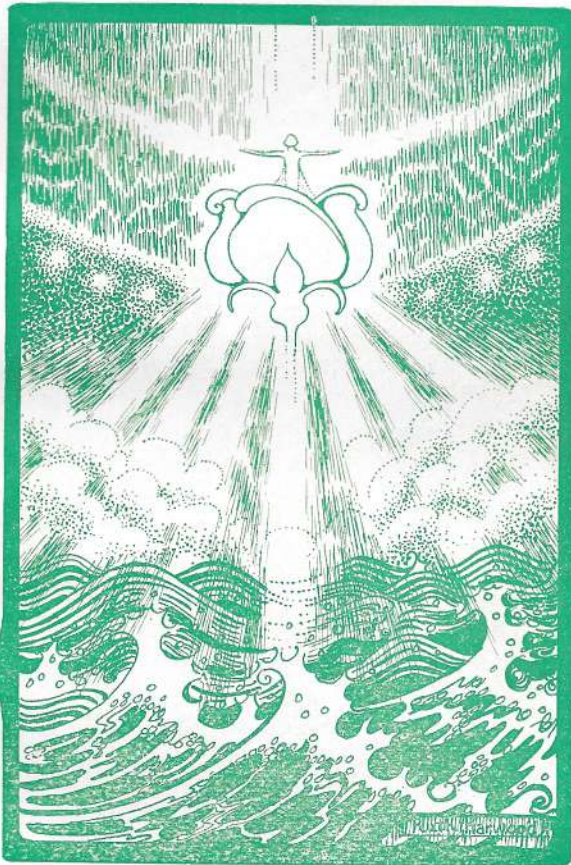


# THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross



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DECEMBER 1938

Song of Love

Vision and Character

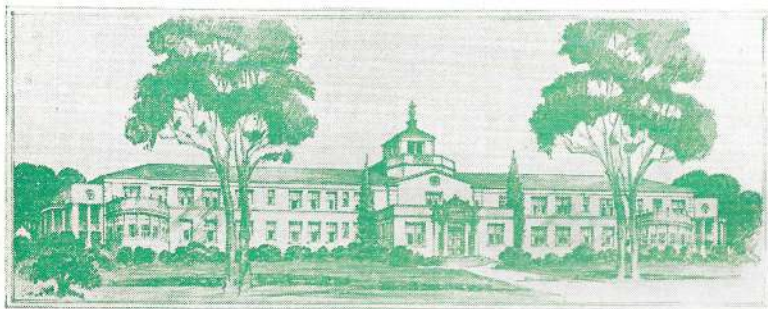
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**THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP**

SANITARIUM DEPARTMENT

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

# The ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

## *Rays from the Rose Cross*

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

JUNE, 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

December

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# The Rosicrucian Fellowship

## ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

Formerly religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, for instance, heredity. They desire religion as much as their fathers, but want the ancient truths in modern dress, congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man which is as strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries so that the heart may be allowed to sanction what the intellect believes, and the solace of religion may give peace to the troubled mind.

People of various denominations enter educational institutions such as Harvard or Yale, and study Mythology, Psychology, and Comparative Religion there without prejudice to their religious affiliations. Students may enroll with the Rosicrucian Fellowship on the very same basis. Our teachings, which aim to emancipate from authority of others by pointing the way to firsthand knowledge, are given by correspondence graded to suit the different classes of applicants. Upon request the General Secretary will send an application blank for enrollment to anyone who is not a *Hypnotist, or a Professional Medium, Palmist, or Astrologer.*

These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. However, the work is supported largely by voluntary offerings, and students are given opportunity to help as the heart dictates and the means permit. In the measure only that they fulfill this moral obligation can they *really* benefit from our efforts in their behalf.

The International Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship is located on a fifty acre tract called "Mt. Ecclesia," a natural park of incomparable beauty with a view of mountains, valleys, ocean, and isles ranging in extent from 40 to 80 miles. It is an important center of spiritual healing scientifically applied to aid thousands all over the world. The salubrious climate of *Southern California* affords material help in recovery for those who visit the quiet little city of *Oceanside* which holds Mt. Ecclesia in its environs. Accommodations are available for those who may wish to spend some time at Headquarters. Rates are given on application. Healing services are held daily in the Ecclesia to help all who have applied for healing.

**THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP**

Mt. ECCLESIA

*Oceanside, California, U.S.A.*

# The Mystic Light

## The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

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

*The following article received THIRD PRIZE in our Manuscript Competition.*

## Song of Love

BY CHARLES E. ENGLERT

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)

*"Come . . . come . . . we have waited long . . . play thy song . . . O, come . . . come . . . by thy rhythmic strain . . . we would dance again . . . again . . . again."*



QUEER how snatches of the lyric of this unwritten melody would come to Don Torres, the music master of Carimo, only to slip away elusively. Always in idle moments the urge to write the thing had come to him. But never would it come quite satisfactorily—always broken and unfinished. Why, he reflected, did this melody so persistently annoy his brain? He blamed his inability to create the thing to the mental stress of long confinement. He ran his nimble fingers over the keyboard and shrugged his shoulders resignedly. Well, he soliloquized, he soon would be free and would get away from his harsh environment.

Whirling on the piano stool, he paused to listen to Pablo Mendoza patiently practicing their favorite, "*Canciones de Amor*" (Songs of Love), on the clarinet. Strange that Pablo had always seemed like a son to him. Upon their first meeting in the prison a fond affection had sprung up instantly between them. It seemed they had respected

and loved each other always. He had taught Pablo the clarinet and now Pablo was doing very well, he prided himself.

Wearily he lifted himself to his feet and walked to the barred window of the prison auditorium and looked out. He smiled significantly as his eyes swept the field of yellow corn on the hillside which rippled in the breeze like the waters of Chamoi Lake, glistening in the far distance down the valley. For a time he scrutinized the mountainside above the cornfield where a white ribbon of road divided the trees, skirted the cornfield and dropped from sight behind the asylum for mentally delinquent convicts which loomed over the wall of this Carimo prison—several hundred meters southward—on the slope of this lonely Chamoi Valley. Yes, he thought, Pablo would be delighted.

He shuddered as his eyes became riveted upon the Asylum of Carimo. Far back somewhere it seemed he had known it before. Built hundreds of years ago and constructed boxlike of stone and mortar and totally devoid of architectural design, this imposing retreat depressed him with its dismal and ugly appearance of a deserted fortress. It presented a cold, forbidding mien which manifestly bespoke, "Keep



off." Now he saw its narrow windows catch the fire from the late afternoon sun and apparently metamorphose the whole interior of this crude structure to a raging furnace—perhaps a symbolic hint of what it concealed!

Unkempt shrubbery and clinging verdure hugged its lower portions as if guarding from the world the mysteries within. He thought of the legend of the evil spirits that allegedly lurked there and peered from the sinister shadows behind its whispering foliage. On the whole, somehow, he felt there was a decided uncanniness about the place—its very atmosphere being weird, supernatural, and uninviting indeed.

Awakening from his reverie, he cried, "Come, Pablo, that is enough of *Canciones de Amor* for now! Lay aside the clarinet . . . come and enjoy the scenery nature offers today!"

"Yes, yes, maestro," exclaimed Pablo, flashing a smile and putting away his clarinet, "but there is nothing unusual—it is always the same."

After Pablo had joined him at the window, the music master remained silent for a time as if concerned with grave thoughts. A man of forty and of Spanish origin, he was of slight stature, and despite his present garb of prison gray, bore an air of distinction. Over his finely chiseled features, his black glossy hair was fastidiously divided in the middle. Eye glasses, with black ribbon attached and draped over an ear, were clamped upon his long, thin nose. His luminous brown eyes, magnified behind the thick lenses, burned intensely.

"Pablo," he said earnestly, with a sweep of his arm indicating the whole outside, "out there Nature proceeds with her endless task of creating and destroying only to create and destroy again and again—the trees, the flowers, the plants, the birds, the bees, the bugs, all live and die to be reborn again. Does this not make you believe in the theory of reincarnation? Perhaps you and I will be born again after death. Many individuals of highest intelligence say this is so . . . all nature says it is so! Who knows?

Perhaps you were once before a great soldier, and I, Don Torres, may have served you! Maybe we shall meet again in another world, in more—er—congenial surroundings . . . Eh, my dear Pablo?"

"Perhaps so, maestro," murmured Pablo bitterly, "but all that does us no good now—with ten years yet to serve."

