

RAYs FROM THE ROSE CROSS

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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The Mystic Light.

Our America, Home of the Super.Civilization

LINN A. E. GALE

<p>Brotherhood, Universality, Internationalism.... Of these we dreamed, my mate, my comrades and I. For these we struggled and sacrificed.... Struggled and sacrificed daringly, well-mean- ingly, blindly, erringly.</p> <p>We thought internationalism must come by de- stroying nationalism, That the growth of the one must be by the death of the other. We were "radicals," resentful, rebellious, "revo- lutionary".... We are so no longer,—my mate and I. We two have learned from the great teachers, Experience, Observation, Reflection. My mate learned long before I.... Some of our comrades have learned the lesson. Most of them have it yet to learn.</p> <p>Today we are Americans and today we believe in Americanism. We have surrendered no ideal of brotherhood and universality. We are still internationalists, but 'tis a different, saner internationalism.</p> <p>The internationalism that says, "One nation is as good as another; one race as advanced as another; one government merits our loyalty as much as another," That internationalism is idiocy, insanity.</p> <p>The internationalism that vizualizes world-wide fellowship in which all races mingle as friends without fear and without prej- udice, Yet that seeks meanwhile to make America the Glorious Center of World Progress,</p>	<p>That internationalism is righteous, just and rational. That internationalism is synonymous with the Higher Patriotism, with Triumphant Americanism.</p> <p>Not by tearing down what America has slowly, patiently builded.... Not by propagandas of purple passion and red rage.... Do we press on the Upward Way, Not thus do we obey the Cosmic Urge.</p> <p>By conserving the good already achieved, by ac- complishing more of it; By cultivation of our nation's virtues, by kindly correction of her errors; Thus does America become mightier in influence, Thus does Americanism signify not simply an in- herited preference for the land of our birth, But deep devotion to that land because her peo- ple are the best and her ideals the noblest.</p> <p>Leadership is not the evil thing some have paint- ed it.... If resting on force, dishonesty and greed, it can- not endure.... Such leadership contains the seeds of its own destruction. But when based on worth, service, efficiency, and principle, it shall last. Such leadership is the leadership of America. Let us encourage and strengthen that leadership.</p> <p>Then if there are international rivalries They will be peaceful rivalries of nations seek- ing to emulate America, Not bloody rivalries and sordid fights of po- tentates and powers.</p>
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To be an American means to belong to the highest class in the World School of Progress.

Wise men with steady hands, clear eyes, great hearts, are at the nation's head.

Let us support and sustain them, comrades.

Hymns of hate, calls to "revolution," incitements to the "class struggle," schemings to establish the "dictatorship of the proletariat,"....

Away with them!

Constructive co-operation, earnest effort, steady building of the Super-Civilization of these United States of ours,....

These we conceive, affirm, realize, establish.

Not "comrades" are those who would raze the structure to the ground,

Not "comradeship," but criminality and vandalism is it to manufacture discontent in the minds of Americans.

True "comradeship" and true Americanism are identical.

We can be real "comrades" only by being real Americans.

Dreaming, loving, sacrificing, working for these United States of America,

We shall lay the foundations of the United States of the World.....

Then shall Brotherhood be an eternal reality.

Erected not by mad tactics of "terrorism,"

But constructed calmly, serenely, joyously, In the sure, certain way of Evolution.

Stumbling Blocks

MAX HEINDEL

NOT INFREQUENTLY the remark is made by people who have no sympathy with or aspirations to live the higher life, that it unfits people for the world's work, and unfortunately it cannot be denied that there is seeming justification for the assertion, though in reality the very first requisite for living the higher life involves an obligation to comport oneself irreproachably in dealing with material matters, for unless we are faithful in the little things how can we expect to be trusted with greater responsibilities? It has therefore been deemed expedient to devote this month's lesson to the discussion of some of the problems which act as stumbling blocks in the life of aspirants.

In the Bible story where the king sent out his servants with invitations to the feast he had prepared, we are told that his invitations were refused on various grounds. Each one had material cares, buying, selling, marrying, therefore they could not attend to the spiritual things, and these people we may say represent the greater number of humanity today who are too engrossed in the cares of the world to even devote a thought to aspirations in the higher direction. But there are also others who become so en-

thusured upon the first taste of the higher teachings that they are ready to give up all work in the world, repudiate every obligation, and devote their time to what they are pleased to call "helping humanity." They will readily admit that it takes time to learn how to be a watchmaker, a shoemaker, an engineer, or a musician, and they would not for a moment dream of giving up their present material business to establish themselves as shoemaker, watchmaker, or music-teacher just because they felt enthusiastic or inclined to take up that work. They would know that lacking the proper preparation and apprenticeship they would be doomed to failure, and yet they think that just because they have become enthusiastic over the higher teachings they are at once fitted to step out of the world's work and devote their time to service similar, even though in a lesser degree, to that rendered by the Christ in His ministry.

So one writes to Headquarters: "I have given up flesh eating and I long to live the ascetic life, far from the world's noise that jars upon me. I want to give my life for humanity." Another says: "I want to live the spiritual life, but I have a wife who needs my care and support. Do

you think I would be justified in leaving her to help my fellow men?" Still another says: "I am in a business which is unspiritual; every day I must do things which are against my higher nature, but I have a daughter dependent upon me for an education. What shall I do, continue or give up?" There are of course many other problems presented to us, but these serve as fair samples for they represent one class which is ready to give up the world at the slightest word of encouragement, and rush off to the hills in the expectation of sprouting wings immediately. If the people who are in that class have any ties they would break them without a scruple or a moment's consideration. The other class still feels some obligation, but could be easily persuaded to repudiate it in order that they might live what they call "the spiritual life." It cannot be denied that when people get into that state of mind, when they lose their ambition to work in the world, when they become shiftless and neglectful of their duties, they merit the reproach of the community.

But as already said such conduct is based upon a misunderstanding of the higher teachings and is not at all sanctioned by the Bible or the Elder Brothers.

It is a step in the right direction when a person ceases to feed on flesh because he feels compassion for the suffering of the animals. There are many people who abstain from flesh food for health's sake, but theirs being a selfish motive the sacrifice carries with it no merit. Where the aspirant to the higher life is prompted to abstain from flesh food because he realizes that the refining influence of a meatless diet upon the body will aid him in his quest by making the body more sensitive to the spiritual influences there is no real merit either. Truly, the person who abstains from flesh foods for the sake of health will be much benefited, and the person who abstains to make his body more sensitive will also get his reward in that respect, but from the spiritual point of view neither will be very much better. On the other hand, whoever abstains from flesh food because he realizes that God's life is immanent in every animal just as in himself, that in the final analysis God feels every suffering felt by the animal, that it is a divine law, "Thou shalt not kill," and that he must ab-

stain out of compassion, that person is not only benefited in health and by making his body more sensitive to spiritual impacts, but because of the motive which prompts him he reaps a reward in soul growth immeasurably more precious than any other consideration. Therefore we would say by all means abstain from flesh food, but be sure to do so prompted by the right spiritual motive or it will not affect your spiritual interests one iota.

And when the enthusiast says that he wants to get away from the world and the noise that jars upon him to live the ascetic life, it is truly a strange idea of service. The reason why we are here in this world is that we may gather experience which is then transmuted into soul growth. If a diamond in the rough were laid away in a drawer for years and years it would be no different, but when it is placed against the grindstone by the lapidary the harsh grinding process removes the last atom of the rough coating and brings out the luminous beautiful gem. Every one of us is a diamond in the rough and God, the great Lapidary, uses the world as a grindstone which rubs off the rough and ugly coating, allowing our spiritual selves to shine forth and become luminous. The Christ was a living example of this. He did not go away from the centres of civilization, but moved constantly among the suffering and the poor, teaching, healing, and helping until by the glorious service rendered, His body was made luminous on the Mount of Transfiguration, and He who had trodden the Way exhorted His followers to be "in the world but not of it." That is the great lesson that every aspirant has to learn.

It is one thing to go out in the mountain where there is no one to contradict or to jar upon our sensibilities and keep our poise there; it is another thing entirely to maintain our spiritual aspirations and keep our balance in the world where everything jars upon us; but when we stay on this path we gain a self-control which is unattainable in any other manner.

Furthermore, though we are careful to prepare our food well, to abstain from flesh eating or any other contaminating *outward* influence, though we want to get away to the mountains to escape the sordid things of city life, and we want to rid ourselves of every *outward* thing that may prove

a stumbling block to our progress, still what about the things that come from *within*, the thoughts we have in our minds, our mental food? It will avail us not one iota of good if we could feed our bodies upon nectar and ambrosia, the ethereal food of the gods, when the mind is a charnel house, a habitat of low thoughts, for then we are only as whited sepulchres, beautiful to behold from without but inwardly full of a nauseating stench; and that mental delinquency can be maintained just as well and perhaps it is even more apt to be maintained in the solitude of the mountains or in a so-called spiritual retreat than in a city where we are busy with the works of our vocation. It is indeed a true saying that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop," and the safest way to attain to interior purity and cleanliness is to keep the mind busy all the time, guiding our desires, feelings, and emotions toward the practical problems of life, and working each one in his own immediate environment, to find the poor and the needy that he may give them whatever help their cases require and merit. That class which has no ties of its own may profitably make ties of love and friendship with those who are loveless and friendless.

Or if it is the care of a relative, wife, daughter, husband, or anyone else, let us remember the words of Christ when He said, "Who is my mother and my brother?" and answered the question by saying, "Those who do the will of my Father." This saying has been misconstrued by some to mean that the Christ repudiated His physical relationships for the spiritual, but it is only necessary to remember that in the last moments of His life on earth He called to Him the disciple whom He loved and brought him to His mother, giving him to her as a son and charging the disciple to care for His parent. Love is the unifying force in life, and according to the higher teachings we are required to love our kin, but also to extend our love natures so that they may also include everyone else. It is good that we love our own mother and father, but we should also learn to love other people's mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, for universal brotherhood can never become a fact so long as our love is confined only to the family. It must be made all-inclusive.

There was one among the disciples of Christ

whom He loved especially, and following His example we also may bestow a particular affection upon certain ones though we ought to love everyone and do good even to them that despitefully use us. These are high ideals and difficult of accomplishment at our present stage of development, but as the mariner steers his ship by a guiding star and reaches his desired haven though never the star itself, so also by setting our ideals high we shall live nobler and better lives than if we do not aspire, and in time and through many births we shall eventually attain because the inherent divinity in ourselves makes it imperative.

Finally then, to sum up, it does not really matter where we are placed in life, whether in a high station or a low. Present environment with its opportunities and limitations is such as suits our individual requirements as determined by our self-made destinies in previous existences. Therefore it holds for us the lesson we must learn in order to progress properly. If we have a wife, a daughter, or other family ties to hold us to that environment, they must be considered as part of what we have to reckon with, and by doing our duty to them we learn the required lesson. If they are antagonistic to our belief, if they have no sympathy with our aspirations, if we have on their account to stay in a business and do things which we are not pleased with, it is because we must learn something from these things, and the proper way for the earnest aspirant is to look conditions squarely in the face with a view to finding out just what it is that is needed. This may not be an easy matter. It may take weeks, months, or years to solve the problem, but so long as the aspirant applies himself prayerfully to the task he may be sure that the light will shine some day, and then he will see what is required and why these conditions were imposed upon him. Then having learned the lesson or found out the purpose, he will if he has the right spirit prayerfully bear the burden for he will know that he is upon the right road and it is an absolute certainty that as soon as the lesson of that environment has been learned a new way will be opened up showing him the next step upon the path of progress. Thus the "stumbling blocks" will have been

(Continued on page 431)

Near Death from Antipyrine Poisoning and Its Sequel

VIVIAN V. MCCOLLUM FRISBEE

THE HAPPENINGS with which the following narrative deals occurred when the writer was about nineteen or twenty as nearly as can be recalled, and because of the unforgettable lesson thus learned, despite the intimacy of personal detail involved, she feels that for the help and strength it may give others to meet life in the best spirit possible, however heavy the burden seems, it may be well to tell the ensuing experience for what it may be worth to other souls caught in the toils of adverse circumstance.

All night I had been suffering with an attack of earache and when morning came it was becoming unbearable. I therefore resorted to a certain powerful headache wafer which I knew would be effective. Strict instructions accompanied this remedy as to its use, which if not observed would seriously endanger the heart. Three such wafers, in an extremity, administered at one hour intervals each were the limit allowed the sufferer. When I had taken the permitted number, however, the earache was just beginning to ease, and the contents of the box were exhausted. The day went on and with nothing further to restrain the pain, it raged ever and ever more furiously until I was inwardly beside myself. When, finally, my brother arrived at evening, I asked him to go back to town and get me a box of the wafers from the only druggist in the city who carried them.

On my brother's return, I at once took one. Then as the hours followed one another and the pain raged unabated, defying everything in the headway it had obtained, I took wafer after wafer, unrecking of consequences as I lay awake waiting for the clock to strike each hour that I might take yet another, until six of the morning sounded and the pain at last was fairly gone; likewise the entire dozen of wafers purchased the previous evening.

More dead than alive but grateful for the peace following the relief from the agony I had endured, I tremblingly dressed and proceeded

with the daily round of household tasks, but by the time the afternoon wore around, too utterly exhausted to force myself further, I was compelled to seek the couch from sheer weakness. Lying there I sank into a limp inertia—not of sleep but of absolute, nerveless relaxation.

At first I was conscious only of perfect quiet of mind and body, then gradually it seemed as if the blood were being thrown in uprushing waves through my body, to break in heavy strokes against my eardrums and the top of my skull with a force that almost rendered me senseless, as the blood tide ebbed back as might waves from an invincible sea wall, seeming to bear my consciousness with it.

Heavier and ever heavier grew the thunder of that inner surf of blood beating against the restraining barriers of the physical! Slower and more slow came the labored strokes of the mightily working heart, until it seemed to me that each stroke would be the last and that the crimson life within would break into a thousand pieces skull and eardrums alike, and burst forth in a riotous, disastrous flood.

Waiting thus for each resurgent wave rush, I steeled myself to receive the impacts as they came, dreading each one more than the last, and in a vague way feeling that all this, if I did not rouse myself to action, momentarily threatened death. Still, loath to nerve to further effort, I continued to lie there, quiet even as the dead!

Yes, as the dead! For suddenly, as with a last supremely great effort, the heart strove once more to drive the returning blood yet again on another round—it failed, all breath ceased, and the entire machinery of my body came to a gentle halt.

I lay enveloped in a stillness so absolute that for the first time in my corporeal existence I realized the full significance of that well-worn phrase, "*the stillness of death!*"

Never before had I comprehended the noise in which we humans live from the moment of birth to that of so-called "death," as a result of

the constant activity going on within our physical organisms while we are obliged to function through them on this material plane.

