

# RAYs FROM THE ROSE CROSS

## The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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### Contents

#### THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

	Page
The Greatest Blessing. (Poem). Cora Cochrane Graves	283
The Coming Christ. Max Heindel	283
"He That Is Without Sin." Gladys M. Robinson	286
The Gospel of Occultism. Howard W. Coombs	291
A Vision. Karl Sealot.	294
Noah and His Wonderful Ark. Manly P. Hall	296
Elementary Psychology. Clarence H. Foster	298

#### QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

Paying Debts Under the Law of Consequence.	301
Why We Do Not Read Horoscopes	302
Archetypes.	302

#### THE ASTRAL RAY—

The Story of a Horoscope. Eleanor Jennings	303
The Children of Sagittarius, 1922.	306

#### Your Child's Horoscope:—

Delineations:	
Lillian Nadene B.	307
Daniel O.	308
Knute W. I. (Vocational)	308

#### STUDIES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION—

Schools of Initiation. Kittie S. Cowen	309
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#### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—

Baby's Problems. Mrs. W. Kurt	311
The Littlest Violet. Cora Cochrane Graves	312

#### NUTRITION AND HEALTH—

Vivisection. Euphemia Jane Macleod	313
Christmas Menus	317
Recipes.	317
The Rosy Cross Healing Circle:	
Patients' Letters.	318
Healing Dates.	318

#### ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA—

A Theosophical Criticism of the Rosicrucians.	319
Prize Competition Awards.	320

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# The Mystic Light.

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship aims to make the Christian religion a living factor in the land. It encourages people to remain with their churches as long as they can find spiritual comfort there and gives them at the same time the explanations which creeds may have obscured. To such as have already severed their connections with the church, it offers the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, so that their essential beauty may be recognized and that they may again be accepted.

*Our Motto is—A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY*

## The Greatest Blessing

CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

We all have countless blessings,  
As our way through life we wend,  
As our lives are everlasting,  
So our blessings never end;  
They may come as loving comrades  
Or perhaps as hated foes;  
We'll learn to welcome every one  
As comprehension grows.

We were placed here for experience,  
That life's lessons we might learn,  
As within our hearts we gather  
Memories that bless or burn,

We should learn that each experience  
Is a blessing heaven-sent,  
That each of life's conditions  
Is for our betterment.

And perhaps our greatest blessings  
Come in darkest garments veiled,  
As sorrows so disastrous,  
That our hearts have nearly failed;  
Yet when time has rent its garments,  
We behold its form so true;  
'Tis an angel, dear, from heaven,  
Come to bless us, me and you.

## The Coming Christ

MAX HEINDEL

*A Former Lesson to Students*

**W**E HAVE previously seen how infant humanity in Atlantis lived in unity under direct guidance of divine leaders, and how they were eventually brought out of the water into a clear atmosphere where the separateness of each individual from all others became obvious at once.

“God is Light”—the Light which became life in man. It was dim and achromatically diffused in the misty atmosphere of early Atlantis, as colorless as the air on a densely foggy day in

the present age, hence the unity of all beings who lived in that light. But when man rose above the waters, when he emerged into the air where the godly manifestation, Light, was refracted in multitudinous hues, this variously colored light was differently absorbed by each. Thus diversity was inaugurated, when mankind went through the mighty arch of the rainbow with its variegated and beautiful colors. That bow may therefore be considered an entrance gate to the “promised land,” the world as now

constituted. Here the light of God is no longer an insipid single tint as in early Atlantis. The present dazzling play of color tells us that *the watchword of the present age is segregation*, and therefore so long as we remain in the present condition under the law of alternating cycles, where summer and winter, ebb and flow, succeed each other in unbroken sequence, so long as God's bow stands in the sky, an emblem of diversity, it is yet the day of the kingdoms of men, and the kingdom of God is held in abeyance.

Nevertheless, as surely as the Edenic conditions upon the fire girt islands of ancient Lemuria ended in separation into sexes, each expressing one element of the creative fire, and making the union of man and woman as necessary to the generation of a body as is the union of hydrogen and oxygen to the production of water; and as surely as emergence from the watery atmosphere of Atlantis into the airy environment of *Aryana*, the world of today, promoted further segregation into separate nations and individuals, who war and prey upon one another (because the sharply differentiated forms which they behold blind them to the inalienable unity of each soul with all others); just as certainly will this world condition give place to a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

In early Atlantis we lived in the deepest basins of the earth where the mist was densest; we breathed by means of gills and would have been unable to live in an atmosphere such as we have now. In the course of time desire to explore beyond caused the invention of airships, which were propelled by the expansive force of sprouting grain. The "ark" story is a perverted remembrance of that fact. Those ships actually did founder upon mountain tops where the atmosphere was too rare to sustain them. Today our ships float upon the element in which the Atlantean ships were at one time immersed. We have now contrived various means of propulsion able to carry us over the highlands of the earth which we occupy at present, and are commencing to reach out into the atmosphere to conquer that element as we have subjected the waters; and as surely as our Atlantean ancestors made a highway of the watery element which they breathed

*and then rose above it to live in a new element*, just as certainly shall we conquer the air and then rise above it into the newly discovered element which we call ether.

Thus each age has its own peculiar conditions and laws; the beings who evolve have a physiological constitution suited to the environment of that age, but are dominated by the nature forces then prevailing until they learn to conform to them. Then these forces become most valuable servants, as for instance, steam and electricity, which we have partially harnessed. The law of gravity still holds us in its powerful grip, although by mechanical means we are trying to escape into the new element. We shall at a not distant time attain to mastery of the air, but as the ships of the Atlanteans foundered upon the mountains of the earth because their buoyancy was insufficient to enable them to rise higher in the light mist of those altitudes, and because respiration was difficult, so also will the increasing rarity of our present atmosphere prevent us from entering the "new heaven and the new earth," which are to be the scene of the New Dispensation.

Before we can reach that state, physiological as well as moral and spiritual changes must take place. The Greek text of the New Testament does not leave us in doubt as to this, though lack of knowledge of the mystery teachings prevented the translators from bringing it out in the English version. Did we but believe the Bible even as we have it, we should be spared many delusions and much uneasiness concerning the time of this. Whole sects have disposed of their belongings in anticipation of the advent of Christ on a certain day, and have suffered untold privations afterwards. Schemers have passed themselves off as Christ or even as God, have married, raised families, and died, leaving their sons, who were supposed to be Christs, to fight for the kingdom. A temporal government was forced to banish one of these militant "Christs" to an island of the Mediterranean. Nor is there any sign that the future will lack similar claimants; rather, the sacrilegious imposture is spreading.

*We may rest assured that the divine leaders of evolution made no mistake when they gave the*



*Christian Religion to the Western World—the most advanced teaching to the most precocious among mankind.* It may therefore be regarded as a detriment when an organization undertakes to graft a Hindu religion (which is excellent for the people to whom it was divinely given) upon our people. The imported Hindu breathing exercises have certainly sent many people to insane asylums.

If we believe Christ's words: "My kingdom is not of this world," (*kosmos*, the Greek word used for "world" meaning "order of things" rather than our planet, the earth, which is called *gee*,) we shall know better than to look for Christ to-day.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God" any more than the gill breathing creature of early Atlantean times was fit to live under the natural conditions prevailing in the present age where "the kingdom of men" exists. Paul, in discussing the resurrection, does not say as in the English translation, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." I Cor. 15:44. He affirms that there is a "*soma psuchicon*," a soul body, and tells in the preceding verses how this is generated from a "*seed*" in the same way as explained in the Rosicrucian teachings. The Bible affirms that our bodies are corruptible. (It also teaches that one organ, the heart, is an exception. This has reference to the seed atom in the heart. Ps. 22:26.) Therefore our bodies must be changed before Christ can come.

If these things were believed, few would run after impostors, and the latter would have their labor for their pains. But Western papers unfortunately give notoriety to such schemers, though regarding them as a joke as well they may, for it would be preposterous to believe that the great and wise Being who guides evolution could be so shortsighted as not to know that the Western World would never accept the scion of what it regards as a semi-barbaric race for its Savior.

When preparations were made 2000 years ago, for the embodiment of the Savior of the world, Galilee was the Mecca for roving spirits. Thither flocked people from Asia, Africa, Greece, Italy, and all other parts of the world of that day. Conditions there were exceptionally congenial and attractive so that, as declared by various

scholars who have investigated the matter, Galilee was as cosmopolitan as Rome itself. It was, in fact, the "melting pot" of that day. Among others, Joseph and Mary, the parents of Jesus, had emigrated from Judea to Nazareth in Galilee before the advent of their firstborn, and the body generated in that environment was different from the ordinary Jewish race body.

It is an incontrovertible fact that environment plays a great part in evolution. We have today upon earth *three great races*. One, the Negro, has hair which is *flat* in section, and the head is long, narrow, and *flattened* on the sides. The orbit of the eye is also long and narrow. The Negroes are descendants of the Lemurian Race.

The Mongols and kindred peoples have *round* heads. Their hair is round in section, and the orbits of their eyes are also round. They are the remnants of the Atlantean Race.

The *Aryan Race* have oval hair, oval skulls, and oval orbits of the eyes, these features being especially pronounced in the Anglo-Saxons, who are the flower of the race at present.

In America, the Mecca of nations today, these various races are of course represented. Here is the "melting pot" in which they are being amalgamated. It has been ascertained that here there is a difference in children belonging to the same family. The *skulls of younger children born in America are more nearly oval than the heads of their older brothers and sisters born abroad*.

From this fact and from others which need not be mentioned here, it is evident that a new race is being born on the American continent; and reasoning from the known fact that the Christ came from the most cosmopolitan part of the civilized world of 2000 years ago, it would be but logical to expect that if a new embodiment were sought for that exalted Being, His body would more likely be taken from the new race than from an ancient one. Otherwise, if there is virtue in obtaining a Savior from the older races, why not get a Bushman or a Hottentot?

But we may be sure that though impostors deceive for a time, they are found out sooner or later, and their plans come to naught. Meanwhile, progression continues to bring us nearer the Aquarian Age, and *a Teacher is coming* to give the Christian Religion impetus in a new direction.

## “He That Is Without Sin”

GLADYS M. ROBINSON

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following story has been awarded first prize in the First Division of our recent prize competition.*

### I

**T**HE RECTOR of the fishing village of Sheenham was both a good man and an original thinker. In the latter capacity rumor had it that he even championed the “heathen” doctrine of rebirth, while in the former his apparently needlessly austere mode of life produced both wonderment and a certain reputation for saintliness not entirely displeasing to him. So blameless indeed was his life that there were times when even the most humble and repentant of sinners was bound to confess that he was somewhat unapproachable. At such times he would sit gravely fingering the cross that hung upon his watch chain, while he listened with a set, sad countenance and quiet, far-seeing eyes to their tales of sin and contrition, but his presence brought no warmth of understanding and his calm, judicial pronouncements kindled no aspirations towards better things.

One person only could awaken his full comprehension and tenderness, and that person was his wife, Rose Lang, the daughter of a retired naval officer, who now dedicated himself to his only child and to the study of philosophy. Small and fresh colored, Rose’s rounded contours made as striking a contrast to her husband’s rugged squareness as her impulsive warm-heartedness did to his colder virtues.

### II

It was the evening of Good Friday, and the Rector sat alone in his study thinking over the events of the day. It was always at this season of the year that he felt nearest to his Master; it was always when reading the story of the Sacrifice on Calvary that he felt nearest to discovering the character of his past life in Palestine, for it had not needed his wife’s arguments to convince him that his present life was only one in a long series. Without her help he had known intuitively that the most significant of his earth

lives had been lived close to the Master of whom he was so devoted if bigoted a servant. On this evening he pushed his Bible gently aside, and closing his tired eyes tried to see the whole scene again: the clear-cut colors of the East, the derisive, disreputable crowd that followed or thronged around Him whom of their own free will they had condemned. But the face of their victim the Rector never saw; neither was he ever able to discover his own part in the tragedy.

“Strange,” he mused, “that the veil through which I have so often been able to see on behalf of others should remain so persistently impenetrable regarding my own life!” From his boyhood Philip Lang had possessed the seemingly uncanny power of reading the Records of the Past. Utterly unsought the power had been, but time after time when called upon to minister to those in distress there would suddenly flash before his eyes the cause of that distress, the past sin or willful ignorance responsible for the present suffering. As a rule the characters in the scenes he thus became conscious of were either gross or childish, but occasionally he would come across a very different record that would cause him surprise, a record of such quiet heroism and self-conquest that he would be forced to acknowledge, sometimes almost grudgingly, that some few at least of his flock were built of heroic stuff, and were now in very truth “old souls” who had long ago discovered the worthlessness of the prizes for which their younger brethren struggle so persistently.

One village tragedy, alas, not uncommon, came to his mind with special insistence this evening; the story of a girl of good parentage, hard working and of apparently excellent character, who had fled suddenly from the village to give birth to an illegitimate child. No one knew the truth of the matter, but when Elsie Warner, driven by want, returned to her parents some three years after, she found the village divided in its opinion of her, some blaming, some pitying, but all surprised. The Rector had dealt with the case

with his characteristic coldness and rigidity, and though Elsie's child, now four years old, was becoming sensitive to the very varied receptions accorded her by her neighbors, he never unbent nor failed to make her feel that she was different from the other children of his parish, thinking by so doing to purify her from the very commencement of life and so make it impossible for her ever to follow her mother's example. As he thought of this child with her sad grey eyes, dark hair, and anxious little face, he was roused by a light knock upon the door, and his wife appeared.

"A visitor, Philip," she said, lighting the lamp and commencing to poke the fire; "I will bring her in in a moment, but first I wanted to speak to you about her."

The Rector held out his hand with one of his rare smiles, and she came and perched on the arm of his chair with a quaint, birdlike confidence which had always been hers.

"Who is the visitor?" he asked, looking up lovingly into her bright face. At once she grew serious, and there was a hint of pleading in her voice as she spoke the name,

"Elsie Warner."

Immediately she felt her husband stiffen, and continued hurriedly: "She has come to ask if you will let Sue walk with the other children on Sunday when they lay their flowers before the cross."

"Not yet," said Lang decidedly, "not yet for her mother's sake."

"Philip," she exclaimed, "Philip dear, for my sake! The child is innocent enough, and her mother sorrowful enough, you will break their hearts if you will not listen."

He tried to pull his hands away.

"No, Rose, it is impossible; for the sake of the whole countryside I cannot pardon—yet. How can an illegitimate child be allowed to take part in such a rite? How can you expect me to insult my Master?"

"Your Master loved little children," she said, but her tone was so intensely sad and pitying that it made him look at her in sudden surprise. "Can't you feel, Philip?" she went on, "don't you know that you are striking at Him through this child? You who can so often see the past of others, can you not see your own past life? Have

you not sinned before through your coldness?"

"I have always been His disciple," he replied slowly, "since I was with Him in Palestine, working then as now to keep His gospel as pure as Himself.

