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Groups of Fellowship Workers.

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# The Mystic Light.

## Retrospection

F. T. ELDRIDGE

Why mourn? The past is dead and buried.  
 Those selfsame days will never come again;  
 Those sad, sad days through which you toiled  
 and hurried,  
 Those tedious days that brought you much of  
 pain.

Why cherish in your lowly heart  
 The unkind thoughts of yesterday?  
 Oh, claim the future as your part,  
 And in your own hand hold today.

The unborn morrow is like a veil,  
 That shuts from view your distant sky;  
 The past, an old ill-trodden trail,  
 With here and there a tear or sigh.

So banish from your heart and mind,  
 The poignant grief of yesterday,  
 And do with might what e'er you find  
 Within your life of each today.

Keep firm your courage though you're down.  
 Just say, "I WILL," then stand the test,  
 Let victory's smile replace the frown,  
 In God have faith; He'll do the rest.

## Sound, Silence and Soul Growth

A Former Lesson to Students

MAX HEINDEL

**S**INCERE STUDENTS of the Science of the Soul are naturally anxious to grow in grace that they may serve so much better in the Great Work of Human Upliftment. Being humble and modest they are only too painfully aware of their shortcomings, and frequently while casting about for means to facilitate progress they ask themselves, "*What hinders?*" Some, particularly in bygone ages when life was lived less intensely than now, realized that the everyday life among ordinary humanity was a drawback. To overcome that and further soul growth they withdrew from the community to a monastery or to the mountains where they could give themselves over to the spiritual life undisturbed.

We know, however, that that is not the way. It is too well established in the minds of most

of our students that if we run away from an experience today it will confront us again tomorrow, and that the victor's palm is earned by overcoming the world, not by running away from it. The environment in which we have been placed by the Recording Angels was our own choice when we were at the turning point of our life cycle in the Third Heaven, we then being pure spirit unblinded by the matter which now veils our vision. Hence it is undoubtedly the one that holds lessons needed by us and we should make a serious mistake if we tried to escape from it altogether.

But we have received a mind for a definite purpose—to reason about things and conditions so that we may learn to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials, between that which is designed to hinder for the

purpose of teaching us a virtue by overcoming it, and that which is an out and out hindrance, which jars our sensibilities and wrecks our nerves without any compensating spiritual gain. It will be of the greatest benefit if we can learn to differentiate for the conservation of our strength, accepting only that which we must endure for the sake of our spiritual well-being. We shall then save much energy and have much more zest in profitable directions than now. The details of that problem are different in every life, however; there are certain general principles which it will benefit us all to understand and apply in our lives, and among them is the effect of silence and sound on soul growth.

At first blush it may surprise us when the statement is made that sound and silence are very important factors in soul growth, but when we examine the matter we shall soon see that it is not a far-fetched notion. Consider first the graphic expression that "War is hell," and then call up in imagination a war scene. The sight is appalling, even more so to those who see it with the undimmed spiritual vision than to those who are limited by physical sight, for the latter can at least shut their eyes to it if they want to but the whole horror lies heavily upon the heart of the Invisible Helper who not only hears and sees but *feels* in his own being the anguish and pain of all the surrounding suffering as Parsifal felt in his heart the wound of Amfortas, the stricken Grail king; in fact, without that intensely intimate feeling of oneness with the suffering there could be no healing and help given. But there is one thing which no one can escape, the terrible noise of the shells, the deafening roar of the cannon, the vicious spitting of the machine-guns, the groans of the wounded, and the oaths of a certain class among the participants. We shall need no further argument to agree that it is really a "hellish noise" and as subversive of soul growth as possible. The battle field is the last place anyone with a sane mind would choose for the purpose of soul growth, though it is not to be forgotten that much of this has been made by noble deeds of self-sacrifice there; but such results have been achieved *in spite of* the condition and not because of it.

On the other hand, consider a church filled with the noble strains of a Gregorian chant or a Handel oratorio upon which the prayers of the aspiring soul wing their way to the Author of our Being. That music may surely be termed "*heavenly*" and the church designated as offering an ideal condition for soul growth, but if we stayed there permanently to the neglect of our duties we should be failures in spite of the ideal condition.

There remains, therefore, only one safe method for us, to stay in the din of the battle field of the world, endeavoring to wrest from even the most unpromising conditions the material of soul growth by unselfish service, and at the same time to *build within our own inner selves a sanctuary* filled with that silent music which sounds ever in the serving soul as a source of upliftment above all the vicissitudes of earthly existence. Having that "living church" *within*, being in fact under that condition "*living temples*," we may turn at any moment when our attention is not legitimately required by temporal affairs to that spiritual house not made with hands and lave in its harmony. We may do that many times a day and thus restore continually the harmony that has been disturbed by the discords of terrestrial intercourse.

How then shall we build that temple and fill it with the heavenly music we so much desire? What will help and what will hinder? is the question which calls for a practical solution, and we shall try to make the answer as plain and practical as possible, for this is a very vital matter. The *little things* are particularly important, for the neophyte needs to take even the slightest things into account. If we light a match in a strong wind it is extinguished ere it has gained a fair start, but if the little flame is laid on a brush-heap and given a chance to grow in comparative calm, a rising wind will fan the flame instead of extinguishing it. Adepts or Great Souls may remain serene under conditions which would unfit the ordinary aspirant, hence he should use discrimination and not expose himself unnecessarily to conditions subversive of soul growth; what he needs more than anything is *poise* and nothing is more inimical to that condition than *noise*.

It is undeniable that our communities are



"Bedlams" and that we have a legitimate right to escape some noises if possible, such as the screeching made by streets cars rounding a curve. We do not need to live on such a corner to the detriment of our nerves or endeavors at concentration, but if we have a sick crying child that requires our attention day and night, it does not matter how it affects our nerves, we have no right in the sight of God or man to run away or neglect it in order to concentrate. These things are perfectly obvious and produce instant assent, but the things that help or hinder most are, as said, the things that are so small that they escape our attention entirely. When we now start to enumerate them they may provoke a smile of incredulity, but if they are pondered upon and practiced they will soon win assent, for judged by the formula that "by their fruits ye shall know them," they will show results and vindicate our assertion that "Silence is one of the greatest helps in soul growth," and should therefore be cultivated by the aspirant in his home, his personal demeanor, his walk, his habits, and paradoxical as it seems even in his speech.

It is a proof of the benefit of religion that it makes people happy, but the greatest happiness is usually too deep for outward expression. It fills our whole being so full that it is almost awesome, and a boisterous manner never goes together with that true happiness for it would be the sign of superficiality. The loud voice, the coarse laugh, the noisy manner, the hard heels that sound like sledge hammers, the slamming of doors, and the rattling of dishes are the signatures of the unregenerate for they love noise, the more the merrier, as it stirs their desire bodies. For their purpose church music is anathema; a blaring brass band is preferable to any other form of entertainment, and the wilder the dance, the better. But it is otherwise, or should be, with the aspirant to the higher life.

When the infant Jesus was sought by Herod with murderous intent, his only safety lay in flight, and by that expedient were preserved his life and power to grow and fulfill his mission. Similarly, when the Christ is born within the aspirant he can best preserve this spiritual life by fleeing from the environment of the unregenerate where these hindering things are practiced

and seek a place among others of kindred ambitions provided he is free to do so; but if placed in a position of responsibility to a family it is his duty to strive to alter conditions by precept and example, particularly by example, so that in time that refined subdued atmosphere which breathes harmony and strength may reign over the whole house. It is not essential to the happiness of children that they be allowed to shout at the top of their voices or to race pell-mell through the house, slamming doors and wrecking furniture in their mad race; it is indeed decidedly detrimental for it teaches them to disregard the feelings of others in self-gratification. They will benefit more than mother by being shod with rubber heels and taught to reserve their romps for outdoors but to play quietly in the house, close doors easily, and speak in a modulated tone of voice such as mother uses.

In childhood we begin to wreck the nerves that bother us in later years so if we teach our children the lesson above indicated we may save them much trouble in life as well as further our own soul growth now. It may take years to reform a household of these seemingly unimportant faults and secure an atmosphere conducive to soul growth, especially if the children have grown to adult age and resent reforms of that nature, but it is well worth while. We can and *must* at least cultivate the virtue of silence in ourselves or our own soul growth will be very small. Perhaps if we look at the matter from its occult point of view in connection with that important vehicle, *the vital body*, the point of this necessity will be more clear.

We know that the vital body is ever storing up power in the physical body which is to be used in this "School of Experience," and that during the day the desire body is constantly dissipating this energy in actions which constitute experience that is eventually transmuted to soul growth. So far so good, but the desire body has the tendency to run amuck if not held in with a tight rein. It revels in *unrestrained* motion, the wilder the better, and if unbridled makes the body whistle, sing, jump, dance, and do all the other unnecessary and undignified things which are so detrimental to soul growth. While under such a spell of inharmony and discord the per-

(Continued on page 69)

## A Room to Rent

N. BRYLLION FAGIN

**M**AN IS SUPPOSED to be less credulous than woman, yet there was something in the tone of little Agnes Mellum as she told that weird story of hers, that left me hanging between affected skepticism and intuitive probability. Kate Diel, a woman, and the only other person who heard Agnes' tale, laughed cynically and loudly to the ill concealed mortification of the little story teller.

"You may mock and snicker," Agnes had begun in her nervous voice, "but that experience has left an ineradicable impression upon my mind. I think I am sick. Coming as it did soon after my recovery from an attack of the grippe, it has left me in a state of health which is considerably alarming. I shall throw myself upon time and nature for a complete cure. I am leaving for the country tomorrow."

"Good thing," commented Kate, "but that doesn't explain your spooky experience. Pray calm yourself and unravel the riddle."

"That I'm afraid I shall never be able to do. I know you laugh, but it's not within my power to stop you, so there!"

This is the story she had told:

We all know there are mean people in the world, but some are meaner than others. I was sick with the grippe for a week and lay in my room at Mrs. Patch's like a lonely wanderer smitten in the Great Sahara. Not a soul came up to see me. Neither Mrs. Patch nor any of her children found it advisable to offer assistance. The doctor came and went and the colored maid brought me my prescriptions and any food I needed and placed them just outside my door. I heard Mrs. Patch give stentorian orders prohibiting anyone in the house from entering my room. And for days I lay looking up at the ceiling and thinking of all the sublime sentiments of charity and forgiveness I had been taught at school and in church, angry with myself that I was unable to remember them in my heart.

The first thing I did when I got out was to look for a room. I had had enough of Mrs.

Patch's. I wanted a nice sunny room in a nice house among people whose faces showed the effects of such cheering atmosphere. For a day I trudged the streets looking for the room that never was. Then I started back for Mrs. Patch's. I passed through the fashionable section of the neighborhood and looked at the imposing houses with their mute promise of spacious comfort, and my face, I suppose, bore the expression of a hungry cat eyeing a bowl of milk. Then I saw a "Furnished Room" sign. It was silly, of course, for me to apply. I knew I could not afford the kind of room the neighborhood bespoke, but I was curious. I wanted to see what it looked like. My imagination was fired and demanded satisfaction.

I crossed the little lawn and approached the greystone building with its old, romantic bay windows, and rang the bell. I waited perhaps five minutes, my heart pounding away at galloping speed, then the door opened and a young girl with ruddy cheeks and smiling eyes greeted me.

"I——would like to see the room you have——" I faltered apologetically.

"Come right in, miss," the girl invited, and she ushered me into an elaborate reception room. "Take a seat, please." Then she ran into the hallway and called up the stairs; "Mother! A lady to see the room."

A few minutes later a pleasant little woman came down and smiled at me.

"You want to see the room, don't you? You are all alone, aren't you? A lonesome little thing. Just the kind of roomer we've been looking for. You see, we don't really need a roomer, except that we are somewhat lonesome, my daughter and I in this big city, and another person might enliven us a bit. You will find a good home here, dearie, and I know you will love the room."

The gray haired little woman smiled so warmly that her tone of intimacy seemed a matter of course. My weary heart leaped with gratitude at her motherly gentleness. I followed her up-

stairs and into the room she offered to rent. It was a dream! Here was sunshine, all the light and warmth my chilled soul had been hungry for, and the furniture consisted of the neatest and coziest things I had ever seen. I fearfully asked the amount of rental wanted.

"That's all right, child," the sweet woman patted my shoulder, "We won't quarrel about that part. You'll pay as much as you are able. If you like this, and I know you do, come right in next week. I can't possibly let you move in before then. I want the room repapered and put in order—and we will try to make you feel one of us. Remember, you need not stay in your room all the time—the entire house is yours, and you want to make it your home."

I almost shed tears of joy as I left the beautiful house and stopped on the sidewalk for another fond survey. This quiet greystone building was to be my home! The curious bay window in the upper story was that of my room! And here was a really green lawn to greet my eyes if I chose to sit in the window and bask in the sunshine. I walked to Mrs. Patch's unconscious of the distance, my head in a swirl, my heart younger than it had been for as long as I could remember.

It's funny, but it's harder to keep joy to oneself than sorrow. We find it begging for expression. I met Grace Fulford the next day, and the first thing I told her was about the room I was to rent. I raved so much about the beauties of the neighborhood and the house and the room that Grace's artistic curiosity was aroused and she wanted to see it all. Grace, you know, studies at the Academy; they say she is pretty good at it, too. Well, we took a stroll to the place that morning. We found the greystone building, but the "Furnished Room" sign was not there any more. I was convinced then that the little lady considered the room rented to me, for secretly I had been doubting that such good luck had befallen me. We stood for a minute looking at the grounds and the house, then Grace turned and smiled strangely:

"Are you sure this is the house?" she asked.

"Of course I am," I replied. "There, where that first bay window is, is my room and it's just a dream I tell you!"

"I think it is," Grace said pointedly, still

smiling in her baffling way. "Do you know the name of the people who live in this house?"

"No," I admitted, I did not know. I had not thought it necessary to ask for the name or even the number of the house. But I certainly could not mistake it.

"Well, I do," Grace continued, "and I know you are dreaming. Vance, John Erdstrom Vance lives here. He teaches at the Academy and I have been here to one of his receptions to the students. He has a very young wife and I am sure has no daughter or old woman, the kind you spoke to, living with him, and I doubt if he'd be renting any rooms. Are you positive you are on the right street?"

I was. I could swear this was the house. I could even indicate the precise spot where the sign had been attached. But I couldn't convince Grace. She touched my forehead playfully.

