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*Rays from the Rose Cross*

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## Contents

### THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

Plato	Edward Ulback	339
Beyond the Veil	Anonymous	343
Rebirth	F. A. Jones	350
This Man Could Make the Whole World Happy		355
A Study of the Rose Cross	Pieter Tuinman	357

### THE ASTRAL RAY—

The Fixed Stars in Astrology	John Howard Russell	360
Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children:		
Brenda Anne P.		366
Astrological Convention		367

### WORTH-WHILE NEWS—

Limit of Life After Death		368
Nightmare Details Caught		368
A Physicist's Sermon		369

### QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

All Religions Are Divine in Origin		370
Race and Group Spirits		370

The Voice of the Silence	370
The Status of Christ and the Father	371
The Physical Body Archetype	371

### NUTRITION AND HEALTH—

Health, Diet and Behavior, Part II	E. Humboldt	372
Patients' Letters		376
Fasting	Gertrude La Page	376
Healing Dates		376
Vegetarian Menus		377

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—

The Princess Who Learned to Smile		
Evelyn Van Gilder Creekmore		378
Child's Morning and Evening Prayers		
Evelyn Van Gilder Creekmore		379

### ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA—

A. F. H. 380

### ROSICRUCIAN NEWS BUREAU—

News from Centers	381
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## Plato

BY EDWARD ULBACK



PLATO WAS the first great eclectic philosopher of the ancient world. He received into his capacious soul all that had been hitherto taught and believed, and he was destined to reproduce it stamped for eternity with the vivid impress of himself. The sources of his philosophy were threefold. From Heraclitus he took a mistrust for phenomenal existence and for the senses by which these are conveyed to the mind. All things are perpetually flowing away, said Heraclitus; neither the material world nor the senses whereby we are made percipients of it, can be the object or media of true knowledge: this belongs to an unknown something behind phenomena, the cause of them; and to an undescribed apperceptive faculty which takes cognizance of them.

This shadowy idealism of Heraclitus reappeared in Plato in conjunction with the bolder idealism of Pythagoras, which again was transformed and digested into his own philosophy by the homogeneous power of Plato. The unknown constant underlying the changeful phenomena was declared by the Pythagoreans to be number: things are what they are because they are copies of numbers; take away from a thing its numerical value, its

unity, and you destroy the existence of that thing. The ideal numbers of Pythagoras were each of them separate, independent units. For instance, the ideal dyad was not merely a multiplication of the unit, but itself a unit incapable of multiplication or division.

These ideal numbers were reproduced in the speculations of Plato under the celebrated name of the *ideas*; and the philosophical nomenclature was altered to suit the greater energy of his conception respecting them. All things are what they are, not because they are *copies* of the ideal numbers, but because they *participate* in the ideas. Many strange and unexplored mysteries lie around this great doctrine of the ideas—their nature, their relation to each other, to the material world, to the idea of the good. In Plato we find many statements regarding them which sound contradictory to one another; and the whole doctrine, as announced by him, seems to be the utterance of a mighty speculative genius, prodigious in surmise, swift in anticipation; but not exact or systematic in thinking, although endowed with an astonishing power of enforcing conclusions. He holds in his hands grains of the golden sands of the infinite, but they are ever running from him back into their native deep. Or else he lets them so slip away voluntarily, that he

may the better show their mystic nature, refusing to be grasped, by the swiftness of their vanishing.

From Pythagoras, then, did Plato receive whatever of theoretic system may be found in his works. Along with Pythagoras he dreamed the golden dream of the universe, listened to the music of the spheres, strove to extend the realm of the limitable into the illimitable, and believed to find in mathematical truths a solution of the infinite harmonies of the Cosmos. A genius so vast as his could not long hope for much from the rigid precision of mathematical formulæ; but we must notice one thing in Plato, that he often seems to be translating mathematical language into metaphysical; and that he gives to mathematics a most eminent place, both as a means of attaining truth, and especially, as a process for disciplining the mind.

Another thing of which he received the germ from the constructive genius of the Pythagoreans, is the notion of a political sect or brotherhood of philosophers, who were to be trained from infancy in the contemplation of the abstract principles of justice and truth, in order that they might be fitted for the governance of the body politic. It is very observable that this great speculative thinker should hang his mysterious contemplations upon the framework of a social system, as he does in the *Republic*, the largest and most mature of all his writings.

The third of the great teachers of Plato was Socrates. From Socrates he received dialectical skill, and a firm belief in the possibility of constructing a science of dialectic which should be a guide to the attaining of the highest truths.

This science he has in part fabricated in his *Dialogues*: perhaps he gives a much fuller account of it than is generally supposed—in fact, a complete account. People usually seem to think that Plato is defective in method, that he has elaborated no instrument for the discovery of metaphysical truth just because he does not contain the *Organon* of Aristotle. This is a most singular misapprehension, worthy of comparison with the case of begging the question which occurs in Aristotle himself, where he attacks the Platonic ideas on the score that they do not correspond with his own well-known classification of the categories. The dialectic of Plato is so far from being any part of the logic of Aristotle, that its object, scope, and tendency are exactly contrary.

Plato's dialectic, whatever it may have been as a process, had clearly this one object: it was an attempt to bridge over the gulf between man and the ideal world. Plato perceived within himself, and in other men, ideas of beauty, truth, and goodness, far transcending any approach towards their

realization in the world of experience. These ideas seemed to be independent of his own personal state; they changed not as he changed, but remained the same, an unalterable, inexorable conscience. Hence he was led to regard them as divine, the voice of the Deity speaking within him. He felt much in his own nature that was at variance with them; and needing to be assimilated to them; and he longed with an unceasing desire to see, to know, to feel, and to realize these ideas in complete fruition. Where was their abode, and how was it to be reached?

*He must learn to esteem that beauty which is inward, and of the soul, to be of greater worth than that of the body.* \* \* \*

*To fly from death is not difficult, but it is much more difficult to fly from depravity; for it runs swifter than death.* \* \* \*

*Whoever has been thus far instructed in the things pertaining to Love, by contemplating the beautiful in a right succession and order, is now near the perfect intuition of his subject.* \* \* \*

*Light is the shadow of God*  
—Plato.



Was there not an ideal world, the region of real being, whether or not in the mind of Deity, in which the soul of the votary might be lost forever in the mystic contemplation of the true, the beautiful, the good? Was there not as surely some pathway by which the soul could ascend to this its native region, and by searching find out its truest heaven? Plato gave a long answer to this inquiry; and a part only of his answer has been heard. His dialectic seems to answer to what we call "self-examination," or some such mental and moral process. It implies the devotion of the whole heart, and mind, and life, to the service of philosophical or theological truth.

Now the whole scope and efficacy of Aristotle's logic is totally different. The logicians of the present day are all what are called Conceptualists; that is to say, they seem with one consent to have merged the extreme opinions of the old sects of Realists and Nominalists, and come to the agreement that all general terms are neither more nor less than names of notions existing in the mind.

We do not pretend to discuss this opinion; but it is the conclusion to which the followers of Aristotle have been led at last after two thousand years' study of the *Organon*; and it is a conclusion very different from that of Plato. If general notions and names have no existence elsewhere than in the human mind, a long farewell to the ideal world towards which all that is noblest and best within us so ardently aspires!

But how has it come about that Aristotelian logic has been confused with Platonic dialectic; and that Plato has been accused of imperfection because he does

not give so good an account of the laws of thought as is contained in the *Organon* of Aristotle? The confusion seems to have originated with that inconsistent Realism which was throughout a practical weakness in Aristotle himself. The Stagirite seems to have shrunk from the conclusion to which his followers of the present age have come, and indistinctly maintains that there is in things themselves something analogous to the arrangements which human thought, as expressed in language, lays down for its own convenience in observing and recording the facts and events of nature.

From this weakness of Aristotle has arisen the confusion between him and Plato to which we refer, and which we hope to clear up in a few words. Realism is not Idealism. It may, perhaps, be described as Idealism Aristotelizeed; but it is not Idealism. As far as the admissions of the Stagirite go, general terms may have something in nature corresponding to themselves; but no account is made in his writings of such general terms as manifestly have no existing correspondences in na-

ture, but must be sought, if anywhere, in the ideal world.

It may be granted that Idealism follows to Aristotle by parity of reasoning, from his realistic admission; just as Realism is a corollary which Plato perceives from his Idealism. But the two are forever and essentially to be distinguished; nor is the Idealism of Plato to be charged with the many grave objections which lie against Realism. It would tend to simplify some of the most mysterious passages in Plato, if the reader would mark that he sometimes speaks of the ideal world and its

*So, too, the man who takes his fill of every pleasure and abstains from none becomes a profligate; while he who shuns all becomes stolid and insusceptible.*

\* \* \*

*Happiness itself is sufficient excuse. Beautiful things are right and true; so beautiful actions are those pleasing to the gods. Wise men have an inward sense of what is beautiful, and the highest wisdom is to trust this intuition and be guided by it. The answer to the last appeal of what is right lies within a man's own breast. Trust thyself.—Aristotle.*

archetypes, and sometimes, by a tacit admission of Realism, speaks of the real world and its archetypes as illustrative of the ideal. Thus, then, the Realism of Aristotle is distinct from Idealism, although related to it; but it is important to remark that this relation, being mistaken for identity, was what afterwards secured the entrance of Aristotelian forms into Christian theology.

From Socrates, Plato further received a widely spread, deeply rooted moral element, which is as it were the principle of life to his whole philosophy. Yet moral truth is not in Plato deprived of its force and value by being treated as a separate science; it remains inclosed in the one great orb of philosophy, taking at once the form of religion and of preceptual morality, but never that of systematized moral philosophy. It proclaims as its theology, that God is good, God is true; as its maxim, that the best man is he who is most like unto God; as its speculative belief, that the Idea of the good is the supreme and sublime of all the ideas. So that, altogether, the germ of every moral system that has ever tormented the world is to be found in Plato, yet it is unjust to charge the authorship of any one of those abominations upon him.

The object of Plato, as a moral teacher, was essentially practical—the drawing of the soul to the love of moral truth; and this he sought to effect by a series of metaphors so apt and impressive, as to have furnished the hint to almost every future theorist. "Virtue," he says, "is a harmony of the soul." In that saying we may trace the famous Aristotelian doctrine of "the mean state." In another place he calls it a well ordered commonwealth, under the sway of the superior faculty; and we are immediately reminded of the Stoics with their "cold reason." Again, he designates virtue as the art of measurement, and the expression has been perverted into Utilitarianism. The three most celebrated views

of moral truth are thus to be discovered in Plato.

But more than anything else, Plato was indebted to Socrates for his personality. Throughout the *Dialogues*, the one prominent figure is that precious Silenus, with his bull-like aspect, his awkward figure, and ugly features. We seem, in reading Plato, to catch the very curl of his unfathomable smile, the very twinkle of his quick eye, as the deep meanings of his words shatter the finest systems of the Sophists, or he more kindly assists towards truth the tottering thoughts and tongues of the young men of Athens.

Let us thank the gods that Socrates is such a Silenus, so ugly, so clumsy, so grotesque an eater and drinker, with the capacity and rotundity of a wine-cask. Let us also thank the gods that this Silenus who has got amongst us is Socrates, the hardiest and bravest of the soldiers at Potidaea and Delium, and the honestest of jurors in the Athenian law courts; that prophetic gleams and voices break out from amidst his pitiless laughter and banter; that through the channel of that strange soul, along with the silt and dragging gravel, flows down in grains the purest gold of truth. Let us observe, too—that the sublimest speculative philosophy of the ancient world is part and parcel of the dramatic force, the quaintness of humors, of a man.

Plato, so far as regards his philosophy, was a Pantheist; the speculation of the highest reason not being of itself sufficient to aid him to the recognition of the Personal God. His Idea of the Good has been with truth described as God divested of personality. But there is in him the recognition of a Personal God; nay, there is a grand outline of a scheme of theology; and it is clear that he was compelled to return to the religion of his age and country for this notion of a supremely good, true, and powerful Being. Thus we see that philosophy, which was originally a search for an impersonal

(Continued on page 383)

# Beyond the Veil

ANONYMOUS

THE white-clad nurse wheeled the "joy-wagon" into the operating room. I lay awaiting the coming of the physician who was to administer the anaesthetic. My mind was perfectly clear and I was calm and full of an eager anticipation I had not felt for several years. A strange exhilaration seemed to pervade my whole being and I frequently caught myself smiling slyly and in great satisfaction as over some deep and joyous secret.

Through a space between the window shade and the window sill a flood of golden sunlight poured into the darkened room, making a path straight to the wheels of the cot upon which I lay. My eyes followed the beam of light to the spot where it entered the room and in imagination on out into the golden glory of that brilliant winter afternoon. Dreamily I contemplated the livingness of light, lazily observing that it made the world a wonderful place in which to live, that its warmth kissed the flowers and trees into new beauty and brought forth bud and blossom and fruit in springtime and summer. Death would not long be victor over me; not so long as the sun shone would I be left in darkness.

