposed to be "at the fount and origin of life!" But life has neither beginning nor end, and what science mistakenly considers the fountain of life is really the

source of death; as all that comes from the womb is destined sooner or later to reach the tomb. The *marriage* feast which prepares for *birth*, at the same time provides food for the insatiable jaws of *death*, and so long as marriage is necessary to generation and birth, disintegration and death must inevitably result. Therefore, it is of prime importance to know the history of marriage, the laws and agencies involved, the duration of this institution, and how it may be transcended.

When we obtained our vital bodies in Hyperborea, the sun, moon, and earth were still united, and the solar-lunar forces permeated each being in even measure so that all were able to perpetuate their kind by buds and spores, as do certain plants of today. The efforts of the vital body to soften the dense vehicle and keep it alive were not then interfered with, and these primal, plantlike bodies lived for ages. But man was then also unconscious and stationary like a plant; he made no effort or exertion. Addition of a desire body furnished incentive and desire, and consciousness resulted from the war between the vital body, which builds, and the desire body, which destroys the dense body.

Thus dissolution became only a question of time, particularly as the constructive energy of the vital body was also necessarily divided one part or pole being used in the vital functions of the body; the other to replace a vehicle lost by death. But as the two poles of a magnet or dynamo are requisite to manifestation, so also two single sexed beings were necessary to generation; thus marriage and birth were necessarily inaugurated to offset the effect of death. *Death, then is the price we pay for consciousness in the present world*; marriage and repeated births are our weapons against the king of terrors until our constitution changes and we become as angels.

Please mark that it is not stated that we are to become angels, but that we are to become as angels. For the angels are the humanity of the Moon Period; they belong to an entirely different stream of evolution, as different as are the human spirits from those of our present animals. Paul states in his letter to the Hebrews that man was made *for a little while* inferior to them; he descended lower into the scale of materiality during the Earth Period,



while the angels have never inhabited a globe denser than ether. As we build our bodies from the chemical constituents of the earth, so do the angels build theirs of ether. This substance is the direct avenue of all life forces, and when man has once become as the angels and has learned to build his body of ether, naturally there will be no death and no need of marriage to bring about birth.

But looking at marriage from another point of view, looking upon it as a union of souls rather than as a union of the sexes, we contact the wonderful mystery of Love. Union of the sexes might serve to perpetuate the race, of course, but the true marriage is a companionship of souls also, which altogether transcends sex. Yet those really able to meet upon that lofty plane of spiritual intimacy gladly offer their bodies as living sacrifices upon the altar of *Love of the Unborn*, to woo a waiting spirit in an immaculately conceived body. Thus humanity may be saved from the reign of death.

This is readily apparent as soon as we consider the gentle action of the vital body and contrast it with that of the desire body in a fit of temper, where it is said that a man has "lost control" of himself. Under such conditions the muscles become tense, and nervous energy is expended at a suicidal rate, so that after such an outbreak the body may sometimes be prostrated for weeks. The hardest labor brings no such fatigue as a fit of temper; likewise a child conceived in passion under the crystallizing tendencies of the desire nature is naturally short-lived, and it is a regrettable fact that *length of life* is nowadays almost a misnomer; in view of the appalling infant mortality it ought to be called *brevity of existence*.

The building tendencies of the vital body, which is the vehicle of love, are not so easily watched, but observation proves that contentment lengthens the life of any one who cultivates this quality, and we may safely reason that a child conceived under conditions of harmony and love stands a better chance of life than one conceived under conditions of anger, inebriety and passion.

According to Genesis it was said to the woman, "In sorrow shalt thou bear children," and it has always been a sore puzzle to Bible commentators what logical connection there

may be between the eating of fruit and the pains of parturition. But when we understand the chaste references of the Bible to the act of generation, the connection is readily perceived. While the insensitive Negro or Indian mother may bear her child and shortly afterwards resume her labors on farm and field, the high-strung system of the western woman, more acutely sensitive and of high-strung nervous temperament, is year by year finding it more and more difficult to go through the ordeal of motherhood, though aided by the best and most skilled scientific help.

The contributory reasons are various: In the first place, while we are exceedingly careful in selecting our horses and cattle for breeding, while we insist upon pedigree for the animals in order that we may bring out the very best strain of stock upon our farms, we have no such regard with respect to the selection of a father or mother for our children. We mate upon impulse and regret it at our leisure, aided by laws which make it all too easy to enter the sacred bonds of matrimony. The words pronounced by minister or judge are taken to be a license to unlimited indulgence, as if any man-made law could license the contravention of the law of God. While animals mate only at a certain time of the year and the mother is undisturbed during the period of pregnancy, this is not true of the human race.

In view of these facts is it to be wondered at that we find such a dread of maternity, and is it not time that we seek to remedy the matter by a more sane relation between marriage partners? Astrology will reveal the temper and tendencies of each human being; it will enable two people to blend their characters in such a manner that a love life may be lived, and it will indicate the periods when interplanetary lines of force are most nearly conducive to painless parturition. Thus it will enable us to draw from the bosom of nature, children of love, capable of living long lives in good health. Finally the day will come when these bodies will have been made so perfect in their ethereal purity that they may last throughout the coming Age, and thus make marriage superfluous.

But if we can love now when we see each  
(Continued on page 150)



## The Shadow

MRS. ETHNE RAYDEN

**S**ILENCE REIGNED for a while through all the regions of heaven as the World-Soul shining and glorious, sent her ray downward like a vast searchlight towards the earth plane and began to descend.

Smiling and serene lay the world of matter, at peace after the upheavals which attended its formation, and man, his physical involution nearly completed, awaited the coming of the image of God, his soul.

The World-Soul sped onward for a little space then halfway down her ray she paused, and turning, gazed back at the Plane of the Knowledge of All Good, where she had dwelt through the eons of time since she came forth from the Center of Life. Higher planes upon which she was also conscious circled one within another round their vast center, but as the World-Soul looked at this wonderful sight, she became aware for the first time of a deep shadow which lay like the setting of a priceless jewel round each plane. Even the radiant Center of All Things had this velvety, purple shade behind and above it, giving such a glowing, living lustre to it that the World-Soul bent her head and with her shining wings veiled her face in worship of that vast Mystery.

"What is the shadow?" she questioned in the depths of her being.

One of the Seven Spirits of Creation sent down the tender vibrations of his voice towards her in answer to her query.

"It is the negative side of the All Good, without which light would have no means of shining. It is the unmanifest of God. Thou hast also thy shadow side; guard it well, for it serves to make thy radiance visible to thyself. To thee is given the great alchemist's task, to mingle the highest manifest with the lowest and to draw all substance into conscious unity with the Center of Life."

The World-Soul raised her eyes in thankfulness for the explanation thus given, and spreading her wings she floated slowly down her ray and entered on the great experience of con-

sciousness upon the plane of earth—contact with matter.

A glorious experience it proved. Through man's eyes she saw the beauty of the paradise of earth; through his strong limbs she reveled in the joy of living. The warm sun shone on her, the cool grass was her bed, earth's dainty fruits became her food, and the waters of its seas and rivers gave her of their fullness and vitality and glow.

All things of love, joy, peace, came to her understanding, and with the matchless privilege of living the earth life she yet kept her consciousness on all the planes beyond. The alchemist's task was begun, and man was slowly rising through the World-Soul to the knowledge of his wonderful birthright, his sonship with God.

But the day dawned when the World-Soul began once more, deep within herself, to desire to know more concerning that mysterious shadow, the negative side of all things. An idle curiosity slowly began to dim the clearness of her mental vision, and then fear came, undefined and vague at first but gradually shaping itself in man's mind into a dread of what might be concealed in the vast shade which was behind all things. If the sun should fail in its shining, would cold not result? Would not the fruits of the earth fail to ripen, and would hunger not follow? What troubles might there not lurk in the depths of that dark shadow if it spread itself out over the world?

The clouding of the World-Soul's clear vision caused man to begin to see this beautiful earth in a less roseate light than hitherto. A mist of earthly thinking was rising, obscuring the glory of life, and weeds and thorns seemed to be growing in the place of fruits and flowers.

A great and exceeding bitter cry went up from the World-Soul! What had happened? She attempted to rise up and leave the earth plane, but her wrongful thought had entangled her with the things of earth, and she could in no way free herself entirely from them.

Her consciousness upon the plane of the All Good remained as of old, but no solution could she find there to her troubles. She was haunted in her physical consciousness by fears, pains, and sorrows, and they tended to confuse her vision even on the higher planes.

At last in despair she lifted up her eyes towards the place where her ray passed into the Center of All Things, crying: "Tell me what I have done, O God, and how I can set it right!"

The voice of the Great Creator answered her: "Into thy shadow, which contained only undeveloped good, thou hast put forms and outlines which man will call evil. They are only shadows, but in creating them thou hast created a corresponding will in man by which he will go on making shadow forms of pain and woe. It is a lower will over which thou hast as yet no control. Thou, who art pure soul, hast by thy negative thinking put thyself into subjection on the physical plane."

"Then show me the means whereby I can once more gain light and joy for the earth," cried the World-Soul, and the voice replied: "That which thou hast created in man, his lower will and the power to increase evil, must be by thee subdued. By thy constant indwelling upon the earth plane, throwing all thy heavenly powers into his mind, thou shalt once more raise man to his true place."

"But, alas, he is now almost unconscious of my presence, and I have no means of regaining my control," said the World-Soul.

"One power thou hast, O Soul of the World, which will never fail to aid thee in the work. It is the power of *love*. Through love, man will be enabled to draw back the veil of mist and see once more that all is good. Love, God's only begotten Son, lives forever in the midst of all His works, and will manifest in human form to show men its power and beauty and open up a way back to the Light."

And so the World-Soul began her work once more; from her home in the All Good she set herself to curb that lower will in man, to make him cease from his dark wanderings, to rub the mists out of his eyes, and to enable him to see once more the paradise of earth. A slow and painful task it proved, and at times she could make no headway, but suffered and was sinned against in man's consciousness, patiently watch-

ing and waiting in the higher consciousness above him. Sometimes for a little while the mists would seem to roll away, and then once more they closed thick and chill over the earth plane, and even love's voice seemed to fail.

But it never really failed, and when at last it spoke to the world as a little Child in a manger, as a Divine Man teaching and uplifting His brothers, suffering to the death rather than unsay one word of the comfort He had brought—then love began to triumph over the mists, and the World-Soul lifted up her head and knew that deliverance was near.

And the mists *will* roll away. The kingdom of heaven is still upon earth, and a day is dawning when the shadow we call evil will become once more only a shadow—the setting in which the jewel of life will shine.

It may yet be ages before man will come to fully understand the great secret, namely, that ignorance and darkness were *self-imposed*, a choice of the soul, in order that a self-achieved wisdom might one day cause it to rejoice!

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How fair this earth would be were all living creatures linked together in friendship!

—*Buddha*.

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### THE TEACHERS

They said to Hassan of the happy look:

"You know all pages in the wisdom book;  
In what great college were you taught, and who  
Your high instructors in the good and true?"

"The world's my college," Hassan made reply,

"And I am taught by every passer-by.

I find life's darker pages doubly writ,

With many a message from the Infinite.

Yes, e'en her blotted record is a scroll

Shouting her fateful warning to the soul.

"Who were the teachers set my manners right?

The only ones we need—the impolite.

