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Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



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Contents

THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

	Page
Rosae Cordis (Poem)	
Prentiss Tucker	283
Christmas and Initiation	
Max Heindel	283
The Vision of the Path (Cont.)	
F. J. Haarhoff	285
The Babe of Bethlehem	
Lizzie Graham	291
Number Vibration. (Part II)	
C. W. Stiles	292
Our Christmas Spirit.	
Arline D. Cramer	294
Mystical Music.	
Isabel Powers Secor	295
The Strange Shepherd.	
R. T. Oakley	297
Our Journey Toward God.	
Julia J. Brenner	299
Consecration to the Divine Ideal.	
Corinne S. Dunklee	300

QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

The Shewbread of the Spirit.	302
Incarceration and Soul Growth.	302
Religious Changes of Evolution.	303

THE ASTRAL RAY—

A Sublime Character.	
Richard Gordon Hallett	304

Children of Sagittarius.	Page 307
Your Child's Horoscope:	
Delineations:—	
Horace F. W.	308
W. M. (Vocational)	309

STUDIES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION—

The Rosicrucian Catechism	
Alfred Adams	310

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—

A Christmas Day.	
Mabel Morrin Kellogg	313
Christmas Gifts. Lady Jane.	314

NUTRITION AND HEALTH—

Vegetarianism and Health.	
T. R. Allinson	315
Not by Bread Alone.	
J. M. Thompson	316
Menus from Mt. Ecclesia.	317
Recipes.	317

ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA—

Looking Backward.	318
The Vision of the Future.	319
A Message.	320

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The Mystic Light.

Rosae Cordis

PRENTISS TUCKER

(Author of "*In the Land of the Living Dead.*")

We are told that as the Master
Treads His path of pain below,
Where His footsteps touch, a blood drop
Stains the whiteness of the snow.

And the snow, in adoration
As the Savior onward goes
Moved by pity and compassion
Turns the blood drop to a rose.

So may we, in humbler fashion
As we journey through the years
Take the trembling drops of heart's blood.
Mingled with our bitter tears.

And, by means of power alchemic,
We can change them, if we still
By our service to the Master
Try to carry out His will,

Into roses red and precious
Which around our hearts will glow
Like the roses which the Savior's
Blood left blooming in the snow.

Christmas and Initiation

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF MAX HEINDEL

UNDER THE RACE religions men have grown by obedience to the law. Under the Christ regime that is to come in, man is to rise above law and to be a law unto himself. As Goethe says:

"From every power that binds the world in chains,
Man liberates himself, when self-control he gains."

That is the goal—*Self-mastery* which every one must gain before he is fit to be a law unto himself—to be above the law. By obeying every law, he rises above all law. By and by man will rise above the need of all law. Then, and only then, can he be a law unto himself. In the Christ regime, man will be impelled and guided by love, and "perfect love casteth out fear." The race religions compel man to do right by means of

fear, but the Christ religion will impel man through *love*. Then he cannot do otherwise than right.

The difference between the Christ of the Earth and the Cosmic Christ is best seen by an illustration. Imagine a lamp in the center of a hollow sphere of polished metal. The lamp will send out rays from itself to all points of the sphere, and will reflect lamps in all different places. So the Cosmic Christ—the highest Initiate of the Sun Period—sends out rays. He is in the spiritual sun.

The sun is threefold. We see the outside—the physical sun. Behind that, or hiding in that, is the spiritual sun whence comes the impulse of the cosmic Christ Spirit. Outside the two other is something we call Vulcan, that can be seen only as a half-globe. In occultism we say that this is the body of the Father. There we have the Father, the Spirit in Vulcan. We have

the Christ, the Spirit in the Sun; and we have Jehovah, the Spirit in the Moon that sends the reflected light both physical and spiritual.

Before the advent of Christ all spiritual impulses came to man by way of the Moon as race religions. Only by Initiation was it possible to get into direct touch with the spiritual solar impulse. A veil hung before the temple.

When the time arrived that the Christ Spirit could be entertained in the earth, when we had risen so far, a ray from the Cosmic Christ came and expressed through the body of our Elder Brother, Jesus. After the sacrifice on Golgotha had been completed, after the death of the body that He had occupied He drew Himself into the earth. Take His own words for this: in no other way can we account for that saying, "This is my body" as He showed the bread. It is the Earth Spirit that brings forth that bread. "This is my blood," He said lifting up the wine cup. The juices that are in the plant make the wine. It was not said, "This symbolizes my body or blood." He said unequivocally, "This is my blood."

In John 11-13 in our New Testament is stated: "He that eats my bread hath lifted up his heel against me." Luther, who translated it in Germany, and was not tied by any of the restrictions of the translators of the King James' Bible, put it, "He that eats my bread has trampled upon me." We do trample at every step we take upon the Earth Spirit, and that Spirit's body and blood is consumed among us, and that Spirit is waiting for the day of redemption when we shall be lifted so far from our material conditions that it shall be possible for the Earth Spirit to become liberated from its present cramped and dense existence.

The Christ Spirit then, is the first incoming of a direct spiritual impulse. We know that at the time when the Sun Spirit is in the northern regions—when we have the sun away up here at the summer solstice we have all the physical impacts upon the earth. We then get all the good there is in the sun along *physical* lines; that is the time when the grain and the grape are ripening and when everything is bringing forth in the physical world. Then the spiritual impulse is abrogated for the time being; but when later the sun goes into the winter solstice in December the

spiritual impulse is strongest. Also we have the spiritual impulse stronger in the night than in the daytime. There were times when the churches were open all night, but closed in the middle of the day, for that was known to be the time of greatest darkness so far as spiritual influences were concerned. However, when we remember these things, we can see that at the time when the days are the shortest and the nights are the longest, on that Holy Night that we speak of, when the Christ is born as a Sun who is to lighten our darkness—the spiritual influence is then strongest, and can be reached easiest. This great truth is at the bottom of the vision of the Star in the Holy Night, illuminating the longest and darkest night in the year.

In the olden times, in the time before Christ came, only a chosen few could follow the Path of Initiation. No one could seek the Path, no one could get beyond the point where the rest of humanity were, save a few chosen ones, such as the priests and the Levites. These were brought to the temples and there herded together. They were married to one another in a certain way, certain people were mated with a definite end in view, namely that they might develop the proper laxity between the vital body and the dense body that is necessary to Initiation. A separation has to take place in the vital body in order that we may lift the two higher ethers out, and leave the other two. That could not be done with the ordinary humanity; they were yet much in bondage to the desire body, they must wait until a later time.

Even with the people who lived around those temples it was very dangerous work to free them. It could be done best at certain times and this longest night was one of those times. When the greatest spiritual impulse is here, the Initiates have a better chance to get in touch with it than at any other time of the year. So on the Holy Night which we call Christmas, it was usual for the Wise Men—those who were beyond the ordinary humanity—to take the ones who were also becoming wise and therefore entitled to Initiation into the temples. Certain ceremonies were performed and the candidates were entranced. They could not at that time be given an Initiation in their full waking state; it had to be done in trance.

When the spiritual perception was awakened in them, they could see through the earth, not seeing any detail but the earth became transparent, as it were, and they saw the Star at midnight, the spiritual sun.

Previous to the coming of Christ, the earth was worked upon from without, as the group spirit works upon the animals. Christ came to work from within. Before that when neophytes were to be brought in touch with Him, they could see during that Holy Night, the Star of the Christ when the Immaculate Virgin was on the eastern horizon and the little Sun Child of the coming year was starting towards the Northern Hemisphere to save us from the darkness, hunger and want that would result without Him. Then these Wise Men could see the Star in the Holy Night which is the spiritual hope of man as the physical sun then born is his material savior.

Do not think it shone only at that time: it is easier now than then to see it, for when Christ

came He altered the vibrations of the earth and is changing them all the time. He "rent the temple veil," He made the Holy of Holies, the place of Initiation, open to "Whomsoever will!" From that time on there is no more trance needed, no more subjective states in order to go through Initiation. There is a conscious going forth into the Temple by every one who *wills to come*.

And in time that religion that He brought to us will drive away all the sorrows, will dry the tears from all eyes. Where there has been war, there will be peace, and as surely as He came to bring that sword that will liberate man from the national spirit and make him an individual that is capable of being a brother to every man—so surely as He came to do this work so surely as the first part of His prophecy has been fulfilled, so will that other grand and glorious prophecy, that men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks be fulfilled also.

The Vision of the Path

An Allegory of a Soul's Pilgrimage Through Earth Life

(Part II cont.)

F. J. HAARHOFF

"**F**RIEND, GOD IS omnipotent; He is all-righteousness, all love. He doth save all! Everyone, each and all of His children He saves. Not one of the Father's children can be lost. They are all precious in His eyes. Thou speakest thus because the clouds of ignorance do yet befog thy understanding, because not yet hast thou learned thy lessons, nor hast thou gathered wisdom, in the school of experience. Go! Walk upon thy way, and the time shall come when thou shalt gather knowledge of thy Father and then thou shalt be more wise. Then shalt thou know that there is no death, no perdition, no Hell!

"The Father did not create any of his children imperfect; they were all created good in the image of their Father. No child of God can die or be lost. Every child of the Father shall be gathered safely into His fold, at the last.

There is no power of darkness that can withstand the law, which is LOVE DIVINE!

"The time must come in the life of every child of God, that his soul shall hunger and thirst, shall yearn for the Home of his Father. Then shall he seek, and when he seeks, then must he find, for such is the *law*. Then shall the Great Law guide his footsteps towards the Path, which is the Way of the Christ; and when his feet are on the Path, then must he learn the inmost Secret of the great mystery of love."

"Yet dost thou speak in riddles beyond my comprehension, in mystery beyond my solving," I cried in great despondency, for I was of a mind to solve this problem. And yet—and yet—I knew not what to do or say, for I was still unresolved, filled with indecision.

I was of two minds, drawn hither and thither! Fain would I walk that Path and solve the

mystery of that Great Secret; fain would I rise up, up to the Mountain Tops of Glory, goal of my desires, there where my spirit had in vision breathed the atmosphere of love, of wisdom, and of peace! Fain would I mount up to victory, to the attainment of my vision. But also was I drawn to my lady of the car, the beautiful being, whose love I much desired, whose womanly graces entranced my desires.

"I also do hunger and thirst for the Mountain Tops of Glory. I also would seek and find the solution of the mystery of love; and yet, methinks thou dost bar my way, cause me to be feared, that I cannot solve the inner Secret, which shall enable me to conquer the steepness of the Path."

"Friend," said the Angel with great earnestness, but with love supreme, "Friend, thou never canst walk that path, while fear fills thy soul. Thou never canst solve the mystery of the secret until thou dost learn to *love*!"

"But," I replied with resentment in my voice, "I do love! I love the glory of my vision; I would love to solve the mystery; I would love to conquer, to attain victory!"

"Nay, friend, thou dost not love," and his voice sank to a whisper of sadness, of pity and of compassion. "Thou dost not yet know the love which is divine, the love which the Christ taught. Thy love is pride, is vanity, is self! Go, friend, go walk in the Great Road of experience, go gather wisdom, go gather knowledge, that you may learn to know love. Thou canst not walk in the Way of the Christ, until thou hast learned to know Love!"

As I bowed my head in disappointed failure and sadness, my lady of the car, who had listened to all our discussion with patience, and also with interest, now placed her soft hand gently upon my own and spoke once more in her rich voice of allurements:

"He speaks truly, soul of my soul! Only love can teach thee the way to attainment. I am thy love. Come with me! I shall teach thee the true love. Seest thou, God knew that thou didst need to learn love and He sent me to thee to teach thee love. I am His messenger to thee; I am the handmaiden of the Lord; I shall teach thee conquest, give thee victory. I shall be thy inspiration, thy guide to the Mountain Tops of Glory.

I will make thee great in the world. I will give thee thy heart's desire. Come sweet love, come sit by my side, and thou shalt taste the nectar of the gods. All thy life thou hast been lonely, henceforth thy cup shall be filled with bliss unto the brim. Come love, come."

The seduction of her beauty was beyond resistance, the blandishments of her voice drew me to her as to a magnet. I turned once more to the Angel of Light to seek help, to further argue the point, but he who was spirit and could read my own thoughts better than I could myself, already saw that his mission was fulfilled, his message given.

"Fare thee well, friend," said he. "God bless thee, guide thee, keep thee. May love come to thee and teach thee wisdom." With a wave of his hand he was gone, but like a far distant echo I heard his voice once more:

"I shall meet thee again when thou seekest the Path in very truth. God speed thee."

* * * * *

Softly, gently, sweetly she took my hand and drew me in, onto the soft cushions by her side. She folded her arms around me, covered my face with the kisses of her lips. The sweet sense of her body ravished my senses; her beauty fascinated, her charm enraptured! In a state of entranced ecstasy, I sank into her arms. With imperceptible motion we sped on, on, on by the Great Road, the Way of Experience, the way so broad, so easy, so pleasant to the senses!

Part III

"WIDE IS THE GATE"

GAUDY PALACES, resplendent mansions, gardens of flowers and fruits, places of refreshment and revelry, bands of music and singers, crowds of wayfarers and merrymakers, did we pass as we glided on by the Great Road. Rich and poor, great and small, wise and foolish, bad and good, all sorts and conditions of men did we meet and pass.

Little did we heed our fellow travelers, nor did they heed us. Each one was intent upon his own pleasure, his own gain, his own SELF.

Sights of sadness, of sorrow, of joy, of heedless revelry, of success, of disaster, of weeping, and of laughter alternated our experiences as we swept past in disregard of all else, wrapped as

we were in the joy of our own love.

For some days we journeyed pleasantly, unmindful of the future, forgetful of the past. Like two lovesick butterflies we meandered from flower to flower, from revelry to revelry, from feasting to music, from strenuous pleasure to restful indolence as we journeyed on, for there was no lack of opportunity to share in the joys of those who journeyed by the "Road."

For some days the enchantment of my lady lulled the pangs of conscience, soothed all thoughts of regret, caused the memory of my vision to fade into vague remembrance.

My lady was exceedingly sweet in the blandishments of her love, in the flatteries of her preferment, but when satiety began somewhat to cloy, the glamour of romance grew less, memory began to return, conscience to wake.

I began to think, to ask questions.

Was my lady guiding me to the goal of my desires, to the Mountain Tops of Glory, as she had promised? Was she the Messenger of Love, or was she but the embodiment of passion? Was she in very truth the handmaiden of the Lord? Was she filled with the inspiration of the truth as she had averred or were these but the sophistries of passion?

I began to speak of these matters and to trouble my lady with my doubts. When she saw that my heart was still hungering for my vision, for the glory and mystery of the PATH, she began to increase the intensity of her blandishments, the sweetness of her flatteries.

She told me that she was a prophetess, a seer of visions. She could foretell the future, could read fate. She declared that she also had dedicated her life to service, consecrated her gifts to do the work of the Master. She professed to know the very inner mystery of the Secret, the Secret of Attainment.

She flattered me with promises of greatness and achievement. She promised to raise me to the pinnacle of power, of wisdom, of service for the good of humanity. No one could be greater than I in all the world, no one accomplish greater service for the Master. She told me that I was the "Chosen of the Lord" to be His witness on earth, to bring light to those in darkness, to save from destruction those who traveled upon the Road.