But—and the thought tore through me—there was no sun in the grave. Tomorrow all would be dark, unless . . . unless— But no matter, I was resolved to go, and dark or not, it could not possibly be any more dreadful than the living death I had endured for seven long years. At least I would be free from pain, I would have peace, not this awful strife of soul and spirit, of mind and body, which was driving me mad. Better anything, even death, than this. If death was the only door then I must take it, however dark the prospect of the unknown. I

could not take up the yoke again; I could not, and I would not.

I became aware of the fact that I was sinking into a kind of stupor; the hypodermic was getting in its work. My hands were numbing, my tongue thickening and there was a faint buzzing in my ears, but my mind was still perfectly clear and rational, clinging desperately to the one thread of hope that would bring my tired spirit release. It sang itself through my brain, a lilting refrain, not one of dirge, but a paean of joy: I am going to die. Thank God, I am going to die.

I was not afraid, did not even feel guilty, for the life I was leaving behind had already faded from my consciousness as though it had been a hideous dream from which I was awakening. I felt but one pang and that came when I thought of the three children I was leaving behind. I reassured myself in the thought that my mother would take the little girl, and the boys would be brought up by some one of the many women who loved and admired them so. As I was, ill, helpless, and apparently doomed to be a lifelong invalid, I could not be of much more worth to them living than dead. Better that I were out of the way; they might then have their chance for a happier, more wholesome life. Of my husband I thought not at all with any compunction whatsoever. His image had been wiped from the slate as though he had never been. It was well, for bitterness had been creeping into my soul, and I was thankful that now, at the end, I could pass over without a reaction of that nature as I thought of him. Beyond these no one else mattered; no one cared apparently, no one knew, of course, except perhaps one,

Resolutely I put them all out of my mind and began to draw upon my imagination as to the change ahead of me. I had no idea of what to expect; what I desired was rest, sleep, oblivion. An end to strife, surcease from pain, peace, was the most I dared to hope for. That would be heaven for me.

The door opened and my own physician entered the room. He came straight to me and stood looking down into my eyes with a strange intensity and power. No word passed his lips for a long moment, then he took my hands firmly in his own and bending down, looked into the depths of my soul. As his gaze fixed mine I saw he knew.

"Woman," he said, "don't you dare to die on my hands. My professional honor is at stake on this case; I have never lost a patient under this operation and you are not going to be the first. Do you hear me? You have but one chance in a thousand, perhaps, but you must live. Promise me that you will live. You must. There are your children for whom you are responsible and you must live for them. Will you make the effort?"

I would not speak, but my eyes betrayed me, I could not hide the eagerness, the hope in them, the determination to make the most of this opportunity to slip the leash of life and be free. My doctor groaned aloud and covered his face with his hand for an instant. Then swiftly he turned again to look intently at me, his burning gaze searing my soul. "You shall not die," he said. "I say you shall not die. I will not have it. You must come back; you will. Don't you dare to lie down on the job like that. Don't you dare to fail me. Do you hear? I am going to operate and you are going to live."

A sudden panic seized my soul; suppose his words were true. I could not go against such will; I would have to come back, and I could not, I could not. I grew calm again. What did he know about it? I, too, had will. If I willed to die he could not stop me. I was sorry if my

death would throw a blot upon his record, but that was a small matter. I really liked this man; he was a strange and silent individual, slight of stature, frail-looking, but with great deep eyes of brightest blue and hands that looked like a woman's, tender hands, yet strong as steel and as dependable. His shock of silver-grey hair swept back from a broad and noble brow above the deep-set eyes. His lips were firmly modeled and set in a thin, straight line, but when he smiled they curved into tenderness and beauty. There had always been a silent bond of understanding between us and I felt he knew my pitiable struggle and sensed my defeat. For an instant pity smote me, and I was swept by a sense of remorse and shame at failing him. But these emotions could not tip the balance against the weight of my misery and despair. No use. I must go; not even he could hold me now.

In sorrow I gazed at him, but his eyes gave back a steely determined look. I think he bent and kissed my forehead, but I was never sure, for my sight was dimming and a lassitude stole over me. Suddenly he was gone.

The anaesthetist took his place with the nurse at my head and the first sickening-sweet fumes of ether assailed my nostrils. I breathed deeply, eagerly, my very soul straining, reaching out for release from consciousness, for oblivion. But instead of either, a weird and painful humming began, a buzzing, resonant sound which alternately ebbed and flowed like the waves of some mighty sea, crescendo and diminuendo, over and over until it seemed my brain would burst and my body fly into a million pieces from the strain of the vibration. Suddenly a blinding white light filled my whole range of vision and rapidly irised out like a dying flame. I seemed dropping down a tunnel of interminable length, at an incredible rate of speed. Suddenly again, as if a bubble burst, I felt myself expand like a toy balloon and I stood beneath the ceiling in the corner of the room, in

full possession of my faculties of sight and hearing and emotion. Below on the operating table I saw the still form which was my physical body, swathed in sheets except for the area of operation. Around the table were grouped the doctors, the anaesthetist, the assistant surgeon, my own physician and surgeon, and an interne. Three nurses also stood near, one of them very close to my doctor. At intervals she passed him instruments and sponges from the tray held by the student nurse at her elbow.

They were working feverishly. Once some one fumbled, and a small pair of scissors fell to the floor. One of the physicians swore softly. And the assistant surgeon remarked with finality, "Take her back and put her in bed; she will be dead before morning anyway." My doctor never lifted his head; his hands never faltered. I admired his technique, feeling the emotion of pride in his work. And then just as I was beginning to realize that I was out of the body over which they were working so frantically, that I was free, and pain was at an end, I caught a glimpse of a long thin silver thread which seemed attached to the still form on the table. As I peered intently at it I perceived a gray mist hanging above the body and out of this mist the cord depended. Idly I wondered where it terminated.

With that thought my attention returned to myself and I saw with a start of fear that between me and the still form on the table this long silvery cord stretched, taut, but as I tugged away, toughly resilient, gently drawing me back. With the realization that it bound me to the body which I had thought to

leave behind forever came panic and a vicious bitter resentment that blazed into a fury and crystallized in the determination to be free at any cost.

Conscious now of my freedom so near and of my power to cast off this last chain, I calmly took the cord between my two hands and gave it a series of vicious jerks in an endeavor to break it. My soul tugged away as a toy balloon on the end of a string and presently I was free and shooting through space with the speed of a bullet. All was blackest night and still with an awful stillness difficult to describe. I had no

consciousness for a period, how long I do not know. Then quite unexpectedly I became aware of myself once more. I lay upon what seemed to be a white fleecy cloud, which moved when I moved, tilting sickeningly in a most unpleasant manner. I tried to think, to orient myself, to recognize my surroundings, but I could not see beyond the circle of my own aura. Once as I groped about me trying hard to see, I felt a peculiar electric force near my right arm. I looked and perceived a

white, radiant garment depending as though from a form above. I let my eyes travel slowly up, up, until at last they reached the breast and folded arms of a majestic figure. I gasped in wonder and awe and my eyes swept upward to behold his face. Disappointment shivered through me for the face was veiled. However, light streamed from his countenance, indeed from his whole body, and lighted up the scene of action in a most unearthly manner.

Before me now the Presence stood, silent, accusatory, fateful and enigmatic, but I knew. Before he had a chance to

*Everyone interprets life in terms of its quality rather than its quantity. Looking back over the past one often finds a day or a week standing out longer in memory than years that preceded and followed it. It was longer in significance, one lived more, and so the day had deeper meaning for the spirit than years of mere routine existence. We have lived, not so many days and years, but so much work and love and struggle and joy and heartache. Life is always measured in terms of its quality by the standards of the soul.*

—EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

speak had he so intended, a convulsive sob that was half a scream, tore through me. I looked directly into his face. "I won't go back, I won't go back." I shrieked defiantly. "I'm free—free, and I won't go back."

Like echoes of some awful curse the vibrations of my voice reverberated in space as though a thousand hills gave back the cry. Then dead silence and the tumult stilled. The sweetest voice earth ever heard proclaimed in tones of compassionate love, "Yes, my child, you will go back. You will, because you must."

"No, no, no!" I cried and burst into wild weeping. "I can't. It is too much to ask. And besides," I concluded triumphantly, "I can't because I'm dead."

Never ear heard such tones of agonized love in human voice as he replied, "We will attend to that, but you must go back. You promised, agreed to go all the way and you have only gone such a little of the way. So much is yet to do. You must remember. Come, I will show you."

He touched me lightly on the shoulder and we were on our way, darting through space with the speed of light. Before me Eternity opened wide her doors and upon the back drop of Time the Presence portrayed the mystery of Life.

He showed me seven worlds, or globes, and the stage of development of man on each of them. First the fire mist out of which emanated all the rest. He showed me man as spirit—naked, lambent flames; then clothed upon with coats of skin. Before me passed the panorama of man's pilgrimage through matter; his fall into material conditions and his fall from grace. He depicted in colorful detail the structure of man's vehicles, his four bodies, showing all gradations of Holy Spirit power from grossest passion to sublimest love. The drama of rebirth,

or reincarnation, was enacted before my eyes. I saw myself down through the ages, struggling, hating, working, loving, sinning, dying—reborn again. I beheld The Plan! The pieces of the mighty puzzle fell into perfect symmetry and geometric line. I was a part of it. I *was* the Plan! O joy supreme, ecstasy of peace and benison of love—I belonged! I knew the Mind of God!

Then with a direful wail my spirit shrank in shame, for something had pierced and dimmed the armor of light about me. It was a thought, dark and of a hopeless, anguished tone. I fell from glory to a plane of death where only darkness reigned. As I fell my companion also fell and even in this night of terror, stood serene though sorrowfully at my side.

I clutched at him madly but my hands closed on emptiness. I had disturbed the Plan; with my own will I had cast myself beyond the gate of Life. A black spot yawned in the puzzle board, and a gnawing emptiness consumed me. I looked at the Presence imploringly, anguish in my soul, yet

not willing to concede his right to send me back. Even though I saw the dread result of my dreadful, wilful act, I did not want to undo it if I could—yet. The memories of pain, of heartaches, shame and despair, were too poignant still. I yearned with a frenzied yearning to be gone, even from here, but I could not.

"Are you ready now? Shall we go back?" the Presence asked.

"No," I cried. "I can't, I can't. Don't ask me. Why should I go back to suffer so? Let me go on. No one will ever know the difference, for no one cares. It is too hard, I cannot do it."

Again he sighed and I could feel his sorrowful gaze upon me as he rejoined, "Just one thing more, and then if you will not—"



"I do not want to see more," I cried. "I only want to rest; please leave me and let me go."

He paid no heed, but took my hand. We dropped like plummets from a height and I looked to see an object rushing toward us with the speed of an express train. I saw and recognized it for the planet earth. Upon its surface swarmed an antlike horde, toiling in slow anguish up the slopes of interminable hills. Upon the back of every creature was bound a heavy burden, varying somewhat in size and shape, but all so heavy those who bore them staggered under the load. Some walked while others crawled, some leaned upon their fellows, some were carried bodily along by frail companions. The earth itself was dark and forbidding, surrounded by a murky pall through which slumbering fires smoldered into small sullen flames.

I turned inquiringly to my guide. "Is this the earth and are they people who are bowed beneath such awful loads?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is the earth, the Dark Star as we on this side call it. Every soul upon it bears a mighty burden, almost more than it can carry. If anyone shirks and seeks to escape his burden he adds just so much more to every load upon his brothers' backs, and darkens Earth a trifle more. It is in a serious state, the Earth, and man alone can lighten it. He must. Little by little as each one bears his burden to the tops of the high hills, the Earth will grow lighter and by and by will shine as a sun, a radiant, glorified planet, redeemed through the life of the world.

"But," his tones were sorrowful, "so many fall under the weight of their loads; so many fail; the way is long, the path cruel and men will not look up. Their eyes are dimmed with downward seeking and they walk in darkness, when they might have light."

"But I can't help," I cried, "I am no one, nameless, unknown. Not a single

soul down there cares whether I come back or not."

"We care," he cried, "we are watching, and you are loved here."

"Then let me stay," I begged. "I've never been at home down there. I've been so lonely and afraid at times."

"If you do not go back, my child, you will add to every burden there just enough to tip the scales upon the side of failure and despair. And Earth's darkness will take on a darker hue because of your unliquidated karma. There is one soul there who calls you back. You must take up the thread of life and carry on. You agreed to do it. See."

Before my resentful gaze passed scenes of prior lives and deaths, and finally preparation for rebirth in my last physical body. I had pledged myself to take the karma of three lives so that I might be free to help humanity in its hour of deepest need. Ah, noble gesture, high resolve! How courage flames in spirit realms. But flesh is yet another matter. The deadening veil is drawn over the All-seeing Eye of Spirit, and the soul is prisoned in darkness, isolated, cut off with no assurance that it is a part of a mighty plan; the glamor and romance of life is gone and stark reality drowns out supernal dreams. For a bitter time the soul knows only limitation, pain, frustration, heartaches, sin—trailing Divinity in the mire of earth all seemingly to no purpose. In some the Light breaks forth as the morning, in others it is buried too deep for shining through the mask of flesh.

