

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
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Janus

ADA MELVILLE SHAW

THEY told me there were devils in God's hell,
And I wondered;
They told me there was evil in God's sky—
Lo, it thundered!
Life drew on—I trembled, fearing;
Nights drew on—I wakened, hearing
The vast voices of the skies;
Pain came nigh—I bore it weeping;
Sin came by—I suffered, keeping
Deep tear shadows in my eyes.
Sin and storm! O holy teachers,
You have blessed me,
Greater you than all the preachers
Who confessed me.

Learned I that what men call sin
Is a door to enter in,
Is the thither side of God,
Is the dryness of the sod
That but drives the strong roots deeper,
Is the thither side of Law.

—If I break

Or disregard that austere table,
If my Inner Self, unstable,
Seek a compromise 'twixt Right and Left,
In God's "hell" I pay the fee,
Learn what wiser way there be,
Bless the storm that clears the air.

—If I obey,

Lo, on eagles' wings Life bears
To the heights where being wears
Very crown of glory!

Fair is storm as sunlight fair;
Bright is pain as pleasure bright;
God above, beneath, behind—
Law outworking justice—right!

Now I know the "devils" in God's hell,
Now I know the "evil" in His sky—
Messengers, evangels—all is well;
Now I sleep and wake and laugh and cry
And press me on—toward God.

(From Pictorial Review).

Editorial Department

Topics of the Day from the Rosicrucian Standpoint

The object of this department is to correlate current events with the facts of occult philosophy so as to demonstrate the reality of the super-physical forces which regulate human affairs, and that such philosophy is not visionary but the most practical thing in the world. EDITOR.

Killing Off Our Presidents

WITHIN the past few months two of our well beloved presidents have passed to that bourne whence few return. Both Wilson and Harding spent themselves in the service of their country, and gave without stint of their life and power for the promotion of what they regarded as its best interests.

President Wilson, the last of our presidents to pass into the Great Beyond, was the most notable exponent of the New Idealism which this country has ever produced, and in the service and promotion of that idealism he gave his life. He will stand out as a world figure on the pages of history, because primarily his vision was true and reached into the distance far

THE NEW IDEALISM ahead of the times. To a greater degree than perhaps any other president he caught the vision of the rights of men and practical means of conserving those rights, not only the men of his own country but the men of all the nations of the world.

At this time it seems opportune to make some inquiry as to the cause of the apparently untimely demise of so many of our presidents. As bearing on this question we quote the following, which appeared some time ago in the *Schenectady Union Star*:

"Iola, Kan., Aug. 11.—Calling upon the people to pledge themselves against making criticism which destroys the life of the Executive as well as wrecks the morale of the people, Frank R. Forrest, lawyer and prominent Democrat, at a Harding memorial here said that such criticism

was in a large measure responsible for the death of Mr. Harding and other presidents.

"Criticism killed Lincoln, criticism killed Garfield, criticism killed McKinley, and criticism contributed in a major degree to the death of Warren G. Harding. There are times when we are too hasty in our judgments, too early in our conclusions. There are times when the shaft of public comment goes straight to the heart of the national executive and either invigorates or destroys. I do not call for complete unity of political thought, but I do now and here call upon this people to join me in recording a solemn pledge that henceforth and forever we, as the American people, will refrain from such criticism of our national Executive as would tend to weaken or destroy him, and that instead we will endeavor at all times to give to the public constructive thought that will build up instead of bitter invective that will tear down."

The statements in the above extract are fully corroborated by the findings of occult science. This tells us that every thought creates a thought form. Those who have developed the sixth sense to the point where they are able to perceive these thought forms tell us that those of criticism, anger, hate, and the like are sharp and pointed in form and resemble in many cases primitive instruments of warfare.

An adverse thought form enters the aura of the individual against whom it is directed, and if the person is negative or possesses any susceptibility to thoughts of its character, it remains in

his aura as a disintegrating, destructive, inharmonious force. When

THOUGHT FORMS a sufficient number of thought forms of the same kind coming from many different people have reached a person, they constitute a force which throws his entire psychic organism out of adjustment. His spiritual centers become disorganized, and this inharmoniousness is reflected not only in the mind but in the desire body. In turn it

is communicated to the vital and dense bodies, interfering thereby with the life processes and the proper working of the various organs. If the attacks are sufficiently violent and long continued, the result is sure death or the development of disease which incapacitates for duty.

All of this is no figment of the imagination; it is intensely real. It not only applies to presidents and public men in general, but also to those who are occupying positions of responsibility in any organization. A public official as a rule pays a high price for the honor of serving his country, an unnecessarily high price. That price is paid largely as a result of the ignorance of those whom he serves. There is only one remedy and that is knowledge—the education of the people to the fact that thought is a destructive as well as a creative force, not to be used indiscriminately to suit the whim of the thinker. Thought is even more deadly than dynamite when it is improperly used.

If the individual against whom adverse thought forms are directed is positive enough not to allow them to enter his aura, they must return to their creator. When this happens, they produce in his aura the identical effects which they would have produced in that of the person to whom they were originally directed. Then they proceed to set up the inharmony and resulting disease or disaster which their original object escaped. This is a very practical consideration which, when they know it, may deter many people from useless and idle criticism of our public officials and those who direct our industrial, social, and religious activities as well.

Newspapers have a tremendous responsibility along these lines as a result of the irresponsible criticism which most of them indulge in towards public officials, and which in turn induces ignorant and unthinking people to continue those criticisms.

Intelligent and constructive discussion of the policies of public officials, either pro or con, both by individuals and by newspapers is of course a very proper thing, but idle, destructive, and malicious criticism is quite another matter.

The Menace of the American Jail

A RECENT book entitled "CRUCIBLES OF CRIME," by Joseph F. Fishman, for many years an inspector of prisons for the U. S. Government, discloses some startling conditions which exist in the typical American jail. We quote from this book as follows:

"The ordinary American Jail is an unbelievably filthy institution in which are confined men and women serving sentence for misdemeanors and crimes, and men and women not under sentence who are simply awaiting trial; with few exceptions, having no segregation of the unconvicted from the convicted, the well from the diseased, the youngest and most impressionable from the most degraded and hardened; usually swarming with bedbugs, roaches, lice, and other vermin; has an odor of disinfectant and filth which is appalling; supports in complete idleness countless thousands of able-bodied men and women, and generally affords ample time and opportunity to assure inmates a complete course in every kind of viciousness and crime; a melting pot in which the worst elements in the criminal world are brought forth blended with the raw material and turned out in absolute diabolical perfection."

Mr. Fishman states that this is fairly descriptive of ninety-five per cent of all American jails. The American public should know more about this condition. It is something for which they are more or less responsible because of lack of interest and the consequent development of barbarous systems in their very midst.

Lack of segregation is the first great crime which the American jail perpetrates upon its inmates; and the second is the unsanitary, filthy, vermin-infested conditions which are allowed to continue. As regards segregation, those convicted of crime and those merely awaiting trial occupy the same quarters, the latter being confined on account of inability to furnish bail; also the young and the old, the innocent and the vicious, the healthy and the diseased, are all compelled to herd together. The result is that the vicious corrupt the innocent, the diseased communicate their dis-

CRIMES
AGAINST
THE
PRISONER

ease to the healthy, and the moral condition of almost every prisoner is materially impaired by his sojourn in prison. Mr. Fishman specifically mentions instances, giving date and place, where prisoners with syphilis in an advanced stage were compelled to associate on the most intimate terms with healthy prisoners with the appalling risk of communication of this disease.

The condition of the bedding in the majority of jails is frightful. It is never changed, never washed, and it accumulates disease germs of all sorts in a very short time. At the end of a certain period of time—six months in some jails—it is burned, and new bedding is substituted. The mere fact that the hardened prison officials think it necessary to burn it is a pretty good index of its condition. The sanitation and toilet facilities of most jails are worthy of the middle ages. Fresh air and sunlight are also quite largely excluded. Practically universal idleness in jails (not penitentiaries) is also an unnecessary factor productive of degeneration and general mental deterioration.

The idea of punishment instead of reformation is quite largely the basis of these conditions. But this is wrong. The idea of punishment must always be secondary. Prisoners and convicts as a rule are mentally sick and call for treatment rather than retaliatory measures. In any case it is to the interests of society that every prisoner shall be turned back into society at the end of his term in the best possible condition, mental, moral, and physical, in order that he shall not again become a burden upon society. The present jail system is following exactly the opposite course. It apparently aims to turn the prisoner

out in the worst possible condition

OFFICIAL in order that he may be returned
STUPIDITY to prison at the earliest possible
date to again become a burden upon
the tax payers and a moral and mental menace
to the community at large. Such a policy is the
worst form of stupidity.

From the occult standpoint we see that the vibration of hate which surrounds all jails and prisons is quite largely responsible for this condition. The prisoner goes to jail with a hatred for society which has taken away his liberty, or

he usually develops that hatred after having been in jail for some time and subjected to its cruelties. Hatred breeds hatred; it reacts upon the jailer and keeper and stimulates them to cruel methods of subduing the prisoner and keeping him within bounds. This element of hate can never be entirely eliminated, but it can be reduced to very small proportions if a wise course is devised in the maintenance of jails and prisons. It is enough punishment to take away a man's liberty without subjecting him to vicious moral surroundings and unspeakably vile and unsanitary conditions.

We are approaching the Aquarian Age, which is to be an age of Universal Friendship. The prisoner must be treated as the potential friend of society, not as a hopeless enemy. When this is done, our jails and prisons will cease to be "Crucibles of Crime," and will really be seminaries for the education of the weak, the mentally deficient, and those born with incipient criminal traits.

Where there is one prisoner confined in the state or federal penitentiaries, there are hundreds confined in county jails. Therefore the county jail is the crux of the situation, and must be the point first attacked. Publicity is the only ultimate remedy together with the education of the people and the acquiring by them of a sense of responsibility for conditions in their own communities. Our readers should take it upon themselves to personally visit and investigate the county jail nearest to them and induce others to do likewise; also so far as possible to institute campaigns of education looking towards the injection of the jail question into the local political situation, bringing about the election of sheriffs and other prison officials who are pledged to reform. We are indeed our "brother's keeper," and if we shut our eyes to the inhuman conditions under which he may be confined, by the great Law of Consequence we are surely creating for ourselves a future environment in which a similar neglect and heartlessness will be brought to bear upon us. Therefore from this standpoint if from no other we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the frightful menace which the present American jail system constitutes.

THE
REMEDY

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. This teaching makes no statements not supported by reason and logic. It satisfies the mind by giving clear explanations, and neither begs nor evades questions. It gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries, but—and this is a very important “but”—*Rosicrucian Christianity does not regard the intellectual understanding of God and the universe as an end in itself*; far from it. The greater the intellect, the greater the danger of its misuse. Therefore the scientific teaching is only given in order that man may believe and begin to live the religious life which alone can bring true fellowship.

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 truth and beauty may again be recognized and accepted.

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

Doing His Will:

ELLA MACK WRAY

Learning the will of the Master,
And losing our will as we learn;
Striving to gain the faster
The wisdom for which our hearts yearn;
Gaining His strength for our weakness,
Yielding our will for His own;
Coming in spirit of meekness,
And walking no longer alone.

This is true loving and living,
Hearing the Master's voice
Speaking in accents forgiving,
Making our sad hearts rejoice;
Bidding us do unto others
As unto us He has done;
Loving all men as our brothers—
And so will the world be won.

The Mystical Meaning of Easter

MAX HEINDEL

NOTE:—This article was first published in 1915.

THE GOSPEL story of Jesus as it is usually heard by people in the churches is the story of a unique character, the son of God in a special sense, who was born once in Bethlehem, lived once upon the earth for the short space of thirty-three years, died once for mankind after much suffering, and is now permanently exalted upon the right hand of the

Father. Thence they expect him to return to judge the quick and the dead. They celebrate his birth and his death at certain times of the year as having taken place on definite dates, the same as the birthday of Lincoln or Washington.

But while these explanations satisfy the multitudes who are not very deep in their inquiries concerning the truth, there is another side which is very patent to the mystic, a story of divine

love and perpetual sacrifice that fills him with devotion to the Cosmic Christ, who is born periodically in order that we may live and have an opportunity of evolving in our present environment. The mystic understands from this viewpoint that without such recurring annual sacrifice this earth and its present conditions for advancement would be an impossibility.

At the time when the sun is in the celestial sign Virgo (the Virgin), the immaculate conception takes place. A wave of solar Christ light and life is then focused upon the earth. Gradually this light penetrates deeper and deeper into the earth until the turning point is reached on the longest and darkest night of the year, which we call Christmas eve. This is the mystic birth of a cosmic life impulse which impregnates and fertilizes the earth. It is the basis of all terrestrial life. Without it no seed would germinate, no flower would appear upon the face of the earth, neither man nor beast could exist, and life would soon become extinct. Therefore there is indeed a very valid reason for the joy that is felt at Christmas time, as the Divine Author of our being, our Father in Heaven, has given the greatest of all gifts to man, the Son. So at this time men similarly are impelled to give gifts to one another and joy reigns upon earth, also good will and peace, no matter whether man understands the mystic and annually recurrent reasons therefore or not.

As "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," so this spiritual life impulse which impregnates the earth at the winter solstice, works its way during the winter months towards the circumference, giving life to all wherewith it comes in contact. Even the minerals could not crystallize were this life impulse withheld. By the time Easter is reached when the earth is beginning to bloom, when the birds start singing, when the animals in the forest are mating, and all are imbued with this great divine life, it has spent itself, it dies, and is raised again to the right hand of our Father.

Thus Christmas and Easter are turning points which mark the ebb and flow of the divine life annually given for our sakes, without which it would be impossible for us to live upon the earth. The latter date ends also the annually recurring festive feeling which we experience from Christmas to Easter, a festive joy that thrills our be-

ing. If we are at all sensitive, we cannot help but feel Christmas and Easter in the air, for they are laden with divine love, life, and joy.

But whence comes the note of sorrow and suffering which precedes the Easter resurrection? Why may we not rejoice with unmingled joy at the time when the Son is liberated and returns to His Father? Why the passion, the crown of thorns? Why cannot these be left out of consideration?

To understand this mystery it is necessary to view the matter from the Christ viewpoint, and it is necessary to fully and thoroughly realize that this annual life wave which is projected into our planet is not simply a force devoid of consciousness. It carries with itself the full consciousness of the Cosmic Christ. It is absolutely a fact that without Him was not anything made that was made, as we are told by St. John in the opening chapter of his gospel. At the time of the immaculate conception in September this great life impulse commences its descent upon our earth, and by the time of the winter solstice when the mystic birth takes place the Cosmic Christ has fully concentrated itself upon and within this planet.

We should realize that it must cause discomfort to such a great spirit to be cramped within this little earth of ours and to be conscious of all the hate and discord we are sending out from day to day all through the year. It is a fact that cannot be gainsaid that all life expression is through and by love; similarly death comes through hate. Were the hate and discord which we generate in our daily lives and in our transactions one with another, our deceit, infamy, and selfishness, left without antidote, this earth would be swallowed up in death.

In the description of Initiation given in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, it is stated that at the services held every night at midnight by the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order, the Temple becomes the focus of all the thoughts of hate and disturbance in the Western World which it serves; that these thoughts are there disintegrated and transmuted, and that this is the basis of social progress in this part of the world. It is known that saintly spirits grieve and suffer from disturbances in the world, from the discord and the hate there found, and that they send out from themselves individually thoughts of love and kindness. The associated

efforts of other orders such as that of the Rosicrucians are also directed in the same channel when the world is still so far as physical exertions are concerned and when it is therefore most receptive to spiritual influence, namely at midnight. At that time they endeavor to attract and transmute the thought arrows of hate and discord, suffering thus their small share while trying to pluck a few of the thorns from the Savior's crown.

Considering the foregoing it will be understood that the Christ Spirit in the earth is, as Paul says, actually "groaning and travailing, waiting for the day of liberation." Thus He gathers all the darts of hate and anger; these are the crown of thorns.

In everything that lives the vital body radiates streamers of light from the force that has spent itself in building the dense body. During health they carry away all poison from the body and keep it clean. Similar conditions prevail in the vital body of the earth, which is the vehicle of Christ. The poisonous and destructive forces generated by our passions are carried away by the life force of the Christ, but every evil thought or act brings Him its proportion of pain, and therefore becomes part of the crown of thorns—the crown because the head is always thought of as the seat of consciousness. We should realize that every single evil act of ours reacts upon the Christ in the manner stated and adds another thorn of suffering.