"Take heart! Bear with me, Pablo. I have planned long and well for our future. My thoughts wandered thus as I scanned the mountainside." His voice dropped to whispers, full with meanings: "My words were partly for the ears of any chance eavesdropping keeper. Look well at the cornfield, Pablo; look well, for there we shall soon keep a tryst—the most important tryst we shall ever keep in this life! We carry a cross of thorns, my Pablo, but I have worked hard for a year now to throw this cross from our backs. My work is nearly done. Soon you will begin yours, and when you begin the task I have allotted you—you—" he executed an upward and outward motion with his hands—"presto! Like that you will vanish! And what a furore it will create!"

Pablo listened with wondering eyes. He was hardly more than a boy, twenty-two perhaps—a boy with a handsome face, black hair and intelligent black eyes and a quiet manner, but a warrior by the clay of him. "Vanish?" he exclaimed, sniffing doubtfully, "vanish? Maestro, have you somehow obtained the Mexican drug weed to smoke?"

"No; no, Pablo! You will not vanish into thin air literally, of course. Nevertheless, it will appear so to everyone. The newspapers will print it like that. But you . . . and I . . . ah!" The eyes of Don Torres burned more fiercely. "I am not surprised that you evince doubts of my saneness," he added facetiously. "Perhaps I would do well in the castle of insanity down the valley!"

The black eyes of the youth twinkled humorously for an instant but swiftly grew serious. "No," he said soberly, "I do not surmise that you are not of right mind, but you are care—"



"No, Pablo, that is beside the point," cut in the music master with a smile. He reached out and tapped the boy upon the chest. "The time has come for you to say whether you will or will not vanish when my plans are fully arranged and in good order. Tomorrow my good friend, the Señorita Arlene, will visit me. Then my plans shall be consummated. Soon after we shall be gone. And then let the keepers hunt for us! Ah, but they will search in vain! Does not your youthful heart leap to that? Have you the courage for this venture, Pablo?"

Don Torres rubbed together his slender, artistic hands, quite confident that Pablo would readily join him in the adventure. And he was correct in divining the younger man's thoughts, for Pablo eagerly agreed:

"I'll say a dozen Hail Marys tonight, and then be with you, maestro, sink or swim, as the case may be!" He tapped his abdomen significantly with a finger and continued, "if it is this I need, I have it; but I do not like the señorita involved in the plot."

"Pablo—have faith in me," earnestly implored Don Torres.

They looked into each other's eyes while their hands came together in a firm handclasp. The music master then placed a fond hand upon the shoulder of his youthful friend and pupil whom he had selected to enact a role comparatively rivalling that of a Count of Monte Cristo. He explained further, lights of wild anticipation streaming from his brown eyes, "Tomorrow is Friday; Saturday you will vanish. Several days later I shall follow. Then . . . ah! . . . then we shall begin our great adventure, our one great bid for freedom; we shall start on a trail that will take us far and end in another world, a world of sunshine, a world where the mescal flows freely and the señoritas dance gracefully, where we shall hear *Canciones de Amor* played and sung beautifully at the Purple Pigeon! Bueno! Either that or . . ."

While Pablo Mendoza stood like a

gannet agape, Don Torres, his eyes sending out their flashing fire, disclosed to the boy his plans for their escape from grim Carimo prison, where such a thing was looked upon with skepticism and was laughed at bitterly by wrinkled lifetime prisoners. Escape from rock-ribbed Carimo? Absurd!

Don Torres was well aware of the havoc which his long-prepared bomb would create, and it pleased him immensely. Ah, he would give them something to talk and think about for many a day to come! And they would never suspect the music master with the voice as soft as falling leaves and the manners of a duke. Who would connect the music master with a daring escape plot? Did he not enjoy the confidence and esteem of keepers and convicts alike?

Occasionally, of evenings, his orchestrations of William Tell, Humoresque, and other classics of equal merit he had rendered for the ears of the warden and his guests at the residence surrounded by the well-trimmed lawns which fronted the prison. During one of these recitals, a guest had exclaimed, "What heavenly music, warden! What strange gesture of fate has placed this man in his present predicament?"