As I lay in the pulseless, wondrous peace of that intervening pause of an infinite silence, as it were, I knew for the first time the full meaning of the word "Rest!" Then I felt myself suddenly float up lightly as a leaf from the sofa and as softly settle on the rug beside it. There for a minute or so I lay, eyes closed, before making any attempt to rise. Then as I slowly drew myself to a standing posture and with half-opened lids glanced idly around, upon whom should my eyes fall but my own "dead" father!

There at one end of the sofa, at the head of my own just vacated body, he stood, leaning in a characteristic pose of his during life, elbow against the wall, head resting on his upraised, supporting hand, as he surveyed me with watchful intentness and a sombre inscrutability of expression.

He did not speak nor did I! No, it never occurred to me to be surprised at seeing *him* thus, in the still greater surprise I encountered at finding myself out of the body, apparently *dead*! I knew at once what had happened. The antipyrine to the number of fifteen wafers which I had taken to ease my pain, had gotten in its cumulative work all at once, and I had apparently "died" then and there on the sofa, unknowing that I *was* "dying."

As the truth burst on me and realization of the shock to my mother should she find me there, adding thus again to the staggering burden and sorrow she was already carrying, together with the thought that I could no longer help to lighten or to share that burden and sorrow with her, something snapped wildly within me, and I desperately determined that were it yet within human possibility to do so, I would return, and that, too, before I was discovered on that sofa, seemingly a corpse.

With this resolve I bent over my own lifeless form in an attempt to re-enter it. In vain! Repeatedly I tried, each time only to fail! Finally, as the futility of my endeavors to effect such return was borne mercilessly in upon me, grief seized me for its own! Grief of the maddest kind!

Hardly knowing what I did or said, I raised

my hands and wrung them in the air as I cried: "God! You *must*, you *shall*, return me to my body! I *can't*, I *won't*, leave when I am needed so! No, not if it takes me three days to return! I'll come back if I have to come back in the coffin!"

Then with an instantaneous revulsion of feeling, a sense of the uselessness of my rebellion, of my helplessness to do anything in face of the grim facts confronting me, swept over me, and dropping my hands I wept broken-heartedly as a new valuation of life presented itself in terms of such service as never before had dawned upon me until that moment.

Hitherto, grieving to the point of suicide over blasted ambitions, adversity of the sternest description, failing health, and the generally hopeless aspect of things, life had seemed to hold for me no inducement worth living for, and finding it far from sweet I had longed intensely for the day when death should open the gates of my escape to a brighter phase of existence and opportunity than earth afforded. Now all this was unexpectedly reversed, and it seemed to me that personal ambition, happiness, joy, were nothing—less than nothing—beside the precious privilege of being allowed to share another's burden; to lend one's strength to that other that he or she faint not beneath the load. It was enough, I felt, and I was well content to ask nothing more of earth than that I might be given back once more the use of my physical instrument through which I might be enabled to minister in person to a loved one on the earth plane. All else in the light of this new illumination was, I felt then and I *still* feel, of no consequence beside this greatest and most inestimable privilege accorded a human being here on earth, and that as he or she meets it, recognizes it, responds to it with a true, ungrudging comprehension of the significance conveyed in that wonderful, heavenly word, SERVICE, so is the success of that soul's terrestrial sojourn measured in terms of dismal failure or of glorious accomplishment as viewed in the all-revealing, searching WHITE LIGHT OF GOD!

As all this was borne in upon me under emotion of the intensest kind, out of the east, as swift as thought a form flashed and on the instant was beside me—a woman whose youth and

beauty, common to all the disembodied spirits of the higher spiritual planes, were disguised under the familiar mask of the seeming fleshly appearance she wore in her last days, when in her graciously lovely young-old age she passed on at ninety-two to that other world of life and action enveloping this one. She was my own maternal great-grandmother, whom I had never seen although she had often been described to me by my mother. As she now stood before me, slight and small of stature, her own sweet face a commingling of April tears and tremulous smiles—which I have since been informed was a characteristic of hers when deeply moved—I gave up all hope, thinking she had come to take me away with her.

Dropping my head down onto her shoulder, I cried like a little child. As I did so, she threw her arms about me under my arm pits, and with quick, firm strokes applied her hands sharply, rapidly carrying them around me from back to front over the region encircling that part of my body within whose zone the heart lay aligned.

Hardly had she touched me before I felt a wave-rush of heat girdle me round and where that life-giving, magnetic fire spread, I discovered that I was as cold as a block of frozen marble. Then—I found myself *back upon the sofa!*

For a moment I lay inert, unbreathing, unthinking, like one stunned almost, ere I was conscious of a strong suggestion that if I would not again pass out I must immediately exert myself physically—must take firm possession again of the earthly vehicle I had but recently nearly lost. With this thought and as though automatically impelled, hardly realizing why I did what I then tried to do, I began feebly, inch by inch, to drag my right hand up, up, along the side of my body until I at last, still unconscious of any purpose in what I did, placed it on my forehead. *Then* I roused in very earnest from my dreamlike torpor! For the forehead which that hand of mine touched was cold, cold! Clammy with the death-damp! From out its flesh, all the elasticity, the life, seemingly fled as my fingers pressed it ever so faintly!

“I shall go out again!” I mentally ejaculated, “if I do not try to get onto my feet at once!”

So thinking, half-rolling off, half-sitting up,

I got onto the rug and staggered to my feet. Then clinging to the wall for support and to the furniture near me, I slowly dragged myself into the next room where my mother was seated quietly mending.

As she saw me, she gave a startled exclamation and dropping her mending stared at me as I made my way toward her.

“Why, what is the matter!” she cried. “Your eyes are glazed! You look like the dead!”

I dropped into a chair, and as soon as I could speak, I told her all, and she for one did not scoff, believing that what I told her was indeed the truth!

As for me to whom God had granted a new lease of life to use just so long as I fulfilled that purpose of service to others, and because of this desire alone had wondrously granted such a renewal of opportunity to a now wiser, more enlightened mortal than that of a few hours previous, I had learned that there are worse ills than personal disappointment and such kindred sorrows, and that the bitterest, the sharpest of all of these is to be denied the power to come to the aid of another, to ease the burden lest that other faint beneath the weight of the cross grown too heavy!

Oh, ye who would serve the Cross! Ye who have longed to share, to alleviate the torture of the progress of one who passed on His sorrowful way to Golgotha, the opportunity is still with you! Ye serve Him, love Him, comfort Him yet, when ye give of your *roses of love*, your *roses of selfless service*, to those of your suffering brethren, your fainting sisters, treading the path with you here below! For lo, so is the Christ with you even to this day, this hour! So is He still calling to you, teaching you, always His *first* and His *greatest* lesson, the lesson of *Service* in self-forgetting love for one another; that the sorrow of one is the sorrow of all, as the joy of one is likewise the joy of all, and thus even as ye love and serve one another, transforming Hell into Heaven, so do ye truly serve and love Him, *and not otherwise!*

God is a zealous pruner,

For He knows

Who falsely tender, spares the knife,

But spoils the rose.

—John Oxenham.

Causation

ARLINE D. CRAMER

THE FOLLOWING incidents are not fiction; they are records in the memory of nature shown to help troubled souls to understand the eternal law of God, the great law of causation. These records of the past showed the special activities of other lives under which the souls were reacting in this life.

The retrospective period or purgatorial experience after death seems to give the soul a conscience against repeating the offenses, but it does not harmonize the inter-relationship of souls estranged, that is, we must work out the debts of our own causation here in the plane where the acts were committed. Old enemies meet us and naturally dislike us, even injure us, but we who know must overcome the evil with good, knowing that we can not be harmed save by one whom we have injured in the past. If we forgive, then earnestly pray for the awakening of righteousness in our fellow spirit, and fix in our own minds the resolution not to sin in that way under any provocation, we may learn something more about that much misunderstood part of the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses *'as'* we forgive those who trespass against us." The word "*as*" is very significant.

"Ask naught of the helpless gods with prayer
or hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit or
cakes.

Within yourselves deliverance must be sought,
Each man his prison makes.
Each has powers as the loftiest ones
Ay, for with gods around, above, below,
And with all things, and whatsoever breathes,
Act maketh joy or woe."

The spiritual value of an act is that asset to the spirit which defies all time, and is incorporated into the LIFE SPIRIT of the individual ego as wisdom. We cannot know the full spiritual value of an act until we have experienced its reactions, personal and impersonal, immediate and remote, on all planes of consciousness related

thereto. To do this extracting of the spiritual values takes the time of many lives on earth.

The mental activity of one life becomes externalized as form, circumstance, and environment of the next earth life, while all other activities of the ego are ever feeding the mental life as tendencies, traits, faculties, characteristics. Purgatorial experiences in between lives on earth ever exert a purifying and evolutionary influence.

Many students think that they could better conduct their lives here and now, if they could see in the "memory of nature" the particular incidents of the past life to which they are reacting. If it were for the best welfare of the eternal soul and spirit, be assured that God would have permitted us to see the activities of other lives.

We have the assurance from the Bible that there is nothing hidden from us but what will be revealed in due season. Jesus told his disciples that to them it was given to know the truth, but they could not bear it then, revealing then as now that the great majority *can not bear the truth*, as it ever reproaches them with God's divine love and their own selfish perversity. But He is ever calling and we are ever groping our way towards Him.

Let us assure ourselves by our faith in God's perfect justice and mercy that when we are able to truly benefit in soul by the experience of reading the memory of nature, the power will be given. The hindrances are mental prejudices, wasting time in judging others before we have evolved right judgment, lack of adaptability, no real knowledge of self, most self investigation being colored by pessimism, optimism, emotions.

Are you blind? One of the causes of blindness is persistent refusal to see the truth in incidents of life. Viewing circumstances through mental prejudices, refusing to admit that you might be wrong, being impervious to the views of others all conduce toward physical blindness in time.

Are you deaf? Be assured that you have fostered too much independence in the past, too much indifference as to what others say. Just as surely as desire to hear gradually evolved the ear, so indifference to the calls for help, indifference towards the troubles of others, the desire to be always alone, will impair the function of the ear. We must be eager to hear in order to keep our holy gift in condition.

Is speech impaired? Know that you have failed, you alone, and put no responsibility upon your God for the affliction. The recluse life, the vow of silence, were potent factors in past lives tending towards poor powers of expression in this life.

Many people are losing the sense of smell by their indifference towards this sense. If we do not project interest and intelligent discrimination into this sense, it may fail us at a time when the quick detection of the nature of an odor might be the means of saving life.

If we seek food highly flavored, if we love very sweet, sour, or highly spiced food, we are apt to neglect the more delicate flavors, and the evolution of taste being hampered will reflect in impaired physical health in the future.

Here is a picture from the memory of nature. A young woman sits at a table writing. She is under spirit control and the messages she writes inform some people standing by how to make money quickly. She has surrendered her arm to the use of a discarnate spirit. To do that she had to devitalize the currents of her will and desire that flowed into and sustained the arm. This was done for many years; then came death, purgation, heaven life, and rebirth.

In this life, here and now, we find a child born to wealthy, healthy, cultured people, and this child has a withered arm. The parents are very much disturbed because the ancestry of the family for many past generations had no taint of deformities, and the other children of these same parents are all healthy normal children. Whence came the ugly duckling? It is the reborn spirit of the young woman mentioned above who gave information through automatic writing as to how to make money. The body suffers a withered arm from failure of the spirit to establish the lines of desire, and it will take probably one whole life on earth to rebuild the desire

currents around which a normal arm may be built in the next life. This spirit came to these people because they are those who benefited through the sacrifice of the past. If they all work together in a spiritually enlightened way, the arm may be induced to grow some in this life.

Here is another picture of a past life, the time indicated as the Middle Ages, a thousand years ago, when book learning was a rare and precious accomplishment, books being hand printed and bound. The scene was a baronial hall which boasted a library and a librarian. The librarian was a little old man who was a typical "book-worm," possessed by the desire for knowledge. He lived with the precious tomes day and night, constantly pouring over the treasures of information which they contained. He had a wife who lived in another part of the castle, but she scarcely knew she had a husband so little did she see of him. Besides feeding avariciously upon the book learning and neglecting his love partner, he neglected the bodily functions. He waxed old, died, and passed to the retrospection of earth life in purgatory and heaven. There conscience was awakened, a conscience that warned that spirit to take better care of the body, develop the love nature, and be more sociable and friendly.

Then that spirit was reborn as a woman. The mental habits of one life reflect in the physical form of the next life, so we find a dear little woman in this life deploring the fact that she is a slave to her body. There is very sluggish intestinal peristalsis and toxic poisoning. This woman declared that but one man was ever interested in her and he drifted out of her life before there was any declaration of love. Here you can see the reaction of the recluse life of the librarian, who neglected his love. That spirit in this life longed for love, but there had to be new relations with people; new bonds had to be strengthened in affection and friendship so that the next life on earth might not be loveless also.

If we are misers with our learning, hoarding knowledge, seeking the power of knowledge for selfish purposes, it reflects in the next body we build, as biliousness, indigestion, and sluggishness of all organs of elimination. We have not

(Continued on page 431)

Personal Experiences or a Page From a Life's Volume

E. D. S.

OCTOBER 1918 will long be remembered throughout Africa as the month of the "Black Plague." No other term is possible to convey an idea of the horror endured at that time. Death was in the very air one breathed. To pass through the empty streets, where one encountered only poor broken bodies being conveyed to some common dumping ground until it was possible to find time and space to bury them decently in kindly old "Mother Earth," was to experience anguish too intense for words to convey.

Many parties of willing helpers worked night and day during that time to stem as far as possible the devastating effects of the dread disease. Dreadful were the sights these helpers witnessed among the natives, the half castes, and again among the more wealthy classes of white people, each class being as helpless as the others; whole families stricken down without any one to attend to their needs. Today you would meet a man, whole and hearty, but on the morrow! Never more would you meet the same bright face, for already was he counted among the thousands who had passed to the great beyond.

To some the strain became too great; watching the terrible sufferings of those they loved and being helpless to render assistance, the cord of self-control would snap and suicides in those days were frequent.

The writer happened to be among those who did what little could be done during that dreadful period, but unfortunately all too soon became a victim of the terrible malady in its worst form. It was during that time when my life was quite despaired of that the strange experience I shall now try to relate took place.

Lying on a bed, scarcely breathing, for the poison had badly affected my heart, to all appearances unconscious, I was yet fully conscious in my physical brain of everything and of every sound. I say brain because it did not seem as if my body was real or a part of me. I seemed to be two distinct "minds."