"Pure, yes," she said sadly. "I know how pure your life is but—" she broke off hurriedly. "Do you remember me in Palestine?" she asked.

"Only that you were there and that I loved you, though not as I do now."

"Then for my sake may I tell Elsie that she is forgiven?"

"No!" He spoke almost fiercely. "Do not ask that. I have my reason for what I do, and I am not acting rashly, it is my way of helping the mother, my way of purging her of her lust."

She was at the door now, still strangely sad.

"Yes," she replied, "it is *your* way, Philip," and her tone changed to one of entreaty, "do not strive to know what is past. It is God's Will that the curtain should not yet be withdrawn," and she left him to ponder her words.

### III

Saturday evening found the Rector again alone in his study but in an unusually excited frame of mind. Do what he would he could not but be haunted by his wife's words of the preceding day. "It is God's Will that the curtain should not yet be withdrawn," she had said. What did she know? What did she remember? Philip was a man used to command rather than obey, a man who would not easily acknowledge himself baffled in anything he undertook. Pride and reserve sealed his lips, but within him persisted constant questioning. Why did he not remember? Why was the feeling of certainty, so marked when dealing with the past lives of others, so conspicuously absent when he came to re-image his own history? Dream he could and did, but to *know*, that was different.

Over his desk hung an exquisite reproduction of the Crucifixion by Raphael. In his perplexity he lifted his eyes to the Crucified, but in the evening light the figure looked sad and alone, the outcast of all the world. The Rector looked down again with a sigh. He arose and paced up and down. The figures of Elsie Warner and her child seemed to pass before him; he had seen them in the market square that morning, and the deprecating half scared look of the mother and

Sue's questioning wonder had smote him, the more so because they had seemed to shrink away as he passed them, although he had seen them talking quite happily to Rose only a few moments before.

He could not understand himself tonight; he who had always been so sure of himself to be tormented by such crowding, unquiet thoughts, and to be undecided and unstrung like some hysterical woman! He had always feared that the study of the inner planes of life might unfit him for physical labors, and had always striven to suppress the inner inspirations that would at times and seasons such as this arise within him. His power to see the past lives of others had never been cultivated but had come to him as a birthright, first questioned, then tolerated. But now one overmastering desire had seized upon him, the desire to see and know for himself; whether this was the time or not, he must rend the Veil once and for all. He was strong and determined, and had nothing to fear from the revelation he would obtain. Again he glanced up at the Crucified, and the evening shadows seemed to tremble for a moment over His face. With a determination which when once aroused was always unshakeable, he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and threw the whole power of his personality into one almost superhuman effort of will; for a moment he seemed to cease breathing, then a great flash of light nearly blinded him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was blazing down upon him from the intense blue of an Eastern sky when he came to himself. He immediately discovered that he was a unit in a crowd of idlers that thronged the sides of a dusty road. Carefully yet with some excitement he inspected his garments and found them those of a well-to-do Jew of the period; next his hands—they were short and sensual; finally he drew his hand lightly over his face and gained the impression of a countenance both cunning and repulsive, while at the same moment he experienced a curious division of consciousness. He became aware of two distinct personalities within him: the first was the cultured, bigoted Philip Lang of Sheenham; the second a lustful, obstinate being whose body he was now using, and who for the time being seemed dominant and

quite impossible to control. The significance of it all came to him with a sudden shock. This creature with his rough voice, coarse laughter, and ribald jokes was, without any doubt, the Philip Lang of some 2000 years ago! Compelled against his will he listened; he was talking to a woman at his side, a comely enough girl who seemed to eye him askance as she answered him with a certain haughtiness:

"Thou wilt never have Naomi for thy sweetheart, Joseph; they say she has become a follower of this King of the Jews because he has blasphemously promised to forgive her sins and she believes that he is able."

He felt the passion rising within him.

"Naomi," he choked, "I spit upon her, an outcast wanton; let him take her who will. She is no love of mine." He saw the girl move hastily away, and saw himself drag her roughly forward by her arm. "Jesus of Nazareth may have Naomi, Rachel," he heard himself mutter. "You and you alone shall be mine; there is not another pair of eyes like yours in all Judea, nor such a pair of lips either. Tonight I go to your father who is too greatly in my debt to refuse me anything." He leered up into the girl's frightened eyes. At that moment she jerked herself away in desperation, leaving a piece of her brightly colored draperies in his grasp.

His anger however was suddenly diverted by the sight of a cloud of dust in the distance, and by the fall of sunlight upon steel that spoke of the approach of members of a Roman legion. As they neared the place where he stood he noticed that the central figure in the group was a young man dragging a heavy cross, a young man whose presence, bowed and weary though he was, seemed to dominate all around him. Then the heart of Philip Lang gave one great leap of sorrow and adoration, but the heart of Joseph Levi of yesterday gave one of hatred and mockery as he cried out with a frightful jeer:

"King of the Jews, all hail!"

The party was close upon them now, women followed, tired and footsore. One girl had a child in her arms, and the lips of Joseph Levi curled as he recognized Naomi. He shouted a vile word at her but she did not hear; then he laughed scornfully as the robe of Jesus of Nazareth brushed against him for a moment. That light

touch seemed to summon up all that was evil in him for one terrific conflict. Impelled by some irresistible impulse he raised his arm and with a well aimed blow struck hard at His bowed shoulders. Then the Man of Sorrows lifted His head, and through His unfathomable eyes the Christ Spirit for the first time touched the heart of Joseph Levi; then He passed on and all was darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shadows had deepened into night when the Rector at length raised his head. Gathering all the strength that remained to him he crossed the room, and in the agony of his humiliation fell on his knees before the Crucified, the words of the despised publican rising unbidden to his lips:

"Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

Long he knelt until finally he heard his own name breathed softly.

"Philip."

At first he thought it was Rose until he remembered that he had locked the door against all intrusion.

Again it spoke:

"Philip."

A soft rose colored light seemed now to hover before his eyes, and gradually he discerned a figure taking form within it. Slowly the light seemed to draw him into its very heart, and slowly he dared to raise his haggard face to the face of his visitor.

"Philip," said the Messenger, "you longed to know the past and you now know, but you long also to understand, and because of this the Master has sent me to you. You have seen that all men are equal in the sight of God, but that some have journeyed further upon the Path than others in order that they who know the pitfalls may be able to help their younger brethren to avoid them. The great and exalted teachers were once outcasts and thus learned the lessons that all must learn. What you have seen has been bitter to you, but the stroke you gave Him then was far less than the blow you can give Him to-day if you know not of a truth that He is love." The Messenger paused a moment and then continued in a voice of tenderest sympathy:

"Do not grieve for the past; do not think that you have not expiated your sin. Soon you will learn of other lives between you, Philip Lang, and the Joseph Levi of Judea, lives wherein you

worked with a feverish devotion for His glory. Believe me that He has not forgotten; there remains for you now to work for His love and so to crown the great work which began within you when your eyes first met His."

The Rector's lips made no sound, yet the Messenger heard his agonized cry:

"How can I know that He has forgiven? Can He forgive one who from the depths of his wickedness struck the Christ?"

"You were young," he was answered, "and you are forgiven; should not Christ forgive a child who once wounded him? See to it that the man wounds Him no more."

But still before the Rector's eyes there passed the figure of the Man bearing His cross; with wordless supplication he held out his arms, begging he knew not what, and the deep desire of his soul was satisfied. Before his eyes the rosy cloud faded into a light of unearthly purity, shining from the body of Jesus of Nazareth, who stood with hands outstretched in blessing. For a second time the Christ Spirit touched the troubled heart of his servant, filling it with the peace of a new life and the promise of a fuller service.

#### IV

Easter Day had dawned calm and peaceful, and the morning service was over. Those who heard the Rector preach that Sunday found it hard, nay almost impossible, to understand the new spirit which seemed to have suddenly inspired his message, for he spoke not on his favorite subject of sin and its consequences but of sin and resurrection from sin. He had dropped his role of accuser for that of brother. The lines of pain were upon his face, but they were softened almost out of recognition by the great light of hope which seemed to pour from him. The stern, cold figure which had spoken eloquently to them of the cause of their Lord's sufferings had suddenly become a man like themselves when he told them of His Triumph, and some said afterwards that they felt themselves being drawn higher and higher until the lilies upon the altar had faded into the lilies of the heavenly fields. A wonderful gift had come to Philip Lang at this season of Resurrection; he had learned, his hearers dimly felt, how to touch their hearts.

In the churchyard with her child at her side stood Elsie Warner waiting to speak to the

Rector, and many of the members of the congregation could not repress a start of amazement when they saw him walk deliberately across to where she stood, take her hand, and speak to her some earnest words that none but Elsie heard. Elsie could have told them that not for them alone in their sheltered, virtuous homes, had the Savior risen again, but that for her too a new life had begun, and that the warm, human sympathy for which she had so long craved was offered her at last.

It needed all Rose's power of persuasion to prevail upon Sue to make friends with Philip, but once achieved it was not long before she was chattering in her excited baby-fashion of the children's Easter flower offerings:

"And there's daffies in our garden too," she told him, "but I can't go," and her lips quivered.

They were near the Warner's cottage now, and the Rector could see the daffodils of which the little maid spoke, tossing their golden heads in the breeze and making a riotous mass of moving color in the little garden. Bending his head down to her level, he took her little warm hand and said gently:

"You can bring flowers now, Sue; you must bring some of your daffies to the church this afternoon."

She nodded gravely, then her eyes met his, a smile broke over her face, and she held up her innocent lips for a kiss, the last child who ever feared Philip Lang!

There were happy tears in Rose's eyes as she drew her husband's arm through her own and said goodbye to mother and child. It was several minutes before he spoke to her, then just as they were entering the little wood that lay between them and home he paused and looking down into her face said abruptly:

"Do you know?"

"I felt it all along," she said, "but how could I tell you?"

"Only you and I can ever know, my Rose," he said huskily. "I do not ask to forget. I willed to see and I saw, and what man or woman has ever fallen as I fell." He paused and then continued slowly. "Were it not for the memory of the Master's forgiveness, my punishment would be more than I could bear."

"Not punishment, Philip, it is the divine law," she whispered. "Someday we shall all under-

stand that even the Great Teachers were once sinners and outcasts, and that there is no greater mercy than the mercy which hangs a veil between what we are now and what we have been, for only the strong can bear to gaze upon their past. Do you not see that He thought you strong enough to know, or else you would never have been allowed to see."

"Yes," he answered, "I understand that the Master claims more of me than He has ever claimed before. He has put into my hand the key to an inexhaustible patience and humility. Where the ignorant and very young are now I too was once. I have His forgiveness, He has not cast me off, though I in my arrogance and overweening pride have cast off many. And you who have understood and loved me through all, what can I say to you whose heart has never grown cold, whose faith has never dimmed?"

"Hush," she said, "the law is the same for all. Look at me again; do you not remember?"

He gazed deep into her dark eyes, and memories came back to him: days of shame, days of passion, now all subdued before the dawning of an understanding and purity that had gradually conquered the impulses of an uncontrolled heart.

"Naomi of Galilee!"

And for a moment they clung together, two children of the Great Father, who having sinned and been forgiven were evermore ready to forgive.

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### CORRESPONDENCE COURSES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY

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Among other activities the Rosicrucian Fellowship has a preliminary correspondence course of twelve lessons upon the philosophy, using the *Cosmo-Conception* as the text book.

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If you wish to be admitted to these courses, address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

## The Gospel of Occultism

HOWARD W. COOMBS

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article has been awarded first prize in the Second Division of our recent Prize Competition.*

**T**O THOSE WHO have come into the wider and higher outlook of occult philosophy, life can never again appear the same. They have seen it from a higher level, and lit by a celestial radiance—for veils have been cast from their eyes, and they have been guided upward. Life's tangled thickets and pathways, seen thus illumined from the heights, begin to take on a wonderful order and beauty; life's confused sounds begin to blend into a marvelous harmony. And though one cannot remain on the mount of enlightenment but must descend again into the dust and turmoil of everyday life, the beauty and harmony are not lost, for the sharpened sight and hearing catch them still.

But do they always catch as much as they might? Do we to whom has been granted this great and glorious gift, the knowledge of occultism, do we sufficiently appreciate how blessed we are? Do we feel sufficiently grateful? Do we try hard enough to be worthy of it, to bring its full splendor into our everyday lives? True, we know we must have earned this wonderful reward by our actions in the past or it could not have come to us; we must have developed sufficiently to be ready or we could not have taken advantage of it. But let us try with all earnestness to make the best possible use of it, to grow daily in understanding and power, and to merit the higher rewards and opportunities that await the determined pilgrim on his pathway.

Down on this lowest of planes, the physical, encased and enmeshed in its dense, gross matter, we can obviously grasp but a fraction of the realization, of the vision of truth's beauty, that will be ours in the future. Hindered by the firmly set habits and imperfections of the brain, our progress can be, relatively speaking, but slow at the best. But though these are handi-

caps, from the freer viewpoint of higher planes and future lives they are exactly what we need now. For the power and wisdom of the spirit must be brought into full manifestation on all planes, the lowest as well as the highest, and we develop the strength and mastery that must be ours by striving against the hampering density of physical matter and gradually bringing it into higher responsiveness and subjection to our spiritual forces. And even though the fuller life and vision of higher planes are so much more wonderful than those of the lower, the realization that is within our grasp on this plane is wonderful enough to pass the powers of language for its description, and the blessings that the higher knowledge brings to those who *live* it are beyond all telling.

To the ordinary man or woman life is a mad, chaotic tangle, ruled, or rather misruled, by chance; good and bad fortune, alike undeserved in most cases, are dealt out indiscriminately by a blind or mischievous fate. Human beings are born into all conceivable conditions and circumstances without their choice or consent, neither reason nor justice appearing in the unequal allotments at the start of life. Heredity determines one's original physical and mental make-up; environment, training, and chance the use he makes of it. Believing himself to be without a past before birth, the average man is naturally more or less doubtful about a future after death; and even if such a thing could be demonstrated, what proof is there that wisdom or justice rule in other states of existence, while so evidently without a controlling part in this?

All this is the more tormenting because every man feels in his deepest soul a yearning for order, harmony, and beauty. In his own mind arises a conception of a world ruled by justice, wisdom, and love. He looks for the source and reason of his ideals in his divine parentage, and finds no positive proof that a heavenly Father exists. He turns to the world and is baffled and



oppressed by the apparently hopeless impossibility of reconciling his splendid dream with things as they are. Forced into the belief that his demand for a rational and harmonious explanation of life is vain, that his vision of perfection working through all things for a perfect end is but a deluded imagining, he nevertheless cannot be satisfied to accept this death knell of his highest hopes and aspirations placidly. In his innermost soul he feels that it *ought* to be true that, as Browning sang, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!" But since it plainly is not and cannot be true, he must mourn with Shelley, "Sad storm, whose tears are vain, . . . wail, for the world's wrong!"