I could see it all again, as once before when I saw the prospective path of Earth life and the pattern of my days. The old zeal burned, the old high courage flamed again; how could I have forgotten! How ever felt other than this! Of course, I must go back, if only to find Him again. And help the bewildered children of men find the Light of His face. For this I could, I would return.

Timidly I touched the arm of the Shining One beside me. "Very well," I said, "I will go back. But, tell me, will it be easier now? Have I been through the worst?"

For a moment there was no reply. Suddenly I felt the deep compassionate love of his spirit go out to mine in waves of unutterable tenderness and beauty. I was surrounded and sustained as with an elixir of life and my spirit laved in its glory. Even as I drank from the fountain of life and love, my soul knew the verdict.

"I wish I could say that it was so.

But, my child, what has gone is but a shadow of what is to come. The worst lies before you yet. You will go down into darkest night, but you will never be left alone. One of us will always come when you call to help you if you try, until some day you can stand alone. Glorious shall be your hour of deliverance if you keep faith."

My heart quailed, as mind retained only the first of his remarks, "darkest night—darkest night." Dear God, what of that through which I had already come? If anything worse lay before me I could never hope to make it. What folly to say that I would go back to that. I turned to plead and beg release in this moment of weakness, but the once gentle, compassionate One now stood an implacable, inexorable Judge. In his hand he held aloft a cross before my horrified gaze. It was made up of bodies, of faces, of blood and of fears. Serpents writhed among the bodies and beasts ravened over the faces. It was hideous and horrible in the extreme. To add to its terrifying aspect red flames shot out through the cross arms and sharp thorns crowned its upright limb.

The voice of my guide fairly boomed through all space. "This is your cross; take it. This is your cross; take it." Over and over it rang through my ears, rising and falling, now loud, now low, fateful and charged with finality. "This is your cross; take it."

I shrank in terror and loathing from its emanations. "Oh, I can't, I can't." I cried. "I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it."

Nearer and nearer it came, until it hung above me, and as it fell burying me beneath the horrors of its structure his voice replied, "Nor did He."

*In every man's life pilgrimage, however unblest, there are holy places where he is made to feel his kinship with the Divine; where the heavens bend low over his head and angels come and minister unto him. These are the places of sacrifice, the meeting-ground of mortal and immortal, the tents of trial wherein are waged the great spiritual combats of man's life. Here are the tears and agonies and the bloody sweat of Gethsemane. Happy the man who, looking back, can say of himself: "Here, too, was the victory!"*

—MICHAEL MONAHAN.

The sorrowful tones were drowned in the hideous cacaphony of demoniacal laughter which filled all my consciousness. All the demons in hell were rejoicing over my torture and shame. I was lost, lost, and these hideous vultures of the Night were making sport of my despair. I was drawn as though by suction down, down, and the raucous laughter merged into the clanking of the steam radiator in the room where I was returning to consciousness.

What a change! I looked at my hands lying inert on my breast. Life rushed into them and with no effort at all I grasped the covers and threw them from me. In one continuous movement I sat up in bed and cried out to the nurse standing between me and the window, facing the light of a new day. "Nurse, get me a pencil and paper, quick." The startled woman dropped the small tray she had been holding and whirled to look wildly into my face. What she saw stopped her mad rush toward me and she could only stammer, "But you are dying, you must not do that."

"I am not dying," I laughed, "I am



alive forevermore. Get the paper and pencil, I have something to write before I forget it."

My will compelled her to do as I wished and she sent out to the drug store across the street and purchased a tablet and pencil. I sat up in bed and wrote the account of my discarnate experience and never stopped until the last word had been written in the first heat of remembrance and enthusiasm. Then I lay down and quietly and peacefully went to sleep and slept the clock around. My doctor came and stood gazing down at me and he afterward told me that I smiled in my sleep like a child, with never a pain and none of the distress which was the usual accompaniment to such a serious operation. I recovered in an incredibly short time and went home, back to the life I had hoped to escape. For a time the glory of my experience colored all my days and I felt secure in the knowledge that all was well. But gradually memory faded and often I caught myself thinking it was after all but a dream, a figment of my tortured mind. Then I would get out the written account and read it to convince my doubting soul once more.

Life grew difficult, terrible. I began to seek something in the outer which would tally with that which I had been shown. Having been reared in the orthodox church, brought up a member of the Methodist denomination, the things I had seen did not make sense with that which I had been taught. I could not reconcile the two; either what I had seen was true and life was eternal, the body only a garment to be laid aside when making the transition from one state of being to another, or the old teachings were true, and life was limited to one short span with hope of immortality if that life were lived in accordance with the teachings of the church. But what of those who did not live like that, what of those who did not even know of Christ? I could not solve the puzzle and it grew into a formidable question which fostered be-

wilderment and finally despair. I could not reconcile the apparent contradictions and I did not find a single soul who knew anything about it. Nor did I come across one piece of literature which might have solved the riddle of life and death and confirmed my vision.

For twelve long years I wandered in darkness and misery and pain. In blind faith I carried on, unable to account for anything, clinging in desperation to the cross of Christ though I did not understand. I suffered, bled and died a thousand deaths, bit by bit and little by little in slow torture of mind and body. All that I loved was taken away from me; all that I sought eluded my frantic search. Night settled down on my soul, yet something in me held on to the one faint thread of light that stretched back through the years to the night when I left my body in a hospital and roamed the universe with One who knew and sought to make me understand. In my despair I begged Him to come again, I cried out for a sign, stormed the gates of heaven with the demand for help, but none came.

I arose each day with leaden heart to duty which I performed in dogged determination. An awful fear assailed me; I was dead inside. I could not pray; my prayers never went beyond my own lips. I stood alone in a universe which had withdrawn from me and even God had forgotten me or so I felt. But I still held on, doggedly my soul asserted that there was something more than this. Though heaven itself cast me out I would not go down under it; sometime, somewhere I would find the answer to it all. There was an answer; there had to be.

On what was supposed to be my death-bed, ten years after my discarnate experience, a friend brought me a metaphysical booklet, told me of the healing work which was done through this school and asked me to write for prayers for healing. I consented and was healed of my affliction, including a partial blindness

*(Continued on page 384)*

# Rebirth

By F. A. JONES

THE DOCTRINE of Rebirth is one of the most important in the Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings. An understanding of this supreme law of nature is the master key by which we may unlock the gateway to comprehension of many of the seemingly unanswerable enigmas of life, provided we are also further equipped by a philosophy such as that contained in the *Cosmo-Conception*. Then we may turn to that most wonderful of all masterpieces, the Bible, and read therein with a new light on hitherto unexplainable mysteries.

In the hurry and rush of modern life, have you ever stopped to think why some people are born into poor circumstances and others are born into wealth and luxury, why some are deformed physically, while others have beautiful and well proportioned bodies? Some are called unfortunate, and others are called lucky. We have also noticed the ills to which some bodies and minds are subjected while others are not affected by any ills whatsoever. Have you not tried to find a reason for all the inequalities which are so manifest in the world?

We are told in the holy Scriptures that we all have one Father. Why then are the truths of these sacred writings apparently denied? Why are some members of the human family housed in black bodies, others in brown, yellow, or white? How do we account for the presence of certain primitive and vicious tribes which now exist where once stood great cities whose glory and triumphs of civilization may have exceeded our own, but which now lie buried in the dust of ages? What then is the answer to this if we are all created equal?

If these and numerous other questions have presented themselves to us at

various times how have we answered them? By what means do we solve these riddles of life and death?

At every birth we observe what appears to be a new life which comes among us. We see the little form as it lives and grows, becoming a greater factor in our lives for days, months, or years. At last there comes a day when the form, made of the dust of the earth, dies and goes back to the elements from which it came. The spark of Divinity by which the form was animated has returned to its source; and in sorrow we ask, Why was it here? From whence did it come? and Where has it gone? Across the threshold of every life the scythe of the Grim Reaper will sometime strike. Old or young, well or ill, rich or poor, black, yellow, or white, each and all alike must pass into the land of the shadow; and throughout the ages humanity has sounded the cry for a solution of this greatest of mysteries. Thinking men and women of today are demanding an answer to these problems; one which will stand the test of reason, one which the heart can accept and put into daily practice once the questioning of the mind has been stilled.

The orthodox Christian explanation has not solved these problems, nor has it appealed to our reason, while the conclusions of the confirmed atheist are too terrible to even consider. Such being the case we have been much confused and know not which way to turn for an explanation. There is an explanation, however, which elucidates all these mysteries in a reasonable manner. It is the truth of rebirth. When we have finally accepted rebirth as a law of nature and begin to weave our studies and thoughts around this fundamental truth, there comes to us a wonderful awakening to

the fact that it answers all the questions which we may have in mind in a most logical, plausible, and satisfying manner.

We cease to stand alone in this world. The worries and cares and losses which formerly seemed so insurmountable no longer assume the proportions they once did. No longer do we look at the rest of humanity and compare our position with them and wonder why the Creator singled us out from all the rest of the countless millions of humanity upon this earth to heap upon us all manner of indignities.

We cease to envy the fortunate their wealth and their positions and their accomplishments; and if we have the advantage of viewing our brother man from the level of wealth and honor, no longer do we place ourselves upon a pedestal and think, "I am mightier and holier than thou," but instead we lend a helping hand or give a word of cheer.

We also begin to see how we have neglected the opportunities which have been presented and how little we have done that is really good, and instead of bemoaning our lot in life we wonder how we have escaped with so little retribution. "But now is the day of salvation at hand," and with this key which we have found we can come into the light of greater knowledge. Forthwith we have the heart to set to work to be of greater service to God by being of greater service to humanity here and now among our immediate circle of friends, acquaintances, and family. And according to our sincerity and the purpose which we have at heart we may yet achieve wealth, honor, and position in this lifetime commensurate with our status in evolution and the individual destiny to be worked out.

The Law of Rebirth shows why we are born as we are, and why we have not the things which we desire. It shows also how we may attract and bring into our lives the things which we need, and how we may cast out of our existence the obstacles, sorrows, fears, and limitations which have formerly held us in darkness.

We know that by our daily thoughts and acts, we are creating our own heaven or our own hell. The joys and sorrows of today, with their expansions or limitations (as the case may be) are but the fruitage of what we have sown in former lives; and as we create in this lifetime so shall we reap in another incarnation.

Prior to the advent of Christ, the truth of Rebirth was generally known and accepted, and those having spiritual sight could trace their successive births and deaths, and knew that they did not lose their identity at death but that when one physical vehicle was laid aside they would acquire another. However, with this truth uppermost in their consciousness they were inclined to drift along through successive lives and did not attempt to learn the lessons which earth life has to teach, so that the humanity of that distant age became more and more immersed in sin and degradation. At last, the Desire World, which surrounds this earth, was in such a terrible condition that if it had not been for the advent of the great Sun Spirit, Christ, the earth and all its inhabitants would have been destroyed by one great cataclysm, and the virgin spirits, of whom you and I are a part would have been lost beyond redemption.

Upon the entrance of the Christ Spirit into the atmosphere of our earth, which took place at the crucifixion when the blood flowed upon Golgotha, Christ took upon Himself the sins of the world—not the sins of the individual—as we are sometimes inclined to believe.

Truly our sins of the past, which were committed while we were yet under the law of causation, ever stand as a sword to slay the aspirations of the spirit, and to bring us back again and again upon the wheel of rebirth; but we are assured by the saving grace of the Spirit of Christ which is within us all of the power to overcome our limitations.

As the Christ ushered in the more advanced teachings of the Christian Religion and as more and more people

accepted this advanced faith, they in time forgot any other existence, and it was early considered a mark of merit and progress to think in terms of this existence as being the one and only life, and to aspire to reach the high estate of our Divine Leader, the Christ, in this one short lifetime. Surely there is no higher aspiration in this world than that of the followers of the Christian Religion, who strive to attain such spiritual heights as those of Jesus Christ in an ordinary lifetime of three score and ten years, and for this reason the adherents of Christianity have strewn their path of progress with the shattered hopes of conquered nations, in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus Christ.

In time Christianity will be accepted by all the nations of the earth, for in Philippians, second chapter, we read, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . . And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Here in plain words is the declaration that eventually every nation will accept the Christian teachings.

Jesus the Christ did not teach the doctrine of rebirth openly, but He did teach His disciples this truth. Christ spoke of John the Baptist, saying, "This is Elijah." In this statement the doctrine of rebirth is clearly revealed, for if the spirit known as Elijah was later reborn as John the Baptist, surely he must have survived the death of the physical body. The words of the Christ are clear and unequivocal when he says, "This is Elijah."

We are again confronted with the

truth of rebirth in the fact that the Jewish priests of that day sent to John the Baptist, asking "Art thou Elijah?" On another occasion Christ asked His disciples, "Who do the people say I am?" and the answer that they gave was, "Some say that you are John the Baptist, others say that you are Elijah, and again others say that you are Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." It is well worthy of note at this point that the Christ did not contradict them, and He would surely have done so if they had entertained the wrong idea of rebirth.