The nurse bending over the bed appeared as two: first, the normal figure, then a huge background shape which rose as far as the ceiling, surrounded by bright glowing lights. Everyone took on these strange shapes. I was aware of these things with one consciousness; with quite another consciousness even more fully awake and vividly alive I was running swiftly over a wide rolling plain. This plain stretched as far away on every side as the eye could see. A long way ahead and towards which I was running at the extreme end of the plain was a leaping, roaring fire. This fire extended right across the plain. It was my goal.

The light appeared dusky as though a rather thick veil were over one's face. At intervals along the line of high leaping flames were very narrow gaps, and at each gap was stationed a "Guardian" of the way. Each was clothed in black priestly robes, with a scarlet stole embossed with golden symbols. Upon the head was worn a rather deep black cap.

Before one of these "Guardians" or guides, who possessed a tall majestic form, I prostrated myself with face to the earth, feeling and knowing I could not pass through those raging flames without his help. Very gently he at last raised me and we then passed safely and unhurt through that fierce fire.

Upon the other side of the flames stretched another long rolling plain; the light here was brighter and a soft glow was over everything. Here I became aware of thousands of figures lying in every conceivable position, sleeping. These were clad in different uniforms—soldiers, sailors, whose young lives had been taken before their time. They were lying there peacefully sleeping in quite natural, restful positions.

Here for the first time my guide spoke, questioning me: "Of what is this the result?"

The answer sprang at once to my lips; "This is the result of ignorance."

The question and answer seemed to flash from

each, not quite in ordinary speech, although it seemed like speaking as we know it.

Again we quickly left these peaceful ones and glided onwards for a short space. We halted on the slopes of a gentle green incline. Here were lying many thousands of poor battered humans: men, women, and little children, lying in every attitude with the little ones close beside their elders or stretched upon the sleeping mothers' breasts. In some strange way I knew that here were sleeping all who had been hurried out of life before their time by shipwreck, ruthlessness, by all the foul deeds and diseases the world has been suffering from during these past years of dreadfulness.

Very sad and weary most of these sleepers appeared, as though they still carried the memory of the terrible things witnessed and suffered by them even in their dreams. These sleepers were not so thickly crowded as the dead soldiers and sailors. You could wander among them and in some faces even detect the glimmer of re-awakening life.

My guide looked very sad as he gazed upon these poor ones, yet so stern and majestic. Again he asked me to tell him the meaning of these strange sights. Just one word, "Ignorance" seemed to flash forth from me.

We passed on. I was now commanded to kneel and look down a long deep shaft. Only a brief moment here was permitted me. At the bottom of this shaft I perceived many shadowy forms, all desperately fighting, and knew these were the newly disembodied, fighting to regain entrance to their physical shells.

I hurried away from this sight feeling very sad and heartsick.

Once more the same question was asked by my guide, and having made the same reply, "Ignorance," he took my hand and said very gently, "The lesson has been well learned."

I became conscious that I was now lying on my bed one more, and for a moment aware of great physical suffering. Very shortly afterwards I swooned and seemed to sink down into a deep sea of darkness.

Then burst upon my sight the most marvelous and glorious vision: Glorious snow white mountains, glistening like soft highly polished silver, scintillating with thousands of rays of soft deli-

cate light and color, and a sea, an indescribable blue, flecked with pure white foam.

Softly the lapping waves caressed the beautiful mountain side. It was marvelous, the mountains seeming so utterly beyond anything I can describe as to height. Every time a soft wave broke, it did so with a tinkling as of silver bells and glorious toned, sweet stringed music. From the crest of these mountains prismatic rays flashed forth in the most delicate colors. Just on the top where we stood was a wonderful little temple made of crystal. This reflected every ray of soft color, as though made of cut diamonds, yet everything was soft and delicate in tone - - - . I despair of giving you a true description; it is beyond my poor powers of expression.

I was bidden to examine this temple. Many treasures were here. Everything I thought of was found in abundance: Books, flowers, beautiful pictures, statuary, golden stringed harps, and strange new instruments upon which it was possible to make music, sweet and beautiful. Then I was told to look into the garden, which had beautiful lawns and trees, straight stemmed madonna lilies, and an abundance of other sweet scented flowers.

Walking in this garden, seemingly quite unaware of us, was a woman. She was robed in some thick rich glistening material which looked almost like frosted snow, and which seemed to change and glow with light with her movements. Long and flowing was this robe—sandals of soft white upon her feet.

I turned towards my guide with a questioning look, for I knew all this meant something very unusual to me. When he saw he had my attention, he explained that here I could remain, surrounded with those things which in life upon earth had been to a great extent denied to me.

Music such as never heard upon earth was vibrating and pulsing through every blade of green grass and whispering leaf. Pictures, books, a glorious garden with marvelous flowers—all, all could be mine—for this was a home. I was to make the choice.

What a temptation! for that indeed it was—a Great Temptation offered.

For a brief space I felt how heavenly sweet

such a place could be. Then in a flash I remembered those sleeping forms, and the reason shown me why they were sleeping there instead of being fully awake and aware of their surroundings.

Turning to my guide after a few moments thought on these questions, I made this reply: "When one has earned these beautiful things, they will be sweet, but never alone. Alone, this place would soon become hades and not heaven. This will be home and heaven when all others can share the glories too. How could I be happy here, knowing my fellow creatures are suffering and dying through lack of knowledge which I possess and could give them. No, let us quickly return and help those who need help, where we may."

A look of great joy radiated from my guide's face. The wonderful eyes shone out with understanding and joyful sympathy.

Quickly the glorious vision faded. Once again physical consciousness was mine. The temptation to remain in those glorious realms was for the present conquered.

Now began a fierce struggle, for a struggle it was indeed, because although my spirit has been

passing through this wonderful experience, as yet it was difficult for the physical brain to sift the knowledge and bring it clearly through.

My weakness forced me again and again to the fire's edge that I might pass over, but each time my guide barred the way, commanding me to return to my body, calling out that my choice had been made, and now my body must live on; that I must fight to conquer death itself and make my own way back to life without help, but through sheer force of will. When at last the knowledge did struggle through to the poor weak physical brain, the doctor was quite dumbfounded by my recovery.

Gradually and finally I came back to normal life. A strange and never before experienced feeling of great exaltation flooded through and through me. Sleep, sweet and healing, at length closed my weary eyes, the first consciously experienced for days past. I slept, deeply as a child, and dreamed once more of that heavenly garden, and the white shining mountains.

Here my experience ended. Strength rapidly returned to me and I took up again the work of life which my vision showed me was not yet completed.

The Evolution of Music and Its Ethical Significance

F. ADELBERT REDFIELD

(Continued from February)

THE CHURCH BECAME a predominant institution in the Roman Empire during the years of its decline and assumed the guardianship of the new nations when that great civilization fell. It became the visible emblem of Christ's power on earth, something that men looked up to in adoration and fear. Its service was majestic and impressive, music being used to add to its grandeur. The spirit of sacrifice eventually developed into the spirit of chivalry and the Crusade. The unselfish champion was the ideal. The spirit of love was just beginning to raise its head. Individual liberty was undreamed of. Feudalism ruled the political world and the Church governed morals. No man held himself directly responsible to God for his actions. He considered the Church as the

mediator between the Deity and himself, the pardoner of his sins and the final judge of his life. He willingly accepted its decree as to his conduct and for a long time did not show a desire to acquire knowledge for himself.

The first signs of the latter tendency were manifested in Dante's creation of the first great masterpiece in modern literature. This prophesied the beginning of that period in the psychological development of Europe known as the Renaissance. The work of the Church had begun to bear fruit, and the discovery of the treasures of ancient literature and art stimulated the desire for intellectual development. The quest for knowledge extended in every direction, and education advanced more rapidly than ever before in the history of mankind. Church and

State alike vied with each other in promoting culture, the exploration of unknown lands, the plastic arts, and music. The great literary works of the Greeks and Romans were devoured by hungry students. Galileo startled the world by his discoveries in astronomy. Columbus discovered America and the Church sent missionaries into the depths of the wilderness. New cathedrals were built and architecture and painting received a new impulse.

This change in thought was necessary before any great strides in music could be made. The newly awakened interest in culture created a demand for a new medium of expression, which brought about the development of music outside the Church, giving birth to the opera and other secular forms. The new art became the voice of those higher sentiments aroused by the teachings of the Christian religion. For the first time man began to feel something that he could not express in words, a new joy that was indescribable, a hope that was unbounded. He possessed something that the old race religions had never given him, and he pushed forward along the path of evolution more zealously than ever before expanding in every direction, reaching out into the unknown with an astounding avidity.

The emotions aroused by this enthusiasm were somewhat intellectual in nature. The new fields of science and discovery had a tendency to develop materialistic ideas and consequently sensual pleasures predominated. Religion with many became more superficial as wealth increased and the quest for gold was often inconsistently defended by a pretense of missionary service as in the conquest of Peru. The music of this age, therefore, is of a superficial character, little in keeping with the ideals of the Church, who looked with a distrustful eye upon the new development of thought, which she differently understood. While she persecuted those who departed too far from her original doctrines, she did not hesitate to make use of any new forms of art created by the pleasure loving public which she thought would attract the wanderers back into the fold. She utilized the drama to teach lessons of morality and the newly conceived opera she turned into the oratorio and cantata for the purpose of presenting religious stories in a more attractive form.

As is usually the case, sensualism gained the

upper hand at first, and the Church found it necessary to take active measures to prevent trivial music from creeping into the service along with the new forms that were being adopted. This stimulated the great composers of the time, who were mostly in the service of the Church, to work for higher ideals and resulted in the creation of a better class of music. The effects of intellectualism, however, could not be overcome. The Church was gradually losing her power. Her interference in political affairs was deeply resented and many began to question her right to dictate in religious matters. Greater individualism was necessary for further development. The underlying current of thought that directs human events demanded a broader conception of the essential principles of the Christian religion, but the priesthood could not realize it. Absolute dictatorship for so many years had confirmed their idea of the infallibility of the Church, and had to their minds justified them in persecuting heretics. The Inquisition, so out of harmony with the teachings of Christ, only fanned the spark into a flame and the Reformation became a reality outside of the established Church.

This was the period of a great spiritual awakening that brought Germany to the front and started the Teutonic-Anglo-Saxon race on its mission of greatness. Martin Luther, the guiding spirit of this movement, was the embodiment of the idea of religious freedom. He denied the right of any man or institution to interfere with freedom of conscience and asserted the principle of individual responsibility to God. This was the first great step in the cause of individual liberty, and from it music received a new impulse that made it grow with astonishing rapidity. Luther, himself a great lover of music, added still greater force to its momentum by emphasizing its value as a moral educator. To him in a large measure is due the credit for instilling in the hearts of the German people that deep-seated love of the art that is so characteristic of them. The element of religious emotionalism inculcated in the thought gave music a broader field for its development in Germany than in Italy and the other Latin countries, which, not being affected by the Reformation, went to the extreme of superficiality.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the principles of religious freedom had been fairly

worked out and traces were to be seen of the movement in respect to political freedom which later culminated in the revolutions of America and France. In this transition from the Reformation to the Revolution the world was to take a still greater stride forward and music, which was destined to play a still more important part, in order to meet this contingency, required the services of a great genius who could summarize the work that had already been done, formulate laws from the mass of technical material that had already been evolved that would permit greater liberty of expression, lay the foundation upon which future composers could erect masterpieces adequate for the interpretation of the new spirit, and combine within himself the ideals of religious freedom and democracy, the underlying principles of universal brotherhood.

The man who shouldered this responsibility was Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest musicians who has ever lived. What he is in the world of music is best expressed in the words of Beethoven, when he, in a play upon the word *bach* which in German means brook, said, "A brook? No! he is the ocean." It is not necessary for us to look into the details of his work to understand its importance. We need only to observe that he has had a more powerful influence on the development of music than any other one man, that all musicians have united in paying him homage, and that a study of his works, which are daily becoming better known, is considered indispensable in the acquirement of a thorough musical education. He greatly transcended the thought of his time and still remains the peer of all composers.

Before passing on to a consideration of the Revolution we must pause to observe that contemporaneously with Bach, Handel wrote his great oratorios and that Gluck, soon afterward wrought those reforms in opera which Wagner brought to a glorious climax later. Emmanuel Bach also, introduced his father's method of playing the clavier, the predecessor of the piano-forte, and started the new school of instrumental music which was afterwards developed by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. All of the music of this period except that of Sebastian Bach is for the most part lacking in emotionalism. Handel and Mozart both aimed at creating works pleasing to the ear. The aristocratic

manners of the time which confined the thought within conventional bounds influenced even them. In Handel we find the grand, majestic, religious spirit, in Mozart the charming grace of Continental court life. The passionate nature of the suffering multitudes had not yet found a voice. Another crisis was necessary to give expression to it and that crisis took the form of the French Revolution, which upset monarchies, tore down conventionalism, uprooted traditions, and flouted its red flag in the face of religion itself.

The historian of this age was Beethoven, who sounded the whole gamut of the emotions from its deepest note to its highest. Where in biography, where in history, where in poetry, where in prose, will you find any record of its stirring events that will bring you so closely in touch with the spirit of it as the music of this great master? Where else will you find anything that represents so well its higher significance, its great moral lesson, its defiance of tradition, and its unequivocal assertion of the rights of the individual? Its whole passionate, throbbing heart, robbed of its coarser elements, is revealed to you in the music of Beethoven, who himself felt its suffering, its joys and its hope.

Following the Revolution came an age of Romanticism, depicted in the music of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Wagner, the influence of which is uppermost in our lives today. Underlying this is a deeper current of analytical optimism, a scientific spirit that demands a reason for everything. It was prophesied by Emanuel Swedenborg, reflected by Balzac and Emerson in literature, and represented in music by Johannes Brahms, the greatest composer since Beethoven. None of these four men are very well understood at the present time and many no doubt will dispute the statement that Brahms should be ranked above Wagner. Of the two, however, it must be admitted that Brahms is the more profound, that he was the greater master of technique, and that while Wagner was successful only in the opera form, he was successful with any that he chose to try. Of still more importance is the fact that in our development of the principles of democracy and universal brotherhood we shall outgrow the ideals of Romanticism just as we have outgrown the conventional religious ideals upon which Handel's oratorios are founded. Wagner like Handel will

remain dear to us for many years, but his star will dim before that of Brahms as Handel's dimmed before that of Bach.

The music of the future will not be developed along the lines of description as we commonly understand it. To picture in a composition an actual scene as we would paint it upon a canvas is impossible. A symphony describing a forest scene does not bring before our vision what is to be seen there, but what is to be heard and felt. The state of the emotions aroused by certain events or circumstances is what music really describes. It is the language of those intangible ideas which cannot be expressed through any other medium. Some of those ideas may be suggested by written description, as in Wagner's operas, and still others may be made more or less tangible by the character of the music itself. There are some ideas and emotions, however, that are positively beyond the power of verbal description, and when music describes these it becomes what is known as absolute music. This is a higher form of art than that employed by Wagner and the Romantic School.