He has looked for a parent, for a living guardian of humanity, and found none; man is an unprotected orphan, and the world is a place strewn with graves and with makeshift shelters where pleasure, laughter, dissipation, art, work, love or religion prevail, but which shelters give only temporary and partial protection against the fierce and eternal enmity of wild beasts and elements.

He may dream of a far-off time when man's perfected intellect, virtue, and will shall at last have triumphed over these enemies, but he can not hope to share in the rewards of that glorious age. He would have preferred to remain unborn till then, but he could not choose; time, place, and circumstances of his birth were alike beyond his control. He may dream of a perfected self splendidly winning life's finest prizes of success and soul satisfaction—for nothing less than this is the high ideal glimpsed by all; but he knows that it would take many lifetimes to overcome the imperfections in his nature which stand between him and fullest attainment and happiness. And he sees but one brief span of mortal years before and behind him, filled with obstacles, accidents, mistakes, frustrations, and missed opportunities.

Looking for equity, he sees flagrant injustice everywhere; longing for order, he is surrounded by confusion; yearning for perfection, he finds rank imperfection within and all about him. Of what use is it to "follow the gleam?" It is but a will-o'-the-wisp. He must make the best of

things. But the pain of longings that will not die smolders and burns within him, and a dull sensation that he is living in a nightmare from which no waking is possible clouds his days.

This picture, if somewhat toned down and modified to fit the average case, is a faithful depiction of the state of mind of vast numbers of human beings. These instincts in some form are universal, and their frustration one of the commonest of mental experiences. Many seek refuge in one of the established forms of religion, and sometimes find much peace therein. But the church does not answer their deepest questions, nor satisfy their longings for light on the riddle of life, and its replies to the assaults of materialistic science and comparative mythology are far from being sufficiently clear and forceful to silence the enemy.

Many have turned to spiritualism and found a positive answer to the great question of life that comes nearest to our hearts—"If a man die, shall he live again?" And in the convincing evidence of a brighter world where loving souls separated by death shall rejoin one another, in the wonder of actual present communication with those who have gone before, man finds one of his deepest intuitive desires satisfied. But there are others whom spiritualism as such has no reply for. Let us seek farther—the goal is not yet reached.

Christian Science seeks to solve the dark problem of evil in a world created, as religion and intuition assert, by a perfect God. Unable to reconcile the contradiction, it stakes its all on religion and intuition, and renounces the evidence of the senses and reason. Evil *seems* to exist, but it *cannot* be true—it is "a delusion of mortal mind." This bold attempt to solve, or rather escape, the puzzle of existence by insistent faith in the all-potency of Good has been a powerful agency for health and happiness in the lives of a great many. But cults denounced by Christian Science as heretical obtain similar results, so its claim to unique truth is unsubstantiated. Nor does its philosophy explain for what end countless billions of beings from the dawn of life to the present day have had to suffer throughout their existence under a delusion, for



bad dreams are unpleasant, and pain is painful whether it has any basis in reality or not.

Must we then surrender the sublime vision of Perfect Power, Wisdom, and Love "mightily and sweetly ordering all things?" Like sunrise to a lost traveler comes occultism with its glorious answer; it wakes him from the nightmare of negation and shows him his goal. Darkness and doubt flee before the brilliant light cast by it on the deepest problems of life, and from the very depths of his soul the pilgrim, standing on the heights whither he has been guided by an unseen hand, sends up a hymn of unspeakable joy and gratitude to Him who is "Light of Light." For as the radiance grows and the glorious prospect of revealed truth unfolds before his eyes, he is transported by the splendor of the Plan. He has found an answer to his longings more complete and wondrous than he has ever dared to hope for.

Now he *knows* that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" in a deeper and truer sense than Browning could have dreamed. For what the great poets, prophets, and philosophers of all time have caught inspiring glimpses of is now his in its fullness; the priceless treasure of the supreme knowledge that mighty souls have longed for, suffered for, striven for, and died for through ages of night, of bewilderment, and often of despair is bestowed upon him to the fullest extent of his capacity to receive. And before him he sees rising heights beyond heights where ever fuller and more marvelous knowledge shall become his as he advances. In its dignity, its beauty, its compelling logic, its sublime ideals, its wonderful harmony and completeness, occult philosophy has satisfied the deepest instincts of his being, and his dreams that would not die have come true in surpassing measure and blossomed into an unspeakable fulfillment of beauty.

He finds himself divine, a child of the divine; and the truth that the intuition of Thomas Jefferson proclaimed in the face of reason, "All men are created equal," is understood when the darkness that shrouded the past and future of the individual is dissipated, and long shafts of light reveal a majestic vista of successive lives like steps of a great stairway, stretching both downward and upward from his present position. Souls are of different ages, but all started at the

foot of such a stairway at one time or another, and all will sooner or later reach its tremendous heights, which melt and vanish into Light divine. And throughout that long climb there has never been a moment when a supreme law of perfect justice and absolute beneficence has not governed every life in the gradual unfolding of its divine potentialities, (even as the acorn grows into the mighty oak), through many summer-lives and winter-deaths, "stimulated by the sunshine of joy, expanded by the rain of sorrow," learning through mistakes and failures, rewarded by successes and achievements, enriched and strengthened alike by all experiences.

Tennyson's faltering hope that "not a worm is cloven in vain" is now realized as truth. What Emerson felt we now see, that man "cannot escape from his good," and that a universal and unfailing law of compensation is the means. Nothing can come to us that we have not earned—nothing that we do not need. This is the way that gods are made, for that is the goal set before us: to develop into fullgrown men, "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." (Revised Version). Then returning to Him at last with all the gain of countless ages of growth and experience, masters on all planes of existence, perfected Beings, fulfillments of divine love, we shall enter into the inconceivable bliss of that love, "only after aeons and aeons of time to emerge again with Him, to be the architects and builders of future universes."

And the occultist *knows* beyond the possibility of questioning that this mighty vision is not "too good to be true," but is Truth itself. For from every side comes evidence to corroborate intuition. The findings of science harmonize perfectly with the higher teachings, and the most modern "discoveries" merely reproclaim what those teachings declared years or ages before. Life itself, in events great and small, testifies ever more clearly and convincingly to the divine truths as insight and understanding grow. The undeniable facts uncovered by psychic research and given order and meaning and immensely extended by occultism, assert the actuality of the higher planes, beings, and doctrines in no uncer-

tain tones. And as the student goes on he gradually develops power to experience these transcendent realities at first-hand, and thus attains to knowledge that makes doubt laughable.

In these ways the persistent and universal faith of humanity in the fundamental teachings of religion is finally justified, and the great Teachers are seen as messengers from one Source, bringing Truth to the world always in the form adapted to the needs and capacities of the race and age. The Scriptures of all peoples are illuminated, difficulties are made clear, and "comparative mythology" becomes a bulwark of defense instead of a weapon in the hands of unbelief.

For him who accepts and *lives* the occult philosophy, the whole of life undergoes a remarkable change. Not only does he *know* that "All is Good," but what formerly seemed evil has lost most of its power to hurt, even when it touches him at points that were formerly vulnerable, for he is clad in shining armor, and his awakened

sight perceives the angel behind the dark disguise. He resists not evil, thus abolishing the chief immediate cause of pain; yet his power to overcome is multiplied. The perplexing problems of his own nature and the way to live are cleared up, and he is armed and equipped for life as never before.

He learns the ultimate cause of pain and how to end it. He lays out his course to the goal through the lives that lie ahead, and he sees all living things as his brothers and divine. A new power nerves his muscles. A new incentive fires his heart. A new glory sheds its radiance over his life. The higher beauty of the next world and the still more marvelous centuries of heaven that are to follow shine before and above him—not to distract from the present duty, but to inspire him to fresh achievement and add a higher harmony to his swelling song of joy and love.

This is a partial glimpse of what occultism means to him who lives it. Let us try to live it to the utmost of our power.

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## A Vision

KARL SEALOT

**W**ITH A HEAVY heart and dizzy brain I left my study with its ponderous tomes of philosophy, science, and religion for a stroll into the forest, that silent first temple of God, audibly silent yet sending its spirit hosannas of praise and gratitude upward unto Him who had given it being.

My companion, a dog, faithful, honest, true—I loved him better than I loved some men, yet he was named "a dog"—and an old leather bound volume of the ancient Hebrew seers.

Under a massive oak whose leafy top held converse with the clouds and whose branches reached for a friendly shake with its neighbor, a sweetly perfumed pine, we sat, my dog and I, upon a carpet of moss whose intricacy of pattern kings of the earth might covet for their palace floors, a little group of violets near by, a fringe of wood anemones, a bower of wild roses climbing a rock, a distant field of daisies, a skylark pouring its sweet-throated melodies upon the

winds—we had entered indeed and rested in a little corner of Paradise that had dropped to this earth from somewhere above.

I opened the book to read, and as these words stood before my eyes, seemingly in flaming letters, "I will pour out my spirit; your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams," my soul lifted in supplication that I too might see.

To my ears there came a strain of music, a celestial harmony, and a brightness of light beyond that of the day. My spirit soared above the clouds, and I heard a voice speak: "Thine eyes are opened, thine ears unstopped; behold and understand the bounties of God and the condition of the hearts of men, and to thee shall be given unto seven times thy desires."

As I looked, I saw a great scroll unrolled and upon it written in letters of pure gold: "Behold I have created all things, and ordained that

they work together for good to all them that love God."

Fountains of tears flooded my cheeks, and I fell upon my face to the ground.

"Great God," I cried, "I have loved Thee yet much evil has befallen me; how can these things be?"

A spirit form stooped and lifted me to my feet, strengthened me, and bade me look upon the earth; and as I looked, every act, every thought, every motive, and every imagining of man became to me transparent as clear glass, and nothing was hidden from me.

I saw the nations of the earth and their rulers and councillors, small and great. I saw, that whereas kings were primarily the visible embodiment of righteousness, justice, and equity, and their high office given to them that their people might be happy and blessed, still selfishness, covetousness, greed, and corruption had entered even as a vile disease, dragging potentates and people to an untimely grave of their own digging.

Upon the tombstones of the kings were written their glories in righteousness and their shame in sin.

Again I was bidden to look, and upon the tops of a thousand hills I saw the spires of houses of worship lifting toward the heavens. I saw the altars of the untaught savage reeking with the blood of his sacrificial victims; I saw men bowing down to inanimate images of wood and stone, graven with men's hands, in humble supplication; I saw again others in self-torture and penance seeking "*something*."

I then looked into the hearts of all, and behold they were all alike, seeking comfort for their inner being from a "*something*" hidden in materialistic *creed, altar, and image*. But the *name* was written in only a few, and strange it appeared to me, for the larger portion of those few were the primitive, untaught humans, while among the cultured, the great, and the mighty I saw written in ugly scrawl the word "*self*" upon every motive and thought, in spite of all the grandeur of their edifices and their imposing ceremonialisms.

Again bidden to look, I saw the halls of learning with their throngs of youths absorbing the "wisdom of the times."

I listened to their philosophies of life, of

death, diverse as chaos, and to their instruction to the youths to overcome by brawn and intellect their fellows, and to occupy the heights of "*self*." Business, pleasure, politics, social life, in all "*self*" was predominant.

The spirit next took me into the great press rooms of the earth where policies of local, national, and international affairs were incipiently moulded, seeds of thought and character and public morals were implanted upon the printed page and then circulated.

Behind that printed page I saw the pandering to those who could advance and elevate the "*self*," while articles for the good of the race were relegated to obscure places in small type. Murder, crime, and sensation occupied the headlines, while righteousness was occasionally mentioned to appease the "god of respectability."

From the peak of a high mountain my guide next bade me look, and I saw the prisons, the asylums, the hospitals, almshouses, and suicides' graves—the awful ending of the awful mistake of man—"self."

Thunder and a quake shook the mountain to its foundations, then a small still voice spoke: "Seek first the good of thy fellow man and all shall be added unto thee. Until seven times shall be given thee thy desires."

Great fear and trembling came upon me, until with many words of comfort and encouragement from my guide I made petition of the desire now burning within my innermost self:

"May the vision of this day, I pray, be indelibly impressed upon my memory; may it engender within me that love toward God and fellows that they be more to me than self; may it be granted unto me that power be given and means of expression through tongue and pen to spread the knowledge of these great truths.

"Let there be added, I pray, a faculty for convincing that these truths may bear fruit to the glory of God's name; in opposition lend me courage and strength; and may the grace of humility clothe my soul."

I saw my prayer rise as smoke from an altar of incense until it disappeared from view.

A deep sleep seemed to fall upon me, from which I awoke to find the sun setting behind the distant hill, while the giant oak cast its shadows into the valley beyond.

## Noah and His Wonderful Ark

MANLY P. HALL

**E**VERY PASSAGE in the Bible has many interpretations, for the book was written as the key to all things and not merely as the explanation of a single mystery. Therefore when we study that part of it which takes up the story of Noah's Ark, we are dealing with a twelvefold allegory. Many of its mysteries are as yet unknown to even the most advanced students, and it can never be understood in its fullness until man's mind reaches cosmic proportions. The Bible is a sealed book, and it will remain sealed until man himself by the purification of his bodies and the balancing of his mind has given the sword of his spirit the power to cut the Gordian Knot, and which the lay brother must spend years and perhaps lives in trying to untie.

True occult work is not secret; no one is forbidden to study and master the laws of Nature. But until we have prepared ourselves by service and altruism, we are unable to comprehend the grandeur, purity, and justice of the Universal Plan. The reason that the Bible is a sealed book is that the student can see nothing in the world without or in the Sacred Books unless he has evolved eyes within himself with which to see and appreciate it. Ingersoll was perfectly correct when he said, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." For while God is unchanged by our concepts of Him, still to us He is limited by our own ideals, and the mysteries in His sacred books are veiled from the eyes of him who looks only with the physical sense.

Now let us turn to the Book of Genesis which contains the story of the Ark and the Flood and read the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters. If the student will read these before he goes on with this article, it may make some of the points clearer.

First, let us consider the Flood. In every religion of the world we find reference to this, and all agree approximately as to the time when it occurred. The student of comparative religions will of course remember the great flood that sank the last of the continent of Atlantis about

nine thousands years B. C. All earlier floods covered only a part of the earth, and the searcher is forced to look elsewhere for the Great Flood or Oblivion that is spoken of in the Bible. We find that the ancient word used for flood does not mean water necessarily but rather oblivion.

One of the great laws of Nature is that of periodicity—in other words, the law of action and repose. We know that it is necessary for man to go to sleep every night to make up for his great expenditure of energy during the daytime. We know that every giving forth must be balanced by a taking in. It is the same with the universe as it is with man. There comes a time when the world must rest after each great day of manifestation. This is called the Night of the Gods. At this time all of the planets and suns return into the universal All. We can see this process taking place in the great nebulae in the sky. It is then that God, the creator, ceases to manifest for a certain length of time before again sending out globes on which the development of man may proceed. It is then that Noah, representing the God of our solar system, and his three sons, who represent the threefold trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, float over Oblivion, carrying with them the germs of all created things which have been drawn back into the Infinite.