Yet was I not content, for I am always given to probing the inmost depths of all things; shallow sophistries could not convince me. Reason also demanded to be persuaded. I said that I could not believe in my own greatness, could not believe that I was worthy to serve the Master, fulfill His purposes, to be His minister, for were we not living in sin, in the defilement of the pleasures of the Great Road? My conscience told me that He who is all purity could only use pure instruments and our present journeyings in life were not pure.

Then my lady redoubled the sophistries of her blandishments. She told me that our mode of life was not sin, was not transgression; she said that it was a gift, a gift divine to compensate us for past sufferings, past pain and loneliness, that our present mode of life was permitted in order to cement our souls in unity, that we might be one, might be reunited in perfect love for greater service, for more perfect ministering, that we were permitted to transgress in order to learn tolerance, sympathy and understanding so that we should be more able to help others.

Almost did her sophistries convince me, for I greatly desired to continue in the ecstasy of her love, but yet did I faintly protest that evil could not overcome evil. Then did she tell in great triumph, and in convincing assurance that the Master, Himself, had appeared to her in a vision, and had told her that all was well, that our union, our transgression was permitted for special purposes, for the fulfillment of His service, that our transgressions were not sin, because we two had risen to such a high state of evolution that we were *free*, free from and above all LAW! That law was only for those who were evolving, that she and I were now past the bondage of law: we were free!

Such sophistries would not have convinced me—for I am of a logical mind and possessed of good reasoning powers—was it not for the fact that I much desired to be persuaded. The tentacles of my heart's love had already become entwined with the love of her heart.

All my life I had been lonely. I had sought love, but had sought vainly. Never did I find a being to whom I could give love for love, to whom my soul could go forth in homage and

adoration. My lady was altogether lovely. I loved her body, I loved her mind, I loved her very soul. In truth did I feel that my love was pure, was free from the law, because the love of my soul was greater than the love of my body. I adored the beauty of her mind, more than the beauty of her person. Almost was I persuaded that her soul was my soul, that we were one. Such was the power of her enchantment that I was entranced: I lived in a dream. I was persuaded that no longer could I live without the love of my friend, that it would be death to sever my soul from her soul. I believed her when she said that all souls were twain, that no one half of a soul could ascend to the Mountain Tops of Glory, that attainment was only possible when the twain became united and cemented by love into one being.

And thus we floated on in the dream of love, in the enchantment of our own delusions. The glamour of our romance was yet bright, the bloom of love was not yet worn thin. While the charm of our illusions lasted, the Great Road still pleased, continued to delight our senses.

But gradually and imperceptibly the bloom of love began to wear away; as the days passed, the glamour of our enchantment to grow less. And then—before we were aware of the fact—the Road passed away from the precincts of the mountains, to grow less easy, less beautiful, less pleasant to look upon. Away from the mountains it meandered, away down into the valleys, the low-lying deserts. Almost before we knew and recognized the great change, the road became surrounded by morasses, by swamps, and dark and damp growths of ill-smelling weeds and bushes. The flowers had ceased to adorn our way, the places of revelry and refreshment had vanished.

We were traveling amid scenes of desolation, amongst dangers unknown and amidst terrors unseen.

As the pleasantness of the road grew less, my lady's beauty also seemed to fade more and more. Her smile became less sweet, her words less kind, the bloom of her cheeks more pale; no more did she flatter me with promises of greatness, with sophistries of my merits. Now she began to speak words of impatience, of bitterness, of reproaches and of faultfinding. No

longer did she encircle my neck with the softness of her arms, nor cover my lips with kisses. She evinced only tokens of weariness, of aversion and satiety!

Yet I did not cease to love her, for my love was less carnal, less born of the passions, more pure, more faithful, than was the love of the body. My soul cried out for the love of her soul. My heart craved for the faith of her heart, my mind for the light of her mind. Then I began to pray my lady to turn back from this evil road, that we should return to the PATH, which was straight and narrow, but which led direct to the glory of my vision, the Mountain Tops of Attainment.

But my prayers only caused my lady to fall into a temper, to cast much abuse at me, and pour reproaches upon me for having led her into such scenes of desolation, such vistas of unpleasantness.

Then, one day, when the Road had vanished into indistinctness, because of the morasses and mists which enfolded us, and when I had gone forth to search for a better and more distinct Road, I returned to find my lady in pleasant converse with another man.

She appeared to be much pleased with the words of the stranger, and to be greatly taken by his pleasant manners and the stately beauty of his person.

When I returned to her she received me with great coldness and much scorn, because I told her there was no other Road, and that it would be best to return by the way we had come, and to seek the better Path.

"Go thou and return to thy Path of stones and thorns. Go seek thou the better Path. I will have no more to do with thee. Never again will I travel with thee. Henceforth do I travel with this gentleman, who is a better friend than thou. He shall not lead me into such a desolation of mire and morass, for he knows the Road; he shall be the partner of my journey."

My heart was torn with pain and grief, for much did I love my lady. In spite of all my prayers and pleadings, she drove off with the pleasant looking stranger, giving me only unkind words of derision and abuse, in return for my pleading that she should not break my heart by her cruelty, that she should not desert me in

the mire of morass and in the midst of the dark mists which enfolded me.

When I thus found myself alone and desolate, I fell down into the mire of the Road and wept. In utmost despair I lay all day and all night, seeking no comfort, desiring no nourishment, drinking my own tears, feeding on my own sorrow. Methought my heart was breaking, my soul perishing, my spirit dying.

I had never suffered thus in all my life, in all my past loneliness I had never felt so utterly alone, so deserted and so heartlessly abandoned! My brain was reeling and my sanity was endangered.

I know not whether I sorrowed most for my own pain, for my own breaking heart, or because of the failure of her whom I had learned to worship, to adore as an Angel of Light, as God's Messenger of Love, as the handmaiden of the Lord. Methinks my greatest sadness was because my idol of gold had crumbled to dust like an idol of clay, because my Angel of Light had degenerated to a harpy of passion, of heartless cruelty and of base inconstancy.

How long I lay in the mire mourning, weeping, sorrowing, regretting, repining, I cannot tell. It may have been days, it may have been years! There is no time in Eternity. My heart ached until it could ache no more. My soul sorrowed in pain and woe, till pain was absorbed in oblivion.

But God's Spirit ever watcheth!

When I had suffered to the end of my endurance, when I had learned my lesson contained in the occurrence, when I had extracted the essence of the wisdom taught by the experience, when I began to think that death alone could ease my sorrow, my repining, I felt a hand as the hand of God's Spirit touching my heart and whispering in accents sweet and low, "PEACE!" With the word, peace descended upon me as a balm of healing. My throbbing heart grew calm. My aching soul lifted up from the mire and looked upward.

I began to pray and with prayer came better thoughts—thoughts of resignation, thoughts of higher aspiration. Memories of my vision floated before my eyes of spirit.

The more I prayed, the greater my peace; the longer I worshiped the more complete my calm.

I would return on my way, I would again seek the Path, the straight, the narrow way. I would mount up to the Mountain Tops of Glory, and there at last would I find solace, would attain love, truth and wisdom. All was not yet lost. God is merciful, Christ is compassionate. I had gathered new experience on the road, learned new wisdom. It may be that now I should be able to enter into the inner mystery of the Secret, the Secret of the love which is divine.

I fell upon my knees, filled with the ecstasy of the spirit; in the heights of aspiration, I prayed. I made full renunciation of all earthly joys, of all carnal desires. My very love I renounced, and made sacrifice to my God, my Father. To Him I renounced the love of woman, to Him I consecrated the love of my heart in all its fullness, in absolute service.

And as I prayed and while I thus renounced my earthly love, I felt my peace grow, my life return. I know that my Father had accepted my renunciation, the dedication of my heart's love to Him.

I rose to my feet, and lightened of my burden of woe, set out upon my journey to return to the PATH which leads to glory.

Not that I had ceased to think of my lady; I still felt for her love, but not love of the body; I only desired the love of her soul, the love which is pure, is of the spirit. To God did I return all other love, to Him did I surrender all desire, to Him also did I commend her soul, and prayed that He might also cause her to return to the PATH, the PATH which leads to attainment.

Eased in mind and conscience by the fervor of my renunciation, I sped with a light, free heart upon my return, for my burden was eased.

I had made my renunciation in earnestness, and in good faith, but it must be admitted that it had not been made in willing repentance, but under the compulsion of necessity. Therefore it had to be tested and tried—tested in the fire of temptation.

I had not been speeding long upon my way to return, when I once more heard the familiar purring of my lady's car, and in a moment she was once more at my side, seated alone in the luxury of her cushions.

With a glad cry of joy and recognition she

greeted me with the vivacity of former days, and begged me to enter the car and once more join her on the Great Road of Life.

"But where is thy new friend?" I demanded.

"Oh, he is departed. I loved him not. I only love thee, the love of my heart."

"But thou didst say that thou wouldst journey no more in my company, and that thou wouldst journey henceforth only with him." I declared, for I was not of a mind to be thus discarded and picked up again like a toy.

"I only wished to test thy love, my friend, to try thy constancy," she pleaded with her usual alluring sweetness. "The man wearied me by prating of his other love, his other mate, and I could journey no more with such as he. Come, sweet love, I have returned for thee. Let us resume our journey together, and once more abide in the love of our souls."

"But thou dost not love me any more," I persisted for I was not pleased with the pain and hurt she had inflicted upon me and would not yield at her mere word of invitation.

"My soul, I love only thee. I shall prove my love to thee, my true love, once more as in the days that are past."

"That may not be, for I have renounced thy love. I have given all my love to God and have told Him that henceforth I will surrender all my love to Him. My love is no more my own, it has all been consecrated to my God."

"That may be," she replied with her usual suavity, "but 'tis because thou didst surrender thy love to God, therefore doth He return it all to thee. Because thou didst renounce all thy love to Him, therefore doth He give it all back to thee in greater measure than ever before. He shall now fill thee with such love as thou hast never experienced before. Such is the essence of the Love of God, the more thou givest to Him, the more He returneth to thee! Come, sweet love; accept the gift of the gods. Do not refuse the love He is giving thee because of thy surrender."

I continued to protest, but in spite of all that I could say, she so filled me with the sophistries of her arguments, that in very shame because of her pleading, I forgot my renunciation, my promises to my Father and I yielded: I surrendered to her will, and once more fell into the lust of carnal love, into the mire of the great Road.

Once more we traveled together on the Easy, the Broad Way, my lady and I.

But the bloom of the fruit was now worn thin, worn to nothing: the glamour of romance had departed. There was no lasting joy in the love which I had once surrendered, no happiness in the pleasure I had renounced.

There was no longer any illusion for me in the sophistries of my lady, no faith in the flatteries which I now knew to be false.

I no longer had faith in her protestations of purity, in her pretended revelations of visions and of service. Her beauty had no enchantment for me because I knew that it was superficial. Her voice no longer soothed, because I knew that it was false. I tried to be kind, I pretended to believe in her, but hypocrisy had never been a vice with me: I never could pretend what I did not feel. She soon saw that I no longer had faith in her promises, that I did not believe in her mission of service that she was the handmaiden of God.

This knowledge angered and humiliated her. She accused me of being utterly selfish, that I desired only my own aspirations, to follow only my own light. I could but be silent and abstain from argument, for lying was not my nature. Once more the Road degenerated to vileness, became painful and unpleasant in the traveling. We had to pass through forests of darkness, through deep rivers of uncertainty. Wild beasts howled, robbers threatened us and poisonous reptiles beset our way.

Because our love was carnal, because it was founded upon falsity, therefore did it fail us in the trial of adversity, even now on the second trial. Even the experience of the past could not teach patience, forbearance, truth, faith!

(To be continued)

If we looked for people's virtues and the faults refuse to see,

What a pleasant, cheerful, happy place, this world would surely be.

—Selected

Always remember, it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

The Babe of Bethlehem

LIZZIE GRAHAM

FROM TIME TO TIME great painters have portrayed the birth of the Child Jesus in Bethlehem, and truly beautiful have been many of the conceptions. Such is the picture by Burne-Jones, whose mother died at his birth. He never knew a mother's love yet he has put a wonderful touch of tenderness in the face of the Babe who clings tightly to the mother's dress as he sits on her knee and turns timidly to view the three Magi who present their gifts.

"Do you really think the story of the Magi is true?" asked a friend while watching Burne-Jones painting "The Star of Bethlehem."

"It is too beautiful not to be true," was the artist's answer.

Today, unfortunately, some people are questioning the authenticity of many Bible stories, but the esoteric meaning can never be anything but true.

Every day children are born among us; souls young and old return to earth life to gain more experience, to clear off old debts, and to help their brothers. Each year of their lives gives them opportunities for growth, physical, and spiritual, and sometimes in their chain of lives a new, a deeper, a mysterious birth will be accomplished; the birth of the Christ within. But this can only occur when purity reigns in the heart as it did in Mary's, when all desires are for helping others, not of gain for self. At that time we will wish to offer to the newborn Saviour, gold, myrrh, and frankincense, which esoterically stand for spirit, soul, and body, all of which are given to the new King, the Christ.

Spirit is symbolized as gold. It is thus spoken of in the Niebelungen Ring, a ring which was made from the stolen gold by Alberich. Spirit was thus debased and became the dense body. The alchemists are spoken of as transmuting base metal into gold, and we must by spiritual alchemy purify the dense body that it may again become gold (spirit) and thus present it to the newborn Christ.

Myrrh is the extract from an aromatic plant growing in Arabia. It is rare, and stands for the soul, an essence, extracted by experiences in the physical body.

Incense was the gift of the third Magi. It is a physical substance often used in spiritual services. We find it used in the Tabernacle in the Wilderness as a vehicle for producing certain conditions and affording an avenue for spiritual forces. (But incense must only be handled by a "Wise Man." (See Rev. 8:3). It was only allowed to be used by the high priest and was burned to help transmute the sins of the people.

The first gift to the newborn King, the Christ within, is the control of the physical body. We ask that He will rule over all the kingdoms of our earth and aid us in putting all the heathen, or erring parts, completely under His rule.

The second gift is soul, extracted from the deeds done in our physical bodies. The soul is the spiritual essence of our work on earth, be it good or evil, but the evil will pass away and only the good be preserved to carry over from life to life.

The third gift is the sweet savor, the incense made by our pleading for others, our prayers for those in whom the Christ has not yet been born.

It is significant that Jesus was born on the longest night of the year, and it is usually when all seems darkest around us and we are in despair that we offer our hearts to Christ for His throne. He comes as a sweet babe and soothes us with His loving touch, but as a babe we must nourish Him; we must tenderly care for Him or He may be forced to leave us for a time. There will come a season when the conditions around us may cause us to "hide the young child and flee into Egypt," but remember that a time came in the Bible story when all those who sought the life of the young child were dead. So it is with us. If we faithfully guard that which has come to birth within us we may fearlessly stand up for our beliefs; then rapidly the Child will grow till one day He will desire to "be about my Father's business" and we will hear the call, "Come work today in My vineyard." Then we may go to work, shouting to our fellowmen, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates that the King of Glory may come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, the Lord mighty in battle. He is the King of Glory. He is the King of Peace."