The greatest exponents of this higher form of art are Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, the Moses, the David and the Elijah of modern music. They are the prophets to whom we may look for guidance in the future. Wagner, like Martin Luther, was a great reformer whose work differs from that of a seer or prophet.

With this comparison let us close the discussion and turn our attention for a moment to the ethical significance of music. We have already seen that the art took root in the broad principles of love and the brotherhood of man promulgated by the Christian religion, that it has been inseparably connected with the development of modern civilization, and that it is the language of the emotions and the exponent of the spirit of all great movements in modern life. It is something more than a means of pleasure. It is a great living entity that brings us into close touch with the spirit of past experiences, enables us to feel the motives that prompted the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Revolution whose vast problems we are still struggling to solve. It stimulates the imagination, raising us above sordid ambitions, vivifies our dreams, our visions, those intangible ideas that give birth to action, and opens our eyes to new beauties and larger pos-

sibilities. Callous indeed is the heart that cannot be softened by its tender vibrations, deadened indeed the spirit that cannot be raised to higher aspirations by its refining influence.

What, we may ask, is the secret of this subtle power that makes music so irresistible? Why is it that we so passionately crave its beauties? If we think of music as acting in a manner similar to that of heat the problem will not be difficult to solve. Light makes visible everything that is about us, but if we had not eyes with which to see we would be unconscious of its existence. Heat, however, we cannot see as we do light, but we are conscious of it through our sense of feeling. It gives life to the body and to all living things. It would be possible to live without light, but impossible without heat. Art, sculpture, architecture and literature represent spiritual light. They appeal to us through the eye and the mind, but music, whose vibrations strike every part of the body is spiritual heat. Long before man had created the intellectual arts, he heard the music in the forests and everywhere in nature. Its somber tones, beating upon his heart, caused him to reflect, frightened him perhaps, and made him conscious of the power of a greater ruler than himself.

Even in those early times the music of nature was a most potent factor in his ethical development. It caused him to think and to meditate. He could not catch those subtle tones and imprison them in form because he was a slave to their power. It took many years to acquire that faculty and even to this day that great art is the most elusive, ethereal, and intangible factor in human life. It is always just a little beyond the grasp, continually beckoning man on to higher aspirations and greater duties. It is this elusive quality that makes music the greatest power in controlling passion, in leveling dissensions, and in bringing humanity into closer bonds of brotherhood. Its value cannot be overestimated, and its importance should be impressed upon the mind of every individual who shares the benefits of modern civilization.

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour,
These, these my soul, make blessedness.
I ask no more, I seek no less.

—*Lowisa J. Hall.*

The Vision of the Path

An Allegory of a Soul's Pilgrimage Through Earth Life

Part III Cont.

F. J. HAARHOFF

FOLLOWING the stranger's example I seized upon the burdens of many; I prayed every weary soul to lean upon my arm, to use my strength, my energy to surmount every barrier, every obstacle; I smoothed away the sharp pebbles, held the thorny branches so that they did not hurt the weak ones; I spoke words of cheer and courage to those who were despondent or despairing; I lifted those who were fallen by the wayside, and bound the wounds of those too lame to walk; I made a stepping-stone of my body, for others to rise upon.

To my wonder and amazement, I seemed to be filled with superhuman strength and energy. Strangest of all, the more burdens I carried, and the larger the number of those who leaned upon my strength, the lighter the sum total of all my burdens seemed to be, and the more my strength seemed to grow. I felt no weariness; no stone could hurt, no thorn pierce my flesh. In very truth I seemed to have renewed my strength, to be rising upwards as with wings of eagles, to walk without becoming weary, to run without becoming faint!

And the joy that filled my being! Every struggling creature that permitted me to bear his burden, every weary soul that leaned upon my arm, seemed to open a new fountain of bliss within my heart. To me the very Gates of Heaven opened, for there seemed no greater joy, no happiness so supreme as was that of being able to support the weary traveler upon the Way, to carry the burden of one of my Father's children back to His Home. It seemed but a few moments from the time that my eyes became opened until the moment that I found myself with my many burdens and with the many wayfarers whom I was supporting, upon the Heights, within view of the Mountain Tops of Glory. The steepness of the Way had ceased; there were no more stones, no thorns, nor any more barriers to surmount. The rest of the Way was easy and smooth and joyful. Every burden that I carried, every cross that I had taken from the weary ones had vanished, melted away and ceased to be!

Every weary soul had been renewed, born again into strength and energy.

All their hurts had healed as had mine. Seeing that none of these needed my aid any more, I ran back towards the beginning of the Path once more! Quite forgotten were my aspirations to reach those wonderful Mountain Tops of Glory! No more eagerness to enter into the peace and rest for which my soul had yearned! And why not? Were not all peace and love, all glory, the very Kingdom of Heaven itself within my own heart now? Was there greater peace, brighter glory, vaster love, than this mission of helping the weak, uplifting the fallen, guiding the straying ones? Could there be more sublime joy in all the Heavens than the joy of seeing the love, the gratitude, the hope, which came into the eyes of those weary ones whom I helped, whose burdens I carried? Again and again I brought up to the Heights troop after troop of "little ones," seeking the way back to their Father, within sight of their Goal, their Home.

And now that I could see, I saw that I was not the only one nor yet one of a few of such who were doing the work of the Master, who had learned to enter into the inner spirit of Love, of Service. I saw that there were many more who also lived in the joy of gathering in the harvest of their Master; who had learned the secret of finding their Heaven within their hearts—their Love!

How long I had been thus occupied in the service of the Master I cannot say. It may have been a short time or it may have been long, but I was so filled with the zeal and enthusiasm of my service that I did not count hours nor weeks nor yet months. Why should I? There is no time in eternity! I was quite content and happy. Although I did not seek to rise higher, to enter unto the higher Planes, yet did I know that I was laying up treasure in Heaven "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

I also knew that I was building my temple, the temple of my soul. I felt that every deed of kindness, every helpful act, was laying a new

brick, which was making my temple more beautiful, more worthy of the final Attainment. I knew that although I did not seek to rise, that in reality I was rising higher, nearer to my Home. I had learned to know that the only progress upward to Attainment, is by love, through service.

As the time passed I became more familiar with all the aspects of the Path. I learned to know many of those who served as did I. And as we became acquainted with one another, we entered into a communion of friendship and sympathy in our work that did much to enlarge our powers of service.

Then after a while I became aware that new powers were developing in me. My mind expanded, my knowledge grew without conscious effort. It was as if from my mind proceeded a light which penetrated all mystery, solved all problems, a light which shone through the densest object, revealing the inmost meaning of all things!

I also discovered that I possessed the power to accomplish much, almost anything I desired, by the mere effort of will, by the concentration of my thoughts. If I desired to help some struggling soul, some weak wayfarer, I had only to desire, to will, and to think, and the good I thought for such a one became accomplished. Even at a distance could I do this; neither space nor time made any difference.

When I became aware of these, my new powers, I bethought me of my lady, for she continued to dwell much in my memory. I greatly desired that she should become free from the bondage and delusions of the Great Road, and that she should also enter upon the "Way." I then prayed to the Father of all Love, that He might cause her to become free from all vanity and pride; that she should cease to follow her own selfish ambitions and desires; that He would fill her heart with the desire to walk upon the Path, that she also might learn to know the inner secret of Love. I much desired that she should share my new-found joys, yearned for her also to reach the Attainment of Peace and Truth, that together we might serve the Master, fulfill His purpose.

To me it seemed that it needed but this one more joy to fill my cup of contentment and happiness to overflowing. I felt that it would more than double my present great bliss to have her

by my side, doing the work of the Master in my company, for there was still a bond of love between the soul of her and my own soul. I felt assured that when once she was united to me in the service of our brothers and sisters, and in the service of our Father, that by our united efforts we could accomplish many times more good than when we were working alone and separately. I do not know why this should be so unless it was on account of our predestined fate thus to serve together; or it may be because I felt a sense of responsibility toward her which made me desire to have her always near to me, that we might give strength and inspiration one to the other.

With a great yearning and earnest prayer I continued to will and to think that she also might enter upon the Path. Indeed, and in very truth, I did not desire to advance to the full Attainment of the Mountain Tops of Glory until she also had entered upon the Path. It was for this reason, methinks, that I continued to walk up and down the Path, living in the joy of service, in the succoring of the weak and the weary, in the bearing of the burdens of others, and that I did not make any further effort to reach the Mountain Tops of Glory, whose rainbow halo of light I could ever see, just above, calling, ever calling unto me, to reach Attainment. I was waiting for my lady also to enter upon the Path that together we might rise to the Paradise of the Master.

Then, one day, as I was helping a troop of wayfarers up along the steepest part of the Path, I came upon another good Samaritan, who had gathered a number of weaklings, carrying their burdens, holding their hands, sustaining the weak ones, cheering the despondent and the weary.

The small and slender form of this helper seemed new to me amongst the servants of the Way, but yet there seemed something very familiar to me in the graceful curves, the slender elegance of the form. I approached nearer and looked into the eyes of this being, and lo! and behold! there were the smiling eyes, the sweet countenance of my Lady of the Car!

She greeted me with great joy. The smile upon her face, the light gleaming from her eyes, were more sweet, more beautiful than ever I had seen there in the old days when we were together upon the great road.

There was a new light which shone from her eyes, a radiance that was reflected from the soul

within her, that revealed to me the truth of her new life upon the Path. At the first glance I perceived that she also had already learned the mystery, the Secret of the Love that is Real.

When she recognized me, she did not speak many words. There was no need; when we looked the one into the eyes of the other, soul spake to soul; and all that was needful was said! She knew and I knew that at the last we had attained to the perfect union for which our souls had hungered. Only thus in the perfect love which is of the spirit could the perfect union of our souls be found. She as well as I realized at last that there is but one real love—the love which is eternal, is divine. The love we had sought on the Great Road was ephemeral, false, and evanescent, because it was based on false foundations—the love of the personality, the love of the flesh. Such love can never last, cannot long retain sweetness and joy. It is only the love of the soul, spirit to spirit, that is eternal, is divine, and therefore immortal!

As we then journeyed onward together, doing the work of the Master, helping the weak, cheering the sad and sorrowful, uplifting the fallen, giving love to the lonely, healing the sick and the wounded, we at last felt the perfect joy of unity, the *oneness* of love, of purpose and will and desire, which is to be found only by those whose love is centered in the selfless love of the Divine.

She had much to tell me as we thus journeyed onward, surrounded by a happy throng of succored wayfarers. She told me how she had felt the call, the influence of my prayers, and how at the last she had attained freedom and power to enter the Path. *The Truth had made her free!*

Without conscious desire or purpose we continued to journey on, on, further then I had ever been before. On, on, towards the halo of the Glory, the Mountain Tops of full attainment. On, on, until we found ourselves in the midst of the glow of the Glory, in the light that never fades. Aye! on into the very Paradise of Harmony in the midst of the Holy City, *the City of full Attainment*.

Paradise! Harmony! Yea the greater Harmony where all is *One*! Harmony of color in the flowers, in trees in perfection of architecture. Harmony in the tone that sounded from all nature. There was endless melody in the very atmosphere we breathed, there was the fullness of

harmony in every pulse beat of our hearts! Harmony in our inmost souls.

And in the midst of the Paradise there grew a tree, beautiful and glorious! Spreading out its vast branches into the great spaces around, reaching out its lofty crown into the very aureola of Glory that enfolded the City Beautiful. And upon the Tree grew leaves veined with silver, and flowers like unto jeweled diadems. And upon every tiny twig hung huge bunches of fruit, each luscious to the eye, shining as if covered with gold, tempting in the delicacy of its ripening tints, sweet scented upon the air.

And by the Tree, which was called the "*Tree of Life*," stood One like unto the Son of Man, who was clothed in white garments which shone as the light. "And His body was like unto the beryl, and His face as the appearance of lightning, and His eyes as lamps of fire, and His arms and His feet like in color to polished brass, and the voice of His words like the voice of a multitude." But, notwithstanding, His eyes were soft and tender as Love, and His voice sweet and full of the melody of compassion.

And as we came near unto Him who stood by the Tree which bore the fruit of life, He reached forth his hand and plucked of the fruit for each weary wayfarer, and gave it to us with a smile of greeting and of welcome.

"Brother, sister, take ye and eat of this Fruit which is Life Eternal!" said He as He greeted each new arrival. "Take and eat that ye may live in the bliss and joy which was prepared for you by the Father from the foundations of the world. Enter ye into the fullness of perfect Attainment. Henceforth Life, Wisdom, Power, and Glory are thy portion; Peace beyond understanding, Love Divine, thy inspiration."

And to each one He added—"Ask what ye will, all thy desires shall be fulfilled. In the Father's Kingdom nothing is denied to the least of His children."

And when my lady and I also came to Him, and when He gave us to eat from the Fruit of the Tree of Life, and when He spoke to us those wonderful words of joy and attainment, overwhelmed by the majesty of His glory, by the power of His *Love*, we fell upon our knees and adored Him!

Tenderly taking us by the hand and raising us to our feet, He said to me, "Friend, what is thine

heart's desire? Ask and it shall be given unto thee in the name of the Father, whose love is thy bounty." Encouraged by the sweetness of His love, the softness of His eyes, I made bold and answered:

"Lord, I ask but to be permitted to return, to be Thy servant upon the Path; to be given strength to uplift the fallen, to bring light to those who are in darkness, love to those in loneliness, and healing to the wounded and sore distressed."

"And thou, little one, what is thy prayer, the desire of thy heart?" He demanded kindly of my companion. She answered in deep humility: "Lord, I pray that I may be permitted to share in the mission of this my friend; that we may be permitted to redeem our past life of failure and weakness by helping others to overcome; that humbly we may transmute the errors and transgressions of our lives in Thy service and in the service of Thy Father's children."

Softly, sweetly, with most tender love in His eyes, He made reply to us:

"Children, brother, sister, well have ye learned your lessons; ye have learned the great Mystery of Love; ye have conquered *self*. 'To him that overcometh I will give a crown of glory and he shall inherit all things.' Did I not say, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom and all things else shall be added unto you?'

"Friends, ye have chosen well. Go! Do ye the work of your Father which is in Heaven, and with you and in you shall abide always the Glory of the Kingdom. All power, fullness of love, of truth and wisdom shall reside with you evermore. Children, there is but one commandment I give you—'Love ye one another,' and there is no height in the highest realm of the Father to which ye may not aspire when ye have entered into the spirit of the Father's love, no glory too supernal that ye may not enter when ye have solved the inner mystery of the love which is divine.

"If ye give but a cup of cold water to some weary, exhausted 'little one,' your reward shall be great. And whatever ye give to the least of these little ones of the Father, ye give it also to me.