Who taught me to love justice, the august?

The only teachers needed—the unjust.

What teachers showed me virtue's paradise?

The ones with loudest tongue—the slaves of  
vice!"

Edwin Markham.

# The Silent Voice

## A Personal Experience

JUNE BRADFORD

(Continued from June)

### AFTER THE VOICE

**A**S I LOOK back upon the period of the four years just passed, two preceding and two following the great spiritual event which is called by some, cosmic consciousness, and by others, illumination, I am impelled to discuss it from the standpoint of vibration. From no other angle can I portray the experiences which followed in its wake and then, much to my regret, seemed to fade out.

From the basis of vibration, "the Voice" seemed to have been heard at the topmost round of a double ladder, down which I was again to travel until the exquisite, fine vibrations had slowly thickened into the more sluggish ones of what we call normal life. If a gradual heightening of vibrations led to the event, the succeeding lowering was also so gradual as not to be unmarked by a few experiences that were undoubtedly messages from a higher plane.

First, I must speak of the immediate effect following the great message. Almost with the return of daylight I found that my old ideas of real and unreal had changed places. All material things, such as the furniture in my room, began to seem shadowy. Thoughts and spiritual things only seemed real.

A few days after the event my satisfaction with a certain lecture was so deeply enhanced by the sight of the budding trees that swayed and murmured through the open windows, and by the loveliness of the flowers in a bowl on the table, that I was rendered more than ordinarily susceptible to the beautiful benediction with which the lecturer closed her talk.

Returning home in this tranquil state, I fell easily into a peaceful sleep, which I found upon suddenly awaking to have been supernaturally refreshing. Again I was bathed in health so glowing that even the sudden awakenings from frequent naps could not prevent my falling to sleep again just as quickly. This ecstasy, while

fainter than the great one, lasted during the night and permitted me to arise the next morning refreshed and happy.

Indeed, from now on I found myself capable of a new quality of sleep. On several occasions, for the first time in my memory, I had nights of a deep, dreamless sleep, from which I awoke renewed and exceedingly happy without knowing why.

My dreams also changed from apparently senseless conglomerations to more logical experiences that could always be traced to some event which had occurred during my waking hours. Some dreams became symbolical, and one at least partook of the nature of a vision.

Illumination itself had left me so happily expectant that I thought life henceforth would be a path of ease. What was my amazement to find that with the increase of spiritual power my temper had become correspondingly quickened. Even as before the blessed event, every evil tendency incident to the human nature arose in me for fresh combat. Though short this time, the conflicts were so fierce as to leave me exhausted in body and mind. Though my granting forgiveness and love to those who had wronged me had been a forerunner of rebirth, the wrongs again arose in my mind and threatened me so menacingly that I would find myself beating the air in lieu of the person who had inflicted the pain. Like beasts, one by one, crept out all the evils of my nature to be laid in the dust. But always there was strength for the victory. With humility, however, I realized that no victim of prison or the electric chair possessed any evil tendencies that I did not share.

Though most of my messages came at night, I was one day gripped with an idea of such great and enduring force as to be left in little doubt of its truth. Gazing across the roofs at my beloved trees, I wondered why I now seldom responded to their influence as I had for years

past. Suddenly I was seized with the idea that they were only symbols. It seemed to me that they existed principally for the purpose of revealing certain qualities which I had found on that memorable night to be a part of the divine consciousness. They were made beautiful to stimulate us first into curiosity, and finally into the discovery of their meaning. That the trees had always suggested to me gracious dignity, the mountains, steadfastness, and the ocean, ever refreshing charm of motion and versatility, I now believed due to the fact that such qualities endured to a marvelous extent in the mind of God.

And then it seemed to me that even man-made articles were symbols. A bed existed first to convey the idea of rest and repose, and only secondarily to support the body at night. It did not seem absurd to consider even the humble kitchen utensils as symbols, and I felt sure that by long concentration I could discover the quality symbolized by a frying pan. The suggestion of a friend soon after that people, too, are symbols met with my ready acceptance; and if people, why not nations? Has not each nation as well as each person something individual to express in the cosmic plan?

During all this time I found myself with so great a desire for solitude that my spare hours, even in winter, were spent in an unheated room; and with so strong a craving for the outside air that my windows were opened to all kinds of weather. And then began to grow to large proportions the love of silence. The silent times above all others seemed really musical. Gradually I made the discovery that in them were to be found sweet and joyous truths. But every time I was able to approach these, a disturbance from the outside would recall me. Sadly then I began to realize that the finer vibrations in which I had so easily lived for many months were slowing down, probably to fade away entirely unless I discovered means of deliberately cherishing and retaining them.

On one occasion I was amazed to find that when I picked up a certain book, a wave of supernatural peace possessed me. And though I was impelled almost against my reason to read this book, its touch more than once afterward produced the same effect.

Stranger still was another experience. Stoop-

ing at my bookcase one morning, I suddenly became conscious of a taste in my mouth as of sweet water. This also occurred again with a sweetness that the finest quality of sugar could not produce. I had never heard of such a thing, nor can I to this day account for it. All I know is that I seemed to live almost constantly in a world of harmony and very close to the love of God.

And then I discovered that the time between waking and sleeping was particularly pregnant with possibilities for touch with the invisible. Perhaps the body, soothed and quieted, lost its annoying power of intercepting messages from another plane.

One day I had been extremely harassed over making a decision upon a question seeming to have as much weight against as for it. At the same time I was in deep grief and penitence over a lapse that I had made from my newly acquired standard of conduct. I went to bed fearing that I would no longer be receptive to the inner guidance that had become so precious. Just before falling asleep as I was lying quiet with my face on the pillow, I saw a small, camera sized picture in grays. At the foot of a long grassy hill walked the Nazarene, and at His side wandered mournfully a little lamb. And He stooped and gathered the small creature in His arms. Instantly I knew that I was the lamb and that I was forgiven. After a restful night, I awoke, renewed in hope and faith and with a return of the childlike attitude of mind that is so much more constructive than the sophisticated quality that had been threatening to possess me.

About this period I had some difficulty to keep from fretting over the lack (through ill health) of the playful spirit that I thought a good teacher should bring to her pupils. I wondered if I should ever again be fitted for contact with children. One night just before sleeping I again saw a small picture in grays. This time several children holding garlands stood expectantly close to a human figure curved around a large wheel. The figure on the wheel was I, and the children were saying, "We will minister to you when you are off the wheel." Since then I have been more patient at my enforced absence from teaching.

I could not have created this picture from

what we call imagination, for it was contrary to my belief at that time and also to my desires in regard to children. I had thought that by reason of my "rebirth" I was off "the wheel," encountering obstacles in life now only because of my own stupidity. And in regard to children I had always been eager to minister to them. It had never occurred to me to have them minister to me.

The discovery of the Self within had brought into my life a precious companion. The long solitudes in frequent illnesses were shortened and enriched by its contact. Always within I could find a dear friend. And the wonder of it brought new pleasure.

But as I have said, though the power of self-mastery had increased, the occasions to test it were no less frequent. Grief, too, had not died. It seemed over and over again as if I could not go on without a sight of the dear ones and dear scenes I had renounced. One morning I awoke greatly agitated and saying to myself, "How can I bear the agony of living?" Instantly there came a soundless message, "You must keep close to the trees and the little growing things." So powerful was the effect of this that I was impelled to get up and slip into the next room for a small potted fern to place at my bedside. And it brought relief.

Always during these days when I was ready to sink, a hand was thus placed under my chin. But never did another power do my swimming for me. As for the trees, their old valued influence began to reawaken. I feel sure now that if I could become sufficiently quiet in the woods, I could understand what they say. The power of flowers is also great. Many times does a yellow rose connect me with the "Source."

For several years I have been interested in a family of children, and unconsciously fretted over their faulty home training to a degree sufficient to invoke a symbolic dream verging on a vision. Before me much more clearly than in an ordinary dream stood the mother of these children. By her attitude and not by words she compelled my fixed attention. As I looked she faded out and then re-intensified into the form, tall and stately, of a dear friend of mine who had died. Though no word was spoken, I quickly caught the message, "I am constituting myself guardian of the children."

And what comfort it brought! Her refinement, culture, and intelligence supply just the qualities the mother lacked.

It has now been over two years since the "great event," and during that time with its ecstasies, messages, inner guidance, and strengthening of intuition I have also watched with dismay the lowering of the high vibrations which I thought had come to stay. But alas! with a growing realization of their practical value came a gradual decrease in my power to invoke them. With the knowledge that they could be directed to ease the pain or sorrow of others, I found that I was slipping into a lower state of consciousness.

During all this time of apparently diminishing power, I have been troubled by the quickening of a faculty that brings much grief. Having been blessed previously with a capacity for minimizing the faults of others, I am now amazed to see them loom larger to an astonishing degree. It seems as if no story or example of cruelty, selfishness, or human folly is allowed to escape my notice. Frequently I beg, "Let me hear only good of others." All my efforts to escape this phase have rendered it so much more persistent that I have decided to assimilate its lessons and patiently endure till it fades away. It seems to me that in our human nature we are little removed from savagery. In fact, as I look upon myself and others it seems as if the human nature were a gross entanglement from which the Real Self desired to become extricated.

So much suffering have I been caused by this quickened sight that I shall relate a dream which I hope is the climax of my new unwelcome power. In this dream I was endeavoring to escape the contact of a large, ugly monster that everybody else seemed to cherish. Acquaintances and friends alike hugged him to their bosoms and reproached me for my coldness. His keeper, upon my request that he be kept caged, denounced me as unreasonable and allowed him to go free. Shuddering, I murmured, "Oh, God!" and shrank away in time to see him slip through a basement window to accompany a loved relative of mine, who gladly and cheerfully permitted his presence while she pursued her various household duties.

*(Continued on page 150)*

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

PRENTISS TUCKER

### Chapter XVI

**D**A SILETRA WAS quietly approaching him and Billy was on the point of jumping up; he had actually begun to flex his muscles preparatory to the act when he realized that the object of the man was not physical violence. The Chilean moved slowly and silently to the head of the couch, and gently touching with his fingers Billy's forehead began to stroke it in a peculiar manner. In the course of a moment or two the boy noticed a strange, tingling sensation, and it occurred to him that this was the thing which he had heard his beloved Doctor George speak of with such displeasure. He realized that da Siletra was trying to hypnotize him, though what motive the man could have for this was beyond Billy's power to fathom.

However, knowing what was going on and being naturally hostile to the Chilean, Billy determined that this one time that gentleman was going to find his utmost art of no avail, and for that purpose he summoned all his will power and all his determination to his aid. He was not entirely ignorant on the subject of hypnosis, for he had heard his sister and the Doctor discuss the question of hypnotic influence, and he remembered that the Doctor had expressed his opinion of it in no measured terms; that he had also said that the best defense against it was to recognize it for what it was, nothing less than mental assault, and to resist it.

So while the Chilean thought he was obtaining an irresistible influence over the boy which he intended to make use of later, he was really accomplishing nothing more than a demonstration to Billy of his treachery and confirming the boy's dislike.

Frances was not away long, and the Senor's attempt at mental assault was soon terminated by her reappearance with a hot water bottle designed for Billy. It was not part of Billy's game to recover too quickly, so he allowed them to adjust the bottle and only groaned a few

times to add a touch of realism to the effect. He had hoped that the Senor would soon leave, but he reckoned wrongly for that worthy showed not the slightest inclination for a departure. In revenge for this Billy exhibited just enough uneasiness to keep Frances with him and anxious about him and to prevent any private conversation between the two.