When the worlds are sent out again, these beings are drawn to the globes to whose rate of vibration they are attuned. The process is the same as that used by the Ego, which contains within it the seed atoms of the lower bodies. The Ego and the spiritual substance with which it is clothed constitute the Ark; the three sons of Noah are the seed atoms of the lower bodies, and their wives are the negative poles of these atoms. Noah is the mind. The Ark with the seed atoms floats in mind stuff before the descent of the atoms again into matter through rebirth. In Masonic stories there is mentioned a cable tow that connects the Ark with the earth. This the student knows to be the silver cord, which connects the spirit and the body.

We know that spirit cannot die. The animals which are driven into the Ark represent the life of all the kingdoms that is withdrawn into God and remains there until planes of consciousness are evolved for it to manifest upon.

Then again the story of the Ark is the story of the Ego building the bodies which when completed will give him consciousness on all planes of nature. The three sons of Noah are the three lower bodies. In order for man to function on any plane of nature he must have a body attuned to that plane. The loss of consciousness means that the vehicle which attunes the spirit to that plane has been withdrawn. When the three lower bodies have been built, the Ego always has a vehicle of expression and never loses consciousness on any plane of nature.

The animals in the Ark thus represent the various powers in man that are carried with him from life to life in the living ark of his own being. The one window in the Ark represents the spiritual eye through which the higher man watches the bodies below him.

When the world (the bodies) again comes into being, the Ark comes to rest on the top of Mt. Ararat. This is the head of man, or the high place in the body. There in the frontal sinus the Ego takes its place, and the forces coming down from it again people the body.

When the dove, the messenger, brings the sprig of acacia back to the higher man, then he knows that the lower bodies have come to life again, and that it will be possible to come down from the Ark and labor with them. It shows that the higher ideals and the transmuted animal forces can again go to all parts of the earth and proceed with their work.

The first thing that Noah did when he left the Ark was to build an altar unto the Lord, and upon this altar he built a fire, and upon this altar he made sacrifices to God. Each of us who would follow in his footsteps must do the same. The altar that he built to God was his own purified body, and before it he and all of his children bowed. The fire upon the altar was the spirit fire within himself which he had kindled by his own actions and thoughts. The sacrifice that he made upon that altar was that of the lower passions and emotions of his life.

Then the rainbow appeared in the sky, and the promise was made by the Almighty to Noah that as long as that bow remained there would never be another flood. This is a wonderful allegory, especially when we remember that the rainbow is made of the three primary colors: the blue of the spirit, the yellow of the mind, and the red of the body. These are the colors of the trinity in man: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

As long as these three principles are balanced in man, forming in their combinations all the other colors, there will never be another Oblivion. While the heart, the mind, and the body are united all is well. But if even one of those colors disappears, darkness falls over the Ego in whose temple that mistake is made. The threefold path that leads to God is one. If you love with all your being and allow your mind or body to go unused, you are taking your rainbow from the sky. If you know all things and have not love, you have gained nothing. If you have both knowledge and love and yet the action of daily working with the hands and body is neglected, there is nothing gained.

In this rainbow we see the threefold silver cord, and when it is broken the body is dead. Death is the result of crystallization, when the body becomes too heavy to be carried by the spirit. Then it is discarded and another taken. It is the same with the thoughts and emotions. They must be high and ethereal, yet ever practical. If they are not, the rainbow is broken and the oblivion of discord and uncertainty surrounds the Ego and makes the path of life much harder than it would otherwise be.

Analogy is the key that unlocks many secrets. In worlds and individuals Nature works in the same way. As it is with the smallest, so it is with the greatest. If we want to be the ones to rise above the flood of oblivion and in the ark of our own souls float over chaos, it will be necessary for us to build this ark as nature builds the great cosmic ark, namely, by the lifting of consciousness and the perfecting of ever higher vehicles of expression. This is done by daily living the life of service, thoughtfulness and love, each in an equal measure, and always with the one ideal of keeping alight the altar fire of God.

# Elementary Psychology

## Illustrated by a Series of Theorems

CLARENCE H. FOSTER

(Continued from November)

5. This entire universe is but the expression of an idea, composed of ideas.

6. The laws which govern the expression or manifestation of an idea, or a Center of Ideation, are identically the same whether it manifests on the mineral plane, vegetable plane, gross animal plane, or through human mentality in human action. These principles are fixed, changeless, and immutable. They apply exactly the same for the expression of "good" ideas as for "bad." We live and act and reap our harvest in conformity with these exact laws and principles, whether we know it or not.

7. The possession of certain types of ideas brings certain results and harvests. Please note the word "possession." If the ideas are within you seeking expression, you reap the harvest from them, directly or disguised, whether you express them or not.

8. All creation is divine in that all is the manifestation of the creator. True, the exoteric student must picture a deity of human form and appearance. If such a one reads these lines, let him cast them aside as chaff for the field mouse; for he could not understand it when it is said that creation is the creator.

9. High explosive may be used for purposes of great aid to man, or it may be a great curse, entirely dependent upon the idea with which used.

10. The laws applying to human life may be employed for great blessing to all, or the same identical principles may be used for great harm—entirely dependent upon the idea with which used.

11. If one knew these laws and principles, he could employ them exactly as well without using a name representing an external, personalized deity, as he could by including it. This does not belittle deity, but recognizes a more sublime Creative Principle than the human picture of a "Man" in our physical form. It recognizes a Creation of mathematical perfection.

12. Elementary Psychology teaches of laws and principles. Some must be taught from a re-

ligious ground, others from a material ground. It matters not which cloak is used, for both serve the same end and purpose.

### *The Wheat and the Chaff*

If you were traveling to a distant city, there would probably be several different routes which you could follow, all of which would lead you to the same ultimate point.

And even so is it true in the personal "Way of Unfoldment."

It is not necessary that all follow the same road in thought, study, and unfoldment to reach one common consciousness and vision. Particularly is this true in the elementary and intermediate stages. One may learn from one "school," another may receive guidance from a directly opposite line of thought; and neither has the slightest need for the other's teachings. Both in time may pass on and come together on one common ground.

Throughout all times there have been two classes of teachings, commonly spoken of as exoteric and esoteric. No teacher of the race has ever given to the mass his deepest knowledge and understanding. Even if he had done so, the masses would not have accepted them, for they could not have understood. Any "mass" teaching or philosophy is necessarily exoteric.

The more nearly travelers approach the esoteric or deeper knowledge, the more do they merge into one common understanding.

But each at some time must have passed through some of the exoteric beliefs. It matters not which type or kind. Nor is it necessary that any person even understand the nature of other exoteric schools than the one in which he is interested. Some are served best in one way, others in another.

Therefore, remember always that that which is suitable for you may not be for your neighbor, and that your neighbor needs his creed even though it may appear ridiculous to you.

As you read and study or listen to the words of another, remember that only a small portion of the entire lesson may be for you. Other portions may be exactly what your neighbor needs.

He is right, and you are right. Your wheat is his chaff, and your chaff is his wheat.

It is useless to argue over what seems chaff to you. What does it matter? If anon you find a bit of value to you, take it, digest it, and pass the rest.

You need make no slightest effort to separate your grain from the chaff, nor to study and ponder over something which is not clear to you. You can skim over the pages of a book and derive all that it contains for you at the time as far as the lessons of life are concerned. A year later the same book might reveal far greater meanings to you. In this connection you will observe that you never derive your greatest benefit from any lesson until months or even years have passed. True unfoldment like all growth in nature is steady and gradual.

When you read and think and listen, find your own, find that which is for you, and simply pass the rest without concern.

Find your own; it comes to you naturally. And realize that your food may not suit another. Somewhere in the chaff you cast aside others will find their food.

It scarcely behooves any of us, regardless of our self-seen knowledge, to broadly proclaim that anything is unworthy the attention of others. If it is indeed unworthy, it will die a natural death.

Find the wee grain of wheat, and let the chaff blow by; a field mouse may find nourishment in it.

#### *Point Six*

1. Life is not and cannot be made up of an unbroken series of new realizations and lessons gleaned on the way of unfoldment. For every new lesson or realization grasped a great deal of "fill-in" time must elapse which is apparently of no value whatever. In this "fill-in" time one feels that he is learning nothing new and is making no progress.

2. There is not much that one can do to lessen or eliminate this "fill in" time. One cannot force growth and unfoldment to come at a speed greater than its natural rate. Study alone cannot do it, for you may read and study endlessly, yet only truly grasp it all by degrees.

3. Further, it is not possible for us to easily

and readily learn from cold, bare statements and facts. Like children we learn best of nature's laws through analogy and illustration, with later application to the experiences of our own inner life.

4. In all teachings, in all learning, a great deal of time is devoted to "fill-in," and a great deal is devoted to illustration.

5. The "fill-in" is necessary in order that the lessons may not come too rapidly, for it is possible for unfoldment to come at a dangerous rate. The illustrations are to make plain truths more clear to us.

6. Then, too, in many teachings much space is given to suitable veilings and parables, the true lesson or lessons being deeply cloaked in allegory and symbolism. This has always been true of the deepest esoteric truths, and is necessary in order that they may be meaningless to the one not yet ready, yet simple enough to him who can read.

7. It is not possible to say that anything contains *only* certain vital points and lessons. For even a statement of the most simple principle will bring many different messages to those who hear. The further one goes, the more true this becomes. One may read the same identical sentence at various times over a period of years, and find an entirely different and deeper meaning each successive time.

8. Yet it is always possible to analyze any teaching and lift out into isolation the simple basic facts which that teaching gives. If stripped of all illustration and argument, the prime points which any large volume of instruction gives could usually be printed upon *one* page of the book.

9. The broad class of teachings here called "Elementary Psychology" can be stripped of argument, illustration, and "fill-in," and will be found to contain three major truths.

10. That we in our active, conscious, "thinking" mind are aware of but a very small portion of our total mental activity. That there exists beneath the surface of consciousness a greater deeper thinking self, which has been termed by some, "Subconscious Mind." Since any person who may read these lines will have



already passed beyond this stage of understanding, we will not pause here for long.

11. It teaches in an abstract way of generalities that the composite "Ideas" existent in the Subconscious Mind make up the true personality, deeper and more powerful than our conscious self. It teaches that outer circumstances are but the reflection of the ideas in the Subconscious Mind. While it is absolutely true that the Subconscious attracts all outer experiences, yet there are many half-truths and even untruths in common teaching, which latter fails to take into account the duplex or dual attraction of all ideas, reaping in many cases the exact opposite of the idea. Suffice it now to say that the Subconscious rules the body and the outer circumstances of the life.

12. Elementary Psychology teaches of a way, whereby the Subconscious may be altered. It teaches the Law of Suggestion, which is very simple. For one learns that he has but to implant *new* ideas in the Subconscious, which will then bring forth their fruit, or which will replace older negative ideas already existent in the Subconscious.

#### *Progression and Regression*

In all phases of nature you may come to observe the progression of opposites following upon opposites, endlessly and eternally. The ever shifting panoramic scene is but an unending series of shuttling, alternating opposites.

And as it is certain that one side of each of the pair of opposites will manifest, so is it also certain that the other side must follow in turn.

You observe in the opposites the positives and the negatives, the night and the day, the winter and the summer, the rise and the fall, action and reaction, reception and expression, movement and inertia. And you observe that the smaller cycles of alternative opposites are contained in larger cycles, repeating endlessly.

There are many ways in which an observance of these facts may be helpful to you.

For you come to realize that the intensity of the departure from the neutral point between the pairs of opposites is compensated for or equalled on the *other* side of the neutral point.

The greatest lesson which life has to offer us is that we should attain as far as possible a neutral frame of mind, neither elated nor depressed by the passing events, and that the more

nearly we find and follow the "middle of the road," the more continuously do we reap peace, plenty, and harmony.

For it is a truth that for every shade of *emotional* joy, conceit, etc., over passing events, at some time we must experience an exactly compensating shade of emotional pain. There is absolutely no way to evade or circumvent this automatic compensation in nature. It profits one to reflect upon this.

One also finds peace in connection with material and temporal progress by studying the path of growth in every phase of nature. The botanists tell us that in all vegetable life growth is made up of an endless series of cycles of progression, or expansion and growth, followed by regression or shrinking back.

The same holds true in all growth, and in your own progress in life in all ways. The era of progress is always slightly greater than the era of regression.

In all growth there is unending rise and fall, or gain and loss, and the advance is always slightly greater than the decline. As you look back over your own life, you can readily observe wherein you have made progress, and other periods when you seemed to have lost all that you had gained before. Yet you have always gained in some way more than you have lost.

Again and again this will repeat in every phase of your life. In the times of decline and loss you may despair. Yet in time you come to observe that the cycle turns again, and once more you find the way of progress, more beautiful and expressive than before.

Remember always, when you feel that you have lost, that throughout all nature inertia is followed by action, and regression is followed by renewed and greater progress. Then you will rest in quiet peace in the hours you spend crossing the valley or idly waiting, for you know that if you but work and wait, the cycle will turn and again you will find your feet upon the open road, unhampered—better fitted by your time of rest and the lessons you have learned.

And, too, you must learn anew that even as you have *received* your lessons, so must you fulfill the laws of opposites and give, express, and pass them on again.

Steadily, unmindful of apparent loss and gain.

*(To be continued)*



# Question Department

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## Paying Debts Under the Law of Consequence

### QUESTION:

Certain branches of occult philosophy teach the Law of Consequence, and that there is no possible escape from it. One must pay for every evil thought and act. Is it possible for the Ego to dissolve its load of debt to the Law?

### ANSWER:

We are taught in the Bible that Christ made possible the remission of sin; that by His crucifixion He cleansed the world of sin. To the extent that we avail ourselves of the privilege which Christ thus created for us, the Law of Consequence is superseded, and we are furnished a means of dissolving our load of debt to the Law. This requires repentance, reform, and restitution to others for wrongs done them. When restitution to the wronged person is not possible on account of his having passed out of our environment, the equivalent of it may be rendered to others in the form of help which they may need, and thus the debt to the Law be satisfied. However, restitution which is not made in some form in this life will carry over to a future life. Repentance and reform will clear the seed atom of its record of wrong action, and thus avoid the necessity of suffering in purgatory. Nature never aims to "get even" with us for wrongdoing, but merely desires to bring us into the path of right doing in order that we may co-operate with her and proceed in our evolution.

When a little child in school has learned one lesson it doesn't mean that he has learned all there is to know in the entire course. We are little children in the great school of life, trying to learn the lessons of mastery over our vehicles, the tools of the spirit, for unless we gain full mastery we shall never be able to so manipulate them as to gain the ultimate goal of evolution, that of creating on all planes. Each time we pay a debt of destiny we are learning a lesson

in the school of life which in a past class or life we did not quite understand, and which was not sufficiently impressed upon us in purgatory.