"Enter ye by the Door, the Door which is Love and Service, into the 'Kingdom' which is Love, Truth, and Peace Eternal. Henceforth the 'Kingdom' is with you, within you, whereso-

ever ye may be. Even when ye descend to the lowest depths of the nethermost regions in the service of the Father, even then shall ye be in paradise—for love is heaven, and love shall be within you.

"And now, some slight foretaste shall be given of the joy that awaits you in your Father's Home. Behold!

And lo! and behold! Highest Heaven opened before us. Our spirits soared to realm beyond realm of majesty and power and glory! There was no limit! Eternal Progress! Infinite Growth! Stupendous! Inexpressible! Beyond all power of mortal mind and imagination! . . . All human language fails to express it! No words can give any conception of it!

I must cease! I can tell no more!

All I can say to my brother, my sister is COME and SEE! There is a PATH!

CHRIST IS THE WAY!

(The End)

FOR THE DUMB

An Anti-Vivisection Poem

Open thy mouth and plead for the dumb,
Ye who stand praying His Kingdom to come;
Lo, the whole country's escutcheon is wet,
Crimsoned with life blood of many a pet.

God's little children, of field and of fold,
Dearer by far than its fruits and its gold,
See their souls plead out of beautiful eyes;
Hear, with your pity, their agonized cries!

Men, who have sheltered your darlings from
pain,
O, shall these lesser ones plead all in vain?
Nay! put the murderous minions to rout!
Ring, marble halls, with rebuke and with shout!

Dear U. S. A., against thy warm breast
Safely the wild bird shall pillow its nest;
Crouched in the garment that circles thy feet,
Each timid creature shall nestle full sweet.

Fatherhood, motherhood, childhood, arise!
Once and forever hurl forth your replies;
Shame back the brute who would torture the
dumb;

Make way for joy, and His Kingdom will come.

—Mary M. Bowen.

Question Department.

Genius and Insanity

QUESTION:

Will you kindly explain to me the occult signification of the fact that genius and insanity have much in common. Judging by the parentage of most of the world's men of genius, it seems that for an ego to become a genius it is necessary for him to be born of parents who have some mental or physical affliction, or both.

ANSWER:

Genius has been defined by some authors as capacity for a multiplicity of pains and effort, and this shows the zeal that must accompany the intense effort which leads up to the manifestation of genius.

To understand one who bears the name of a genius we must go back through one or more lives and mark how he first began to manifest an interest in some special subject. This interest which urged him to bend all his efforts in one direction and excel on some one point is the same force that works through all creation. This force is spirit not yet crystallized into definite form, the force that urges man to go further in some direction and achieve what no one else has accomplished. In the Rosicrucian terminology we name the force thus used "epigenesis." When man exercises this power he draws closer to the creative hierarchies and gradually comes more under the guidance of the beings from that mystical and most spiritual of all planets, Neptune.

The help he receives from these spirits depends largely upon himself, his desires, and the use to which he purposes to direct his knowledge. If he pursues his study to the exclusion of all other duties, caring only that he may attain his desires, then when he is reborn we may expect to find Neptune bringing him a so-called affliction. He may be called a genius by his fellow man because he has brought to perfection a wonderful machine or has phenomenal musical ability, etc.; but sooner or later his friends will say, "Poor

fellow! It is such a pity; just at the time when he seemed to have gained everything he became a slave to drink," or "He became mentally unbalanced for a time," or "He was swindled out of everything he had by an unscrupulous firm."

These calamities did not come because he was a genius, but because in past lives he had worked for self alone. When at that time he left the earth life his mind was full of but one subject. In the first heaven he would lose no opportunity to gain more knowledge upon it. When the time came for him to rebuild a body, one would be constructed much like that used in the previous life but more intensified along the desired lines, thus bringing about an unbalanced condition in the life.

The compassionate ones who guide our evolution will arrange that the experience of such a life will not be lost, so the spirit is brought to birth when certain afflictions to the spiritual planets will awaken his sense of responsibility to his fellow man through sickness, suffering or losses. And thus what seems a terrible trial is a blessing. But the man of genius whose aim in past lives has been first, service to others, second, service to self, comes to rebirth better equipped for the battle of life. The planet Neptune in his horoscope will give its help through benefic aspects. Temptations come to all and the best man may fail at any moment, but this second man has a much more balanced character. He can see outside the one little groove of his special subject, and thus he keeps his balance, or if it is temporarily lost, it is easily restored.

When we work entirely along one line, we sensitize the nerves connected with that avenue while other nerves are allowed to grow more or less dormant, and when we come to body building between lives, all our attention is likely to be focused upon these organs which we have already over-developed. Then we are likely to

come back unbalanced, usually much under the influence of Neptune, which is the higher octave of the mental planet, Mercury. You will find in works upon astrology that Neptune is closely connected with excesses and unbalanced conditions, depending upon how it is aspected, and where placed in a horoscope. If it is afflicted in Pisces or Cancer, there will be a tendency to the drug habit, and the geniuses that are thus afflicted will be liable to degenerate into drunkards because of the imperfect condition of other faculties. The genius whose Neptune is squared by the Moon may succumb to spirit controls, and if Uranus is also afflicted, degeneracy may be the outcome. An ordinary well balanced organism with plenty of hard work entering into the daily curriculum is not nearly so likely to succumb to these afflictions of this most spiritual of all planets, Neptune. But when one becomes a dreamer on the mystical side or even pursues the occult path for one's own development, then great danger looms ahead.

To prevent such calamities coming into our own lives, we should keep all our faculties active, using them not for ourselves alone, but for others every day of our lives. No good comes of dreaming of the wonderful things you intend to accomplish which will revolutionize the world. Be a doer of the word and not a hearer only. Those who recognize the traits of a genius among their own children should not *unduly* foster these tendencies but endeavor to round out the character and make them useful, loving members of the world's great family.

QUESTION:

Obsession now appears to be very frequently met with. What has caused it? How can we prevent becoming obsessed?

ANSWER:

The study of the occult and spiritual side of life is fast gaining ground and favor. It is a subject that must needs be presented to satisfy the many inquiring minds that are looking it up in an endeavor to satisfy their longings.

While there are many who are guided only by a curious bent of mind, there are many others who are trying to satisfy the longing of an aching heart caused by one near and dear being called "home."

Many of those who mourn are attracted toward spiritualistic centres, to those who promise spirit communication with the dear ones passed over. Spirit phenomena appeal to such as being a bridge over which they may meet their loved ones again. Whether the phenomena actually produce the one they are seeking or not matters little at the time. They are sure they have come into contact with the loved one and that stills the ache for the time being.

From the spiritualistic centre and the medium it is only a step to another phase, that of believing that certain powers are centering within them. Under advice of well meaning but misguided friends and on being told that they are psychic and gifted with certain undeveloped powers, that development is sure, recourse is made to some means of contacting the unseen realms such as the ouija board, the planchette, tipping tables, or crystal gazing, these being the principal means employed in the average private home.

To such as believe that they are so gifted, the belief may take possession of the personality to the exclusion of every other belief, even to closing the life against everything that does not fit into this new effort at development. While the thoughts may be of the highest, persistence along this line often results in harm, and where only one thought prevails there is danger of insanity.

The veil is drawn between the operator in the unseen and the recipient in the physical. There are no means whereby the undeveloped recipient can recognize an intruder. The supposed angels from the unseen may be entities of the worst type, ever anxious to once more contact the life they were called from, ever on the lookout for the opportunity that some poor, unprotected, and misguided negative one may give them. From one negative condition to another, onward goes the poor, misguided soul, oftentimes receiving puzzling answers to inquiries, onward until everything of value in life is given up to obey the demands made upon him. In an unguarded moment when least expected the transition takes place.

While it is not the rule that all who follow the negative path will suffer thus, it does mean that all forms and conditions bearing on negative

(Continued on page 438)



The Astral Ray.

Doom's Day

KARL SEALOT

THE DAY AND YEAR in which occurred the cataclysmic events here narrated, the writer cannot name, for they happened to a world that is no more, nor is there a milestone in eternity's calendar from which to reckon.

The facts, phenomena, and incidents preceding and surrounding the colossal catastrophe are vividly portrayed in flashes of intuition, and memory's recordings in imperishable mind while an inhabitant of that mundane sphere; and from this storehouse, supported by astronomical data, our story shall have its substance.

There was a luminary in those days, around which in their orbits moved seven major planets with their satellites, and myriads of smaller planets, and these in turn were periodically visited by what were then known as comets, luminous gaseous bodies of greater or lesser density and magnitude.

One of these planets, the one especially and intimately connected with this narrative, was called Earth, and was inhabited by a race of human beings, dualities, corporeal and spiritual, some of great intelligence, others in their reasoning faculties but little above the animals and brute beasts cohabiting with them.

Throughout the history of that planet this society of humans had passed through periodic convulsions of hatred, cruelty, and slaughter, increasing in intensity with each succeeding generation, stimulated by a covetous greed of wealth and pleasure of the individual and their collection into nations, so that the survival of only the most powerful seemed an ultimate conclusion.

So intensely were their faculties centered in economic aggrandizement that their minds were blinded to the truth proclaimed by one of their great teachers who said—"Seek first your neighbor's good, and all else shall be added unto you," and the constantly befalling calamities resultant from their actions and thoughts failed to awaken them as well.

In the latter days Deity was unrecognized excepting in matters of form, and then largely from habit only, and many were seeking comfort of soul by communion with those who had passed into the beyond, by means of so-called mediums, who through their trickeries went so far as to deceive even men of scientific attainments, who in turn lent their efforts to further the deceptions.

The keynote of harmony was missing, it had been lost in the strife. Strange signs were beginning to manifest themselves in the realms of nature, in seasons, climatic changes, ocean currents and boundaries. The earth was beginning to become bankrupt in resources because of the greedy ravishing of man's hand.

Astronomers were also noting with their powerful instruments inexplicable phenomena on other worlds, portending changes of gigantic proportions close at hand; others proficient in psychic intuition, felt that Father Time had set his alarm clock and the striking hour was near.

Another luminary of immense size had made its appearance in the heavens and year by year it seemed to become larger. It was then discovered to be rapidly approaching, calculated at

approximately a million miles per day, and a collision became inevitable sooner or later.

A prophetic volume written by inspired seers of the earth predicted that the earth should at a future time be "destroyed by fire," and that thereafter there should be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," and this book began to take on a new interest, especially to many who were making conjectures and attempting to affix a date for such a happening.

The time was in winter with the expectancy of cold, of snow and ice, but instead of these the trees were in blossom, flowers blooming, and the birds were building their nests, while the atmosphere had developed a phosphorescence of strange hues that enveloped the entire planet.

Something was close at hand, something was going to happen, but what none seemed able to tell.

Vega, as the new star was named, had disappeared in close conjunction with the sun in the evening; the moon had come up with a color as of blood, and the other stars seemed to be out of their regular courses that night. Auroras streamed from horizon to horizon in banners of crimson alternating with purple and gold, and the "Milky Way" was eclipsed by electric splendors. Meteors shot through the sky to the earth like rain, lighting fires here and there, and creating universal fear and consternation.

Morning finally came of the last day of Earth. Great shafts of light struck out above the horizon of the eastern sky long before sunrise, lighting the earth as at midday, and men who had never prayed before began to pray.

Telephone, telegraph, cable and radio had all been rendered useless through the electrical disturbances; the news from other parts of the world was no longer to be had, and all awaited as a man about to be executed.

The sun had now come into view, but with a glow so dazzling that only with very dark glasses was it possible to look toward it, when suddenly as if a monstrous giant had hurled it into a cauldron of liquid fire, it plunged into the body of Vega and disappeared. Like a little ball of fire the planet Mercury followed it, while Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus and the

distant Neptune seemed in haste to plunge after into the "Lake of Fire."

The intense speed with which they moved generated frictional heat until these cold worlds melted into gas and streamed like comets to their doom.

At the same time the Earth appeared to change direction, lose its orbital path, violently throwing over all buildings, and sliding the towering hills from their foundations. The sea poured a tidal wave far inland, sweeping everything before it to destruction.

The heat became stifling and the atmosphere rarified, when suddenly as under an anesthetic, a light feeling possessed the body, then oblivion.

We left our bodies with the rest of the material substances to be resolved into their elements by the cosmic forces, and ten thousand times ten thousand discarnate souls soared upward, if there be such direction, under the guidance of ONE clothed in radiance itself.

How long this journey none could tell, for time was no more, nor could we know whither. However there was a great separation, apparently automatic, in that procession; some were turned to the left, others went straight onward.

Then there appeared a new world before us which in contrast to the one we had left appeared as a jewel compared to a clod of mud. Had we died? Were we dead? Where were we? These questions were inaudible, yet each knew these to be the queries of every other discarnate being there.

There on a sloping hillside we stood gazing in wonder and amazement, when suddenly a burst of music and singing such as mortal ears never had heard came upon us, and looking upward we saw Vega, changed, transformed as into a fairy land, with glittering palaces and peopled with spiritual beings.

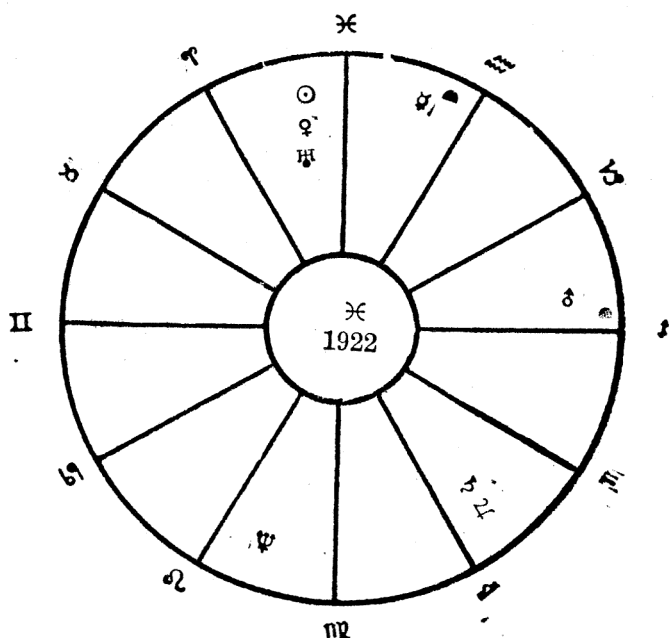
And from it there seemed to be ladders extending down to our sphere, and on these angels ascending and descending, bringing heaven into communication with the new creation.

"And I heard a voice saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last; behold I have made all things new. I will be your God and ye shall be my people. I will wipe all tears from your eyes, and there shall be no more death."

Children of Pisces, 1922

Born between February 19th and March 20th, inclusive

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine 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 horoscope 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.