There are also cases in the Bible where the birth of an individual was foretold together with his mission. An angel foretold the coming of Samson and his mission to slay the Philistines. The Lord said to the prophet Jeremiah, "Before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." John and Jesus had their missions allotted to them before they were born. A person is chosen for a mission because of a special fitness. Proficiency is acquired only by practice,



and practice prior to birth must of necessity have been in a previous life. Thus we have the doctrine of rebirth taught by implication in the cases which we have mentioned, which of course is revealed to us by thoughtful consideration.

The materialistic theory of creation can never satisfy the longings of the heart and mind of man; it leads to utter despair. When our human mind has exhausted the study of science, the laboratory, and the chemists' retorts in a vain search for that elusive and intangible something which animates the human and animal forms which we see about us, then in despair we declare that the object of

our futile search is really nothing more than the result of certain correlations of matter which we designate as mind; and that this quality which we term mind perishes when the physical body disintegrates in that state which is called death. But the question which now arises is, Why do some individuals possess a better or finer or more responsive quality of these "certain correlations of matter," than other persons.

The atheist cannot answer this question from the materialistic standpoint. The theory expounded by our orthodox friends is but little better as an explanation of the various questions. Briefly, they maintain that all living things were created by God, and have but one earth life to live and that man alone was endowed with a Divine Spirit, which is immortal; that regardless of the station or condition into which we are born we are responsible for the deeds performed during life here upon the earth, and that our future happiness or misery for all eternity is determined by the way in which we conduct ourselves during the few years which elapse between birth and death. Can this be the provision of a good and loving and forgiving God? Could heaven upon these terms be a place of happiness for us who might have to watch our brother man struggling in hell?

Is it any wonder then that the thinking men and women, when confronted with such a seemingly insurmountable barrier as this, finally decide to reject the teachings of Christianity, and to indulge in whatever things produce a sense of pleasure for the time being, and which help them to forget the fact that at some time each of us must face that final plunge into the state called death. If, when we have reached this condition of disillusionment, we could have presented to us the doctrine of rebirth, and if with an open mind we can accept this fact of nature, truly then it becomes the gift of God, and we look in adoration upon the wisdom displayed in this immutable law

which dispels our doubts and fears, and by which we can build anew with faith and hope.

According to the teachings of the Rosicrucians, in the beginning of a day of manifestation, God differentiated within Himself certain sparks of Divinity called virgin spirits, who are a part of God. They live and move and have their being in God, and God lives in them. They have all the attributes of God in latency, for they are all gods in the making.

The doctrine of rebirth postulates a slow process of development carried on with unwavering persistence through repeated embodiments in forms or bodies of increasing efficiency and usefulness. In the first Epistle of John, chapter three, we are told, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him." In no uncertain terms John tells us that "we know" that we shall be like him. Through this process of repeated incarnations all created beings will in time develop their latent potentialities into godlike powers.

The God of our universe creates in life waves and the beings belonging to each particular life wave do not cross into others. The life waves with which we are most familiar are the mineral, plant, animal, man, angels and archangels. Each of these life waves is composed of a large number of virgin spirits endowed in miniature with all the powers of their Divine Creator, and the beings of each life wave will ultimately attain to godhood, developing in a manner particularly suited to their own inherent nature. Perfection is the ultimate goal of all endeavor and manifestation; and it is the only object of evolution.

In the beginning all the virgin spirits of any life wave *are created equal*, and all the inequalities which we see about us in this material world are due to the fact that some of us have been inclined to play along upon the path of progress and others have devoted themselves to a study of the lessons of life.

We know that experience is our greatest teacher, and that happiness and the pursuit of pleasure and wealth, are evanescent and fleeting.

As taught in our Philosophy, we know that we have of our own free will descended into the matter of the physical world, to gather the experiences of this world, in order that our consciousness may grow thereby to godlike proportions. It is for this reason that we have become involved in the tangle of earth life; we have become wrapped up in the things of a material nature, and by so doing we have become unconscious of God, but have become self-conscious. Humanity has reached the depths of materiality, thus attaining self-consciousness. The time is now at hand when we shall cast off the things which have hidden the spirit of God from us; and much depends upon the stand we take at this time, collectively and individually, as to the outcome of our evolution.

During the long ages of involution we have become so involved, that the few short years of one life are not sufficient to learn all the lessons, and thereby become all-wise; consequently we return again and again. We are today reaping exactly those things which we have builded for ourselves in the past. If we have friends, wealth, social position, and honors, then we have merited those things from good deeds, and as we take advantage of our opportunities today so shall we have further opportunities presented in other lives.

We are each learning different lessons. Those who are poor in one particular life, are learning the lessons pertaining to the true value of certain commodities: lessons in inventiveness which pertain to the best method by which to get the greatest benefit from the smallest amount of supply. They are learning how to plan and to appreciate everything which they possess, so that in future lives they will

use their possessions and God-given qualities in an unselfish and loving manner.

Those who have wealth are learning what its true value is to them, they are learning its real purchasing power, whether it can bring happiness or pain, whether it can exalt or degrade, whether it is a blessing or a curse. They are learning also that sometimes money can buy a man's honor or a woman's virtue, and that in so doing it may cause its owner's downfall; but that it can never purchase those things which are purely of the spirit. At some time all people must learn that they are but stewards of the wealth entrusted to their care, and that they must use it wisely and well for the benefit of humanity. Failing



in this they may then become ensnared in the tentacles of the very power by which they sought to enslave their fellow man, and be eventually dragged down into squalor and misery, - together with their hapless victims, who sold their honor and their virtue.

Considering mental or physical handicaps from the standpoint of the Rosicrucian Teachings, no spirit can inhabit a better body than it has learned to build during its previous lives, and our physical body is but a crystallization of the indwelling spirit. But in regard to physical abnormalities and deformities, the rule seems to be that indulgence in passion and sensuality in one life reacts on the mental state in a succeeding existence; and abuse of the mental powers in one life leads to physical disabilities in later existences. From the other standpoint, a beautiful form denotes that the owner has done expert work in temple building during previous lives, sometimes however to the detriment of the mental processes.

All races upon this earth are the products of evolution and in the far-off ages

of the past when we all inhabited black bodies, we lived upon a continent which existed in what is now known as the Indian Ocean. Through the long slow processes of evolution the different races have come into existence, the different colored bodies have served their purpose and we, as spirits, have climbed to greater heights through black, mahogany brown, brown, copper yellow, yellow, and finally white, which of course is not a pure white.

With the exception of a few great souls who have voluntarily incarnated in inferior race bodies in order to become teachers of such races, the color of the skin marks the progress the individual has made in the scale of evolution. The egos inhabiting these bodies of deteriorating races are the stragglers who have not kept up with their grades in the school of life; and they may serve us as a reminder of what may befall the laggards who fail to apply themselves conscientiously to the development of their finer qualities.

The doctrine of rebirth accounts in a logical manner for all the inequalities of life. It shows that the conditions of this material world are the composite result of all our past endeavors or lack of endeavor, collectively and individually; and that if we are really awake at last and are intensely in earnest it is possible for us to realize those things which we desire in this present incarnation. Let us be sure, however, that we desire only those things which are permanent and of a spiritual nature, and which are to be used in the service of humanity. This is the treasure which we may lay up in heaven.

A Christian is a mind through which  
Christ thinks;

A heart through which Christ loves;

A voice through which Christ speaks;

A hand through which Christ helps.

—*Author Unknown.*

## This Man Could Make the Whole World Happy

*Reprinted from "The London Daily Mirror," May 6, 1936.*

You've heard of Freud—everyone's heard of him. "The man who wrote all those things about 'complexes,' of course. . . ."

Here is your opportunity to learn in ten minutes what Freud really taught and to realize just how important he is. . . .

By THE "Daily Mirror" PSYCHOLOGIST

A CHANCE remark uttered by a girl in a hypnotic trance fifty-six years ago—words that might have never been spoken—led to a revolution in thought that shook the world.

From that revolution sprang modern psychology and a method of treating the diseases of the mind to which thousands today owe their happiness and even their sanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The girl was being treated for a nervous complaint, and one of her symptoms was a violent repugnance for drinking out of a glass.

No light could be thrown on the cause until she was hypnotized. Then she recalled that years before she had been disgusted by the sight of a pet dog drinking out of a glass. . . .

Though seemingly banished from her mind, the experience had persisted—year in, year out—as an unreasonable aversion.

\* \* \* \* \*

The attention of a brilliant young Viennese nerve specialist was called to this girl. He studied her case, and many similar ones, and found that if such hidden experiences could be brought into the light of day from the deepest recesses of the mind by the help of hypnotism, the patient usually recovered.

Continuing to work with such cases—cases that hitherto had never been cured—for twenty odd years, he discovered a technique of treatment whose effect was more thorough and more lasting than hypnotism.

Now that technique and science is known as psycho-analysis.

The young man was Freud (pronounced Froyd). Today he is eighty, and scientists and thinkers all over the world acclaim him as the Darwin in the sphere of the mind.

#### *His First Discovery:*

The mind is like an iceberg that has one-tenth of its volume above the surface and nine-tenths below.

Your conscious mind—Freud discovered—is only the surface part of your mind. Most of the mind's workings take place in its deepest recesses and caverns.

The part that you know least is the part that matters most. When you sleep on a problem you hand over that problem to your unconscious mind, which delivers the solution next morning.

This deep storehouse of your mind contains all the experiences of your lifetime; not only those that you forgot because they ceased to interest you, but also those that were so unpleasant and so painful to think about that you tried to forget them.

But, repressed though they be, they will not lie down. There they cause trouble and conflict and tension in an incessant struggle to work their way into the conscious mind, where they can air their grievances.

#### *His Second Discovery:*

Freud's second discovery was that nervous complaints were due to the mental conflicts that arose when these repressed underground ideas tried to ventilate themselves into the open light of consciousness and the conscious mind keeps pushing them back whence they came.

The nervous breakdown is really a war between these two parts of the mind; and the neurotic patient is really a battleground where one part of his mind is fighting the other part.

Neurotic trouble is always a signal that things are locked up in the cellar of the mind that should not be there. It is the mind's warning signal.

Bring them out in the light and destroy them!

But how can you get at them?

#### *His Third Discovery:*

Freud's third discovery was the most revolutionary one.

He discovered that dreams are an outlet for these unconscious thoughts that have been repressed.

At night, when the conscious mind is at rest, the unconscious thoughts come out to play. The dream is their play. People who have most mental conflicts have most dreams.

Dreams—so Freud announced to an astounded but sceptical world—are the royal road to the unconscious mind.

By studying a man's dreams you can detect the battles going on in the depths of his mind: battles that may convulse his personality and wreck his happiness without his knowing what it is all about.

But you have to know the language of dreams. You must be able to interpret them. You must have the key.

After twenty years of painstaking analysis of thousands of them, Freud discovered the key to the dream world.

#### *His Fourth Discovery:*

Freud's fourth and last discovery was a technique of treating the mind's conflicts and diseases by permitting repressed thoughts to enter the conscious mind, there to become reconciled with it.

Today that technique is known as psycho-analysis.

He discovered that people could be taught to dream by day at will, and those dreams could be interpreted by the same key and gave clues to the mind's conflicts.

If you relax your mind sufficiently and utter whatever comes into it, sooner or later the contents of your unconscious mind will spill over into your day-dreaming phantasies, where the trained soul-doctor can interpret them.

This is the technique that Freud invented. It is probably the greatest contribution that has ever been made by one man to human happiness, but for twenty

(Continued on page 359)



# A Study of the Rose Cross

BY PIETER TUINMAN



WHEN, as a student of the Rosicrucian teachings, I studied the chapter "Symbolism of the Rose Cross" (*Cosmo-Conception*, page 534) I made some drawings to make the subject clear to myself.

These sketches may be of use to other students.

We may say that an emblem of an occult order has some correspondence with an archetype in the Region of Concrete Thought.

A man who is able to raise his consciousness to the Region of Concrete Thought, and consciously contact a certain archetype, receives a full knowledge of the thing (man, animal, plant) which owes its material existence to that archetype. He receives that knowledge as a whole in less than the twinkling of an eye, for time and space (distance) are non-existent in that Region. So he knows all about the past, present, and future of the thing.

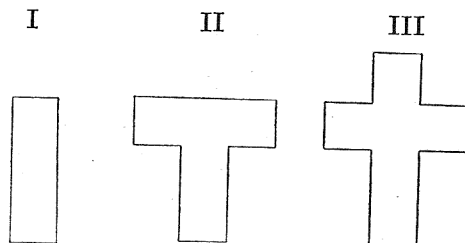
But to bring such knowledge, we may almost say such omniscience about a thing to our everyday world, to come to a logical understanding, to arrange our knowledge in such a way that others are able to receive it from us, is an immense task. We must, so to say, patiently dissect the whole body of knowledge. It is like disentangling a very complicated knot.

To come to the correspondence between emblem and archetype: in an occult emblem we can read past, present, and future.