This was the situation some time later when the door opened and Doctor George walked in, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly who were full of a story about an accident in which they had been marvellously preserved but which had wrecked their machine. How the Doctor happened to come along just at the right time to bring them home in his own runabout was a coincidence which puzzled them greatly. Mrs. Edgerly in particular could not help exclaiming over it again and again.

In the meantime the necessity having passed, Billy was rapidly recovering from his imitation illness and soon proclaimed himself as cured. When Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly withdrew, the Doctor rather expected da Siletra to go too, but that gentleman showed no disposition to move. Rather, he seemed to expect the field to be left to himself, and in the general conversation several times hinted rather broadly to that effect. Frances seemed to be as well disposed towards the Chilean as towards the Doctor, and her conversation showed no intimation of her previously expressed disbelief in the latter's "lies." So well had the work of planting false impressions in her mind been done that she was actually of the opinion that she was showing herself "broad minded" and fair and that her thoughts were the result of her own mental activity.

Soon the talk veered to the accident which had befallen Billy. Billy told his version including the account of the tall, dark man who had shoved his head over towards the path of the ball. The Senor pooh-poohed this idea and



recounted a number of incidents in which people who had been hurt had insisted on the reality of visions and of imaginary occurrences. The Doctor supported Billy, insisting that his explanation of the accident was a possible one.

The discussion gradually included the realms of hypnosis and mental control, and the Doctor again went over his arguments against these subjective methods. But the Doctor's arguments were based on reason, which is more or less cold, and which for its successful use requires a mind of more than average ability. The Senor's arguments were based upon phenomena, and these were concrete, interesting and, to a certain extent awe inspiring.

It is hard to argue with the moth which is bent upon flying into the flame. The moth sees perfectly well that the flame is of a beautiful, golden hue and much to be desired, and the argument that when once reached it will be found to be hot and will scorch delicate wings, is of no avail, for in the brief history of the moth there has been no episode of fire, the beautiful wings have never yet been scorched, and the warner is but a meddling prophet of ill, a spoil-sport.

The Doctor told his theory of the accident to Billy and was not surprised that da Siletra opposed it with all his smooth-tongued eloquence, but he was chagrined to find that Frances took the Senor's part. This seemed to him to be almost too quick a change of front for a girl who was not usually so vacillating. He wondered at it until without actually intending it he shifted his gaze to include a higher plane. There in the full course of their activities were the two entities whom he had encountered before, and one of them, the tall, thin man, was the one whom Billy had accused of causing his accident.

"I think, Doctor, that the Senor is right." It was Frances who spoke. "We really ought not to try to invade the higher realm for an explanation of anything when we have the explanation right down here on the physical plane. I don't see why Billy's accident cannot be accounted for by ordinary means, and his recovery was perfectly natural, too."

"But, Frances, Billy said he saw the man who pushed his head over, and I saw him later myself."

"I know, George, but you must admit that the whole thing could be explained otherwise, and you know how the human mind is subject to illusion."

Here the ascetic looking spirit twisted his features into a sardonic grin and motioned to his assistant to influence Frances while he moved over to where Billy still lay on the couch. Billy was now conscious in the body, and of course as he had no ability to see the other planes, he was entirely unconscious of the further attempt which was about to be made on his life. The dark spirit began to do some kind of manipulating at the back of Billy's neck.

Doctor George was in despair. These influences could be easily fought, if he could rouse the individuals to fight them, but when he was met by this deadening influence of blank unbelief he had to do all the fighting himself, and he could not be always present. In his despair at the helplessness under which he labored and in the annoyance at seeing Frances so completely under the influence of these forces, he turned mentally with a little prayer to ask for help.

The response came swiftly. Soft and sweet there seemed to sound faintly and from afar off, a voice. It was on a plane higher than any he had touched before, and he knew instantly that the dark forces in the room could not hear it. He, himself, had never heard the voice before, but he recognized it instantly and was filled with a peace and awe which left no room in his whole being for anger or distrust. So soft, so sweet, so faint, so spiritual was this voice that hardly could he hear the words. Rather, he seemed to know what the words were, he saw them as well as heard them, and yet he saw them not but knew them, and they were words with which he was familiar.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

They were not spoken once, but the whole sentence seemed to be continually spoken, if it is possible to grasp the idea. The words were not repeated over and over, and yet the sentence was spoken. The words were visible yet not visible, spoken yet not spoken, and the Doctor knew that in that strange moment he had touched a vast mystery, a mystic truth. And then he knew, though how he knew he knew

not, that others had interfered. A Presence was there which he could not see, an influence which he had never known before. And all the time that sentence was in his ears, before his eyes, "For they know not what they do."

To forgive! That, he knew was his great duty, but how to save? And then he knew that that problem too had been lifted from his hands, for as he stood there, having risen from his chair instinctively and thereby having attracted the attention of the Chilean and Frances, he saw that there was being granted to the latter, for the moment, a glimpse of what was going on. Frances drew a quick, deep breath. She rose and as she did so, she stepped to the Doctor's side, her eyes fixed full upon Billy as he lay on the sofa with the dark spirit standing behind him. Her eyes widened with horror as she grasped the Doctor's arm. He looked at her face and knew instantly that she had somehow been granted for the moment a sight of the other world.

The dark spirit also grasped the situation. His face was contorted into a snarl of rage as he realized that at last Frances saw him. He stepped back from the boy, and once more the Doctor, taking the situation now into his own hand, peremptorily ordered him and his companion to leave.

It was over in a moment. The doctor's order had not been spoken aloud, and the Senor was completely mystified by the behavior of the two. It was evident that he was innocent of any power to see the higher planes, however much he might be under the influence and guidance of the beings there. He showed this much in the utter surprise betrayed in his face.

The Doctor turned to Frances.

"You saw?" was all he said.

"Yes," she answered.

They have told all about it again and again. Frances knows now just what had been done to Billy and how the Doctor had replaced the vertebrae which had been displaced by the shock of the ball, and which the thin, dark man had still further put out of alignment. She knows now how Doctor George readjusted these misplaced vertebrae, and that that replacement was the means of saving Billy's life.

She knows now the truth about automatic writing, and she has spent a great deal of her

time in telling others of the great dangers which lie hidden in it. She is doing these things as a part of her own work in the world, for now she is no longer Frances Edgerly but Mrs. George Bidlow; and she and her beloved Doctor George are adding their strength in the great battle for humanity.

From the Doctor she has learned, too, with a great deal of compassion that da Siletra was one of those priests in old Atlantis whom the former had seen at their secret work. In the ages which had passed he had come finally to a point where he could be helped, and it had been her good fortune and that of the Doctor to be the means of finally breaking the bonds of slavery in which the thin, dark spirit held him. Da Siletra was finally convinced and went home a sadder and, let us hope, a wiser man, and the work which he is doing to oppose that which he had formerly so strongly advocated shows how much better it is to follow the divine command to forgive than to do the opposite. He who could never have been conquered by hatred was finally conquered by love.

Shorn of the most of his power yet still a force for evil, the thin, dark spirit, who had been the high priest in the old Atlantean days, would not yield nor give up his hostility to the forces of good. But as his power was less than in the old days, so his antagonism was also less, and the time would come, as Doctor George was told, when even he would finally yield to the good and add his strength to the Great Work.

So the great mills of the gods grind on, and happy shall he be who realizes his duty and his opportunity and strives to work with the cosmic forces which are ever urging humanity on to higher and higher levels, sometimes through pain and sorrow, but always towards the great Goal of the Spirit.

And the Doctor? He has grown rich but not in money. He is, in fact, at times a trifle threadbare. But many and many a spark of the great Flame Divine, cribbed, cabined, and confined for a short space within these muddied vestures of decay has had cause to bless him for his help, his gentleness, his love. And he is rich, too, when we count that wealth which is stored in the treasure house where thieves cannot break through nor steal.

The End.



# Question Department.

## Clairvoyance, Voluntary and Involuntary

### QUESTION:

Is it possible for any one who has studied occultism for some years to be clairvoyant without knowing it? I have been assured by clairvoyants that I, myself, am very psychic and clairvoyant.

### ANSWER:

It is quite impossible to be clairvoyant and not be aware of it. Clairvoyance means seeing with sight that is superphysical—sight that is not dependent upon physical organs. When the vibrations of the spiritual centers known as the pineal gland and the pituitary body become strong enough to reach each other, then spiritual sight or clairvoyance develops. To bring about these conditions in a legitimate, positive manner, a life of "loving, self-forgetting service to others" must be lived, such a life as that of the Christ. This develops the higher vehicles and builds soul.

Clairvoyance and psychism are not the same. The former is positive, that is, seeing only when you desire to do so, while the latter is negative and not under the control of the will. Negative clairvoyance should not be encouraged. The psychic has a great tendency to negativeness, just as a calm lake will reflect the surrounding landscape. In the case of the psychic, superphysical conditions are reflected in a negative manner into his aura, and he is obliged to receive them.

One should advance positively, either as a mystic (the heart side) or as an occultist (the head), and better still unite both of these positive methods and thus develop the perfect man, the *adept*, the *master*.

Those who are psychic may see in your aura the tendencies along this line, just as an astrologer would find it in your horoscope. But such conditions, though latent, will not become evi-

dent until brought into action by certain planetary conditions.

### THE FIVE DARK GLOBES

### QUESTION:

On page 208 of the "Cosmo-Conception" is the statement: "Hither the evolving life is transferred from five dark globes which it traverses during the cosmic night." Please explain the nature of the dark globes.

### ANSWER:

On pages 247 and 249 of the "Cosmo" it is stated that during a cosmic night between periods, only the seed atoms and the nuclei or centers of world globes remain. All else is chaos. Chaos is the basis of all progress. On page 528 it is stated that the five dark globes are our habitation during the cosmic nights. The densest of these is located in the World of Abstract Thought and is the chaos previously referred to.

By analogy we see that these five dark globes traversed in the cosmic nights are not the globes worked upon in manifestation, but are the globes of spirit, divine, life, and human, into which the experiences of each period in manifestation have to be incorporated. Thus there are twelve changes of globes in a complete period, namely the seven light globes of manifestation and the five globes of darkness (so-called).

After the active manifestation upon the seven light globes, the evolving life takes the seed atoms of its vehicles, and the Planetary Spirit takes the nuclei of the globes into the World of Abstract Thought where the spiritual extract or essence of experience related to the desire world is incorporated into the Human Spirit as the Emotional Soul or right principles of thought for use in a new life. Then the spirits pass to the World of Life Spirit

where the same process of assimilation is undertaken upon a globe there in relation to the Life Spirit and the Intellectual Soul. Finally the life passes to the World of Divine Spirit where the essences of experience related to the Divine Spirit and Conscious Soul are built in.

The above accounts for three of the dark globes. Then the evolving life, having assimilated all past experiences and having been refreshed in divine love, contemplates manifestation again. Another globe is formed in the World of Life Spirit, upon which the evolving life is placed in preparation for new activities related to that phase of spirit and its correlated vehicles. Following this there is the passing to a globe in the World of Abstract Thought where the final planning is done for the work of the new period before it is launched into manifestation.