In view of the foregoing we can realize with what relief He speaks the final words at the time of liberation from the earthy cross, "Consummation est"—it has been accomplished. As we take into our bodies continually the life giving oxygen to go through its cycle to vitalize and energize the whole body; as that oxygen dies to the outside world for the time being while it is living in the body; and as it is charged there with poisons and waste products and finally exhaled as carbon dioxide, a poisonous gas; so it is necessary for the Savior annually to enter into the great body which we call the earth and take upon Himself all the poison that is generated by us, thus cleansing and purifying the earth, and giving it a new lease of life before He finally is resurrected and rises to His Father. This is the reason for the annual recurrence of His suffering.

Parable of the Woman and the Poem

FRANCES WIERMAN

There was once a woman who felt within her the power and the desire to write a poem. But the common duties of life pressed upon her so that she seldom found time to think upon her poem; and when there was time, she was too weary.

A child came to the woman, and she laid aside with a few hot tears the dream of her poem.

One day a famous sculptor came and asked that he might copy her child in white marble. It was to be his masterpiece.

"I wish your child," said the sculptor, "for in him you have given to the world a living poem."

Is it not true that a mother in bringing a child into manifestation has achieved an artistic triumph comparable to that of one who creates a poem of words?

PSALM OF THE HARVEST

IAN WOLFE

Arms grow weary of swinging; the scythe is dull and useless. Though barns of a lifetime are heavy with harvest, my soul, is hungering still.

Grains of all mowing be Thine, Lord, offered to Thee! Thine the sowing, Thine the growing, Thine the harvest be.

Mine not to gather into barns, mine not to garner nor to hoard, mine not to sweep broad paths through the ripening grain. Mine to wander through the meadows, mine to search the silent places, mine to plod behind the careless reapers in the stubble.

A gleaner, Lord, is all I ask to be, gathering straws and bits of grain from out the empty fields. Unskilled to hew the timbers for a Temple of the Sun, I ask to struggle onward in the gaining of an armful of the priceless golden treasures left behind.

And when at last the day is done, I'll give my yellow bundle to the grain bins of another, to barns of common knowledge—the storehouse of the golden grain that feeds Eternity.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.
Benjamin Franklin.

An Uncharted Memory

FANNY PAGET

(This article received First Prize in our recent Competition)

"YES, IT WAS *my* baby," I concluded defensively, rising and standing almost defiantly in the midst of the group of little schoolgirls gathered about me with wide, wondering eyes, as one by one they arose from the ground where we had been sitting under the shade of a giant oak during the school recess period, each vying with the others in telling those fairylike, seemingly meaningless stories in which children sometimes indulge.

"But such a thing is impossible" challenged May Kenney, one of the older girls, laughingly, in which all took a lively, expectant interest.

"Nothing that has happened is impossible" I maintained defiantly, prickling with indignation as I strutted away to the accompaniment of their derisive titterings, gigglings, and whisperings.

Although about the youngest of the group I had told the story that far outranked any that had been forthcoming, holding my audience in a kind of awed "Arabian Nights" dream attitude until it was finished. Then I foolishly spoiled the whole effect by defending the verity of a story so out of accord with possibility that it makes me laugh even now to think of it, despite the fact that I am now just as ready to defend its verity as I was then.

At that time it was as real as anything else that had come into my life, consciously or subconsciously—this baby which had been mine and the tragical story it involved. Truly it was a mystery far beyond the conception of any child's mind, this seeming reality and the perturbation that it had fastened upon my consciousness since the dawn of memory, standing out as the most real happening that had ever inserted itself into my existence, staining it with an indefinable tragedy, soul torturing in its eerie persistency.

It took the form of a kind of dream reality, coming upon me at night, and many a dark midnight have I awakened enmeshed in its awesomeness and crept tremblingly into my mother's bed and nestled close down within her protecting aura in an anguish too deep for tears. She in-

variably insisted on knowing what was the matter, and I as invariably moaned:

"Oh, that *baby*."

"What baby?" she would demand half impatiently.

"*My* baby" I would sob out, tears at last coming to my relief as she chided me for what she termed "silly imaginings," these chidings becoming so aggressive that I gradually refrained from any admission as to the cause but trembled in the dumb anguish of it, which provoked her disapproval even more pointedly. This lack of sympathetic understanding from her, always so gentle and considerate, so wounded me that I determined never to appeal to her again. How very easy this sounds, but to this day I realize that the hardest fought victory of my life was achieved the first time I remained alone in my own little bed, with head covered and heart beating wildly in definite responsiveness to one of those attacks of subjective reality which even now punctures my memory in a way that defies words to describe.

While I remained true to the almost impossible resolve never again to offend my mother with my confidences, childlike I did worse—confided the story as above indicated to my little mates, who could but wonder and mock when I defended the possession of a baby all my own.

For months this raillery of the girls wounded my sensitive nature, adding another chapter of secret anguish to my already overtortured little soul. Deep down within myself was always the dumb agonizing lament:

"If I could only tell it all to mamma—if she could only understand!"

How alone in the world I felt, so piteously lonely, as I wandered away from my little schoolmates to escape their tauntings! One even called after me, all of them giggling:

"When are you going to start your baby to school?"

Alone I went on. Tears streamed down my face as I sat on the bank of a little brook, trying to evolve some scheme to relieve myself of their mockery and vowing never again to share my

confidence with another human being so long as I lived! In derision I looked at my shadow in the water and murmured bitterly:

"I don't believe that it, even, understands!"

Suddenly inspiration came, and I leaped up triumphantly and ran to the girls, crying out:

"Oh, girls, I have another story—one worse than the last, lots worse. You were silly enough to believe that one, but only idiots will believe what I'm going to tell you now." And so I taunted them for their credulity, laughing in a very superior way as I concluded:

"I know I shall be a great authoress. When I can tell an impossible story like that and everybody believes it, I'm some story-teller!" and I turned, walking proudly away. May Kenney, the older, red-haired girl, called after me:

"But tell us the other story."

I drew myself up condescendingly and replied:

"Oh, I've decided not to waste my wonderful talent that way. I'll write it, and you may read it in the magazine."

All stared after me, whispering among themselves, little dreaming that under the "high and mighty" exterior my poor, tortured little heart was trembling in a hope that it hardly dared to hold—that by mocking them for their silly credulity they might mock me less. It succeeded wonderfully and cured me forever of any confidences whatever, introducing into my temperament a sense of loneliness which I dare say few children experience. This is my first relapse along the confidence line. However, it persisted, this strange dream reality, not only overshadowing my childhood but tantalizing me through my school days, college days, on up until—but that is the story, and here it is just as I told it to the little school girls. Possibly you, too, will mock even as they did, for I am defending its verity just as I did then.

Besides being always in my subconscious mind as a *reality*, it manifested itself during the magical interval between sleeping and waking—that half-awake, half-asleep environment which gives a touch of reality to a dream. It was always the same, never varying even in the minutest detail, oriental in its every aspect.

Invariably it presented itself with me lying on a bed under a rose colored canopylike top, with sides "walled in" with the most delicate and exquisite hangings, one side lifted and grace-

fully draped. From this I looked out on a luxuriously furnished room, subtly oriental, filled with the fragrance of incense, which caused me to take a deep, drowsy inhalation, giving me the sensation of having just awakened from sleep—but was it sleep?

Then in a vague sort of way realization would dawn and memory begin functioning. The incense no longer held my senses in subjection, the surrounding harmonies fading slowly in the presence of an awesome awareness that crept insiduously upon me to the accompaniment of a cold sinking of the heart. Cautiously, in an agony of apprehension. I would raise myself, resting on my right elbow as I peered hopelessly into the little face of a sleeping baby beside me. Long I would gaze upon it, held in the spell of it, planting its every feature indelibly on my mind, noting particularly the long, dark, curly hair, so unusual in a newborn baby; and too there was a fiery, red birthmark on the left hand, shaped something like a postage stamp, from one corner of which a little threadlike redness extended into the wrist.

As I gazed, an unspeakable horror would seize me. How little, how innocent, the babe appeared, yet it had hurled me from a very exalted position down into the nothingness of human driftwood. How like the end of everything it seemed to me, who had been all but worshiped as a kind of vestal virgin! Then would come an insert—a vision of myself in that alluring role, the recipient of the homage and adoration of the people as I, all robed in gauzy white apparel, sat on high in a strange, idol-worshipping temple, a kind of living idol among those of stone.

While yet I held this vision in an ecstasy of exultation and reverence, reveling in the glory of it, a little moaning whimper at my side would drag me down to realities, freezing the blood in my veins, touching my being with desperation. Shuddering under a resolve in which there was no hint of vacillation, I would sigh hopelessly and turn away only to rise again upon the other elbow on the other side and tap a little chime which stood on a queer stand beside the bed. This would bring an oriental servant into the room, salaaming with both hands stretched full length before him as he prostrated himself, awaiting my orders.

Responding to the wave of my hand he would

approach and listen respectfully while I commanded him to bring me poison that I might taste of the relief of oblivion. Obediently he would withdraw only to return within a few minutes, prostrating himself again before me, but this time beseeching that I spare myself; but I commanded, and he reluctantly obeyed. Sorrowfully he would hand me the little carved box half concealed within the palm of his dark, long fingered hand, and fall upon his face, praying aloud in agonized grief, while I in the calmness of despair would open the little box, lift it to my lips, and swallow the contents. Limply I would fall back on the pillow in the full realization that I was even then growing cold in death, feeling my eyes dimming and my limbs stiffening, while my heart, in the process of stilling slowly fluttered down into mere pulsing vibrations.

Into this would come *his* image—the image of my Beloved, which seemed freezing within my heart, carving itself, as it were, in commemoration of a love eternal—a love that could not die even though the heart in which it had lived was casting off the life element. As it thus pulsed feebly in the death chill, it was sending out to him a love-laden farewell which was interrupted by some one entering the room. The stiffening eyelids fluttered half open and once again the glazing eyes looked upon the Beloved as he stood there, tall, dark, handsome, and serious—the great High Priest, the most exalted dignitary of them all—he to whom a love, a wife, was a sin, a forbidden thing! But there he stood resolutely stripping off his priestly paraphernalia and casting them piece by piece firmly aside. This done, he would come toward the bed, exclaiming in passionate finality:

“I renounce all, all for *you*—everything—you are more to me than—” He would stop, draw back tragically, his “soul-deep” eyes transfixed with horror as he looked upon me. Then with quick anguish he would gather me up, hold me close to himself, his lips upon mine, the warm thrill of love blending with the chill of death as I felt the curtain that separates the living and the dead come down between us, and heard his lament:

“Oh, my beloved, that I too might die!”

I would awake with awed sensation of being dead, of being in the world of shadows, in the

realm of ghosts—and oh, how tragically real it seemed!

Being a child is it any wonder that I sought my mother’s sympathetic understanding? On the other hand could one chide the little girls for mocking when such a story as that was told as something that had actually happened?

Yet to me, as I have already said, from the very dawn of memory it had always been as real as anything else that had come into my existence. In fact, it stood out as my one most absorbing memory, the mystery of it growing ever more perturbing and incomprehensible as I grew older and found no standard for its analysis. I perforce accepted it, as a kind of uncharted memory of something that I did not and could not understand, always hoping for a solution on that indefinable, illusive “some day,” that negative wishbone through which so many human hopes pass painlessly into oblivion.

In passing permit me to digress that I may say I believe the least known realm yet to be explored is that within ourselves, the human consciousness with its memories, mysteries, unaccountable tendencies, thoughts—all so tantalizing intricate and interpenetrating that they mutely call to explorers and inventors for more delicate charts and instruments than have yet been evolved.

As I went along, subscribing to life’s regular routine, apparently as normal as any one, this dream reality persisted at irregular intervals, sometimes days between and sometimes even months, but becoming much less perturbing and affecting me very little until my very last year at college, when it recurred with alarming frequency and renewed anguish, so much so that my roommate became apprehensive at what she termed my nightmares and advised me to consult a physician, exclaiming:

“Why you sound as though you were dying; it gives me the ‘creeps.’”

This, too, came during examination period when one needs one’s faculties most. Being the happy possessor of several medals, the thought of losing my scholarship prestige was unthinkable, to say nothing of the possibility of failing in my studies. In my anxiety I did consult a doctor, but he laughed good-naturedly as he diagnosed:

“Nothing much—a little nervous—afraid you are going to fail in your ‘exams,’ eh?”

Adding to all this came almost daily appeals from my sister, Mrs. Wray, insisting that I come to her the moment commencement was over. Now I loved my sister very much. Though several years older than myself, we had grown up as "chummy" as two sisters could be. But she was expecting the advent of her first-born, and this somehow aroused my resentment, as I had no sentiment where babies were concerned and never hesitated to express my intolerance of them, apropos or malapropos. I did not care to go and did not intend to go, but the matter was definitely determined by my mother instructing me to proceed to the town in which my sister lived instead of coming home after commencement! Enclosed were two letters, one from Mrs. Wray declaring that she could not live unless I came, and the other from her physician assuring my mother that in all his practice he had never known a case where a woman was so determined upon anything as she was that I should come; that she wept constantly and refused to eat or be comforted until she could be assured of my coming.

Oh, yes, I felt rebellious enough, but I went just the same and arrived none too enthusiastically at the home of Mrs. Wray on the morning of June the 3rd. She greeted me impulsively:

"Oh, I should have died if you had not come! I cannot understand it, but—" she shrugged her shoulders and threw up her little pale hands indicating that the mystery of it was beyond her comprehension. I wondered what she would have done if she had been involved in such a mystery as that which had haunted my life. When we were very young, I once tried to tell her, but she had mocked even as the others had done, and loving her as I did the mockery hurt so that its seal had remained upon my lips.

When once within her home that accursed dream reality just about left the dream part off, and I seemed actually to sense the presence of that baby constantly about me—a kind of indefinable sense of never being alone; of its being near me but in a way so intangible as to make me half afraid of I knew not what, as though it might lurk in the invisible spaces, causing my own soul to mock me on account of my shrinking cowardice.

It was on the morning of June the 22nd that I was awakened by a cry coming from my sister's

room. It needed no one to tell me that the night had brought to her that world-old ever new mystery—a new baby. I arose, dressed quickly, and went into the living room to await my invitation, which was not long in coming. With something of awe I followed the nurse in, my sister greeting me with a wan smile as the nurse proceeded to uncover the little squirming bundle. And I looked! For the first time in my life I fainted dead away, *for there it lay*, that identical baby which had haunted my whole existence, with every feature exact, a replica in every detail of my vision, with its unusually long, dark, curly hair and the fiery, red stamp-shaped birthmark upon its left hand, even to the little thread of redness extending into the wrist!

The next day when I finally summoned sufficient courage to return, my sister greeted me with:

"Come close. Take a good look at it. Some way I feel that it belongs to *you*. I longed for you so that nothing but your coming conciliated me, so I have given her your name—Frances Jeanette."

Now here was another angle of the mystery. Mrs. Wray even recognized some kind of affinity between me and the child. It all seemed so palpable, so real, and yet there was no solution, no explanation whatever. Science offered none, nor did the volumes through which I had waded in research of the subject.

As time went on the baby never again entered into the dream phase, thus removing the tragic element but leaving that which was more subtle and personally subjective. I was aghast to find my heart chained to a dream love, a love so appealing as to seem to me an eternal thing of the ages, having no beginning and on end! How I wrestled to free myself from it, to break the bondage of a thing so intangible; but it was "closer than hands and feet" and stronger than reason as it penetrated my subconsciousness ever with the tantalizing suggestion that as the baby was real, why should not my beloved be real also?

Failing to register up to the heroic standard of the High Priest who had renounced all for love, one worthy admirer after another passed on, leaving me with a sense of self-condemnation that I should measure living men by dream standards.

And thus the years went by, and the child grew, the mystery growing with her, as she so adored me that she would accept no doll, no plaything, that did not come from me. This applied equally to her clothing and other belongings. During this period I saw her only at intervals, she living in one town and I in another. But when I was with her, her worshipful adoration forced responsiveness in my heart, finally tearing out that peculiarly bitter prejudice against children. I really became very fond of her. When asked whose little girl she was, she invariably answered:

"I belong to my auntie."

Any argument on the subject aroused her resentment, and sometimes her mother with much amusement would teasingly ask her:

"But where do I come in?"