Pisces, the sign of the fishes, is the least understood of all the twelve signs, for people born in this sign are so secretive, shrink so from the general public, and are so sensitive that they are often misjudged. This sign is at home in the house of self-undoing, the house of sorrow, the Gethsemane which leads to crucifixion, the sign of Aries where the soul is liberated. The children born this year while the sun is passing through this sign will be more cheerful and less timid than usual with Pisces, for we find the suave and cheerful Venus and its impulsive higher octave Uranus with the sun in this sign, and they will be close enough in conjunction to affect each other between the 25th of February and the 2nd of March. This will give these children a wonderful talent for music. Their love nature will be deep and their sympathy great for those suffering in mind or body, for Pisces rules hospitals and places of confinement. They will therefore be very successful as nurses or

healers but along advanced and natural lines.

The children born between the 19th and 26th of February will be backward students for Mercury is then retrograde in Aquarius. This sometimes has a tendency to make them indifferent and listless in their studies, although Aquarius is a mental sign. It would be well for the parents whose children are born between these dates to give them every encouragement in their studies. But the children born after the 26th of February will be bright and studious. Aquarius is a fixed sign; with Mercury in this sign it gives persistence and great forethought.

With Saturn and Jupiter in Libra there will be a tendency to weak kidneys, but only on the days when the moon is making a square to these planets will they have much effect upon them. But the children born while the sun and Venus are passing through Pisces this year will have more vitality than is usually credited to Pisceans, and they will be better able to overcome their physical ailments.

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.*

VAN A. H.

Born August 28th, 1915

1:27 A. M.

Lat. 41 N., Long 111 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Pisces 20; 11th house, Aries 26, Taurus intercepted; 12th house, Gemini 6; Ascendant, Cancer 11-26; 2nd house, Leo 1; 3rd house, Leo 23.

Positions of the Planets:

Mars 5-52 Cancer; Saturn 13-11 Cancer; Neptune 1-26 Leo; Venus 29-46 Leo; Sun 3-57 Virgo; Mercury 16-47 Virgo; Uranus 12-52, retrograde, Aquarius; Dragon's Head 16-23 Aquarius; Jupiter 26-2, retrograde, Pisces; Moon 16-5 Aries.

We have here the horoscope of a boy with the watery and negative sign of Cancer on the Ascendant and with the life ruler, the Moon, in the fiery sign of Aries. The ruler of Aries, Mars, is in the sign of Cancer just above the Ascendant in the 12th house. This will bring the watery Moon and fiery Mars in mutual reception, giving a strange combination, for fire and water make steam. This will to some extent be the nature of the young man. Mars is sextile to the fiery sun which gives greater energy to this planet in the 12th house and so near the cusp of the Ascendant.

We find the melancholy and pessimistic Saturn in the first house near the cusp and in square aspect to the Moon. This will give Van a very stubborn will. He will be very quick mentally but the mentality will be along emotional lines,

for the Moon in Aries is very versatile and jumps at conclusions. Especially will there be impulse shown, for the impulsive Uranus is in its own sign, Aquarius, and sextile to the Moon. Mercury, the planet of reason, is also sextile to Saturn and in its own sign of Virgo. This last named aspect will do much to help the planets and chain down the emotions of Moon and Uranus. This boy will have a quick and keen mind but he is apt to stand in his own light on account of his stubborn and mistrustful Saturn, which is in its fall.

Cancer people are of a determined nature, holding on to ideas, and like the crab, (which is the symbol of this sign,) they are frequently pulling the wrong way and opposed to the opinions of others. Especially will the boy be determined with both Mars and Saturn in this watery sign and both in their detriment, which will bring out the cruel, stubborn, and revengeful side of these two planets.

But every cloud has its silver lining and Van has his good side also, for we find Uranus, the planet of invention, in its own sign, Aquarius, and sextile to the ruler of the Ascendant, the Moon. Jupiter is also in a sign of its own nature, Pisces, and near the cusp of the Midheaven, trine to the mystical and inspirational Neptune in Leo, and Venus is in conjunction with the Sun in the sign of Leo. This would give the boy an idealistic, mystical, and musical nature. If cultivated so that it will overbalance the afflictions on the Ascendant, this boy could become very proficient in music; also in inventions which have connection with musical instruments. Whatever he does will be original.

With Mars and Saturn both in the sign of the stomach, his appetite is apt to lead him into

wrong eating, gourmandizing, for Mars in Cancer has a very ravenous appetite and wants things highly seasoned and in large quantities. While Saturn, especially when afflicted, will have a tendency to diminish the digestive fluids of the stomach and will not be able to take care of the large quantities of food which Mars would crave. This may give the boy stomach trouble in later years. We would advise the parents to teach him while young to eat slowly, never to bolt his food as is the Mars tendency, and to eat moderately of plain food. They will thus save the young man much suffering in future years.

ROGER LINCOLN B.

Born May 31 1920, 4:30 P. M.

Lat 32 S., Long 141 E.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Leo 14; 11th house, Virgo 14; 12th house, Libra 22, Scorpio intercepted; Ascendant, Sagittarius 2-9; 2nd house, Sagittarius 27; 3rd house, Capricorn 20.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 5-38 Pisces; Venus 0-22 Gemini; Sun 9-30 Gemini; Mercury 15-55 Gemini; Neptune 9-13, retrograde, Leo; Jupiter 12-45 Leo; Saturn 5-20, retrograde, Virgo; Mars 21-15, retrograde, Libra; Dragon's Head 14-21 Scorpio; Moon 23-54 Scorpio.

Here we have the horoscope of a little boy who has the hearty and jovial sign of Sagittarius on the Ascendant, with the ruler, the magnanimous and great benefic Jupiter, on the cusp of the Midheaven and in the sign of the heart, Leo. This would give this child a wonderfully sweet and loving disposition. The Sun, the ruler of the Midheaven, is sextile to Jupiter and in conjunction with Venus in the 7th house, which will strengthen his attraction, and he will draw people to him as the magnet draws the needle—they will just love him for his kindness and cheerfulness. Mercury, the planet of reason, is strong in position, being in an angle (the 7th house) and in its own sign of Gemini, in conjunction with the Sun, and sextile to the mystical and occult planet Neptune, which is the higher octave of Mercury, also sextile to Jupiter.

Jupiter and Neptune are in the fixed and magnanimous sign of Leo in the 9th house, religion, and in conjunction with the Midheaven,

These last named planets being of a religious and mystical nature and both placed in the 9th house, governing religion and law, this boy should have talent for writing along mystical and occult lines. Mercury, Sun and Venus all in the sign of Gemini, governing literature and writing, and Mercury sextile to Jupiter and Neptune, co-rulers of the 5th house governing publications and publishing houses, would indicate that Roger would be successful in having his articles published, in fact, he is almost sure to meet with success. But there are two planets in his horoscope which may handicap his career to some extent. We find the Moon and Mars both in signs of their fall where they are weakened, and both are unaspected, indicating that the boy will receive little help from these planets.

Saturn, the obstructor, is retrograde in the mercurial sign of Virgo, in opposition to Uranus in the watery sign of Pisces, and both Saturn and Uranus are square to the Sun and Venus in Gemini, the sign ruling the lungs. Venus having rule over the venous circulation, being restricted by Saturn would indicate that Roger will have a tendency to coughs and colds, and his vitality will be low. Sagittarians have a tendency to stoop over, to be hollow chested, they do not readily acquire the habit of deep breathing, and consequently there is often a tendency to poor circulation. This boy will want to stoop over in walking or sitting, which can be overcome if the parents will begin early to teach him to sit and walk straight with shoulders back and chest out, and allow him to sleep in a room with plenty of fresh air.

VOCATIONAL

JOHN E.

Born October 9, 1906,

8:15 P. M.

Lat. 40 N., Long 75 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Aquarius 19; 11th house, Pisces 20, Aries intercepted; 12th house, Taurus 0; Ascendant, Gemini 13-4; 2nd house, Cancer 6; 3rd house, Cancer 26.

Positions of the Planets:

Moon 9-14 Cancer; Jupiter 10-27 Cancer; Neptune 12-39 Cancer; Dragon's Head 8-10 Leo; Mars 17-22 Virgo; Sun 15-49 Libra; Mercury 26-58 Libra; Venus 0-29 Sagittarius; Uranus

4-48 Capricorn; Saturn 9-13, retrograde, Pisces.

John has the mercurial sign of Gemini on the Ascendant with the Moon in its own sign of Cancer in the 2nd house ruling money. The Moon is also in conjunction with Jupiter which has rule over finances, and the watery Neptune which is in its exaltation in the moist sign of Cancer. These three planets are sextile to Mars and trine to Saturn; this is a good indication for finances. This young man will some time acquire considerable wealth.

With a mercurial sign rising we would advise him to take a commercial course and prepare himself for secretarial work. He will not follow this line of work for any great length of time for he will want to go into higher finance and will want to make money in larger sums, but the secretarial work will lay the foundation and will prepare him to take a position later on in some large corporation. For with Neptune, which has rule over corporations, in conjunction with Jupiter and the Moon in the 2nd house, trine to Saturn and Mars, he will be successful in corporations provided he takes up a legitimate line. If he will interest himself in a corporation that is reliable and is doing a legitimate business, then he will be successful, but should he enter any games of chance or anything that has to do with gambling or playing the stock market (which will be a great temptation to him) he will be likely to lose everything.

READING YOUR OWN HOROSCOPE

Part II

LIZZIE GRAHAM

Last month we showed that a so-called evil aspect might be considered a blessing. Mercury holds a wonderful place in our evolution. He is the messenger of the Gods, the physical light bearer, and when he rises before the Sun as the morning star, he is very helpful in our mentality, enabling us to quickly see the outcome of conditions. Mercury must not be regarded as a power in itself, but only as a reflector, a transmitter.

Some of us poor mortals have arrived this time with an almost unaspected Mercury, but that does not by any means prove that we are fools or brainless.

Take the case of a woman prominent in the

world, a writer upon deep subjects, an organizer. She has in her sixth house (labor, fellow workers) the planet Mercury in the restricting sign Capricorn. Thus Mercury is under the influence of Saturn, ruler of Capricorn. His only aspects are a square to Neptune (his higher octave) and a weak semi-sextile to the Moon and Jupiter, but not strengthened by any parallels. At the first glance you would say that this is a poor, restricted mentality, but remember that Mercury is a reflector as is also the Moon. The Moon receives power from a conjunction with the Sun in Aquarius, a sextile to Jupiter in Sagittarius, and a trine to Uranus in Gemini. All these she reflects to Mercury and brings their force to bear upon her work. The Moon, being conjunct with the Sun, also gathers up the latter's aspects, (the Sun trine to Mars in Gemini and sextile to Neptune in Aries) and sheds these aspects over Mercury. Thus he is brought into a harmonious relation with Neptune, his higher octave.

The restrictions from the Saturnine sign, Capricorn, were greatly felt during early life, particularly as Saturn was placed in the home (fourth house), but as the life has advanced, limitations have melted away. Saturn has been used as a reliable stepping stone to higher things, but that is going into progression and we must leave that for another time.

DEAD LEAVES

Oh friend, why gather them,
Those dead leaves of your past ;
Why hug them close to your wounded breast
Where they become a viper's nest,
And strike afresh your bleeding heart
Till love for life and hope depart—
Those hate-grown, those wind-blown,
Those dead leaves of your past ?

Oh friend, why gather thorns,
When roses grace your way ?
The past is dead, its leaves are mold,
The present lives, its trials are gold ;
Your future lies within the seed
Of ev'ry pure, unselfish deed :
Those loyal, those royal,
Those possible deeds of today !

—Robert Graber.

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 177-182, *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What further is said of these seven worlds?
- A. They are states of spirit-matter permeating one another, so that God and the other great Beings who are mentioned are not far away in space. They pervade every part of their own realms and realms of greater density than their own. They are all present in our world, and are actually and *de facto* "nearer than hands and feet."
- Q. Why is it a literal truth when we say "in Him we live and move and have our being"?
- A. Because none of us could live outside of these great Intelligences, who pervade and sustain our world with their Life.
- Q. What has been previously shown regarding the various worlds and regions?
- A. That the Etheric Region extends beyond the atmosphere of our dense earth; that the Desire World extends out into space further than the Etheric Region; also that the World of Thought extends further into interplanetary space than either of the others.
- Q. Why do the worlds of rarer substance occupy greater space than the physical world?
- A. Because the latter has crystallized and condensed, thus occupying less space.
- Q. Which is the densest of the seven Cosmic Planes?
- A. The seventh. It must be borne in mind, however, that even with this comparatively restricted qualification as to its extent, it is still immeasurably vast, comprising within

its limits millions of solar systems similar to our own.

- Q. What is the status of these other solar systems?
- A. They are the fields for the evolution of many grades of beings of approximately our own status.
- Q. What is the extent of our knowledge of the six Cosmic Planes above our own?
- A. We know nothing of them save that we are told they are the fields of activity of great Hierarchies of Beings of indescribable splendor.
- Q. Proceeding from our physical world to the inner and finer worlds and up through the Cosmic Planes, what do we find?
- A. We find that God, the Architect of our solar system, the Source and Goal of our existence, is found in the highest division of the seventh Cosmic Plane.
- Q. What does His realm include?
- A. The systems of evolution employed on the other planets which belong to our system—Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Earth, Venus, Mercury and their satellites.
- Q. What are the great Planetary Spirits called?
- A. The "Seven Spirits before the Throne."
- Q. What is their sphere of action?
- A. They are His Ministers, each presiding over a certain department of the Kingdom of God, which is our solar system.
- Q. What is said of the sun?
- A. The sun is the field of evolution of the most exalted Beings in our Cosmos. The sun is the

nearest approach we have to a visible symbol of God, yet it is but a veil for That which is behind. What *That* is cannot be uttered publicly.

- Q. What do we find when we try to discover the origin of the Architect of our solar system?
- A. We find that we must pass to the highest of the seven Cosmic Planes. We are then in the realm of the Supreme Being, who emanated from the Absolute.
- Q. Is it possible to describe the Absolute?
- A. The Absolute is beyond comprehension. No expression nor simile which we are capable of conceiving can possibly convey any adequate idea of it.
- Q. What does manifestation imply?
- A. Manifestation implies limitation. Therefore, we may at best characterize the Absolute as Boundless Being, as the Root of Existence.
- Q. What is meant by THE ONE?
- A. From the Root of Existence, the Absolute, proceeds the Supreme Being at the dawn of manifestation. This is THE ONE.
- Q. What is this Great Being called in the first chapter of John?
- A. He is called God.

CORRECTION OF THE NUMBER READING OF THE NAME "AUGUSTA" IN THE "RAYS" FOR NOVEMBER, 1921.