Hence there are always seven light globes and five dark globes related to each period, in order that the spirit may perfectly assimilate the eternal values from each manifestation.

#### *THE RELATION OF SOUL TO SPIRIT* QUESTION:

I would like to know the relative difference between the soul and the spirit, and the process by which the former is made by our own selves.  
ANSWER:

Periodically this question referring to the difference between soul and spirit is asked by thoughtful students, and we gladly give the explanation, knowing that this is a point which the teachings of the church have failed to make clear. It is very essential that the trinity of body, soul, and spirit be properly understood.

To make the matter clear it is necessary to go back in the history of the universe to the period when that great force or spirit whom we call God, seeking further development, differentiated from or within Himself virgin spirits, sparks of His divine flame, in the space where now exists our solar system. These sparks possessed the all-consciousness of God but were not self-conscious. Lower and lower became their vibrations after the separation from their source, but they were watched over by advanced spirits who showered love upon them and taught them through aeons of time to

build bodies in which they could gain experience and become self-conscious.

These evolving virgin spirits are our present humanity. When from their threefold spirit they had built a threefold body, the guiding ones ceased their aid, and mankind through experience gained by individual effort began building "soul." The soul is formed by right thoughts and acts performed day by day. By earnest endeavor we transmute all good we have done into soul.

Soul is a substance that will ultimately be absorbed into spirit, and thus carry back to God all we have learned in our long travel through matter.

Our bodies were produced by spirit but cannot be absorbed in toto by spirit; however, the quintessence called soul will carry to the spirit all we have learned while in the body. We left the bosom of God, conscious sparks of the divine flame; we return, self-conscious and with valuable experience and added power.

Every smile, every loving word, every bit of help to a brother, every noble aspiration, all these form the soul and add lustre to it. But there is a soul formed by evil thoughts, low desires, selfish plans. This is the soul that is spoken of in the Bible as, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." This soul is destroyed by the forces in the desire world after death of the physical body.

"I have read of the tortures inflicted in the name of science on the creatures committed to our care, or placed in our power by a Divine Providence, and they have made me sick at heart for weeks together. I shall never peruse these frightful statistics again. I have also read what arguments are made in extenuation or recommendation of the practice and their only effect has been to strengthen my conviction that man is capable of becoming the most barbarous and the most merciless of all agents. What I am told about the intention to purchase and maintain a farm on which to raise animals intended for vivisection amazes me. The idea strikes me as grotesque, grewsome, and ghastly."

*Rev. Morgon Dix, Rector of Trinity  
Parish, New York.*



# The Astral Ray.

## The Attributes of Mars in Gemini

LIZZIE GRAHAM

**I**F YOU HAVE Mars in Gemini, you will already be aware of much that this article contains, and quickness of thought and keenness of perception should have taught you many of life's lessons; but for those who are not thus blessed, we must explain conditions.

The planet Mercury is the ruler of Gemini. His attributes give color to the action of Mars in this sign. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, has much to do with sight and hearing, and one having Mars in Gemini would first of all do well to heed the advice of the Chinese sage who says, "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil"; for Mercury is so quick and alert that sights and sounds unnoticed by others will be cognized by him, and the dynamic energy of Mars is liable to put the tongue (which is ruled by Mercury) into action with unwise haste.

The advice, "Think twice before you speak once," must originally have been given to one with this planetary position. Many persons with Mars in Gemini are eloquent and convincing orators if the planet is well aspected, but if afflicted they may be only rattlebrained individuals, who by their much talking weary their listeners and weaken the cause which they are advocating.

The human body, as we have now perfected it, is penetrated throughout every part by nerves. These nerves are the avenues for what Max Heindel describes as "an invisible, rose colored fluid," which carries sensations as does an electric wire. Some of these nerves come directly from the great central depot, the brain, others are from local stations

situated all along the spine. Every nerve is primarily under the control of Mercury, but Mars is sub-chief. When you step on a tack, Mercury carries the message to the nerve station quick as a flash; then the dynamic energy of Mars is applied and pulls your foot off the ground. Mercury says, "Call out," and the tongue responds, "Oh!" Another message flashes to the station, "Send help," and Mars guides your fingers to remove the offender.

Gemini rules the hands that come to aid and the lungs that drew the breath for the cry; Mercury produced the sound by tongue and breath. Mars helped by the rapidity of his action and by his comprehension regarding location of the trouble.

Mars in Gemini has many wonderful powers. The lungs, which are under the rule of Gemini, are the part of our body designed for throwing off poisonous gases and mixing with the blood the life-giving oxygen. There is in the blood much iron, which is ruled by Mars. The iron readily attracts the oxygen and is carried all through the body by the circulating blood, thus giving the heat to the blood so necessary for the ego to function within the body.

What opportunities for service are shown us by Mars in Gemini! The quick eye sees the need and rapidly impresses it upon the brain.

Tongue and hands are ready to help, and Sagittarius, the opposite sign, aids by putting the lower limbs into action also. The word of caution or command is given with no uncertain sound. Brothers, sisters, neighbors, are marshalled into action. Gemini will sacrifice a great

deal for harmony and peace, therefore though the speech be quick and direct, it will not be hard.

What energy this Mars in Gemini gives! What a splendid traveling salesman he makes! Ever ready to travel, short journeys are his delight, and his conversation (Mercury-tongue) makes him a most charming companion. His tales and accounts of his experiences will be full of fun with a spice of mischief. He would delight to interest you in the purchasing of books, papers, or even chemist's supplies.

What kind of a student is he? you ask. He will read anything—read till his eyes ache and the lids are inflamed, and after a night's rest he will go at it again, not to finish yesterday's book but to begin a new one; for this is one of the weak points of Mars in Gemini, that he is always ready to begin something new, always ready to leave a duty unfinished, and thus he gathers up a great deal of incomplete information. Mars in Gemini is always ready to show you a new and better way to accomplish the work you have in hand, in fact, is often guilty of "butting in" to other people's affairs.

The good features are brought out when Mars is well fortified with good aspects, but when afflicted, then indeed it is a great affliction. The dynamic energy is then uncontrolled and is wastefully expended. There is a great deal of unnecessary movement, restlessness, fidgeting, rapid change of position. The desires are not under control and hands and tongue will endeavor to provide the gratification desired. The hands will take what is not rightfully their own; they will endeavor to conceal their action, and the tongue will assist them by speaking an untruth, so neither word nor act of such persons can be relied upon until they have learned to control their stars.

It is very necessary that they should early in life be made aware of these tendencies and the results, for afflictions in mutable signs (Gemini is a mutable sign) point to events in the making; if the evil in such is not eradicated during this life, it may in a succeeding life come in a stronger form from fixed signs, and will then necessitate a greater battle to conquer.

And the spiritual signification of this position of Mars, what of that? It is great indeed!

Mars being ruler of Aries, the sign of the first house of the natural zodiac, shows that the forces of Mars are in harmony with the physical body and the personality. Mars, being in the third house sign, Gemini, the sign of the lower mind, makes an avenue for spiritual forces by "the path," the link of mind. Mars also rules the eighth house, the house of occult knowledge and hidden things. These can be brought to light or into the physical by Mercury, in whose sign Mars is placed when in Gemini. Mars is exalted in Capricorn, the gateway to the spiritual realms, and when Mercury is also in Gemini, the opening of "the gate" should be accomplished without difficulty.

We must not overlook the fact that the planet Mars represents the Lucifer spirits, who, when the angels under Jehovah had built the brain, forced their way into it and took possession, turning the thoughts of evolving humanity to desire and the abuse of sex. To remedy this the Lords from Mercury were sent to help mankind to extricate themselves from this condition. When we find Mars in the human sign Gemini, under rule of Mercury, we know that the Lords of Mercury have prevailed in their mission to this soul, unless Mars is evilly aspected. In the latter case the battle is still being waged.

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### IMPRESSIONS OF ASTROLOGY

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There is a certain attitude of mind that creates a distaste for astrology, because it demands mental application and forces self-analysis. To the soul that cannot face the truth but craves to bask in moonshine instead of facing facts, astrology is an uncongenial gift like the mirror whose face is turned to the wall because the image in it is too clear. When that soul awakes to the realization of the beauty of Truth, whether congenial or uncongenial from a personal standpoint, then astrology becomes the beloved friend who will not stoop to flatter but speaks as clearly and truly as nature, whose symbolism she portrays.

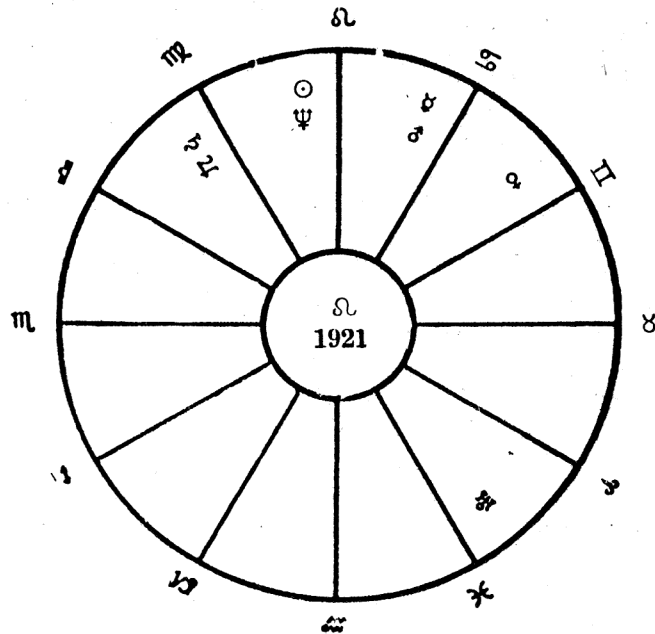
I learned through it that one must be as kind and firm and tolerant with a mental or psychic invalid as one would be with a physical invalid.

—Dr. Sam Bering.

# Children of Leo, 1921

Born between the 23rd of July and the 23rd of August, 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 sign of Leo is classed in the calendar as the kingly sign of the lion, the monarch of the forest. Have you ever observed the lion in the menagerie with his masterful, stately, swinging walk as he goes back and forth between the bars—grace and force combined—and while he expresses the above in his outward attitude have you ever noted the eye of this animal, its softness, truly the sign of the heart? Love is expressed in the eyes of even this beast that symbolizes the sign of Leo.

The children born while the Sun is passing through this sign this year will be similar to the above in stateliness and lordliness, combined with a mystical softness that will be most lovable, for Neptune, the mystical planet, is also transiting this sign. Especially will this be true of those born between the 3rd and the 8th of August when these two planets are in exact conjunction, but after the 8th of August when the enthusiastic and constructive Mars and the quick-witted Mercury have entered this sign, the children will be less mystical and more aggressive and materialistic. These latter will be very bright and active but more inclined to want their own way. They will not be so amenable to love as the mystical Neptunian child.

However, they will leave their mark in the world, they will do things, for with the Mars-Mercury-Sun combination in this fixed and fiery sign, they will make the world feel their influence, either for good or evil as the aspects of these planets may indicate on the day of the children's birth. The familiar quotation will hold good in this case:

"When she was good, she was very, very good,

But when she was bad, she was horrid."

Love them and you rule them. Punish them and they will rule you, especially those born between the 8th and 23rd of August.

Neptune and the Sun in Leo give talent for music, especially that of stringed instruments, but after Mars and Mercury have passed into this sign, the inclination for music will be towards the wind instruments or the drum, something that will make more noise.