In the emblem of the Rosicrucians we can read the involution and evolution of man, the acquisition of his vehicles, the succession of the life waves, the spirit's drawing into its vehicles, the fall of man,

his regeneration. As man (microcosm) is a replica of the macrocosm, the emblem must also give a certain image of the constitution of the macrocosm (Creative Hierarchies).

The drawings represent that which the "Cosmo" gives about the Symbolism of the Rose Cross. Perhaps meditation will open to some of us the road which leads to a fuller understanding of this rich emblem.



Figures I, II, and III refer to the Earth or Fourth Period, Fourth Revolution, Fourth Globe.

Figure I represents the *plant*-like man in the Second or Hyperborean Epoch. Man-in-the-making possesses only dense and vital bodies. Cain, the *agriculturist*, symbolizes the man of the Second Epoch.

Figure II represents the *animal*-like man in the Third or Lemurian Epoch. Man-in-the-making has dense, vital, and desire bodies. Abel, the *shepherd*, symbolizes the man of the Third Epoch.

Figure III represents the *real* man (Manas-Thinker) in the Fourth or Atlantean Epoch. Man possesses dense, vital, and desire bodies and the link of mind. Nimrod, the mighty *hunter*, represents the man of the Fourth Epoch.

In the First or Polarian Epoch man-in-the-making had only a dense body, hence he was mineral-like (no vital body, no growth).

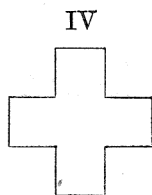


Figure IV. The threefold spirit hovers above its vehicles. Symbol of the condition which prevailed in the early third of Atlantis.

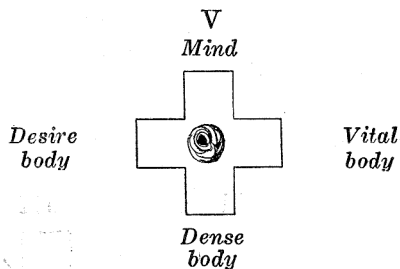
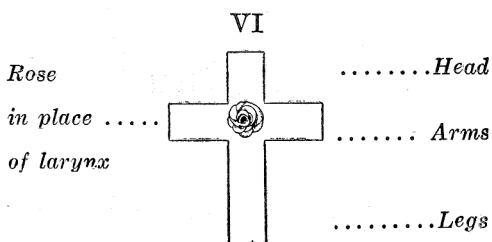


Figure V. The spirit radiating from itself the four vehicles. The spirit has drawn *into* its instruments and become the *indwelling* human spirit.

The higher vehicles have been drawn into a concentric position in relation to the dense body. The point of the dense body "between the eye-brows, about half an inch below the surface of the skin"—the stronghold of the Divine Spirit, the Silent Watcher,—has come *into correspondence* with the same point in the vital body. Full sight and perception in the Physical World is gained, the capability of perceiving the inner Worlds is lost.

"The change from the internal picture consciousness to the objective self-consciousness was effected by a very slow process, commensurate with its magnitude, lasting from the existence on Globe C [3rd Globe] in the Third Revolution of the Moon Period [3rd Period], until the latter part of the Atlantean Epoch" (4th Epoch, 4th Globe, 4th Revolution, 4th Period).

So the Atlantean Epoch is the *turning-point* between involution and evolution, the nadir of materialization. (See "Cosmo," page 364, Diagram 13.)



Future: The whole creative force is in the *one* individual. Man *knows himself*. The larynx again speaks "the Lost Word," the "Creative Fiat," which under the guidance of great Teachers was used in ancient Lemuria in the creation of plants and animals. The creative sex organs and the larynx are *reunited*. (In long past times man had a round shape similar to that of the embryo, and the present larynx was a part of the creative organ which adhered to the head, when the body straightened out. In the middle of the Lemurian Epoch the *separation of the sexes* occurred. "Lucifer opened the eyes of woman. She sought the help of man and opened his eyes." Then they *knew* or became aware of *one another*. The Bible says "Adam *knew* his wife.")

To attain to the pure and holy state symbolized by Figure VI, man must cleanse and purify his blood from desire. He must become chaste, pure, and Christ-like.

John speaks of this purification and says that he who is born of God cannot sin, *for he keepeth his seed within him*.



The whole emblem including the white rose in the center symbolizes God in manifestation—One Great Whole.

The seven roses plus the five starpoints symbolize the Twelve Great Creative Hierarchies.

The three points which point upward symbolize the three Hierarchies which

young women whom we meet so often these days to become too free in her association with the opposite sex, and with these aspects this girl would be in grave danger. She should be taught while young to conduct herself discreetly at all times with men, and never to permit too great a freedom to spring up between them. Teach her the precious value of womanly modesty, which is a greater attraction than this present-day mannish freedom.

Her mind will be keen and quick. Mercury in Capricorn gives reasoning powers, and being sextile to the Moon will make the mind very deep and clear thinking. Saturn strong in Aquarius, semisextile to both the Moon and Mercury, and sextile Uranus will guide the girl and will become the saving planet.

Pluto in the sign Cancer which rules the home, sextile Neptune and opposition Mercury, will give restlessness and a desire to travel and change home environment. The girl should be taught to become practical and useful in the home, and the home should be made attractive and harmonious.

Jupiter in Scorpio conjunct the Mid-heaven and sextile the Sun and Neptune is one of the best planets and aspects in the horoscope. This will give optimism and a very pleasing nature, with social assurance among people above the ordinary. Her friends also will be helpful and useful ones. Jupiter being the ruler of the second house, indicating the finances, she will always be taken care of, although the Moon in the second house will incline towards the spending of money for adornment. Executive ability is shown, and as manager of a bond department, or interested in the sale of stocks and bonds, or in banking she would be successful.

The health will be above the average, but caution might be taken in the diet, for with Pluto in Cancer which is the sign which has rule over the stomach, and opposition Mercury, nervous indigestion might develop if too great a strain is put upon the body.

## Astrological Convention

This convention, which will be held in Chicago, Illinois, September 1, 2, and 3, is probably the most important astrological gathering since the modern revival of Astrology.

The place is the world's largest hotel, The Stevens, on Michigan Boulevard, overlooking Lake Michigan, and only a short walk to the famous Adler Planetarium, the Field Museum, the Art Institute. Rates as low as \$2.50, with bath. Reservations should be made in advance. Garage facilities.

It will be well worth the while of students of Astrology to come to Chicago and meet and hear these able leaders:

Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, Editor, *New York Astrologer*.

Mr. G. R. Bay, Editor, *Student Astrologer*.

Mr. Paul G. Clancy, Editor, *American Astrology*.

Christina Dahl, Associate Editor, *Today's Astrology*.

Dr. W. M. Davidson, Writer, Lecturer, Teacher.

Mr. Llewellyn George, Author, Editor, *Astrological Bulletin*.

Mrs. Max Heindel, Writer, Teacher, Editor, *The Rosicrucian Magazine*.

Mr. L. L. Jensen, Astro-economist, Writer.

Mr. Chas. E. Luntz, Lecturer, Writer, Teacher, St. Louis Theosophical School of Astrology.

Mr. E. Chas. Perkins, Editor, *Personal Astrology*, and others to be added later.

Practically every leading Astrologer will be there; many of the foremost writers on the subject will speak to you.

Take advantage of this chance to exchange ideas with alert students from all over the country. The Editor, Mrs. Max Heindel, will deliver several addresses. She hopes to meet many readers of this Magazine and also students of the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

(Continued on page 375)

# Worth-While News



## Limit of Life After Death

Chicago, April 12. (A.P.)—Bishop George Craig Stewart of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago advanced tonight the theory that immortality may be limited in its spread through the human race.

In an Easter night address before the Chicago Sunday Evening club, the bishop said it was probable that only those human beings who have a definite relationship to God through the spiritual life are eligible for immortality and that other souls cease to exist upon death or shortly thereafter.

"Immortality" is not a natural human certainty," said the bishop. "There is no assurance that every person will live forever. It is likely that life persists after death but it is also possible that such life in the long run may die out. This is no doubt dependent upon the individual's relationship to God. Unless such a relationship exists, it is unlikely that the individual life continues for long."—*The Spokesman Review*.

We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that man was made in the image of God, and if we believe the Bible we must also accept this statement in its fullest sense. If God is divine and if He has created the universe, then we must also believe that God is immortal. How then is it possible that a part of God can cease? that man whom He created in His image can cease? that he has been placed upon earth to exist but a certain length of time?

It seems preposterous to think that our spiritual teachers and leaders who stand in our pulpits should so misinterpret the divine messages in this Bible; that they should so distort its teachings as to preach that only those attain immortality who have been saved through affiliation with the church. Could God be so cruel as to create beings who, for instance, were cultivating the soil and whose distance from any church made it impossible for them to become members? Could God refuse such men and women *immortality*? Would He destroy such souls?

What is spirituality? What constitutes a CHRISTIAN? What constitutes the certainty of any man's relation to God, as this Bishop expresses it? Man *is related to God* by his very existence if he is a created offspring of God. Then HE IS, and no minister can set a limit to the life of this divine spark. Man is immortal and he must continue to return to physical existence until he has reached the state of all-knowing, until he has reached the knowledge of God. Then his work will be carried to higher regions, but for this spark of divinity to cease—NO, NEVER!

## Nightmare Details Caught

IOWA CITY, Ia., Feb 8. (U.P.)—Science now can take a picture of your dreams.

The wild flights of the imagination during sleep are being taken from the sleeper's brain and recorded on sensitized paper by Dr. Lee Travis, University of Iowa psychologist.

The instrument which measures brain currents consists of platinum electrodes, applied through the scalp of the skull of the sleeper. The brain's electric impulses, closely related to the extent and decree of the imagination's work, are amplified 300,000 times and charted on paper, Travis explained.

The record on the charted graph during a wild dream shows a change from a slow, normal beat to a faster, shorter beat.

"If you want to fly to the moon in your sleep, it will cost you more brain current than a peaceful sleep," the psychologist said.—*San Diego Sun*.

What dreams are made of and where they come from has been a great mystery to the scientist as well as to the medical man. The Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches that all of man cannot be viewed with the physical eye for he is a composite being. In the waking state this physical body is interpenetrated by a desire body, a vital body, and a mental body. These invisible bodies fill the spaces between the physical atoms which the scientist terms ether. At night, however, or during

a sound sleep these invisible vehicles withdraw with the ego, leaving the physical body inert and under the care of the vital body. The spirit or ego is then free to roam the world wherever its interests are; if the ego inhabiting the body has a busy life of the senses, or has eaten a heavy meal, then the ego together with the mind and desire body clings about the physical body and dreams are the result. These fantastic mixed dreams are then a part of the desire world and a part of the physical.

The ego which can free itself from its physical vehicles does not dream, and the developed invisible worker brings back the actual experiences which have transpired while he was out of the body on his errand of mercy. For the advanced and humanitarian man is not wasting his time clinging to the physical body while in sleep, but as an Invisible Helper he is about his Father's business and is not clinging to the earth plane at night. Max Heindel fully explains the subject of dreams and what they are made of in Question No. 33 in the *Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers*.

## A Physicist's Sermon

Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics in the University of Chicago and recipient of the Nobel Prize for his achievements in that field, brings highest and freshest scientific testimony of the view that in such attributes as clarity of reason, appreciation of beauty or consideration of our fellows, "our remote descendants may be expected to excel us as greatly as we are in advance of the Java ape-man." This will come to pass, if it does, through man's assuming a greater part in his own evolution. Prior to about 4,000 years ago "God held in His hands the whole responsibility for evolution upon this planet." Since then there has been a gradual shifting of responsibility to the shoulders of mankind.

The challenge is increasingly to mankind to carry through the final stage of making this a "suitable" world and ourselves a "suitable" race for that supreme position of intelligent life. This he assumes to be a "major objective" of the Creator of the universe "whose existence seems by far the most reasonable basis for accounting for our world." At any rate, we "have reason to surmise that it is, and that mankind is the highest development in that direction."

It is an almost overwhelming responsibility, but it is undertaken by men as "God's partners." No "sermon" could have brought more heartening message than this word of the scientist.—*New York Times*, May 26, 1936.

It is most gratifying to read the broad and advanced ideas of the professor of a university which is helping to shape the minds of our coming men and women. When these thoughts are embodied in the teachings given out in our colleges the students will not be far from the acceptance of the science of rebirth. This professor is an advanced thinker.

It is unfortunate that restraining boards of directors in colleges, universities, and churches are still clinging to a very set and chosen curriculum, a course which was formed and outlined at the very beginning of the organization by a group of men whose ideals fitted into the times when the church or university was established, it may have been hundreds of years ago. The teachings fitted those times but nothing stands still, and men's minds are changing and their ideals expanding with the progress of the evolutionary trend; therefore, things must keep pace with this growth.

Today the religious thought of our grandfathers cannot satisfy the keen minds of present-day thinkers, and the minister who fears to express his growing and expanding mind finds his pews empty; the fundamentalist is losing out while the progressive minister is filling his pews.