"You've got bugs," she laughed, "fever bugs. You'd better come back home and crawl into bed. If you stay here much longer you'll be owning the entire row of houses."

"But this is the house!" I protested, "and you wait and see if I don't move in here next week."

It was a day later that Grace called me up and asked me if I wanted to go with her to a reception. She had invitation tickets for two and she was certain I'd have a good time.

You can imagine my feelings when that evening we approached the same greystone house and entered it as the home of John Erdstrom Vance, the artist. I was terribly nervous, and Grace smiled indulgently. Yes, it was the same hallway I had been in, and we were ushered into the same elaborate reception room I had waited in for the little old lady to come down. There were the stairs and the familiar furnishings and everything else as on that morning when I had applied for the room. But there was no trace of the girl with the ruddy cheeks who had opened the door for me, nor of her gray haired mother. Mr. Vance was a comparatively young man and his wife was a dashing young beauty.

During the entire evening I was conscious of extreme nervousness and my eyes sought the stairs in tremulous expectation that at any minute the sweet old lady would descend and join

us. But no such thing happened. I was in a state of stupor and hardly knew of the festivities around me. A few times I answered mechanically to genial questions asked by both Mr. and Mrs. Vance and some of their guests who tried to draw me out of my reserve. But I hardly knew when the thing was over. I remember clearly, however, that when we were about to leave Grace spoke to Mrs. Vance:

"I am so sorry your mother has left so soon, Mrs. Vance—or was that sweet faced little old lady who stayed with you a few days ago Mr. Vance's mother?"

Mrs. Vance shrugged her shoulders and answered:

"I'm sure we haven't had any guests staying with us this week nor last week; and certainly no such little lady as you describe, although we should have liked to if she was sweet faced."

Then Grace apologized for her mistake and we left.

"Now you may laugh all you want to, just as Grace Fulford did when we went home from the reception," said Agnes to us, "but I tell you this puzzle drives me mad. I could swear on oath that that was the house where I rented the room,

and if I were an artist I could draw exact portraits of both mother and daughter. I have been so frightfully run down since that time that I feel I can't stand it any longer. I'll be mighty glad when I get out into the country and try to forget—but of course it's all laughable to you!" she concluded.

It was laughable; at least to Kate Diel, for she burst out in loud, boisterous laughter of which I hardly approved, seeing the condition in which poor little Agnes was.

"Have you tried to pass through the neighborhood again?" I asked. "Perhaps you were on the wrong street, and there may be a similar looking house somewhere else."

"I have," Agnes replied slowly. "I have been haunting the neighborhood every day for a week now and I can't find any house to resemble the artist's greystone building."

Kate's eyes danced cynically.

"Maybe you never did rent any room in any greystone house at all," she suggested laconically. "Maybe it was all done in your bed at Mrs. Patch's under the hot breath of the grippe?"

"Maybe," said Agnes quietly.

## Infant Mortality in France

MARCUS A. CERNIK

**I**N A FAIR LAND across the sea dwell a people renowned for their valor. For almost half a century they had lived in peace at home and had prospered. It was a country abounding in wealth. Far and wide her ships ploughed the waters, giving and taking in business. Her territorial possessions extended to the four corners of the earth and her power with them. The products of her vineyards, mills, factories and work shops were bought and used by every nation in every clime.

Such was the land of France.

However, a grave situation that all nations fear to face, arose and refused to be solved by her councils and men of science. From records of the Bureau of Vital Statistics it was learned

that, comparatively, the old were dying at a faster rate than the young were being born, and the nation was threatened with extinction.

Men of much learning, medical practitioners and scientists of every sort whose knowledge might shed some light on the matter, for many years studied the question and experimented. Modern methods of obstetrics were taught, inducements offered to the married to multiply, and hygienic practices inculcated in the minds of children at school to protect them. It seemed though to be of little avail.

Then it happened one day in southern Europe, that a young man whose motives the world as yet has never fully understood, during a procession in which a foreign prince played a lead-

ing part, committed an act which almost overnight involved the entire diplomacy of civilized Europe in that exchange of negotiations finally culminating in the Great War.

Lips on which the word "peace" for so many years had been such an ardent protestation suddenly curled in impossible demands and biting denunciations. Greedy minds seized upon the incident as a pretext and involved the world in a war the like of which history has never before recorded.

This time no gaunt grim figure in white shroud with hour glass and scythe in hand strode the fields where but a short time before nature had been in full fruition. This was a spectre in the figure of man, fat with greed and red with hate. It had no hour glass in hand, seldom knowing any fixed hour for its depredations, for here were free will agents run amuck. And in place of a scythe, from its hands shot long, horribly effective, hot, and poisonous metals, flames, and gases, even over a lurid horizon.

Fierce war on the earth and fiercer in the invisible realms! So fierce that the gods themselves in the heavens trembled with their worldlings over the outcome.

And in France where old age heretofore had succumbed in the eternal battle with the grim reaper, now in wide swathes, the infuriated whirlwinds of malice mowed down in pitiless numbers the very flower of her manhood, not sparing even the women and children. A war estimated to have depopulated the world of some five million living human beings to which France contributed an appalling share! Today she is faced with a shortage of man power.

There is in connection with this war a phase, however, not understood by all and it comes in the manner of an aftermath, the backwash. We have its explanation in the teaching of the Elder Brothers through Max Heindel on the causes of infant mortality.

Recently in France where the fury of the war was for so long concentrated, some statistical compilations have been made on the death rate of her infants, statistics that are startling in their import. Namely, since the cessation of hostilities and the signing of the armistice, 502 children of every 1000 born, die before attaining the age of two years. A sad ratio in human

equations of over one-half. A portion of this may be attributed to the subjection of the motherhood in France to the ravages and hardships of war leaving them in weakened, nerve racked, broken down conditions. However, mainly it is because of a reason not quite so easily traced.

From *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* we learn that when a person dies in the material world and the heart has ceased to beat, death in spite of the fact is not yet complete. It signifies only that the vital body, the medium for the energizing life forces, has withdrawn from active participation in the three-fold body of man. During the three and one-half days or so following the last breath the ego is engaged in panoramically reviewing from the last to the first the experiences of the past life, inscribed upon the vital body. When that is accomplished, death, upon the severance of the silver cord, is quite complete, and the ego retires to the Desire World to assume its purgatorial existence.

But as in the case of so many fatalities in the war just passed, death came with a sudden shock, the silver cord was instantaneously severed, and the usual procedure of transmitting the vital record to the desire body was not gone through with. Until that record is regained, the experience is lost and the life has been lived in vain.

As our being in this vale of tears is through quest for experience, it is necessary that the spirit once more return into the world as a newborn babe. When this is accomplished, the child still in tender infancy dies, and proceeds to the First Heaven where it receives instruction equivalent to that which the purgatorial experience would have given it. Then it is reborn, usually within twenty years, and continues on its destined course.

And that today is the condition France is confronted with and why such a regrettable portion of her little newcomers arrive today only to depart tomorrow, while behind them are the hundreds and thousands of sore aching hearts wondering and wondering why.

#### A THOUGHT

The indwelling of the Spirit of God within man is well realized by that one who recognizes that the spark of Divinity is to be found only within himself.

—Isabel McLachlin.

## Where Are the Dead?

NETTIE LYTTLE

**P**ERHAPS MANY of us here have looked forward to that change called death, with fear and dread, have questioned *why* we should be placed here, and many times wondered why people in the very prime of health, happiness, and success, should be torn from friends and loved ones and pass on to *something*, we know not what. Most of us have seen loved ones pass from physical existence and no doubt all have wondered and questioned, "What next?"

If we look about in the world, in all departments we note the same change going on: Seasons of activity and growth are followed by a cessation of activity and a gradual dying out and passing away. We have watched the various changes going on, passing and returning, and it brings the question: "Where was the time of our dead spent, or their home during their absence from physical manifestation?"

Many of us have been able to prove to ourselves the fact of existence beyond the portal of death, and no one of a fair and reasoning mind, after experience in the other world could doubt it when he watches the death of flowers and plants in the fall and their coming again in the spring with added beauty; or when we study a grain of corn and look inside the kernel and find the small, yellow pit, hard, shining, plump, and bright and know that it will grow; and when we find one shrunken, dull, and pale and know that it will not, what makes the difference?

One was watched over and cared for by an Invisible Helper, the other has not had this care. We know the one has life, or will receive it from some place, and the other will not.

We do not see this life although we know it will come in due time or when conditions are made right. Where is it all this time? There must be some place for it to stay and rest till the time is ripe for it to manifest.

In face of this we know there is an invisible place, or one that is such to us. Many times we have known people, honest and truthful, who had never given credence to the talk of the return

of the loved ones who have passed on, and yet who have been given proof of it many times and in many ways.

One man I knew heard raps on the wall of his room within a few days after his wife passed on. He *knew* in some subtle way that she was there. A lady watched her mother pass, saw the spirit leave the body through the top of the head, and two or three days later the spirit returned, stepped in between her husband's feet, and sat down on his knee, kissing him as she had done so many times in life. He, being one of the worst skeptics, told of it, but a few moments later decided that he had just *imagined* it. The same day, or near the same time he saw her in a large procession, all dressed in white and waving palms as they marched and sang. She had been a staunch Christian and was in the heaven of the Christians. He described it all perfectly, but directly got his mercurial power of reasoning active and then doubted it all, again thinking he had *imagined* it.

We *know* this spirit was not dead. We *know* it had passed to another plane, invisible to most of us, but it lived there and knew how its loved ones were occupied and how they grieved, and was trying and *did* bring comfort.

A lady well known to me and perfectly truthful and reliable, had a very cruel father. The mother, a very saint, passed on while the children were small. The father would go to work and every day that mother returned and stayed with the children until he came back, when she would say: "Your father is coming now and I must go." This lady both saw and heard her mother when she came. The father had been cruel to the wife also, and had virtually caused her death by his cruel ways.

Who of us has not heard the helpful or warning voice? Many of us have so many proofs that it sounds foolish to go over all of these points. Then where are they after leaving this plane of physical existence? They are in a world more *real*, more *enduring* than ours, and while we must take our periods of rest to enable us to go

on with our activities here, they are above the need of rest and can and do use all their time in helping others or in learning the lessons there as we learn ours here.

They know our worries and troubles and misfortunes, but they do not grieve for them, for they can see the lessons to be gained, and that the things we worry over are trifling and that all must be left behind when we go to that home.

The worst we do for the disembodied is to grieve and cry and hold to them, thus keeping them from progressing or doing the helpful things they should, for all this weighs them down as much as if we had piled stones upon them. Some who have passed have been known to beg those left behind to let them go. We, through our ignorance, do a world of harm of which we are unconscious. Our prayers, and love may do our friends worlds of good, but let us not drag them back through our selfishness.

The "many mansions in our Father's house" are homes built and being built for us by those loved ones. Everything we love here in the way of a home, is built into that home by the love we have earned here.

In times of great accidents or horrors of one kind and another, these Invisible Helpers are on the spot to help. One circumstance stands out clearly in my mind. One evening as people were returning home on crowded cars over a car line that was built over the water of a lake, a high bank slipped down and broke off the piles. Before the passengers had time to realize this, a car passed over the floating track without accident. This was not long after I had come into Mr. Heindel's class, and I never had a doubt that many, many invisible hands were holding and steadying those tracks till people knew and could avoid this danger.

How many times these things happen when it seems that only by a miracle a bad accident did not occur, is impossible to guess. When we slip out of our tired bodies at night, we are in that world with our discarnate friends and are working with them in some good cause.

A dear lady known to me, who had taken up Christian Science some time before her passing, worked side by side with me on another lady who had very bad limbs. She, in her robe of

white, was on one side, and I was on the other.

It is also a curious fact that an enmity or grievance here is not always such on the other plane, which shows that the real heart side of us is known and not the trifling, petty things of this life, which make so much trouble and annoyance. If we could only keep the best of ourselves to the front in all the affairs of life, how much better and sweeter would be our lives! We *sting* with our cruel words, we poison with our mean and suspicious looks, causing grief and unhappiness, when it would be so easy to just love everyone as God loves us. None of us are perfect, so let us allow as much for the other fellow's faults as we claim for our own, and we will begin to enjoy our heaven here and now, as well as make possible our *conscious* occupancy of that other and happier place before we leave our bodies for good.

Think what valuable workers we would then be in our Master's vineyard, for besides the service we were performing, we would have our reward by gaining while in the body what so many have in *less* measure after passing over, *since* each is rewarded according to merit, here or there. If we have earned love and bliss there we have it, but if we have lived a selfish and cruel life here and everyone dreads us, those we meet after passing will not be very apt to stay around and fawn upon us there. If we wish a good and warm welcome to open arms, it will stand us in hand to order our lives right while here.

I love to picture each of us feeling towards all others as mothers feel over their children, which is the way we should feel. Then we are calling into our lives the Divine Love we wish for, and which can be ours *here and now*, if we open the way. May God help and strengthen us to make the supreme sacrifice, the renunciation of self for His sake, by living Divine Love now.

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### FRIENDSHIP

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Friendship is oneness in thought, word, and act.  
 Friendship is as though soul with soul ran.  
 Friendship a love harbors, that thinketh no ill.  
 Friendship brings forth the God nature in man.

—Alfred Tomson.



## A Step Toward Living

MATILDA R. DUVALL

THE DAY OPENED with a hot breeze. Outside the windows, the top of a near mimosa tree nodded its yellow head and at times the current of air brought the overpowering sweetness of its perfume through the entire apartment. From under the bedroom windows came the same tenor, even the same song, and the only way to be certain of the day, was queerly enough by the jarring note of the woman screaming her "Belles Sardinias," as she trailed her shrill voice from its highest pitch to its final gasp. I knew her sing-song wail. I fancied I knew just what she looked like, with her strident cry. Of course she had a shawl around her shoulders and of course a basket on her arm; she was pretty, and young. The voice was essentially young even if it presented its sharp edge to the Nice air.

The invalid in the next room asked fretfully for water. I took time to go down to look for mail, before sitting down again to my painting after making the sick woman as comfortable as she might be made. Alas, the necessity for a softer gray pastel was never so insistent. No longer would I wait. I would go quickly to the tiny shop near the post office and anyway I needed to buy bread and maybe fruit. I went timidly to argue my need for this temporary absence, with the fretful invalid.