When we pay a debt of destiny we learn the corresponding lesson, no matter if it is only patient persistence in controlling our tempers. We are then ready to begin other lessons for mastery and learn more things. As we progress we find there are more and more lessons to learn in our present phase of existence, that we have not yet even barely touched upon, which will cause us much effort, and which represent the destiny still awaiting us. Therefore the occultist logically concludes that the destiny due us is the result of our past actions, and the things we do or fail to do are the causes for further effects in the future.

The Law of Consequence is not a thing to fear and dread. Would you fear and dread the privilege of going another day to school to learn needed lessons which you had not yet mastered? How much comfort and help an understanding of the laws of the universe gives to the thinking mind and the aspiring heart! And the more we learn, the more we realize how little we really have learned in the great College of the Universe, even as the child in grammar school realizes its comparative ignorance, and that it has years of further schooling ahead before it can stand as a finished product of education.

Purification is the process by which we may bring about the superseding of the Law of Consequence. In the 24th Psalm we read:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

"He shall receive the blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

This excludes all favoritism. Learn your lessons patiently, whether hard or easy, which come to you through the Law of Consequence, and which awaken the heart and mind to the need of balanced expression. Thus will you be freeing yourself from future ill effects, and will be laying up treasure in heaven. Patient persistence in right expression in thought, word, and deed will bring this result.

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#### WHY WE DO NOT READ HOROSCOPES QUESTION:

Why does the Rosicrucian Fellowship refuse to read horoscopes for people when it teaches astrology by correspondence, gives readings for children in the magazine, and also uses it in connection with healing?

#### ANSWER:

Requests for horoscopes are continually coming in. We would indeed like to give our friends what they ask of us. Yet there are principles involved which frequently make this impossible.

What is the object of astrology? It is to help humanity. First, there are those who require our help because of physical ailments, and in such cases we read their horoscopes, find thus the cause of their trouble, and act accordingly. Then there are the children, too young to study this science themselves, who may be trained in helpful habits during their period of growth. For them we give delineations each month in the "*Rays from the Rose Cross*" magazine. We also give vocational readings in the magazine for young people under twenty-five, to help them decide on their life work.

However, we are pre-eminently a school of philosophy and astrology, and our refusal to read horoscopes is the result of the stand we take for the positive path of development as compared with the negative. This is the virtue of withholding that by so doing we make toilers of our students instead of leaners. To read horoscopes for other people is to take from them the incentive to study astrology for themselves. Nothing of value can be gained without some effort, and the great value which a knowledge of astrology gives us requires much effort for its attainment. The positive method of development aims to teach others to so live and learn that they may

become conscious channels for our Father's work on this and other planes. Thus we gladly offer each applicant the opportunity to learn astrology. The readings in the "*Rays from the Rose Cross*" are published largely for the sake of teaching earnest students how to delineate a chart, so that they may become more efficient in helping others.

"In God we live and move and have our being." If we wish to become true disciples of the Christ, we must leave all self behind us and follow Him. We will then cease striving to discover just exactly what the future holds in store for us. If we live in faith and love and perform our daily duties well, the inner voice will soon become so insistent in guiding us in every step of life that we will no longer need astrologers, fortune tellers, palmists, phrenologists or any other types of prognosticator to guide us aright upon the path. We will know beyond a doubt the true solution to the problems confronting us. As helping others casts a powerful light upon the straight and narrow path of progress, and as astrology is one of the means by which we can help others, it behooves every one of us to learn this science.

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#### ARCHETYPES

#### QUESTION:

Will you please tell me what an archetype is?

#### ANSWER:

An archetype is the mold or matrix of any form creation. All archetypes are of concrete thought substance, and as thought precipitates manifestation on the lower planes, the archetypes become the live motive forces of this manifestation.

Max Heindel writes, on page 50 of the "*Cosmo-Conception*":

"They are not merely likenesses nor models of the forms we see about us, but are *creative* archetypes; that is, they fashion the forms of the physical world in their own likeness or likenesses, for often many work together to form one certain species, each archetype giving part of itself to build the required form."

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Blessed is he who is such a friend to humanity that he seeth good in every man, for his own spirit shall be constantly enriched by the Christ  
—Selected



# The Astral Ray

## The Rosicrucian Conception of Astrology

Astrology is a phase of the Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and must not be confused with fortune telling. As the tides are measured by the motion of sun and moon so also are the eventualities of existence measured by the circling stars, which may therefore be called the "Clock of Destiny." A knowledge of their import is an immense power, for to the competent astrologer a horoscope reveals every secret of life.

The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that *a child is born at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary for its experience and advancement in the school of life.*

To the medical man astrology is invaluable in diagnosing disease and prescribing a remedy, for it reveals the hidden cause of all ailments.

If you are a parent the horoscope will aid you in detecting the evil latent in your child and teach you how to apply the ounce of prevention. It will show you the good points also, that you may make a better man or woman of the soul entrusted to your care.

Therefore, the message of the marching orbs is so important that you cannot afford to remain ignorant thereof.

## The Story of a Horoscope

ELEANOR JENNINGS

**T**HE PATH LED down toward the valley, winding steadily from far blue hills that whispered of beauty and hinted of peace. Along the path a tall, grave man walked steadily, pausing as the path dipped around the shoulder of a hill, to look back wistfully—and the far blue shadows beckoned yet waved farwell.

He came all too soon to the entrance of a vast hall, and becoming one of the throng surging within the great arch, found himself handing the scroll of parchment he carried to the attendant Angels near the door. Their task, apparently, was to examine all the scrolls and to direct the seekers accordingly. The man stood waiting, his gravity unchanged. He looked down the hall and saw wide bands of varying color that seemed to lie across the room, and saw the people seeking these with eagerness. Far down the hall the light was dull—if light can be dull—brown, and red of murky hue, and under its wide expanse he saw the heavy bodies, the coarse faces

that bespoke a struggle up from the earth, a struggle just begun.

A little nearer the color changed to a clear red; the plumes of warriors waved under its ray—the eagerness of courage that reckoned only the end to be gained and counted not at all the cost. He remembered suddenly the rush of his horse's feet, the thunder of flying hoofs behind him, the reckless dash forward to catch his captain swaying from a maddened horse, his adored leader wounded unto death. He remembered carrying the limp body across his saddle and shouting to the man *to follow, to follow*; the high exaltation shook him again in memory.

Then still nearer he saw the vital ray of orange: the eager busy group; the ambitious, hurrying throng that welded into ambition the red courage of the warrior and the yellow light of reason; the proud men who gained the heights with the deep gold of thought combined with daring. In the clear, pale yellow light he saw the

students, those whom the earth and its ambitions fail to satisfy, searching the world of intellect for the answer to the eternal question asked by the soul. Nearer still in the clear, lambent green he saw the host of those who serve; the doctors, who know little rest; the nurses, the mothers, the teachers; the gentle gardeners, who love the plant children; the quiet men who serve and train the animals; the host of those who forget self in the definite purpose to make life easier and better by the part they have played in it.

Then the blue—*ah, the blue!* clear, alive, glowing—a glory beyond the telling. The smaller group under its radiance stood with rapt faces, seeing beyond them the vision of new worship and new messages to be carried. Suddenly he found himself under the radiance that was rose and violet and blue, blending in a glory that lived and glowed, now clear violet-blue, now rose, now the soft purple-violet, and an ecstasy swept through him as if he shared the living glory of that vibrant light. He moved almost unconsciously toward a great door that he had not noticed before; upon its lintel was carved in bold letters the one word “FORGET.” He stepped across the threshold, and the great door swung softly shut behind him.

It was a twelve-sided room; through its windows streamed wonderful colors that blended into a radiant clear light. The man, now a little frightened child, stood just inside the door, and saw before him a group of strange beings, human in semblance, yet with a beauty far beyond anything human.

A beautiful woman was in the center of the room, her soft robes of pale clear blue girdled with faint yellow bands. Her face, gentle and lovely, seemed to the little child the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Near her was a tall eager lad, a man but yet a youth, his face alert with quick thought, his waving brown hair caught under a close cap which held above each ear a stiff little wing. A tiny wing was strapped to each slender ankle, and in his hand he held a staff that terrified the child boy, for twin serpents coiled about it yet seemed not to harm him who held it.

Mercury was speaking.

“Yes, Venus, I am to have in my house of Gemini both his Sun and the Dragon’s Tail; and

in my house of Virgo the wonderful Uranus will stand. That is my part in his new life. I am to stand in the moon’s sign of Cancer near Mid-heaven.

Venus spoke musingly:

“I give him his body under my Libra sign, and the Moon is to ascend close to Libra 21 where my brother Saturn is exalted in power, but—” Here a pale woman in robes of green that shown now like emeralds and now like the silver green of pale new leaves, came close to Venus. A gleaming crescent of silver crowned her fair head. “Oh Venus,” she said timidly, “I am so close to Saturn’s degree, he clouds me so, he makes me so sad. Please, can’t I move farther away?”

But Venus smiled.

“Dear Lady Moon,” she said, “you can build so beautiful a body in Libra 18 with Libra 17 rising, and Spica, my lovely star, will help you to be cheerful; won’t you just try?”

Here Mercury spoke again:

“The radiant Sun is to be in 17 of Gemini; that will be your term, Venus, and trine the Moon and ascendant will help.”

Just then a laugh rang out derisively. A tall, powerful man with flaming red hair in a great halo about his head pushed forward. His grey eyes swept them disdainfully; his power and strength made Mercury look more than ever like a lad. Venus drew away, gently but decidedly. “The last time he lived,” and Mars laughed, “you and I stood together, little sister, and once again it is my task to test his strength to see if he is to be my child next time or yours and Mercury’s. That is still a matter to be decided. Do you realize that this time I am in my own sign of Aries? I am right across the chart, Lady Moon, from your fair self. It is my task to give him ambition, for I am sextile the Sun and in the Sun’s exaltation degree of 19. I shall give him weak eyes and a bad temper and rash impulses; I shall be busy, busy!” And Mars laughed again.

Venus listened, silent, almost aghast. Mars in the seventh house in Aries—it meant trouble. Venus saw the future and looked at the little boy, a swift rush of tenderness flooding her gentle face. As she thought, intent to moderate this strain if she could, a tall, grave figure in

gray came forward. When he lifted his face, Venus held out her hands to him with a little sob of relief. "Oh Saturn, help me!" she said, and she clung to his steady hands trustfully, speaking with eager pleading. "He's done so well, Saturn, we must somehow help him—this time," and she looked wistfully into the grave face.

Saturn's dark eyes lighted with a tenderness strange to see, for it is hard to be the one who must punish, who must restrain and hurt and deny—till man has learned his lesson and perceives that it is really not malice but love, trying to shield him and teach him. Saturn is kind to those who know him as he really is.

Venus suddenly smiled.

"Oh Saturn, come into my sign of Taurus, close to me," for Venus knew that Love need not fear Death. "Close to me, Saturn, in my own term of that sign. We'll make a sextile to Mercury—he's up in the ninth house with the Sun—and we'll be trine to Uranus over in the eleventh to give him friends and unexpected good fortune. Uranus will be in my degree of Virgo," and Venus paused, happy in the plan she was making to help the bewildered little boy.

"Have you forgotten me, Venus?" a friendly voice asked, and in his robes of violet Jupiter stood, smiling at her. "I am to be in your Taurus sign, close enough to be a help. I'm to be in the 13th degree."

"Oh *what* a help!" said Venus, smiling through her perplexity. And as she was visioning this new support, hoary old Father Neptune came forward in his shimmering robes of pale sea green and said to her gravely: "Little daughter, I too am to stand in your sign of Taurus; it is hard to say whether I shall help or hinder. If you and Mercury are steadfast, I will do all that I can to reach his spirit and to help you."

Uranus, bowing before her in his robe of glittering silver and azure that seemed alive in its wonderful radiance, "I will do all that I can to help you. With Saturn as a friend I think we shall manage," and his smile was inspiring as he took his place. Uranus has boundless enthusiasm and the courage that rises to meet the most forbidding obstacles.

Mars laughed, a big scornful laugh. "I don't know what you want him to be; your ideas and

mine don't agree at all. I can't bear the water, and I hate the vibrations that Uranus throws at me. The Sun and I shall manage. He's sextile to me. The Moon I can rule; she's a poor weak body given to impulse, and I'm impulse itself, so we shall see. Lady Moon, I bow to you across the horoscope. Lady Venus, you will have trouble in your Taurus house in spite of Saturn to help; so here we go, fair field and no favor, eh?" and Mars grinned at the little boy.

Venus stooped and took him in her arms. "My little son, for this earth journey it's not going to be easy, but listen: Mercury will be your friend; you will have Uranus and Neptune to help him, also Jupiter, Saturn, and myself. Be ours, little boy, *try* to be ours," and Venus kissed him tenderly on the right cheek.

This is not a fanciful tale. It is a true story. The dimple where Venus kissed her boy plays in his cheek as he smiles. She gives him friends and the magnetic quality of being a friend, also grace and beauty of body, yet the melancholy of her brother Saturn shadows his spirit, and Mars makes him quick of speech and temper, sarcastic and ironical.

He gains great victories against overwhelming odds, and throws the fruits away. When he smiles, a flash of blue Uranian fire lights the deep violet grey of his eyes—clear, beautiful eyes under a wide brow. In the material way he has responded to all that the stars offer to him. Mentally he has clear, logical thought, a profundity of analysis, a power of decision that is not often found. But so far the pull of Mars has been strong. The progressed ascendant is now in Scorpio, bringing out the polarity of the four planets in Taurus; so he is responding to the Mars influences of Scorpio in the headstrong way he uses his life, and he backs up this force with the stubbornness of Taurus. He laughs at me and my stars, but sometimes he asks what they have to say for him. So I hope that Mercury up there in Midheaven may not wait in vain to tell him—so loyally supported by the big five: Neptune, Uranus, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus.