Saturn and Jupiter are in Virgo, the sign ruling the small intestines, Saturn, being the obstructor, and Jupiter ruling the arterial blood. Venus, the planet that has rule over the venous blood, is in mundane square to the above planets from the sign of Gemini, which

(Continued on page 148)

## 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.*

DONALD, B.

Born May 16, 1921.

7:55 A. M.

Lat. 38 N., Long. 122 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Pisces 20; 11th house, Aries 25, Taurus intercepted; 12th house, Gemini 4; Ascendant, Cancer 9-28; 2nd house, Leo 0; 3rd house, Leo 22.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Neptune 11-7 Leo; Jupiter 9-6 Virgo; Saturn 17-59, retrograde, Virgo; Moon 21-29 Virgo; Dragon's Head 25-48 Libra; Uranus 9-19 Pisces; Venus 24-0 Aries; Sun 25-14 Taurus; Mercury 2-41 Gemini; Mars 7-24 Gemini.

We have here the horoscope of a young man who has the watery and feminine sign of Cancer on the Ascendant, with the life ruler, the Moon, in conjunction with Saturn, in the 4th house, and in the sign of Virgo. With seven planets in common and earthy signs, Donald will not be apt to set the world afire as a result of ambition, for with these positions he is very prone to spend his time in theorizing and merely planning what he will do. With the life ruler in the 4th house in conjunction with the obstructive Saturn, he will receive much discouragement from those in the home. The inharmony between the parents will reflect in his life, for with the negative Moon sign rising and so many planets in common and earthy signs, it will not take a great deal to turn this boy away from his ideals. He needs the strengthening influence from parents and friends.

Donald will be very bright and active mentally. With the energetic Mars in Gemini in

conjunction with Mercury, the planet of reason, which is also in its own sign of Gemini, he will be very clever and diplomatic, also very apt with the hands. Mars and Mercury in Gemini, ruling the hands and arms, and Mars sextile to Neptune in Leo, will enable this boy to design and work with metals of various kinds. The designing or manufacturing of jewelry would be the most advantageous work for him. There is however, a configuration of planets to which the boy will respond most readily, yet this will not be the best for him. We find Uranus, the inspirational and emotional planet, in the 12th house sign, Pisces, ruling secret societies, prisons, and places of confinement. This planet is in opposition to Jupiter and square to Mars and Mercury, Jupiter being the ruler of the Midheaven and also of the sixth house, labor. As a result Donald will be very radical on the labor question and may take sides with those who are extreme in their tendencies. There is also great danger that he may be imprisoned some time for his radical views. With Venus, the planet, of love, unaspected with the exception of the conjunction with the Dragon's Tail, he may be most cruel and critical in his efforts for the upliftment of the laboring classes.

There is, however, one redeeming aspect which may be of inestimable value to him in overcoming and in balancing the above named afflictions. We find the life ruler, the Moon, which has a strong influence over his life, in conjunction with the serious minded Saturn trine to the Sun, which latter is in the fixed and stolid sign of Taurus and in the house of friends. Donald will never want for friends. They will be of the influential class and ever ready to use their influence to assist him when needed.

Jupiter, Saturn, and the Moon in Virgo, the

sign ruling the small intestines, would give him some trouble in this part of the body should he form the habit of overeating; and with Mars and Mercury in the sign ruling the lungs, square to Uranus in Pisces, when the system is overworked and an undue amount of food partaken of, a tendency to coughs and colds may be the result. Teach this boy to eat moderately and of the simple, vegetarian diet, and he may thereby avoid much trouble in later years.

# IRMA M.

Born April 24th, 1913. 2:10 A. M.

Lat. 40 N., Long. 74½ W.

## *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Sagittarius 6; 11th house, Sagittarius 27; 12th house, Capricorn 19; Ascendant, Aquarius 18-22, Pisces intercepted; 2nd house, Aries 6; 3rd house, Taurus 11.

## *Positions of the Planets:*

Mars 19-22 Pisces; Dragon's Head 1-43 Aries; Mercury 6-27 Aries; Sun 3-29 Taurus; Venus 4-45, retrograde, Taurus; Saturn 3-7 Gemini; Neptune 23-20 Cancer; Moon 17-32 Sagittarius; Jupiter 17-38 Capricorn; Uranus 7-25 Aquarius.

We have here a most interesting horoscope, a true Uranian character, for we have not only the sign of Aquarius on the Ascendant, but Uranus is in its own home in this sign. This unconventional planet is just above the Ascendant and in the 12th house, self-undoing, square to the ruler of the 7th house, the Sun. We find Venus, the planet of love and pleasure, in its own sign, Taurus, in conjunction with the Sun and square to Uranus. This is a most dangerous configuration of planets, especially when from fixed signs and with both Uranus and Venus in their own signs where their influence is much more potent than elsewhere.

With the extreme, liberty loving, and impulsive Uranus afflicted in this manner, it will be most difficult for the parents to restrain this child. To do so will only arouse greater desire for freedom. It would be best for the parents to allow her as much liberty as possible, but under most diplomatic chaperonage, especially as she grows to young womanhood. There is great danger that through her disregard of convention she may be taken advantage of by the opposite sex. It should be impressed most

strongly upon this girl that a woman's most powerful protection, her most valuable possession and also her greatest charm, lie in her modesty, which surrounds her at all times with a protecting influence, a shield that only a knave or a brute would break through. The women of today are so unconventional that the dangers to a young woman with the above horoscope are very great.

The Moon in the restless sign of Sagittarius, in the 10th house and square to the destructive planet Mars, which is intercepted in the 1st house in Pisces, will enhance the danger of Uranus square to Venus, causing this young girl to crave excitement and changes. A public life would be very attractive to her—moving pictures, music, dancing, etc. With the Sun and Venus in conjunction in Taurus, the sign of music, and the Moon, the ruler of the sixth house governing vocations, she will be drawn to a life in which she will come before the public. She will also be successful financially in the corresponding line of work, but with the Sun and Venus afflicted by Uranus, she will be very reckless in her expenditures.

She has a wonderfully keen mentality from the quick-witted Uranus in its own sign, sextile to Mercury, the planet of reason, which is in the martial sign of Aries and sextile to the tactful and penetrative Saturn placed in the mercurial sign of Gemini. Uranus is also trine to Saturn. With this configuration she will not need to study. To read a book will be to know it by heart. If she could be content to take up a vocation as teacher of science or mathematics instead of the life indicated by Venus in conjunction with the Sun, she could to some extent avoid the dangers above mentioned.

There is some trouble indicated during puberty, for with Uranus square to Venus and the Sun, the circulation of the venous blood will be somewhat restricted.

## VOCATIONAL

### RICHARD E. C.

Born August 22, 1900. 9:50 A. M.

Lat. 43 N., Long 90 W.

## *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Cancer 26; 11th house, Leo 29; 12th house, Virgo 28; Ascendant, Libra 21-40;



2nd house, Scorpio 19; 3rd house, Sagittarius 21.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Jupiter 1-54 Sagittarius; Dragon's Head 6-47 Sagittarius; Uranus 8-28 Sagittarius; Saturn 28-32, retrograde, Sagittarius; Neptune 28-48 Gemini; Mars 8-14 Cancer; Venus 16-19 Cancer; Moon 0-54 Leo; Mercury 11-0 Leo; Sun 29-4 Leo.

This young man has the venusian sign of Libra on the Ascendant and cardinal signs on all four of the angles, with the life ruler, Venus near the cusp of the Midheaven. Venus has but one aspect and that is a parallel to Mercury, therefore this planet will not have the strongest influence upon the life of the native. We find, however, the Sun in its own sign of Leo in the 11th house and making a sextile to Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury, with Neptune in the mercurial sign of Gemini in the 9th house, religion. The Sun is also trine to Saturn in the 3rd house in Sagittarius. We find the ruler of the 9th house, Mercury, in Leo in the 10th house and trine to Uranus, the ruler of the 5th. Again we find the Moon, the ruler of the 10th house, in conjunction with the Midheaven and sextile to Jupiter, the ruler of the 3rd house, writing, and the 6th house, vocation. All the above planets in the 3rd house (writing) and 9th house (religion) indicate talent for writing and denote one who could also speak on occult subjects. With Uranus so well aspected and being ruler of the 5th house, the house governing publishers, this young man's publications would find favor with the publishers. Printing and work pertaining to publications would also be a successful vocation for him.

We would advise him to choose his vocation soon and get his start in life, for indications point to a marriage for him in 1926 when the progressed Moon will have reached the conjunction with Venus in Cancer near the Midheaven. Also, the progressed Venus will excite the above aspect by making a trine to the radical Uranus. Should this man enter family life, it would be very necessary that he be settled and have some definite vocation in life whereby he could maintain a home and family.

**CHILDREN OF LEO, 1921**

*(Continued from page 145)*

has rule over the lungs. Therefore, should these children be permitted undue liberty in

their diet and overeat, they would suffer from poor assimilation of food and the result would be coughs and colds. Teach them to breathe deeply, to give expansion to the chest while young, and to eat moderately, and they will avoid much physical discomfort in later years.

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**FREE HOROSCOPICAL READINGS FOR  
CHILDREN AND VOCATIONAL READ-  
INGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**

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To aid our subscribers in the rearing of their children, to give vocational advice to young men and women, and to show the potency of astrological influence, we publish each month in this department of the magazine two or three horoscopes delineating the character and tendencies of their subjects, together with advice how best to take advantage of the good shown and transmute the unfortunate elements.

Readings are given for children up to the age of 15 years. Vocational readings for those between 15 and 25.

To be eligible for a reading, the parent or applicant must be a YEARLY SUBSCRIBER to this magazine. The names for readings are drawn for each issue from the applications submitted during the *second month preceding*, except in case the required number were not so submitted, readings are given for those previously received. The names which fail to receive a reading in any particular month are discarded but will again be eligible if *re-submitted* together with the price of another year's subscription, either as a renewal or as a subscription for a friend. In case of the latter, it should be so stated in the application to insure such names being placed on the eligible list.

The above method insures absolute fairness in giving every application its opportunity for a reading. The number of names submitted each month usually exceeds the number of readings to be given, hence we cannot guarantee a reading in every case.

Please note that we do no reading of horoscopes whatever except as noted above and except in connection with healing. If interested in the latter, please address our Healing Department.



# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 147 to 174 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What is taught by the theory of rebirth?
- A. It teaches that each soul is an intelligent part of God, enfolding all divine possibilities as the seed enfolds the plant; that by means of repeated existence in an earthy body of gradually improving quality, the latent possibilities are slowly developed into dynamic powers; that no one is lost by this process, but that all mankind will ultimately attain the goal of perfection and reunion with God.
- Q. What is the principal difference between these three theories?
- A. The first of these theories is monistic. It seeks to explain all facts of existence as due to processes within the material world. The other two theories agree in being dualistic, that is, they ascribe some of the facts and phases of existence to a superphysical, invisible state, but they differ widely on other points.
- Q. When we bring the materialistic theory into comparison with the known laws of the universe, what do we find?
- A. We find that the continuity of force is as well established as the continuity of matter, and both are beyond the need of elucidation.
- Q. Are matter and force inseparable in the physical world?
- A. They are.
- Q. What is the materialistic theory regarding this point?
- A. It holds that mind perishes at death.
- Q. What well established fact does the above theory contradict?
- A. The fact that nothing can be destroyed, in which mind must be included.
- Q. What argument proves the fallacy of the materialistic theory?
- A. It has been discovered that the particles of our bodies change once in every seven years. If the materialistic theory were true, the consciousness ought also to undergo an entire change, with no memory of that which preceded, so that at no time could men remember any event more than seven years.
- Q. How else do we know that the materialistic theory is not true?
- A. We remember the events of our childhood. Many of the most trivial incidents, though forgotten in ordinary consciousness, have been distinctly recalled in a swift vision of the whole life by drowning persons, who have related the experience after resuscitation.
- Q. Is materialism able to account for these phases?
- A. It is not. It ignores them.
- Q. What is the objection to the orthodox theological doctrine?
- A. Its entire and confessed inadequacy as it is expounded.
- Q. How can this inadequacy be shown?
- A. Of the myriads of souls which have been created and have inhabited this globe since the beginning of existence, even if that beginning dates back no further than 6000 years, only the insignificant number of 144,000 are to be saved.
- Q. What becomes of the remainder of human-

ity according to this theory?

A. They are to be tortured forever and ever.

Q. What did Buddha say in regard to such a condition?

A. "If God permits such misery to exist He cannot be good, and if He is powerless to prevent it, He cannot be God."

Q. Is there anything in nature analogous to such a method of creation in order that destruction may follow?

A. There is not. God desires that *ALL* should be saved, and yet this plan of salvation fails to save.

Q. Would it be considered a satisfactory plan of salvation if a fast motor boat were sent out to rescue 2 or 3 people from a sinking liner with 3000 aboard?

A. It certainly would not. It would more likely be denounced as a plan of destruction if adequate means were not provided for the saving of at least the majority of those in danger.

Q. Why is the theologians' plan of salvation even worse than the above plan?

A. Because two or three out of three thousand is an immensely greater proportion than that of the orthodox theological plan of saving only 144,000 out of all the myriads of souls created.

Q. Why may we safely reject this theory?

A. Because it is unreasonable. If God were all-wise, He would have evolved a more efficacious plan.

Q. Has He evolved a more efficacious plan?

A. He has, and the above is only the theory of the theologian. The teaching of the Bible is very different as will appear later.

Q. In considering the doctrine of rebirth, what do we find?

A. We find that it postulates a slow process of development, carried on with unwavering persistency through repeated embodiments in forms of increasing efficiency, whereby in time all will be brought to a height of spiritual splendor at present inconceivable to us.

Q. Why is there nothing unreasonable or difficult to accept in the latter theory?

A. As we look about us we find everywhere in nature this striving for perfection in a slow persistent manner. We find no sudden process of creation or destruction such

as the theologian postulates, but we do find evolution.

Q. What is evolution?

A. "The history of the progression of the spirit in time."

Q. What peculiarity may be observed in this progression?

A. In all the varied phenomena of the universe, we find that the path of evolution is a spiral. Each loop of the spiral is a cycle. Each cycle merges into the next as the loops of the spiral are continuous, each cycle being the improved product of those preceding it.

### THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 132)

other "through a glass darkly," through the mask of personality and the veil of misunderstanding, we may be sure that the love of soul for soul, purged of passion in the furnace of sorrow, will be our brightest gem in heaven as its shadow is on earth.

### THE SILENT VOICE

(Continued from page 137)

Upon awakening I seemed to see in this monster a symbol of the human nature which we so blindly cherish, unmindful of the exquisite divine nature within.

I believe now that the vibrations have lowered temporarily in order for my physical brain to assimilate and organize the lessons learned from the ecstasy of the higher consciousness.

Though my consciousness at present does not take wings as just before and after rebirth, still the memory of the Voice in the night and its attendant rapture is reflected in a change of will power. It is much easier for me now to conceal my sorrows and enter into the lives of others than before. The power of inhibition is stronger. Laughter comes more readily because at the "Source" I found smiles, love, and joy and no trace of their opposites. In letter writing I find it almost impossible to withhold some ecstatic note. And my greatest desire is to become so faithful a reflection of the loveliness of the Real Self that my contact or letters alone may help to set it free in others.

# Children's Department

## A Yellow Fairy Story

PATSEY ELLIS

*(Continued from July)*

THE NEXT DAY was the unhappiest one the garden had ever spent. The mocking bird sat in the highest eucalyptus tree, sniffing and wiping his eyes as he peered out over the tree tops. "Somehow, I just can't sing a note today," he said. "Amber Eyes wasn't at the pansy bed last night, and no one knows where she has gone. When the bees brought the honey to her house this morning, they said the door was locked and there wasn't a sound. I know she was naughty and needs to be punished, but somehow I can't remember a thing today except the time she helped me with my singing lesson. I couldn't mock the oriole to save me and mamma was beginning to get mad, when Amber Eyes came flying up and threw her arms around me, and right away the oriole notes came dropping out of my throat just as if she had called them. Maybe she did. Mamma was so proud of me; she invited the little fairy to stay, and we had sweet peas for supper. Amber Eyes never would eat worms, no matter how fresh they were."

"I know," croaked the fat, old toad from out of the lily pond. "Last week when my throat was sore, she bound a piece of mullein leaf around it to keep the cold off, and she asked the sun to warm the water in which I sat; after I had gotten good and warm, the soreness left my throat, and I was able to go to my singing class as usual."

"I can think of no one except Tippy Toes," put in a tearful, little wren. "His house is in the same tree that my nest is, and this morning I heard him crying." The fat, old toad dropped his head and sobbed, and the mocking bird drew out another handkerchief. "The third one this morning," he said to himself.

Now Amber Eyes was sitting under a leaf, right at the elbow of the fat, old toad, and heard every word that was said. She was sucking her thumb harder than she had ever sucked it before, and there was a lump in her throat that felt bigger than a marble. She was very

miserable, the most miserable thing in the garden, but she was still too naughty to feel sorry for anyone but herself.

"I don't care," she sobbed, blinking fast to keep the tears back. "If Tippy Toes would let me do as I want to, I would be good and everyone would be happy again. He could if he wanted to, but he won't. He doesn't love me and I'm going to fly away."

Now she had never thought of this before. In fact, she had been wondering just what she would do next, but the mocking bird seemed to be sorry because she was gone, and Amber Eyes thought if she left it might worry everybody else just as much. Finally Tippy Toes would be sorry. Then she could have her own way. "I shall go to that garden across the way, where the little girl named Marigold lives. She has golden curls and I like to look at her. Every day she gathers rose petals, and after they are dry she puts them in a little jar. She calls it a rose jar and says it will make her room smell sweet next winter when the flowers are asleep. I like Marigold. Maybe I shall stay there forever," and growing very brave, she spread her wings and flew away.

The little girl was nowhere to be found, and after searching through the garden, Amber Eyes flew into the house and finally up to the little girl's own room. The place was very quiet and sweet, and the little rose jar stood open on the table. The little fairy tilted herself on the edge of it and peeped down in. "It seems very nice down there," she said to herself, with a yawn. "I'll see what it's like inside," so down she slid and was soon fast asleep.

When she awoke, everything was dark, very dark—darker than any night she had ever seen. The air was filled with the odor of roses but was too stuffy to be nice, not at all like a garden with the breezes bringing in the fresh air every minute. But the worst part was the stillness. There wasn't a sound. At last she remembered where she was. "Some one has put the top on the rose jar," she said lightly. "But I can get

it off all right," and she reached into her pocket for her magic wand. Then she sank down into the rose leaves and buried her face in her hands. The shining wand was gone!

"I've lost my magic," she sobbed. "My wand is gone. Now I can never get out and I shall stay her until I smother, and no one will ever know what became of me. Oh, Tippy Toes, come get me! I've lost my magic. My golden wand is gone."

But Tippy Toes was far away, and no one would think of looking for her outside of the garden. Besides, they could never find her shut up in a jar in the room of little Marigold. After awhile Amber Eyes lifted her face from her hands, and out of the darkness little, ugly monkey faces began to peer at her and grin. They were so terrible looking that the poor, little fairy screamed with fright, "Oh, who are you?" she cried.

"We are the faces you would have painted on the pansies that you didn't like," they answered, sticking out their tongues at her. Then they began to scold in their horrid, little voices, "Do you remember the pansy that you left without a nose? Never can he smell the night wind that every flower loves. You surely haven't forgotten the little, purple fellow you left without any eyes?" they asked her. "He is blind."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Amber Eyes, tears beginning to roll down her little cheeks.

"Yes, blind," echoed the monkey faces. "Blind, because you wouldn't paint his eyes. Tippy Toes gave you the pansies to care for, and you went away and left them."

"Oh, let me go back," begged Amber Eyes. "Help me to get out of here long enough to paint some eyes on the little, blind pansy. Then I will come back and let you tear my wings off if you want to."

"We cannot help you," answered the monkey faces. "Tippy Toes told you that your own thoughts and actions would punish you. That is what is happening to you now."

"Oh, the poor, little blind pansy," sobbed Amber Eyes. "He will never have any eyes if I can't get out. Help me to go back for tonight," she begged the stillness and the rose leaves. "Oh, the poor, little, sweet, blind pansy!"

Then a wonderful thing began to happen. When love came back to the heart of Amber Eyes, her golden magic came back with it, and when her tears fell because she was sorry for the pansies instead of for herself, the tear drops turned into tiny pieces of gold, which formed themselves into something that first looked like a little stick. The golden dust gathered closer and closer around it, and suddenly when Amber Eyes, with her heart filled with love and sorrow, glanced down into her lacy lap, there lay her shining, magic wand.

At first she couldn't believe that it has been given back to her, and she rubbed her eyes. Then she noticed the golden dust falling everywhere, and knew that at last her magic had come back.

"My darling pansy flowers," she said, bouncing up and down on the flower petals. "Oh, my sweetest, little blind one—I shall paint you so that you can see with every petal. I shall give you a thousand eyes. Oh, I am so happy."

Reaching up with her magic wand, she touched the lid of the rose jar, which flew open at once, and kindly moonbeams smiled down upon her. Then Amber Eyes flew away home, and the flowers kissed her as she passed.

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### LOVE ETERNAL

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We sat together in the afterglow and talked  
of earth's old mystery of pain;  
Of wasted toil, of love and anguish vain,  
Of little children born to helpless woe.  
We talked until life seemed like a hideous show,  
And men but slaves under the cruel reign  
Of a blind god, their prayers could not restrain.  
—Then we sat silent;

—on the rocks below.  
The careless mountain stream foamed at our  
feet;

About the dark pine's silhouette hung fair,  
One star in whose calm radiance earth's despair  
Seemed childish outcry;—

Life grew sane and sweet;  
For nature's brooding peace was everywhere,  
And love eternal through her pulses beat.

—Marion Pruyn.

## A True Story

ELLA VAN GILDER

(Continued from June)

**B**RAVELY SHE TOOK up her duties at the mission, working to support herself and a little servant girl who had also been baptized. During the year that followed, both grandparents, who were very old, died without Pauline being permitted to enter their home.

The next male relative was a very wicked, old great-uncle, who for political reasons decided to take advantage of a Chinese law compelling girls under age to submit to the authority of their family. He decided to bring Pauline home again and force her to renounce the Christian faith and become, not the wife, but one of the many attendants of another very wicked old man. And again this fearless child was compelled to stand before the tribunal of relatives and forever renounce her family, defying the traditions and the laws of China, and again being thrust out of the home she loved so dearly.