"Oh, you are only keeping me until my auntie is ready for me to come and live with her"; this with the most emphatic shakes of her pretty, little, curly head, which her seriousness made very amusing.

Then came the time when my parents thought I should "marry and settle down," my father calling my attention to the advancing years and my gray hairs (which I had had since childhood), stressing the worthiness of Otis Campbell, a young attorney who gave me his preference. I liked him well enough in a platonic way, but he was a large blond of rather a joyous temperament, while my heart was unalterably chained to the image of one very dark and very serious.

"But I do not care to marry—I shall never marry," I defended, which provoked a somewhat personal argument, finally bringing me to the tearful appeal:

"But can you not see that I am ill and have been for weeks?"

They stared at me in the sudden realization that I was indeed ill. They were so stricken with remorse that they had not observed it that they chided me for concealment and summoned the family physician then and there. He came and prescribed:

"An immediate change—to the West."

I really had no pain—just felt utterly tired, weary of everything. I had come to regard life lightly, with its empty, torturing dreams, and cared little enough whether I lived or died; but to please them I began my long, wearisome journey toward the setting sun.

So ill did I become on the train that it seemed I was passing into the realm of the eternal, vaguely wondering if it would verify my dream conception of the continuity of consciousness after death; and then it did not matter, nothing mattered, as I lay far back on the chair seat and drifted out. I think I must have slept. Anyway I found myself in that magic realm of the dream reality, the same old haunting image holding itself before my enervated vision, pulling at my heart strings in the same peculiarly subjective way. But *he* had never smiled before, never held toward me a drink of water! Noting these new embellishments, these new alluring semblances of reality, I felt a bitter, derisive little smile form itself on my lips and would have turned away, shutting it all out, but his eyes held mine in a strange fascination, and a voice, *his* voice too, the voice I knew so well, was saying in such a matter-of-fact way:

"Noting that you are ill I presume to offer you a drink of water," and the little, cold, paper cup touched my fevered fingers with appalling reality, causing me to stare with yet wider eyes into the hauntingly familiar face as I murmured dully:

"Oh, such dreams — nothing but dreams, dreams, dreams!"

"A very real *dream* indeed," he laughed easily, this time touching my lips with the icy cup as he said:

"Drink and you will feel better." Mechanically I drank, shivering as I turned away and looked out of the window that the spell might be broken, the illusion dissipated; but the voice interposed with distinct solicitude:

"May I sit here to be of service if need be?"

Now this was carrying it too far. As long as it had secretly haunted the soul closet, it was bad enough, but to take on such semblances of materiality and that too in a most public place was too much! I sat bolt upright and turned, facing him with the sudden determination to tear the illusion out of my consciousness then and for all time. His smile deepened into something like amusement as he met my gaze and repeated his request, calmly removing my suitcase from the seat beside me. His attitude was so compelling that my head automatically bowed assent, and in the most commonplace manner he seated himself, saying encouragingly:

"Even now you are much better, and it may not be necessary for me to trespass very long."

Even before he was seated, illusion had merged into reality, and I knew it was he, my dream ideal, clothed in human flesh, "even as you and I." With closed eyes I began thinking, wondering, trying once again to solve the baffling mystery, which only a few minutes before I had felt did not matter if it were never solved.

In the long silence a little back fire of uncertainty began taunting me, and I opened my eyes for verification of his presence. He greeted me pleasantly:

"Ah, you are better. I have been sitting here coping with a real mystery. Having always prided myself on my memory for names and faces, you puzzle me. I *know* you. Your face is tantalizingly familiar, even your personality is almost intimate, yet I cannot place you at all; maybe you remember?"

"Oh, I meet so many—so many—" I evaded, wondering what he would say or think if I told him just how much I did remember, a memory too fraught with mystery to even admit. The anguish of it all swept over me, and involuntarily I sighed under my breath:

"Oh, God!"

"You are not religious?" he asked quickly with a little derisive intonation, looking much as the dream had depicted him when tearing off the priestly paraphernalia, denouncing religion, giving up all for love, for *me*. This shocked me a bit, having been reared in the orthodox faith, but recovering myself I replied:

"I *know* that you are not."

"Ah, you know me then? I knew we had met," he ejaculated in a pleased way.

I did not know who he was, but after exchanging cards I recognized his name as that of a man prominent in Free Thought circles—a writer and lecturer. Long he studied my card, puzzled over it, shaking his head thoughtfully, then smilingly conceded:

"Oh, let memory have its jests. I know you just the same. It seems as though I have always known you, and yet—" He broke off as though it were a problem too metaphysical for his practical mind.

* * * * *

It did not take me more than a few days to realize that while he did not remember me by

the same process by which I remembered him, he had come to love me nevertheless, and was just as ready to renounce all for me in the present reality as he had been in the dream fabric which had kept my heart chained and responsive to his standard of love. Within a few weeks we were married, feeling, as doubtless all lovers do, that the whole world was made for just us two as we went forth on our honeymoon.

However that strange, unspoken memory, still unsolved, lay sleeping within my consciousness until one evening we strolled into a lecture hall where an occultist was expounding the doctrine of rebirth. My heart was beating tempestuously as he went on explaining in the most matter-of-fact way involution and evolution, including the process of our coming back again and again into earth existence, living many lives until we attain the perfection which Christ teaches. Finally he made the startling announcement:

"Why, there are those who even remember some of their past lives!"

This appealed to me as being the only theory I had ever heard offering anything like a reasonable solution of my problem, and whether right or wrong, I accepted it. What was once a most disturbing enigma is now to me only the memory of an incarnation of long ago, wherein the baby was really mine under conditions that the church and society could not condone, and involving such a tragedy that even the relentless tread of the ages could not blot out the memory of it.

With this mystery at last solved, at least to my satisfaction, I settled down to the realities of life.

Shortly my niece, the pretty, curly haired little Frances Jeanette came to visit us. My husband so loved her and she so adored us that with her on his knee nestling close within his arms it seemed the most natural thing imaginable when he suggested earnestly:

"Let's adopt her and have her for our very own!"

And, her mother finally consenting, we did.

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A Fragment From the Esoteric Philosophy of Ancient Egypt

The Identity of the Ka With the Etheric Body

DR. CHARLOTTE STURM

THE KNOWLEDGE which can be communicated by the Rosicrucians, or indeed by any spiritual order, differs from the teaching of material science only in the fact that it is incapable of proof by any but those who hear it. There is something which one may call the phantasm of truth, and that is an image which arises in the mind when the truth is heard, and only then. We speak very lightly of truth in the ordinary conversation of every day, but it is nevertheless a force much more potent than any material energy. There is much in the teaching of the Rosicrucians which at first sight may appear to be fantastical or romantic, even impossible and absurd, but the student will find, if he is not barren ground, that the seed will grow and bear fruit, and the fruit will be conviction and contentment.

Among the many reasons why the truths of occultism are incapable of external demonstration or logical proof there is one which may here be mentioned, and that is that these truths do not depend, have never depended, and cannot depend upon any material document or external evidence whatsoever, but always upon the personal experience of men and women who have been given, or have attained through a certain discipline—it is the same thing—the faculty of cognition of truth. According to the times in which they live such persons are known as prophets, seers, or clairvoyants. The writer does not like the word clairvoyant, which has unfortunate associations, but it has attained a certain meaning and a certain value which cannot be ignored. Many men are ready to believe in, or at any rate are not much concerned to deny, the possibility of seership or clairvoyance in ancient times, but when it comes to their own time and their own environment, they regard all such claims with derision. Such claims may deserve it, or again they may not. What matters is the fact that supersensible knowledge must in the

beginning have originated from a supersensible source. To believe a thing because it can be found among ancient beliefs and to disbelieve it because it is or seems to be a new discovery or theory is the commonest obstacle in the path of cognition of truth.

The writer has heard of a great poet who was convinced that he had an astral body because he had read of it in Paracelsus, but for long denied with bitterness and rage the existence of an etheric body. He said that the etheric body was the invention of Theosophists whom, rightly or wrongly, he distrusted. But when it was proved to him that the etheric body was known to the philosophers of ancient Egypt and was understood by them with a scientific completeness which might well shame a modern analytical chemist, he believed, and doubtless is the better for it.

The esoteric philosophy of ancient Egypt is of importance to the humanity of these present times, which are said to be in a very special and interesting way a replica of those of that by-gone civilization. It is salutary to reflect that our very latest discoveries are no more than an awakening to forces and conditions that are coeval with creation: for the lodestone was magnetic before the nails of Sinbad's ship were torn out of the planks by the Lodestone Mountain, and even when Christ bade an ignorant generation consider the lilies of the field, they were built of cells that underwent division by karyokinesis.

The etheric body was well understood many thousands of years prior to the investigation of the ether as such by modern physicists of the stamp of Sir Oliver Lodge or the speculation of Theosophists. Let us consider in the light of Rosicrucian knowledge, not of Rosicrucian speculation for there is none, the nature of that mysterious principle of man which in the Egyptian Ritual was known as the Ka or Double, concerning which so much has been written by modern

scholars of all nationalities. Many who have considered the problem have either approached it from the wrong side or have been handicapped by some scientific, antiquarian, or anthropological theory. If one turns to any standard work on Egyptology, he will see what confusion has prevailed in the minds of those who have attempted to solve this really important problem; for it is very important, as it explains much that is obscure in the spiritual life of old Egypt, and throws valuable light upon many of our own spiritual difficulties.

Dr. Wallis Budge calls the Ka an abstract personality or individuality endowed with all the characteristic attributes of the man, and able to lead an absolutely independent existence. Others, as Steindorff and Breasted, regard the Ka as a genius and not a double. Theosophical writers all agree in supposing the Ka to be the astral body. But the Ka is neither an abstract individuality, a genius, nor an astral body. If we wish to discover what it really is, there are two sources of knowledge open to us: we can take the word of an occultist who is clairvoyant, or we can consult such external records—not the magical records of *Anima Mundi*—as we possess and interpret what we find in the light of our special knowledge as students of the Rosicrucian teachings. It is said, however, that no external material records exist. Scholars tell us that Egypt has given up from her tombs no treasures of philosophy, and that we are as ignorant of her wisdom as though it had never existed. But let us listen to the goddess Isis who in the hermetic fragment, *Kore Cosmou*, speaking to her son Horus of all-knowing Hermes, says: "What he knew he graved on stone; yet though he graved them onto stone, he did so in a secret manner, keeping silence though he spoke, that every age of cosmic time to come might seek for them. And thus with charge to his kinsmen of the gods to keep a sleepless vigil he mounted to the stars."

We have here a plain reference to the symbolical meaning of the hieroglyphics, every character of which was referable to at least two planes, the within and the without. The external meaning has been elucidated by the philologists so well that all known Egyptian texts have been translated, at any rate as regards the plane of the without. But any scientific Egyptologist

who might read the statement here made that every letter in the Egyptian written language was a repository of occult scientific knowledge would doubt either the integrity or the intelligence of the writer.

In this connection then let us examine one hieroglyphic only, and that shall be the symbol which was the written character for the word Ka or Double. The Ka was represented by the sign of two human arms extended at right angles to the breast as if ready to embrace someone. The word could be and was written in other ways, but that is the commonest representation of it. Quite obviously it was meant to be human arms extended to embrace. But why embrace, and to embrace what? It is easy to say that of course the Ka extends its arms to embrace the individual to whom it belongs and become one with him; we can find a similar thought in later Egyptian literature, as for example in the Coptic account of the rising of Mary from the tomb, where we read: "Forthwith the honorable virgin arose and embraced her own soul, and they were united one with another." Such an interpretation would be quite legitimate and quite correct so far as it goes, but only so far as it goes. To seek deeper into its meaning occult knowledge is necessary, and if one has that and applies it, the result is beyond dispute.

We know from the text of the Ritual itself that the Ka is (1) the dweller in the body, (2) is less dense than the physical body, (3) is able to live only so long as the body does not corrupt, (4) marks the duration of life of its master, (5) is the strengthener of his limbs, (6) is able to call back his soul from heaven to do its will, (7) but is dependent for life upon the soul that is in the heart. If the heart-soul dies, the Ka dies. If the heart-soul is imprisoned, the Ka is imprisoned.

Why should the Ka be dependent upon the heart-soul rather than upon any other of the nine principles of man as we find them in the Egyptian mysteries? It is here that we need occult knowledge. If any student of occultism were asked offhand what the heart is from the point of view of his philosophy, he would answer that the heart is the center of the etheric forces of the body. The etheric forces of the earth and of the human body come from the sun. That is one of the commonplaces of physical science. The

heart is the sun of the microcosm. That statement involves no mystical conception nor misconception. There is nothing vague or cloudy or romantic about it. The heart is the sun of the microcosm because it does actually distribute the etheric forces through the body in the same way that the sun distributes the etheric forces through the solar system.

Now we have here a close connection of the Ka with the heart, and the heart with the sun, and therefore a connection of the Ka with the sun. But we can find also a direct reference of the connection of the Ka with the sun, for in the *Book of the Dead* there is a colored representation of the disc of the sun being embraced by the outstretched arms of the Ka. The hieroglyphic then represents the Ka in the act of embracing something, and now we know what it is about to embrace, namely the sun.

What part of man is it that comes from the sun? If one knows that, one knows which of the seven principles of man is represented in Egyptian psychology by the Ka or Double.

At this point the argument may be left, for enough has been said to provide one of those exercises in meditation without which all progress along our mutual path is impossible. The writer would however like to impart a "secret" recently told to her by a deep student of the Egyptian mysteries. He said: "The Egyptians embalmed their dead for none of the reasons you will find in books, but for a purpose that was a secret of the priesthood even in ancient Egypt. They knew that the Ka is that principle of man in which the memory is preserved. Knowing also that it does not disintegrate so long as the physical body is uncorrupted, they hoped that the embalming of the dead would preserve the Ka until the soul came to rebirth. The individual would then, they argued, get the same etheric body that he had had in the previous life, with all or most of the memories of that life preserved as the seeds of dreams." My friend further informed me that the reason why so many people in our day are beginning to remember past lives or fragments of past lives is due to the fact that our age is a repetition of the Egyptian age, and most of us are reincarnations of men and women who died and were embalmed in ancient Egypt.

Whether or not it is correct that the true pur-

pose behind the mummy cult of old Egypt was to preserve the etheric body from decay so that upon rebirth the individual would not be without specific memories of his personal past, we know the etheric body to be the seat of memory. But this statement must not be misunderstood. It is the seat of memory, but it is not the rememberer. Only the man himself can remember. The etheric body is not in any true sense a being but a form. It is the wax into which the memory images are impressed as negatives of the actual image. The modern scientific theory, for it is only a theory, that the physical brain is the seat of memory will not bear a moment's investigation even in the light of common sense. Suppose that twenty years ago a man were present at some event which impressed him so vividly that now after so many years every detail of that incident or adventure is as plain to him as upon the day of occurrence. It cannot be his brain that has preserved that picture, for the old brain of twenty years is gone, every particle of it, every cell, every atom of every cell, and every electron that composed those atoms—all are gone. The brain he has today was not in existence when he was impressed by that vivid incident of the past. So whatever it is that has preserved that memory, it cannot be the physical brain. It must be something that is not subject to decay or chemical change. It must be something that does not wholly belong to the chemical world or to the elements. We call that something the etheric body, as the ancient Egyptians called it the Ka or Double.

Its existence cannot be proved to us because the teacher cannot bring a Ka objectively before his pupil and ask him to examine it, or at any rate not until the pupil is far advanced in his studies. But the latter can by meditation obtain a mental picture of the Ka; even by the processes of logical thought he can do so, and that indeed is the first step to cognition.

Let us as pupils begin by asking ourselves what it is that the etheric body carries out in the economy of nature, what task it performs in the simplest forms that occur in nature. Even a modern physicist, though he is not prepared to admit the possibility of the existence of an etheric body, will tell you that the ether is the conducting material for what he would call natural

forces, and he will moreover admit that a living object—a plant, an animal, a man, or even what he would call a dead object—is interpenetrated with ether that is fixed to the object and does not, as it were, blow about in space or mingle with the unattached ether of space. This fixed ether is an etheric body and an etheric form, for it obviously is of the same shape as the object it interpenetrates. The Egyptians knew this quite well. In the *Book of the Dead* the Ka is drawn as an exact double of the dead man going up for judgment to the Hall of the Double Truth.