Number Vibration

The Birth Force

C. W. STILES

PART II

THE ANSWER to the questions, "What is my special work in life?" and "What means have I with which to do it?" is to be found by a study of number vibration.

To find the birth force, the month, day and year are necessary. The hour is of no importance. Your attachment to the earth is known by the quality of currents shown by your month; your activities are indicated by the quality of your day; your teacher is the kind shown by the quality of your year, and the digit of the three combined gives the spirit force which always abides with you, and shows the kind of power you have with which to attack your material and the heights you may ultimately reach.

The digit of spirit force of the name you are using, shows your rate of consciousness, or what you can understand. The digit of the vowels in your name, shows the inmost desire of your soul. The probability is that you will find the vowel digit also in your birth force, showing that to attain what is indicated by your vowel digit is a part of this life's work for you.

Your name stands as the record of past achievements. That can be changed and as soon as you advance to a higher level of consciousness through the experiences shown by your birth path, you will automatically make some change in your name to show the growth you have made.

The digit of your birth will tell you the work you came to do in this life. This cannot be changed, but if you do the work intended for you it must be met.

The separate digits for month, day and year show the substances which are positively related to you. The digit of the three combined will show the force at your command with which to attack these substances. (The substances related to these various digits, are those showing the same vibration.) This birth force is your working instrument for use during all your life. By constantly using your own special force, and by constantly attacking the special substances positively related to you, you will grow into a higher

relationship of consciousness which will show out in your name.

In order that you may understand the meaning of your birth force after you have found it, I quote from one of Mrs. L. Dow Balliett's books:

- 1 means unity and creation: its color is flame. It seeks to light up dark places and sometimes acts as a consuming fire.
- 2 means collecting: its color is gold.
- 3 means expression: its color is a flame of gold.
- 4 means mental and physical force: its colors are blue and green.
- 5 means new life and sex: its color is pink; it seeks expression in the region just beyond sight.
- 6 means a cosmic mother: its colors are heliotrope, scarlet, and orange.
- 7 means the fullness of the earth: its colors are magenta and purple.
- 8 means resurrection—free forms: its color is canary.
- 9 means full expression on all planes: its colors are red and brown; it seeks to express love.
- 11 means a priest, a messenger: its colors are white, violet, yellow and black. It seeks to express wisdom.
- 22 means co-operation: its colors are cream and coral. It seeks to touch all things.

In order to make our meaning clear we will illustrate by example. Following the rule of "ladies first," we will begin with a girl. Her name is Sybil March. To know what she can understand we will take her vibration thus:

S	vibrates	1
y		7
b		2
i		9
l		3

Adding we get22

We do not add 22.

March in the same way shows

M	vibrates	4
a		1
r		9
c		3
h		8

Adding 25

Added for digit equals 7.

Her vowel urge is represented by the i of Sybil and the a of March making 10 which equals a digit of 1. So we have for study a young woman whose consciousness is represented by 22-7 and her soul's desire is to express the 1.

She is a master mind with a clear understanding of most things pertaining to the material plane with which she is perfectly competent to deal. The vowels in her name of which the digit or spirit force is 1, show that she especially longs to be a creator and to express unity with the whole. Now what kind of work is necessary to round out this old soul to perfection? And what kind of materials did she bring with her to work with? She was born October, (the 10th month) 11, 1885, so her numbers are 1-(10)-11-22. The vowel in her name is repeated in her month, which indicates that 1 is the power which drew her to earth at this time. 11 indicates that she must be a messenger of high spiritual truths. The repetition of the 22 of her name would rather indicate that in a previous embodiment she had not fully accomplished her work, although we should judge from the indications that she had put up a good fight. *Her activities are shown by the 11 of her day*, so we should advise her to make them chiefly spiritual with no thought of price or self involved. With such a high vibration both of name and birth force, the probability is that worldly goods have come to her without effort so that she can use all her time as God's messenger.

We will now study a different sort of character.

Julia Horner vibrates for Julia.....8

Horner.....6

14

Added together gives a total of 5.

So Julia Horner has a consciousness expressed by 5. Her great desire is, as her vowels show 3-9-1-6-5- which added give 24. Added again they equal 6. Five is the most fascinating of all numbers, the most versatile, and one of the best talkers. Her soul urge is towards 6 which means motherhood. 5 means new life and sex. To know what would be the best work in life to develop Julia Horner we study her birth data. She was born May 6, 1890. The numbers therefore are 5-6-9. These added to find the force she has at her command give 20 or a digit of 2. 2 is the second number of the creative trinity but is weak when standing alone without the 1. This is probably why she has so strong a teacher as weak souls are always given extra help.

The 5th of May (the fifth month) shows her attachment to the earth and 5 means new life and sex. Her activities are shown by her day which is 6. This number represents a cosmic mother and speaks always for motherhood. This is also the desire of her heart as shown in her vowel digit. So we judge her activities will be expended mainly in her own family, caring for her children. Her materials are represented by cultivate, flowers, machinery and many other things as told by the vibration of different words. As the mineral of 2 is gold, we deduce that Julia will use money freely in attacking her problems, and let us hope that she will make good use of the machinery of her 6.

Having tried to show the most elementary principles of reading the character from number vibration, the writer hopes her efforts may enable some earnest souls to work out their own vibrations and find out what their names have to tell them as well as the path in life laid out for them to walk in. A careful use of the birth colors may be a great help in attainment, as well as the use of the gems belonging to the vibrations. A person should be strong enough to attract to himself his name gems, but his birth stones he will probably be obliged to buy.

Too much talking, like too much thinking, destroys the power of action. In human nature the thought is only made perfect by deed. Silence is the mother of both.—*Albert Pike*.

Our Christmas Spirit

ARLINE D. CRAMER

“**H** COME, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant come let us adore Him” as He would have us adore Him in the light of the Western Wisdom teachings. Pouring out our hearts, full of love for our divine Saviour who gave Himself into age-long bondage that we might awake to our divinity, let us not hesitate to offer ourselves in fullness, crying, “Oh make me wholly Thine, to be a channel for thy Holy Grail among the children of men.”

In the lesson on “Magic, White and Black,” Mr. Heindel states that the Elder Brothers of the Holy Grail live on love and unselfish service which they gather and garner from all who work to live the life, and this they add to the lustre of the Holy Grail which in turn radiates a stronger influence upon all who are spiritually inclined, imbuing them with greater ardor, zeal, and zest in the great work of overcoming evil. The White Grail forces need this food for the continuance of their existence and for power to fight evil. Unless they get it they starve and grow weak. Only think of our glorious privilege! We may be part of the manifested strength of Christ in the world, just in the proportion that we give at this time of the year as He gave.

Woe unto us if we give not in the spirit of His giving. Alas! how many unenlightened ones give at Christmas in a spirit of weariness, annoyance, indifference, or are driven by a sense of duty. All our gifts are spiritually worthless if we give not ourselves with our gifts, in a spirit of love that recognizes Christ as being strengthened in the good we manifest.

How joyously we play a set at tennis giving our energies in utter abandon as we strive in the pleasant contest. Then we rest while all our being rejoices in a riot of high vibrations due to the vigorous exercise. We are recuperated by His Life in us. Oh, may we find the way to give joyously, whole-hearted in wise ways revealed by love, for love's sake. Let us love one another

no longer for the self-gratification in the love of others but love one another for Christ's sake.

Just think over the opportunities of serving Him in our Christmas shopping. Patience with the telephone operators pleases our Lord. Fellowship people will shop as early as possible to leave the way clear for those who must purchase in the later times. Think what a steadily held thought of peace and love to all in your environment will mean in the crowded stores. Seek the opportunity of sending a helpful thought of steadiness and composure to the hurried saleswoman. You might carry an extra pencil or two to give when a point is broken; it saves time and begets a smile of kinship in the midst of the hurry and worry of rapid selling and buying.

If we will but carry the balm of the Christ Spirit into our Christmas shopping, the weariness at the end of the day will be peaceful and we shall see the quick inpouring of His life in response to our need.

Our dear Fellowship is a channel for the expression of the Christ Spirit. It is established for the age. Whether you or I give to it support in all ways shall not affect its glorious destiny, but we can make the way of the workers a little less arduous, we can add to the extent and rapidity with which this teaching goes to humanity if we will give *all* that we can, in the spirit of love. Christ's work in the world needs us body and soul and all that we have, for the forces of evil have been strengthened by the war, and ever seek to hinder our good.

If we serve Him well we shall know what it is to have a really spiritual Christmas, and come nearer to the holy privilege of seeing the Mystic Midnight Sun on Holy Night.

Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Mystical Music

ISABEL POWERS SECOR

TO SUFFERING humanity and their brothers in the animal, plant and mineral worlds, the governing forces of the universe do not always appear to work together for good. While passing through the cleansing fires of sorrow and of pain we find it hard to realize that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms," and that we are truly surrounded by a sea of benefic influences.

If our mineral brothers could speak, perhaps they would tell of the excruciating pain they suffer when being refined and molded into articles for our use, yet by constantly refining and improving the elements we bring them to a higher state of being. The music reproducing machine given to the world through Thomas Edison brings to us a message of heaven (music) but to the record, made up of our younger brothers, perhaps it brings a message of pain.

Science tells us that matter and energy are indestructible, so while the stone, which becomes a part of the record is lost, in the sense that the original shape of the stone has been lost, it appears again as the medium for artistic genius in the finished record.

Music is a spiritual esoteric art. In these days of materialism and analytical science it is pleasing to find an art which cannot be dissected by the surgeon's knife or analyzed by the chemist. Music must be considered from the spiritual viewpoint, otherwise it will elude our very thoughts, like a dainty will-o'-the-wisp. Rhythm, the first and lowest element of music, is the measure of time and space, the regulator of days, years and centuries. We find it hidden in the patter of raindrops, the ebb and flow of the tides, the rolling prairies, and the rugged mountains. We see its action in the cycles of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Without rhythm, art becomes chaotic and finally ceases to be found.

In referring to a musical composition we speak of measures, phrases, sections, and movements, thus unconsciously admitting the energy of rhythm.

The monks of the Middle Ages indicated triple rhythm by the use of a perfect circle (known as perfectum), which was regarded as a symbol of the Holy Trinity. Imperfection signified by the imperfect circle, represented duple rhythm.

Duple rhythm today is indicated by the up and down movement of the baton of our orchestra conductors. Thus 1 for 2-2, 2-4, 2-8 rhythms. The triangle stands as a symbol for 3-2, 3-4, 3-8, or the triple rhythms; the square is the symbol for quadruple rhythms, 4-2, 4-4, 4-8; the five pointed star is the symbol for 5-2, 5-4, 5-8 rhythms; the hexagon is the symbol for 6-8, and 6-4 rhythms; the triple triangle is the symbol for 9-8 and 9-4 rhythms, and 12-8, 12-4 rhythms are symbolized by the perfect circle. The seven pointed star is the symbol for 7-4 and 7-8 rhythms. We find the trines and squares of the stars, the very movements of the heavenly bodies, hidden in the rhythm of music.

The pianoforte, the universal instrument, is the material form which brings music to the majority of people. The seven and one-third octaves into which the tones are divided are symbols of the seven planets of our solar system. The one-third octave is symbolical of Neptune, which although outside our solar system, affects us in a slight degree. The seven octaves may also be taken as symbolical of the seven successive rebirths of our earth, the octave known as contra, representing the Saturn Period, the great octave, the Sun Period, the small octave, the Moon Period, the one lined octave, the Earth (Mars-Mercury) Period, the three lined octave, the Venus Period, and the four lined octave, the Vulcan Period.

Looking at the keys of each octave, we find seven white keys and five black keys or twelve in all. The five black keys are symbolic of those hierarchies which have aided us in the past: thus Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo represent *d, e, g, a, b*. The white keys, *c, d, e, f, g, a, b*, stands for those hierarchies which are still helping mankind, namely, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

The pianoforte (soft loud) signifies an instrument which is controlled by the touch of the musician. So it is with our lives; we may build our souls by symphonic chords of love and service or by choosing the wrong harmony we may tear down that which we have already built.

The *sonata*, *concerto*, *symphony*, *song*, *minuet*, *schерzo*, *rondo*, are names which we give to different forms of instrumental music. These forms are full of the living creations of a divine art and when listened to with concentration become a ladder which bears the mind and the soul heavenward. The earliest of vocal forms was the Catholic Mass, which is said to date back to the second century. The effect of repetition upon the soul, especially of musical devotions would be of a very high nature. The word *form* implies a builder, so before these musical forms existed, the invisible spiritual part, *tone*, was in manifestation. Tone and color in music are the builders of form. The true musician is also a builder, a creator, in the unseen realms, establishing in the minds and hearts of his fellow men the unseen thoughts of love, faith, and hope in God.

To many, color is the most characteristic fact in music. The preludes of Chopin are said to be dominated by the blue and gold of summer skies. Schumann in referring to some etudes by Szymanowska says, "They are tender blue wings that bear me upward." Henry Van Dyke in his *Ode to Music* refers to "the music light that glows with the arch of tones and colors seven."

Heinrich Heine in his *Florentine Nights* says, concerning Paganini's music, "So far as I am concerned, you know my musical second sight, the gift that I possess with every tone I hear, to see a corresponding tonal figure; thus it happened that with every stroke of his bow Paganini brought before my eyes visible forms and situations which were like a colored shadow play, in which by virtue of his violin playing he enacted the chief role. Even with the first stroke of his bow on the strings, the coulisses around him changed. He suddenly stood alone with his music stand, in a cheerful room that was decorated with a taste particularly gay; with highly ornamented furniture *a la Pompadour*. Everywhere were to be seen small mirrors, gilded cherubs, Chinese porcelains, a delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands, white gloves, tattered tulle,

false pearls, diadems and such ornaments as one finds in the boudoir of a prima donna."

The trained occultist tells us there are twelve colors in all, seven of which form the rainbow, and five (invisible to ordinary humanity) between red and violet. These five unseen colors correspond to the five black keys of the pianoforte and the seven visible colors to the seven white keys of the pianoforte. (*Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*).

Color and tone are both accompanied by vibrations—color vibrations traveling at a much greater rate of speed than the music vibrations. Color vibrations pass rapidly through a vacuum but this is not true of music vibrations. The vibrations of light, color, and warmth from the sun are the source of life on earth. Yet the vibrations of music from that heavenly body are not audible, due probably to the rarefaction of space, which is no doubt a wise provision of Mother Nature. Scientists know by means of the spectroscope that iron exists in the sun in the form of a gas. Can anyone doubt that such terrific combustion is accompanied by sounds not to be imagined! Rimmington and Edison are today seeking for the connection between sound and color. Perhaps in the future, science will have much to disclose concerning music and color.

The vibrations of music supply to plastic, dormant forms the force of motion—energy. Bits of paper placed upon the sounding board of a grand piano will march in circles when that instrument is played. A violin bow drawn across a plate of sand will arrange the shifting particles in beautiful geometrical figures.

In McDowell's *Sea Pieces* one can hear the tones of the sea in the rhythmic breaking of the surf on the beach, and in the roar of the waves.