Ah! I was at last on the hot street. The trees waved a welcome to me and the yellow topped mimosa at the corner had never been so beautiful. I compared it with the mimosa in the large garden opposite; there could be no comparison for this yellow head was a prince of trees. How glad the children seemed, playing across the narrow Rue de Buffa. I looked up; I was exactly under the Stars and Stripes of the consulate. No letter had come from home for two weeks. I felt suddenly wearied with all the heat and the dust. Across the way the wide arch of the alley—the way to a church hidden in the center of the square—looked cool. I would steal five minutes for rest! In I darted being duly thankful for the shade and quiet.

"Can you tell me something about this

church?" The voice was so tired, so devoid of interest that I raised my eyes in surprise that it had asked anything.

"It is built over what was a very old church. I really know little; you see I have no time to spend on seeing places." I had answered, and more than answered, for I had rid myself of something of complaint.

"Why have you no time? Do you teach?" The voice scarcely changed its modulation, and my eyes sought the face of the woman who had seated herself near me.

"Teach! Mercy, no! I came over here to rest and I'm doing every thing for everyone and I'm so tired, I'm so homesick!" Tears came easily and yet my pride held them back.

"And you go on when you are so tired? I did just that too. That was where I made my mistake," she went on talking slowly, as though she was at last facing her own soul's arraignment.

"I ran away from unpleasant things at home," I began, and stopped abashed.

"I did that too, but I went with a friend; I wasn't alone," she added with a catch of relief.

"I am not alone, either. I came with someone, and oh dear! she is worse than no one," I burst into a confidence that poured itself out in a recital of my woes.

"And she has this power over you? I can't understand that." I fancied the voice took on a slightly deeper tone, as though there had come some bit of interest into the situation.

"She has no influence over me," I made haste to say in an emphatic tone.

"Then, why?"

"I must be fair to myself. I wouldn't be honest to myself if I left her there alone and ill. It isn't that she is ill physically, but she imagines her illness to be serious and you must consider such a one."

"I did just that, I sacrificed myself and all that. It's too late now to go back. There isn't anywhere to go, now."

She got up slowly, and stood an instant looking around as though in a dream, then waving



her hand ever so slightly as if in relief she were dismissing some unpleasant subject, she walked feebly into the church, and was lost to me.

Why, I argued with myself, did I stay away from this beauty? Why did I sit day after day in a tiny room? I sought the busy street again turning into the bustling Rue de France, filling my hungry eyes with the mass of material of which pictures are made. Beggars sat under red awnings, women carrying bundles that turned out to be fat black hatted babies when the hot breeze lifted a corner of the endless wrappings, and swaddling clothes which these Nicois mothers insist is the only sensible covering for Nicois babies.

An open coupe, drawn by a horse so old as to completely belong to the age of the carriage, passed very close to me as I stepped down into the street crossing. Old as it was, it was filled with a happy lot of young people. How their laughing grated on my ears! A beggar came quite close to me, crooning her plaint. I turned and looked her in the eye.

"I am suffering, too." I said, the tears starting again to my eyes.

"Ah! Your husband!" The old crone left me, for I promised her no return with my tear-filled eyes.

I stumbled along to the little shop where I hoped to find pastels to my liking. Others were in the shop, but the old woman offered me a large box of undesirable colors and I began a vain quest for a pinkish gray. I did not find what I wanted and finally decided to return home.

"Ah, you're back! Well, I hope you stayed long enough!" I hastened to inquire into the needs of the fretful invalid, but it seemed a difficult matter after all, and I gave it up, trying to re-awaken interest in my picture and yet, the pastel was NOT the right color I had needed. The sun had become dimmed in some way. There came a chill in the breeze that still swept through the little apartment, coming in first at one angle, only to change its whim in an instant and reverse itself.

"You'll come in some day and find me dead. I'm a sick woman!" went on the whine of the woman.

I dropped my pastel. Pushing the easel away,

I almost ran across the narrow hall into my own box of a room. I closed the door as though to shut in the God I was calling to my aid. On my knees I dropped, the tears falling at last unchecked.

"Oh, my Father! Show me my heart. Show me its faults that I may cut them all out. I care nothing for the suffering now. At last I realize my need of suffering. I see now I needed the pain, all the insults. Let me see myself as I AM. Take away all my love for self.

"I have wanted my own recognition, all these years, and I wanted to be considered in the right. I see now I wanted to be regarded as above all the small things, the meanness—the ways of selfishness—and always, O my God, I have been all I thought *others* were. I see my heart at last! I see its hardness. Where shall I look to find a way out of my misery?"

Long I knelt there. The sounds came up from the streets at last, and then faintly I heard the whine of the sick woman. She called.

Two weeks had passed. I had lived each day, looking at my naked heart and had found much to cover even from my own sight. The sick woman had at last decided to go to Paris in search of another physician. I was alone. Long hours of deep thought had brought a peace that demanded deeds that it might live!

Each morning there came the shrill voiced woman crying "La belle sardi-na-a-a-a" and each morning I resolved to go down into the hot streets and see her in her fresh beauty, and white head covering, I knew, saucy, gay. At least I would carry away that picture. I felt the nearness of my painter's knowledge. I could remember her face should I see it for even a minute. Surely I had a right to one thing to ease the feeling of sorrow that gripped me whenever I remembered my own miserable pretense of perfection. I had packed my belongings slowly for there seemed no need for haste.

My last market day! I rose earlier than usual, finding my way out to the wide Promenade where the wash of the blue sea calmed something of the insistent pain in my pride-filled heart. I was wearied with the failure I had shown myself to be. The endless reviewing of my shortcomings had sickened me. To realize, that instead of being the almost perfect wife and

mother I had fondly imagined myself, I now saw clearly that I had closed my eyes to all my own imperfections. I plunged headlong into a severe arraignment of myself—my little self! until I was indeed abject in my humility—there was literally no health in me. The neglected duties I now saw, and I also realized that the running away from them and coming to southern France had been not so much because my body demanded a change of air but that I had needed to get away from my everyday living in order that the true perspective of my self-soaked complacency should be apparent to me.

As I sat there watching the gulls circling around the jetties, the great beauty of it all came to me. Never had the blue of the water seemed so wonderfully tender. I felt a nearness to nature and her moods that carries us at times out of the contemplation of the lamentable into a grander attitude toward life itself. I saw however, at the same time, the pitifully trivial in the many lives around me: the children stretching the washed linen on the hot sands to dry, the women toiling under heavy baskets as they came from markets and snatching a few minutes under the grateful shade of the trees before struggling over the long way to the end of the journey in the hot glaring sun. Poor beasts of burden they were; not one of them showed hope. They were picturesque certainly, but under that—what? Nothing, day after day, to toil, just to toil.

A cry came behind me, a cry so familiar! It had woven itself into my everyday life all the long weary months of winter. I had grown to listen for it, and to time my errands so I should not be away when it should come. There was sharpness it is true in the voice, but there was that fascinating catch, as it rose to the last syllable with a slight hesitation, clearly the influence of the Italian habit of speech which remained to the Nicois as a reminder of their past nationality.

“La belle sardi-i-na-a-a-a.”

At last I was really to see her. I scarcely realized how beautiful a creature I had built day by day in my vivid artist's imagination, for it had become my habit to think of her each time I heard her sharp, but not unmusical cry, and thinking I had visualized a slender, dark-faced

slip of a girl whose white headdress, folded back flat over the crown of her black hair, seemed the finishing touch to her peasant's dress. A full skirt of green with bands of black around the lower hem and the polished arms holding over her head the flat basket of sardines.

I turned. Certainly this was not, could not be the same person, for before my gaze appeared a woman past her youth, even as youth is measured in the south of France, where a woman is old at thirty.

Instead of the white headdress of the Nicoise there was merely a mop of rough hair, piled in an unkempt fashion on the very top of her head. She carried strapped across her shoulders, a basket covered with a soiled cloth about which there seemed nothing of the pleasing allurements of appetite. I felt aggrieved that this woman had dared to appropriate the sweet cadence that all winter had endeared me to that other woman, for there *was* another woman; I was certain of that! I turned my back now that this one should never fancy I had been interested in her borrowed finery, her stolen—deliberately stolen—musical cry.

How long did I sit there? Hours, maybe. Then back again to the lonely rooms that were now even poorer than they had been; for I had a feeling that persisted that this must be the veritable woman, that my idea of her had been the unreality. I had lost the one big heart-throb I had builded on all these months, and now even she had disappointed me.

Under the window someone was singing the aria from *Lucia*. The voice came with the energy of a novice in song. The hot breezes brought the sickening smell of over-ripe mimosa blooms. Face downward on my narrow bed I sobbed a prayer to that God who was the only reality left to me. I would return to the duties I had run from, to the endless renunciations of the dreams that had been mine. The years withdrew and I saw the waste that lies in the bed of the river of Ambition, and I must cross, alone and unafraid.

Outside was day, inside me was night but filled with tiny stars of hope, for I had again lifted to my shoulders the burdens I had shirked. I saw clearly now the burdens had no weight, but in-

stead had density. To see them meant to remember their existence as a load!

I realized I MUST turn the shrinking patience into glad LOVE!

There came to me as words burned into my consciousness, "The source of suffering is the maladjustment of desire."

I must adjust desire to agree with my innate will to do. I must love the hand that I imagined ready to smite me! I must identify myself with the Divine Purpose that underlies all life and this, I feel, will come when consciously and sincerely I ask for knowledge. Ah, I am at last at the right point. I am seeing with my soul's eyes,

and not with the eyes that measure weight by shadows. I fall on my knees, my heart full of a glad peace, for am I not doing my little in the Plan of God? All my life I have dreamed of a Great Work that should be mine and all the World should be my working place, and here, I am seeing that this is it, and all women are waiting for this message. I forget to pray; I am filled with great love.

Where are my burdens? I have none. What seemed suffering was my struggle to keep the love of God out of my heart, and to keep the little personal idea of love in my heart. I had pitted my puny strength against the power of God.

## The Roots of a Tree

FRANCES BARR

**A**BOUT A YEAR AGO, as I was walking along a quiet street, I thought, "How I wish that I could connect the beautiful thoughts that sometimes come to me!" In fact, I wished that I could write.

A voice seemed to answer my thoughts, "Why don't you write?"

Startled, I asked, "What shall I write about?"

Immediately came the answer, "Write about the roots of a tree." Surprised I began to wonder what I could learn about the roots of a tree. I tried to evade the suggestion, and dismissed it from my mind by thinking that I must have been mistaken, or that it must mean something else and not just the roots of a tree. All in vain. I could not evade it. Frequently and insistently came the message—"Write about the roots of a tree." Whenever I tried to consider any other subject the "roots of a tree" would constantly intrude themselves. Finally I began to realize that the spirit of the roots of a tree wished to express itself through me, so I will let the roots speak for themselves.

"I am the roots of a tree, and often I wonder why no one has written of me! One reason, I suppose, is because I am hidden, and so few look for the beautiful, interesting, hidden things. Then, too, I am all ends and twistings. But do you not perceive the method in this, the strength, the beauty in the circles, and spirals, and that the twisted ends unite in *one tree*? You write

of the beautiful tree in song and verse and story, but I who am hidden and most important, remain unnoticed and unsung.

"I wish you could see my home just under the ground! Such a beautiful place, all festooned and interlaced by my roots, so strong and beautifully built, and inhabited by millions of busy little folks of every description, such interesting little folks, attending strictly to their duties, all helping me to keep the tree nourished and beautiful and valuable.

"As you walk, and stand, and sit above me, enjoying the shade, admiring the beautiful tree, or eating its fruit, give a thought to me, the roots, and my little helpers, who are the life of the tree, as we reach out in every direction gathering nourishment for the tree. Never idle, always busy, we are building our home larger and stronger as the tree grows in stature, building streets and arches and domes, and beautiful homes for the little helpers, for the scroll work and festoons made by my roots are indeed beautiful.

"I am the foundation. Without me, no tree could stand. I seek and give the nourishment without which no tree could live and flourish. When the winds blow, I hold fast and steady my beautiful tree, and thus have we withstood many storms. I am wonderful, I am beautiful, I am interesting. Study me. Learn of me. Become acquainted with the *roots of a tree*."

## Thoughts on Living the Life

IDA H. SPANGLE

**T**HERE COMES A time when something awakens within us a desire to know more of the riddle of life. It may be some "chance" conversation we have with someone, or a book casually picked up and read, or perhaps we do not remember exactly what it was, but something urges us on to seek greater knowledge.

The explanation is that in past lives we have worked to get nearer to the truth and in this life our higher self strives to penetrate the dense body we now wear in order to gather through this life's experience more real knowledge to add to that gained in the past and so climb higher on the ladder of progress.

We, who have taken up the study of the Rosicrucian philosophy, have not done so from mere chance or idle curiosity. In our search for knowledge we ask: What assistance can it offer us in solving life's problems? We find as we dig deeper that it gives us the assistance we are seeking; it lights the way to the path of attainment; it gives us the directions to follow, but there it stops. The journey must be accomplished by our own efforts, and according to our capacity and efforts will that knowledge we seek increase and expand. We also find in this philosophy solid ground to work on and a means of sustaining our confidence.

The Rosicrucian philosophy teaches that all will eventually attain perfection, and that it is possible to hasten our progress if we so *will* and maintain our resolution; it teaches that we return to earth again and again in order to learn the lessons necessary for our evolution and progress; and that if we truly desire to seek the Way and tread the path leading to enlightenment, liberation and union with the Self, that the Path is near at hand. Through service to our fellow men, meditation, cultivating the qualifications, and living them sincerely and truly in daily life, progress is made. Of course we all know the first steps and qualifications necessary, but

they are worth reiterating for until the first steps are taken and the attempts made to cultivate the character which meets these qualifications nothing is possible.

The first step is the study of the physical body, and we must remember that the body is our servant and is made for us. We must keep it clean, within and without, train it in the habit of restraint, and give it correct directions for development. We must take care that its early, spontaneous force is not allowed to go its own way at any impulse. The body is easily trained and becomes more and more reliable. In time it will follow from choice the directions given and to some degree may be left to act automatically in correct form.

Though training the physical body will not lead to perfection, yet it is the instrument through which we function in this world. It should be our aim to so improve and refine the physical body that it will develop into a perfect instrument and aid for the fulfillment of our purpose. In refining and improving the physical body we help at the same time to improve and refine the desire body, which thus becomes more sensitive and develops the capacity for harmony and response to higher vibrations, and it is through the harmony and response of the desire and mental bodies to higher vibrations that we are able to receive verification of superphysical things for ourselves.