As the ether, or the etheric body, is the conductor for natural forces, it is the medium through which growth takes place. It is the wire along which the growth current passes from star to stone. But if you examine the function of the etheric body closely, you will see that it is capable of causing growth only up to a certain stage of complexity in the field of evolution. The mineral does not possess a separate etheric body, but through the chemical ether of the planetary etheric body it develops crystal formation. The crystals sprout and branch in all directions according to a fixed law of growth individual to the particular class of mineral to which they belong. The sprouting and branching take place very slowly but very methodically and so according to plan that no variations are to be found in the character of any particular mineral.

When we come to a vegetable plant, in which the etheric body is completely organized, we find the same sprouting and branching but in a more complex and much less restricted manner. Each plant grows, it is true, according to the pattern of its species, but it has already a beginning of what might be called a vegetable will. It thrusts its leaves to the sun, it sends out its roots and tendrils in search of nutriment and moisture, and this not by any means in accordance with an absolutely rigid law of growth.

When further we come to the animal kingdom, we have to stop if we are investigating the etheric body. We cannot say with justice that the growth of an animal is regulated entirely according to the law of the etheric body, because in an animal we have another principle, the astral body, which is absent in mineral and plant and with which at present we are not concerned.

We see then that the etheric body works upon organized physical matter in such a way as to turn it into plant forms. The specific energy of the etheric body is the energy that has produced the multitudinous varieties of the vegetable kingdom. When one says "produced," he does not mean that the etheric body is the originator of these forms but that it is the medium between spiritual being without and matter within the physical world. So if a teacher were really able to bring a Ka before the physical eyes of his pupil, what would the pupil see? He would see the exact double of the individual to whom it had belonged.

But now suppose it were possible to destroy all of that individual's other principles; suppose we for a moment imagine that his every other spiritual and material principle were as utterly annihilated as though it had never been so that the Ka stood before us utterly uninfluenced by anything but its own nature. What should we see then? We should see that immaterial human form slowly change before our eyes into the immaterial form of a tree, that tree into an immaterial crystal plant form, and that finally dissolve in the wash of the general etheric tide. The poets, who are abnormal in the correlation of their various psychic and material components, have seen this happen imaginatively, and have told us how the daughter of Peneus was turned into a laurel and Lot's wife into a pillar of salt.

Again, and merely as a valuable exercise of imaginative meditation, consider a sleeping man. His physical body and etheric body lie on the bed, the rest of him is away. What we see on the bed is to all intents a plant, and if it were not that during his absence from his body during sleep other beings took possession of it and, as it were, lent it the absent principles from their own nature, it would turn into a plant and then into a mineral, and the returning soul would never awaken that rock-crystal image. These are wonders; but they are so true that we can never exhaust the knowledge which they have for us if we will not meditate on them in freedom from prejudice or intellectual pride.

Be like a crystal, which receiving the light, keeps none but reflects it in new directions.—
Julian R. Hovey.

The Legend of the Orchid

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

"There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way leads up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the holy Will is done."

THE GREAT shining portals that separate heaven from earth swing wide apart, and through them comes trooping an eager procession of souls anxious to taste of the new experiences that an earth life has to offer.

On each side of the shining gateway stand the Angels of Destiny to make sure that every soul passes from the domain of heaven at just the proper moment, and that each one carries in his hands that especial thing for which another earth life has been granted. The Angels of Destiny regard the smiling, little faces earnestly, and sometimes wistfully, as the young souls hurry past, each so anxious to be gone, and each so sure that he has just what the world needs to make all things right.

One passes exultantly, his arms filled with Humanitarian Ideals. Another bears confidently the Solution for Economic Problems. A frail, white spirit holds her gift up eagerly for the angel's inspection. "It is Sympathy"; she adds softly, "that is what the world most needs." Another passes gravely holding out the Theory of Evolution Made Practical; and one waves the banner of Universal Brotherhood. A spirit braver than the rest bears the Doctrine of Re-birth for the Multitudes. Eagerly and happily they hurry on.

In the rush the shining thing that is borne by one of the throng falls unheeded to the ground, and the little spirit goes on with empty hands to find its place in the world. After the souls have all passed and the great portals of heaven are closed, one of the Angels of Destiny finds the strange, shining thing lying white and alone where it had fallen, and he gazes long and thoughtfully upon it. "Ah, dream of a love so divine that only angels may know it now, it is not yet time for you to be born upon the earth.

I wonder what daring soul has tried to transplant you there? I must guard you very carefully for a long time yet, but the day must come when you shall flourish there in all your spiritual beauty just as you live in heaven now," and he looked long and tenderly down upon the waiting world.

Meanwhile the years pass swiftly on the earth, and the little soul who had gone to her new life experience with empty hands has grown to young maidenhood. Always she is seeking for something that she cannot find; always her sensitive soul is misunderstood and tortured by the careless world. Often in sleep she murmurs, "My beautiful dream that I have lost; oh, why can I not remember and find it again?"

During the loneliness of the long night hours the Angel of Destiny is often with her trying to comfort her; for the angels are very gentle and tender in their protecting love and care for those sad souls who find their way to an earth life with empty hands, and with only dreams that live too near the stars to find fruition here. "How shall I comfort her?" thought the Angel of Destiny wistfully. "It is yet too soon for the shining dream that she left in heaven to be born upon the earth, and yet my heart aches to see her sad yearning for it." Then a happy thought came: "I will take the most mystical flower that grows in the garden of the angels, and upon its heart I will impress this shining dream and cause it to flower in the earth world, where finding it she may learn to read its message and remember the white and shining thing she lost in heaven, and which through all these years of loneliness and pain her soul has been trying to find again."

So buried deep within the heart of the orchid lies the secret of that spiritual love and union which in their divinity are as yet known only by the angels, shrouded in all their mysterious beauty, waiting—waiting until the heart of the world is ready to receive them.

It takes a few clouds in the sky of life to make its sunsets beautiful.—*Julian R. Hovey.*

Silent Color Music

YVORNE BAIRD

OUT OF THE ethers and from the worlds that are not so very far away we seem to keep drawing to our plane things so rare, new, and beautiful that our minds are filled with amazement and our eyes with their beauty. Silent color music is so glorious that I am venturing to express in a few words some of the thoughts regarding it that have filled my mind.

On several occasions it has been my happiness to watch as revealed on the screen the clavilux or silent color music. To say that it is a true symphony and a blending supremely artistic almost beyond anyone's comprehension or imagination is but to faintly describe it. The colors in it are to me not colors terrestrial but garnered from the "astral plane." The white is crystal clear like that from the "Great White Throne." The green is living and verdant. Human passion is seen in the rich red coils which swirl and twist. These colors bring to our eyes could we but recognize it, a very trilogy of life.

By the masses who view this color music it is called strange and incomprehensible, but by me as a student for years of thought forms it is in a great measure apprehended. Thought forms are a study in themselves, infinite in their endless meanings, a revelation to the eye of the spirit.

When silent music is portrayed in motion on the screen, first is cast a gray moving and chaotic mass. Then slowly a ray of light appears, gracefully descending as if to awaken sluggish matter. Soon another light is given, and the "descent into matter" seems to have awakened that which has awaited it. The spiraling, the coiling, and the swirling are beautifully, gracefully, and purposefully presented. That it is an allegory in color is all one can say.

Through the passing years I have spent much time in concentration, contemplation, and meditation, and at last have been privileged to view the wonders and beauties of the plane called the "astral." I have seen a cascade of water that was more beautiful in color than the verdure of spring, more transparent than the rainbow, for it was "living clear." I have watched in spirit in a conscious dream the colors we see in silent color music. As I gazed, they were revealed,

and absorbed I recognized them. We must recognize these colors for ourselves. They are at times a symphonic poem, rich in motion and pregnant with hidden mystery.

"Thou whose almighty Word
Chaos and Darkness heard
And took their flight—"

is a quotation which perfectly expresses to me the thoughts which in my conscious dream arose and winged their way through my mind. With it open and receptive I watched the unreeling of this new gift of color and silence. When John Marriott in the early part of the nineteenth century wrote the marvelous words above, perchance did he catch some of these bright rays in the eye of his mind? Or did he, as I prefer to think, glimpse from the windows of his psychic being some knowledge of what was later to be given in the beauty of pictured revealments to the sons and daughters of men? Were I a writer of poetry I should whisper:

Out of the womb of time
Coil and coil the rays divine.

May I pass for a moment to the musical melodies in perfume which now grip the thoughts of many in Paris and elsewhere. The existence of conservatories where students with bandaged eyes distinguish the scale through perfumes seems almost unbelievable, and only a novitiate could give credence to the idea. In this country a concert of this type has not as yet been given. Were we blind, by the delicate olfactory nerve we could still gain access to this knowledge of the symphonies of perfume. We can start with the bass clef three octaves below middle C. The odors correspond to the notes in music. For instance: *Do* is patchouli; *Re* vanilla; *Mi* clove bark, and so on. The rose corresponds to C. To write it all is a feat impossible; to even glimpse it is to enter fields hitherto unknown.

What next will the Omnipotent One give us, we question, or what will the hierarchies from on high send down to eager mortals who with eyes lifted and ears attuned look for "His Coming?" Are these gifts divine from the plane called

Devachanic? Waft down its message of music, its inspiration in color, its gifts untold to us, we pray. We speak much of the "Church Triumphant" that is yet to come. Of the "Church Expectant" and the "Church Militant" we all know much. Perhaps this is the Music Triumphant that can knit us all into one and bind the planes of nature in a delicate interpenetration.

The Music of the Spheres

DR. W. STUART LEECH

THESE ARE days of the wireless. To anyone who has once heard the Music of the Spheres it appears that as man advances a little farther along the path of evolution even the batteries, tuners, and transformers of the radio will not be needed for the reception of sounds transmitted by wireless waves. He will have the necessary mechanism within himself.

Twice every month nature through her planetary system knocks at your door, or to express it as a literal fact, she throws the door wide open so that you may both hear and feel the Music of the Spheres. When you have for a certain term lived to the highest within you, when you have been assisting the helpless or aiding others without expecting or looking for any reward, and when your mind and body are in the proper attitude and free from care, then the planetary, doors may open when you drop off to sleep, and in the early morning when your brain is fresh and clear you can hear and have this music impressed upon your physical brain. There are two favorable periods each month, each period being from two to four days long. All sounds, from the nightingales' sweet notes to the oaths of the profane, are then transmuted and united by Nature into wondrous harmony before they are permitted to sink into the bosom of the Absolute.

Secular writings contain many erroneous conjectures about this music, conceiving it to express merely the harmonious workings of nature. But emphatically this music is not a figure of speech; it is a literal truth, and can be obtained "first-hand" without any mechanical contrivance. Pythagoras and other ancients mention it. The seven stringed lyre of Apollo is a reference to it.

It is a beautiful hum, a spiritual harmony,

produced by the movement of the celestial orbs through space. Max Heindel locates it in the Second Heaven, which is the region next above the Desire World.

During its reception one is perfectly conscious. "He passes into a great stillness. For the time being everything seems to fade away. He cannot think; he has the feeling of standing in the 'Great Forever.'" He is alone in the sublime harmony of the universe. When you have once experienced this, you can never again doubt the existence and the immediate presence of the Almighty.

So thrilling and inspiring is this most wonderful of all tones that all lovers of music should aspire to obtain it first-hand. Goethe says:

"The sun intones his ancient song
Mid rival chant of brother spheres;
His prescribed course he speeds along
In thundrous way throughout the years."

Serbice

LIZZIE GRAHAM

It was a very dusty road. All day the sun had been blazing down with an almost angry heat, and scarcely a flower or weed to be seen. But right in the roadway in the deep dust there was a sturdy root of common green grass, one of the kind that grows low to the ground and the blades of which are wide. But today as we passed it, the blades were drying up. It was almost gray instead of bright green, and we involuntarily gave a little sigh of sorrow for the strong, little spirit within it that had been struggling so bravely all the past hot weeks.

We walked on, and as we neared the ocean, we met a refreshing fog blowing landward. During the night the fog fell heavily, and the next morning, being much cooler, we walked down the same ocean road and again noticed the little plant which had interested us. We were surprised at its appearance. Every leaf was standing up boldly, bathed by the recent fog. Each had made itself a channel to catch the tiny drops and carry them down to the root, which quickly responded to the moisture. Thus the leaves were channels of supply, and in return they received strength and beauty through their part in the work.

We never can help another without being helped ourselves.

Question Department

Questions from our readers on any phase of occult philosophy or mysticism are answered in this department as space permits.

Health and Disease--Reality or Illusion

QUESTION:

Is it possible here and now to have a perfect body? I have been reading metaphysical literature and attending higher thought lectures which apparently teach that perfection should be ours now. However, I am not able to see without glasses. Please tell me where the discrepancy comes in.

ANSWER:

We can have perfection here and now provided we live entirely in accordance with divine law, and also provided we have worked out all the bad destiny created in past lives. Even though all this past bad destiny has not yet been worked out, it is still possible to have a perfect body for the reason that such destiny may be worked out by service to the race instead of through suffering. As to which of these methods must obtain is entirely an individual matter, and can be determined only by an investigation of the Memory of Nature relative to the individual in question. Many of the higher thought societies teach that since God is perfect and that man is a part of God, therefore he must be perfect and imperfection is an illusion. There is a certain degree of truth in this from the fact that the only ultimate reality in the universe is spirit. Below spirit is matter, in form, and form being transitory is in one sense unreal. Since the physical body is one of the manifestations of form, any state of imperfection in it, from this point of view, is an illusion. The Rosicrucian view, however, is that matter is crystallized spirit and therefore as real as spirit itself, although the form which it takes has no permanent reality. Therefore disease is real, since it is a manifestation of spiritual inharmony translated

through crystallization into form. Therefore we cannot have a perfect body until we have complied with the conditions stated in the first part of this answer.

MATTER, A FORM OF SPIRIT

QUESTION:

How do the Rosicrucians define matter and its constitution? How does their view differ from that of the material scientist?

ANSWER:

The physical scientists have proved that the electron is the basis of physical matter, namely that certain groupings of electrons constitute the atoms, and the atoms go to make up the molecules which form matter as we know it. They have also shown that the electron is a form of electrical energy. They have thus made an immense contribution to human knowledge, for they have scientifically proved that matter is a form of energy, which is a great step forward. The above view entirely coincides with that of the occultist, who knows that in the ultimate there is nothing in the universe but spirit: spirit manifesting first as force or energy and later in the more crystallized form of matter. The physical scientists have stepped into the breach between occultism and materialism, and through the medium of the electron have proved the occultist's contention that spirit and matter are in reality one, only in different degrees of condensation.

POST-MORTEM EFFECTS OF CREMATION

QUESTION:

Can one who has passed over to the other side of life be of as much help to those left behind if the body was cremated as it could have been if disposed of in the usual method?

ANSWER:

It is not the object of those who have passed to the other side to meddle in the activities of those they have left behind. The after-death

processes are those of assimilation of the spiritual essence of the preceding life, and it is only under exceptional circumstances, particularly those of earthbound spirits, that communication with the living is possible. In general communications of earthbound spirits with the living are not only of no value to the latter, but they are usually a positive detriment. Therefore the question of cremation has no bearing on the matter. Incidentally, however, cremation liberates the ego from its discarded physical vehicle much sooner than is possible by other methods, and therefore is an aid to it in its post-mortem existence.

INCENSE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
QUESTION:

It is stated in the Rosicrucian Mysteries that certain evil effects are produced by burning incense and that it attracts low superphysical entities. It is also stated that the use of church incense brings an added spiritual fervor. Will you please tell me, therefore, whether the incense used in the Roman Catholic Church under suitable conditions is safe and without objections?

ANSWER:

The burning of incense attracts elementals of various kinds, the nature of the elemental depending upon the kind of incense used. In general we advise against incense of all kinds, because it is likely to attract undesirable elementals and entities even if in some cases it attracts good ones.

The Catholic Church is secretly highly versed in occult lore and possesses much knowledge regarding incense. They undoubtedly use such kinds of incense as will best promote the objects they have in view, namely the gaining and holding of converts to their religion. However, in our opinion it is a somewhat questionable method, although undoubtedly an aid in producing an effect upon the finer vehicles of the worshiper.

SATURDAY VERSUS SUNDAY
QUESTION:

In keeping Saturday as the Lord's Day of rest instead of Sunday would one not be going backward in his evolution toward the Jehovistic regime?