The works of Debussy sound the tones of budding trees and blossoming flowers. If we listen to nature we hear the songs of many colored birds, chirping insects, and humming bees. All of these combined tones of Nature form the keynote of the earth, which is its tone.

Melody is the source of beauty in music for it brings joy and happiness. It is the life blood of music.

Harmony is the glowing heart of music and love according to Shakespeare is celestial har-

mony. Pythagoras taught us the doctrine of "the Harmony of the Spheres," according to which each planet has its definite tone. In their paths around the sun they sound the heavenly symphony, which is the source of our earthly music. Even our greatest composers are only able to catch the most plaintive echoes of that sphere music, and then only when in a most exalted state of mind. The composer brings to earth a message to the soul (music) from its heavenly home. He is the channel through which God's love flows down to mankind. The artist gives to his audience a revelation of his inner life, the very key to his soul.

Through music, God is lovingly, persistently, looking after struggling humanity and in spite of their mistakes bringing them to a realization of their better selves. Music is coming more and more into its own. We find it in the church, the concert hall, the home and in the moving picture show, rendering service to the souls of men.

Listening in its deepest sense to music is a voluntary act of contemplation. It is a prayer of the highest type. How very appropriate it is to have soft beautiful music during the prayer service in our churches! While our minds are turned to God, the music fills every corner of the church, elevates our thoughts, fills our hearts with its mellow radiance, and purifies our spiritual bodies. Truly the good organist is a minister of music; his soul attuned to the melodies of music, possesses a glorious talent of rarest value: he is indeed a messenger from the heaven worlds, a missionary of highest type, sent to awaken us to our higher selves, to bring us back to ultimate reunion with the source of every good and perfect gift.

God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

—H. W. Longfellow.

The Strange Shepherd

R. T. OAKLEY

A CQUAINTANCES ARE sometimes made in unusual places and at unexpected times, and it was under these conditions that I first met my friend.

It was during the early morning in the park, as the sun cast forth rays of golden light which filtered through the numerous trees bordering the lake of blue, that I became aware I was not alone.

"What a beautiful morning, my friend, and with Christmas so rapidly approaching, bringing with it the great Christ Love! It all reminds me of the tale of the Strange Shepherd. Did you ever hear it?"

Rather an unusual greeting, you will admit, but the voice was so sweet and musical, and its charm so great, that I informed him that it would indeed be a pleasure to listen to his story, and thus I was drawn away from the Land of the Golden Poppy.

Elkanah-ben-Jochanan having died of a fever left his little flock of sheep to his brother Nathan who was a doctor of the law, but having wearied of the different teachings of the Pharisees and Sadducees he decided to seek relief in caring for the flock. Now this little flock differed from most flocks by reason of it being the special flock of the temple, the chosen breed, and perhaps on account of this the animals were more sensitive, and required greater care.

It was not very long before they knew that this shepherd did not understand their needs. He traveled far and fast, for said he: "They must not have too much rest or they will become fat and lazy." He did not tarry long enough at the watering places lest "they drink too much and harm themselves" and at night he took no thought of the wind and shelter for "they were too timid, they must become hard and strong."

Some of the finer sheep missing love in his

voice, strayed away and joined other flocks, whenever an opportunity occurred. Others who were not able to stand against these new conditions fell behind and became the prey of wild animals, and those that were left became weather-beaten, and dejected with low hung heads, nodding from side to side as they traveled along the way. Nathan paid no attention to the pattering of the feet, the panting breath, and the bleating voice for they must be made strong, and he hearkened not unto the advice of his fellow shepherd for was not *he* a doctor of the law!

It was under the cold ridge of Tekoa that he gathered his flock for the night, and beside a little fire of thorns he lay down to sleep. How long he slept he knew not, but now he was awake. What was that great light? Behold there was an angel clad in shining raiment! Now there was a heavenly host present, accompanied by beautiful music and their voices sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men." Then there was darkness and once more all was still. What did it mean? As Nathan pondered over these things, he saw the moon, like a silver ball rest for one moment upon the western hills, then fall over, disappearing out of sight. The stars seemed to fade away and over the hills of Moab, like a grey wolf came stealing the dawn, only to be chased away, as it were, by a pale yellow light which unfolded into a rosy hue, the messenger of the great day star.

It was with surprise that he viewed a nearby sheepfold, with its grey stones and rude tower, and with haste that he journeyed to it.

"Peace be with you, brother! Know ye the glad tidings? This day is the King of Israel born in Bethlehem, for we have already seen him" were the greetings from the youngest shepherd.

"Tell me where I can find him, and do you care for my sheep when I am gone, and I will repay you when I return."

"Be it so, for it is good to see what we have seen" replied the young shepherd. He gave Nathan careful direction where to find the babe.

The strange shepherd traveled through the narrow streets of Bethlehem, across the courtyard of the great khan, to the stables half hollowed in the rock and beyond into a deeper grotto, where he met a middle-aged man.

"I am Nathan, a doctor of the law, and shepherd to the flock of my brother, and I seek Joseph of Nazareth. Art thou he?" was his greeting to this man.

"Thou sayest it. Seek ye also the babe?" replied the man. "If so, go ye in."

The child was softly dozing in the arms of the young mother, who bent over him in wonder and rapture as Nathan entered. "Hail thou chosen of women," he greeted her "might I see they first-born, before I depart hence?"

With what joy and love she held him forth awaiting eagerly the man's praise. Nathan however, saw nothing different in him, to distinguish him from other babes, and so he put the question:

"How will you care for him?"

"By love" was the reply.

"Why do you love him?" was the next question.

Mary's soft eyes shone with reproach, and then turned to pity, "How is it that you a shepherd do not understand?" was her gentle reply.

"I am a doctor of law" said he, still puzzled.

"I know nothing of that, but I love him for love's sake, because God gave him to me, and if thou art a shepherd, love thy sheep."

Mary then began to croon over her child while Nathan stood silently watching and thinking, and then quietly stole out.

He returned to the young shepherd who questioned him as to why his flock were so poor?

"My son" replied Nathan, "I sought to care for them by knowledge, but now my heart shall speak to them in love."

Once again we see the strange shepherd, but this time beside the still waters and green pastures; peace, health, and joy surround his flock as he pours forth love to them from out of his heart with a blessing on his lips to the Father for his meeting with the Mother and the Babe. Love has mended the hearts of his chosen flock.

* * * * *

"That, my friend is the tale of the Strange Shepherd, for love is the gift of the Shepherd to His flock; go and do thou likewise, and if thou wouldst increase thy love, increase thy faith and hope, for thou must have faith and hope

(Continued on page 303)

Our Journey Toward God

JULIA J. BRENNER

I AM GLAD that you have come to me, glad that I can put my arms about you while we talk, glad above all else that when you were in trouble you thought of me.

Again and again I have read your letter, read it carefully. I have listened for that undertone that I knew had lost itself in words, and when the words themselves had died away I caught the throbbing, sobbing note of the highest part of you, and then I understood.

Somewhere in some other life you have leaned on me. In some bygone days I have held you in my arms. I have clasped your baby fingers in my own strong hands and watched your tiny feet take their first steps. If I had had my way I would have smoothed the pathway for those tiny feet, I would have sent you out upon a level path all hedged about with roses—if I had had my way.

God took you from me, brought you back to earth and placed you on a rugged path. Cold, bitter winds have cut you on all sides and storms have bowed your head. Your face is drawn with pain and suffering, but that is why you came.

Oh! child of mine, look calmly at this sorrow in your path; it must needs be borne. It did not come to you by any chance of fate; it is your own. Sometime, somewhere, my child, this debt was made and now God wills that you should pay it back in full. There is no use to cringe, to falter, or to stop; the time is ripe to pay and you must square your shoulders and start upon the way.

Do not look out upon the world for help. Look up and in. You are God's child. Surely you know that what you conquer now comes not again to tempt you. Come, come, my child, be brave! Your spirit pleads with you to understand. It cannot see to help you, when you grieve. Be quiet! God is here. His hand could level all your path, but why? Some day you must climb this steep alone—then, why not now?

Relax, my child, relax! Say "God" just once and, say it reverently, and as you say it see a

golden light that floods the earth and radiates from Him. Open your hands that are all clenched in mine and let the sunlight strike your palms. Stop fighting those hot tears. Come, let them flow. So!

Close your drawn lids and lose yourself in Him. The golden light is all around you. See it bathes your eyes, your brain, your heart. Come, drink it in. Let yourself go, my child, 'tis God; come let Him in!

Now you are quiet and God helping us, my dear, we shall look your question in the face and bravely answer it, "What gain by all this sin and sorrow?" We shall not "guess" our answer. No! We *know*. Let us help each other so that we both may understand aright.

Come, once again give me your hand, trustingly, as in that bygone life when hand in hand together, we crossed the daisy fields. I know the way for I have walked it too, bleeding at every step.

The path is straight and narrow. Yes, I know yours is no zigzag path, but when you chose to walk the way with Him, you knew that this was so. There are no flowers on your path, you say, nor any birds to cheer you as you go. Oh! Is this true? Have you not wished to close your eyes and sought to dull your ears?

See everywhere, your God and mine! He looks at you from every pebble lying in your path, from every golden ray that floods the earth. The birds and flowers are His children too; He bids them call to you and urge you on. But you have eyes and ears for only that grim shadow in your path, the shadow of a cross. Child, darkness is a phantom only. Light alone is real. See God's love light shining through the rifts; how hard He tries to draw you straight through the darkness to the heights beyond!

I know that you have stumbled many times and fallen too. And there was one who pushed you as you walked and laughed to see you fall. Child, in the sight of God all this was meant to be. How could you gain in strength and not be

tempted? What if you did fall? Next time you cannot fall for you have stepped upon your lower self and by that act you formed a ladder firm beneath your feet, and looking down you knew that that was finished, and that in all the years and lives to come that part of you would be but a stepping-stone.

When some strong man is on the brink of that same danger whereon you fell, who could plead with him like you? Your robes are not so white that you have forgotten wholly all their sombre black. You know what weakness is; you know that one can struggle and still sin, can fight for strength and desperately pray for help and still fail piteously. Therefore out in God's vineyard is a place for you among the ones who fall.

Suppose a sister pilgrim by the way should grow weary, falter, stumble and fall. She is your sister and yourself. You have walked every step along her way and so you know. You have the right to help her. Go and serve! For in your long, long journey toward God, you have endured much sorrow, so you know.

There is no sin, no depth of darkest sin, that you have not at some time probed and so you know, and knowing you are fit to serve. You have no word of bitterness or scorn for these weak, undeveloped ones. How could you have?

Your fellow pilgrim is yourself; perhaps a little younger in life's school, but still, yourself. So, in your pilgrimage through sin and sorrow, this you have gained: the right to serve *because you understand*.

Come! *If you had not sinned, you would not know. If you had had no sorrow, you could not feel.* You have had both and you have truly earned your robe of service given by your King.

What does it mean that you are ready now, ready for helpership? What does it mean that you can go visibly and invisibly into the world of men and labor there? It means that God Himself has thrown about your shoulders, tired though they are, the robe of ministry. It means that He has garnered all your selfless yearnings, all your prayers for power to help some weaker pilgrim on the way and lo! in His good time He answers you. He touches with His wounded hands your eyes, poor tired eyes that have wept overmuch, and shows to you, oh, wondrous privilege! the sorrow of the world, His world, His children all, His jewels uncut though they are! And you, because of your long pilgrimage, are ready now for service in His world. Go, my child, your work is waiting! Waste no time! Attend your Father's will with cheerfulness! Hold up your head! And so go forth upon the narrow path that you, yourself, have chosen; go in prayer!

Consecration to the Divine Ideal

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

EVERY BRANCH of spiritual science is built around a divine ideal. There are so many varying opinions as to what constitutes such an ideal, that this article is an endeavor to explain the vastness, the well nigh infinite conception of the Rosicrucian student's divine ideals, and how the life is dedicated in consecration thereto.

Putting it simply, our ideal is to so live that we express the Christ consciousness as nearly as possible in every thought, word and deed: to

daily lay a life of service before the altar of humanity, to transmute every personal sorrow, every disappointment, every ambition into selfless love and work for others, to serve faithfully and untiringly, with no thought of compensation save the joy of serving. By so living day by day, slowly but surely is built the golden wedding garment in which when clothed, the ego may safely visit the invisible realms to minister there also in a larger measure of love and service. Does this ideal seem too high for attainment? Oh,

that everyone who approaches it might know the ecstasy of spirit that accompanies even the attempt to follow its way.

The Rosicrucian student endeavors to live so close to this ideal that everyone with whom he comes in contact feels an upliftment; he tries to make his very presence a benediction. I know an aspiring soul who never enters a street car, a theater, or any kind of public building but that she leaves a blessing there. She idealizes it always "as a shaft of light and a breath of roses." How often, one weary with burdens of the day upon taking the seat she has just vacated unexpectedly feels a strange upliftment, a sudden buoyance, new courage and added strength, or a swift elucidation of some perplexing problem. She works always eagerly, constantly and silently; her ideal is never to let an hour pass that she does not send out a wave of love and healing into the reflecting ether, to be consciously or unconsciously used by some one who needs it.

How often it is said that everyone should give so many hours a day to prayer and meditation! The ideal of the Rosicrucian student is to so live *every* hour of the twenty-four that his life is a prayer, a holy sacrifice of self. This ideal does not only mean to give a day of love and service, but to spend the entire twenty-four hours in conscious work for humanity.

Our ideal of service is embodied in the beautiful words of the Rosicrucian service: "While our bodies are peacefully resting in sleep may we be found faithfully working in the Master's vineyard, for as spirits we know no fatigue and need no rest." We know that it is possible to so live our lives day by day, and to so spiritualize the consciousness, that we *may remember the work done while out of the body at night as clearly and lucidly as we remember the events of the preceding day*. What a vista of possibilities this knowledge opens before us. What illimitable conceptions and opportunities! We know also that the lives we live here are shaping the lives we shall have in the heaven world. Also there we may consciously modify our next physical life and environment.

One of the most beautiful souls I have ever known, is now, while still in the body, building a great palace in the first heaven which is the

region of soul life, soul light and soul power. Here where inspiration for the beautiful arts and philanthropies abound, amid such exquisite harmony as mortal mind can scarce conceive, during the night hours, she gathers numbers of earth's tired ones to lave their souls in this sea of beauty and rhythm, and so strengthens and encourages them to meet earth life day by day. From such beautiful work as this, oftentimes a soul in physical life is enabled to carry for years a cross that otherwise could not be borne.

Again, how many awaken in the morning conscious of a rare joy of soul that lingers far into the busy day, though they are not able to know the reason for it.

Another wonderful soul who has recently passed out of the body, has built in the heaven world a dream house of flowers and pictures and music. Oh, that human eyes could dwell upon the beauty of this place! Here she receives and cares for souls who have just gone over. She counts it an especial privilege to minister to those who were very weary here and glad to go.

The Rosicrucian student learns first, last and always, to embody within his ideal that only visible helpers on this visible plane can ever earn the beautiful privilege of becoming invisible helpers on the higher planes. He learns to greet each new day with the thought, "This day may Thy love encompass me about, and so may I be worthy to give a larger service to the world, for only in serving others can I prove my love for Thee."