We should train the mind in much the same manner as the physical body, by taking some virtue or quality which we recognize as lacking in our character and giving five or ten minutes each day before starting our daily work to meditating upon it with the resolve to practice it throughout the day. In the evening we should recall the work of the day and note if we have maintained our resolutions. The effort should be steady and unbroken for that which we do daily will become a habit and will require little effort on our part. As the mind grows this will

become easier and we will discover as time goes on that we are gradually absorbing the thought and building it into our character.

To enumerate briefly the virtues and qualifications we should practice: We should be truthful in thought and speech; think nobly and live up to the highest within our reach; be courteous and helpful toward others. We should keep control over our thoughts and actions. If the thought is pure and unselfish, the action that follows must be true. We should build up our ideals and think on them daily, strive to live them and in time we will grow like those ideals, for what a man thinks upon, that he becomes, and if we learn to live with all that is pure and good, the love of it all will in the end become our very life. We must have faith in ourselves and deep confidence in the powers behind all things.

If at any time we fail to reach our ideal we should not lose courage and conclude it impossible. The point is not so much the fall as the resolution to rise again and again. In time our strength and will become a double power urging toward that which is considered helpful. As our knowledge of this philosophy increases and we realize the truths in its teachings, it should be our constant endeavor and duty to put into practice that which we have learned, for out of the accumulation of experience we slowly build for ourselves a more complete and perfect understanding of things which being blended in our lives give us power at all times to express ourselves correctly. We will be an illustration to many who may learn from the example of the increased understanding we have acquired.

These are the qualifications which will help us to form the framework of the structure we are building, not to be accomplished in one single effort, but by temperate self-control, training the lower mind and senses, care and moderation in all physical activities, perseverance, and ceaseless watching of the lower self. The temptation from the lower to give up the struggle is strong but we must master the lower that the higher may shine forth. Thus will we be able to bear trouble and sorrow. We will also accumulate a reserve of courage from which others may draw, to meet their trials and difficulties and by our

example we will inspire them to greater efforts:

We all have freedom of choice whether to progress quickly or to go more slowly with the majority. But why spend years in darkness? Let us take courage and make the resolution to live this life in order to accomplish the full purpose of evolution, giving all our strength, will, mind, heart, and body to the effort. There are many paths to the mountain top, and each individual takes the one which accords with his strength, capacity, and temperament. Let us endeavor to put our hearts into this work to spread the light and truth of the western wisdom religion whenever possible, but we should always remember that before we are able to do that we, ourselves, must be living examples of what a true Rosicrucian student should be.

In matters connected with our daily life, we should endeavor to be cheerful and to look on the bright side of things, to cultivate endurance, to bear the trials which come to us, for these test our resolution and will, and through all constantly we should retain in our thoughts the path we are treading and allow nothing to tempt us to deviate from it. A wonderful opportunity is given to us whose privilege it is to live at Headquarters. Ours is the privilege to be the builders of the future greater Mt. Ecclesia, but it is not sufficient simply to be here and work. We must enter into the spirit of the work, asking at all times: In what way can I help most for the advancement of Mt. Ecclesia?

Let us resolve to make Headquarters a part of our lives, a part of ourselves, so that the wisdom and power which may accrue from our efforts may be used in service to humanity and to help and encourage those in need of assistance. In this way we will be following out the words of the Master, in the Sermon on the Mount: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

Our destiny is glorious and splendid, but when once a glimpse of that great future is given us, nothing will move us from the path where by steady effort and search we have found a sure footing for the peace which passeth all understanding.

## Love

R. T. PANKHURST

**C**HRIST SAID, Love one another. He knew the great, uplifting power of love. When Christ dined with the Pharisee, Simon, He said of the woman who anointed His feet with oil: Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she has loved much. At another time He said to His disciples: If you love me, you will keep my commandments; for He knew that the great energizing effects of love would carry them over temptations and the small and petty things of material life. Also He said: Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. To lay it down in service and plan it so as to do the greatest good to the greatest number is the best way to accomplish this. He showed by example and led the way, even though that way led through the portals of death upon the cross.

As His blood flowed upon Golgotha's hill, His spirit entered the earth, purifying the Desire World, so that humanity could get purer desire stuff with which to build desire bodies, thus helping to make the higher life and initiation open to all, so that whosoever will may come. Since then He has acted as Earth Spirit and gives life to grain, fruit, flowers and every living thing that grows upon the earth.

When the Elder Brothers were to give out the esoteric Christian knowledge now published in the "*Cosmo-Conception*" they had to find one who would give these facts to an uncomprehending and often hostile public, so that the few who were spiritually ready to be the pioneers in the new dispensation of the Aquarian Age would be found, and it had to be one who would demonstrate love by living it in his daily life. Many people will give their all in case of war, fire, earthquake or a great calamity, under the stress of emotion, but it takes character to continue working faithfully for a cause, day after day, week after week, and year after year, when the results cannot be foretold.

They had to find one with a love for God and man greater than his desire for wealth, fame or even life itself; one who would be faithful through poverty, hunger, sickness and pain. They search-

ed the world and the Memory of Nature, until they found one whose faithfulness to duty and service in former lives had developed these qualities to a very high order. Those who follow in his footprints have found that he proved himself faithful and worthy of that trust, and set an example of loving, faithful service well worthy of their emulation.

In the Ecclesia Temple, which was built by those who love to serve the ones who suffer, by carrying out the command of Christ to heal the sick, we concentrate on Divine Love. Love has the highest vibration of any of the emotions or feelings. This concentration raises the individual's vibration to a high pitch, which can then be given off to remain at the Emblem as an aura until it is used by the Invisible Helpers to heal disease, for sickness is the slowing down of the vibrations to a very low rate.

Love has been likened to an invisible fire which will burn up the dross of low desire until nothing remains but the high, altruistic desires that are built into the immortal soul or as Christ called it, the Golden Wedding Garment, which is the body that an Initiate uses in the spiritual realms.

Love must be built into the very nature before one can be of use as an Invisible Helper, or even as an unconscious helper in the higher realms of nature, and the only way to build that in is by doing acts of kindness in our everyday life. We can thus by a sustained effort make our lives what we will.

Or in the words of Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again."

# The World A Hundred Years Hence

DOUGLAS M. BEARDEAUX

**W**HEN THINKING historically, a hundred years is not a far cry, and by carefully reading history and noting the present psychology of the crowd, we should be able to get more or less of a perspective view of that era.

Everything points to a general breaking up of present institutions and systems to anyone who is not blinded by prejudice.

We are now standing at the threshold of a new dispensation, and looking along the lines of true perspective we have a truly wonderful scene before us.

Mankind has reached the stage when individualism is merging into the greater consciousness of collectivism, when each will realize that he is a component part of one harmonious whole, and that individual elevation is worthless if it does not uplift the rest of humanity.

The establishment of this unity, this realization of the Brotherhood of Man has already commenced.

Today we witness humanity's crucifixion, tomorrow we shall see the resurrection. Yes, one hundred years hence will be the early morning of humanity's Resurrection Day, and we shall see mankind living in true fellowship, when love and approbation of one's fellows will be the main stimuli to effort and sacrifice.

Looking at this scene from our present standpoint, the haze left by the grim struggle of mankind during the birth of the new dispensation is still hanging around, for no doubt, the fight to throw off the old things will be awful in its intensity.

Individualism and selfishness will not be dethroned without wonderful effort by noble sacrifice and self-abnegation of thousands of splendid personalities, whose names will be emblazoned in holy fire in the Book of Life.

These days of travail have even now commenced; the Great War is part of them; that terrible sacrifice of human life did a great deal

to draw the people together towards international unity.

When humanity will have achieved a universal consciousness, we shall see each individual working and living for the common good and ambition will not aim at material possessions but at the wealth of love and sacrifice, and those that give most of themselves for the common cause will be considered greatest among them.

There will be no houses as we know them today, but instead there will be huge buildings of wonderful beauty and durability, built by the hands of love for the use of man and not by the hands of greed and selfishness, for personal gain.

These houses or communal buildings will be inhabited by various communities which will be a unit linked up with other communities that will have certain special institutions in common within the vicinity.

In these communal buildings there will be nurseries for the children.

(The great international universities will have certain national centers in healthy situations.)

Also there will be a common kitchen, similar to that of the hotel of the present day.

The whole building will be full of labor-saving devices and domestic drudgery will be almost "non est."

Marvelous institutions of science, literature, and art will exist in the various centers of the World Federation, which will be open to all, to enable them to express their individual abilities for the universal good.

Nation will be linked up to nation by a system of wireless telephony, wireless photography, and one universal language will be taught and spoken, while time and space will be almost annihilated by the discoveries and utilization of the latent forces in matter.

The flying machines as we know them today will be no more, but specially constructed trains moved by electro-magnetic force will flash through space on streams of controlled energy.

There will be no armed forces; the only rivalry



between nations will be the rivalry of achievement of useful service.

Each nation will have a directing committee answerable to an International Representative Assembly, whose headquarters will probably be situated on the Pacific coast of North America.

Agriculture will be chiefly carried out by electrical power and all manual work will be reduced to a minimum, so the people will have plenty of time for recreation and the development of their natural talents; life will be lived in fullness, harmony, and mutual helpfulness.

As regards food, it will be simple and natural and almost vegetarian; the various meat concoctions now in vogue will be forgotten and the people's health will have improved in consequence, and probably the average span of life will have increased by twenty years.

There will be no doctors as we know them today but certain health centers will exist where all questions relating to hygiene may be well considered. The work in these centers will not be so much concerned with the cure of disease as with the prevention of it, for in the light of those days it will be plainly seen that most diseases owe their existence to bad hygienic conditions and wrong feeding. Working on these lines then, the medical scientists will be on the right road to stamp out disease completely. At the same time invalids will receive every care, and special sanatoriums in suitable parts of the earth will be available for such.

Psychology will make wonderful progress and constant communication between the living and the so-called dead will be established, so that death will have lost half its terrors.

Marriage also will have lost its sordidness since money will be consigned to limbo and the wretched struggle for existence eliminated.

Each new arrival will be welcome, for there will be plenty for all, and food, shelter, and raiment and a fair opportunity will be recognized as every individual's right, all that is asked in return being that each shall be true to that which is highest within himself and thus put his quota into humanity's march onwards.

The law of heredity will have been well considered and they will arrive at the conclusion that its importance has been grossly exaggerated in the past.

Special opportunities will be afforded young people to enable them to know each other thoroughly, and certain practical tests will be compulsory before a marriage contract will be allowed, but once made it will be inviolable.

Marriage will probably be enforced among suitable individuals, but exemption will be granted on conscientious or health grounds.

The dress of this period will be artistic and simple; the male attire will consist of a tunic that will fall to about the level of the knees, the color according to taste. A colored cord about the waist will denote the wearer's particular branch of service.

The woman will be robed similarly to the ancient Greeks, with the exception of a large sash of service.

Now let us look at the religion of this advanced humanity.

Generally speaking it will be the religion of God in humanity, in the collective, conscious realization that one destiny awaits all. The organic unity of man will then be accomplished; the next step ahead will be spiritual unity; this will be rapidly realized soon after the period of which I write, and the true Brotherhood of Man under the personal spiritual guidance of the Christ will be established.

True, there will be some of the less advanced nations scattered about the earth to whom such a conception will not yet be possible, but they will be taught by their more evolved brethren, the way of truth; in the meantime they will be allowed to worship God in their own way yet the inner truths that run through all religions will be emphasized and developed.

In the so-called Christian countries of today, "Churchianity" will have gone and the people will worship in spirit and in truth the great All-Father, led by the Christ then made manifest in humanity.

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If you your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

—An old maxim.



# The Other Side of the Prohibition Story

CHARLES H. RANDALL, PROHIBITION CONGRESS MAN, 1915-1921.

**H**OW MANY READERS, who see constantly the stories about home brew, have ever stopped to consider that there is a side to all bootlegging, and moonshine whiskey which does not appear in the papers?

The writer recently traveled entirely across the country by automobile, visiting fifteen states, and stopping in all sorts of towns, hamlets, and cities. In South Amherst, Ohio, he stayed over night with a family, the head of the home being a foreigner and a laborer in the Amherst stone quarries. Asked about effects of prohibition, this man replied:

"I never voted for prohibition and never will on my own account. But let me tell you what happened to my neighbors. I can take you into twenty homes where the men all work in the quarries. Before prohibition not a single one of these families had sufficient food or were properly clothed. Today everyone of them has a savings bank account and they have good clothes; and the women and children are happy, as they were not before."

A survey of the results in one city, Boston, Mass., brought out enough cases of rehabilitated homes to silence those who would belittle prohibition.

In thirty-two families in one district, according to a Boston missionary, there were thirty-nine men and four women victims of drink. Now the wives and mothers in these homes no longer go out to work. The change in the character of the men seems almost incredible. Former brutes have become self-respecting men interested in the welfare of their wives and children. A grandfather, an habitual drinker, now says, "Just see where I am after working all my life, and yet am only a florist's helper, never having saved a cent. Since whiskey went I have bought a cottage on the Cape in a few months."

Miss Mary Beard, President of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, gave this typical case of hundreds: "A year ago we received a call to visit a family in which we found three children ill with measles. The home, children and mother were in a destitute condition, with no bedding, little food, and the usual

lack of necessities that are to be noted where intemperance rules. The man was to all appearances a confirmed drunkard. Then prohibition came and the seemingly impossible happened. The man went to work and kept at work. After a time he suggested that they move into a better neighborhood. Now wife and children are much better clothed; new furniture has been bought, and the entire family standards are changed."

In one of the cities of Massachusetts which had been wet a large part of twenty years, ten families were reported in July, 1916, in which there were twenty-nine neglected children, seven drinking men and seven drinking women. In 1920 there was but one family with one child neglected and one drinking man.

Thus the marvels of prohibition all over the United States might be told, but you will only hear of sensational arrests of bootleggers. For every bootlegger and moonshiner, there are thousands of redeemed families, happy mothers and laughing children, all due to prohibition.

—*Fallbrook, (Calif.) Enterprise.*

## SELF-CONTROL

Self-control is the basis of self-advancement. It should begin before the cradle and continue after "death." It is the "warfare with the flesh" that conquers material obstacles and attains spiritual heights.

Self-control is not gained in a moment nor in one supreme battle. It is the result of constant overcomings, a coral reef, getting constantly higher above the waves of self, as the little selves die and the real spirit is uplifted.