ANSWER:

Yes. Previous to the advent of the Christ the evolution of the earth was under the direction

of Jehovah. Saturday was adopted as the day of rest while He was in charge of our evolution. However, when Christ assumed charge, a new day of rest was instituted, ruled by the sun, since Christ is the Regent of the sun and is correlated to the vibrations which emanate from it. Saturday is ruled by Saturn, and Jehovah made use of the Saturnian vibration, which is correlated to the law, to compel humanity to go forward in evolution. Therefore during His regime Saturday was used as the day of rest, since it typified the prevailing vibration of that period. But now since we are definitely under the regime of Christ and His reign of love, to go backward into the Saturnian vibration and the reign of law symbolized by Saturday is a step backward in evolution.

**THE NECESSITY FOR ACCURATE
OBSERVATION**

QUESTION:

We are told in the Rosicrucian literature that inaccurate observation of our surroundings causes conflict with the subconscious record of the same surroundings and thereby produces inharmony in the body. Please explain this.

ANSWER:

The conscious record of a person's surroundings is made by means of sense perception and the creation of thought forms corresponding to the things observed. The subconscious record is made through the medium of the ether in the inspired air, which is carried through the lungs to the blood, the pictures which it contains being finally impressed upon the negative atoms of the vital body. When the two records differ through inaccurate conscious observation or even total lack of observation, there is a subconscious conflict between the mental body and the vital body. For perfect harmony in man's organism every department and every vehicle must be in perfect correspondence with every other one; this, among other reasons, in order that the ideas which the ego projects downward from the Region of Abstract Thought into the conscious mind may have an unimpeded channel. The germinal idea projected by the ego first clothes itself in mind stuff, making a thought form; this in turn clothes itself in desire stuff, giving incentive to action; this communicates its vibration to the etheric brain; and the vibration of the etheric brain is

finally transmitted to the physical brain, causing the phenomenon of thought. When there is obstruction anywhere in this chain of vehicles in the form of a lack of correspondence between the conscious records in the mind and the sub-conscious records in the etheric body, the above described process of thought is interfered with, friction is engendered, energy is wasted, and a corresponding degree of disorganization results, all of which take time and energy for their correction during the hours of sleep. This is the reason why we should be careful to observe our surroundings accurately, as we thereby save energy and gain in mental power.

FISH AND CHICKEN AS FOOD

QUESTION:

Do the Rosierucians forbid the eating of fish and chicken, and do they believe that it hinders spiritual development?

ANSWER:

The Rosierucians are opposed to the use of any food which requires the taking of life, not only because it hinders spiritual development, but because it works an injustice to the animal. There is no difference in this respect between chicken and the other animals which are ordinarily used for this purpose. Fish, however, is a slightly lower form of life, and though the objection to it is consequently not quite so marked, at the same time the general features of the case remain unchanged.

SECRECY REGARDING OCCULT STUDIES

QUESTION:

Why must I keep hidden the fact that I am a student of occult science and the inner truths not possessed by orthodox religion? Is this not in the nature of denying the Christ?

ANSWER:

We know of no reason whatever why you should keep the fact that you are studying occult science hidden from others, from the standpoint of principle. From the standpoint of expediency, however, the occult student will always take the path of nonresistance and the path of harmony, and he will avoid antagonizing others whose beliefs are contrary to his own. In those cases where the associates of a person are so fixed in their orthodox beliefs that they cannot tolerate

the idea of anything new, harmony dictates silence regarding the studies along the higher lines which a person may be following. However, there is a vast difference between silence and denial. But if a condition arises where a statement is demanded by those who may have the right to know, it would be necessary for the occult student to briefly state his position without going into the details of his belief, and then stand on his rights to accept and follow any religion which he chooses.

CHAIN LETTERS

QUESTION:

Are chain letters good even if they appear to have a benevolent object?

ANSWER:

Chain letters represent an effort to enlist the combined thought power of a large number of people for a given purpose. As to whether they are good or bad depends upon the purpose. It is quite legitimate for people to combine their efforts to attain any worthy object. However, the chain letters which have come under our notice have been very objectionable as regards their methods and their origin. When there is doubt in the matter, it is better for one not to make a connection with them or the forces which they represent, because he might thereby ignorantly get himself into trouble which he did not anticipate.

DESERT MIRAGE

QUESTION:

Is the desert mirage an astral or etheric reflection?

ANSWER:

It is neither; it is purely physical—a phenomenon due to the reflection of light at the surface common to two strata of air differently heated.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF HEALING

QUESTION:

Mrs. Eddy claims that *Science and Health* was divinely given to her, also the system of healing described therein. If this is true, why do not the Rosierucians heal in the same manner?

ANSWER:

There are many different systems of healing, most of them possessing some merit, and so far

as they are in accordance with divine law they are divinely authorized. The Christian Scientists use mental methods entirely for attaining their realizations of physical perfection, whereas the Rosicrucians use not only concentration, prayer, and material accessories, but also make use of Invisible Helpers for carrying on the processes of healing. Both systems have merit, but we believe that the latter is destined to become the more widely prevailing method as the number of Invisible Helpers becomes larger.

THE ANNUAL BIRTH OF THE SUN

QUESTION:

Please explain about the new sun being born every year. We are told that our sun is a planet and that it is inhabited. How do you reconcile these statements?

ANSWER:

The new sun being born every year is a symbolical way of saying that the sun crosses the equator at the spring equinox every year, and that the Christ, the indwelling planetary spirit of the earth, having during the preceding six months permeated the earth with His life then withdraws. The vitality thus imparted to the earth is the basis for the vegetable growth which takes place during the spring and summer. Our sun is not a planet according to the ordinary terminology nor is it inhabited by physical beings. It is, however, the abode of high spiritual entities.

DISHARMONY BETWEEN DESIRE FORMS

QUESTION:

How can there be disharmony between the vibration of two coarse desire forms of the same nature?

ANSWER:

This question undoubtedly refers to the coarse desire forms found in the purgatorial region of the desire world. The force there prevailing is that of repulsion, the mainspring of which is self-assertion. There the Ego endeavors to repulse all who come in contact with it, to push others away in order that it may have more room for self-expansion and self-expression. All the desire forms found in this region exhibit these characteristics. At the same time desire forms of the same character relating to the

same object coalesce and grow stronger thereby, for instance, the same lie repeated. But the desire forms of different kinds of evil, for example, envy, sensuality, anger, pride etc., are immediately repellent to one another, because they endeavor to drive one another away and tear one another into pieces.

GROUP SPIRITS

QUESTION:

Where do the Group Spirits come from? Do they evolve and will they eventually become men?

ANSWER:

The Group Spirits are Archangels, who passed through the human stage in the Sun Period and are now two periods above that stage. They are evolving, of course, as are all other beings in the universe.

CROSS STRIPES IN THE HEART

QUESTION:

Why does spiritual growth develop the cross stripes of the heart?

ANSWER:

As positive spiritual development proceeds, the ego gains more and more control of its vehicles and *consciously and designedly* proceeds to build these cross stripes in the heart for the purpose of making it a voluntary organ for special uses in the next phase of evolution. Among these uses will be the ability to direct the blood to any part of the body consciously, thus building it up, or to withhold it from any part desired for the purpose of retarding its development. At the present time the left side of the brain is the side which governs most of the functions of life, and this is under the domination of the Lucifer spirits. When we have gained control of the heart, it will be possible for the ego to partially shut off the supply of blood to the left side of the brain, thus limiting the activities of the Lucifer spirits in the mind, and conversely to send a greater supply to the right side, which is the domain of the Mercurial spirits, who foster altruism. By this process man can greatly accelerate his evolution.

The pleasure of doing good is the only pleasure that never wears out.



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 not to be confused with fortune telling. As the tides are measured by the motion of sun and moon so also are the eventualities of life 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 assist the soul entrusted to your care in becoming a better man or woman.

The message of the marching orbs is so important that you cannot afford to remain in ignorance of it.

"Man's Destiny Is Written in the Stars"

A Study of History In the Light of Astrology

R. A. UTLEY

(This article received Second Prize in our recent Competition)

MOST STUDENTS have at some time read the above quotation. Few will have failed to realize the importance of the fundamental truth expressed by it. But how many have understood the extent of its application? Even as the stars record the events of individual lives, so are the stories of nations traced in letters of living light across the heavens. Under the searching rays of astrology, history emerges from the mists of uncertainty and takes its rightful place in the ranks of the exact sciences.

To prove that this is so it will be necessary to first explain a division of the zodiac more familiar to Eastern than to Western students. Each sign is under the influence or rulership of one of the twelve Great Hierarchies. Under

each of the Great Hierarchies twelve lesser hierarchies of nature similar to those of the twelve Great Hierarchies rule successively, each over two and one-half degrees. The subhierarchy ruling the first two and one-half degrees of any sign is always of the same nature as the hierarchy ruling the sign as a whole, hence the order of succession varies regularly with each sign. The result of this is that each subinfluence is repeated every 1980 years, and not every 2160 years as would otherwise be the case. The dates marking the beginning and end of each subinfluence can readily be calculated by using as a starting point the entrance of the sun into Pisces by precession A. D. 498, and the fact that it requires 180 years for the sun to pass by precession through two and one-half degrees of the zodiac.

The last Aquarian subepoch, which was the first subepoch of the Piscean Age, occurred be-

tween the years 498 A. D. and 678 A. D. It was an age of sudden and violent upheavals, of universal restlessness, when love of liberty and rebellion against restraint were carried to such extremes that established authority virtually ceased to be. Untold millions of Goths and Slavs overran Europe and destroyed the fabric of Roman world government. The Roman social structure, based on slavery and on a central authority as nearly universal and absolute as history records, gave place to a social structure so leavened with individual license that the structure itself is scarcely definable as such. The lower aspect of the Uranian influence is patent; the higher aspect will be considered later.

The main trend of events in the previous Aquarian subepoch, which fell between the years 1482 B. C. and 1301 B. C., was amazingly similar. A like series of sudden and violent upheavals submerged the decadent Mycenaean civilization of the Mediterranean basin and the Bactrian civilization of Central and Western Asia. It may be asserted with confidence that there is no present danger of civilization going under as so many European writers imagine. The next Aquarian subepoch lies nearly three thousand years ahead of us. While individual states have come to a sudden end at various times, it is only during Aquarian subepochs that such universal and complete deluges have taken place. Careful calculation shows Uranus to have been subruler when the island continent of Poseidonis sank beneath the Atlantic, 9564 B. C.

The Aquarian was followed by the Capricornian subepoch 678 A. D. to 858 A. D. Saturn, its ruler, ushered in the intellectual midnight of Europe, an age of such gross ignorance that few monarchs could write their own names, and men with clerical ambitions had perforce to seek the bosom of Mother Church or risk condemnation for having dealings with the devil. But no sooner had the age come to a close than Europe saw the dawn of a new intellectual day. Leo the Philosopher ascended the throne of Constantinople, Alfred the Great that of England.

To take another example, the period from 1218 A. D. to 1398 A. D. was under the subinfluence of the sign Libra, whose planetary ruler is Venus. This was the Age of Chivalry, when the cult of love and beauty softened and mellowed the

crudities of life, and even war felt the magic touch of idealism. This was the time when troubadours roamed from Gascony to Lorraine, and the guilds of Meistersingers spread from end to end of Germany. During this era there arose those matchless creations of national art, the so-called Gothic cathedrals that dot the countries of Western Europe. Not these alone, but the Cloth-Hall of Ypres with its treasures of mediaeval artisanship, the world famed Alhambra and Great Hospital of Granada, even the Seljuk palaces of Konia and Sivas, bear witness to the influence of Venus. It may be argued that the great age of music and art came much later, but the art of the Renaissance was intellectual rather than emotional and did not touch the soul of the masses as did the music and art of this time. Even more to the point is the fact that planetary influences have to do with the initiation, not the culmination of movements.

Looking back to the period between 762 B. C. and 582 B. C. the same Venusian subinfluence produced the Lyric Age of Greek poetry. The analogy could be more fully shown if our knowledge were more complete of the great nations of that time, the Gauls, the Ibero-Phoenicians of Tarshish, the Etruscans of the Po Valley, and the Greeks of Asia Minor, the latter being as yet the outstanding representatives of Hellenic civilization.

But the most incontestable proof that history repeats itself is to be found by comparing the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries A. D. with the sixth and fifth centuries B. C., each period falling under the subinfluence of Virgo, ruled by Mercury. The analogy between the age of Pericles and the age of the Italian Renaissance is sufficiently striking in itself without considering details, but the details intensify the similarity. The famous court of Hieron at Syracuse is repeated in the equally famous court of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence, each serving as a focus for the rapid development of intellectual life. And as the proverbially brilliant court of Pericles followed that of Hieron, and drew to itself the great lights of Sicily as well as those of Greece; so the court of Francis the First followed that of Lorenzo, and drew to itself the great lights of Italy as well as those of France. In each case architecture, sculpture, and paint-

ing developed hand in hand. Even the Parthenon has its counterpart in St. Peters of Rome.

As mentioned before, the culmination of art in these periods shows the colder, more severe influence of Mercury, in contrast to the Venusian influence which preceded. The significance of the word "classic," commonly applied to the art of both periods, is readily seen.

Equally striking is the manner in which the development of science in the one age paralleled its development in the other. The impetus given by the esoteric teachings of the Adept Pythagoras not only spread the influence of the Mysteries through the Greek world, but stimulated the study of exoteric science by the leaders of the "Ionian" School of Philosophy and their pupils. For this so-called "Ionian Philosophy" was more nearly akin to what we now call pure science (as distinct from applied science) than to philosophy proper. In like manner the Adept known as Christian Rosenkreuz stimulated both esoteric science, as studied by the Alchemists, and exoteric science, exemplified by the new doctrines of the great Copernicus and others. As the one age closed with the martyrdom of Socrates to the spirit of reaction, so did the other close with the like martyrdom of Bruno; and as the earlier event paved the way for the far-reaching influence of the Adept Plato, so did the latter for the inestimable influence of the Adept Sir Francis Bacon.

Even in China the potency of the Sign of the Virgin shows forth in the "Intellectual Age" of Lao-Tse and Confucius, to reappear twenty centuries later in the great Renaissance that came with the Ming Dynasty.

There is still another analogy that will be immediately apparent to students of ecclesiastical history. The Protestant Reformation fell almost exactly within the limits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The equally important though little known Judaic, Sabbatarian Reformation fell between the limits of the sixth and fifth centuries B. C.

Many pages could be written to bring out the endless points of resemblance, such as the Phoenician voyages of discovery and the Portuguese; the shifting of the world's commercial center of gravity due to the fall of Tyre, and that due to the fall of Constantinople; the gathering of many races under the benevolent, though despotic rule

of Persia, and the re-gathering under the much maligned but equally benevolent rule of Turkey. Cyrus the conqueror and Darius the organizer seem to live again in the persons of the warlike Muhammed and the peace loving Bajazet the Second.

Today we are nearing the end (1938) of an epoch under the subinfluence of Cancer, whose planetary ruler is the moon. The previous epoch was ruled by the sun, and as might be expected royalty was then in its heyday. With the transition to the lunar epoch the power of royalty waned, and the tide set in the opposite direction. Compare the French Revolution and its worldwide aftermath with the Roman social revolution initiated by the Gracchi. Compare the Essene communities of the last century B. C. with Rosicrucian and similar centers of the present time. By following the main course of events two thousand years ago, the student may foresee the probable course of events soon to come. In attempting to do so, however, it must be borne in mind that while the world is under the same subinfluence it was under twenty centuries ago, the dominant influence is that of a different hierarchy. The Law of Cycles demands that history shall repeat itself, but by reason of the same law it can never do so detail for detail.

It has been stated by those in a position to know that there is no absolute dividing line in time between the influence of one sign and that of another. The Aquarian Age is even now heralded, though its actual commencement is about seven hundred years ahead of us. Nevertheless it can be shown that the transition points between subepochs are marked by physical events of far-reaching importance, and in that sense are as distinct as the moments of dawn and sunset. The hours of history strike, even as the hours of the day. Therein lies the justification for claiming that history deserves to rank as an exact science.

While our limited knowledge of the past renders it impossible to select the exact events which were the outward marks of the inner changes of rulership, except in a few cases, this much can be demonstrated: that within a few years of the calculated dates events did happen which were pregnant with destiny, and which are admitted to have been among the most decisive in the world's history.