C. W. STILES

Take the name "Augusta." The numerals add to 18, whose digit is 9. Here we have a master number. Augusta comes to earth this time with an awakened consciousness which is capable of understanding the deep things of God.

What does she especially want to express? To know this, we search her vowels and find they are a-u-u-a which add up to 8. Augusta, whose vibration is 9, wishes with all her heart to express another master number, 8.

Body, soul and spirit are expressed by the master numbers 8-9-11. 8 standing for body; 9 for soul, and 11 for spirit. Although Augusta has already made the 8 vibration, there is evidently some work in regard to the body or the material world with which she is not quite satisfied and which she wishes to review. So while

her normal consciousness is naturally functioning on the soul plane, she centers a good many of her desires upon the material plane, upon which she hopes to perfect her work.

STUMBLING BLOCKS

(Continued from page 406)

turned into "stepping stones," which would never have happened if he had run away from them. In this connection we would quote the beautiful little poem:

"Let us not waste our time in longing
For bright, but impossible things.
Let us not sit supinely waiting
For the sprouting of angel wings.
Let us not scorn to be rush-lights,
Everyone can't be a star,
But let us fill our mission
By shining just where we are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
And the humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
We may never be called on to brighten
Those darkened regions afar,
So let us fill our mission
By shining just where we are."

CAUSATION

(Continued from page 411)

learned how to give up, renounce ownership, so that trait reflects in the organs of the body holding what they should eliminate.

One of the first pieces of advice to those who come to us for healing might well be: Acknowledge yourself to be the cause of your trouble, then go and give something to somebody, something helpful, a well thought out gift, and give it lovingly in Christ's name; then go and do something for some one, something that counts in that person's life; do something that helps another to help himself. Oh sorrowing ones, pray for *others* who sorrow; pray with all the intensity of your soul, and you will awaken that in you *which can respond to the help of the Invisible Helpers*. Pray for others, you who suffer and you will waken the Christ in you to meet the inpouring of the Lord of the Earth, our Savior.

Children's Department

Tim and His Servants

MRS. MATILDA FANSHER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following story received third prize in our recent prize competition for Children's Stories.

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! went all the little white men. "Oh, dear," cried one, "this meat is so tough! I have chopped and chopped but I can't grind it up!"

"I wish Tim wouldn't give us such hard work to do!" cried another.

"Oh, goody, here comes Miss Palate," said the first little man. "Let's make her take this meat down to the grinding machine. I have never been down there but I would like to see the place. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," spoke the biggest little white man, "it must be interesting to watch all of the food being ground up."

"I don't see how the workers down there get it all ground up in time," spoke the smallest of the little white men. "They must work harder than we do. I feel sorry for them."

"Oh, Miss Palate," they all cried, "Won't you test this meat so we can have a rest?"

"Why, you lazy men," cried Miss Palate, "this meat isn't half done! The Tummies won't accept it, I feel sure, so you will have to work on this some more."

"Oh, mercy, here comes something more!" exclaimed the little white men. "We won't get any rest at all. Miss Palate, you will have to take the meat and go on with it."

They fell to pounding and chopping like the good little fellows they were.

"This isn't so bad," said one. "It is a pickle. I know Miss Palate will be pleased when she sees this."

"But I have heard," said another, "That the Tummies who work at the grinding machine do not like pickles because they are so sour that they burn their fingers when they handle them.

It's the vinegar, you know. Miss Palate told me all about it one day. She said the last time she sent a pickle down to the Tummies they were real angry. But she doesn't care. She likes the taste of them, and the Tummies have to take what she sends them. I'm glad I am not a Tummie. Aren't you?"

"Here comes Miss Palate again. Oh, Miss Palate," called the biggest little white man, "we have something that you like real well. Guess what it is."

"A pickle," promptly answered she.

"You're right. I wonder what comes next. Just as I thought. Some mashed potatoes. We won't have to chop these. Here's some bread. That is too easy too. Now comes some water. Oh, dear, that water took a piece of bread from me before I could get it chopped!"

Now come the pie and cake. I think Tim will soon be through with his dinner," mused one of the little white men. "He always eats pie and cake for dessert."

"Well, well, ice cream! Hurrah! We won't have to chop this," yelled the tiniest white man. Won't Miss Palate be pleased! Boo, but this is cold! Let's jump up and down to keep warm. Whoopie! Here comes a whole glass of water. Now we can swim! Our work is finished for a while," and they all sighed.

Just then a toothpick pierced one of them in the side and made him scream. They were all sore and tired after this treatment. Then came a stiff brush that scoured them so briskly that they fell asleep as soon as they were left alone.

While they were sleeping the Tummies were having a dreadful time.

"Get the oil can," cried the leader. "This meat is in such big pieces that the grinder won't go!"

"The oil's all gone," shouted the Tummie, while he swam back and forth trying to catch some more food for the grinder.

"Telephone an order to headquarters for more oil," ordered the leader.

"We have tried that, but the line is out of order. The line men have had so much to do that they haven't got around to fix this line yet," answered the Tummie.

"Well, we will just have to let the meat wait and grind the rest."

"I don't understand why Tim pours that water down here. We cannot work as we should. This is a terrible mess we are in," grumbled the leader. "Maybe Tim doesn't know how bad it is for us," spoke up one of the Tummites.

"Well, I wish he would learn," snapped the leader.

They worked with all their might, but the grinder would not go.

"We haven't any more oil, and unless we get this water out of here, we will drown," said the leader. "Come on, all hands ready, pump!"

"I feel sick," said Tim to his mother.

"Why, what is the matter, dear? Go and lie down on the couch and I will call the new doctor in. Perhaps he can tell us what to do for you."

The new doctor stepped briskly across the threshold and smiled at the boy on the couch. "Why, this boy is not sick, is he? Did I not see him playing in the yard half an hour ago?"

"Yes, I was there," spoke up Tim, "but I got sick all at once."

"Oh, I see," said the doctor. "Indigestion. Does he have these spells very often?"

"Quite often," said Tim's mother.

"Now, my boy, can you tell me what you ate for dinner?"

When Tim had related all he could remember, the doctor nodded his head slowly and continued, "No wonder you are sick. Don't you know that you are overworking your servants?"

"What servants, doctor? We have no servants. Mother does all of our work." Tim was surprised.

"Why, your own servants, the little fellows that chop your food and grind it up and make it into good, red blood that makes you grow big and strong," and the kind doctor told Tim all about the little men that you already know about.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Tim, when the doctor had finished.

"Now," said the doctor, "are you going to be

kind to your servants and give them to do only what they can do well and efficiently?"

"You bet!" grinned Tim.

"All right, boy. By tomorrow you will be hopping around like a Jack Rabbit if you will follow my directions carefully." The doctor handed Tim's mother a slip of paper, smiled at Tim, then stepped through the door and was gone.

Tim's mother stood gazing at the paper for a few minutes. Then she turned to Tim and read aloud, "Give him nothing to eat until morning. Then, if he is hungry, give him some fresh ripe fruit, a slice of toasted whole wheat bread and a glass of whole milk." Below this the doctor had written, "If you want a strong, healthy boy, feed him no meat or pickles, very little ice cream, cake and pastry. In fact, sweets of all kinds should be eaten sparingly. Plenty of fresh, green vegetables, fruits, whole grain cereals, nuts, eggs and milk are the ideal diet for children or grownups. No water until one or two hours after meals."

"Won't I have to take any nasty medicine?" questioned Tim, when his mother had finished reading. "It does seem strange, but I guess not, my son, only good wholesome food," answered his mother.

Tim was as hungry as he imagined he could be without starving the next morning, and after he had eaten the dainty breakfast his mother prepared for him he rushed out into the sunshine and turned a somersault on the lawn. Then he ran into the house to beg his mother to let him go and see the doctor that he might tell him how fine he felt.

With his mother's consent he bounded down the street like a rubber ball and was greeted by the doctor at his gate. The doctor was just going to make a morning call so Tim walked a block with him while the doctor told him a funny story.

Tim played out of doors all forenoon, and when his mother called him to dinner he was as hungry as a cub bear!

Tim never had a spell of indigestion after that, and he felt so fine and grew so round and rosy that his mother was very proud of him. She told all her neighbors and friends what a won-

(Continued on page 437)

Nutrition and Health

The Seven Aspects of Vegetarianism

A. ANDERSON

WE WILL CONSIDER this subject under seven headings or arguments and through these prove that vegetarianism is the only logical solution of the diet question.

(1) *The Economic Argument.* This lends itself to two subdivisions dealing respectively with land and food values.

(a)—The first is of great importance for patriotic reasons. It solves the national difficulty of the unemployment problem, and that of rural depopulation, coupled with the overcrowding of our great cities and all the attendant evils threatening health and morality. We say "back to the land!" Mr. Sidney Beard writes that "land will support eight times as many men when devoted to the production of fruit, cereals, and market-garden produce as it will when used for bovi-culture."

Dr. Josiah Oldfield says that twelve acres of land used for the rearing of cattle for slaughter will maintain one man feeding on the flesh produced; the same acreage under wheat will serve food for the maintenance of twenty-three, and a mixed crop will support a still higher number.

This all goes to prove that the market-gardener's holdings if on a large scale would form valuable counter currents to the evils of the present congested labor centres.

(b)—The subject of food values would require a lecture all to itself to do it justice. Briefly, a pound of meat contains as much as 75 per cent of water, some of which evaporates in cooking. It follows that bulk for bulk even at a slightly higher price it would pay better to eat nuts or some other highly concentrated food. The percentage of proteid or nitrogenous matter in nuts ranges from 80 to 90 per cent. Protein is a body-building, tissue-repairing substance, essential to life. It is also found in cheese, eggs, wholemeal bread, oatmeal, and in lentils or pulses, peas and beans. Other essential elements are vitamins and fats. Vitamine is the life or vital ele-

ment, found to be essential to growth. It is destroyed by cooking. This fact is taken into account by the supporters of the "unfired food" or Edenic diet. Carbo-hydrates give energy.

(2) *The Anatomical Argument* proves that flesh food is unnatural to man.

(a)—There is no doubt that our physical structure is that of a fruit eating creature. We are frugivorous, not carnivorous. The generally accepted scientific classification places man with the anthropoid apes, at the head of the highest order of mammals. The internal structure of the ape as well as his teeth resemble those of man more or less closely. The gorilla is well known to be a very powerful animal—not quite so ferocious as people imagine; he avoids encounters as much as possible, but when forced to fight his great strength makes him a very formidable enemy. The male in particular has very large canines. His diet consists of nuts, grains, seeds, and fruits. Some however, snatch young birds out of their nests and devour them when they get the chance. The human intestines measure 21 feet in length! This very length makes meat a most unsuitable food because it is such a highly putrefactive substance. The real carnivorous animals are provided with intestines that are quite short in length and do not retain the flesh too long.

It must be remembered that the actual process of decomposition of meat begins some time before it is made evident by means of the sense of smell, by which time decomposition is well advanced. "Ptomaines" develop quickly in corpses after death: "Botulism" is the latest label for the well known ptomaine poisoning. It is certainly much safer not to be a corpse eater; and it is quite unnecessary for humans to descend to the level of hyenas and jackals.

(b)—Before leaving the anatomical argument, I would like to point out that it is also a strong *religious* argument in favor of a bloodless diet-

ary. In accordance with the laws of nature it is evidently our Creator's intention and the divine will that man should be a frugivorous creature. The fruitarian's *charter* may be said to be the text, Genesis 1, 29. "And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

(3) *The Hygienic and Health Argument* also deals with the matter from physiological and strictly utilitarian point of view, and is of great interest to the medical profession.

(a)—Very many persons avoid flesh diet by medical advice because of a tendency to uric acid diseases. In other words *auto-intoxication* is responsible for some of the most common diseases such as gout, eczema, rheumatism, Bright's disease, etc. The kidneys of the average human being are adapted to eliminate the waste products of his own system. When in addition toxic matter such as is always present in the flesh of the larger slaughtered animals is imported into the system, the excess is apt to cause a breakdown of the excretory system; auto-intoxication is the result, and causes some chronic form of uric acid complaint to develop.

I may mention in passing that the common ailment of anaemia can be cured by a properly selected vegetarian dietary containing plenty of iron in an assimilable form. Among the best food for this purpose are Egyptian lentils and spinach (cooked) and tomatoes, black currants and watercress (uncooked).

The dead bodies of animals may contain the germs of various diseases such as tuberculosis, cancer, swine fever, incipient anthrax, as well as parasites, including the deadly "trichina" in pork, which if taken into the stomach causes a fatal disorder; hence underdone pork must be and is acknowledged to be *dangerous*. Unfortunately the evil of the private slaughterhouse is allowed to exist still in England. Turkey (and possibly Greece) is the only other country in Europe which allows private slaughterhouses in towns. Let us hope that the Women's Vote will help to bring about a much needed reform in this direction. There is not very strict meat inspection outside the large towns. It is said that fifty per cent of all cattle

are tuberculous. If a butcher comes across a tumour when cutting up a carcass, the chances are that he will just throw it away and sell the rest of the animal rather than incur a serious financial loss. So meat eaters run the risk of eating the flesh of an animal that may have had its blood poisoned by the presence of a malignant growth in the tissues. There seems to be an intimate connection between excessive flesh eating and the late terrible increase in cancer.

Although vegetarianism is on the increase, there seems to be an undoubted increase of meat eating in Europe of late years, owing perhaps to the large importations of cattle from the Argentines, etc., and frozen meat from Australasia. Cancer among life-long fruitarians is practically unknown. It is somewhat uncommon among the Jews, who consider the pig "unclean" and who have very strict rules in connection with slaughtering.

(4) *The Altruistic Argument* is a very far-reaching one.

(a)—We are told that we should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. In that light let us consider the fact that quite refined, kind-hearted people are in the habit of consuming flesh of slaughtered animals. These same people would find it utterly abhorrent to kill these animals with their own hands. They would find it absolutely revolting if they had to do the offal cleaning themselves. Have they, in the light of doing as they would be done by, the moral right to delegate these tasks to others and condemn them to degradation on their behalf? The disgusting offal cleaning is done chiefly by women and boys. No doubt many butchers remain amiable men in spite of their brutalising trade, but never could it have an elevating influence. Vegetarians affirm that meat eating is not necessary, and point out that *unnecessary* destruction of life is unmoral.

(b)—Another aspect of the altruistic argument deals with the fact that flesh eating is said to be one of the chief causes of *dipsomania*. In support of this theory it must be admitted that fruitarian drunkards are conspicuous by their non-existence. It is claimed that dipsomaniacs are cured in the Salvation Army homes and elsewhere by the right sort of fruitarian diet. (I believe oranges are particularly efficacious). Flesh is undoubtedly

a stimulant, and as such it tends to increase the desire for further stimulants in the shape of alcoholic liquor. Three-fourths of the misery and crime are put down to the canker of intemperance in our midst. If meat eating causes intemperance or even increases a tendency to it then food reform must be acknowledged to be very fundamental. It closely affects the welfare of thousands of homes and takes its place as a question of patriotic and national importance. It should not be lightly passed over as a fad.