The prayer "Lead us not into temptation" is a positive command to those desires which are constituted to give us experience, to lead us into no temptation which will give cause for regret.

Self-control, as far as we are able to exercise it, fulfills this prayer by the positive enactment of the thing for which we pray. Therefore God's kingdom is come on earth every time that we, through desire for spiritual growth, exercise our God-given prerogative, self-control.

—*Selected*

# Question Department.

## The Use of Wine

### QUESTION:

We have been much troubled by articles we have seen in the daily papers stating that the Rosicrucians favor the use of wine in their services and on other occasions. We know this is against the teaching of the Fellowship. How has such a false report been circulated? Please explain.

### ANSWER:

Before giving a direct answer to the question it may be well to briefly follow man on his evolutionary path and find if wine has ever been used, and its place in the development of the Ego.

If we turn to sacred writ we find that Noah (Genesis 6:8) was the man who found grace in the sight of the Lord and was taught how to build an ark that a few of humanity might be saved when all the others perished in the Flood on account of their wickedness. But when he with his family were established on dry land again, he planted a vineyard and drank the wine with dire results, causing him to curse the descendants of his son Ham. (Genesis 9:20).

Wine was ordered in the law of Moses as part of the sacrificial offerings on several occasions, showing it was something the Israelites valued and it gave them sorrow to part with, for thus were they taught the law of giving. This indicates that the habit of wine drinking had a hold upon the people and many cases of drunkenness are chronicled in the Bible.

However not all partook of this beverage. Those who desired to set themselves apart as pure instruments for the workings of Divine Will in the days when Moses was the leader, took the vow of the Nazarite (Numbers 6:2), both men and women, which vow did not permit them to partake of any part of the vine, not even seeds or husks.

Judges, 13th chapter, gives an account of the strict rules imposed upon the mother of Samson who was really a Nazarite before his birth.

The order of the Rechabites drank no wine and were commended for this by Jehovah. (Jeremiah, 35th chapter).

To understand why it was permitted that wine be used as a part of the daily food, and why the chosen people were led into a land where the grape flourished, we must turn to the writings of occultists.

Max Heindel tells us that it was very necessary that man should for a time forget his past experiences and his connection with the heaven worlds in order that he might more completely focus his attention upon physical matters—the building of physical forms and the mastery of the earth and the animals upon it which had been placed under his care. Some means had to be found to accomplish this end, and for this purpose wine was added to his food. This caused him to forget that he was a spirit. Formerly only water was used at the Temple services, but after Atlantis was submerged, the time spoken of as that of the Flood in Bible history, the survivors were taught to plant the vine and prepare wine which took the place of water in the celebrations of the Temple. The *false* spirit of wine or of any alcoholic liquor, which spirit is the product of fermentation and decay, fights against the *true* Spirit—the very source of life.

When Christ came He turned water into wine at the marriage festivities showing that mankind as a whole was not yet ready for spiritual enlightenment, but to His disciples he gave the advanced truths, and it is very significant that at the time of the preparation for the Last Supper He directed His disciples to find the man bearing the *pitcher of water* and follow him, the herald of the Aquarian Age—the Water Man. Since that time wine has been gradually eliminated from the food of man for he recognizes its detrimental effects. Students who are seeking spiritual development do not use alcohol in any form and the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross receive

as probationers and disciples only those who have overcome the habits of using alcohol, tobacco, and flesh foods, and desire to preserve their bodies clean and pure—also endeavoring that every thought and act may be of benefit to other souls who are seeking the Path. A life of loving helpfulness to all through self-forgetting service is the desire of the true Rosicrucian student, helping others to control their desire for detrimental foods and drinks and to overcome other degrading habits.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship, which is under the direct guidance of the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross, discountenances the use of alcohol in any form because it retards evolution at this stage of our progress. There are some who have used the Rosicrucian name, spelling it "Rosikrucian," who demand their wine quota from the government that they may use wine in their ceremonies. These people have no connection whatever with the ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Quoting from Max Heindel's lesson to students, "Peace on Earth," November, 1917, we read:

"By partaking of various foods man descended deeper and deeper into matter; his erstwhile ethereal body formed a skeleton within and became solid, and at the same time he gradually lost his spiritual perception, but the memory of heaven was always with him and he knew himself to be an exile from his true home, the Heaven World. In order to enable him to forget this fact and to apply himself with undivided attention to conquering the material world, a new article of diet was added in the Fifth Epoch, namely, wine. Because of indulgence in this counterfeit spirit of alcohol during the millennia which have passed since man came up out of Atlantis, the most advanced races of humanity are also the most atheistic and materialistic; *they are all drunk*, for though a person may even say, and say quite truthfully, that he has never touched liquor in his life, it is nevertheless a fact that the body in which he is functioning has descended from ancestors who for millennia have indulged in alcoholic beverages in unstinted measure, and therefore the atoms composing all present day western bodies are unable to vibrate to the measure necessary for the

cognition of the invisible worlds as before wine was added to the diet of humanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And so long as men continue to quench the immortal spirit within themselves by partaking of the counterfeit alcoholic spirit, there can never be lasting peace on earth, for the innate ferocity fostered by these foods will break through at intervals and sweep even the most altruistic conceptions and ideals into a maelstrom of savagery, a carnival of ruthless carnage which will grow correspondingly greater as the intellect of man evolves and enables him to conceive with his master mind methods of destruction more diabolical than any we have yet witnessed."

### DESTRUCTION OF EVIL

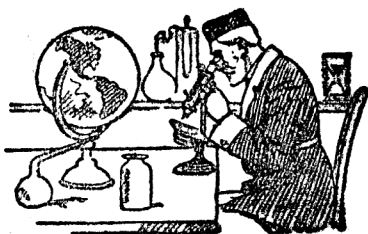
#### QUESTION:

You teach that in the lowest region of the Desire World, an evil lie, if repeated often enough and strongly enough, can destroy the good. In the same way, a "good" lie, or denial of the evil, would destroy the evil, if persisted in long enough. Why therefore, do you not advocate the denial of evil? It seems to me that would *logically* accomplish the destruction of the evil, and this denial is used by some sects. What do you consider is the effect of the denial of evil, and why do you not advocate it?

#### ANSWER:

Our correspondent has not stated the facts quite accurately, therefore her statements tend to destroy themselves. In "*The Cosmo-Conception*," (page 43,) Max Heindel writes on the effect of the twin forces of good and evil, and he distinctly says that evil cannot be disintegrated or brought to naught by denying its existence, or lying about it, but only by acknowledging it as a force and looking for the good in it. When your tooth is aching, no good will come from denying the fact, but you must recognize that the tooth needs scientific attention either from visible or invisible helpers. When your stomach distresses you, do not say, "I am perfectly well," but say, "I am being taught a lesson to control my appetite, and I hope I may learn it." Instead of condemning the present social and labor conditions, recognize in them the necessary breaking up of old forms before the New Age

(Continued on page 65)



# The Astral Ray.

## Neptune and Uranus

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

(Continued from May)

**I**N OUR PREVIOUS article we discussed Uranus and its influence upon man, and we will in this article elucidate the influence of Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury, which is in truth the spiritual light bearer. Neptune stands for divine intelligence. He represents the gods, and when strongly placed in the horoscope and well aspected, he lifts man above the average in intelligence and puts him in touch with the divine hierarchies, who have rule over mankind.

Neptune is the last planet discovered or rather the last which mankind is beginning to understand for there are still more planets whose actions upon the earth are unknown. As the earth evolves and man also rises higher in the scale of evolution, he will gradually feel the influence of these more remote planets. A few years ago the effects of Uranus and Neptune were little understood but the modern astrologer has made great progress. We are in an astrological age. Astrology is in the air. This divine science is no longer sneered at by the thinker, but it has become a fashion to study the planets.

As there are seven notes to the octave in music and there are lower and higher octaves, so also do we find the harmony of the spheres played on the various planetary keys. Man has been able to contact the seven notes of the lower octave only of the planetary keyboard; he also feels and is learning to understand the two lower notes, Neptune and Uranus of the second or next higher octave and senses a faint tone of a third

planet. Some have named this planet Isis, and man will gradually, as he raises his own vibratory key, be able to sense even higher planetary notes.

Astrologers claim that Neptune is the higher octave of Venus, while they assume that they know very little of the effect of this far-off planet. One of our modern astrologers who gives Uranus such prominence in love and marriage, while claiming that this planet is the higher octave of Mercury, also states in his book that Neptune badly placed or afflicted by the Moon denotes a negligent and self-indulgent marriage partner. He further states that Neptune afflicting Venus or the Moon disposes to illicit and unnatural appetites, chaotic relations and lascivious habits. Yes, truly an afflicted Neptune does create the above unnatural mental conditions. Chaotic means unformed, jumbled, confused. Such conditions can only come through the mind, and a mercurial condition, not a Venusian one.

Neptune is at home in the sign, Pisces. The symbol of this sign represents two moons joined together and we know that all astrologers claim that the Moon has much to do with the mentality and is always considered in its aspects with Mercury and other planets when judging the mind of the native. Why should Pisces have been chosen as the home of Neptune? We know that the watery signs, Pisces and Cancer, are restless signs, plastic, changeable, and we also find the watery Moon constantly wanting changes. Likewise is Mercury influenced by the planets

with which it comes in contact. Mercury is the messenger of the gods, the light bearer of the physical sun, while its higher octave, Neptune, is the light bearer of the spiritual sun.

People with Neptune on the Ascendant, especially when the planet is in the mercurial sign of Gemini, are very bright and keen mentally, but very versatile and restless—they must be doing something mentally, wanting constant change. Without any great effort they grasp things intuitively. We have had a number of workers at Headquarters with Neptune on the Ascendant, and they have all been of the type who were clever, willing, and also capable of doing anything which came to hand. When Neptune is afflicted, this type is aggressive, the unafflicted Neptune progressive, yet both have always forged ahead, never permitting themselves to lag. They have been leaders mentally. This is not a characteristic of Venus, who loves to take her ease and is constantly seeking for the idealistic and the beautiful in life. Neptune is decidedly mental, but a combination of love and mentality is expressed when Neptune is unafflicted.

To bring still another proof that we are correct in our assertions regarding the higher octaves of these two remote planets: Wherever we find Venus in the natal horoscope, that part of the body is rounded and full. Venus gives bulk, size. Uranus is also a planet of abnormality. When he is afflicted on the Ascendant in the signs ruling the upper part of the body, he gives length of arm and waist, breadth of shoulders; if in Leo and afflicted, abnormal development of the spinal column, sometimes causing people to stoop over, as do the Sagittarians. If Uranus is placed in Sagittarius, he gives length of legs.

In mythology, we are told that great giants came from Uranus and Gaea. Having assaulted the gods, they were imprisoned by them, with the aid of Hercules.

While Uranians are often oversized, the Neptunians are undersized. Wherever Neptune is the afflietter the organ is subnormal, not fully developed, and when this planet is on the Ascendant and afflicted, and when the major planets are also in signs giving short stature, we find a dwarf.

Uranus rules the pituitary body. A diseased condition of this organ also causes abnormal growth of the bony structures. Pituitary ex-

tracts when injected into animals cause excessive uric and kidney troubles. Also, one chemical company has a pituitary extract used exclusively for obstetrical work. When given hypodermically at the proper time, it saves much suffering in childbirth. Again, we see the proof of the Venusian influence.

In the brain, the pituitary body is also the female organ, the mother principle, the awakener, the doorway to the spiritual forces. Neptune, which rules the pineal gland, is the positive pole, the Father principle. Uranus is the transmitter and Neptune is the receiver.

When the aspirant to the higher life has developed normally, when heart and head are both used to express his outer life, when he has truly sensed that the path of Initiation is a path of selfless service, then the positive and negative forces are equally developed. Then his development is permanent and safe, but should he take only the path of the head, the intellect, and stimulate Neptune alone, it will lead to a chaotic mental condition, sometimes obsession, while if the development of the emotions or the heart alone is the path, then we find the negative medium, or the one who is converted at a revivalist meeting, and sometimes the sensualist. The Father and Mother principles must be equally developed. When these two forces, Neptune and Uranus, meet over the third ventricle, which is termed in Greek the marriage bed, then he may well cry, "Consummatum est."—it is accomplished.

## DESTRUCTION OF EVIL

(Continued from page 63)

can be established. The good is always present and if we seek for it we strengthen it, but denying an evil will never control it.

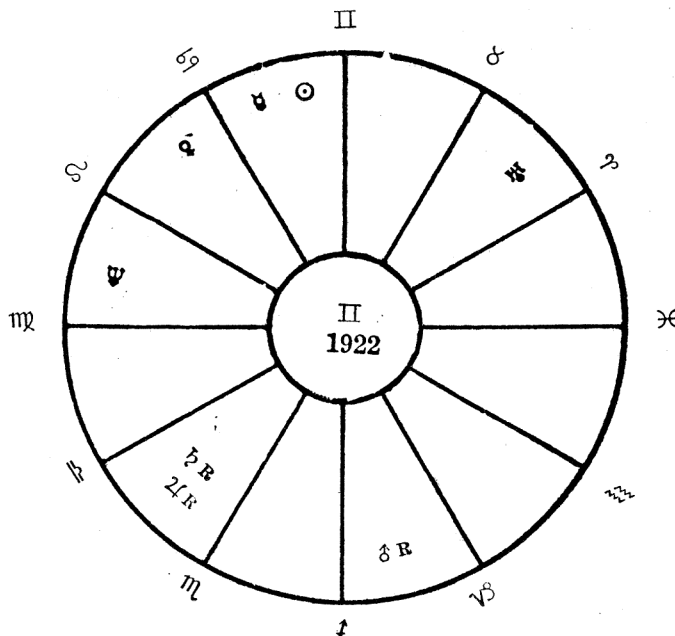
One thousand persons might stand round a burning house and deny that it was in flames without causing any effect upon the progress of the fire, but the firemen may work by the light of the flame and thus he uses it to help overcome the destructive force.

We consider that denying evil is simply lying about it. It is a waste of our forces. The same amount of energy well directed in seeking the good, will bring astonishing results.

## Children of Gemini, 1922

Born between May 22nd and June 21st, inclusive.