This Professor of Physics expresses a Rosicrucian truth when he states that man is God's partner, and that "our remote descendants may be expected to excel us as greatly as we are in advance of the Java ape-man." The religious forms of our fathers cannot continue to satisfy us unless we are retrograding. The advanced forms of education as well as of religion must assume the dress which fits the advanced mind of today. God cannot stand still; neither is it possible that His son, Man, can cease to follow the trend of the times and grow.

# Question Department



## All Religions Are Divine in Origin

### Question:

I cannot understand why we have so many religions. Why can't we all be united in one big church and work together? Surely much more could be accomplished in that way than is being done at present by so many different organizations many of which are antagonistic to most of the others.

### Answer:

The world is God's great training school; and some of His children have not always taken advantage of its opportunities as they have been given to them. There are those who have permitted no opportunity to pass without taking full advantage of it. Others have used a part of their opportunities in varying degrees; and still others have got little, and oft-times nothing, out of the most of them. Accordingly we have, generally speaking, three classes of people: the pioneers, the stragglers, and the failures in life's great school.

It has therefore become a necessity for various grades of lessons to be given to these people all of which have been classified to the best advantage of each person. Every religion contains some of the lessons that each must learn in order to develop his latent potentialities into dynamic powers.

The work of classifying the people and giving to each division the religion required, was placed under the direction of Jehovah God who is the author of all race religions. So diversified have the people become that even their religions have been subdivided into various sects, orders, and cults, all of which are intended to develop certain latent forces.

The time is coming, however, when we will become united in one grand whole through the universal religion of the Christ who is the God of love, unity, peace, and spiritual power.

## RACE AND GROUP SPIRITS

### Question:

I am a bit confused relative to race and group spirits. Are the group spirits stragglers of the archangelic life wave?

### Answer:

We would not say that the group spirits are the stragglers of the archangelic life wave, but rather, that the race spirits who belong to this life wave have forged ahead of the others in their own particular evolutionary work. The race spirits work particularly with races and nations, while the group spirits govern the animals; both classes of spirits work directly with the desire bodies of man and animals. The animal's consciousness depends on its group spirit. This is brought about by an infusion of stellar rays directed to the animals by the power of the group spirits. Man's consciousness depends upon his own individual indwelling spirit but he is influenced both politically and industrially by these race spirits, who are the arbitrators of the destiny of individuals and nations. The group spirit's influence on the animals manifests as instinct.

## THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

### Question:

Will you please tell me what is meant by "the voice of the silence"? I do not know how silence can have a voice.

### Answer:

In the Physical World we see forms around us where ever we look. The Physical World is really the world of form; also in the Desire World forms

exist and are very similar in shape and general appearance to those we find here. But in the Region of Concrete Thought it is quite different. There form is non-existent. In this region instead of seeing forms one observes transparent, vacuous spaces, and from each of these empty voids comes a sound which is the keynote that creates all form on the Desire, Etheric, and Physical planes. The sounds which proceed from these vacuums cannot be contacted ordinarily in the Physical World, but they are quite audible to those who have developed the much discussed "sixth sense."

The harmony which proceeds from the vacuous cavity of these celestial archetypes is "the voice of the silence," and it can only be heard when the individual is able to shut out all earthly sounds and attune his consciousness to the higher Region of Concrete Thought.

#### THE STATUS OF CHRIST AND THE FATHER

##### Question:

Will you please state plainly the correlation between the Christ and the Word (the Only Begotten) as discussed in your literature? I am also a bit confused as to the status of the Father in the scheme of evolution. Will you explain that also?

##### Answer:

There are seven cosmic planes belonging to the Universe. The *first* and highest of these planes is the abode of the Supreme Being who created all of the seven cosmic planes. From the Supreme Being emanated the Word, and this Word is the *Only Begotten*.

On the seventh or lowest of these cosmic planes we find the God of our particular solar system functioning. The second power of this great Being is designated as Wisdom, and this tremendous force or energy is vested in the Christ of our solar system.

Then there is the planetary Christ who is the highest Initiate of the archangelic life wave. It is this great Being to whom we refer when we speak of Christ, the Savior of the World.

According to the foregoing you will note that there is a cosmic Christ—the Word, the alone Begotten; a solar Christ, manifesting the second power of the God of our own particular solar system and oftentimes designated as the Son; and finally there is the great archangel, Christ, who is the ruling power over our planetary system at the present time.

The Bible story of creation deals directly with the history of the globe which we inhabit, and the Christ to which it so often refers is the archangel, Christ.

The first power of the God of our solar system is will; and this great force or energy is directed by the Father, who is the highest Initiate of the Lords of Mind, a life wave one step in advance of the archangels. Very little information has been given out relative to this great Being; but it is known that He is the source of all the healing power in the world.

#### THE PHYSICAL BODY ARCHETYPE

##### Question:

I understand that each time we are reborn we build an archetype or pattern for our new physical body. When is this archetype built?

##### Answer:

When the Spirit is *coming down* to rebirth it forms the creative archetype of its new physical body in the Region of Concrete Thought with the help of the Creative Hierarchies. This archetype is a singing, vibrating cavity made of concrete thought substance. It determines the length of life the spirit will live while inhabiting its next earthly tabernacle.

The archetype is located in that part of the Region of Concrete Thought which interpenetrates the earth. It is with us all the time until the natural span of life is run. Then it ceases to vibrate, collapses, and disintegrates.

Each time the spirit comes back to rebirth a *new* archetype is built and all the improvements made in the last life are incorporated into it. In this way we are gradually improving our physical bodies.

# Nutrition and Health

## Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a *simple, pure, and harmless life*. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; also that alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to avoid sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, also, as far as possible, to refrain from using their skins and feathers for clothing. We hold vivisection to be diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of prayer and concentration, but we also believe in the use of material means to supplement the higher forces.

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

## Health, Diet and Behavior

BY E. HUMBOLDT

### IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

**A**LL DISEASE has its origin in ignorance and the only reason man does not live happily and healthily to a ripe old age of one hundred or more is that he knows nothing about controlling the atoms which compose his body; neither has he the faintest idea about using the cosmic forces which constantly surround him. Even those ills which are caused by intemperate living have their origin in some mental quirk, the result of ignorance, as well as all the others.

Fear is probably the most common cause of sickness: it is mainly responsible for colds, fevers, so-called heart trouble, and all the imaginary cases of sickness. For instance, it sometimes happens that mild cases of chronic indigestion produce a distended stomach accompanied by some pressure in the heart region; immediately the patient imagines he has heart trouble and starts to worry about it. If the fear is held long enough what was at first a mere functional disturbance of the heart will become a serious matter.

Of course, no cure is possible until the mental state of the patient has been changed and the fear pictures completely eliminated. Any other mode of treat-

ment may result in temporarily easing the trouble; but it will surely return.

Violent paroxysms of anger will often produce severe congestion of various organs; in well balanced individuals even mild cases of anger will always result in disturbances of the sympathetic nervous system and manifest as colds, disturbances of the digestive tract, etc.

Real disease, as distinguished from the imaginary kind, is produced primarily by mental causes generally supplemented and helped by some closely allied physical cause. Here again, treating the physical cause alone will generally produce only temporary relief, unless the mental condition has already disappeared. Consequently, the first step when endeavoring to effect a cure should be to guide the thoughts of the patient and to direct them in normal, cheerful, and optimistic channels.

The food, of course, plays a most important part in determining the condition of the physical body; in maintaining health and in curing sickness. The food we take brings to the body the various elements it needs to replace waste of worn-out cells; and to take care of the various changes continually going on under the influence of the Life force. All that work is done by the cells themselves under the guidance of a very



definite consciousness which causes each cell to appropriate whatever it needs from the miscellaneous supply—needs which vary with the kind of cell and the organ of which it is a part.

We find the same consciousness in all life and in all the various stages of evolution. Take a spruce and a birch growing side by side in a common soil: the life ensouling each one causes the cells to take from that soil exactly what it needs and to compound it into different complexes and different forms, each according to its kind.

Reasoning from analogy, we might think since the spruce and the birch thrive side by side and on the same soil, the matter of food is not a very important one to the human body. However, it is not so.

Truly, the cells of the body can select their needs within very wide limits; but the work of selection coupled with that of eliminating the waste may very rapidly become a deadly burden which the cell is not able to carry for any long period of time. Moreover, the range of activities carried on in the human body is far more complex and delicate than that incidental to plant life. Hence, the necessity for providing food which will supply the cells with whatever the need with a minimum of work and a minimum of waste.

Right here, a few words about the mechanics of cell life will not be amiss.

The living cell does not absorb or assimilate anything "ready made" but from the substance at hand manufactures for itself whatever it needs and endows it with its own vibratory tone. The carbohydrates, the proteins, the fats, the various organo-mineral compounds, are all disintegrated to simpler forms which are afterwards synthesized into the proper forms, brought up to the proper

tone and assimilated. The work of disintegration, considered from a chemical point of view, is merely a splitting process; and those parts which are not readily amenable to suitable synthesis for the demands of the moment represent just so much waste which is cast aside for elimination.

In some cases, however, the organism is able to produce an excess of readily available material which is stored away for future use: such is the case of fat, which is easily formed from simple carbohydrates and oxygen from the air, and stored away within the tissues. It must be admitted that we know little or nothing concerning the reasons why carbohydrates are sometimes burned up with the production of bodily heat, while at other times they are transformed into fat. The cause is not merely a question of surplus or deficiency and the phenomena are governed by far more complex factors.



Looking behind the scenes, as it were, we find that the cell life, in its work of degradation or disintegration, must first subdue the mass vibration of the material received as food. That process is a gradual one, beginning with the work of digestion which constitutes the major part, and ending in the various organs of secretion: kidneys, liver, lungs, etc.

That process, of course, represents some real work; and it entails more or less fatigue to those organs intrusted with its performance; hence, also waste and wear which must be taken care of. It follows that a choice of food nearest to the actual body requirements will mean a minimum of work for its assimilation; a minimum of waste and wear to be replenished and, of course, most satisfactory results all around.

We find that the human body does not,

as a rule, thrive on purely mineral matter; probably on account of its complex and delicate functions it cannot synthesize from the elements a sufficient or a satisfactory supply of the needed compounds.

It will thrive, though, on material that is already partly "organized," as found in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and it will thrive far better on vegetables than on animal matter. Leaving aside all question of sentiment, it is obvious that animal matter being more highly "organized" than the vegetable, i.e., possessing a far higher mass vibration, is a good deal harder to assimilate than the latter. In other words the preliminary work of degradation to the proper level is a good deal harder with animal than with vegetable food. Hence, the wisdom of using vegetable food exclusively, as much as possible.

In the matter of raw foods, let us remember that modern man has neither the teeth nor the stomach of his prehistoric forefathers and that, consequently, he cannot be expected to thrive on all sorts of raw foods in the same manner that a rabbit or a goat might do. And if we grate the hard foods for the sake of helping the teeth, we lose all the advantages to be derived from mastication, and from the preliminary treatment with saliva: one of the most important steps in the process of digestion. For these reasons, a judicious amount of cooking and seasoning will improve the flavor and the digestibility of the food.

As I have said before, the cell life will synthesize the needed material from the food digested. It will do that, however, only if the proper elements are present and it will do it best when they are present in the right proportions because the waste will then be a minimum. Thus, it will take carbohydrates and sugars with the addition of nitrogen derivatives of

the proper kind and some suitable organo-mineral compounds and produce the various proteins and albuminoid complexes which go to form the tissues. From carbohydrates and oxygen the cell life will form fat, either the kind that is part of the tissues or the other, which is merely stored against future needs. It will take mineral compounds and transform them into more highly specialized matter to be used in building cartilages and soft bones, to the end that some special organs may ultimately eliminate part of the non-mineral and leave behind some highly mineralized and rigid bones and tendons, etc.

I use the terms "mineral" and "organic" with their ordinary chemical meaning and merely for the sake of discrimination, since all those elements which we are accustomed to call mineral, such as calcium, phosphorus, iron, etc., do not exist as such in the tissue. They are present as parts of very complex bodies and are only assimilated by the cell as compounds already present in the food.

In other words, the cell does not assimilate any purely mineral matter; neither is its work of degrading the food complexes ever carried to the ultimate: free minerals. Hence, the fallacy of the belief that mineral pills may ever help to build the body.

The living cell will, under ordinary conditions of health and well-being, assimilate and make its own material from almost any wholesome source; it is of no importance whatever whether the carbohydrate is starch from potatoes or wheat, glucose from fruit, or sucrose from cane, beet, date, or the like. But, the various elements must be present together in proportions and at a concentration which closely approaches the demand. The cell can use only so much of each at one time, and any surplus must be eliminated from the system before it



starts to clog the organism. And when we come to a final analysis, the demand is much smaller than the ordinary supply.

Hence, it is safe to say that most of the ills that befall humanity result from overeating, or from eating and drinking abominable mixtures which overwork the digestive system, clog and paralyze the eliminatory organs, and leave the poor cell life half-starved.

While cell life is probably not concerned with flavor and while a pleasant flavor may not be of any special value towards assimilation, yet the fact remains that a pleasing taste greatly helps the preliminary work of digestion. All other things being equal, the food which is eaten with pleasure may prove far more beneficial than food of the same quality, taken with dislike or repugnance. In some extreme cases, the dislike may even impede or entirely prevent digestion.