Such a series of inter-related events occurred shortly before and after the year 595 B. C. The Medes, having just completed the conquest of Assyria, turned towards Europe. They were checked in their westward march by an eclipse, according to tradition, but more probably by a last great Scythian attack on their northern frontier. This postponed for half a century the inevitable conflict between Greeks and Medes, giving the former a breathing space in which to develop that sea power which was later to save Athens. At the same time some fresh impulse led the Ionian Greeks to emigrate in hitherto unheard of numbers. The minor colonies of Sicily and Italy suddenly developed into huge cities which dwarfed the towns of Greece proper. The Punic traders fled before the impetus of that advance, and the coasts of Gaul and Spain became a Greek littoral. The story of the next 180 years is the story of Greek effort in the West, while the Medo-Persian Empire controlled the East.

The year 413 B. C. witnessed the destruction of the famous Sicilian expedition, which in sounding the death knell of Athenian power also sounded the death knell of Greek democracy. At the same moment that Athens, an imperial republic, failed in her attempt to dominate the Mediterranean, the conquest of the Po Valley by the Gauls made it possible for that other imperial republic, Rome, to succeed where Athens failed. Till then practically the whole of Italy had been under the heel of Etruria, and not until the Gauls broke through her northern defenses, the Alps, and conquered her richest territory, the Po Valley, was her power sufficiently weakened to permit the growing city on the Tiber to challenge her supremacy. Almost immediately after these events the expedition of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon opened the eyes of Greece to the ease with which the Persian Empire could then be penetrated. Thus the story of the next 180 years is the story of Greek effort in the East, while Rome consolidated her power over Italy and won control of the sea.

About the year 230 B. C. Rome completed this process by reducing Corsica and Sardinia and the pirates of Illyria, and turned her attention to the east. At this time she set on its feet the almost defunct state of Pergamum, which was merely a Roman pawn, a base for the commercial

exploitation of Asia. Practically coincident with this the arming of the native Egyptians by their Ptolemaic rulers against the attack of Antiochus marked the beginning of the political decline of Hellenism. What Rome began then she finished 180 years later with the annexation of Gaul, Numidia, and the Bosporean Kingdom. Her sea supremacy had led inevitably to the conquest of every country bordering on the Mediterranean.

It is extremely interesting to note how this process has been duplicated in modern times. The disastrous defeat of Angora postponed for half a century the inevitable conflict between Latins and Turks, giving the former a breathing space in which to develop their sea power even as the Greeks had done. The story of the 180 years between A. D. 1402 and 1583 is the story of Spanish and Portuguese effort in the West, while the Ottoman Empire controlled the East.

The year 1588 witnessed the destruction of the famous Spanish Armada. At the same moment that Spain failed in her attempt to secure an unassailable naval predominance, the abrogation of the Hanseatic privileges by Elizabeth and the sudden turn of affairs in the Baltic made it possible for Britain to succeed where Spain had failed. Till then the carrying trade of the northern half of Europe had been monopolized by the powerful fleets of the Hanseatic League, and not till the revival of Scandinavian vigor robbed the League of its rich Baltic trade, was its power sufficiently weakened to enable England to deny it those privileges which had precluded the development of an English merchant fleet. From the English declaration of war against Spain in 1584 to the Peace of Paris, which ended the naval struggle with Spain, Portugal, Holland, and France in succession is again just 180 years. Meanwhile Latin effort had turned East in the shape of French control or influence in every country of Europe.

As the establishment of a Roman commercial base in Pergamum began the process of converting naval activity into the administration of a vast land empire, so the establishment of a British commercial base in India began a like process. And since the year 48 B. C. saw practically the last stone added to the Roman structure, it is reasonable to suppose that the year 1932 will witness the culmination of the Anglo-Saxon march to world dominion.

It will suffice for the present purpose to merely glance over the intervening period, selecting only the most obvious of those events which, occurring at the same time in different countries, combined and reacted to give a fresh turn to world events every time a new hour struck.

The ninth hour of the Aryan Epoch, when Caesar crossed the Rubicon and ended the pretense of republican government, saw the last Celtic tribe thrust across the Rhine by the Germans. At this moment Gallic nationalism died, German nationalism was born. It received its confirmation 180 years later when the Frankish Confederacy was formed.

The striking of the tenth hour is heard in the permanent dispersal of the Jewish Race, 132 A. D., following their last futile revolt. This gave such an impetus to the Christian Church that it emerged from its Catacombs: on account of the sudden access of converts secret worship became as impossible as it was unnecessary. The next step was the adoption of Christianity as the state religion A. D. 312 by the Emperor Constantine. The opening of the Piscean Epoch saw in the conversion of Clovis the first step in transferring the Christian Church from its cradle, the East, to its true home in the bosom of Europe.

The very same moment saw the conception of Mohammedanism. When the Mustareb tribes of Arabia won their independence from the effete kingdom of Yemen about the year 500, there began that renaissance of national vigor which provided the material basis for the spreading of the Great Prophet's doctrines over two continents. Like a breath of clean fresh air his enthusiastic followers swept through all those countries where a corrupt and degraded Christianity was like a stink in men's nostrils. But with the striking of the first hour of the new age the Arabs found in their defeat before the walls of Constantinople a sign that Europe was not part of their heritage. The second hour saw the beginning of the disruption of the Caliphate, when the Turkish Guard seized control of Bagdad, and independent dynasties sprang up simultaneously in Africa and Turkestan. The third saw the Seljuk Turks' regime commence, only to give place 180 years later to that of the Mongols.

As the first hour of the Piscean Age struck, the Teutonic party in the Frankish Empire

seized the sceptre of power from the hands of the Gallic element, while the Bulgarians, crossing the Danube settled in Moesia and established the nucleus for a great Slav empire of the Balkans. As the second hour struck, Charlemagne's unwieldy empire split in twain under the tremendous impact of the Viking explosion that turned France into a desert and cleared the field for the German hegemony of Central Europe. This hour saw the institution of feudalism in one half of Europe, and the lightning stroke that placed the other half under the authority of a handful of Swedish adventurers.

The fourth, eighth, and twelfth hours, corresponding to the beginning and ending of decanates, are ever the most fateful. Consider the events grouped about the year 1222. The destruction of Constantinople by the Crusaders transferred the commercial capital of Europe to Venice; the disaster of Las Navas sounded the death knell of Moorish rule in Spain; Germany, having lost control of Italy, found her true sphere in the civilizing of northern Europe through the instrumentality of the newly founded Teutonic Order and Hanseatic League. Greatest of all events that history records, the amazing conquest of three-quarters of the known world by the Mongols linked the civilizations of Europe and Cathay. The immeasurable importance of that linking will probably not be fully realized until the striking of the eighth hour in 1938 fructifies the amalgamation of East and West within the borders of the vast Russian Republic.

One more point remains to be mentioned. As the circle is divided into 360 degrees, so the Great Sidereal Year is divided into 360 days, each of which is about 72 of our years in duration. No attempt will be made to prove that each such day is clearly indicated by events, because the fact will be obvious to anyone who cares to glance through the pages of history with that idea in mind. It is equally obvious however, that the changes initiated at the beginning of each 72 year period are local in scope, affecting chiefly individual nations, whereas the changes which occur every 180 years affect whole groups of nations, and the greater changes which occur every 720 years are world wide in their effects.

(Continued on page 528)

The Children of Aries, 1924



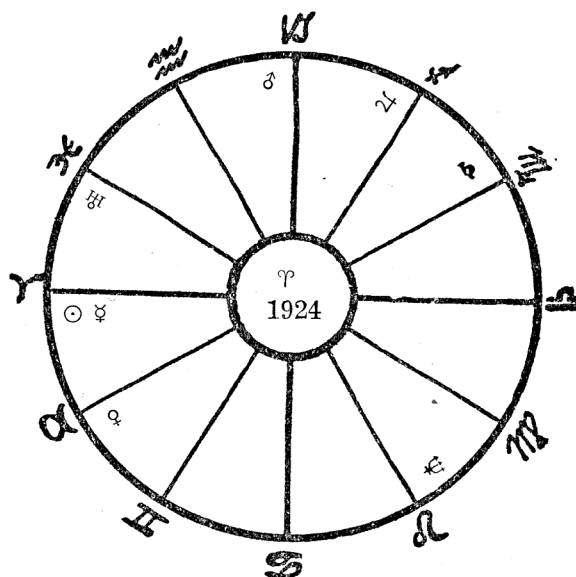
A Character Delineation of the Children Born between March 21st and April 19th, inclusive.

The children born during the time that the Sun is passing through the determined and vital sign of Aries are self-assertive, aggressive, and of an impulsive nature. They resent imposition, are quite fiery in temper, but they are also ready to forgive, holding no resentment.

The Aries children may be compared in temperament to the storms of the vernal equinox, where the Sun enters this martial sign of Aries. These children rush into anything in which they become interested, carrying everything before them in a stormlike manner. Then this rush and bustle are followed by a quiet, serene, and peaceful period in which they can be the loveliest and sweetest of children. They respond very quickly to love and kindness.

The children born this year while the Sun is passing through this spirited sign will be versatile and adaptable, for the planets are scattered all over the horoscope, and the greater number are well placed. Venus is in its own sign of Taurus, Jupiter in Sagittarius, and Mars is exalted in Capricorn. These three planets especially will have a strong influence for good or evil, depending upon what aspects they may make during the lifetime of the native.

The optimistic, reverent, and benevolent Jupiter will, however, have the greatest influence in the life of these children, who will have many strange experiences in mystical things, for during all their lifetime Jupiter will be trine to the occult and prophetic Neptune, which is in the fixed sign of Leo. This will create a desire for advanced spiritual teachings, for Jupiter is in Sagittarius, the natural 9th house sign, which has rule over religion and law. These children will lead in whatever they undertake to do; be-



ing diplomatic and magnetic they will attract the love and confidence of others, who will be willing to follow their leadership. Mars and Saturn having exchanged signs and being in what astrologers call mutual reception, and as Mars is exalted in Capricorn, we may expect that the Mars-Saturn influence will be strong, giving well balanced energy, persistence, and success in public appointments where diplomacy is required and responsibility is involved.

With Jupiter square to Uranus, both in common signs, there may be a tendency to coughs and colds; and Venus in mundane square to Neptune and in opposition to Saturn, all in fixed
(Continued on page 533)

NOTE: We keep back numbers of this magazine in stock so that parents may obtain a reading for children born in any month after June, 1917. Twenty-five cents each.

Your Child's Horoscope

Delineations of the horoscopes of subscribers' children are given in this department each month to help parents in the training of their children. Vocational readings are also given to help young people find their place in the world. Readings for children are given up to the age of 15 years; vocational readings for those between 15 and 25.

To be eligible for a child's reading the parent or applicant must be a YEARLY SUBSCRIBER to this magazine. Vocational readings may be applied for by the subscriber for himself or for another. The names for delineation are drawn by lot. Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either a new subscription or a renewal, is entitled to an application for a reading. If you wish to apply for a delineation, please state so plainly at the time of subscribing or renewing your subscription. The number of names submitted each month exceeds the number of readings to be given, hence we cannot guarantee a reading in every case.

We Neither Set Up nor Read Horoscopes for Money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science of astrology. We give astrological delineations only in this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. Please do not make requests for other readings, for they cannot be complied with.

When applying for a reading, be sure to give *Name, Sex, Birthplace, and Year, Month, and Day of Birth*; also hour and minute of birth if known. If these data are not given, the reading cannot be made.

NOTICE: Applicants for readings *should be very careful* to state when DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME was in effect at birth, or the delineation will be in error.

WILLIAM W. H.

Born July 8th, 1920. 5:15 A. M.

Daylight Saving Time.

Lat. 42 N., Long. 73 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Pisces 21; 11th house, Aries 21, Taurus intercepted; 12th house, Gemini 7; Ascendant, Cancer 12-53; 2nd house, Leo 2; 3rd house, Leo 24.

Positions of the Planets:

Sun 15-59 Cancer; Venus 17-16 Cancer; Mercury 9-18 Leo; Neptune 10-19 Leo; Jupiter 19-27 Leo; Saturn 7-58 Virgo; Mars 29-8 Libra; Uranus 5-22 Pisces; Moon 6-18 Aries.

William has the retiring and sensitive sign of Cancer rising. The cheerful and artistic Venus and the Sun in conjunction near the cusp of the Ascendant will give this boy a sweet, sunny, and obliging disposition. He is one who will love his home and will also make many friends. We would advise the parents to encourage this boy to bring his friends to his home to entertain them. This will help him to overcome the martial tendency from Mars in Libra trine to the impulsive Uranus.

The Moon is in the energetic and martial sign of Aries and in the tenth house. It is in trine aspect to the planet ruling the mind, Mercury, and also trine to its higher octave, the devotional Neptune. This will give William a quick and active mind inclined toward mysticism and spiritual studies. He will be at the head of his class

in school; he will have persistence and determination to accomplish what he sets his mind to do.

Mars in Libra trine to Uranus gives talent for mechanical arts, especially building or architecture. With Venus and the Sun near the Ascendant he would take readily to architectural drawing.

With Saturn in the common sign of Virgo in opposition to Uranus in Pisces there will be a tendency to coughs and colds, especially since Venus is conjunction Sun in Cancer, which has a tendency to cause one to eat excessively of sugar and pastry; this often lays the foundation for adenoids, sore throat, and colds. We would caution the parents to be very careful in the choice of William's food. Teach him while he is young to eliminate all unnecessary sweets and starches, and also teach him moderation in all food.

RALPH J. T.

Born March 16, 1923. 12:20 A. M.

Lat. 44 N., Long. 117 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Libra 0; 11th house, Libra 28; 12th house, Scorpio 20; Ascendant, Sagittarius 8-59; 2nd house, Capricorn 13; 3rd house, Aquarius 23.

Positions of the Planets:

Venus 11-34 Aquarius; Mercury 5-3 Pisces; Moon 11-41 Pisces; Uranus 14-11 Pisces; Dragon's Tail 20-24 Pisces; Sun 24-44 Pisces; Mars 8-41 Taurus; Neptune 15-50 Leo, retrograde; Saturn 18-25 Libra; Jupiter 18-45 Scorpio, retrograde.

When reading the horoscope of a child with

Sagittarius on the Ascendant we must take into consideration the dual nature of this sign. You will observe that the symbol of the sign shown in the calendar is the Centaur, a horse with the head and upper part of the body of a man, who has a bow and arrow in his hand which he is aiming at the stars. There are truly two types of these children, and in order to know which type the child will be, we look to the position of the planets and their aspects.

In this boy's horoscope we find the ruler of the Ascendant, Jupiter, retrograde in the 11th house in Scorpio, square to Neptune retrograde in Leo, both in fixed signs. When planets are in fixed signs and elevated, they usually influence the life of the native to a greater extent than when elsewhere. But we find all the planets having rule over the mind well aspected. Mercury, which has rule over the reason, is in conjunction with the Moon and sextile to Mars. Mercury and the Moon are in Pisces in the third house where these mental planets are at home. The Moon is also in conjunction with the quick-witted Uranus. With these aspects Ralph will be unusually quick and active mentally, but the mentality will run toward the deeper and mystical side of life, for Pisces is an occult sign. With the Sun, Uranus, and the Moon in Pisces, trine to the life ruler Jupiter, Pisces will dominate the life.

However, when planets are intercepted, they indicate only latent possibilities. But at the age of eight years, the horoscope having progressed so that Pisces will have reached the cusp of the 3rd house, this will then liberate these intercepted planets, giving talent for expression through the pen, especially along occult lines. Ralph's writings will be of an inspirational nature.

One particularly dangerous point is shown which may cause this boy to express the animal side of Sagittarius: we find Venus in opposition to Neptune and square to Mars, Mars being in the 5th house ruling pleasures. When Venus, the goddess of pleasure, and Mars, the planet of the senses, afflict each other, it gives a strong passion nature, and when Neptune afflicts either one of these planets, the desires may lead to their unnatural expression. The parents should guard this boy carefully that his friends do not

lead him into secret practices which may later ruin his health.

Mars in Taurus afflicted may give some trouble with adenoids and inflamed tonsils; but never permit the doctor to operate, but instead regulate the boy's diet as a corrective measure.

VOCATIONAL

CLARA B. L.

Born July 14th, 1907.

12:40 A. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Capricorn 27; 11th house, Aquarius 23, Pisces intercepted; 12th house, Aries 0; Ascendant, Taurus 14-41; 2nd house, Gemini 14; 3rd house, Cancer 5.