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



The children of Gemini are by nature restless, versatile, and easily influenced by others. They are quick and active mentally, but apt to take up one thing for a short time and before they have fully mastered it they quickly shift to another. Gemini children should be taught while young to stick to one thing until it is finished. Be it mental or physical work the parents should persist in keeping them at one thing at a time.

The children born this year while the Sun is passing through this sign will not be as active mentally as is usually the case with Gemini children. They will want to put off an undertaking until tomorrow. They will have the desire but not the will to carry it out, for the planet Mercury is stationary and retrogrades all during the month, and also is in the last degrees of the sign Gemini. This will also influence the mentality of the child who will need coaxing to keep at its studies.

Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars are also retrograde which will enhance this desire to put things off until tomorrow for the retrograding of a planet retards its influence. Its effects are not as strong upon the nativity as when it is moving forward

and sending its influence with full force. The parents however may be of great assistance to these children if they are aware of this influence, by encouraging and helping them to bring out these latent possibilities of the retrograde planets. Saturn the planet of thrift and tact is exalted in the sign of Libra, representing the balance, the scales of justice. Jupiter the optimist, the planet of benevolence, is also in the Venusian sign of Libra. The above two planets are in mundane sextile to Neptune, and in mundane trine to the Sun, and if the parents would work through this channel they could stimulate the influence of Saturn and Jupiter.

These children will have great pride of character, will be kind and tolerant, but will crave praise and appreciation of what they have done. Discouraging remarks from the parents will kill much of their ambition, while a little commendation from time to time will strengthen and buoy these leaning children to accomplish something better.

Venus in Cancer gives them a love for the good things of the table, also a fondness for dress. But they are very apt to form habits of throw-

(Continued on page 69)

## 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 places 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, hour and minute—if known) is not sent the reading cannot be made.

JOHN V. F.

Born August 4, 1915.

10:50 P. M.

Long. 74 W., Lat. 41 N.

### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Capricorn 24; 11th house, Aquarius 19; 12th house, Pisces, 25; Aries intercepted; Ascendant, Taurus 12-20; 2nd house, Gemini 11; 3rd house, Cancer 3.

### *Positions of the Planets:*

Moon 6-29 Gemini; Mars 20-36 Gemini; Saturn 10-41 Cancer; Neptune 0-38 Leo; Venus 1-08 Leo; Mercury 1-34 Leo; Sun 11-38 Leo; Uranus 13-46, retrograde Aquarius; Jupiter 28-2, retrograde, Pisces.

This young boy has the fixed sign of Taurus on the Ascendant with the ruler, Venus, in the heart sign of Leo, in the fourth house, in conjunction with the inspirational and spiritual planet, Neptune, and the intellectual Mercury. Venus, the goddess of music and art, is absolutely swallowed up and held in the embrace of the two mental planets, representing the lower and the higher minds. These three planets, Neptune, Venus, and Mercury, are also sextile to the Moon, which has a strong influence upon the mind, and the Moon is in the Mercurial sign of Gemini.

We find here a boy with a wonderful mind, one who will be far above the average in mentality, and his knowledge will not consist alone of what he has learned in this life but he brings in with him something acquired in the past. He will know, for his intellect will be backed up by

a wonderful intuitional power, for Neptune, so strongly influencing the mind, will assist him in bringing into his consciousness much which the soul learned in a previous life. Jupiter is also trine to Neptune, Venus, and Mercury.

Venus and Mercury are co-rulers of the sixth house, labor and health. The parents should assist this boy to develop his intellect along humanitarian lines, where he can help working men and teach them how to live (he will be vitally interested in those who are unfortunate and restricted in labor and in health,) for with the Sun in the heart's sign of Leo, sextile to the Moon, which represents the common people, the masses, John's interest will always be with the weaker ones—that is, if as a child his mind is directed toward this unselfish, humanitarian work, for these same planetary aspects may be also expressed most selfishly. If permitted, while young, to indulge his sensuous propensities, he may develop into a very cruel, and sensuous man, for Uranus so strongly situated in its own sign of Aquarius and in the tenth house, square to the Ascendant, and in opposition to the Sun, may bring out the cruel side of the Taurian where the me and mine is uppermost. If the parents will interest the boy while he is young in directing his mind towards helping orphans, to share what he has with those who are poor, then he may develop his sympathies and direct them into humanitarian channels. Let them also develop the musical and artistic nature, also the faculty of imparting his knowledge to others that he may become a teacher in this field of work for which he has a talent.

He should be taught to curb his appetite for Taurians are very fond of good things to eat. This sign rules the palate and especially with



Saturn in Cancer, which is the sign of its fall, unaspected, for with Saturn in Cancer this may cause him some trouble with the stomach for Saturn in Cancer also craves sweets, pastries, and the like.

### MARCUS L.

Born April 1, 1921.

8:25 P. M.

Long. 122 W., Lat. 48 N.

#### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Leo 14; 11th house, Virgo 18; 12th house, Libra 14; Ascendant, Scorpio 4-1; 2nd house, Sagittarius 2; 3rd house, Capricorn 7.

#### *Positions of the Planets:*

Moon 1-31 Aquarius; Uranus 7-39 Aquarius; Mercury 14-18 Pisces; Sun 11-54 Aries; Mars 5-48 Taurus; Venus 10-15, retrograde, Taurus; Neptune 11-04, retrograde, Leo; Jupiter 10-36, retrograde, Virgo; Saturn 19-50, retrograde, Virgo.

This young man has the fixed sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant, and with the ruler in its opposite sign and in the sign of its fall, Taurus and afflicted by squares of the occult and mystical planets, Neptune and Uranus. Venus is retrograde in Taurus, and in conjunction with Mars.

This boy has many lessons to learn in this life. How true are the words of W. E. Henley:

"It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."

This boy has truly planted many seeds that he must harvest in this life, which will have thorns that will pierce his heart. A soul is attracted to the parents, who with their own temperaments and dispositions, are fit instruments through which it must gain its experience, and we fear that the life of this boy has attracted him to parents who will have many oppositions and misunderstandings with him. The parents are also in square aspect to the boy, who will be the innocent cause of many disputes in the home, and naturally may lose many valuable opportunities, for Uranus in the fourth house in conjunction to the vacillating and restless Moon in Aquarius, where Uranus has so much power, and in opposition to Neptune, so near the mid-heaven, retrograde, and with Mars and Venus square to these planets, are indications also that the pre-

natal influence was not conducive to giving this soul a very encouraging start. He will need very great care that he does not form secret habits that may undermine his health, for with Mars and Venus in conjunction in Taurus, square to Uranus, his lower nature will be very strong, but by a pure environment and the right food, this may be overcome to a very great extent. The parents have it in their power to make or mar this boy's future, for even with the afflictions in fixed signs and angles, he has a trine from Jupiter to Venus and Mars, Jupiter the benevolent and beneficent planet, being in the 10th house, which will give this boy pride of character. Even though Jupiter is retrograde, this planet, combined with a trine between the Sun, which is in its exaltation sign of Aries and in the fifth house, and Neptune, which is in the Sun sign of Leo, and so highly exalted near the mid-heaven, will give talent for music. Especially will the boy be full of harmony. Music is a wonderful help to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh. It raises the vibrations and harmonizes the atoms of the body.

With Mercury in opposition to Jupiter and Saturn, the parents must be careful that this little boy adheres strictly to the truth, and never punish him for little digressions, but must love and teach him by their own lives to be upright, pure, and honorable. This will be the only way to help this soul to learn its lessons and also to save the parents from many heartaches.

His appetites will also be his ruination unless curbed while young, for Mars and Venus in conjunction in the sign ruling the palate, Taurus, will be his greatest weakness, and now is the time for the parents to begin their good work and root up any seeds that may have been planted in previous lives, for the parents have attracted this soul for this very purpose, that they may be the channels through which he may rise and thereby also help themselves in their own development.

### VOCATIONAL

#### T. D. W.

Born January 6, 1901.

4 A. M.

Long. 90 W., Lat. 39 N.

#### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Virgo 14; 11th house, Libra 15; 12th house, Scorpio 10; Ascendant, Sagittarius



0-7; 2nd house, Capricorn 1; 3rd house, Aquarius 8.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Uranus 14-37 Sagittarius; Venus 17-29 Sagittarius; Jupiter 27-12 Sagittarius; Mercury 6-01 Capricorn; Saturn 8-21 Capricorn; Sun 15-25 Capricorn; Neptune 27-22, retrograde, Gemini; Moon 2-45 Leo; Mars 12-15 Virgo.

Here we have a horoscope with the jovial and hearty sign of Sagittarius on the Ascendant, and with Jupiter, the ruler, also in the first house, and in its home. Venus, the planet ruling pleasures, is in conjunction with its higher octave, Uranus, parallel to Jupiter, and square to Mars. The last named planet is elevated and in conjunction with the Midheaven.

These planetary configurations will give this young man a great love for social life. He will attract many friends, but of the class who are also of a jovial and social nature. With Uranus in conjunction with Venus in the first house, and square to Mars, he will be unconventional and will give cause for much criticism and will be also apt to attract friends from the opposite sex who are of the Bohemian type, who will bring discredit to him. This will often cause him loss of position for Venus is the ruler of his house of labor, and when in conjunction with the unconventional Uranus and square to the combative, impulsive Mars, who represents his employer, will bring inharmony and discredit to the native.

Mercury in conjunction with Saturn and trine to Mars, and Mars also in a mercurial sign, will give the young man executive ability. He will be an organizer, especially with the Sun also in Capricorn, in conjunction with Saturn and trine to Mars. He would acquire the greatest success when in the employ of the government, or as a real estate salesman, a promoter of new enterprises, or a politician, but we would advise him strongly against all corporations for with Jupiter in opposition to Neptune, which rules corporations, and Neptune retrograde, this would indicate that should he affiliate or invest in corporations, he would find little success.

**SOUND, SILENCE AND SOUL GROWTH**

*(Continued from page 45)*

son is dead to the spiritual opportunities in the physical world, and at night when he leaves his body the process of restoration of that vehicle consumes so much time that very little, if any,

time is left for work there, even if the person has the inclination to seriously think of doing such work.

Therefore we ought by all means to flee from noises we are not obliged to bear and cultivate personally the quiet yet kindly demeanor, the modulated voice, the silent walk, the unobtrusive presence, and all the other virtues, which make for harmony, for then the restorative process is quickly accomplished and we are free the major part of the night to work in the invisible worlds to gain more soul growth. Let us in this attempt at improvement remember to be undaunted by occasional failures, remembering Paul's admonition to continue in well-doing with patient persistence.

**CHILDREN OF GEMINI**

*(Continued from page 66)*

ing their possessions upon the floor, and becoming careless and disorderly in their rooms, which should be checked while young. Teach them to rely upon themselves and do little things which will help them to overcome this lack of order.

**BROTHERHOOD**

The crest and crowning of all good,

Life's final star, is Brotherhood;

For it will bring again to earth

Her long lost poesy and mirth;

Will send new light to every face,

A kingly power upon the race.

And till it comes, we men are slaves,

And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;

Blind creeds and kings have had their day.

Break the dead branches from the path,

Our hope is in the aftermath;

Our hope is in heroic men,

Star-led to build the world again.

To this event the ages ran:

Make way for Brotherhood — make way for man.

*Edwin Markham.*

The good intent of God became the Christ,  
And lived on earth, the Living Love of God,  
That men might draw to closer touch with  
heaven,  
Since Christ in all ways of man hath trod.

*John Oxenham.*

# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 188-190 "Cosmo-Conception")

- Q. What transpires at that point?
- A. From that point the life begins to ascend into higher worlds, as evolution proceeds.
- Q. As the evolution proceeds, what is the result?
- A. It leaves the denser worlds depopulated one by one.
- Q. When the purpose has been served for which a certain world has been created, what takes place?
- A. God ends its existence, which has become superfluous, by ceasing within Himself the particular activity which brought into being and sustained that world.
- Q. What is said of the three worlds in which our present phase of evolution is carried on?
- A. The highest (the finest, rarest, and most ethereal) worlds are the first created and the last eliminated, while the three densest worlds, in which our present phase of evolution is carried on, are but comparatively evanescent phenomena incident to the spirit's dip into matter.
- Q. How is the evolutionary scheme carried on through these five worlds?
- A. It is carried on in seven great periods of manifestation during which the virgin spirit, or evolving life, becomes first man, then a God.
- Q. What does God do at the beginning of manifestation?
- A. He differentiates *within* (not *from*) Himself these virgin spirits, as sparks from a flame of the same nature, capable of being fanned into flames themselves. Evolution is the fanning process which is to accomplish that end.
- Q. What are enfolded in these virgin spirits?
- A. All the possibilities of their divine Father, including the germ of independent will which makes them capable of originating new phases not latent in it.
- Q. What becomes of the latent possibilities?
- A. They are transformed into dynamic powers and available faculties during evolution, while the independent will institutes new and original departures, or epigenesis.
- Q. Where is the virgin spirit found prior to the beginning of the pilgrimage through matter?
- A. In the World of Virgin Spirits, the next to the highest of the seven worlds.
- Q. What faculties did it originally possess?
- A. It had divine consciousness, but not self-consciousness. That with soul power, and the creative mind, are faculties or powers attained to by evolution.
- Q. What happens to the virgin spirit when it is immersed in the World of Divine Spirit?
- A. It is blinded and rendered utterly unconscious by that matter. It is as oblivious to outside conditions as is man when in the deepest trance. This state of unconsciousness prevails during the first period.
- Q. What takes place in the second and third periods?

- A. It rises to the dreamless sleep state in the second period, and reaches the dream stage in the third period.
- Q. What is attained in the fourth period?
- A. In the middle of the Fourth Period, at which we have now arrived, the full waking consciousness of man is attained. This is a consciousness pertaining only to the lowest one of the seven worlds.
- Q. During the remaining half of this period, and also the three remaining periods, what must man do?
- A. He must expand his consciousness so as to include all of the six worlds above this Physical World.
- Q. How were man's energies directed when he passed through these worlds in his descent?
- A. They were directed by higher Beings, who assisted him to turn his unconscious energy inward, for the building of proper vehicles.
- Q. When he was far enough advanced, and equipped with the threefold body as a necessary instrument, what did these higher Beings do for him?
- A. They "opened his eyes" and turned his gaze outward upon the chemical region of the Physical World, that his energies might conquer it.
- Q. After fitting himself by his work in the chemical region, what comes next?
- A. His next step in progress will be towards an expansion in consciousness that will include the etheric region, then the Desire World and finally all the inner worlds.