There is no direct relation between what we eat and what we assimilate from the point of view of calories; and what we assimilate and use is what counts. As for vitamins, they are always present in sufficient quantity in any mixed diet of fresh or near fresh vegetable foods. And all the vitamins in the world cannot take the place of a cheerful mind when sitting at a meal.

Were anyone to ask me for advice in regard to diet, I should simply say: Choose the fruits and vegetables that you like and choose them as ripe and fresh as you can; cook them or eat them raw, according to your taste. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly, and be satisfied with eating as little as you can. When you eat, set your mind and your body at rest; and give your stomach a thorough rest between meals. Vary your diet from day to day, or even from meal to meal as much as you can, and never eat unless you are really hungry.

In regard to healing, the treatment and cure of disease, and as a conclusion to these few lines anent a subject, the scope of which is far too vast to be

properly discussed in so short a space, let me give some excerpts from Dr. Philip M. Lovell in answer to a letter from a woman complaining of neuritis. In the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* for April 5, 1936, Dr. Lovell says:

Why is it that you who are interested in the physical findings of your body are always probing around for a label? If your ailments are not properly categorized, you think you have not received proper scientific service.

I could give you manipulative treatments and diet reform. I could make you go out into the sunshine, compel physical activity, normalize your sex life, rationalize your thinking. That would be all.

Miracles of healing would be attributed to me. Yet, I would not need one iota of information concerning you.

Natural methods do not know an antidote. All we know is natural living—the wholesome processes which every animal instinctively knows and endorses and which, in themselves, constitute a cure.

Let us clean out the irritant. Let us go out on a fruit juice fast of from two to five days.

Let us clean out the colons as they have never been cleaned before; let us expose the body to the sun and get its marvelous healing effects.

Let us compose the mind and get peace, calm, and equilibrium inside our souls. Let us divest ourselves of fears and phobias, of worry and other discords.

If I could make you clearly understand this broad view, most of you would not be concerned with specific labels. You would know that the body is self-healing if you simply obey Nature's laws. You would know that irrespective of the label that is pinned onto your symptoms, the same basic obedience to these laws will yield the results of good health and strength.

## ASTROLOGICAL CONVENTION

(Continued from page 367)

The Program Committee of this Convention is especially desirous of having a thoroughly representative series of lectures, papers, and talks. If you have, through observation or special research, discovered some vital fact, evolved some original idea, or have had some striking confirmation of planetary power, please register your name *at once* with the Program Secretary, All-American Astrological Convention, 430 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., giving brief synopsis and title of your talk.

## Patients' Letters

Canada, Dec. 12, 1935.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Healing Department,  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Again we are pleased to write you of the truly wonderful progress being made by C.

This little boy is enjoying the best of health and is happy and carefree. His leg and hip are now practically okay and I am sure if he could tell you he would mention the Invisible White Ones who have worked so lovingly over him.

Please continue the healing ministrations until we are certain he is entirely in full possession of his locomotory powers.

May the loving, healing vibration of the Christ force continue to assuage the pain and suffering of all of the children of earth.

—W. G. H. R.

California, Jan. 17, 1936.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Last week I requested healing for my son, aged ten years. He bruised his leg below the knee and several days later we discovered it was red and swollen. It grew very rapidly worse and caused him to run a high temperature.

The night I wrote the letter to you, the leg looked very bad, swollen at least twice the natural size and inflamed. I knew my letter would not be received at the Fellowship for at least a day but I felt we needed help so badly that if I wrote the letter it would call the attention of the Invisible Helpers to our need.

I am very sure that they were present that night for the boy slept fairly well in spite of the condition of the leg and the next morning the abscess broke and the temperature went down.

It seems to be healing nicely and the boy is back at school again today. I do not believe you need to continue him on your healing list.

I want to thank all at the Fellowship and the Invisible Helpers for the assistance they gave us.

Yours sincerely,  
—Mrs. M. E. H.

Washington, May 31, 1936.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I have been wonderfully healed since I wrote my letter last week asking for help. All pain left within a few hours and I feel well and strong.

I appreciate the help received more than I can say. God bless you and the Invisible Helpers.

Lovingly,  
—F. V.

## Fasting

Reprinted from "The Comet,"  
South Africa.

From a health standpoint to fast one whole day or more without food is most beneficial; it gives the digestive organs a rest and it helps to clean the system. I knew a physician who, whenever run down, fasted from food for three days, drinking nothing but orange juice, and advocated the same treatment for his patients and, in some cases, a fast on grape juice in place of orange juice. This form of fasting is needed at certain periods in order that our bodies may be rejuvenated, refreshed, and invigorated. The machinery of the body needs a rest in order that it may recuperate. Watch an animal when ill, it simply takes no food whatever and accompanies its fast by a complete rest in some secluded spot.

—GERTRUDE LA PAGE.

## Healing Dates

July ..... 3—10—16—23—31

August ..... 6—12—20—27

September .... 2— 9—16—23—30

Healing meetings are held at Mt. Ecclesia on the above dates at 6:30 P.M. If you would like to join in this work, begin when the clock in your place of residence points to 6:30 P.M., or as near that as possible; meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the healing of all who suffer, particularly those who have applied to the Invisible Helpers.

## People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done largely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Headquarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information, address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California.

# VEGETARIAN MENUS

## BREAKFAST

*Half hour before Breakfast*  
*Citrus fruit juice, 8 oz.*

*One-half ripe Cantaloupe*  
*Bran Flakes with Sliced*  
*Bananas and Top Milk*  
*Coffee Substitute*

## DINNER

*Fresh Green Onions*  
*and Radishes*  
*Savory Eggplant*  
*Carrots and Peas*  
*Stuffed Tomato Salad*  
*Baked Potatoes*  
*Watermelon*

## SUPPER

*Celery Juice Cocktail*  
*Asparagus on Toast*  
*with Cheese Sauce*  
*Beet and Watercress Salad*  
*Date Pudding*

# RECIPES

### *Savory Eggplant.*

Ingredients: 1 large eggplant,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion, 1 cup chopped mushrooms,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon powdered cloves, chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons butter or vegetable oil, salt, 1 cup bread crumbs.

Cut eggplant into slices one-half inch thick. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Brown onion; add chopped mushrooms, salt, and cloves. Arrange eggplant in baking dish in layers. Cover each layer with prepared mixture. Sprinkle top with bread crumbs and bits of butter. Bake slowly in moderate oven for about one-half hour. Before serving garnish with chopped parsley.

### *Beet and Watercress Salad.*

Arrange fresh crisped watercress on salad plate. Place a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers on this with diced beets in the center. Garnish with grated egg yolk and sprigs of parsley. Serve with French salad dressing.

### *Celery Juice Cocktail.*

Ingredients: 4 oz. celery juice, 2 oz. parsley juice. Flavor with a little lemon juice.

### *French Salad Dressing.*

Ingredients: 1 tablespoon lemon juice diluted with a little water, 3 tablespoons olive oil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, few drops onion juice. Dissolve the salt in the

lemon juice. Add the onion juice and then the oil. Shake in a glass jar or beat with a dover beater.

### *Stuffed Tomato Salad.*

Ingredients: 4 medium sized tomatoes, 1 large cucumber, 1 cup of cubed celery, vegetable salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cubed avocado.

Select four medium sized tomatoes; wash and scoop out the centers. Mix cubed celery, cucumber, avocado, and tomato pulp. Season with vegetable salt. Marinate with mayonnaise thinned with lemon juice. Serve with any desired dressing.

### *Cheese Sauce.*

Ingredients: one-third cup butter, 3 tablespoons of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese.

Melt the butter, add cheese and flour. Add hot milk gradually and stir constantly. Salt.

### *Date Pudding.*

Ingredients: 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1 cup bread crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix baking powder with bread crumbs and add to dates and nuts. Beat eggs; add milk, sugar, and vanilla, and add to first mixture. Bake in a moderate oven one-half hour. Serve with cream, plain or whipped.

# Children's Department



## The Princess Who Learned to Smile

BY EVELYN VAN GILDER CREEKMORE

ONCE UPON a time there was a little princess who lived with her father the king in a beautiful kingdom by the sea. Now the little princess would have been very beautiful if it had not been that she usually looked so cross and ill-tempered. There was almost always a frown on her face, and she seemed to find fault with everything.

In the morning when her good nurse brought her breakfast on a golden tray she would fly into a rage, no matter how many good things were on the tray.

"Take it away!" she would cry, stamping her foot, and pushing the tray away, "I do not want oatmeal. Why did you not bring me boiled wheat? And look at that toast. It is not brown enough. I do not like that dish that my egg is in. Take it all away and bring what I want."

All day long she said mean things to everyone around her and complained of everything. Even when the king would give her a present, instead of thanking him, she would grumble and ask why he had not brought something more.

In the same kingdom there lived some little brown dwarfs who loved the king very much. They saw how sad it made him for the princess to behave so badly, for he loved his little girl and wanted her to be happy. So the dwarfs decided that every time the princess was cross or unkind, or thought a mean ugly thought they would plant a seed on the hillside not far from their camp.

The seeds grew up quickly into tall trees, and before long the hillside was covered with a dense forest.

One day the princess became very angry about something and decided to go out for a walk all by herself. She walked and walked, and before she knew it was lost in the deep thick forest on the hillside. Night came on and the little princess began to cry for she could not find her way out of the forest. How she wished now for home, and for all of the things she so often complained of before. She was hungry but she could find nothing to eat in the woods except some bitter berries on one of the bushes. Finally being so very tired, she curled up on the hard ground and went to sleep.

Early the next morning she was awakened by someone calling her name. Sitting up quickly, she looked around and beheld the dwarfs.

"Princess," said the leader of the dwarfs, "we have come to tell you how you may get out of the forest."

The princess clapped her hands, "Oh, do," she cried. "Please tell me how I can find the way home, for I do not like it here in the forest, and want to go home as soon as possible."

"How quickly you can leave will depend on how well you follow our instructions," said the dwarf, "for there is only one way to get out."

"Oh, I will do anything," replied the princess.

"Well then," said the dwarf, "first let us tell you where you are. Each tree in this forest is a cross word or unkind act of yours. These thick, tangled vines are the complaints that you have made. Now the first thing that you must do is

to stop complaining and to praise everything. You must learn to smile, to look for the good in everything, and to feel happy. Try to make other people happy and do kind things for them. As soon as you do these things, the trees will disappear one by one, and then you can get back to the kingdom where your home is."

It was very hard for the princess to do as the dwarfs had advised, but she disliked the forest so much that she decided to try. She stopped complaining about the forest and started praising it. Beginning by praising the bush where the bitter berries grew, she was amazed to find that at her words of praise the berries which had been so bitter changed to big luscious ones before her very eyes.

Astounded and happy at the result of the first experiment she began to smile.

She remembered the instructions to do something kind for other people, and decided that since the dwarfs had been kind in telling her how to find her way home, she would do something for them.

After much thought she decided to build them some beautiful little houses where they could live. Gathering rocks and sticks, and using clay for mortar she

built some of the most attractive rock houses imaginable, and carefully lined the inside of them with soft leaves. Outside she made rock gardens and planted in them all sorts of wild flowers.

The princess was so happy in her work of building that she did not notice that many days had passed since she had first come into the forest.

At last the houses were finished, and they were so lovely that she could scarcely wait for the dwarfs to come and see their new homes.

The next morning she woke up with the sun shining very brightly in her eyes, and sitting up quickly she looked around. To her surprise the dense forest had disappeared, and the brown dwarfs were standing before her smiling, and looking very happy.

"Hail, Princess," they cried, all saluting her. "You have dissolved the forest. Look, you can see the palace on the next hill. Go, for the king awaits you."

The princess jumped up joyfully, and after thanking the dwarfs for teaching her how much more fun it is to smile instead of to frown, she ran happily home, determined that she would never be cross or unkind again.



### Child's Morning Prayer

Lord Jesus, I would be like You,  
So strong and brave and fearless too;  
I know that I need have no fear  
For Jesus Christ is always near.

Dear God, I give myself to Thee,  
And pray that You will make of me  
The splendid person, strong and fine  
I can be with my hand in Thine.

### Evening Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.  
Thy love surrounds me night and day,  
Thy love protects me all the way.  
God gives me health, and strength, and  
joy,  
For Jesus loves each girl and boy.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

—[●]—

A. F. H.

THE Rosierucian Fellowship Summer School is now in session, and what a crowd, the biggest in years! The school started immediately after the Fourth of July holiday, and it brought such a crowd that the hostesses and managers were kept unusually busy taking care of all who came. As the holiday visitors returned to their homes on Monday they were quickly replaced by the students who came from various parts of the United States and Mexico.

Center representatives are here from Denver, New Orleans, Portland, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and San Diego, and others who have registered are still to come. The former Children's School dormitories have been prepared to take care of the overflow.