Positions of the Planets:

Venus 3-46 Cancer; Neptune 12-42 Cancer; Sun 20-44 Cancer; Jupiter 22-12 Cancer; Dragon's Head 23-30 Cancer; Mercury 6-55 Leo, retrograde; Moon 1-37 Virgo; Uranus 10-18 Capricorn, retrograde; Mars 11-16 Capricorn, retrograde; Saturn 27-27 Pisces, retrograde.

The young woman whose horoscope we have for our vocational reading has the fixed sign of Taurus on the Ascendant. Taurus is the home of the goddess of music and art, Venus. With the ruling planet, Venus, in the sign of Cancer, which has rule over the home, sextile to the Moon, and with the Sun conjunction Neptune, Jupiter, and the Dragon's head, all in Cancer, this young woman will have an unusually strong Cancer nature. This will give her great interest in the care of the home. But it is very probable that she will not have a home of her own through marriage before she reaches the age of forty, as Venus passed the conjunction of the Sun at the age of thirteen. With Venus square to Saturn, which delays marriage, we would say that this young woman, if she desired, could find much happiness in making a home for others: for instance, by taking several young women who are making a living in the city to live with her and making them comfortable in a home. She might thus accomplish something along humanitarian lines, which would at the same time assist her financially. Home making might be turned into a vocation while giving these young women a pure environment and a safe shelter from the temptations of the world.

Needle work and designing of dresses and mil-

(Continued on page 533)

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

STRAGGLERS AND NEWCOMERS

(Pages 223-232 *Cosmo-Conception*)

(Continued from March)

- Q. What becomes of the blood when the body goes to sleep?
- A. It leaves the brain, as may be proven by placing a man on a balanced table. When he goes to sleep, the table will invariably tip towards the feet, raising the head.
- Q. What do all these examples tend to prove?
- A. That during the waking hours the ego works in and controls the dense body by means of the blood. The larger portion goes to that part of the body where at any given time the ego carries on any particular activity.

THE VITAL BODY AND CLAIRVOYANCE

(Pages 240-243 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What is the state of organization of the vital body?
- A. It is next in efficiency to the dense body.
- Q. What do some writers contend on this subject?
- A. They call the vital body a link, and contend that it is simply a mold for the dense body and not a separate vehicle.
- Q. Why cannot man at his present stage of evolution ordinarily use the vital body as a separate vehicle?
- A. Because it always remains with the dense body, and to extract it in toto would cause the death of the latter.
- Q. Was there a time when it was not so firmly incorporated with the dense body?
- A. During the Lemurian and the Atlantean Epochs man was involuntarily clairvoyant, and it was precisely this looseness of connection between the dense and vital bodies that made him so.

- Q. What change has taken place since that time?
- A. Since then the vital body has become much more firmly interwoven with the dense body in the majority of people.
- Q. What is the principal difference between a psychic and an ordinary person?
- A. It is this looseness between the dense and vital bodies which constitutes the difference. The ordinary person is unconscious of all but the vibrations contacted by means of the five senses.
- Q. What do all human beings have to pass through?
- A. All have to pass through this period of close connection between the vehicles and experience the consequent limitation of consciousness.
- Q. How many classes of sensitives are there?
- A. Two classes: those who have not become firmly enmeshed in matter, such as the majority of the Hindus and Indians, who possess a certain low grade of clairvoyance and are sensitive to the sounds of nature; and those sensitives who are in the vanguard of evolution.
- Q. What is the state of the latter class?
- A. They are emerging from the acme of materiality, and are also divisible into two classes.
- Q. How is the first of these two classes described?
- A. They develop in a passive, weak-willed manner. By the help of others they reawaken the solar plexus or other organs in connection with the involuntary nervous system. They are therefore involuntary clairvoyants, mediums who have no control of their faculty.

Children's Department

The Message of the Flowers

ELLA VAN GILDER

WHEN OLD KING Winter began his rule upon the earth, he shook his hoary head and roared so loudly that all the brown leaves on the trees trembled and fell to the ground, then scurried off to huddle in the fence corners; and all the tiny seeds and plants buried themselves deep and deeper down in the earth.

Then King Winter sent his two lieutenants, Hoar Frost and Jack Frost, to nip and kill every green leaf or plant that was above the ground. After them he sent General Freeze to fill the lakes and ponds with ice, and to hang long icicles on the roofs of the houses so as to be quite sure that nothing on earth could possibly grow.

Then they all raced up and down the fields and gardens, the streets and the parks. They piled up great banks of snow clouds and sent snowstorms down that covered the earth with a thick, white blanket. They sent blizzards and sleet and cold north winds whirling till the world was so cold and frozen that nothing could grow and even the sun grew cold.

By and by King Winter and his servants grew tired and sleepy, and as there was nothing more to do, they all went howling up to the mountains where there was a deep cave, and into this they tumbled and went sound asleep. But old King Winter did not know that one night when the dreary world was at its lowest pitch a wonderful thing had happened. On one such night the Christ Child was born that He might by His love rekindle the spark of life in the hopeless world. And every little seed and root and plant, buried deep in the bosom of the earth felt the thrill of His love. The spark of life slumbering numbly in their hearts responded to the call, and each one stirred within itself and sang for joy.

By and by the sun grew warmer, and each tiny seed and root began to wonder how it could tell of the wonderful thing that had happened.

So the seeds commenced by breaking open the hard shells around them and pushing upward toward the sunlight; and they said, "We must show everybody the love of the Christ which we feel within us."

And the daffodils said, "We will make our blossoms yellow, for that is the color of the love of the Christ."

The violets said, "We will be blue, for that is the color of the love of the Father."

The tulips said, "We will be red, for that is the color of human life."

The snowdrops said, "We will be white, for that stands for purity."

And all the leaves and grasses said, "We will be green, for that is the blending of the blue and the yellow, for the love of the Father and the Son is over all the earth."

And one morning, when the dew was fresh upon them, they heard the meadow lark singing. They listened, and this is what they heard him say: "Christ is risen!" Then they heard the redbird and the bluebird, and both sang, "Christ is risen!"

Then the little flowers looked around them and saw the earth covered with grasses and the leaves on the trees, and the bright colors on every side, and they all nodded their heads and sang with the birds, "Christ is risen," for it was Easter morning.

Butterflies

ETHNE RAYDEN

ONE DAY a butterfly, its heart full of mother love, tenderly laid a tiny egg in a warm, quiet spot in a garden, out of which came a pretty, white grub. It hovered all day with widespread gold-brown wings over the place where its baby lay, and whispered tales of the future to the sleeping embryo; tales

of summer days, of flowers and honey, of sunshine and blue skies.

But it forgot to tell of the long days of winter when the cocoon would lie cold, wet and lonely, and no word of advice did it give of how to break the hard cocoon and dry the tender wings. Then it flew away.

The baby soul absorbed the mother thoughts, so sadly lacking in qualities of courage and endurance, and it passed into its winter sleep to dream only of pleasure and sunny hours. And lo, when the time came for it to break its cocoon and fly, it chose a gray and rainy day. It fought its way out into the wind and cold, and lay with the rain beating upon its delicate, trembling wings, powerless to fly, dazed and miserable that its dreams had not come true, and without sense to seek shelter and warmth under the leaves and courageously wait for the sun. Alas, poor little butterfly, whose day of life was a rainy one! Its mother had failed to give it the soul food of wisdom and understanding, and it perished unseen and unknown.

That same summer, another lovely, winged mother laid her butterfly baby in its nest of fallen leaves. "Dear little one," she whispered, "in the spring peep from your brown cocoon, and when a patch of sunshine shows beyond you on the grass, break from your narrow shelter and creep towards it. Do not pause. When you see the light, let nothing stop you, for only the sunshine can dry your wings, and warm your delicate body into strength and vigor. All good will come to you when you have reached the light."

And this baby butterfly also peeped forth on a rainy day, but it remembered its pretty mother's warning words, and drew once more into its tiny shell. It did not fully understand why there should be rain and cold, and it shrank from their contact, but it watched for the sunlight.

When at length the golden glory shone on the grass, it cracked its cocoon, and crawled out of its shadowy, chilly bed towards that gleam of sunlight. Its little, dead, weatherstained shell still clung to its damp body and held tight its delicate wings, but it dragged slowly along, intent on reaching the light and warmth, which alone could dry it and free it from the clogging weight of its cocoon. And it reached the light,

and felt the strength and glory of wide, shining wings. The little mother had given wisdom and courage to her baby, and it was free, and lived out its sweet life in God's sunshine.

Oh, dear little mothers, some still cuddling your dolls in your fond arms, learn how to love, how to pray, how to live, that your ideals may give to your babies the strength to crawl upward—upward toward the Light. Even if the lower self clog and weigh down your soul, teach your children *courage and to struggle upward* to freedom. This is your work.

MAN'S DESTINY IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS

(Continued from page 522)

Were the light which astrology throws on history fully utilized, as it should be and some day will be, the effects would be wonderful indeed. What is now the one subject generally most detested by school children, on account of its dryness and the tax which it puts upon mere memory, would become the most absorbing and most easily learned in the curriculum. Familiarity with Nature's unerring system of timekeeping would obviate the necessity of learning dates—and as promptly forgetting them. Instead of an unpleasant course in memory training, history could be made pre-eminently a vehicle for awakening the child's dramatic instinct and cultivating his quick perception of cause and effect. But far more important even than that, instead of being utilized to bolster up a local patriotism based on half truths and misrepresentations, it could and should be used to prove to young, inquiring, impressionable minds that no matter how evil events may appear at the time of their happening, they always in the end serve God's good purpose.

Last but not least, were all the world's political leaders familiar with the inner meaning of events as taught by astrology, they need only look back through the pages of history to learn the inevitable sequel to any situation in which they might find themselves, and so work in harmony with the Good Law instead of combating it.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.—*Pope*.

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 and birds for food, and so 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 we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and bring relief, and to clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces.

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.

Hints For Health

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

THE NEARER we get to the plant kingdom in the matter of our food, the more strength we derive therefrom; for the plants have little individuality of their own, and therefore man can most easily assimilate them and extract the vitamins necessary to sustain life and health. As a consequence he conserves his energy, and does not use it up in digestion as is ordinarily done when heavy proteins and meat are consumed; he receives a greater amount of strength from the vegetable with less expenditure of energy. As fruits and vegetables give a greater amount of vitality than meat, naturally it is not necessary for the vegetarian to take food as often as the meat eater, and the man who has been fed upon vegetarian food has also greater endurance.

We are entering a season of the year when a large amount of our food should be of an eliminative nature. During the winter months the body must consume a greater amount of heavy and heat producing foods in order to keep up its warmth, and man then naturally desires more proteins. But as the spring season approaches, the blood must be cleansed by the foods containing much water and rich in mineral salts. The vegetables are nature's true laboratory, for in them may be found all the vitamins necessary to sustain life, also all the alkaline elements which help to build the cells, bones, and muscles, while the coarser elements of the vegetables are used to keep the intestinal tract clean and in a

healthy condition. As the warm weather approaches, it is most necessary that the body have a good housecleaning, and the vegetables will act as a broom.

The cattle, which are led by the Group Spirit, seek for green food in the spring. Observe their scraggly coats and the dull color of their hair as they emerge from their winter quarters; then watch how this old hair is soon replaced with a shiny, smooth covering and they become full of life and playfulness. If man, whom God gave dominion over the animal, were but as wise as this younger brother, he would also use nature's pure, fresh food to bring new life and lustre to his hair and eyes. He is wise in many things: his great intellect is finding ways and means of harnessing and using the elements of nature; great volumes of water coming hundreds of miles are being used for motive power to generate electricity which lights and heats man's homes; and in so many ways he has become a power. But where the welfare of his own body is concerned, he is either most ignorant or shamefully neglectful, following almost entirely the dictates of the desires; then when sickness overtakes him, he at once sends for a doctor or a healer.

The leaves of the spring vegetables, especially the dandelion, which in some parts of the country is regarded as only a weed, when blanched and used raw in salads are the most wonderful

body scavengers, cleansing the liver and kidneys.

Lettuce, spinach, cabbage, mustard, Swiss chard, all can be used in their natural state in salads with mayonnaise dressing. They supply the body with iron, lime, magnesia, calcium, potassium, and various other minerals necessary for its upbuilding, and added to this we have the cellulose, which gives bulk and by peristalsis acts as an intestinal cleanser. Where raw vegetables are used freely, there is little thirst, for a very large proportion of the vegetable is water. This water acts as a solvent of foreign mineral matter which may have lodged in the blood.

Fruit and vegetables should never be eaten at the same meal on account of the difference of time which they require to digest; fruit takes less than half the time of vegetables for digestion. Naturally both must be worked over in the intestines, and when eaten together they sometimes cause fermentation. It is always well to use at the same meal foods that require the same length of time to digest.

Oh, what a vast amount of suffering could be saved if man devoted to the study of his body the same amount of time which he applies to the acquiring of money and to entertainment.

Psycho-Analysis and Healing

E. HUMBOLDT

ETHICS AND statute books record only the various compromises which mankind in its march onward has had to make with reality. They have, however, little scientific value because they are based upon the conception of a nonexistent being, namely the average man. Every human being is a law unto himself; his actions and reactions to thoughts and other stimuli are peculiarly his own, and every case in need of healing must be regarded as an original one as to causes and mode of treatment.

Modern science, particularly medicine, in its anxious search for phenomena, for facts and data to be wrought into rules, has more than once mistaken the symptoms for the cause. Academic psychologists have tried to simplify their task by allotting the body to physiologists and occupying themselves exclusively with the mind. Such a stand is hopelessly wrong. Man must be studied and treated as a unit, complex, it is true, but nevertheless one in which the actions and reactions of the various vehicles upon one another are indissolubly bound with the very life of the individual. Hence the assertion by some of the psycho-analysts that "Mind and body are one."

It is only when we become aware of the potency of thought as a cause in determining the state of being of our physical vehicle, its health or disease, that we are enabled to bring about the necessary changes which constitute healing.

Thought, which in its conscious form is so often but a mere will-o'-the-wisp, leaves its mark on

our being and sinks down below the level of consciousness, where it remains because of repression. But its action on the life of the individual from the depths of the subconscious is probably stronger than that of conscious thought because it reacts on the organs which are not subject to ordinary volition and produces effects without the desire or knowledge of the conscious mind.

Our subconscious mind is the storeroom where all our thoughts find lodging as soon as we have dismissed them from our objective life. They are out of sight, but their force and their effectiveness are not spent by any means. With most of us the term "cesspool" would be more appropriate than that of storeroom, as any one can easily find out for himself by spending a short time noting down all the stray thoughts that flit through his mind during a few hours and remembering that every one of them, unless neutralized or transmuted, will certainly find sanctuary below the level of the consciousness and remain as a potent factor for good or evil according to its nature.

For those reasons psycho-analysis is the only key to an understanding of human behavior. Its task is to make us acquainted with the contents of the subconscious storehouse, so we can appraise them at their real value and find out whether the voices calling to us from our buried past are the voices of evolution or those of regression.

Some of those voices spring up into the consciousness when they are needed by the individual, while some remain unconscious because of repression. Again others remain below the conscious level because their remembrance is weighted with association with painful or unpleasant experiences. These may be compared to a dead dog sunk in a still pool with a weight tied to its neck; it is out of sight and its presence is unknown to the passer-by, but nevertheless it will quickly contaminate the water of that pool.

Psycho-analysis seeks the corpse at the bottom of the pool and endeavors to remove it that the water may become pure; but neither before nor after does it pass judgment, praise, or condemn.

If we stop to think of what has gone into our subconscious from birth to the present, is it a wonder that we find a large portion unfit for use? Is it a wonder that its influence is a hindrance rather than a help when we are trying to adapt ourselves to the intricacies of our modern life? From the cradle to the grave it follows us like a ghostly shadow, urging us, coaxing us to act in ways which are no longer to be followed. It may even get the best of us until we at last realize that it is the presence and power of a dead past masquerading as ourselves and holding us back. And not until we know it and see it face to face can we conquer it and go on our way.

Those thoughts which rise easily to the surface are easy to account for and master; they are simply floating around and can easily be brushed away. Not so, however, with a good many others associated with painful, humiliating memories or with the repression of some human craving. These are seemingly in hiding, and very often a special effort is needed to pry them out of the depths where they have lodged.