#### THE BIBLE AND ASTRONOMY

**H**ROF. CHAS. J. BURTON, of the International Christian College, Minneapolis, has published a series of small books on the study of the Bible and astronomy, which have been brought to our notice. They seem to combine a fervent religious spirit with scientific teaching.

They have suggested to our mind the remarkable connection of the Bible with ancient and modern astronomy. No other book claiming to be revealed from God harmonizes so well with the discovered facts of science. The second paragraph of the book of Genesis is, "And the earth

was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This statement is in perfect harmony with the Nebular Hypothesis. According to the Nebular Hypothesis originally all the matter in the solar system was a shapeless mass of gas. First a rotary movement began in this great nebula. As this rotary movement increased, the centrifugal force became so great that rings of vapor were thrown off, these rings revolving in the same plane. These rings gradually condensed and formed planets. The central mass became our sun. The first chapter of Genesis is in perfect harmony with the theory of the formation of the universe as it is known to science.

The Pentateuch is the most ancient book that has come down to us, and it is full of allusions showing that the author had some knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. Next to the Pentateuch probably the book of Job is the most ancient book in the Bible. The author of Job was familiar with the signs of the zodiac and was evidently a student of astronomy. He declared of God, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing" Job 26:7. Although this is poetry it might have been made as a statement by a modern astronomer. A little farther down the ages we come to the time of David, the sweet singer of Israel. What more poetical description of the study of astronomy can be given than is contained in the first half of the nineteenth psalm. The psalms are full of astronomical allusions proving that the author was an observing student of the starry heavens.

Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, was familiar with "the seven stars and Orion" and how God "turneth the shadows of death into the morning and maketh the day dark with night." We know that Hezekiah used the sun dial of Ahaz and we remember the wonderful story of the shadow falling back on the dial ten degrees. We know now that this was an eclipse of the sun, and it is quite possible that the author of the books of Kings knew something about eclipses.

In the New Testament we have frequent references to the movements of the heavenly bodies and nowhere are they out of harmony with established facts of science. We are forced to say with the poet, "The undevout astronomer is mad."

—Selected.

# Children's Department

## The Waterbearer

OLGA AUNE

### GOD-WORLDS

**F**AR, FAR UP IN the blue sky lives a great governor and his name is Aquarius. He is one of the twelve great governors who rule the circle of the heavens called the zodiac and his dominion is a twelfth part of that circle. Aquarius has a son, a fine little chap who is very intelligent and always willing to observe and to learn. On his first birthday his mother gave him an urn filled with magic water, a most wonderful urn for no matter how much water is poured out of it, it always remains full. No one ever sees this little boy without his urn so all his friends and neighbors and everybody else call him the Waterbearer.

One day the Waterbearer went for a run in the sky. It was a beautiful morning and he wanted to go ever so far, so he poured a little water out of his urn upon his feet and it gave him the speed of lightning. It did not take him long to pass through his father's dominion; then he passed the next sky ruler's dominion, and the next and the next until he had passed the whole circle of twelve and was back at his own doorsteps. The Waterbearer had often taken this journey so it did not seem very wonderful to him.

"I wish I could go somewhere I have never been before," he said to himself.

So he poured some more water upon his feet, closed his eyes and jumped right out into the great expanse. And where do you suppose he landed? He landed on the very edge of a great big open space so big and deep that it made even this sky child dizzy to look into it. And in this great big, broad and deep, high and low space was nothing, just nothing at all! The Waterbearer thought it was too bad that there should be so much wasted space and really felt sorry about it, when suddenly he felt that there was someone present, someone very great and very good, but he could see no one. So he poured some water out of his urn and put it on his eyes,

and then he saw the most wonderful being he had ever seen. He was so great that when he stepped into the empty space, he filled it completely. The Waterbearer knew he was in the presence of a god, but he also knew that although a god is so very great and mighty, he is also very, very loving and kind so he was not at all afraid. His mother had often told him about the gods.

"I wonder if this is God, the Absolute, who no one can know and no one can understand," thought he. And as the gods always know every thought that anyone thinks, the god answered at once:

"No, I am not that God, little Waterbearer; that God is my grandfather." And the god shone with a brightness that was brighter than all the fires you ever saw put together and his brilliancy filled all the space.

"I wonder if it is God the Supreme Being who made everything that is, ever was, or ever shall be," again thought he.

"No, I am not that God, little Waterbearer; that God is my Father," said the god, and he shone with a brightness brighter than the sun itself and his brilliancy again filled all the space.

"It must be the God of a solar system" then thought he.

"Yes, that is right little Waterbearer" said the god. And this time he shone with a brightness that was brighter than the sun and the moon and the stars put together with the lightning added, and once again his brilliancy filled the space and it has remained light ever since. But it is so very light that it can not be seen with ordinary eyes.

"If you will be attentive," said God, "I will let you watch while I create a planet."

So the Waterbearer poured more water out of his urn and put it on his eyes which gave him a still keener sight and when he looked again, he could see that the god was really not just one but three gods, although they were in such perfect harmony that they seemed like one.

"I am Will," said the first god, "and my name is God, the Father."

"I am Wisdom," said the second, "and my name is God, the Son."

"I am Activity," said the third, "and my name is God, the Holy Spirit."

"Then I will call you Will, Wisdom, and Activity" said the Waterbearer, "but together I will call you God."

"I want to create a huge, solid sphere in this space" said Will, "made of earth, rock, water, and air."

"All right," said Wisdom, "I know how that is to be done."

"Then let us get to work," said Activity.

Before the Waterbearer could think another thought, there was a huge sphere spinning in space; but huge as it was, it was but a tiny speck compared to the size of God who still perfectly filled all the space and has continued to do so ever since.

"This sphere I will call the Chemical Region of the Physical World" said God, "but as it is, this planet can have no vitality."

"I want to create another sphere solid like the first," said Will, "but made of ether. That will give vitality to the planet."

"All right" said Wisdom, "I know how that is to be done."

"Then let us get to work," said Activity.

And again before the Waterbearer could think a single thought, there was a second sphere spinning in space, much larger than the Chemical Region of the Physical World, and of a blue-pink color so beautiful that a peach blossom would seem wilted beside it. And crash, bang! it went down on the first sphere and into it, penetrating through it, and extending beyond it all around for it was larger, you know.

"This sphere I will call the Etheric Region of the Physical World," said God and the planet can now have life; but I am not satisfied, for there can be no feeling, no joy nor happiness."

"I want to create another sphere," said Will, "made of desire stuff. That will give feeling to the planet."

"All right," said Wisdom, "I know how that is to be done."

"Then let us get to work" said Activity.

And before the Waterbearer could think half a

thought or wink an eye, there was a third sphere spinning in space, much larger than either of the other two, and in it were all kinds of beautiful colors, red and blue, purple and yellow, and many colors that never were in the Physical World. It was so gorgeously beautiful that the loveliest sunset would seem dull beside it. And crash, bang! this sphere went down on the others and into them, penetrating through them, and extending far beyond both all around because it was so large.

"This sphere I will call the Desire World" said God. "But although the planet can now have feeling, yet I am not satisfied for it can have no thoughts nor reason."

"I want to create another sphere," said Will "made of thought stuff. That will give thoughts to the planet."

"All right," said Wisdom, "I know how that is to be done."

"Then let us get to work," said Activity.

And before the Waterbearer could half wink an eye, there was a fourth sphere much larger than any of the others spinning in space; and it was so clean and so clear that sparkling water trickling from a spring well would seem murky beside it. And crash, bang! this sphere too went down on the others and into them, penetrating them and extending far beyond all for it was so very much larger.

"That is well" said God, "now the planet can have thoughts and reason. I will call this sphere the World of Thought. The planet is now completed, and I will name it Earth."

The Waterbearer thanked God for what he had been permitted to behold; and he hurried back to his father's dominion and told his mother all about it.

#### ALONG THE ROAD

I walked a mile with Pleasure;  
She chattered all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,  
And ne'er a word said she;  
But oh, the things I learned from her  
When Sorrow walked with me!

—R. B. Hamilton.

# Nutrition and Health

## Diet

O. T. AXELL, M. D.

**D**IET IN ITS relation to corrective eating is one of the most important branches of human learning yet too much neglected and too little understood. Errors in eating and drinking are, therefore, at present the greatest exciting cause to a great number of diseases. Many diseases had never developed and other diseases would be less severe and more easily removed, had our eating and drinking been scientific. We must learn how to select, combine, and proportion our food—three important things.

Select for food those articles which contain all the elements of nourishment needed for your body and which at the same time agree with your constitution. Articles containing substances which neither can be converted into physical energy nor can be made a part of the human body should never be selected as food. The combination of different articles of food should be in harmony with the laws of organic chemistry. One kind of food at a meal is ideal if that food is real food. If different articles of food are eaten at the same meal, these articles should fairly well balance each other in their proportion of carbohydrates, proteids and fats. They should also chemically harmonize when they are mixed in the stomach and acted upon by the gastric juices.

The proportion of food eaten should be the right one. The quantity of food taken at each meal should just be sufficient to sustain vital functions, replace waste tissue and give sufficient energy for your work. It is generally more harmful to take too much food than too little food. When very small quantities of food are taken, nature makes the assimilation more perfect and economizes more strictly with your physical energy.

The following articles contain all the elements needed for the nourishment of our physical

body: fats, grains, vegetables, milk, nuts, eggs, and fruits.

These articles should be eaten fresh and pure and simple, just as they are given by nature. They should not be mixed into complicated dishes. French cooking is an abomination. A great error in modern diet lies in mixed and complicated dishes, the eating of too many things at the same meal, and the eating of so-called foods that are not foods at all.

Age, climate, and work should also be taken into consideration when you select your menu. Children and still growing persons can appropriate a comparatively great quantity of calcium phosphates, the predominating element in starch, for production of bone, cartilage, and teeth. After maturity only a little of starchy food is needed. Six to ten ounces a day would be sufficient, and in old age not even half of that amount. We often see children, parents and grandparents eating at the same table, the same kind of food. Some of them are bound to eat wrong. Generally the oldest one will suffer most and develop old age symptoms before his time through an excess of starchy foods and of mineral elements, causing old age deposits. An increased amount of starchy food can be eaten when the weather is very cold and also by a person doing hard physical work. Fats should be avoided when the weather is hot, but in very cold weather a greater quantity of fats can and should be eaten. Proteids are seldom used in excess by vegetarians, but many meat eaters take too large quantities of meat, which is a typical proteid food. This, like excess of starchy food, poisons the blood, causing acidosis.

We will now give a very short explanation of the chemistry of food. Nearly all chemical elements are found in the food we eat, but some of them in extremely small quantities. For the

sake of brevity we classify all foods under the common division of carbohydrates, proteids, fats, and mineral salts, the predominating element assigning the class for each food.

Carbohydrate means carbon combined with water. They are composed of starch, sugar, cellulose, and water. They are also called starchy food.

Proteids are foods containing nitrogen. The approximate percentage by weight of the various elements forming proteids are:

Carbon .....	32	per cent
Oxygen .....	22	" "
Nitrogen .....	16	" "
Hydrogen .....	7	" "
Sulphur .....	2	" "
Phosphorus .....	1	" "

The compound itself is also called protein. Lean meat contains about 16 per cent of protein or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of nitrogen, other dry materials about 2 per cent. Thus we find that, if we by chemical analysis find the amount of nitrogen present and multiply by 6.25, we will find the approximate per cent of protein.

Fat contains the elements carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen and is formed by uniting fatty acids with glycerin.

Mineral salts are present to a limited amount in all natural food products, whether vegetable or animal, but especially in milk, eggs, and the green portion of plants. Calcium phosphates are most important.

### *The Science of Eating*

The highest state of health, strength, and endurance can only be attained by selecting foods which produce the least amount of poison in the body. Meat contains uric acid and the toxic carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide, which are added to the poisons already existing in the body. Acids in all forms (but especially vinegar) should be avoided as much as possible. Acid fruits should only be eaten when the weather is very hot and then not together with other foods. Never take acids in any form as long as you suffer from acidosis. If the total acid content of the stomach is increased, the food ferments. This results in crystallization of starch atoms

and production of blood crystals. Avoid common table salt. It is an inorganic substance and cannot be utilized by the body, but is eliminated with expense of vital energy. It is really a poison which promotes disease and old age. Most persons have inured themselves to the use of salt in the food and cannot abstain entirely, but use as little as possible. Celery salt is a good substitute. All condiments are unnecessary and should be avoided as far as possible. Over-consumption of sweets is also a great error. Natural carbohydrates abound in grains, potatoes, and sweet fruits and no addition of sugar or sweets is needed. Over-consumption of starchy foods is the chief cause of all rheumatic conditions, as gout, rheumatoid arthritis, lumbago, and sciatica.

\* \* \* \* \*

Foods that belong to different times of digestion will not digest together and should consequently not be combined. If you eat carrots which digest in two hours, or cabbage which digests in three hours, together with natural rice which digests in one hour, it would be a bad combination. The rice would digest first; meantime the other food would begin to ferment and generate poison. Foods belonging to the five minute time (of digestion) can be combined with almost any other food. The five minute foods are: white of raw egg, yolk of raw egg, honey, sugar, butter, olive oil if pure.

The one hour foods are: Almonds, roasted and ground, apples, perfectly ripe and mellow, sweet and mild; barley, well cooked pearl barley; beets, if new and tender; bread, when not new; buttermilk (digests in 20 minutes); cake, when old and plain; celery, raw or cooked; cherries; chestnuts, boiled and eaten hot; corn, green; cornmeal, if cooked three hours or more; cream; cream cheese, home made; dates; egg yolks, cooked either hard or soft; figs; flour from whole wheat, with bran removed; hominy, if cooked three hours; lettuce; maple sugar and syrup; macaroni; milk; olives; onions, if boiled; peas, if green, young and tender; prunes, if well cooked; potatoes, white and mealy; raisins, raw or cooked; rice; natural rice, well cooked; sage; spinach in milk or cream; squash; Tapioca, but not pearl tapioca.

The two hour foods are: Artichokes; beans,



green and tender; buckwheat; bread, when new; carrots; cream cheese, the factory kind; graham flour bread; lentils; nuts, but only filberts, pistachio, pignolia and hazel-nuts; oatmeal; pancakes; parsnips; potatoes, not new; rye; tomatoes.

The three hour foods are: Beets, if old; cauliflower; cabbage; corn, canned; nuts, but only pecans and hickory nuts; oyster plant; peas, dried or split; potatoes, sweet.