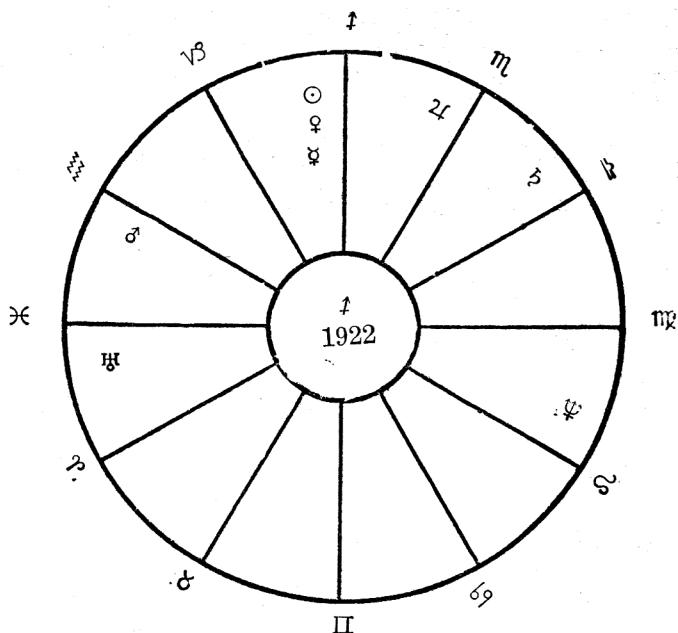
A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

—*Selected.*

## The Children of Sagittarius, 1922

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

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign in which the Sun is at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign in which they are during that month. This will give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's 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 Sagittarius are of an ambitious, frank, open, and trusting nature. Sagittarius is a double-bodied sign, representing two natures. Its symbol is that of a Centaur, which is symbolical of the natures of these people. The higher and advanced type is of a philosophical nature, whose ideals are high. The upper half of the Centaur is the man with the bow and arrow pointing to the clouds. The Sagittarian has his ideals very high; he can see only the good; he trusts all; he never sees evil in anyone. But should he be betrayed or his faith shattered in the ones he loves or in humanity in general, he is apt to fall into the greatest dejection. Sometimes he will permit himself to be dragged down to the level represented by the lower half, the horse, and the beastly nature may then lead him into doing things that his higher nature would ordinarily never permit.

The children born this year while the Sun is passing through Sagittarius will be of an intellectual type, for we find Venus and Mercury in this sign and Mars and Saturn in mundane sextile. Mars in Aquarius will give mental energy and mechanical ability. Saturn in Libra, in its exaltation sign where it expresses its best

qualities, will give balance to the idealism of these children. Venus, however, will be in the martial sign of Scorpio after the 29th of November, but being retrograde this planet will not have the same strength as if it were direct.

The opulent and charitable planet Jupiter will be in the fixed sign of Scorpio throughout the month and in close sextile to Uranus, which is in the sign of Pisces. This will give these children a natural aptitude and desire for the study of advanced or esoteric religion.

### CORRESPONDENCE COURSES IN ASTROLOGY

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion. We teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but will use it to help and heal suffering humanity.

We conduct two correspondence courses in astrology, the Junior and the Senior.

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge may be admitted to instruction in either of these courses.

If you are interested, address,

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

## 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.

LILLIAN NADENE B.

Born January 11, 1910.

8:15 P. M.

Lat. 37 N., Long. 94 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Taurus 23; 11th house, Gemini 27; 12th house, Cancer 29; Ascendant, Leo 27-49; 2nd house, Virgo 22; 3rd house, Libra 20.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Jupiter 14-02 Libra; Sun 21-01 Capricorn; Uranus 21-08 Capricorn; Moon 28-32 Capricorn; Mercury 9-55 Aquarius; Venus 28-45 Aquarius; Saturn 16-51 Aries; Mars 23-50 Aries; Neptune 17-53, retrograde, Cancer.

This young girl has the fixed and fiery sign of Leo on the Ascendant, with the four fixed signs on the angles and with seven planets in cardinal signs. This is conducive to great energy and persistence. Leo people are full of force and fire. The ruler, the Sun, is in the Saturnian sign of Capricorn, which gives persistence, square to the most forceful planet in the horoscope, the dynamic Mars, which is in the 9th house and in its own impulsive sign of Aries. The Sun is also in conjunction with the vacillating Moon and the impulsive planet Uranus. This girl is a perfect dynamo of energy and impulse, but is very apt to act rashly and without forethought. She will want her own way in everything, and should she be crossed or restricted she would be apt to become very cruel and revengeful, for Saturn is in its detriment in Aries, in conjunction with the violent Mars, and afflicted by a square of the Sun and Uranus and the opposition of Jupi-

ter. She will use every effort to force her will upon others, and with Mars as the ruler of the fourth house, indicating the home, she will usually get her way with those associated with her.

It is too late, however, to advise the parents to the best advantage how to train this girl in order to overcome these tendencies as she has reached the age of twelve years when the character is already molded to a great extent. She is now reaching the age where forethought and discretion are most necessary, for with Uranus, Sun, and Moon in conjunction in the fifth house, ruling pleasures, hopes, and wishes, and with Mars so powerfully situated and afflicting these three planets, she is apt to act impulsively in her desire for pleasures and to be most indiscreet, and therefore bringing much discredit and slander upon herself. Clandestine attachments are apt to be made which might result in an elopement that would bring much sorrow and suffering.

People with a cross of planets from cardinal signs, especially as in this case where several planets are all aspecting one another by squares and oppositions forming a perfect cross, usually have lives full of trials and self-inflicted suffering, for they live their lives to the very fullest. No one can guide them. No matter how hard one may try to save them from doing rash and impulsive things, they will deliberately do as their impulse dictates. One with the powerful force shown by the planets and signs in this horoscope will do many things, and the world will feel his influence. Therefore it is most necessary that this power be directed into the best channels.

If the guardians wish to bring out the very best that there is in this girl, they must love her



and never command her. Love will cause the lion to lie down with the lamb. The martial Aries will respond to the Leo love nature, and the Capricorn goat can only be led by holding a little feed before it. So can this girl be loved into doing what the parents wish, but they must also keep her Capricorn side interested.

The strongest planet for good is Mercury, which is in the humanitarian sign of Aquarius, sextile to the thoughtful and tactful Saturn, and trine to the law-abiding Jupiter. Venus is also in the sign of Aquarius and is sextile to Mars from the seventh house. This girl would be very much interested in humanitarian work, something for the betterment of humanity. She has a keen, clear, and penetrating mind. Keep her interested in mental work and scientific researches. Awaken the love nature by interesting her in the training of children, for with the life ruler, the Sun, in the fifth house in conjunction with Uranus and the Moon, and Jupiter being the ruler of the fifth house, which governs children, their training might soften her nature and keep her interested. Jupiter is trine to Mercury. This will give her talent as a teacher and ability to train the young child.

#### DANIEL, O.

Born December 2, 1913. 9:55 A. M.

Long. 75 W., Lat. 43 N.

#### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Scorpio 12; 11th house, Sagittarius 5; 12th house, Sagittarius 24; Ascendant, Capricorn 15-27, Aquarius intercepted; 2nd house, Pisces 0; 3rd house, Aries 12.

#### *Positions of the Planets:*

Jupiter 18-41 Capricorn; Uranus 4-37 Aquarius; Moon 6-26 Aquarius; Saturn 15-5, retrograde, Gemini; Mars 24-21, retrograde, Cancer; Neptune 27-57, retrograde, Cancer; Mercury 22-39 Scorpio; Venus 22.49 Scorpio; Sun 9.51 Sagittarius.

This young boy has the cardinal and saturnine sign of Capricorn on the Ascendant, with the beneficent and opulent Jupiter on the cusp. Capricorn people are naturally of a gloomy and pessimistic nature, for Saturn causes them to look for the clouds and forget that the sun is shining. But this boy will be dominated greatly by the cheerfulness and the opulent influence of

the planet Jupiter. This Jupiterian influence is strengthened by the sextile of Venus and Mercury, which are in conjunction in the 10th house. This will give the boy a sweet and loving nature. He will want to do what is right. His ideals will be high, and he will also endeavor to be just to all. But there is another side to his nature which may crop out on rare occasions. Mars and Neptune in conjunction and both retrograde in the 7th house will oppose his better nature, and being in opposition to Jupiter may cause him at times to be a little tricky. His companions may influence him to tell little untruths and to stoop to do things which might lead into trouble and bring criticism upon him that might be of a public nature, for the afflicted Mars is the ruler of the Midheaven and is in the 7th house, indicating the public.

With Venus and Mercury in conjunction in the sign of Scorpio and trine to Mars and Neptune in Cancer, Daniel would be interested and successful in dietetics, also chemistry.

After the age of nineteen when the progressed Ascendant reaches the 4th degree of Aquarius, the mystical planet Uranus, which is very strong in its own sign of Aquarius, in conjunction with the Moon, and intercepted in the 1st house, will bring a desire to investigate the unseen worlds. This boy will then be apt, if the guardians help him while young to prepare the field, to make rapid progress along occult lines. With Venus and Mercury so well aspected by Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune and being in the 10th house in the fixed sign of Scorpio, which is an occult sign, he may become very successful as a lecturer along the higher lines.

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#### VOCATIONAL

#### KNUTE W. I.

Born May 8th, 1901.

8:50 P. M.

Lat. 61 N., Long. 17 E.

#### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Virgo 28; 11th house, Libra 25; 12th house, Scorpio 12; Ascendant, Scorpio 24-46; 2nd house, Sagittarius 28, Capricorn intercepted; 3rd house, Aquarius 15.

#### *Positions of the Planets:*

Uranus 16-01 Sagittarius; Jupiter 12-58, retrograde, Capricorn; Moon 14-37, Capricorn;

(Continued on page 310)



# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

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## Schools of Initiation

KITTIE S. COWEN

(Continued from November)

The Rosicrucian Order, founded in the 13th century, is one of the schools of the Lesser Mysteries. The other Lesser Mystery schools are variously graded to meet the spiritual requirements of the most precocious among the earlier races of the eastern and southern peoples with whom they work. Christian Rosenkreuz is the 13th member of the Rosicrucian Order. Only the Brothers of the order have the right to use the name "Rosicrucian."

Seven of the Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order go out into the world whenever occasion requires, appearing as men among other men, or working in their invisible vehicles with or upon others as needed. But it must be strictly kept in mind that they never influence any one against his will or contrary to his desires, but only strengthen good wherever found. When any of the seven Brothers are working in the world, they have and use natural bodies just as other people do, and they live in a house which people in general might consider the house of some well-to-do but not ostentatious person. They hold offices or positions of distinction in the community where they live, but it is only so as to give a reason for their presence and not create any question as to what they are, or who they are, or there being anything out of the ordinary in them. But outside of that house and in that house and through that house there is what may be called the Temple. This is etheric and is different from our ordinary buildings. It

might be likened to the auric atmosphere that is around the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters. This is much larger than the material building and is etheric. Manson's word picture of a spiritual church gives an idea of what such structures are. They are around and through buildings and churches where people are devoted to spiritual things, and of course they differ in color. The Rosicrucian Temple is extraordinary and not to be compared with any other structure. It surrounds and permeates the house in which the Elder Brothers live. This house is so permeated with spirituality that most people would not feel very comfortable there.

Five of the Brothers of the Rose-Cross never leave the Temple, and although they possess physical bodies, all their work is done from the inner worlds.

Though the Elder Brothers are human, they are vastly exalted above our own status. A considerable period of intensely zealous life as a *visible* helper must be *lived* by the aspirant before he has evolved his soul body to such a degree of luminosity that it attracts the Teacher. (Note. At the same time the pupil is building his soul body, he is also accumulating a power within in like proportion.) No listless, easy-going study or dreamy contemplation will bring the teacher. He is himself a *servant* in the highest sense of the word, and no one who is not serving with all his soul need expect to meet him. When he does come, he will need no credentials, for the very first sentence spoken by him will carry con-

viction, and so will every other word he ever speaks to the pupil, for being endowed with the consciousness which we shall all possess in the Jupiter Period (a self-conscious picture consciousness), each sentence will bring before the listener a series of pictures which will accurately illustrate his meaning. For instance, if he undertakes to explain the process of death, the pupil sees inwardly the passing spirit leaving the body; he may note the uncoiling of the "Silver Cord"; he sees the rupture of the Seed Atom in the heart and how its forces leave the body and cling to the spirit. The Elder Brother is able to accomplish this with his pupil in the following manner: First, he, the Elder Brother, fixes his attention upon certain facts which he wishes to convey to the mind of his pupil. The pupil who has become fitted for Initiation by evolving within himself certain powers, which are still latent, however, is like a tuning fork of pitch identical with the vibrations of the ideas sent out by the Elder Brother in the pictures. Therefore, the pupil not only sees the pictures, but he is able to respond to the vibration, and vibrating to the ideal presented by the Elder Brother, the latent power within him is then converted into dynamic energy, and his consciousness is lifted to the level of the consciousness required for the Initiation which he is being given. This is the reason why the secrets of true Initiation cannot be revealed. **IT IS NOT AN OUTWARD CEREMONIAL BUT AN INWARD EXPERIENCE.** This is the nearest description of what Initiation is, which can possibly be given to one who has not experienced it himself. There is no secret about the pictures in the sense that one would not tell it, but it is secret because no earthly words are coined which could adequately describe a spiritual experience. It is true that the Initiation takes place in the Temple particularly suited to the needs of a certain group of individuals who vibrate within a certain octave, and that there are others present. But it is not what they do or say which constitutes Initiation, for the Initiation is an inward experience whereby the latent powers which have been ripened within are changed to dynamic energy, and which Initiation teaches the pupil to use.

There are women Initiates in the Lesser Mys-

teries, and Initiation of the Greater Mysteries sometimes take upon themselves feminine bodies for the sake of a special work which they desire to accomplish. It is true, however, that they who have advanced so far that they have a choice regarding sex usually prefer a male body. Woman has a positive vital body but a negative dense body, and is therefore somewhat at a disadvantage in the world as at present constituted. Striving for the higher ideals and living the higher life, we spiritualize the vital body and transmute it into soul, which is always positive, a power usable regardless of sex. When an Initiate wears a masculine body, he is thoroughly positive in the physical world and has a better chance for advancement than when using a feminine body.

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#### KNUTE, W. I.—VOCATIONAL

*(Continued from page 308)*

Saturn 16-16, retrograde, Capricorn; Mercury 10-41 Taurus; Sun 17-32 Taurus; Venus 19-37, Taurus; Neptune 27-27 Gemini; Mars 29-13 Leo.

This young man has the martial sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant, with the ruler, Mars, elevated in the ninth house in the sign of Leo. Mars is sextile to Neptune. This last named planet is in the sign which has rule over the hands and arms, Gemini. This would give him dexterity and make him very clever with the hands. Mars in Leo loves anything that has to do with fire or iron, also machinery. Those with Mars here excel as engineers. This young man could become most proficient and would also have originality in iron working.

With Venus, Sun, and Mercury all in conjunction in the sign of Taurus, the two first named being in the sixth house, and these three planets being trine to Saturn, Moon and Jupiter in Capricorn would indicate that there is talent for art and music. In fact, these vocations would bring him the greatest success financially, for Venus, Sun, and Mercury are in Taurus, which is the natural second house sign, having rule over the finances, and Saturn, Moon, and Jupiter are intercepted in the second house. These indications also point to the fact that this young man will in general be very successful financially.

# Children's Department

## Baby's Problems

MRS. W. KURT

(Continued from November)

**B**UT INSTEAD of doing this they grab me up suddenly and carry me away and say, 'don't, don't!' I have feeling too, and such suddenness only makes me angry, and I want to do something naughty. If they would take the trouble to explain and gently lead me to something else, I would feel so much nicer in here," placing her little hand over her heart.