At night he goes to rest with a prayer upon his lips: "Tonight may my heart know a deeper compassion, and a wider tolerance, that thus I may be better fitted to become an invisible helper in God's vast unseen vineyard."

The rose with its snow white petals clinging to the center of the cross symbolizes the invisible helper purified from the stains of earth, but still loving and serving to lift his weaker brothers, and embodies the divine ideal toward which the Rosicrucian student aspires.

What a blessed privilege for humanity that the Brothers of the Rose Cross have given such an ideal toward which to strive, with the blessed assurance that those who continue faithful shall also attain as they have attained.

Question Department.

The Shewbread of the Spirit

QUESTION:

We have been studying the Tabernacle in the Wilderness symbolically, as advised by Max Heindel, but cannot understand how we may make the shewbread spoken of there. Can you explain this?

ANSWER:

You may remember in the Rosicrucian teachings the expression "the golden grains of opportunity." These come to us in some form every moment of our lives, colored according to the position of the planets in our horoscopes and the life or fecundation that is given to them by the transiting moon which passes through each of the twelve houses of the horoscope during each month.

These golden grains must be collected, planted, watered, and tended if they are to bear fruit—watered by tears of sorrow, shed or unshed, harrowed by the vibrations of the day, the sharp words and severe thoughts of others, and brought to full fruitage by the sunlight of love, the love that comes to us from the Father through His children, our brothers, be they the Elder Brothers or younger brothers.

The grain having grown, and flowered so that it gave pleasure to others must now be guarded till the fruit is ready to be carried as an offering to the Temple and laid there before the Lord.

What is the fruit which should have resulted from this labor? The fruits are many. Read Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, 5:22: "But the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance (self-control). Against such there is no law." Read also Colossians 3:12, and James 3:17-18.

Our offerings are no longer to be the physical loaf of bread, but they should be transmuted into spiritual qualities, and from these is extracted the incense which makes soul growth, builds the soul body, and gains us an entrance

into the Holy of Holies where we learn the deeper lessons.

INCARCERATION AND SOUL GROWTH

QUESTION:

On page 110 of the *Cosmo-Conception*. I read that "The mission of purgatory is to eradicate injurious habits by making their gratification impossible." What effect would incarceration or enforced solitude that made the gratification of injurious habits impossible, have upon a person?

ANSWER:

Perhaps you remember a time in your childhood when your mother locked up the pie or the doughnuts so that you could not eat them before dinner time. By so doing she may not have strengthened your will power because you were quite as ready to take them again when the opportunity presented itself, but she did impress upon your mind that it was not right for you to eat the pie and doughnuts until meal time.

The effect of incarceration and enforced solitude is somewhat like the locking up of mother's goodies. The person who is so situated does no wrong because he has not the opportunity.

There is one great help to be received from incarceration: it gives a person time to look into his own soul and get acquainted with himself, to ask himself why he did thus and so, and why he broke the laws of the land. We are taught in the Rosicrucian philosophy that we are never free from the law until we have the law within ourselves. When we sincerely wish to be law-abiding, then we are free. As long as we consider the law as something we have to fight against and circumvent we are on the wrong path.

Max Heindel speaks somewhere of the great benefit derived from imprisonment to one who has committed a very serious crime, whereas if

capital punishment would be enforced at once such an ego would go into the desire world full of hate and anger, without an atom of repentance, and there he would work much more havoc than he could have done even if left at large in the world.

RELIGIOUS CHANGES OF EVOLUTION QUESTION:

Why have there been changes in the religions of the world? If a religion were true, why would it not be satisfactory for all ages?

ANSWER:

The reason why religion has changed is that mankind has changed. It is not that religion has eveloved as man has evolved, but rather that man, as he unfolds, is able to comprehend more and more of truth.

To a primitive people is taught the religion of force because it is the qualities of will that they are unfolding and it is a religion of will that they can understand. It would be useless to set before savages the ideals of a religion of love. Such ideals would be beyond their grasp and instead of seeming beautiful would appear to them mere weakness. Even today, two thousand years after the religion of love was first preached, we find a so-called civilized nation rejecting Christ as a weakling, declaring that "might is right."

It is said that when a new truth is born, it appears always as an ugly duckling. This is because man cannot grasp the full significance of it; he cannot see the beauty until he is able to understand it.

In the history of the human race there have always been individuals who have progressed more rapidly than the generality of mankind. These advanced souls have been able to perceive truths as yet hidden from the masses and to them has been entrusted from time to time the new revelation. These enlightened ones have given out truth as they saw it. Often they have suffered death at the hands of the people, who could not understand the teaching, and to whom the truth seemed ugly, but these same truths have afterwards become the religion of the people who have endeavored to follow in the steps of the leaders. Religion is always a step beyond the actual attainment of mankind, but within the range of their comprehension.

Then when the time is ripe and humanity has again progressed to a point when it can receive a further revelation, the "new" religion is founded by some advanced soul. It is not really new; truth is always truth. However, only such truth as he is able to grasp and comprehend is available to man.

It is only by reason of his innate divinity that man is able to perceive truth. In involution the divine spirit turns its back, as it were, upon its true home, wrapping itself in ever heavier folds of matter. In evolution the spirit turns once more toward its source, its true home. As it journeys toward the light, it strips itself gradually of its covering folds of matter. Thus the light within shines brighter, and at the same time the radiance without is more clearly seen.

Religion, as we now understand it, will not suffice us forever. There are religions of our being of which we are now only dimly, if at all, conscious. As we unfold we shall perceive more of truth. The more advanced of the race will continue to be the pioneers who will embody in the form of religion the truths that have been revealed to them, and this religion will be the goal of attainment which the masses will strive to reach.

THE STRANGE SHEPHERD

(Continued from page 298)

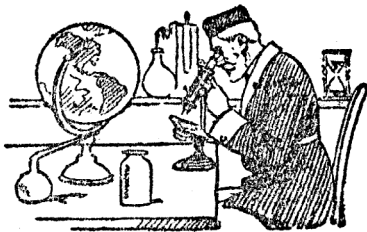
first, and from these, blossoms the pure flower of love."

What wealth of music, what beauty of tone, was in that voice! But better than all, what purity of truth had I heard! As I pondered over these things, the morning song of a bird to its mate brought me back to the park once more, and my friend, but he had gone as mysteriously as he came.

Ephemerides Bound

We now carry a full stock of "Simplified Scientific Ephemeris" bound in cloth and sewed on tape to make the binding extra durable. The set consists of 60 pamphlets covering the period from 1860 to 1919. At the regular price of 25c a year, the set would cost \$15 unbound. We sell them bound in three volumes of 20 years each, \$17 for the three post free.

Single volumes of 20 years may be had for \$5.75, post free.



The Astral Ray.

A Sublime Character

RICHARD GORDON HALLETT

MY MEMORY IS yet fresh with the image of a man who made a great impression upon me when I was a boy. I remember having been a witness to many a scene wherein was contained the seeds of valuable lessons which I had the good fortune to learn from him by silent observation and appreciation without having first to pass through the severe trial of experience. There were few people perhaps, in the busy sphere in which he lived who perceived the beauty of his nature; none probably esteemed him at his true value. There was nothing artificial about him; he was a living example of the true Christian; he was an expression of manliness in all his actions, of human qualities as opposed to animal propensities. In all his endeavors he was the personification of Longfellow's well known lines:

"Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

In the whirl and twirl of business affairs where it seems to be the rule to prey on others as wild beasts, where the maxim of accumulating wealth irrespective of ways and means towers above other considerations it is, sad to say, an anomaly even today to meet a man who is so constituted that he cannot but use his intelligence along honorable, straightforward and legitimate lines, who does not stoop down to pettiness, meanness and low methods.

The person to whom I am alluding, whose horo-

scope I cast many years ago while first studying astrology, was born in London, on the thirtieth day of April, 1847, at 2:30 p. m., the hour of birth having been carefully recorded.

I think it will be interesting as well as instructive to us all to become acquainted with a map wherein are indicated those stirring traits, generally admired, but possessed only by beings who have reached a high level in evolution after many existences of persistent effort in well doing.

I propose interblending a description of the astrological characteristics with an account of a few salient points in this man's life which I have been able to recollect although he returned to the Great Beyond as far back as 1902.

A map may readily be erected from the subsequent particulars based upon the data already given:

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house Gemini 16; 11th house Cancer 23; 12th house Leo 24; Ascendant Virgo 19-16; 2nd house Libra 12; 3rd house Scorpio 11.

Positions of the Planets:

Moon 10-7 Scorpio; Mars 26-35 Aquarius; Neptune 0-2 Pisces; Saturn 10-35 Pisces; Mercury 12-52 Aries; Uranus 15-41 Aries; Sun 9-35 Taurus; Venus 11-48 Gemini; Jupiter 17-25 Gemini.

For the sake of convenience I will designate the gentleman whose map we are about to study as Mr. G.

The main part of Mr. G's. activities were centered in X—city in the Kingdom of Belgium.

He represented an important Y— shipping firm and was also an official of the British government in which capacity he afterwards devoted his energies entirely.

I will at once hit upon a few conspicuous configurations which strike the observer at first glance:

Virgo is rising and its ruler, Mercury, is most wonderfully aspected. There is a sextile of Jupiter and Venus and a conjunction of Uranus. The latter planet is in harmonious relation to Jupiter and Venus which are conjoined. Moreover these stars are in elevation above the earth there being no evil influence powerful enough to diminish the loveliness of this brilliant quartet. Venus and Jupiter are in Gemini (the sign of Mercury), the former in the ninth house (religion), the latter in the tenth house (social standing). Besides, in this cluster Uranus must needs lose his rank of "malefic" to become beneficent.

I have pretty well touched the leading notes which ever guided Mr. G.

It is now to be stated that Mr. G. assumed early in life the duty of being the father of a large family, his children numbering eleven. His whole time was therefore given to providing the necessities for those little spirits who flocked around his home seeking admission in a fleshy body. As far as his abilities, denoted by the aspects of Mercury with Venus, Jupiter and Uranus are concerned, i.e. speaking, writing, art and music, he never could lend his faculties to any of these arts long enough to enable them to become full blown; these faculties manifested themselves as natural gifts during leisure moments and in the course of his career, but had he been in a position to take up especially any one of those branches he would have been second to none, the originality and invention of Uranus bestowing its distinctive mark on all his works. As it was, he astonished many with his powers when an opportunity arose for using them.

It must also be remarked that Mercury goes before the Sun which conveys added mental penetration, the light of the spirit illuminating the way that more ample scope may be given to perception.

I now come to deal with another side of these aspects and combinations, which expose a great

quality: whenever his personal services were required he never failed *even against his own interests*, to place his influence and capabilities at the free disposal of those who needed his assistance. Virgo, the sign of service is on the Ascendant and Mercury, its ruler is very becomingly supported. Indeed even Mars unaspected in the sixth house, give a willingness to help friends (placed in Aquarius).

Christ said, "He that would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." This virtue of service is too well depicted by the planets, aspects, and signs already mentioned to need any further elucidation; they show clearly the texture of the soul in this direction; he was always open hearted towards the poor and the afflicted. Whenever Mr. G. thought somebody was low spirited or felt unhappy, I have often heard him say, "Can I do something for you?" Considering that Uranus and Mercury are in Aries (self-assertion) it is not a wonder that he was very much opposed to unfairness and ready to back up what he conceived to be the right cause.

On one occasion I remember a British subject who had been very badly and unfairly treated and was, notwithstanding, losing ground before the Tribunal. Mr. G., being aware of the circumstances of the case, was present. Seeing how the scales were turning, righteous indignation filled his breast. He stood up immediately to defend the man. So strong was his attitude that the judges listened with astonishment without interfering, for nobody was permitted to speak in court who was not a lawyer. Mr. G's defense was driven home with such force of argument and conviction that he won the day, the irregularity of his position as a speaker being overlooked.

Following up the effect of these configurations it will further be seen that Mr. G. was eminently the peacemaker (Venus, harmony, Jupiter, benevolence, Mercury, expression, Uranus, broad views), aiming to prevent enmity and quarreling wherever he could possibly be the mediator; he was ever the reconciler. Everybody who came into his presence felt that he was absolutely genuine; he commanded a chart of conviction that bore on its wings the untainted reality of justice and truth. In fact, he could not possibly have become involved with anything that had not to

start with, a sound moral foundation. Watch also the Sun in Taurus (the sign of Venus) and practically in the ninth house, surrounding him with a sunny atmosphere rendered more permanent and stable by the sextile aspect from Saturn.

He possessed an inherent religious sense among the aspects and positions, Venus stands out nicely). It was his delight on a Sunday afternoon at vesper time to be within the precincts of a Catholic church where his high-strung system was soothed and attuned by the sound of the organ and the chorus of young flute-like voices. At this stage of my delineation of the horoscope, I further record that Jupiter, Venus, Uranus and Mercury, everyone of them, reflect their congenial smiles on the Midheaven (the spiritual point). Taking a range of forty years, the Midheaven moves about ten degrees faster than the Ascendant. Mr. G. must have enjoyed an inner spiritual felicity altogether indescribable. It may truly be said that he moved in heaven while on earth.

The presence of a great light on this planet suggests the existence of at least some shadow. In this case the shadow was very faint, almost imperceptible, owing to the encompassing effulgent glory. There is a bitter struggle (fixed signs) of the personality (Moon) with the individuality (Sun) indicated, these two warriors being opposed to one another. Saint George, however, has the dragon well in hand as he is above him in the planetary disposition. The opposition coming from the third and ninth houses shows that the swords have been well sharpened, being manipulated from the departments of the mind. A rather astonishing fact will be noticed at this juncture: Saturn, the balance wheel, interposes himself between the parties as arbitrator holding them tightly (close aspects) with his masterly grip from the psychic sign, Pisces. Besides, Saturn being nearer to the Sun and higher than the Moon, is more inclined to decide for the individuality. Therefore, this opposition of the lights only produces at times a certain restlessness, impatience, a little hesitation, before carrying out a plan because anxious to arrive at the best solution.

Assimilating this last paragraph with the tenor of the horoscope as a whole it will be seen that Mr. G. suffered from the excess of a strong

virtue—conscientiousness. In the course of his life pursuit, Mr. G. overreached himself by bringing to bear too great a pressure upon his physical organization, spending too much vital force and many hours in making quite sure nothing was neglected in the carrying out of his responsibilities. Mutable signs on the angles, the Sun opposition the Moon, Mars unaspected in the sixth house, were so many warnings to use the bodily instrument within reasonable bounds. He died at the age of fifty-five.

Saturn is also square to Venus. It is impossible to judge this aspect in the ordinary way, there being so much to offset its expression. At the worst, it shows a state of feeling which he strove to overcome.

A general survey of this map brings out another standing point: Gemini, the focus between the higher and the lower worlds, is on the cusp of the tenth house. Jupiter and Venus add their coloring to the forces from this sign. As a result, Mr. G's. mind inhaled and exhaled nothing but the highest; whatever his hands (the servants of the mind) touched was fraught with a pure motive. He could play the violin but had he taken up this instrument as a profession he would have held his audience enraptured by the ethereal soul stirring softness of his delicate fingers, for Pisces (the tearful, sensitive sign) is on the seventh cusp (the public); also Jupiter and Venus rule this sign by essential dignity and exaltation respectively. Neptune, the inspirational musical planet is in Pisces, solitary and alone, but nevertheless co-ruler.