The four hour foods are: Brown bread; beans, old, including baked beans; doughnuts; onions, fried; peanuts and English walnuts; potatoes, fried hard, but not chips; turnips, and old or woody vegetables.

The five hour foods are: Barley bread and whole barley; cheese, the ordinary American and foreign kinds; eggs, fried; nuts that are very oily; saratoga chips; pastry, pie crust and patties; fruit puddings and fruit cakes; rich sauces, dressings and gravies.

The never digested "foods" are: Apples, when not mellowed by nature; bran; cranberries; cat-sup, cocoanut, raw or cooked; cucumbers; currants, dried; gelatine; peppers, pickles; radishes; rind of lemon and orange; spices of all kinds; unripe parts of fruit.

Caution:—Oily nuts, as black walnuts, brazil nuts, cream nuts, peanuts, cause congestion of the stomach and hurt the liver. . . . Orange and lemon rind are dangerous. Chocolate is the worst adulterated article today. Candies are adulterated. Baking powder is the cause of more organic disease than any other thing. Drugs, beers, wine and liquors are hopelessly adulterated. White flour is given added weight by finely powdered earth in which alum is distributed to make it bake easily; besides it is devitalized by bleaching; consequently dangerous for health. Canned foods should be avoided. The law permits of using benzoate of soda in vegetables that are to be canned, which preserves them from decay but also devitalizes the food cells. All meats are embalmed, also meat in cans. Most package goods are also "saved" by chemicals foreign to the human body. Do not buy made-up breakfast food and so-called predigested articles. Get simple food, given direct by nature, before it is spoiled. Fruit syrups, fruit juices, soda-fountain drinks, and ice creams are very often adulterated. Make those things at

home or do not use them. Soda drinks are never good for the body.

### *What to Eat*

If you live very simply, eating only one or two food articles at each meal (mono-diet system), using food as nature gives it, you will be outside the dangers of adulteration.

You can eat bread and milk for breakfast, for lunch, and for supper, and nothing else. These two articles contain all the nourishment you need in well balanced proportions. Use whole wheat bread baked without soda or salt. Make it with soft water or skimmed milk. Use Holstein milk (Jersey milk is too rich). In hot weather skimmed milk can be used and can be sweetened with a teaspoonful of honey. Only when the stomach is congested can milk be injurious. Of course, you need not eat bread and milk all the time and nothing else. You may do it for several weeks if you want to improve your health and especially if you have difficulty in getting other proper food. For breakfast you may alternate with oatmeal, hominy, cream of wheat, tapioca, and rolled wheat. Take vegetables for lunch when you can get good ones, as green peas and toast, lettuce with soft boiled egg, spinach and boiled potatoes, or shelled beans and new potatoes (baked potatoes best). Every second lunch you may also eat scrambled eggs with toast; or mashed potatoes and roasted almonds ground, with skimmed milk. For supper only bread and milk with or without honey, or one of the foods noted for breakfast. Drink soft water.

Times of eating can be 8 a. m., 12 noon, and 6 p. m. Two or more glasses of skimmed milk at 3 p. m. are good, or ripe sweet juicy fruits, if the system is not congested. To drink plenty of bran water between meals is very good for the nerves. Juicy fruits (blackberries, cantaloupes, blue grapes, oranges, pears, peaches) eaten one hour in advance of the morning meal clear the system.

### *Fasting*

Do not fast without competent advice. Fasting is sometimes good when the system is clogged from over eating. Drink plenty of hot soft water (4 to 6 quarts a day) when fasting; else the stomach contracts.



## Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

### —BREAKFAST—

Fresh Strawberries with Honey  
Boiled Rice with Egg  
Corn Bread

Cereal Coffee

Milk

### —DINNER—

Creole Soup  
Boiled Potatoes with Horse-radish Sauce  
Vegetable and Nut Loaf  
Entire wheat Bread.

Milk

### —SUPPER—

Rye Bread and Date Sandwiches  
Fruit Salad  
Blackberry Cobbler

Milk

## Recipes

### *Boiled Rice*

Wash one cup of rice. Have the water boiling. Drop the rice into this rapidly boiling, salted water and allow to cook until every grain stands out by itself, and is tender. It should not be mushy. Season with tablespoon of butter. Then slowly add two-well beaten eggs. Stir until cooked. Serve the same as mush for breakfast food.

### *Creole Soup*

Wash and slice very fine one carrot, turnip, and onion. Fry in the bottom of the soup kettle with two tablespoons of oil. Allow to fry until the vegetables have turned a light yellow; add enough water for quantity of soup; boil until tender. Rub through the colander adding three-fourths cup of tomato juice. Flavor with salt, paprika, and two bay leaves, allowing this to boil for ten minutes. Serve with croutons.

### *Horse-radish Sauce*

Take one-half cup of grated raw horse-radish, add two cups of water or skimmed milk; boil for 15 minutes, slowly adding cracker crumbs until the mixture is of the consistency of a thick sauce. Season with salt, and a little butter. Serve with boiled potatoes.

### *Vegetable and Nut Loaf*

Run through a vegetable grinder the following: Two cups of entire wheat bread (stale preferred), one cup English walnuts, one-half cup pecans, one cup of boiled green peas, one onion chopped very fine or grated. Do not run onion

through vegetable grinder. Season with one teaspoon of powdered sage, salt and pepper to taste. Fry this mixture in a frying pan, turning a number of times; allow to brown. Then add two eggs, one-half cup of milk; place in baking pan and cover with fresh boiled mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and touch with bits of butter, allowing to brown, and bake for one-half hour.

### *Fruit Salad*

Use even quantities of sliced apples, bananas, pineapple, and oranges. Serve on plates garnished with lettuce leaves and sprinkle over top ground English walnuts. Serve with pineapple juice left from the can of pineapples, or with mayonnaise dressing as taste requires.

## "MEATLESS WEEK" July 1st to 8th

We would call our readers' attention to the "*Meatless Week*," July 1-8, advocated by "The Vegetarian Magazine."

All vegetarians should co-operate in giving this "*meatless week*," as much publicity as possible, thus furthering the cause of vegetarianism.

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Seattle, Wash., April 4, 1922.

Rosierucian Fellowship,  
Dear Friends:—

I am so pleased to write that I am just feeling splendid. I am indeed very thankful for all that dear friends and Invisible Helpers have done for me.

Sincerely,

MRS. G. D.

Amak, Wash., March 14, 1922.

Rosierucian Healing Department:—

It is some time since I wrote to you, but I am with you at all times in the invisible. I do love the silence.

Now I am feeling so well after taking the healing treatments, that I don't know how to express myself. I am in reality young again, can do all my own house work, and attend to my chickens. I sleep like a baby, suffer no pain whatever, and do not get up at night. I am the happiest woman on earth and am so full of life and joy that my neighbors wonder about me, after seeing me in the condition I was in three months ago.

Oh! how thankful I am to the healers for what they have done for me, and others.

What a great world this is to live in when we have health!

I will close with best wishes for the Rosierucians in their good work for others.

I remain as ever one with you all in the good work.

C. C.

Oakland, Calif., March 15, 1922.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle,  
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:—

Since I am endeavoring to make a regular habit of meditating on love for humanity I have discovered that it has modulated and polished my conduct for all who cross my pathway and has also elevated my ideal of loyalty and right

action. Now I understand why Mrs. Heindel in her letters which accompany her lessons each month emphasizes the duty of the student to regularly meditate on love for the work and workers on Mt. Ecclesia.

This week I am very happy to say that there has been great improvement for which I want to thank you.

Please do not acknowledge the enclosure.

Faithfully yours,

E. J. G.

Victoria, B. C.

Dear Friends:—

About two weeks ago my little girl, two years old, fell off a chair and sprained her arm. I wrote asking you for help; the arm was helpless for two days, and then she suddenly got full use of it. Although my letter had not by then reached Headquarters I feel the little one was attended to and I send you my gratitude and thanks. Accept the little offering enclosed. I will send a little more later on.

Yours in fellowship,

E. W.

### HEALING DATES

May ..... 1—8—14—22—29

June ..... 4—11—18—25

July ..... 6—8—15—22—29

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.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

## Easter at Mt. Ecclesia

O. A.

**E**ASTER AGAIN, time of holy joy! Although Mt. Ecclesia is all in blossom, it sent some of us to the hillsides far and near to gather flowers—more flowers, that every vase might be filled, for flowers have a special message for us at Easter when we know that were it not for the annual descent of the Christ, our planetary spirit, our globe would be cold and barren of vegetation.

As we gathered according to custom at the cross adorned with its garland of red roses and with its star, golden with gazaneas, for the sunrise service, we were reminded that our Lord is not only the Savior of man but of our younger brothers, the animals as well; for they had their representative with us in the form of a little stray kitten which crouched beside the geraniums which encircled this place of annual worship. Its frail form, shaggy coat, and wistful eyes plainly told of the stress of its little earth existence and mutely appealed to us for pity and love. Children were with us, little ones who had forsaken their warm beds to go out into the morning air that they too might greet their Savior in whose embrace they still remain, His blessings always upon them.

Many friends were present; and we were particularly happy to have with us such a great number of young people, both visitors and workers. To see the girls and boys working here who we feel cannot have turned this way because life in the world has proven disappointing, but who have because of the experiences of former lives early set aside personal advantages and have come fearlessly in their vigor, strength, and beauty to work in the cause of the Elder Brothers, fills us with the hopeful thought that the greatest suffering of man is now nearing the end, that we can expect soon a better, healthier, and happier humanity, and that after all perhaps

the liberation of the Christ from within the earth is not so far distant.

As we faced the rosy tints of the morning which appeared over the mountain tops proclaiming the approach of the orb of life and light, Mme. Louise D'Artell in song gave expression to the rapture which swelled our hearts. Mrs. Heindel in an address, lovingly recalled to our minds the significance of the Cosmic Christ; and as His symbol, the sun, rose into sight we offered up our silent prayers of praise and thanksgiving, realizing that He is Risen, indeed! While the delicate morning hues softly faded before the brilliancy of the glorious day star, we wound our way along the serpentine path to the Ecclesia, that holy House of God, which is open to the public at Easter and at Christmas. There we completed our morning worship. Services were held again at 11 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M.

Among those who assisted to make the occasion helpful in raising our souls to the Throne of the Father, through the instrumentality of music, must be mentioned again Mme. Louise D'Artell, also Miss Ramona Brockway (Flute), Miss Agness Thorsen (Organ), Mr. Eugene Muller (Zither), and our own Mr. Svein Shudshift (Violin). He is also leader of the choir, ably assisted by Miss Ethel Cummings at the organ. We are justly proud of our talent.

Mrs. Heindel gave a lecture illustrated by stereopticon views. Mrs. Arline D. Cramer in an address, feelingly recalled to us the great sacrifice of Christ Jesus in the light which the Western Wisdom Teachings alone cast upon this great mystery. Her appeal to us could not fail to increase our aspiration toward greater purity, that Divine Love may increasingly flow through us to all beings, but particularly to the sorrowing, the suffering and the sinful.

Among other thoughtful things which glad-

dened our hearts was a lecture on Max Heindel's favorite opera, the music drama Parsifal, delivered by Mrs. Heindel on Friday evening in the dining hall. It was illustrated with the original stereopticon views which Mr. Heindel used. In consideration of our love for our leader who is no longer with us in the flesh, she also gave us the privilege of hearing his voice in a lecture delivered by him shortly before his passing, reproduced from the dictaphone. This was especially appreciated by those of us who were not fortunate enough to meet him in the body and to hear his spoken word.

Most of our friends stayed for the day. We were very happy to have them here. They go to be radiating centers in the world which will spread the glad tidings of the Rosicrucian philosophy. The harvest is ready and the world is our field. We hope that as they come here from time to time, our various activities, our success, and our growth may serve them as an inspiration. And we are happy at the thought of seeing them again soon.

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### TWO WELL-KNOWN LECTURERS

Residents of Mt. Ecclesia have had two very enjoyable and profitable evenings recently as a result of the generosity of two guests. On Thursday, April 27th, Mrs. L. Dow Balliett, the well known writer in the field of number vibration, the author of "The Philosophy of Numbers," "Nature's Symphony," and other books upon this subject, gave an informal lecture, which in the memory of those privileged to attend, will serve as a monument to her stay with us. Mrs. Balliett's hopeful philosophy embodies the belief that much trouble and confusion may be avoided sometimes by making certain modifications in the individual name. She preaches doctrines of freedom and transmutation.

On Friday, April 28th, Mr. Manley P. Hall gave an illustrated lecture in the dining hall. His talk covered a multitude of occult subjects, explanatory to his lantern slides which were extraordinarily beautiful, the effect of the dissolving views doing much to show pictorially, super-physical phenomena. Mr. Hall is an old friend at Headquarters, and this is by no means the first time he has given an evening for our information and inspiration. As a prelude to Mr.

Hall's lecture, another guest, Mrs. May M. Mudge, entertained the assembled friends with several charming songs, responding graciously to encores.

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### PASSED ON TO HIGHER SERVICE

**R**ECENTLY TWO of our beloved probationers, Mrs. Margaret Wolff of Los Angeles, and Dr. Agnes Sparks of New York, passed into the Great Beyond. Although sorrowful at having lost the physical presence and inspiration of these dear friends, still we rejoice with the freed spirits that their sphere of beneficent activity has been enlarged, and that they are now able to engage in the greater work as members of our band of Invisible Helpers on the other side in company with our departed leader, Max Heindel.

Mrs. Wolff was a worker at Headquarters, for several years, where she rendered very valuable service and was much beloved for her sweetness and gentleness.

Dr. Sparks rendered equally valuable service in connection with the New York Center where she was very active and was held in high esteem.

May the peace of God abide with these dear souls and strengthen them for their greater work on the invisible planes.

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*In Loving Tribute to the Memory of  
MARGARET WOLFF,  
Who has "Crossed the Bar."*

We who have been privileged to sit in the little Pro-Ecclesia while you stood before us, voicing your message in words laden with truth, strong with the strength of your intellect, and with countenance glowing with the light of your spiritual understanding, will never forget the picture, and the inspiration received will abide with us till we too shall have reached the crossing.

—Mary T. Molyneaux.

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### Summer Training School

The Training School for lecturers and teachers opened on May 2nd and will continue throughout the Spring and Summer.

It is open for new students who will find in the school much of interest and value.