"O, tra la!" sighed Blue Wings, "those grown-ups think they know everything. Why, some of them don't give a baby credit for having feelings or being amenable to reason. Of course a baby can't reason in the full sense of the word, but we fairies know a baby is amenable to reason, and likes to be treated sensibly just like any other human. Oh, how often I want to tell them all about the things God meant for you, but they cannot hear fairies talk. Why even if we could make a sound, they would say it was the wind. Not many people even believe in our existence, so I fear I cannot help you in that way. The only way I can comfort you is to help you to forget, so just be patient; some day you can tell them all about it."

"But, Blue Wings," said baby wistfully, "when I am old enough to talk and tell them how I feel, I will be grownup too, and maybe I will not be able to see you any more or my angel; then what shall I do?"

"Never mind about that," cheered Blue Wings. "If you always believe in fairies and angels, you will always be able to hear us whisper. So now Brown Eyes, since that is settled, have you any more questions to ask?" And with this the fairy spread his blue gauze wings in the ray of sunshine that came in at the window and waited for baby to speak.

"O yes, I have many more," said Brown Eyes, opening her eyes wide as she watched the fairy, but I am getting sleepy now. The sand man is scattering sleep dust; but tell me one thing more. Why do they talk so queerly to me. They speak plainly enough when they speak to one another, but when they talk to me, it sounds so funny. They don't say the words plainly at all, but "oogle google" them till I don't know what they mean, and it makes it so much harder for me to learn to talk. Now why do they talk so?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the fairy merrily, "that is the biggest joke of all, the way the grownups talk to babies! Ha! Ha! O my, how we fairies laugh at that jabber, but they don't think it's funny at all. Why some people think they ought to talk to a baby that way. They think you cannot learn to talk unless they use 'baby talk.' Brown Eyes, you have some very serious problems, but I think if I were you I would just laugh and crow and live my baby life without bothering about such things. I am glad I am a fairy, so I do not have to be a human baby. Oh, I like the humans, especially little children, but just the same I am glad I am only a little fairy."

Here Blue Wings danced about in the sunshine airily. "Why you little roly-poly, you modern babies have so much easier time of it than the old-fashioned babies had. You are not rolled and tumbled as much as they were, and some people at least have more consideration for your stomach. They don't feed you candy and such things that babies should not have, as people used to do, and they do not feed you at all times of the day and night. This is so much better than the old way. It gives you a chance to think of something else than eating, and your stomach gets a rest. Also you go to bed at a regular hour. They don't walk the floor with

you till you are nearly crazy. They tuck you in your little bed and presto! your eyes are closed and you sleep all night. Oh, your life is so much better than that of the babies of long ago."

After this long speech Blue Wings hopped into the sunshine again and danced around and around baby, and caught the sunbeams and wove them into pretty pictures for baby's dreams. The bright smile came back to Brown Eyes, and the wistful look gave place to one of sleepy contentment as the lids drooped over the little brown eyes, and the downy head slowly dropped lower and lower. She would have fallen

to the floor if her guardian angel had not come just then from the Heaven World and folded her wings of love and protection around the little form and whispered to mother's conscience. Then mother suddenly noticed that Brown Eyes had been quiet for so long. She went into the room where baby was, and caught her in her arms just as the little one was about to fall over on the floor, fast asleep. Mother put her in her little bed, where Blue Wings wove pretty dreams for her, and the angel opened the door to Heaven-land that baby might look in and see the lovely pictures.

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## The Littlest Violet

CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

**A** LITTLE VIOLET once lived in a lovely green meadow. Her sisters were very merry, and often played jolly games or sang softly the pretty songs their mother had taught them. But the littlest violet was very sad.

"I am of no use in the world," she sighed, "because I am too little. No one will ever see me and I will just live and die here in these grasses, and the grasses do not care. How I wish I could help someone; but no—I am too little."

Just then the happy voice of a girl called out, "Oh, Doris, do come here! Oh! Oh! Oh!" and another voice cried delightedly, "Oh, aren't they the prettiest! And how Clara May will love them!"

They began picking the violets as fast as ever they could, all the time praising the wee, modest blossoms which few but children ever find, for children, being tiny themselves, seem truly able to appreciate God's little creatures. They even picked the littlest one of all. "No, no, I am too little," she cried; but they did not seem to hear. Still the littlest violet dared not be happy, for she feared that when they noticed how tiny she really was they would throw her away.

Soon the girls had a fine bouquet. Away across the meadow they scampered, ran into a house, and arranged the violets prettily in a glass dish with plenty of fresh, cool water. A new joy surged within the littlest one's heart, for

she was not thrown away at all but nestled softly among her sisters.

Then, breathlessly, the girls carried the flowers into Clara May's room. The littlest violet struggled up to a higher place so she could see her new little mistress. Poor Clara May! She was in bed and her face was so pale and her eyes so tired that the wee one's heart went out to her at once.

"Oh, girls! Wherever did you find them? I didn't know they were out yet!" cried the sick girl joyfully. "And aren't they beauties! But this one," she said, holding out the littlest violet, "is the very prettiest of all!"

"No, no, I am too little, sighed the wee one and Clara May seemed to hear and understand.

"That's exactly why I love you so," she smiled, "just because you are so tiny; but why so sad? The others all look happy. Oh girls, I will get well; I feel it!" And the littlest violet, seeing the flush of happiness on the sick child's cheeks and the new brightness in her eyes believed that what she said was true.

"The vi-o-lets did it, they did, they did," sang the other two girls merrily.

A sweet smile rested upon the face of the littlest violet. Her heart at last was filled with happiness, and lifting her face on high she thanked her heavenly Father that though she was the littlest violet of all yet had He a beautiful use for her in His great world.

# Nutrition and Health

## Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings advocate a SIMPLE, HARMLESS, and a PURE LIFE. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, including fish and fowl, also alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of the animals, (our younger brothers,) for food, and as far as lies in our power to refrain from the use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We hold that vivisection is diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but in extreme cases we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and bring relief to the patient.

We endeavor at all times to live up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." We do not criticise, granting to others the right to heal with whatever method they may accomplish the greatest good, for we believe that there is good in all and that no school has the right to dictate to another. God alone is the judge, and the results are the witnesses.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

## Vivisection

### The Most Degrading Crime of Our Age

EUPHEMIA JANE MACLEOD

**T**HERE ARE SINS against society which affect directly its *external* interests only.

The man who steals my watch has certainly transgressed against me, he has caused me inconvenience and pecuniary loss, and if he is caught he will be jailed for his offense. The administrators of the law know that a watch is a real thing, for they can see and feel such an article, they can appreciate its material value.

But there are other sins against society which go unpunished; which are not only countenanced but legalized, because to our lawmakers, as a corporate body, the things of the spirit are unreal imaginings to be explained away at will. They punish the man who snatches my watch; but the man who destroys my joy in the glories and beauties of the world because I know that he is torturing some helpless fellow creature, who robs me of my sleep at night because I know that during the hours of rest his victims are groaning and struggling in agony as they lie mangled in their neglected cages to be tortured afresh in the morning—this man is honored and protected by the law!

What is my gold watch in comparison with the golden gifts of sleep and peace of mind! "Don't think of these things," impatiently cries the man without sympathetic imagination, "they are none of your business!" Not think of these things? Are we sticks and stones or are we

spiritual beings? We, at least we whose eyes and ears have been opened, would be giving the lie to our natures, would be doing violence to our most godlike instincts, should we become indifferent to the suffering of our fellow creatures, should we say to ourselves: "The laboratories are so far away that I do not see the writhing of the victims whose nerves are being stretched and cut and burnt, I do not see the cats that are beings baked alive in the ovens of the vivisectioners, I do not hear the moaning of the dogs whose flesh is being cut off piecemeal, and since I am not obliged to hear and see these things, why should I make myself unhappy over them?" Well might our Lord say to this generation as to that of yore, "*O, hard of heart!*"

It is not to be believed that the majority of people in the world are bad. But certain kinds of wrongdoing have been allowed to entrench themselves so strongly that their overthrow requires drastic action on the part of all citizens who do not want their finer sensibilities tortured by brutality. This is no time for weakness and a pusillanimous "not my affair" spirit. For the wrongs of the helpless are crying aloud for vengeance, and who among us dare have it said to us, "*Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not to me.*" Moreover, why should our nerves be racked by the fiendish cruelties of the vivisectioner? He denies the claims

of animals to justice and mercy; will he also deny the claims of his fellow man to the peaceful enjoyment of those things for which his faculties have fitted him?

We hear much nowadays about "duty to ourselves." It is manifestly a duty to ourselves to make conditions such that we may keep our nerves sound and our minds happy and alive to the fullest enjoyment of the things which our Creator has deigned to bestow upon us; and this is impossible to anyone possessed of a thinking mind and a feeling heart as long as the cries of tortured beasts go up from the vivisection dens.

The vivisectors would have us believe that they do their devilish deeds for "the benefit of humanity." Who constitute humanity? Are we in whom the Creator has implanted some of His own love for His creatures not a part of it? Is humanity only the bulk of unthinking and uncaring men and women who are willing to have any hellish torture inflicted on a fellow creature if they are told that thereby they may be saved from the consequences of sinful indulgence and infractions of the laws of Nature?

Because the greater number of people do not think for themselves, are easily frightened about disease befalling them, and are credulous toward anyone promising them immunity, the vivisectors have been able to ply their atrocious trade at will. But anyone who thinks that some good will come to him from the torture of helpless animals is doomed to grievous disappointment. Vivisection, far from benefiting humanity, works incalculable harm in its consequences to mankind generally, but more especially to those who practice it. One phase of laboratory work necessitating the use and often the suffering of living animals is the making of serums, and it is noteworthy that these often become the means of sowing the seeds of diseases and disorders far more serious than the ailments they are believed to cure or to prevent.

Recent experience in the Philippines is a case in point. The official figures of the United States medical authorities, to which Washington has given the seal of authenticity, reveal an appalling mortality following the vaccination of the natives. Is it any wonder that they took to the woods and the hills and that mothers hid their babes from the poison which the white men were injecting into their veins? But they could

not hide long. The military drove them out of their hiding places, and the mothers saw their babes torn from their arms and shot with the poisoned weapons of the white man's witchcraft.

There have been three epidemics of smallpox in the Philippines since the American occupation. Before 1905, when there was no systematic vaccination, the case mortality was about 10 per cent. In the 1905-6 epidemic, with vaccination well started, the case mortality increased to over 16 per cent. In the epidemic of 1907-8 with general systematic vaccination in full effect, the case mortality reached from 25 to 50 per cent in different parts of the islands. During the last epidemic of 1918-19, with the Philippines supposedly almost universally immunized against smallpox by vaccination, the case mortality averaged over 65 per cent. Figures cannot lie."

But the islanders have not been "serumized" for smallpox alone. Typhoid, malaria, beriberi, tuberculosis must be added to the list. In the face of this it is of the utmost significance that Major-General Leanord Wood in his report on the Philippines for 1921 makes the official statement that there has been a steady increase in these diseases in recent years.

Sir Almroth E. Wright, M. D., F. R. S., Director Department Therapeutic Immunization, St. Mary's Hospital, London, England, Author of "Studies in Immunization" says: "The serum may, instead of conveying antitoxin to the body, actually introduce in a virulent and disease fostering condition the very poisons for which a neutralizing agent is sought."

A beneficent and all-wise Creator has not called His worlds into being that the welfare of one race should be dependent on the torture of another. In order to be allowed to practice their craft unmolested, the vivisectors pose as the benefactors of mankind. A few, in their youth and ignorance and led astray by older men in the profession, may have at one time in their careers believed that they were speaking the truth when they claimed that they tortured animals to save men—which at the best is deplorable ethics. But those who have *persisted* in this practice have done so in spite of their conscience. The vivisectors are condemned out of their own mouths..

Professor E. E. Slosson, of Wyoming University, Laramie, Wy., says: "The aim of science is

the discovery of new facts at any sacrifice of life. I do not know any higher use that we can put a dog or a cat to. A life is nothing compared to a new fact."

John Reid, M. D., of Edinburgh, Scotland, author of "Physiological Researches," was in his last years subject to fits of fearful remorse on account of the horrible tortures he had inflicted on animals. "He told his friends it would be untrue to say that the alleviation of human suffering was the motive always before him when he inflicted pain on the lower animals. Operations were performed upon him to give him relief from the cancer from which he suffered, and he welcomed this punishment as a partial expiation of his crimes against sentient life. He died in dreadful torment, mental, moral, and physical."

Sir Lawson Tait, L. L. D., L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S., F. R. C. S., former vivisector, Birmingham, England, says: "Like every member of my profession, I was brought up in the belief that by vivisection had been obtained almost every important fact in physiology, and that many of our most valued means of saving life and diminishing suffering had resulted from experiments on the lower animals. I now know that nothing of the sort is true concerning the art of surgery; and not only do I believe that vivisection has not helped the surgeon one bit, but I know that it has often led him astray.

"Every year for centuries thousands of animals have been vivisected and *nothing whatever* of value has been learned from it. Having been misled again and again by published experiments on animals, I have had to discard them altogether. Vivisectors have done great harm to the medical profession."

Dr. Herbert Snow, twenty-nine years Senior Surgeon, London Cancer Hospital, London, England, says: "We seek the abolition of living-animal experiments, for by careful study we have convinced ourselves of their futility and their utterly misleading character. Careful observation of natural phenomena in the sick room has always proved the sole foundation of every valid addition to medical knowledge. We doctors know that there can be no other path for progress in our science.

"We regard vivisection, not only as an out-

rage on morality but as a gross hindrance to the progress of science proper, and an insurmountable obstacle to the higher evolution of the race. Held forth for men's admiration and adoration as an adjunct and aid to the healing art, it is no more than a colossal sham. I cannot find a solitary instance of progress gained by the help of vivisection in any branch of medical or physiological science."

The conscience and common sense of these men were awakened, though not before many victims underwent the agonies of vivisection at their hands. But there are those who continue in the practice of vivisection, even after they have discovered its worthlessness.

And this brings us to still another reason for the popularity of vivisection. As a rule the habitual vivisector not only becomes blunted to all feelings of compassion, but gloats over the sufferings he inflicts. That terrible vice of sexual degeneracy and perversion, *Sadism*, is far more prevalent among vivisectors than decent people believe. These things are not talked of in polite society, but until those who *should* know, *do* know, the world will have let loose on it from the medical colleges many young men trained in the science of lustful cruelty but parading as healers of the sick!

Henry M. Fields, M. D., Professor Emeritus of Therapeutics, Dartmouth College, N. H., says: "I will remember my experience as a student of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. I well remember the poor dogs, brought out from their dungeon, perhaps famished and tortured with thirst should the experiment require such condition; their appealing eyes and trembling limbs I shall never forget. . . . Indeed, some form of torture and atrocity was expected at every lecture and sure to be applauded. . . . The student who found entertainment in the unnecessary torture of animals, learned something besides physiology; his human nature was perverted."