"If I would not give up Christ for the man whom I loved better than life itself, I surely will not give Him up for a man I loathe," she said.

There is a law in China by which a slave may buy freedom from the government. By paying the equivalent of two hundred dollars, American money, Pauline might be free from her family and also free from the persecutions of her uncle. The money was advanced her by people at the mission, and so Pauline bought her freedom and that of the little servant girl, working at tasks her hands had never done before to repay the money; and it has been the privilege of the home church to help her in this.

Once Pauline's mother became quite ill, and hearing that she called for her child in her delirium, the young girl ventured to go to the house, hoping that she might be admitted; but she was turned away as if she were a dog. She then wrote a letter to her mother, but that was returned by a servant with the message to never, never presume to do such a thing again.

Often in the night she is heard sobbing, and when the missionary goes in to comfort her, she cries:

"Oh, Madam! I want my mother, I want my mother! We loved each other so!"

The passion of her life now is to have her mother converted that they may be united again.

Last year during an epidemic the little servant girl became sick. Pauline bore all the expenses at the hospital and is now working at extra tasks in order to pay expenses of the burial of her friend who for love of her had willingly followed her mistress into poverty and had been faithful until death.

Pauline has dedicated her life to the work of the Master, for love of whom she has been so persecuted; she will study and work so that she may go among her people, relieving their sufferings and telling them of the Savior.

Is it any wonder that all who know Pauline love her?—this girl, little more than a child, with the dauntless spirit of a martyr. Her beauty of soul far outshines the beauty of her face, and wherever the story of Pauline is told, there is also coupled the petition, "Pray for Pauline that she may stand fast in the faith, and pray for Pauline's mother."

### FAIRIES PHOTOGRAPHED

There is nothing new in spirit photographs, but a photograph of fairies is something of a novelty.

Two girls, both very young, constantly told their father that at a certain spot in the country—doubtless a glade—they could always summon fairies.

The credulous father suggested that if they could summon them and play with them, why not take photographs of them? To which end he loaned the children his camera.

They went to their meeting place and summoning their elfin friends, promptly proceeded to snap them.

Great was his surprise, the father said, when, on developing the photographs, he found the younger of the girls surrounded by fairies with pretty faces and gaudy wings, while the elder had a delightful, chubby faced, little girl fairy sitting on her knee.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, who has the photographs, has no doubt as to their genuineness, and it is stated that he intends to publish them in a book.—*Selected.*

# Nutrition and Health

## Proteins and Vitamines

PEREDUR

**A** HIGH PROTEIN diet is the basis of the diseases classed as rheumatic, such as rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, and certain forms of cancer, ulcer and acid erosions. This class differs from catarrhal diseases, which are due mainly to excesses of carbohydrate, starch or sugar, decomposing in the system.

For a time the system is able to cope with excess of protein, or nitrogen, by working the kidneys and skin abnormally. Excesses of protein cannot usually be stored in the tissues as can excess of starch or sugar, which is converted into flabby, fatty tissue. If the abuse is continued, kidneys and skin are not able to cope with the extra work, and the acid products resulting from decomposition are retained in the system. These resultant products are deposited in the joints and tissues as irritant material that has no reasonable business in the body. Acid or rheumatic diseases result.

A change to a fruit diet with low protein content produces a marked change in a short time.

In diet, protein or nitrogenous food is a main essential for flesh building. All protoplasmic substance needs the nitrogen basis. But people usually eat too much protein if they can afford it. To eat three meat meals a day, to gorge a pound of meat at a meal, or to consume four eggs or a quarter pound of peanut butter at one time, is rank folly. The system can neither digest nor assimilate such quantities of concentrated food. Sooner or later serious disease must result from such habits, the waste material slowly poisons the whole system, and good health is impossible.

The remedy is obvious. Reduce the protein content. Cows can get all the necessary protein from grass; growing children get their supply from milk, which has a low protein con-

tent. We may use foods of high protein value, but in doing so we should make an inversely proportionate reduction in amount.

In cases of protein excess diseases, a diet of semi-acid fruits, of buttermilk, or of raw vegetable salads will help to eliminate the waste products from the system. In addition to attention to diet, it is advisable to give special help to the organs of elimination. Hot or sweat baths of any kind stimulate elimination by the skin. Drinking or sipping hot water in moderate quantities helps the kidneys; outdoor exercise tones up the lungs and the whole system; while a fruit diet helps intestinal activity and cleanses the system.

Protein foods are more essential to well-being than foods rich in carbohydrate. All protein foods contain some carbohydrate, hence a food like milk is sufficient in itself.

A high protein diet has a noticeable effect on metabolism. Protein foods, of animal nature particularly, decompose quickly. They are unstable. Digested quickly, they give quick, temporary stimulation and a feeling of strength, but these do not last long and produce a reaction as well as a maximum amount of injurious by-products needing elimination. The process of building and unbuilding tissue is quickened, metabolism is stimulated. Such stimulation is temporary, and a maximum of "ash" is left when the fire burns low again.

Fruits and vegetables take more time in digestion, are not so stimulating, do not give such rapid changes of metabolism, but yield more real energy though more slowly.

A high protein diet, especially of animal protein food such as meat and eggs, is a strong sexual stimulant. On a vegetable or fruit diet, that is, on a low protein or nitrogenous content, there is much less difficulty in maintaining control in sexual matters. Fruitarians who eat freely of eggs must be placed in the same

class as meat eaters; the animal nature will then be difficult to control.

In this connection it might be interesting to draw attention to the modern methods of feeding hens for egg production. For forced laying, the diet must contain a high percentage of protein or nitrogen, and this is supplied in meat scrap, dried blood, and slaughter-house products. If this diet is not maintained egg production is lowered.

Besides nitrogen or protein food, vitamins and certain mineral salts are essential to healthy functioning of the whole body. Recently much has been heard of vitamins, mineral salts, and bio-chemistry. Botanists well know that in water culture experiments plants will grow quite normally if the water contains twelve elements in soluble form. Omitting any one element has some limiting effect. Leaving out a compound or salt of iron in soluble form results in unhealthy growth and absence of chlorophyll or green material in the plant. Without green material the plant cannot utilize the energy derived from sunshine to build carbon compounds.

Without iron in the human blood the blood cells cannot become red. They remain pale or anemic. Red blood or blood with iron is necessary to hold oxygen obtained from the air and to convey it to the tissues for metabolic needs.

All protoplasmic or living substance needs these mineral salts. The biochemist may be interested in developing a new complex science of the relationship of mineral salts to human health. For the general public it is sufficient to know that all uncooked natural foods contain a fair percentage of mineral salts. The best are green vegetables and sun ripened fruits of all kinds. Such foods as milk in its natural state and undenatured or whole wheat products contain all the mineral salts needed.

Denatured substances such as white flour products and commercial sugars have a much lower percentage of mineral salts, and the preponderance of such foods in diet often leads to such diseases as tuberculosis, pellagra, typhus, beri-beri, certain forms of cancer, rickets, and some forms of neurasthenia.

Foods rich in mineral salts appear to be rich also in vitamins, subtle forces conducive to vi-

talidity and less effective in cooked than in uncooked foods. Pasteurized milk is demonstrably not so satisfactory a food as certified fresh milk. Those who use green vegetables, fruits, and raw milk freely in the diet have no cause to worry about the increasingly complex study of mineral salts and vitamins, as such foods are rich in these health giving forces and substances.

Protein food, with the mineral salts contained in fresh vegetables and fruit, constitute the essentials of diet. Carbohydrate foods are accessory. Most people should replace the preponderance of carbohydrates by an increase of fruits and vegetables and reduce protein foods in quantity. Improved health would result.

The following has been found to be a good diet for ordinary purposes, meals being arranged in the order most convenient—

Meal Number One:

Soaked prunes or raisins.

Shredded wheat. Milk.

Meal Number Two:

Raw fruit only.

Meal Number Three:

Eggs or nuts.

Green vegetable salad, or cooked vegetables, if preferred. One slice whole wheat bread and butter, or one baked potato. Milk.

Drink one or two glasses of water two or three times daily, preferably on rising and during the evening.

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Thoughts are real forces—living messengers of power. Love thoughts, even when brought to bear upon our pains and trials, transform them and make them educational.

—Henry Wood

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#### TO MY DOG BLANCO

Ah, Blanco, did I worship God  
As truly as you worship me,  
And follow where my Master trod  
With your humility;

Did I sit fondly at His feet

As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine.

—Dr. Hollands.



## What Shall the Harvest Be?

— ALICE L. STRONG in "*The Open Door*"

**T**HERE HAS BEEN a nightmare on my mind for the past three weeks, a miasma of pain, concerning undeserved and useless suffering on the part of helpless victims. I confess I have never thought about it much until now, which is not a very good excuse.

My nightmare had its origin in a study of Professor William James' latest book on psychology, "*Mental Life*," in which he states: "The pursuance of future ends and the choice of means for their attainment are thus the mark and criterion of the presence of mentality in a phenomenon." He then commences very low in the scale of life to prove mentality and begins with the frog.

If the right knee of a frog be irritated with acid, the right foot will wipe it off. If this foot be amputated, the animal will often raise the left foot to the spot and wipe the offending material away. If part of the frog's brain be removed, it will still try to lessen the burn of the acid. (I wonder if the pain of gradual dismemberment of the frog, as well as the repeated burning by acid could be offset by the knowledge gained by the vivisector.) But the frog has a certain amount of mentality according to Professor James—and can suffer.

A few pages on in the book he describes the removal of the skulls of live dogs, monkeys, and other small animals for the purpose of applying electrical currents of varying intensity to the surface of the convolutions of the brain. Then he describes what happened with a dog when the skull was taken off, electricity applied to the brain, and the spot in the brain *removed* that produces movement in the foreleg, stating that the dog "could no longer give the paw," at word of command, even if able to do so before the operation.

Can you visualize the scene, faintly imagine the suffering of the dog? Is that knowledge worth the torture endured by the poor animal?

Professor James goes on to describe the actions of a dog, the entire left side of whose brain was removed, and says that the poor creature could still use his right paw for hold-

ing a bone while gnawing it, or for reaching after a piece of meat. He thinks it would have been interesting to see whether, had the dog been taught to give his paw before the operation, he still could have done so after it.

He describes the removal of the occipital lobes of the brains of dogs, causing blindness, then letting them become hungry (a condition, he parenthetically remarks, that sharpens their attention), then strewing bits of meat and cork before them to see if they could find them and tell the difference.

*One of the most brilliant and admired operations, he writes, was on a dog that was kept alive fifty-one days after both sides of the brain had been removed by a series of operations, not all at once but gradually.*

After reading of such operations and experiments on rabbits, birds, frogs, dogs, and monkeys, I have come to the conclusion that nothing we can learn in that way can be worth the agony the poor animals suffer, or worth the brutalizing effect upon the experimenter's nature. Anyone who has ever lived with a dog knows it has mentality and love.

If there is a God above us, around us, in us, He is as much the God of our younger brothers as of ourselves, and their pain is as much His pain as is that of human beings. At some point in our long evolution He gave man free will to use or abuse as he chooses, and the man who can so abuse, so torture the less developed creatures about him is surely far, far lower than those he tortures.