Furthermore Aries, the constructive side of Mars is on the cusp of the house of death; this sign is the beginning of the natural zodiac and also stands for the spring, the outset of a new departure. The concentration of good forces in the occult eighth house denotes the very antithesis of egoism leading to a new stage in soul growth and the wearing out of old conditions to that end.

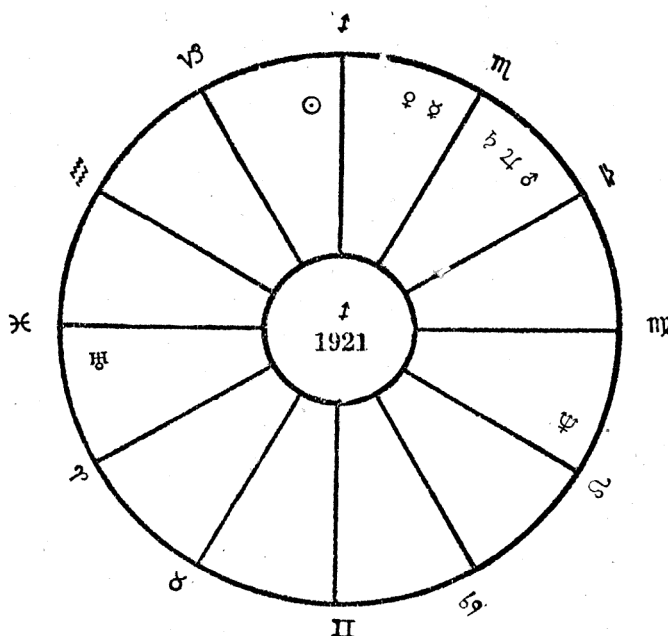
I have written about Mercury's and Uranus' good aspect in Aries, the fiery sign of the head. By drawing all elements together, with a view on Gemini, the three benefics in elevation, the mental and spiritual mutable signs on the angles, response having been accorded to their *higher phase* (no drifting but a clear insight of the

(Continued on page 312)

Children of Sagittarius, 1921

Born between November 23rd and December 22nd, inclusive.

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



The children born this year—while the Sun is passing through the fiery sign of Sagittarius will express the higher and more idealistic side of this double bodied sign which is pictured in the calendar as a centaur, half horse and half man. The lower or afflicted Sagittarian is very materialistic and worldly while the one expressing the higher side of this sign is of a kindly, jovial easy-go-lucky nature, aiming high—sometimes a little too high to be practical. They will be law abiding and peaceful.

With Mercury, the planet of reason in the martial sign, Scorpio, the mentality of these children will be quick, and they will grasp things very readily. Mercury in Scorpio is sometimes critical and cruel in speech but the suave and loving planet, Venus in conjunction to Mercury the greater part of the month, will soften and awaken the more kindly side.

With Mars, the planet representing iron, in Libra, the boys born during this month will be strongly attracted to molding or working with metal. Librans make good mechanics and builders. With Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars all in this sign of Libra, representing justice or the scales, they will make good judges, but they are apt to

be very severe in their sentences for Mars and Saturn conjoined have a tendency of making them unsympathetic.

Sagittarians are very restless. They are the children that wear on mamma's nerves for they are never still, but ever on the go. They are little chatterboxes and must be given something to do where they will move about or otherwise they are apt to suffer from nervous troubles. The parents should not restrict them but give them plenty of bodily freedom.

The children born on the 6th, 7th, or 8th of December when the Sun, Jupiter and Neptune, will be in good aspects with each other and all in cardinal or fiery signs, will have a wonderful talent for music, especially the soft stringed music of the violin, and the harp.

If they should have trouble with the tonsils or the throat, we would caution the parents against operations, for with Venus and Mercury in Scorpio in mundane square to Neptune, Jupiter also afflicted by Mars and Saturn, there is a tendency to restricted circulation; and Venus ruler of Taurus, the sign ruling the tonsils and throat, afflicted, has a tendency to give trouble with the tonsils and adenoids.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting and printing, 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 may be sure your application has been given its chance among others.

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 make us this extra work. We cast horoscopes only for this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. We do not read horoscopes for money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—If complete data (full name, sex, birthplace, year month, day and minute—if known) is not sent the reading cannot be made.

HORACE F. W.

Born July 27, 1921.

2:20 P. M.

Lat. 42 N., Long 72 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Virgo 11; 11th house, Libra 12; 12th house, Scorpio 7; Ascendant, Scorpio 26-21; 2nd house, Sagittarius 27; Capricorn intercepted; 3rd house, Aquarius 4.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 8-56, retrograde, Pisces; Moon 0-46 Taurus; Venus 20-22 Gemini; Mercury 14-42 Cancer; Mars 25-42 Cancer; Sun 4-11 Leo; Neptune 13-7 Leo; Jupiter 17-35; Virgo; Saturn 21-33 Virgo.

We have here the reading of the horoscope of a little boy with the fixed and watery sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant, and with the ruler, Mars in the 8th house. In a horoscope which has the ruler of the Ascendant in a sign of its fall and intercepted in the 8th house, we must look for another life ruler which will be more strongly situated, and which will have a stronger influence on the life of the native. We find Jupiter conjunction with Saturn in the 10th house, sextile to Mercury and Mars and square to Venus; this planet is in an angle and is most prominently situated and has the most aspects. Therefore Jupiter with the assistance of Saturn will be ruler of the horoscope.

We find Mercury, the planet of reason, intercepted in the 8th house, which position is not conducive to great mental activity. People with Mercury in the 8th house talk a great deal about

what they are going to do, have wonderful ideas, but seldom carry out their plans. With the Moon in its exaltation sign of Taurus in the 5th house, sextile to Uranus and Venus, the goddess of music, this boy's ideals will be high and inclined towards music and art. He will live more in the emotions and an idealistic dream life, than in the mental. In fact with Neptune in Leo, a musical sign, and Venus in the sign ruling the hands, he will have talent towards inspirational music—the organ or piano. Venus is also ruler of both the 6th house, representing labor and the 7th house, the public, indicating that his vocation should be one in which he comes before the public associated with art and music.

With the Moon in Taurus, representing the palate and in the 5th house, pleasures, theatres, public houses of amusement, square to the Sun, which is also strong in its own sign, Leo, there will be a tendency to drift into excesses with wine, woman and song, which will not be good for his health and the part of the body that will suffer first should there be excesses will be the small intestines, for Jupiter conjunction to Saturn, near the Midheaven in the tenth house indicates poor assimilation, and both these planets are square to the planet Venus, which has rule over the venous circulation. With Mars in Cancer, the sign of the stomach, sextile to Jupiter and Saturn, there will be a tendency to gourmandizing and hearty eating which may restrict the circulation, for with Jupiter ruling the arterial circulation, afflicted by a conjunction of Saturn and square to Venus, there will be poor oxygenation.

We would advise the parents to teach the boy to breathe deeply and to expand the chest—so that he will receive plenty of oxygen in the blood.

through the lungs—also moderation in eating and drinking.

With the fixed sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant, he will have the will to overcome, for planets only show tendencies while the will of the native may help him to rise above the influences of the planets.

VOCATIONAL

W. M.

Born September 18, 1898, 11:32 A. M.

Lat. 37 N., Long. 99 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Virgo 10; 11th house, Libra 11; 12th house, Scorpio 7; Ascendant, Scorpio 28-6; 2nd house, Sagittarius 29; Capricorn intercepted; 3rd house, Aquarius 4.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 0-16 Sagittarius; Saturn 6-55 Sagittarius; Neptune 24-47 Gemini; Mars 9-14 Cancer; Mercury 8-35 Virgo; Sun 25-48 Virgo; Jupiter 15-10 Libra; Moon 29-21 Libra; Venus 12-14 Scorpio.

We have here another figure for our delineation for the vocational reading, similar to the child's horoscope with the martial sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant; the ruler of the first house, Mars, is intercepted and in the sign of Cancer in the 8th house. The strongest planet in this horoscope and the one which would be his life ruler is Mercury, the planet of reason. Mercury is elevated and in its own sign of Virgo in conjunction to the midheaven. This planet has also the most aspects, making a sextile to Mars and Venus and a square to Uranus and Saturn. Whether the aspects are good or evil, the planet having the strongest position and making the most aspects is the one which will have the greatest rule over the life. In this case the native **will respond more readily** to the influence of Mercury than any other planet in the horoscope. Naturally it will also bring him the greater assistance in the choice of a vocation.

Scorpio rules the profession of healing, the doctor, one who is interested in curing the ills of others; while Virgo is the nurse, the dietician, who would wish to help man to eat rightly or to give him drugs with which to become healed. We find the ruler of the 6th house, Venus, (indicating the profession) in Scorpio and in the 12th house which rules hospitals and places of con-

finement for those who are ailing. Now with Mars, the ruler of the Ascendant, Scorpio, in the sign of Cancer, the stomach, and Mercury, the life ruler in its own home of Virgo, making a sextile aspect to both Venus and Mars, the indication is that if the young man were to take up the vocation of dietician, chemist, or nurse, he would be quite successful.

The native will be drawn to studies of the hidden mysteries and may some day write on these subjects, for we find Neptune in Gemini (the sign of the hands and the natural third house sign, ruling writings) trine to the Moon, which is in the house of friends, who would be responsible in leading him into these studies and would also be helpful to him financially.

Uranus, one of the mystical planets and also the ruler of the third house—writings, is in conjunction to Saturn. This, from a mystical viewpoint, is not an affliction. It will help to balance the Uranian qualities, giving them a more serious aspect. This conjunction, however, of the two last named planets, is making a square to Mercury, which may give a tendency to nervous trouble.

UP HILL

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole, long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come.

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 164 to 167 Cosmo Conception)

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| <p>Q. Why could the labors of missionaries be diverted profitably from "heathen" countries and from slum work?</p> <p>A. To enlighten the ignorant Christians of our own country on the principle that "charity begins at home," and, as God will not let the ignorant heathen perish, it would seem better to leave him in ignorance when he is sure of heaven than to enlighten him and so render his chances of going to hell, legion.</p> <p>Q. What well known quotation illustrates the above answer?</p> <p>A. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." We would be doing ourselves and the heathen a signal service by letting him alone and looking after the ignorant Christians nearer home.</p> <p>Q. Does it disprove this doctrine because it is called a heathen doctrine?</p> <p>A. It does not. Its assumed priority in the East is no more an argument against it than the accuracy of the solution of a mathematical problem is invalidated because we do not happen to like the person who first solved it.</p> <p>Q. What is the real question to be decided?</p> <p>A. Is it correct? If so, it is absolutely immaterial whence the solution first came.</p> <p>Q. Why have all other religions been a leading up to the Christian religion?</p> <p>A. Because they were race religions and con-</p> | <p>tained only in part that which Christianity has in a fuller measure.</p> <p>Q. Has the real esoteric Christianity been taught publicly?</p> <p>A. It has not, nor will it be, until humanity has passed the materialistic stage and becomes fitted to receive it.</p> <p>Q. Have the laws of rebirth and consequence been taught at all?</p> <p>A. They have been secretly taught all the time, but by the direct command of Christ, as we shall see, these two laws have not been publicly taught in the Western World for the past two thousand years.</p> <p>Q. Where must we go to understand the reason for this omission and the means employed to obscure these teachings?</p> <p>A. We must go back to the beginning of man's history and see how far, for his own good, he has been led by the Great Teacher of humanity.</p> <p>Q. In the teachings of occult science, how are the stages of development on the earth divided?</p> <p>A. They are divided into periods called epochs.</p> <p>Q. How many epochs have there been and by what names are they known?</p> <p>A. There have been four of these epochs, as follows: The Polarian, the Hyperborean, the Lemurian, and the Atlantean. The present epoch is called the Aryan Epoch.</p> <p>Q. In what state was humanity in the first or Polarian Epoch?</p> <p>A. Humanity at that time had only a dense</p> |
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body as the minerals have now, hence he was mineral-like.

- Q. What was added in the second or Hyperborean Epoch?
- A. A vital body was added and man in the making then possessed a body constituted as are those of plants. He was not a plant, but was plantlike.
- Q. What did he obtain in the third or Lemurian Epoch?
- A. He obtained his desire body and became constituted like the animal—an animal-man.
- Q. What development was unfolded in the fourth or Atlantean Epoch?
- A. Mind was unfolded and now, as far as his principles are concerned, he steps upon the stage of physical life as man.
- Q. What will be accomplished in the present, the fifth or Aryan Epoch?
- A. Man will in some degree unfold the third or lowest aspect of his threefold spirit, the ego.
- Q. What should the student strongly impress upon his mind?
- A. The emphatic statement that in the process of evolution, up to the time when man gained self-consciousness, *absolutely nothing was left to chance.*
- Q. After gaining self-consciousness what is left for man to do?
- A. There is a certain scope for the exercise of man's own individual will to enable him to unfold his divine spiritual powers.
- Q. What is taken into consideration by the great leaders of mankind?
- A. Everything is taken into consideration, the food of man included. This has a great deal to do with his development.
- Q. What familiar quotation illustrates this point?
- A. "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." This is not a far-fetched idea, but a great truth in nature.
- Q. In what state was man during the first epoch?
- A. Man was ethereal. That does not contradict the statement that he was mineral-like, for all gases are mineral. The earth was still soft, not yet having been solidified. In

the Bible man is called Adam and it is said that he was made of earth.

- Q. By whom is the second epoch symbolized?
- A. By Cain, and he is described as an agriculturist. He had a vital body like the plants which sustained him.
- Q. In the third epoch, how was food obtained?
- A. Food was obtained from living animals to supplement the former plant food. Milk was the means used for evolving the desire body, which made mankind of that time animal-like. This is what is meant by the Bible statement that "Abel was a shepherd." It is nowhere stated that he killed animals.
- Q. In what condition do we find man in the fourth epoch?
- A. He had evolved beyond the animal; he had mind. Thought breaks down nerve cells, kills, destroys, and causes decay. Therefore the food of the Atlantean was, by analogy, dead carcasses. He killed to eat and that is why the Bible states that "Nimrod was a mighty hunter." Nimrod represents the man of the fourth epoch.
- Q. In the meanwhile what had happened to man?
- A. Man had descended deeper and deeper into matter.
- Q. What became of his former ethereal body?
- A. It formed the skeleton within and had become solid. He had also lost by degrees the spiritual perception which was possessed by him in the earlier epoch.
- Q. Will his former spiritual perception be regained?
- A. He is destined to get it back at a higher stage, plus the self-consciousness which he did not then possess.
- Q. What advanced knowledge did he have during the first four epochs?
- A. He had a greater knowledge of the spiritual worlds. He knew he did not die and that when one body wasted away it was like the drying of a leaf on a tree in the autumn; another body would grow to take its place.
- Q. How did that knowledge affect him?
- A. He had no real appreciation of the opportunities and advantages of this earth life of concrete existence.
- Q. Why was it necessary that he should be-

come thoroughly awake to the great opportunities of this concrete existence?