Alfred Kimball Hills, M. D., Editor Medical Times, New York City speaking of "experiments that cause great pain, although they are for the most part of little practical utility even in the scientific sense," says: "While at times these satisfy a certain sense of curiosity, at others they seem to have been suggested by innate cruelty



and to have a mere veneer of scientific interest, or even to have been connected with forms of mental perversion, now definitely recognized as abnormal sexuality."

Albert Leffingwell, M. D., Aurora, N. J., says: "It is not to be doubted that inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists. I but touch the shadow of an awful mystery when I say that one of the most horrible forms of mental and sexual perversion is displayed in the torture of animals and human beings (Sadism)."

In fighting vivisection we are indeed fighting the atrocities perpetrated by self-seeking, heartless, or degenerate men; but it is only too palpable also from the disgusting and hellish nature of the revelations made by some of the vivisectors themselves, that we "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against Principalities, against Powers, against the Rulers of the Darkness of this World, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

George Starr White, M. D., F. S. Sc. (London, England) of Los Angeles, California, says: "Some years ago while visiting one of the largest laboratories in New York City where vivisection is carried on, I saw enough to make any humane person shrink and hide his face in shame. I called the attention of the director to the torturing that was being done by the various doctors present, and I was then and there held up to ridicule."

"Dogs were strapped to their stretchers and opened up without any anaesthetic whatsoever; the young 'doctors' stood around and jeered at the agony and useless struggling of the dogs."

As for the contention that anaesthetics are employed during operations, this is in almost every case *camouflage* for the benefit of humane persons. When a dog has been given enough chloroform to make him insensible to pain, he is a dead dog, a subject for the ordinary dissector, and quite useless for the vivisector.

Some students told Dr. William, R. D. Blackwood, Brig. Gen. Engineers, U. S. A., of Philadelphia, Pa., that "during the entire year not one dollar's worth of any anaesthetic had been used in the laboratory in which they studied, because they did not care to waste money when strapping animals answered the purpose."

Stephen Smith, F. R. C. S., a former vivi-

sector, London, England, says: "I worked for a time in the Pasteur Institute. It is a common practice to perform laparotomy on rabbits. Laparotomy means cutting open the abdomen. The animal is first fixed in a rabbit holder. The fur is shaved off and with knife and dissecting apparatus the operator does his will. When I saw it, no anaesthetic was given. I inquired of an assistant who had been there some years whether an anaesthetic was ever given. 'No, never,' he replied."

"The horrible cruelties practiced on animals in the name of science are utterly useless. These tortures are unjustifiable, and the proper anaesthetics are seldom given. The whole vivisection question amounts to this: Is cruelty justifiable? I do not believe it is. Vivisectionists put up as the only excuse they can offer that the tortures they inflict on animals lead to the material benefit and welfare of the human race."

"I agree with a number of eminent English surgeons who have gone on record as asserting that vivisection is of no value to humanity."

"It is nonsense to say that the animals do not suffer because they have a lower order of intelligence. Pain is conveyed by nerves to the brain. In some animals these nerves are much more highly developed and sensitive than in man. For instance, has not the dog a keener sense of smell and hearing than man? Has not the hawk or vulture keener sight? Why should not their nerves, then, convey pain just as acutely as man's?"

Now let us turn for a few moments to the other side of the shield. *The important facts that have been of use to mankind have all been discovered without the aid of vivisection.* Harvey discovered the *circulation of the blood* in the "dead house," by observation of the valves of the veins. Yet the vivisectors *claim this discovery, as indeed they do most others*, and flaunt it as proof of the benefit of their "researches" to mankind. As a matter of fact, the Hon. Robert Boyle tells us that Harvey in his later life told him that it was the arrangement of the valves in the veins (which could only have been learned on the dead subject) which led to the discovery of the circulation, and that great surgeon, the late Sir Lawson Tait, said that "the circulation of the blood could neither be discovered nor demon-

(Continued on page 317)



## Christmas Menus

### —BREAKFAST—

Prunes  
Nut Puffs  
Baked Egg in Cream  
Cereal Coffee or Milk

### —DINNER—

Vegetable Bouillon  
Potatoes Stuffed With Mushrooms Brown Gravy  
Buttered Beets  
Pumpkin Pie

Milk

### —SUPPER—

Salsify Fritters  
Apple and Celery Salad  
Fruit Cake  
Milk

## Recipes

### *Nut Puffs*

Add one lightly beaten egg to one cup of milk. Work two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of salt into one and one-half cupfuls of entire wheat flour, slowly adding the milk and egg. Beat until batter is light, and add one cup each of chopped English walnuts and seeded raisins. Put into hot oiled iron gem pans. Bake twenty minutes. Be sure to have pans hot.

### *Vegetable Bouillon*

Wash and dice three each of medium sized potatoes, carrots, and turnips, not removing the peels; also one peeled and sliced onion and one clove of garlic. Fry until brown, adding one quart of water and two bay leaves. Boil for one hour, strain, using only the broth, and adding as much water as needed for the required amount of soup. Season with salt, paprika, and finely chopped parsley. Serve with croutons.

### *Potatoes Stuffed With Mushrooms*

Wash and cut in halves large smooth potatoes. Place in oiled pan and bake for twenty minutes. When cooled remove the center of the potatoes, allowing about one-half inch to remain with the shell so as to form a cup. Place two tablespoonfuls of oil and one of butter in a frying pan. Chop one-half pound of mushrooms and one sliced onion, and fry in oil for a few minutes, slowly adding the potatoes and two cups of entire wheat bread crumbs. Season with sage, salt, and paprika and fry for twenty minutes. Just before removing from the stove add two eggs. Fill the potato cups with this and bake in oiled pan for one-half hour, basting with tomato sauce.

### *Salsify Fritters*

Wash and scrape the salsify or vegetable oyster, cook in boiling water flavored with lemon juice to keep the salsify from turning dark. Boil until tender. Drain and mash through colander. To two cups mashed salsify add two tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of flour. Form into patties, brush with milk, and roll in cracker crumbs; bake in oiled pan until brown, or drop into hot oil and fry. These fritters may be served either hot or cold.

### VIVISECTION

(Continued from page 316)

strated by anything but a dead body and a syringe."

Jean Baptiste Vincent, M. D. Chief of Working Physiologists, Faculty of Medicine, Paris, France, says: *The first victory of science in regard to the mystery of the functions of the nerves, namely the discovery of the accurate seat of aphasia—loss of speech—was the result of observations at the sick bed; and only these could have led to this brilliant discovery.*"

I shall close with a quotation from George Bernard Shaw. He says: "I decline altogether to explain why I am not a vivisectionist. It is for the vivisectionists to explain their conduct, not to challenge mine. I am on the jury, not in the dock.

"We have not yet reached a pass at which normal sanity, kindness, and regard for the honor of science can be waylaid by the sadism, ethical imbecility, and invincible ignorance associated with vivisection."

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Petersham, Sydney, N. S.W., Australia.

April 23, 1922.

Dear Friends:

I write to say that the growth on my shoulder that was giving me so much pain that I wrote to you about, is completely cured. I feel sure the Invisible Helpers rendered me good service in curing it, as it broke soon after I wrote to you and withered up without giving me any pain. I am still believing my eyes will get quite well in time.

I beg to remain, yours in hope

H. J. B.

Healing Dept.

Oceanside, Calif.

It is with a feeling of the greatest reverence and appreciation that I write you to discontinue the treatment of my little daughter for adenoids.

Her recovery though slow, for her diet had to be regulated, is almost complete.

She joins with me in this expression of gratitude.

Truly,

V. H.

Hoquiam, Washington, Oct. 14th, 1922

Dear Fellowship Friends:

Last Saturday I sent out my plea for help as I was suffering with the return of the same old trouble. Almost immediately I began to feel better, and now it seems I have never felt better in my life. I do my work with ease, never tiring, and keep cheerful while at it.

Thanking you kindly for your assistance in time of need,

I remain,

M. C.

Seattle, Washington, Dec. 11th.

Dear Friends and Invisible Helpers:

I am feeling just splendid. I do not feel any pain in my left side. I am not eating as much as I did before I came to you for help. I have my dinner of raw vegetables and whole wheat

bread and butter, a cup of hot water and milk, and once in a while some dessert, but not always. I do feel so much better on the raw diet than the cooked. For breakfast I usually have toasted whole wheat bread, butter, and fruit. If I eat three meals, the third is of fruit alone. I am indeed thankful to all the friends at Headquarters and also to the Invisible Helpers for help received.

I am sincerely,

MRS. G. D.

Colton, Oct. 16th, 1922.

Dear Friends:

I am pleased to write you that I am quite recovered from nervous illness and able to take up my work once more. I thank the dear Brothers for their kindly treatment and care, also the dear interested friends. I am now up at six every morning, able to attend to my duties through the day without much fatigue.

Yours truly,

S. H. McP.

### HEALING DATES

November ..... 1— 9—15—21—29

December ..... 6—12—19—26

January ..... 2— 9—15—22—30

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

## A Theosophical Criticism of the Rosicrucians

**I**T WAS WITH A keen feeling of pain that we read that part of the Annual Report of the National President of the Theosophical Society, Mr. L. W. Rogers, published in "The Messenger," the official organ of the American Section of the T. S., in which he utters a sweeping condemnation of "Rosicrucians," whom he accuses of spreading false information regarding the near approach of an avatar, also of giving out dangerous sex teachings and invading various Theosophical lodges.

In the past, Mr. Heindel, the founder of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, and Mrs. Heindel, the present leader, counted Mr. Rogers and his wife as valued friends and co-workers in the field of humanitarian service, and they have always rejoiced in Mr. Rogers' success on the lecture platform. Therefore we are very glad to have the information through friends and students who are Theosophists, that Mr. Rogers has stated verbally and emphatically that *he did not include the Rosicrucian Fellowship* among those whom he so sweepingly condemns, but referred to other organizations bearing the name "Rosicrucian" that advocate principles much at variance with those which we endorse. This being true, it is very unfortunate that he did not make his position clear, for through his report in "The Messenger" many will get a wrong impression regarding the Fellowship, which in time according to occult law must react upon those responsible for it.

As an organization we stand for the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. As regards sex, the only teachings we give out are those advocating purity and self-control. In this connection we quote from Max Heindel's writings as follows:

"It is our earnest conviction that the less we dwell upon sex, the less we read about it and think about it, the purer we shall be mentally, and also the less liable to danger of morbid habits. These are often formed by overstudy of the sex question, and persons having a tend-

ency in that direction should be discouraged in attempts to discuss the matter at all."

Regarding the second coming of Christ, Mr. Heindel has emphatically stated in our literature that Christ will never return in a physical body; also that the evolution of the human race must reach a considerably higher stage than the present one before conditions will be such as to make it possible for Christ to return. A sufficient number of humanity must first develop the etheric or soul body so as to be able to "meet Him in the air" and form the nucleus of a new race. This will probably not occur previous to the actual beginning of the Aquarian Age, 700 years hence, and perhaps it will be much later.

In view of the preceding it is evident that Mr. Rogers' criticism of Rosicrucians could not apply to the Rosicrucian Fellowship, even had he not disclaimed it. There has always been a feeling of entire cordiality between the Fellowship and Theosophists, and we sincerely hope that nothing will ever arise to interfere with it.

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### A ROSICRUCIAN LECTURER

Mr. S. R. Parchment, authorized lecturer of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, is now touring the Central West. He expects to lecture in the following cities between now and Christmas: Columbus, O., Mansfield, O., Chicago, Ill., St. Paul, Minn., Minneapolis, Minn., and Duluth, Minn. He expects to arrive at Headquarters by Dec. 25th.

Mr. Parchment has been lecturing and organizing Fellowship Centers for a number of months and is doing exceptionally good work in this field.

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### Photographs of the Ecclesia

Photographs of the Ecclesia or Healing Temple with shaft of light thrown upon it, a reproduction of which appears in the front of this magazine, may be obtained from us at \$1.00 each, mounted. The size is the same as that of the one here shown.

## Prize Competition Awards

The prize winners in the competition submitting articles for this magazine, which closed on Sept. 15th, are noted below, together with those articles for which a year's subscription to the magazine is given.

A large number of excellent articles were submitted, which will appear in the magazine from time to time.

### *First Division—Occult Stories.*

1st Prize—"He That Is Without Sin."  
Gladys M. Robinson, Southport, England.

2nd Prize—Aladdin's Lamp.  
Ethne Rayden, Ocean Beach, Calif.

3rd Prize—The Mystic Nurse.  
Matilda Fancher, Independence, Ore.

### *Second Division—Philosophy.*

1st Prize—The Gospel of Occultism.  
Howard W. Coombs, Los Angeles, Calif.

2nd Prize—Thought.  
Alice Powell Strong, Minneapolis, Minn.

3rd Prize—Unseen Forces.  
Elizabeth D. Preston, Colorado Springs, Colo.

*Articles for which a year's Subscription to  
"Rays from the Rose Cross" is given:*

### *First Division:—*

Boolah.  
Mrs. J. L. Burnett, Canandigua, N. Y.  
"Telepuissance," A Tale of Two Worlds.  
James Bennett Wooding and John Irving  
Pearce, Jr., San Antonio, Texas.

In Mystic India: My Friend the Inscrutable  
"Lama."  
F. F. Martinus, Colombo, Ceylon.

The Unknown.  
Michelle Ticknor Furlow, Clarkesville, Ga.

The Ugly Duckling.

Robert Coope, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Talk Back of the Garden Fence.  
Frederick W. Pettit, Oceanside, Calif.

Rescued.

M. H. Pratt, Hoddesdon, Herts, England.

Called Through Space.

Mrs. C. W. Whitney, Casa Grande, Ariz.

"When Dreams Come True."

Annie Hicks, Three Rivers, Calif.

"Would You?"

Mrs. Mabel Whaley, Little Rock, Ark.

Henry Heeds a Hunch.

Arthur P. Buck, Washington, D. C.

### *Second Division:—*

Lost Ideals.

Mrs. Ethne Rayden, Ocean Beach, Calif.

Character as Shown by Number Vibration.

C. W. Stiles, Haddonfield, N. J.

Winding Paths.

Mrs. Helena Steel, San Diego, Calif.

Astrology in Terms of Number Vibration.

John E. Runge, Long Island City, N. Y.

What Is Truth?

H. F. Right, Harrisburg, Pa.

Common Sense in Occultism.

Robert Coope, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Cosmic Evolutionary process or The Divine Plan of Creation.

Nicholas Peris, Colombo, Ceylon.

Article by Yvorne Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

To Glorify God and Enjoy Him Forever.

Frances A. Wing, Haverhill, Mass.

We wish to thank all the contestants for the articles submitted, and hope that many of them will become regular contributors to the magazine. Articles of merit are always gladly received from our members and friends, and will be published as conditions permit.