People who know have informed me as to the appliances used in vivisection; of the steel muzzles powerful enough to hold the strongest animal while being tortured without anaesthetics, and while for instance, having its throat burned to a crisp in the flame of a blowpipe. I learn that few animals are put under anaesthesia, no matter how long the probing and slicing of the brain goes on, and that the same is also true in regard to the torture inflicted on other parts of the body.

Yes, what *will* the harvest be?



# Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

## —BREAKFAST—

Sliced Peaches

Boiled Rice

Cheese Toast

Cereal Coffee

Milk

## —DINNER—

Potato Chowder

Stuffed Eggplant

Corn on Cob

Entire Wheat Bread and Butter

Milk

## —SUPPER—

Cucumber and Tomato Salad

Pimiento Sandwiches

Carrot Pudding

Milk

## Recipes

### *Cheese Toast*

Beat one egg into one cup sweet milk. Add one tablespoon of butter, a little salt and cayenne pepper, and one-half cup grated cream cheese. Heat the mixture in a double boiler. Stir until smooth and pour over toasted whole wheat bread. Return to oven a few minutes to harden, and serve while hot.

### *Potato Chowder*

Peel four medium sized potatoes and cut into cubes. Boil for ten minutes in salted water. Prepare in frying pan one tablespoon of oil with one chopped green bell pepper and one large onion. Allow these to fry until they begin to turn color. Then pour them into the potatoes, flavoring with parsley, salt, and paprika. Add enough milk to make soup for four people.

### *Stuffed Eggplant*

Cut the eggplant into halves, allowing it to boil for ten minutes in hot, salted water. Drain, then scoop out the center. To one cup of the pulp use one cup of stale corn bread which has previously been soaked in sweet milk, one cup of mashed potatoes, one onion chopped very fine. Season with salt and paprika. Fry this mixture in a pan with two tablespoons of oil and add two eggs. Place this mixture in the shells of the eggplants. Grate a little cheese on top and place in oven to bake for thirty minutes. Pour a little water into the pan to keep from burning.

### *Tomato and Cucumber Salad*

Place ripe tomatoes and cucumbers in cold

water for a number of hours so that they are crisp and fresh. Peel the cucumbers very thin. Garnish the plates with lettuce leaves. Slice the cucumbers on the plates of lettuce and place the sliced tomatoes on top. Add a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing to each plate.

### *Pimiento Sandwiches*

Grind one-half cup of cheese and one small can of pimiento through a food chopper, adding a little mayonnaise dressing, salt, and paprika. Spread same between very thin slices of rye or whole wheat bread. Serve on lettuce leaves.

### *Carrot Pudding With Hard Sauce*

Grate one cup each of raw carrots and raw potatoes, and add one cup each of sugar and seeded raisins. Mix with this one teaspoon of soda, butter the size of an egg, and one-half teaspoon each of nutmeg and cinnamon, slowly adding one cup of flour. Stir well and place in steamer to steam three hours, or bake in the oven for one and one-half hours.

Hard Sauce: Use cup of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, and two tablespoons of boiling water, adding flavor to taste. Beat until light and then allow to cool. When cold serve on pudding.

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A little word in kindness spoken,

A motion or a tear,

Has often healed the heart that's broken,

And made a friend sincere.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Mt. Washington, Mo., June 7, 1921.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

As my stomach is getting so that it does not give me any more trouble, I may ask you today to drop my name from the list of those that have asked for help for their suffering. What many doctors have not been able to do in many years with all their medicines, you have done in just a very short time.

I shall never be able to tell you how thankful I am to you and most of all to our Heavenly Father for the help I have received. I am not very strong, but I trust in time to get more strength.

Oh, the blessing to be free from pains in the stomach! At times I feel as though I had no stomach.

I should like to always keep in touch with you, dear friends. I would like to tell you once a month how I am getting along and send whatever I can. I shall not expect any answer to these letters, as I know your time must always be taken up.

Thanking you again for all you have done for me, I am

Most sincerely yours,

*MRS. E. G.*

Gulfport, Miss., May 19, 1921.

My dear Friends and Invisible Helpers:

I appreciate more than I can tell you the good I am receiving from your helpful treatments.

I feel myself growing stronger, better, and purer on all three planes—physical, mental, and spiritual.

With love and blessings my thoughts flow out to you, that in this glorious interchange of love I may do my share of good.

*M. E. L.*

November 17, 1920.

Dear Friends:

I received your letter and am very glad to hear that you are helping my brother Eddie. The doctors say he has lung trouble, but I can

hardly believe it. He filled out the application and mailed it today. I know, dear friends, that he will get well again for he is under your wonderful care. My wife thanks you very much for making me well and strong again. She is a happy woman today, and if it were not for the Invisible Helpers, we would not be as happy as we are. She also thanks you for offering your assistance and friendship, and she appreciates it very much. Dear friends, I thank you again for being so kind to me. You have made a man out of me. I hope that you will be able to do the same for my brother Eddie. I remain as ever

Gratefully yours,

*A. D.*

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 18, 1920.

Dear Friends:

I wrote you some time ago, since when the pains in my back and limb have left me. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart and wishing you great success with your noble work, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

*MRS. T. I. P.*

### HEALING DATES

August ..... 1—7—14—21—28

September ..... 3—10—18—25

October ..... 1—7—15—22—28

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.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

## The Inroads of Venus

MARY ANDERSON

"IT IS NOT GOOD that man should live alone," insinuated the Elohim to Adam, and that gentleman forthwith remedied his condition for he married Eve and without doubt lived happily ever after. This pleasing example has gained in popularity throughout the ages, and recently members of the Rosierucian Fellowship, both here and abroad, have felt its logic and desirability keenly. All lesser matters such as summer school activities, the condition of the fairies, the poignant beauty of the scenery, or even the state of the crops, have sunk temporarily into insignificance, for lo! a mightier institution is here; more people have been getting married.

In a way, to be sure, brides and grooms constitute a crop, and a very popular one at Mt. Ecclesia. We make a lot of fuss over them and are a trifle inclined to brag about our own variety, which I hope will be found excusable.

The home grown products were Mrs. Bessie Kirmond and Mr. Joseph Hoheisel, who were quietly married in San Diego on Wednesday, June 22nd. They will leave shortly on a motor trip through the Yosemite before making their home in Los Angeles, where Mr. Hoheisel is at present engaged in the garage business.

This marriage is the culmination of a long friendship which ripened under the genial influences of daily work performed at Headquarters. To those of us who have known Joe and Bessie it seems that it is in the nature of a reward of merit, and that each has faithfully earned this flowering of human experience.

On the very day that Headquarters celebrated the wedding, who should drop in upon us but Mr. and Mrs. Edward Simmons of Pasadena, the second installment of the crop. They were on their honeymoon when they stopped at Mt. Ecclesia. They remained with us only a day, which seemed very short indeed, but enabled them at least to be guests of

honor at the dinner that evening. Those who have visited the Los Angeles branch of the Fellowship will remember the bride (Miss Harriet James), whose delightful music was a boon to the Center.

The supper was an enjoyable affair. Every woman on the grounds had had a hand in its preparation. The tables had been set in the form of a large cross, and were decorated with Cecil Brunners and asparagus fern. At the head, above the place reserved for the four guests of honor and Mrs. Heindel, stood a chair banked in fern and white St. Joseph lilies. It dominated subtly the scene of the flower-strewn table, and those who feel the stirring of the finer senses saw a soft, undulating glow which suffused the gleaming lilies, the token of that loved presence often among us—so vanquished is death.

Mrs. Heindel delivered the Fellowship blessing to the two couples, stressing with quiet dignity the ideals of the Rosierucian teaching—which embody the striving of the saints in all ages—those ideals which she and the beloved leader found so very workable. "Marriage," she said, "is the joining together of two lives through the wonderful medium of love, and it brings with it the greatest bliss, the greatest happiness, to the two lives thus joined. It is a game which if played fairly will result in success and prosperity. But if the selfish life be lived, if the selfish possession of another—the me and mine conception—prevails, if all the giving is on one side, unhappiness and failure will ensue.

"The love which comes to two people and culminates in marriage is an expression of the divine love of God, and is a stepping-stone to greater and diviner manifestations.

"You have an opportunity," she added in conclusion, "to demonstrate daily the highest sacrament of the soul, the union of the higher to the lower self."

It was a congenial subject, and Mrs. Heindel had spoken with great warmth and conviction. Some one in commenting upon the little admonition said:

"My! Wouldn't you rather have an inspiration like that to carry away with you than a chest full of silver?"

Presently the cakes were cut and passed about. We ate in breathless expectancy to see to whom the hand of fate should point, for the cakes contained the tokens!

Our curiosity was not to be longed denied, for suddenly with a howl of acute delight Mr. Phillip Grell, Jr., of the mature age of seventeen, extricated the ring from its wrapping of pastry. No sooner had he been congratulated upon an omen in such perfect accord with his natural bent than Mrs. Boldowsky, the most popular of widows, held forth the button. Being of a mettlesome nature this dauntless woman refused to place too much faith in an idle superstition, declaring that she would only keep the button to sew on the coat of the man lucky enough to win her.

Scarcely had she finished speaking before another buxom widow exhibited a trophy. Mrs. Lytle held up the shilling amidst popular acclamation. She said, however, that the possession of wealth in her case was not an end in itself, but would become the means by which she would be enabled to marry successively six unattached gentlemen and provide them with subsistence.

There yet remained the thimble to be located. No one as much as mentioned it, and some of the more saturnine present suspected that it had been the victim of foul play. One could think of several unsusceptible bachelors who might prefer not to be thus caught with the goods, as it were.

However, such fears proved groundless for it had gravitated to the plate of another widow. (This was emphatically the evening when the widows scored. We spinsters nevertheless felt that this was an occasion when no aspect was better than an adverse one.) Mrs. Molyneaux presently held it forth in all its tragic suggestion of domestic bliss denied, lamenting the hardness of her fate.

So all the dread portents having been brought

to light, the company adjourned to pass the evening in the library with games and music.

The last part of our bride crop consisted of Miss Marguerite Brown, who endeared herself to us all last summer. She was married in Kansas City, Missouri, to Mr. Charles H. Keefer, the inventor of the planeless flying machine.

Now an interesting coincidence was discovered: they were all married on the same day, Wednesday, June 22nd, the midsummer day dedicated to lovers from time immemorial. Considerable speculation has arisen as to just what happened to the Fellowship horoscope this month. And as the editor recently predicted, Cupid is still busy and we foresee other victims.

If only Adam hadn't weakly yielded!

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### NEW COVER DESIGN

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With this issue we begin the use of our new cover design. This design was very kindly contributed by Mr. Lester A. Cramer, formerly of the New York Center and now of Los Angeles, and who was the architect and superintendent of construction of the new Ecclesia.

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### Summer School at Mt. Ecclesia

The summer school opened on July 5th. As stated in previous announcements, this is designed to afford an opportunity for vacation study in the Rosierucian Philosophy, Astrology, English and Expression.

The school will continue for three months. Students may enroll at any time. The cost of board and room at Mt. Ecclesia is \$50 per month. This will be slightly reduced for those who take the course with the intention of becoming Rosierucian lecturers or teachers.

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### Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

A chauffeur who can keep a car in order and who also understands repairs of plumbing and electrical work.

Address Rosierucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.