- A. So that he might learn from it all that could be learned.
- Q. Why was man not inclined to take this concrete existence seriously enough?
- A. Because he felt that he was a citizen of the higher worlds and knew for a certainty that physical life is but a small part of real existence. He dallied his time away without developing the resources of the world, as do the people of India today, for the same reason.

A SUBLIME CHARACTER

(Continued from page 306)

track to follow), it will be seen that Mr. G's. face shone with this concentration of pure light upon him. A radiance of the aura around the head could be perceived by some people who otherwise never suspected the existence of such a thing.

Mr. G. could also look straight at the Sun in its midday splendor.

The world today needs more men of this calibre to transform the present conditions of strife and unrest into a state of peace and quietude.

The following exquisite lines extracted from J. Greenleaf Whittier, whose poems have the freshness of spring flowers, are a fitting epilogue to this great nativity:

"The blessing of his quiet life

Fell on us like the dew;

And good thoughts, where his footsteps pressed

Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds

Were in his very look;

We read his face, as one who reads

A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn

To which our hearts could move;

The breathing of an inward psalm,

A canticle of love.

Still let his mild rebuking stand

Between us and the wrong,

And his dear memory serve to make

Our faith in goodness strong.

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA

It ought not to be a matter of surprise to the civilized world to learn that the Bible is prohibited in Russia. Every copy of the book found in that country by a government official is destroyed. In this crusade they employ a lot of red tape, somewhat as they do in this country when unlawful liquors are seized. In Russia the seized Bible is certified to the high court by the seizer, where with the solemnity inseparable from the function of government the offending volume is consigned to the flames. There appears to be something inherent in socialism that makes it hostile to the idea of the future life. It is, of course, ignorance—the only word in the language to which there is no answer. For apart from the supreme revelation which it offers to the spiritually minded, the Bible is our one greatest classic, and its moral quality and moral philosophy leave nothing to be desired. All of the literatures of all the peoples of the earth are less valuable than the Bible from both a literary and a historical view point. Not to be a Bible reader is to miss the most important message to mankind that the ages have to offer. To be hostile to the Bible shows a lack of understanding.

—*Burlington (Iowa) Saturday Evening Post.*

MOTIVES OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR

Love, wealth, power, and fame—these four are the great motives of human action.

The love which should be most longed for is that only which is of the soul and embraces all beings, high and low, increasing in proportion to the needs of the recipient.

The wealth, that which consists solely of an abundance of opportunities to serve his fellow man.

The power, that alone which makes for the upliftment of humanity.

The fame, none save that which increases his ability to spread the good news that all who suffer may thus quietly find solace for the heart's grief.

E. F. Diener.

Children's Department

A Christmas Day

MABEL MORRIN KELLOGG

HER BLUE EYES seemed to reflect the holiday spirit, caught from the gay crowd that thronged the San Francisco ferry boat on this bright Christmas morning.

The small girl, herself, looked colorless and forlorn enough in her worn dress and round, out-of-season hat. Her coat, decidedly outgrown, showed the arms, blue, below the tight, short sleeves, but her face, tanned with the wind and sun of a healthy out-of-door life, glowed with the spirit of something more than a reflected glory, as she sat beside her father and watched the scene about her.

It seemed to her that everyone in all that gay assemblage carried a mysterious package or bundle. Some had armfuls of mysterious bundles, and her mind was centered on trying to guess the contents of the most interesting looking ones.

At that moment she saw, walking toward her, three people: a father, mother and small daughter. They came from a world quite different from that which the Poor Child knew—the land of luxury, beauty and manners. The daughter, a pale, sweet faced girl, carried in her arms a great French doll, almost as large as its mistress, and like her clad in garments of the finest and most costly materials.

No one ever beheld a more exquisite doll than the pink, Parisian beauty that was carried down the aisle of the ferry boat on that Christmas morning, almost into the arms of the Poor Child as she sat with empty, brown hands clasped now oh! so tightly, in an ecstasy of delight. If Fairyland, with all its reputed wonders, had suddenly opened before her, the child's face could not have expressed more surprise and delight.

She rose to her feet and clapped her hands with joy. The Rich Child paused.

"Isn't she just perfectly beautiful?" breathed the Poor Child.

"Yes. Didn't Santa Claus bring you a doll?"

"No." And the blue eyes fell. "Santa Claus

didn't come to our house. Papa says we're too poor."

"Well, here, you may have my doll." And without a moment's hesitation the Rich Child held out the Parisian beauty. Silks and laces were crushed against the rough coat, as the Poor Child sat down on the floor, smoothed out the dainty gown, patted the silks and fingered the smooth curls. Then, through sheer joy, she threw back her head and laughed peal after peal of merry laughter; and the Rich Child threw back her head and laughed too, more heartily, no doubt, than she had ever in her whole life laughed before.

The parents of the children were watching the strange scene intently. The passengers scarcely breathed, so intense was their interest.

The small hat, with its dangling faded ribbons, had fallen from the soft brown hair of the Poor Child. Everything was forgotten but the richness of possessing that which she had dreamed only fairies could bring.

"Isn't she just perfect-ly beau-ti-ful?" and the hungry arms clasped still closer the precious gift.

"Katie, the boat is nearly in. Give the little girl her doll." It was the Poor Child's father who spoke and he spoke with a gruffness meant to cover an emotion.

The brightness faded from the round face. With difficulty she struggled to her feet and with quivering features took one last look at the coveted doll; then with a quick motion she held her at arm's length toward the real mistress.

"No, take her. I gave her to you. I have another one at home." With this the Rich Child laughed again at seeing the other one so happy.

There was scarcely a dry eye among the spectators; and as the boat slipped into the dock not one but felt that he would be glad to part with a valuable gift, if by so doing he could give to another as much happiness as the Rich Child had so graciously given the little one whom Santa Claus seemed to have forgotten.

Christmas Gifts

LADY JANE

"GRANDMA, DO COME for a minute. We want to show you our Christmas gifts for Mother. Oh, how I do wish she would hurry and come home. Do you think she will really be here on Christmas Day? I do so want to see my mamma." It was little Emily who spoke.

"I think so, dear. The steamer from India is due on the 23rd. What has Emily for Mother?"

"This is a great secret, Grandma, and you must not tell anybody. Now promise. Only Grace and Charlie know. I've made dear Muz-zie a sachet with lavender flowers from my own garden, and I sewed it all myself. That laven-red silk is a bit of one of her old dresses, and Grace showed me how to make the pretty stitches."

"It is dear and pretty, Emily, and your lovely gift will make Mother glad. What has Charlie got there?"

"Oh, you should see how clever Charlie has been," said Grace. "He made it all himself, and I only saw it today. Just look!"

"You make a fellow feel bad, Grace, when you fuss so. It isn't anything, Grandma. I just got some of the bits of hard wood we had left from our sloyd work and cut it out with my knife. It's to hold Mother's spools of silk. I saw one like it, somewhere, and I saved enough pennies to buy gold paint to finish it."

"Were you able to make it all alone, Charlie?"

"Oh, yes, Grandma; that was easy. You see, this part just fits against that other piece, and the pin holds it all together. It was a bit of a puzzle at first, but I thought it all out."

"Mother will certainly be proud of her boy on Christmas Day. Now Grace, may I see your gift also?"

"Yes, Grandma, but I feel I might have done better. Yet, I did really try. I remembered how Mother liked to give some dolls every year to the little children in the orphanage. I had enough money to buy five dear little baby dolls and I have dressed them up with little scraps of cloth and lace. Oh, I hope Mother will think them good enough to send. I did not want to

trouble you about it, Grandma, so I made their dresses on Saturday afternoons, when we had a holiday."

"Children, I know Mother will feel glad that you have remembered others at Christmas time. Let us talk about some other Christmas gifts that yours remind me of."

"Grandma, I think you are going to tell us a story," said Emily.

"The story I have to tell you already know by heart: How the infant Jesus came to His mother at Christmas time and the angels sang songs of joy."

"The shepherds left their sheep all alone that dark night," said Grace, "and came to find the wonderful Child that the angels were singing about."

"The part I like best," said Charlie, "is where the rich, wise men brought their gifts. I'm always puzzling to find out what the gifts were. Real Christmas presents they were too: gold, frankincense and myrrh. Isn't that right, Grandma?"

"Yes, Charlie. Have you found out yet what they mean?"

"The teacher said, last Sunday, gold meant that Jesus was a king, but I can't remember about the others."

"They were symbols, Charlie. That is, they meant more than they appear to mean. We know that Jesus gave His body to Christ to use while He was here on earth. Christ is a King—not over cities and countries, but over our hearts."

"I remember the minister told us last week," said Grace, "that Christ must be born in our hearts: that He must be King there."

"That is right, Grace. He will rule there through love; and it is a glorious Christmas Day when He is born in our hearts."

"What about the Christmas presents?" little Emily asked.

"The gold, frankincense, and myrrh, Grand-ma: what about them?"

"If Christ is born in our hearts to reign there,

(Continued on Page 320)

Nutrition and Health

Vegetarianism and Health

T. R. ALLINSON, L. R. C. S.

WHAT DO WE GAIN from a health standpoint by becoming vegetarians?

We lose most stomach complaints, such as indigestion, ulceration and cancer of this organ. I do not mean to say that because you are a vegetarian you will lose all stomach complaints, but by adopting a non-flesh diet the number of these complaints will be considerably lessened and their severity diminished. This stands to reason, because anyone who knows anything about the digestion of food will tell you that fish, flesh, and fowl are almost entirely digested in the stomach. Therefore, anyone who adopts a non-flesh diet will lessen the work of the stomach, and by so doing lessens the liability to disease of this organ.

Diseases of a plethoric or full blooded kind are lessened by a non-flesh diet; for example, rheumatism and gout are practically unknown to vegetarians, and anyone who is rheumaticky or gouty may overcome his trouble by adopting a proper non-flesh diet. Hardness of the arteries and tendency to apoplexy are greatly lessened by vegetarian diet.

Obesity or stoutness is rare among vegetarians. On the other hand, abnormal thinness is also unknown. This seems to be the rule, that the excessively stout lose their stoutness and the very thin are brought up to heavier weight.

Liver troubles such as biliousness, jaundice, enlarged liver, shrunk liver, and gall stones are rare among vegetarians.

Kidney complaints are uncommon, be they diabetes, albuminuria, stone in the kidney or in the bladder.

Heart diseases, such as valvular disease, functional disorder, enlarged heart and tachycardia, which is known by the attacks of rapid beating of the heart, are rare. In fact, the heart of the vegetarian beats more slowly than that of the meat eater, and by this slow action the life is much prolonged. Dropsy and like troubles arising from the heart are also lessened.

Nerve diseases are also less frequent in vegetarians than in meat eaters. The vegetarian is less nervous, less sleepless, less irritable, less excitable and worries less than the average meat eater.

Chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, as it is commonly called, is less often seen in vegetarian children than in those of meat eating families.

Anaemia is less common among vegetarians than in meat eaters. Some doctors tell you that the green vegetables and the pulse foods contain iron in a state that can be used by the blood and so this complaint is kept away.

Goitre is not common in vegetarians.

Skin troubles are greatly lessened, but not entirely banished, by a non-fish diet. Vegetarians as a rule are remarkable for their clear skins, bright eyes and contented looks.

Insanity is very uncommon among vegetarians. Were the inmates of our large asylums fed on a non-flesh diet and kept from tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, the recoveries would be considerably increased.

Drunkenness is practically unknown among vegetarians, and those who have adopted a non-flesh diet almost invariably tell you that their desire for intoxicating drinks has been entirely done away with.

Various forms of nervous diseases, such as paralysis of various parts, locomotor ataxia, neuritis and complaints of the spinal column are rare in vegetarians. Diseases of a special sense, such as deafness, blindness, cataract, loss of smell and loss of touch are also uncommon.

In fact, a vegetarian diet and observance of health rules add from ten to fifteen years to a person's life. In England we reckon that every person has an average of ten day's illness during the year but among vegetarians generally two days at the outside is as much as they are away from work. The diet of a vegetarian makes his teeth better; they last longer and he suffers

less from neuralgia and toothache than flesh eaters.

Vegetarians resist disease well, are not long ill and are quickly convalescent.

Cancer is all but unknown among vegetarians. Experience shows us that the more meat eaten the more cancer is prevalent.

The body of the vegetarian smells sweeter than that of the mixed feeder, his breath is less offensive, his skin is clearer, his senses more acute and old age is put off to its natural limit.

I will now give an outline of the diet that will keep most people well. Have not more than three meals a day, at intervals of five or six hours; breakfast and the evening meal may consist of

whole meal bread and butter, ripe raw fruit or seasonable green vegetables, cocoa, milk and water, barley water, or some such simple drink. An egg may be eaten for a change at either of these meals or a small quantity of cheese. In cold weather oatmeal or corn meal porridge may be taken. For dinner one may have vegetable soup and whole wheat bread, macaroni or some Italian paste, with vegetables, or vegetable pie, fritters or some made dish. Then there are string beans, split peas, lentils and many farinaceous foods. In summer we have salads and bread, to be followed by blanc mange or fruit mould. In fact, we can have such a change of food that we never need have two dinners alike the whole year round.

Not by Bread Alone

J. M. THOMPSON

WONDERFUL IS the etheric man—the son—the Christ man. By means of him came all evolution. Christ may well have said, “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,” and He also said, “Follow Me.” Again He asked, “Can man drink of the cup that I drink of?” How little we realize the meaning of His question. The great steps of the temptation, the fast, the transfiguration, the crucifixion and resurrection—five in all are the ones in which He bade us follow him.

Fasting purifies the body, pointing to spirit as the essential purifier. “Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” for food sustains only in proportion as the inner man can use it to build the body. In excess, bread is the club of death as it otherwise would be the staff of life. Abstaining from excess is truly a part of fasting and is a religious duty—following in His steps. The spiritual understanding of the fast supplies us with a lofty motive for fasting which fasting merely for health does not afford.

Fasting, by purifying the body, makes it a more fit instrument for mental and spiritual expression. The fast also helps to purify the vital body affording an amount of purification to this finer vehicle. With a befouled and stimulated body the soul cannot reach a spiritual state of

desire and feeling. Thus clogged and shackled the man cannot properly follow in His steps. Well did Christ know this and to such an extent that He saw that the living word of the Father possessed more power of sustaining life and of fitting Him to become the Life than mere food could ever do. At the conclusion of His forty days fasting He found Himself independent of food, being wholly sustained by the Spirit. Fasting, the first great step in purification, made it possible for the Redeemer to take the second one, namely, transfiguration. Often I have asked myself what Christ’s visit to the Mount and His meeting with Moses and Elias might mean. At present, Christ’s transfiguration means to me the development of the desire body up to the point of being able to express infinite compassion or divine love. He so loved the world that in life and death He gave His omnipotent self for the redemption of man. What strength, what power His outpoured love may give to man?