Such thoughts are called *COMPLEXES*, and they are the most disturbing element in our daily life. Unknown to us they exert a strong and almost uncanny influence on all our mental and physical activities.

The successful practice of psycho-analysis and of its logical accompaniment, healing, is an art and not a science. There are no set rules for the practitioner to go by, no line of action which may be successful in all cases, and no prescription that will cure all ills. Understanding, sympathy, and feeling are important guides to successful work. The treatment consists in dissect-

ing the complexes from their associations, and pointing out to the patient the difference between the forces of progress and those of regression, with a certain amount of education or re-education when necessary.

How to get acquainted with the complexes and find out what they consist of is the question. Its solution is not an easy one, although the necessary knowledge can be acquired in several ways.

The thoughts which can easily be made to rise to the conscious levels are those to which the individual does not attach any particular importance, those which have not been repressed and which do not carry with them any memories of fear, regret, or any other unpleasantness. To give an age-old but accurate illustration, suppose that some one mentions in the presence of a few people that he must absolutely remember to purchase so many head of cattle at so much a head; instantly in the minds of all those who have been listening a more or less involved calculation will be worked out, showing what the total amount is. Very likely none of them will have been thinking of the multiplication table, but the knowledge which had been acquired in the past and had sunk below the conscious levels will come to the surface again because of its automatic association with the train of conscious thought. And it is ready to disappear once more when it is no longer needed. The same holds good for all thoughts of the same kind.

If we make a list of fifty or a hundred words and ask a person to tell what each word as it is spoken brings to his mind, we find that some of the answers come without any hesitancy and almost flash out, while others come out painfully and slowly. The first ones would be the same tomorrow, in a week, in a month, and in some cases for a long time afterwards; these answers, or rather their meaning, form a true picture of the personality, changing only little by little as the personality itself evolves.

But under the same conditions the other answers will vary more or less, and in some cases may later be entirely different. It is not that the person has lied, but rather that the mind seems to try to protect itself. The cause, as said before, may be some unpleasant memories associated with the spoken word and the idea it conveys, or it may be some kind of repression. In any

case the failure to give the same answer several times *shows the existence of a hidden complex*; by varying the reaction tests one can ascertain the true nature of that complex and of the various causes and associations which prevent the hidden thought from coming to light when called out.

Another way to fish out those complexes is to study the dream life of the individual and try to interpret it. During sleep those organs which are independent of the volition work continuously, and those automatic activities which up-build the body exceed the sympathetic activities which tend to restrain them; the sense organs are also keenly sensitive and very quick to react to external stimuli.

The mind and all the higher vehicles are far more active during sleep than in the waking state, although their activities are not always correlated to those of the waking life. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that during sleep the dreams of the ordinary individual express and endeavor to fulfill the wishes and desires, either conscious or subconscious, which cannot be gratified during wakefulness. In some cases the meaning is obvious, while in others it is more or less involved and garbed in a symbolical mask of some kind. It may even happen that life's repressions are so severe as to be partly carried over into the dream life, the result being anxiety, dreams, or nightmares, which at times cause a great deal of suffering.

A thorough study of the dream life followed by a translation into understandable language of the symbolic pictures which disguise our work out of the body will furnish us with most particulars of our subconscious desires, cravings, fears, and repressions. Since, however, very few people are able to remember all their dreams and a good many even forget them completely and consequently assert very positively that they never dream, the first step is to acquire the ability to preserve a clear recollection of our sleeping activities. All of us dream all night long, as can easily be proved by suddenly waking up a "dreamless" sleeper.

First of all the wish or will to remember will after some little time bring a more or less disjointed memory of the dreams; perhaps at first there may be only a few scraps, but even these may be valuable and of help in reconstructing the rest. It also happens that a memory of the

night's dreams which is at first very clear and vivid will usually quickly fade away into oblivion or at least lose a good deal of its sharpness. The only remedy is to note down all particulars at once on awakening, and if necessary use some external means to produce artificial awakening ahead of the ordinary time. An alarm clock or a telephone bell will do.

Concentrating on dreams before retiring also awakening suddenly will in a very short time train anyone to remember very clearly some of the night's dreams; and with a little practice it is very easy to carry over into the waking life a memory of the dream activities. This much being done a record should be made of their repetition. It happens very often that the same dream or dreams closely related will occur at frequent intervals; in some cases they follow one another every night with the reappearance of the same characters, the same localities, the same occupation, etc. to such an extent that the individual may be said to lead a distinct and well defined life during sleep, picking up the threads night after night where he left them the morning before in exactly the same way as one does in his daily waking life.

The regular dream life which we might call normal is generally free from any repression, and is characteristic of an even waking life free from anxiety and worry, although there are a few exceptions.

The dreams should be analyzed to arrive at the complexes. Take them word by word or sentence by sentence and have the subject or patient concentrate on them one after another, noting carefully the train of thought brought to the surface. It will often happen that the thought association appears to be meaningless and even silly, but that part of it is not for the psycho-analyst to judge. From those trains of thought brought up from the depths of the unconscious "pool" it is generally easy to grasp the significance of dreams and to understand their causes.

It will be found that some of them are related to the past, some to the present, and some to the future, showing the state of mind of the individual and his tendency: regressive, static, or progressive. He should be warned that the first is bad, the second useless, while the third is to be encouraged along the right lines of development.

(To be continued)

Vegetarian Menu

—BREAKFAST—

Fresh Blackberries
Boiled Entire Wheat
Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Milk or Cereal Coffee

—DINNER—

Puree of Vegetables
Rice and Nut Patties
Buttered Beets
Corn Bread Milk

—SUPPER—

Lettuce Sandwiches
Cabbage Slaw
Nut Sponge Cake

Recipes

Scrambled Eggs on Toast

Beat eggs, adding one tablespoon milk to each egg and a pinch of salt. Put two tablespoons of oil in hot saucepan; stir the eggs just enough to keep from burning. Place on toast and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Puree of Vegetables

Wash carefully without peeling one each of carrots, turnips, parsnips, and potatoes, then cut into small pieces. Peel and slice one onion. Heat two tablespoons of cooking oil in deep stewpan, and fry the vegetables until a light brown. Add one cup each of sliced cabbage and tomatoes. Cover with water and boil until well done, keeping a tight lid on stewpan while boiling. Mash through a colander, then add enough hot water to make one quart of soup, adding salt, celery salt, and a little chopped parsley to flavor. Serve with croutons. To boil the vegetables with the skins and in a closed dish saves the vitamins, which are the most healthful part of the vegetable.

Nut and Rice Patties

Mix one-half cup of ground walnut meats with two cups of boiled rice. Season with chopped onion, salt, and a little sage, mixing in enough milk to work material into balls. Brush with oil, and brown in oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

Buttered Beets

Use young red beets; cut off tops leaving two inches of the stems. Wash carefully; boil until tender. Allow to stand in water until cool enough to handle. Rub off skins; slice into layers. Put in serving dish dotted with butter; sprinkle with salt. Set serving dish in oven for a few minutes, and serve while hot.

The beet tops may be saved for the next day's greens.

Nut Sponge Cake

Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, slowly adding one cup of sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, and one-half teaspoon of grated lemon

rind. Then add one cup of flour which has been sifted three times. Turn into loaf pan with oiled paper at the bottom. Bake for thirty-five minutes.

VOCATIONAL—CLARA B. L.

(Continued from page 525)

linery would also give her an opportunity to express the art of Taurus combined with that of Cancer.

With Mars in conjunction with Uranus elevated in the 9th house in opposition to Venus and Neptune this young woman must needs be cautious in her associations with the opposite sex; for with Venus sextile Moon in the 5th house she will be very attractive to the opposite sex. As a result of the Moon being in the 5th house ruling entertainment, men will be ready to assist her to a good time, but Mars and Uranus in opposition to Venus and Neptune are apt to bring discredit upon her and also to subject her to severe criticism from the world.

THE CHILDREN OF ARIES, 1924

(Continued from page 523)

signs, will cause the venous blood to become sluggish, which is conducive to coughs and colds. Therefore we would advise the parents to teach these children to breathe deeply and to exercise much in the open air so that the lungs will be given expansion. Never permit the doctor to operate on the tonsils or the throat, for there may be a tendency to trouble in these parts from an afflicted Venus in Taurus which rules the larynx, and from Saturn in Scorpio, which indirectly affects the throat.

Back Numbers Wanted

We wish to obtain copies of the "Rays" for August and September, 1923. We will pay 20 cents each for a limited number of these. Subscribers having available copies will confer a favor by sending them to us.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

PATIENTS' LETTERS

Prescott, Ariz., Jan. 7, 1924

Rosierucian Fellowship,
Dear Friends:

On Dec. 30th I was stricken with a severe case of tonsilitis. It had begun slightly the day before and was very bad all day on the date mentioned, causing me severe pain.

I knew I was in the care of the loving Healers, and prayed they would help me that night, and the work they did was wonderful indeed. I fell asleep instantly after I retired, and when I awoke my trouble was all gone—the soreness and swellings in my throat were all gone. It was almost unbelievable. I am so grateful to God and the wonderful Healers and to the dear loving friends at Oceanside, who so kindly placed us in the care of the Healers.

With loving thoughts to all,

Your friend,

Mrs. L. M. B.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 25, 1924.

The Rosierucian Fellowship,
Dear Friends:

I AM HEALED

It has been my good fortune to have experienced a healing by applying to the Fellowship. For quite a while I had been ailing and could find no permanent relief, so I asked the good workers of the Fellowship and the Invisible Helpers to help me. Within a few days after having made my application for healing, I experienced receiving a diagnosis and a pronouncement of it was given as though some one were at my bedside giving it. After that I began feeling better, but with an occasional period of relapse, which I understood as natural. Frequently during the night I was awakened by the knowledge of the presence of some one ministering unto me.

Day by day, I became better. I experienced some physical reactions, such as eliminating impurities. After some time a period came when I felt as though my whole interior were undergoing a thorough house-cleaning, which made me quite weak and irritable. Then the last step in eliminating poisons from my system came, and as a result I am now feeling better than I have for a year, and I know that I am healed. The

process by which I was dismissed as a patient by the Invisible Helpers gave me a clear picture of who and where they are.

There are many ways of helping humankind, but I feel that the Fellowship is using one of the finest. When such service as they are giving becomes universal, the brotherhood which the Master taught will be made manifest.

God bless you dear friends,

Sincerely,

Mrs. E. P. H.

Newark, N. J.

The Rosierucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

It gives me pleasure to report that my wife is very much better. You wrote me that you could not perform miracles, but what you have done for my wife is nothing short of that. You should have seen her a few months ago and see her now!

Everywhere I go I tell about you and your work, even where they laugh at me; why should I care when it is for such a work as you are doing.

Some time in the future I hope to be able to visit you at Mt. Ecclesia and to thank you in person.

With sincerest love,

A. C. S.

HEALING DATES

March 7—14—21—27

April 3—11—18—24—30

May 8—15—21—28

Healing meetings are held 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 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

Chats With the Editor

ALL ON Mt. Ecclesia are feeling joyful today, for the long prayed for rain has at last come. California was beginning to feel the effects of the drought, and a scarcity of water in the wells was feared; but during the night we have been visited with a drenching rain. At this writing, March 2nd, 4 P. M., the sun is peeping from behind the clouds, and the most wonderful rainbow is spanning the canyon with its pot of gold on each mountain, and with the beautiful white San Luis Rey Mission just in the midst of the bow, making a most inspiring picture. And, oh, how the little birds are singing!

The farms surrounding Headquarters have been plowed for a number of weeks in preparation for planting the spring crop of beans as soon as the rain should make it possible; for Oceanside prides itself on its lima beans, also on its large crop of winter lettuce, which is now shipped to all parts of the United States.

Mrs. Virginia Osgood, a noted lecturer, with a party of friends has been visiting us for the past week, and we had the great pleasure of hearing her talk on her experience, as a child in Tibet; also on color vibration. Mrs. Osgood leaves us with a message for the world. This remarkable woman, who has lectured before some of the crowned heads of Europe, found at Mt. Ecclesia what she had sought for years: a demonstration of love and fellowship, with a wonderful spiritual atmosphere, and last but not least she had a personal demonstration of healing while in our new Sun Room which is built on the roof of the new dormitory. This will now make it possible for her to return to the lecture platform after having had a number of years of ill health.

Week-end parties have again filled all our rooms. Mt. Ecclesia is becoming most popular with the tourists who come from Long Beach, Los Angeles, Coronado, San Diego, and other parts of the country.

We are now in a position to accept patients who wish to take advantage of the facilities at Headquarters, the vegetarian diet, and the won-

derful climate of Oceanside. The south wing of the new dormitory has been reserved for this purpose, and Dr. Thomas MacRae has come to make his home with us as our resident health adviser. And by the way, the Doctor is putting the office and print shop workers through a course of physical culture exercises; the entire force takes a few minutes of this exercise each day, with all the windows open, and they are really enjoying this much needed recreation.

A wonderful gift has just been made to the Fellowship: Mr. Earl Howard, a manufacturer of radio outfits in Los Angeles, has presented Headquarters with a beautiful receiving set, and we had our first radio concert in the dining hall last night. We are also setting a number of large concrete lamp posts with globes along the main drive to light the grounds, and we are truly becoming a "city of lights set upon a hill." The writer will leave you to guess which are the lights that shine the brightest.

MRS. HEINDEL LECTURES IN LOS ANGELES

Sunday March 23rd at the *Church of the People*, 942 So. Grand Ave., 11 A. M. Subject: "Christ and His Second Coming."

At the *Rosicrucian Fellowship Center*, Room 112 Coulter Building, 213 So. Broadway 8 P. M. Subject: "Our Dead—and How to Help Them."

Rosicrucian Emblem Pins

We have had a supply of these pins made in Roman gold and enamel, showing the cross, the star, and the seven roses. They are very attractive and are suitable to be worn by either men or women. Price 75 cents, postpaid.

Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

Man or woman to help in kitchen. For particulars address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California.

Prize Competition

The following is a List of the Articles submitted in our Competition ending January 1st, 1924, for each of which a Subscription to this Magazine has been given:

(NOTE:—The three prize winners were announced in the March issue and were respectively, Fanny Paget, R. A. Utley, and A. H. Fear.)

The Proofs of Occultism.

Howard W. Coombs, Los Angeles, Calif.

Some Glimpses of Relativity.

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

Peace and War.

Geo. T. Weaver, Los Angeles, Calif.

Some Fragments of the Esoteric Philosophy of Ancient Egypt.

Dr. Charlotte Sturm, Lancashire, England.

Are We Immortal?

George Woods Hicks, Three Rivers, Calif.

Light on the Horoscope of Birth by Number Vibration.

C. W. Stiles, Manati, Porto Rico.

fooling with the Subjective.

Eliz. D. Preston, Colorado Springs, Colo.

An Interpretation of Aquarius.

Mary Neal Richardson, Boston, Mass.

Truth as Viewed by a Philosopher.

Paul G. Boise, Jersey City, N. J.

The Unseen World.

Clyde D. Gray, Orlando, Fla.

The Colossal Flaw.

A. K. James, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Forsaken Boat.

Georgina Johnson, Waverly, N. Y.

A Priest of Ishtar.

Herman F. Right, Harrisburg, Pa.

Past, Present, Future—A Spiritual Experience.

Katherine Hillwood Poor, Eagle Rock City, California.

The Coming Race Language.

Roland D. Johnson, Saugus, Calif.

Health and the Means to Maintain It.

Marion B. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

Healing.

Chas. H. Wolfram, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Swing of the Scales.

Matilda Fancher, Portland, Oregon.

The Curve of Destiny.

J. H. Bell, Ashland, Ky.

The Enduring Peace.

Frederick W. Pettit, Oceanside, Calif.

Doctor Kate.

Gordon Shaw, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

The Means for Health.

Geo. F. Sargeant, Represa, Calif.

Why Incarnation Appears to Be a Fact of Nature.

Eliz. W. Boardman, Pottersville, Mass.

The Symbol.

Nancy Fort, Waco, Texas.

Two Dreams and their Psychical Significance.

Rebecca J. Gradwohl, San Francisco, Calif.

Three Unusual Incidents Illustrating Clairvoyance.

Margaret Selden, Staten Island, N. Y.

Credo.

Gladys Rivington, San Francisco, Calif.

We wish to thank all those who submitted articles, and we hope that many of them may become regular contributors to this magazine. Articles of merit are always gladly received from our students and friends, and will be published as space permits.

THE EDITOR