Those who have arrived for the school have been more than pleased in that MANLY P. HALL, the nationally known author and silver tongued orator, with his wife, is spending a week with us and has given us two lectures which have drawn a capacity crowd from Oceanside and surrounding towns. Mr. Hall is so pleased with conditions at Mt. Ecclesia that he hopes to return and be with us again in August.

Mr. Hall spoke to us on Sunday evening on the subject of "Aspiration," and the writer must admit that this was one of his very best lectures which she has been privileged to hear. On Tuesday, July 7, it was necessary to remove the tables from the Dining Hall in order that Mr. Hall could give his stereopticon lecture on the "Ancient Rosierucians" there as the Chapel and Sun Parlor were not large enough to hold the crowd.

The registrations for the classes are most encouraging. The enthusiasm of the students is freely expressed, espe-

cially in the Dining Hall where everybody is so full of happiness and all seem so pleased with the carefully prepared and cheerfully served meals, consisting of vegetarian food chosen as to the proper mixture of the vitamins by a trained Battle Creek nurse.

At the beginning of this school term we feel encouraged to say that indications point to the assurance that this will be one of the best attended and the most active school terms of any yet held on Mt. Ecclesia. The writer hopes to meet a number of students who will still respond to the call of the heart and will *come to visit us during this summer school*, which remains in session until August 21.

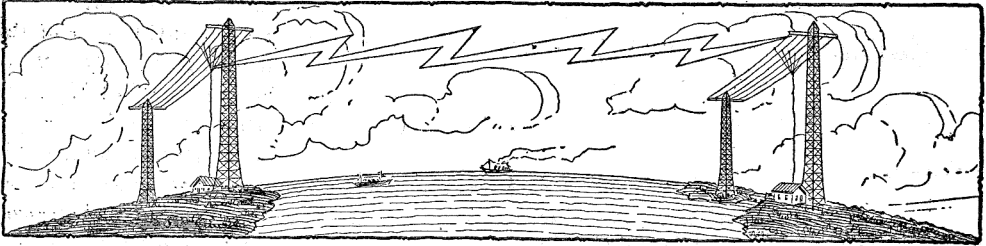
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Following is a schedule of special lectures to be given during the Summer School.

- July 7. Manly P. Hall, The Ancient Rosierucians.
- July 10. Judge Carl A. Davis, The Philosophy of Disasters.
- July 14. Mrs. Helena S. Wyckoff, The Great Seal of the United States.
- July 21. Mr. R. T. Oakley, Cancer, The Sphere of the Soul.
- July 24. Mrs. Kittie Cowen, What Is Thought?
- July 28. Dr. Edythe Ashmore, Vitamins A, B, C.
- Aug. 4. Mrs. Arline D. Cramer, The Three Steps to the Altar of Burnt Offering.
- Aug. 11. Mrs. May E. Paris, Some Famous Women.
- Aug. 18. Mrs. Max Heindel, Parsifal (with slides).



# Rosierucian News Bureau



## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Chicago Loop Center reports activities on four evenings each week with double classes on two of them. Consistent effort week after week is a sure foundation for healthy growth.

The reports from the Auditorium Building Center are indicative of a very fine spirit as well as of a carefully planned program. One interesting class that might profitably be tried by other Centers is a Question and Answer Class. Such a class offers the teacher considerable latitude in adapting the subject material to the needs of the individual students without losing control of the essential element of unity in his work. Their assurance that classes will continue through the summer is encouraging. When classes are small, persistence and continuity of effort are more necessary than ever.

## GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

The following is a partial list of the roster of officers elected for the ensuing six months:

President	Fred A. Somerset.
Vice-Pres.	Mrs. Hilda Layne
Secretary	Simon Moore
Treasurer	F. A. Arthurton

May the fresh zeal of this young Center add much to the increasing growth of the Rosierucian work!

## THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

The new officers for the Hague Center are as follows:

President	G. W. Soeter
Vice-Pres.	H. J. Monod de Froideville
Secretary	F. H. C. Kreiken
Treasurer	Miss F. V/d Linden

The staff is coming into activity with the Center's dream of a meeting place of their own about to be realized. The work everywhere grows step by step. The dreams of yesterday are the realities of today; and the efforts of today will bring the progress of tomorrow. Our prayers are with you as you are about to dedicate a new room in which the massed ideals along the lines of the Rosierucian teachings may be generated and directed to the common focusing point at Mt. Ecclesia.

## INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Social Night shows an increase in attendance over that of individual classes. This indicates one thing, that the unifying purpose of a recreation program is being realized by bringing the members of different classes together.

## LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

This Center reports regular observance of the Healing Services. This is an especially fine Center activity, for while individual observance of the healing dates

## World Headquarters OF THE Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA  
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

### Centers and Study Groups

Services and classes are held in the following cities. The public is cordially invited.

Addresses of unchartered Centers and Study Groups may be had on request.

#### CHARTERED CENTERS IN THE U. S. A. AND CANADA

- Burlington, Vt.*—91 No. Union St.  
*Calgary, Alta., Can.*—108 14th Ave. W.  
*Calgary, Alta., Canada.*—Young People's Group, 1318 15th Ave. W.  
*Chicago, Ill.*—Rm. 1622, Capitol Bldg., 159 N. State St.  
*Cleveland, Ohio.*—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 708.  
*Columbus, Ohio.*—253 N. Hague Ave.  
*Dayton, Ohio.*—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd floor.  
*Denver, Colo.*—320-22 Central Savings Bank Bldg.  
*Indianapolis, Ind.*—319 N. Pennsylvania St.—3rd Floor.  
*Kansas City, Mo.*—2734 Prospect.  
*Long Beach, Calif.*—361 E. First St.  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*—2523 W. 7th St.  
*Milwaukee, Wis.*—Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St., Rooms 236-238.  
*New Orleans, La.*—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.  
*Portland, Ore.*—Room 316 Dekum Bldg.  
*San Diego, Calif.*—Rm. 9, 1039 7th St.  
*Shreveport, La.*—1802 Fairfield.  
*St. Paul, Minn.*—318 Midland Trust Bldg.  
*Toronto, Canada.*—c/o Mary Tambllyn, 40 London St.  
*Vancouver, B. C.*—Room 12, Williams Bldg. Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

helps, it is when the "coals are heaped together" that the effect is greatly intensified.

#### READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

We trust that the discontinuance of the Sunday evening meetings is only temporary and that the summer holidays are not the cause. All organizations experience a falling off in attendance at this season of the year and we must not get frightened when our numbers decrease. Rather should we remember that it has been written, "Where a few are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

#### MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

Preliminary efforts toward establishing a chartered Center have been started by conducting two classes a week in the rooms of the Speed Writing School at 1216 Nicollet Avenue. Classes are held at 8:00 P.M. in Philosophy on Wednesday, and in Astrology on Friday evening at the same hour.

#### ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.

This hard-working group won the first prize in the recent contest for bringing in new members. The increase in size has made it necessary for them to remodel their quarters in order to enlarge their meeting place. No classes will be conducted during the alterations. Fresh efforts in the fall with more favorable surroundings will be all the more effective.

#### ST. MICHAEL, BARBADOES, B. W. I.

We are glad to congratulate this group on the realization of their "long felt desire" to open a Sunday School. The attitude expressed in their report is quite commendable: "Many friends and students responded to our invitation and came out to welcome and encourage the children." There is rejoicing over each new unit that enters into this fruitful field for service.

## PLATO

*(Continued from page 342)*

cause of all things, finds its perfection in the greatest of all philosophers in returning to its starting-point, and acknowledging that the full belief in and worship of the Personal Cause of causes is essential to the well-being and completeness of human nature.

To recapitulate, then: we find in Plato, so far as the workings of that mighty mind can be traced, the preceding philosophy digested and become the germ of the Platonic philosophy. That rejection of knowledge, such as is gained by the senses, which distinguished Heraclitus, is confirmed; "man walketh in a vain show." There is an unrevealed truth in the universe, after which we are to grope, not resting content with the manifested and the sensible: the mathematical Idealism of Pythagoras is enlarged and rendered into the language of metaphysic; hence results the Platonic doctrine of ideas, and this sublime speculation is inseparably fitted into the theory of a perfect social community: the instrument of dialectic is fashioned, that by means of it man may come into the possession of his ideal world: and, finally, the whole vast edifice is carved everywhere with the features of the most extraordinary intellectual portent of the ancient world.

Let us then labour for an inward stillness,

An inward stillness and an inward healing,

That perfect silence where the lips and heart are still,

And we no longer entertain our own imperfect thought and vain opinions,

But God alone speaks in us,

And we wait in singleness of heart,

That we may know His will,

And in the silence of our spirit

That we may do His will,

And do that only.

—Longfellow.

## Chartered Centers in Other Countries

### BELGIUM

*Brussels.*—74 rue Stevens Delannoy.

### BRITISH GUIANA

*Georgetown.*—West ½ Lot 163 Charlotte St.

### ENGLAND

*Liverpool, Eng.*—71 Upper Huskisson St., Telephone, Heswall, 304.

*London, Eng.*—21 Gloucester Gardens, Bayswater.

### GOLD COAST, WEST AFRICA

*Abokobi.*—c/o J. M. Boi-Adzete.

*Kumasi.*—Mr. Ben T. Vormawah.

*Sekondi.*—P. O. Box 224.

### PARAGUAY

*Asuncion.*—Louis Alberto de Herrera, Republica Francesca.

*Asuncion.*—Garibaldi 118.

### PERU

*Lima.*—Box 637.

### PHILIPPINES

*La Paz, Iloilo, P. I.*—19 Burges St.

### PORTUGAL

*Lisbon.*—Rua Renato Baptista 43 - 2º.

### THE NETHERLANDS

*Amsterdam.*—67 Jacob Obrechtstraat.

*Amsterdam Z.*—Vincent van Goghstraat 60 h.

*Apeldoorn.*—de Ruyterstraat 44.

*Arnhem.*—18 Mesdaglaan.

*Breda.*—34 Speelhuyslaan.

*Den Haag.*—Secretariaat: 88 Roelofsstraat; Vergaderplaats: de Ruyterstraat 67.

*Rotterdam.*—Claes de Vrieselaan No. 51.

*Rotterdam.*—308 Bergweg.

*Zaandam.*—Oostzijde 386.

## ROSICRUCIAN BOOKS

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### *On the Philosophy*

The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception ..	\$2.00
Paper bound 4 for \$2.00; single copies	.75
The Rosicrucian Mysteries .....	1.50
The Web of Destiny .....	1.50
Mysteries of the Great Operas .....	1.50
Ancient and Modern Initiation .....	1.50
Gleanings of a Mystic .....	1.50
Letters to Students .....	2.00
Teachings of an Initiate .....	1.50
Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers .....	2.00
Freemasonry and Catholicism .....	1.00
In the Land of the Living Dead .....	1.00
Mystical Interpretation of Christmas	.50
Mystical Interpretation of Easter ..	.25

### *Booklets*

How Shall We Know Christ? .....	.15
Rosicrucian Child Training .....	.50
Christ or Buddha? .....	.20
Evolution .....	.10
Earthbound .....	.10
Vegetarian Salads .....	.25
Rosicrucian Lectures, each .....	.10
Complete set of 20 Lectures .....	1.50

### *Astrology Books*

Message of the Stars .....	2.50
Astro-Diagnosis .....	2.50
Simplified Scientific Astrology ....	1.50
Rex and Zendah in the Zodiac .....	1.50
Tables of Houses (3), each .....	.50
The three cloth-bound in one vol. ..	2.00
Simplified Scientific Ephemerides 1857-1937—each year .....	.25
Ephemerides, bound, (20) years ....	5.00
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If unable to obtain from local agencies, write to us direct. Discount given to dealers.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP  
Oceanside, California, U. S. A.

## BEYOND THE VEIL

(Continued from page 349)

from which I had suffered ever since my previous operation, having worn heavy lenses all those years. Two years later while teaching in this same school of metaphysics a student said to me, "I think I have a book at home which you would like to read. Some things you say remind me of passages in it. I will bring it tomorrow."

When she brought the book I saw it was called *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and was written by one Max Heindel. When I opened it and began to read I sprang from my chair and shouted, "Here it is at last. I've found it, I've found it. I know all this, I know it."

My friend was astounded and asked if I had ever read the book. I replied that I had not, but knew what it contained, nevertheless. She was skeptical and could not see how I could know what it contained if I had never read it. But to prove that I did I had her take the book and I began to recite the things I had seen so long ago. Before long she laid the book down and looked at me in wonderment. "You know it all right, but I don't see how you got it. It's the strangest thing I ever heard of."

But to me it was no longer strange. The pieces fit; the puzzle was a puzzle no longer, but a Plan of which I was a part. I knew at last. I had come home. I had earned the right to know and at last I saw the wisdom in the years of struggle and the necessity for the path that led through "darkest night." For me the veil was rent and mere flesh could never again imprison my immortal spirit. In the crucible of earth I had been refined, and as the purificatory fires burned away the dross of matter, the Light broke forth, and that cry which rang through the Garden on resurrection morning, rang through my soul, "He is not here: for he is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."