Unless we follow Christ in His first step, we may never hope to follow Him closely in His second, the purification of our desire bodies. In order to become co-workers with Him our vital bodies, the etheric man, must be transfigured, awakened to a higher sense and expression of divine love so that we may be able to sacrifice or

(Continued on page 317)

Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

THE CHRISTMAS MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Stewed Prunes	Fried Corn Meal Mush
Curried Scrambled Eggs	
Milk	Cereal Coffee

—DINNER—

Cream of Celery Soup	
Potatoes Stuffed with Mushrooms	
Vegetable Roast	Cranberry Sauce
Entire Wheat Bread and Butter	
Chocolate Cake	Milk

—SUPPER—

Green Tomato Mince Pie	
Vegetarian Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce	
Egg and Olive Sandwiches	
Chocolate	Milk

Recipes

Curried Scrambled Eggs

Break the eggs in a dish. Mix the whites and the yolks but do not beat them. To six eggs, add one-half cup of milk to which has been added one-half teaspoon of curry powder; salt to taste. Add one teaspoon of butter. Bake ten minutes.

Potatoes Stuffed With Mushrooms

Take large, smooth potatoes; cut in halves, place on baking pan, and bake for twenty minutes. When cool enough to handle, remove the center of the potato, permitting about one quarter inch of the white part to remain with the shell. Wash and chop the mushrooms, and fry in oil with plenty of onion; then add the pulp of the potatoes, allowing this to fry and seasoning with paprika and salt. Return this dressing to the potato shell, grating a little cheese over the top. Bake until brown. Serve with brown sauce.

Vegetable Roast

Take two each of raw carrots, onions, potatoes, and turnips. Grind fine through vegetable grinder, with one cup each of bread crumbs and walnut meats. Heat a large frying pan with two tablespoons of oil. Fry the ground vegetables until a light brown, slowly adding one-half cup of milk, some salt, paprika, sage or any flavor preferred, also two eggs. Mix thoroughly. Put in buttered pan and bake one hour, basting occasionally with tomato sauce. Slice and serve while hot.

This roast is delicious when sliced and rolled in egg and cracker crumbs and fried. It can also be served cold the following day.

Green Tomato Mince Pie

Grind one quart of green tomatoes through a coarse vegetable grinder. Let come to a boil. Drain slowly. When cold, add three-fourths cup of sorghum, one-half pound seeded raisins, one-fourth cup of butter, one-fourth cup of cider vinegar. Add salt, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste. Heat and seal in glass jars until ready to use.

Vegetarian Plum Pudding

Beat three eggs; gradually add one cup of cream, three-fourths cup whole wheat bread crumbs, one and one-half cups of flour and one cup butter. Beat well while adding one cup sugar, one cup seeded and chopped raisins, one cup currants and small pieces of chopped citron. Pour into buttered baking dish with tight fitting top, and steam several hours.

Olive and Egg Sandwiches

Remove pits from one cup of olives, chop with two hard boiled eggs, adding a very little mayonnaise dressing. Spread between thinly sliced bread.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(Continued from page 316)

crucify our selfish selves for the uplift of humanity.

It was the incomprehensible love development within Christ which prepared Him for His third step, namely the crucifixion and through the third he reached the fourth, even the resurrection or overcoming of death.

On a lesser round of the spiral the true Christian is expected to take these steps and thus follow Him.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

Looking Backward

IT IS AN EASY matter to take the past for granted, and to live in the present with no thought of the struggles, privations and heroism of those who have gone before us and which have made our present so secure and pleasant. Those who were so fortunate as to be able to attend the birthday at Mt. Ecclesia will never be able to quite forget what was done to establish the Rosierucian Fellowship. On that one day the past pressed upon us and it took little imagination to see Mr. Heindel building the first wooden structure with his own hands, always weary, often suffering, persisting in the face of all obstacles, thinking no work too menial or debasing. Little glimpses came to us of Mrs. Heindel staunchly walking by his side, doing the work of three women to save *him*, often blamed always misunderstood, caring not, as long as she could give her all to the cause.

At the noon service our leader outlined for us some of the achievements of those pioneer times—although of her own share in them you may be sure she said little. She told us of the first dark days in Ocean Park when money was so scarce, and Mr. Heindel, sick unto death, wrote his student lessons in bed, while she learned to set up type for them with her own hands. Then followed the miraculous finding of the site of Mt. Ecclesia, the construction of buildings and the establishment of the printing office and of the various departments which today go to make up the Rosierucian Fellowship.

It was all a history of the conquering power of love and faith when directed by spiritual knowledge. In conclusion she urged us:

“Set aside the little petty personalities that are coming up to shake our faith in our glorious work. It is a wonderful privilege to be here as one of the workers. We little realize what it means to those out in the world who are longing for this opportunity. We would not have had

this privilege if we had not earned it but after having earned so great a thing, are we going to have our faith shaken altogether in that wonderful work given by the Elder Brothers? We know that hundreds have been healed, and because one or two hopeless cases come, is that going to shake our faith in the power of the Elder Brothers? If it does, friends, then God have mercy on us. We have lost an opportunity that will never come to us again. Where is there such a wonderful climate? Where is there such a wonderful locality? We have the purest and the best of foods.

“Let us go ahead lovingly, willingly, carrying the message of this glorious man who turned this first spade of ground, ten years ago—his message that has been placed in our care. We are the custodians, to carry on this work, and are we going to be strong enough, pure enough, and loyal enough to continue working in this vineyard of Christ?”

The lovely singing of Mme. Louise D'Artel was the completing touch to the beautiful outdoor service.

There was to follow the Halloween dinner. Even those who live at the Fellowship were amazed at the loveliness wrought by Miss Eda Cummings and her helpers in the spacious dining room. It was a mass of gold and black and the great table with its clever decorations carried out the color scheme to perfection. Here after all the excellent food had been partaken of, we still lingered to hear the tales the pioneers had to tell of the two leaders—both present, thank God! Mrs. Nettie Lytle, Mrs. Mary B. Roberts, Miss Lizzie Graham, Mrs. Verna Wilson, Mr. B. J. Hammer, Mr. William Sellick, of Riverside, Mr. Eugene Muller, Mr. H. J. Moore, and John J. Johnston of Oceanside all made the past live for us, emphasizing the high standards of moral excellence to which the younger generation must

measure up. Mr. Alfred Adams as toastmaster was recipient of many well deserved compliments upon his management of the social side of the affair.

The centerpieces for the tables, fruit bowels fashioned from gaily painted pumpkins were made by John West whose artistic talent is ever at the command of any Fellowship need.

As we listened to Mrs. Arline D. Cramer's address upon "The Future" the past for the moment faded into the background. As we hung upon the potent magic of her words she conjured up for us the College of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, where science will be united to religion and men's minds will be freed from chains of ignorance and dogmatism; and the school for children, where little egos may be trained joyously in conformity with nature's laws. At last she showed us the sanitarium where, when you and I by self-denial and good works have helped to earn its custody, the great panacea will be administered. It all seemed so near and possible that the discouraged ones took heart and the strong ones received added assurance.

In the evening the doors of the healing temple were swung wide that all might join in the healing service. Here among the presence of the Holy Ones to the sound of Mme. D'Artel's lovely voice and of Miss Ford's exquisite playing, Mrs. Cramer led us to that frame of mind which heals those sick in body or spirit. For an hour the world slipped away and divine love was the only reality.

The day closed with a splendid musical program in the library. The glorious voice of Mme. D'Artel, the beautiful duets of the ever ready Sam Shudshift and Miss Ethel Cummings at violin and piano—never seemed more delightful. Phillip Grell, Jr., with a well rendered solo convinced us all that he has a future in music if he wants to avail himself of it. Mr. Muller at the zither and Mr. G. Hammlton Hammon at the auto harp rendered charming solos. Miss Annie Graham kept us from becoming too soulful by an uproariously funny Irish monologue, in which she showed remarkable talent.

When all the sober ones had gone to bed, the youngsters indulged in a wholesome little dance, in which some of those beautiful old steps were revived, which are warranted to benefit rather

than detract from the health of the vital body. This closed, a long splendid day which can never pass from the memory of those fortunate enough to attend. May the birthday become a yearly celebration!

THE VISION OF THE FUTURE

Mrs. Cramer's five minute talk on the future of Mt. Ecclesia.

Viewing the work that has been accomplished here in the past ten years and considering that, as the basis of the promise for the future, we without exaggeration picture a great growth in the healing work. On the hill to the west there will be a sanitarium in which those specially afflicted will stay during their convalescence.

The school for the study of the philosophy, and the preparation of speakers to carry the message to the world shall enlarge into the College of the Rosicrucians, and somewhere on these grounds I look forward to a school for children. In that school the dear little ones will be taught all phenomena in their true spiritual relationships.

Refreshment for our souls and harmonious rhythms for the bodies will be associated in the work in a beautiful classic theatre set like a jewel in the gorge looking toward the San Luis Rey Valley.

Looking forward we can see that band of truly holy ones passing each day to the Temple on the hill to strengthen and be strengthened in the great work of administering the panacea. Shall we be numbered among those who pass the tests of Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and become numbered among the saints? It is our privilege.

All this is the promise by what has been done. It rests with us as to whether we will be the honored instruments of the Elder Brothers in the fulfillment of the purpose. Ours is the privilege; ours is the loss if we fail to live up to the high spiritual ideals we are given in the teachings.

We may sneer, criticize or desert Christ's work here at Mt. Ecclesia. Our failures may hinder or smirch the work for a time, but nothing can thwart the Great Work of its high destiny. It was sanctioned in heavenly realms previous to being placed before us.

Let us serve mankind through this expression

of Christ, with all that we have, all that we are and thus awaken to bud and bloom the "Seven Roses upon Our Cross.

Listen, dear friends! I want to whisper something in your ears, very softly: not even to speak it aloud or even to write it scarcely, but just to breathe it from my heart to your. This is November and the blessed Christ Spirit is returning to the earth, and I have tried to prepare for His coming. My house is "empty, swept, and garnished." Surely He will come to me now to *abide*.

It is so dear of you to let me write so often and the writing has helped as you said it would. Part of the burden has rolled off with each letter. I hope it has not burdened you. I love you and all this blessed Fellowship so much. Indeed, it is easy now to love all created things, even the tiniest bugs and worms that I used to dislike. I know now that all life is one, for "in Him we all live, and move, and have our being." My heart's deepest gratitude goes out to you all. A. E. Y.

A MESSAGE

F. E. UPHAM

IT WAS COLD and windy in New York, Chilly blasts suggested turned up collars and brisk stepping. I had three dollars in my pocket. It was Dec. 20th; Christmas was near; pay day was eleven days off and the past year had been the worst for me financially in twelve. My general mental attitude was a combination of resentment and discouragement.

I stopped for a moment to look at a beautifully decorated window. Just as I turned to leave he stepped up. Shabbily dressed, no coat, slouch hat, hungry looking and careworn. He needed a shave. God knows what else he needed!

"Will you do me a favor?" What a little thing to ask! A few cents or even a few kind words might have cheered us both. But no. "What's the trouble with you?" So cold was my manner that he turned slightly as if struck, stammered something and I walked away.

The inner man spoke instantly, "You are a fine student of the Rosicrucian Fellowship." I turned back, hoping to see him and glad not to for I was ashamed. With a few words I had added to his woe and my own. Is it not better to give to ninety-nine undeserving than risk missing one who is worthy? Who shall determine

who is and who is not worthy? If he ask for bread will you give him a stone? I'm wondering, did Christ call and I knew Him not?

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 314)

He will govern our body, soul and spirit, and these 'wise men,' as they are called in the story, each brings a gift. Gold is always a symbol of spirit, so that is the gift of the first wise man."

"What does myrrh stand for?" asked Charlie.

"Myrrh is the extract of a plant, very rare and aromatic, and it is a fact that when man becomes very holy, his body emits a sweet odor; so myrrh stands for the body."

"Now we have soul left."

"Grandma, please tell us first what soul is. I can't find anyone that knows."

"Grace dear, soul is the extract of all your good deeds, and good thoughts. You cannot see soul. It is like the incense rising upward to God. The frankincense represents the soul. Body, soul and spirit, all were laid at the feet of the Newborn Savior, priceless Christmas gifts from those who were wise enough to bring them. Each of your gifts for Mother reminded me of the gifts we will bring when we become wise. Emily has the sweet smelling myrrh. Charlie brings the golden offering, and Grace has brought the frankincense."

"Grandma, it's just wonderful, all the beautiful things you see, and find out every day. How did you get so wise?"

"Wisdom may always be found, dear, if we seek it."

And now once more comes Christmas Day. Once more, borne abroad on the words of simple minded shepherds, runs the story. God and man have met, in visible, actual union, in a life which is both human and divine. . . . Lift up yourself to the great meaning of the Day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into His Divinity, as He was born into our Humanity, on Christmas Day.—*Phillips Brooks*.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

HEALING DATES

November 4—11—18—24
December 1— 9—15—22—28
January 5—12—18—25

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

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

October 20, 1921.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friend:

My baby boy for whom I asked help is his natural self again. The change in the last week has been indeed wonderful for which I am very thankful.

I am not filling out the blank as it won't be necessary to continue the healing work longer.

Yours sincerely,
L. C. N.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California,

Dear Friend:

A week ago I applied for healing for my throat.

My throat is so much better, that when I went on Friday for a treatment, the doctor said that it was the first indication he had had that my throat had responded to treatment.

This is the second time I have applied and received such wonderful healing. Words seem to

me inadequate to express my gratitude for all the benefits you are conferring on me.

Again thanking you from the bottom of my heart not only for physical healing but also for spiritual,

Yours sincerely,
N. B. F.

A PLEASANT FACE

A stranger in the moving throng,
To whom I said some careless word
About the weather, and a song
Or singer he and I had heard.

His answer I have wholly lost,
In separate ways we left the place;
But I keep what I value most,
The memory of a pleasant face.

And I keep still within my heart
The thrill his touch awakened there,
As, clasping hands, we moved apart,
Each ignorant of the other's sphere.

We are not strangers, you and I,
Who touch but once each other's hand,
Look once into each other's eye,
And then drift off to different lands.

It is our heritage to grasp
Each friendly hand from far or near,
And in the quick responsive clasp
To feel the common life we bear.

It is our duty, if we can,
As life leads on from place to place,
To leave with every careworn man
The memory of a pleasant face.

Arthur W. Eaton.

No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

—Selected

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO Rays From the Rose Cross

OH! WHAT A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT. IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED
AND LISTEN TO THIS:

Dear Margaret:

This year I'm making *four* Christmas gifts for the price of *three*. How did I do it? The Rosicrucian Fellowship offers a year's subscription to their magazine, RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS, or any one of their \$2.00 books, or the same amount in ephemerides, etc., for three NEW subscribers to their magazine, or six half-year subscriptions (\$6.00). I decided to send you the magazine this year and next Christmas perhaps you will receive a book.

It makes me so happy to think that I could save the price of one Christmas gift and *help them too!*

For two NEW yearly subscribers or four half yearly (\$4.00), they give free any one of their \$1.50 books, or the same amount in ephemerides, etc. For one NEW subscriber (\$2.00), they allow \$1.00 on any of their books or magazine.

I decided that a year's subscription to RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS for \$2.00 was the all-around best and cheapest present I could get anywhere, so I bought *three* that my four best friends may have Christmas throughout 1922.

I am hoping to be able to interest more friends in this same magazine offer, and save them the trouble of shopping; they can thereby make their friends happy 12 times in the year and also give them the spiritual help which I have received by reading the Rosicrucian Literature.

With greetings for the season.

John.