(5) *The Humanitarian Argument* lifts the subject on to a still higher level. Once it is truly brought home to an awakened conscience on altruistic grounds, the reform comes into being from the motive of principle instead of from mere motives of expediency, as would be the case when health, patriotism or economy is the deciding factor. "A righteous man regarded the life of his beast," says the Book of Proverbs, XII:10.

Many thousands of large animals are killed every day. This fact entails a tremendous lot of suffering from driving and transport, from terror as well as from physical pain outside and inside the slaughteryards. Butchers are not *born* experts; they learn to become so by practicing on unfortunate sentient creatures. Witnesses have stated that in the Deptford yards five or more blows of the pole-axe had to be given before the poor beast succumbed. Mr. John Galsworthy, the well known author, deserves all honor for the vigorous press campaign he started some months ago in favor of the use of the Humane-Killer.

This, however, can only be used for the large animals. Full details of this painful side of our subject can be obtained in the literature of the Fruitarian movement, and ought to be known by those who often quite unconsciously aid and abet and are responsible by the fact of being meat eaters for what they would shrink from even once witnessing.

(6) *The Philosophical or Esoteric Argument* takes into consideration:

(a)—The fact that human beings normally live in three worlds all the time they are awake—the physical world, the desire or astral world, and the mental world. They use three bodies, each formed of the same matter as that of which the

plane itself is formed, and meant to be an apparatus for the consciousness to work through in each world. Now the *Edenic* diet (unfired food) seems to be fully adapted to the needs of man on these three planes, or for his body, mind and soul. There is a somewhat mysterious element called "vitamine" by scientists. It is essential to life and growth, and when taken into the system by fresh fruit and uncooked vegetables it supplements our vitality and reinforces our magnetism. This element is destroyed by cooking. By the way, the carnivorous animals get their full supply of vitamines through eating nothing but raw flesh, which fact probably accounts for their health and strength. Few people, however, would care to emulate them in that respect by dispensing with the cooking of meat! (b)—There seems to be a law of nature which provides that each kingdom should be sustained by the life of the one immediately below it in order of evolution. Thus the minerals arise from the elemental kingdom, the mineral kingdom sustains plant life, and the vegetable kingdom gives sustenance to the animal kingdom, which includes our physical bodies. We are not intended by nature to prey upon our dumb fellow creatures because they are the same in *kind* as ourselves, and only lesser in degree. We stand at the head of the highest order of mammals.

(7) *The Spiritual or Synthetic Argument*, the culminating aspect, which crowns all the others, now dawns upon our sight, and brings into prominence the truth of the Oneness of Life, a reflection of the transcendent truth of the unity of all being. "A sacred kinship I would not forego binds me to all that breathes," says the poet. This realization lifts us up into that consciousness of Divine Love, with which our life is hid in God.

GOOD WISHES

With a burst of brilliant glory

Now has dawned the rising sun,

Bringing cheer and waking daylight

To a world where light had gone.

Thus may Christ, the glad, good Savior,

Shed His glory upon you,

And dispel all self and sorrow

With His selfless love so true.

—Tessie Lehrer.

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

Apple Sauce
Graham Biscuits
Entire Wheat Mush with Raisins
Milk or Cereai Coffee

—DINNER—

Puree of Vegetables
Potatoes boiled with Jackets
Entire Wheat Bread
Milk
Green Peas

—SUPPER—

Cottage Cheese and Pimento Sandwiches
Dandelion Salad with Egg
Graham Biscuits

Recipes

Graham Biscuits

Mix one half teaspoon baking soda with two cups buttermilk, slowly adding four cups graham flour, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon melted butter, one egg, and one-fourth cup brown sugar. Beat well together and bake.

Entire Wheat Mush with Raisins

Into five cups of boiling salted water slowly sift one cup of entire wheat flour through fingers, stirring with spoon while flour is added. Boil for twenty minutes on top of stove, then finish in double boiler. Add seeded raisins just before removing from stove.

Puree of Vegetables

Wash carefully but do not peel one each of carrots, turnips, parsnips, and potatoes and cut into small pieces. Peel and slice one onion, heat two tablespoons of cooking oil in a deep stew pan, and fry the vegetables until a light brown. Add one cup each of sliced cabbage and tomatoes, cover with water, and boil until well done, keeping a tight lid on same while boiling. Mash through colander, then add enough hot water to make one quart of soup, adding salt, celery salt, and a little chopped parsley to flavor. Serve with croutons. To boil the vegetables with the skins and in a closed dish saves the vitamins, which are the most healthful part of the vegetable.

Potatoes in Jackets

Wash very carefully six smooth skinned medium size potatoes. Remove a narrow ring of the peel only. Boil in salted water for thirty minutes or until the end of the fork will enter the potato without much pressure. Boil while covered and when done drain off the water, al-

lowing the lid to remain open a few inches to eliminate the steam. Serve with a napkin cover to keep them mellow.

Cottage Cheese and Pimento Sandwiches

Remove the stones from six olives and chop. Add to one cup cottage cheese, three slices canned pimento, a little grated onion and salt. Work all together with the back of a spoon until it has the consistency of thick paste. Slice graham or whole wheat bread very thin, spread with the paste, and serve as sandwich.

Dandelion Salad With Egg

Wash well bleached dandelion, slice fine, adding thinly sliced young green onions. Cover with French dressing and serve with sliced hard boiled egg on top.

TIM AND HIS SERVANTS

(Continued from page 433)

derful doctor the new doctor was so that now he is busy most of the time telling little boys and girls all about the little white men and the Tummies.

As for Tim's servants, they were happy too. One day, while Tim was lying on his back under the cherry tree he heard the little white men talking to Miss Palate. So he shut his eyes real tight and listened and he heard one of the little white men say, "Tim must have learned a lesson the last time he was sick. We have an easy time chopping the nuts and vegetables that he gives us now."

"It's great fun, I think," said another. "Miss Palate didn't like the change at first but now she is happier than she ever was before, and I heard the Tummies singing just yesterday."

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

New Orleans, La., Oct. 27, 1921.

Dear Friends:—

Enclosed you will find samples of handwriting produced by my mother, Mrs. C. R. H., New York City, on Oct. 13th, 1921 and on Oct. 23rd, 1921. In her letter of Oct. 13th she wrote that her arm was completely well. Consequently I believe that further attention is hardly necessary.

I want you to understand how much I appreciate your very quick and effective response to my appeal. And the cure was effected in such rapid time after all other means had failed and the condition was becoming chronic.

Please accept my thanks.

Very truly yours,

R. V. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Friends:—

I will tell you of a wonderful thing. A woman, looking for health had come to our mission for prayers. She was so ill I was told that an operation was absolutely necessary, but she was afraid. Hardly able to stand, she attended our cottage meeting and I prayed that she might be given courage to undergo the operation, or that Christ, the Great Physician, might heal her. I did not see her for a week, but yesterday, on our next meeting the woman was present, flourishing in health, and related the story.

After the prayer she had gone to bed and had a vision. Two men in white were beside her bed and when she was frightened they told her, "Be not afraid, we do the operation and you will be well." Next morning she rose perfectly well without a trace of pain.

Her husband is so scared that he has the greatest reverence towards God and prays morning and evening and at meals. Of course we all feel happy.

(From same letter)

A few years ago I was terribly afflicted with eczema, I applied to Headquarters for help. While asleep, I woke up suddenly and saw by the bed a strange man with all the implements of a physician. I also was frightened but he suggested to me, "Fear not, I have come to cure your eczema," so I fell quietly asleep again and the dreadful eczema disappeared.

If you can make use of these two cases, I am very glad, and I certainly believe in the Unseen Helpers.

A. R.

HEALING DATES

February 1— 9—15—21

March 1— 8—14—20—28

April 4—10—17—24

Healing meetings are held in the 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 Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

OBSESSION

(Continued from page 423)

means to contact the unseen world are dangerous and should be avoided. Even if the danger were eliminated, we should not disturb our loved ones or those who answer the call. They have their work to do and should be allowed to do it in peace.

Obsession can result from other causes, such as hypnotism, where the victim is driven from his vehicles by the hypnotist. This as well as all other negative processes is productive of much harm and no good.

To avoid becoming obsessed, a positive condition of mind is necessary at all times. Those who are in any way inclined toward the negative should be very careful to avoid all contact with spiritualistic seances, crystal gazing, mechanical devices, etc.

No one who maintains a positive condition of mind will become obsessed. Many chances will come to those of the positive mind to help a weak friend to find the way, to lift him up and to teach and direct to the positive path of Mercury.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

Flowers and Snow on Mt. Ecclesia

THE ABOVE TITLE must seem strange to our readers out in the world who have never been to California and cannot understand our strange, yes, Uranian climate. No wonder the occultists and seers are prophesying that California will be the seat of the new race. The wonderful, the unexpected may be looked for at any time. The winter rains have set in very early and plenty of them, and California has put on her coat of green; the ferns and wild flowers in our canyons are a month ahead of time. We had a second visitation of rain, one of the severest storms in many years yesterday—a real hail and snowstorm with a gale which might be compared to a small Kansas blizzard. No damage was done, however, except the uprooting of a few eucalyptus trees. But today the sun is shining and it is warm and pleasant and the Pala Mountains, which are only fourteen miles away, are white with snow. We are told that the snow is two feet deep. The clouds are still clinging to the tops of the mountains and a beautiful rainbow with its arch over the white Temple may be seen from the north. This is truly a wonderful view, with miles of foothills covered with their coat of green, and the San Luis Rey River down in the valley rushing in torrents, carrying the extra rains and the melted snow to the sea.

Mount Ecclesia has had two birthday parties in one week. Mrs. Spangle, who is so popular and is so lovingly taking care of the culinary department, was the first to have one and Mrs. Heindel the second. Of course they are both proud of the fact that they have the sun in Aquarius, which is also the rising sign of Mount Ecclesia. But Uranus is the ruler of Aquarius and we are told that he is the planet of surprises—he does the unusual thing. We whispered a while ago in the Echoes that there was another surprise to come. Well, Cupid, the little sprite, has again caught two of our probationer workers in his net. Mr. Alex. Ronald and Miss Mary

Ford were the happy victims this time. This is the third marriage within a year, but the unfortunate part of the work of this little love god is that he takes these workers away from Mt. Ecclesia, for he implants within their minds the desire to return to the world. He has robbed us of six in one year, and the writer is under the impression that he has found such a fertile field and such good material among our young men and women workers that he is still lingering about. But let us hope that if he should succeed in making others happy that he will please advise them to share their happiness with Headquarters, and to help us to send these vibrations of happiness out into the world, and not to wander off to make their love nests away from Mount Ecclesia. "All the world loves a lover," but to be truly happy and successful, the lovers must share their happiness in order to receive the greatest benefit.

THE WOMAN WHO SAW THE SHADOWS A FABLE

CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

Once there was a woman who was continually upset by fears. No matter how sunny the outlook, her fears always made the shadows apparent.

One day she went to see a neighbor, a lady who had a queer way of always making the world seem brighter than it really was.

"I have been very miserable lately," said the unhappy woman, "I have coughed a great deal. I am sure I will die of tuberculosis in a few short years. My poor babies! What will become of them? Like as not they'll get it, too, and follow their poor mother to the grave."

"Nonsense," replied the other, who always radiated sunshine. "The idea is absolutely groundless. You just have a bad cold."

"Ah," sighed the other, "but I am always right about such things. I hated the looks of

glasses; but I knew some day my eyes would give out and I'd have to wear them, and the time came when I did. I always knew I'd have a hard time giving birth to the children, and I did. In fact, I've foreseen nearly all the ailments and calamities that have come upon me."

"Of course," agreed the sunny one, cheerily, "but have you never considered why this it true? You have within you the power to attract unto yourself whatsoever you will. Like attracts like. How can you expect to possess the joys of life if your own thoughts are always gloomy?"

MRS. CRAMER'S LECTURE TOUR

Mrs. Arline D. Cramer of Los Angeles has recently returned from a lecture tour through central California. She has been very successful on this trip and has carried the message of the Rosicrucian Philosophy to large audiences who were very enthusiastic over the philosophy and Mrs. Cramer's presentation of it. Following is a list of dates and addresses at which lectures were delivered:

SAN FRANCISCO:

Sunday, Jan. 8—Native Sons' Hall, Mason Street. *Freemasonry and Catholicism*.

Tuesday, Jan. 10—Metaphysical Library, 165 Post Street. *Where are the Dead?*

Wednesday, Jan. 11—Metaphysical Library, 165 Post Street. *The Legend of Lohengrin, Its Mystical Meaning*.

Thursday, Jan. 12—At 419 22nd Ave., (Res. Wm. Birdsall). *Address to Students*.

Sunday, Jan. 15—Native Sons' Hall. *Spiritual Initiation*.

BERKELEY:

Friday, Jan. 13—Masonic Hall. *The Legend of the Rhine Gold*.

Saturday, Jan. 14—at 1909 Henry Street (Res. Mrs. C. B. Allen). *Address to Students and Friends*.

SAN JOSE:

Monday, Jan. 16—Chamber of Commerce Hall. *The Riddle of Life and Death*.

Tuesday, Jan. 17—Metaphysical Library, Porter Bldg. *Initiation*.

OAKLAND:

Wednesday, Jan. 18—Native Sons' Hall, 11th and Clay Streets. *The Riddle of Life and Death*.

Thursday, Jan. 19—Native Sons' Hall, 11th and Clay Streets. *Freemasonry and Catholicism*.

SACRAMENTO:

January 22 to 29 inclusive.

CO-OPERATION OF OUR STUDENTS WANTED

It is our intention to compile a composite index of all of Max Heindel's writings—books, lectures, lessons, magazines, letters—correlating the matter by subjects so that it will be possible by consulting this index to ascertain the location of all that he has written on any given subject.

Our students can help us in this work by sending in lists of references to the following subjects, these references giving only the book or paper and page where the subject is discussed. We shall be very glad of such co-operation. A list of subjects on which references are wanted will be published in the "Rays" each month.

List for March:

Vital body

Chemical ether.

Life ether.

Light ether.

Reflecting ether.

Articles Wanted for the "Rays"

We should be glad to receive articles of from 1500 to 3000 words for publication in the "Rays." We have a large supply of short articles, consequently we particularly want articles of not less than 1500 words. Articles on philosophy, astrology, and health, also occult stories and children's stories are wanted.

Such as are suitable will be published as space permits.

Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

A stenographer (young woman.)

A single man to help in garden.

For particulars address:

Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California.