"A stock swindle of some sort was his downfall," the white-haired, portly warden had explained. "I've always believed that a woman was at the bottom of his trouble, somehow—he doesn't seem the type to go wrong. He was employed as an empresario by a transatlantic company which operates the luxurious passenger liners to and from Europe. His commitment papers read fifteen years. He's been in now for several years, and I allow him every privilege that can reasonably be granted to a convict. He is somewhat eccentric but a really great musician—a wonderful violinist and in addition plays all the instruments of the orchestra almost equally as well. In another year, perhaps, we can induce the governor to lessen his sentence. If ever there was a lamb carelessly tossed among wolves, he's the lamb. He doesn't belong."

On the day following the music master's startling discourse with Pablo Mendoza, and as he had therein stated, the Señorita Arlene—whom the music master had referred to as his friend—called at the office of the warden and requested a visit with the music master. She was a tall, angular woman of middle age. Evidently hard things had been done to her sharply-etched face, which held a foreign aspect—the dark eyes appearing to slant upward at the outer corners, suggesting oriental blood.

At the concluding of the visit, the music master hurriedly whispered to the señorita: "You will take this key—it will unlock the safety deposit box in the city." He slyly slipped a tiny parcel into her hand. "Directions are with the key. The box contains a sum of money more than sufficient for your needs. You will procure a fast automobile and return. Locate a tourists' inn—there must be several in these mountains—and every afternoon drive down the road on the mountainside. From this road you will readily recognize the auditorium where daily we practice our music. On the day you see a white cloth tied to the bars of one of the auditorium windows, you will be at the cornfield on the hillside—at midnight."

To this she agreed. As she listened dutifully, her manner at first calm, became nervous and then extremely agitated as she slowly realized the graveness of the service Don Torres wished her to perform. During the remaining minutes of the visit, she kept her dark eyes lowered as though she would hide unpleasant thoughts. . . .

The convicts of Carimo huddled on wooden benches in the auditorium, a spacious, cheerless room, enjoying their weekly cinema treat. Intermission saw the music master standing stiffly erect, facing his convict orchestra. He waved and twitched his baton about with more abandon than was his usual wont. Suddenly like a demon gone mad the prison bull-whistle screamed out its startling message in ear-splitting blasts.

An escape!

The convicts milled about, wildly excited . . . confusion reigned . . . keepers' clubs struck the floors to call the convicts to order . . . keys jangled . . . iron doors banged madly . . . orders were shouted, over which the booming voice of the warden could be heard, "Every man-jack of you to your cells!"

A hurried check-up disclosed that the missing convict was Pablo Mendoza.

True. Pablo had vanished!

For several days the keepers searched, confident that the missing boy was hidden somewhere within the walls. Scaling the closely guarded, thirty-foot walls was utterly impossible. Every space which could possibly hold the boy was raked virtually with a fine-toothed comb. Nevertheless, the name of Pablo Mendoza remained listed as missing!

Prisoners, long confined in Carimo, eyed each other askance. How could Pablo Mendoza accomplish the impossible? This was something new and too good to be true! Who'd ever thought that quiet little Pablo had had the courage or the brains? More power to the little devil! May God or the devil be with him! And all through the babble and conjectures not one iota of suspicion fell upon the docile music master whose heart sang jubilantly:

"We shall succeed! We shall succeed! Oh, Pablo, my brave little warrior, we shall succeed! We shall yet hear the *Canciones de Amor* sung at the Purple Pigeon!"

For several days the music master wore the stoical face of an Indian. By then it was generally conceded that Pablo Mendoza had made good his escape and had left the gray walls of Carimo far behind him. Keepers and convicts alike went about their various duties wearing puzzled countenances—the burning question predominated: how could Pablo Mendoza rise from his seat in the orchestra, and, after gaining permission to visit the wash room, walk to the cell blocks below—and then like a spirit disappear as though wafted away on the winds?

(To be concluded)



# Vision and Character

BY VERNON C. HILL

*Come up hither, and I will shew thee things.—Revelation 4:1.*



It is quite true that God reveals Himself in many ways and in divers manners. It is equally true to say, with regard to those classic instances recorded in scripture, that such unveilings of the majesty and purpose of God were received from elevated points of vision or vantage ground. I will illustrate this by stating three cases.

The prophet Ezekiel in referring to the Angel of the Lord writes, "In the visions of God brought he me into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain." (Ezekiel 40:2.)

"And the devil, taking Him [Jesus Christ] up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time." (Luke 4:5.)

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." (Revelation 21:10.)

To accept the above in a literal sense is to create confusion in the mind, and failure to grasp the underlying spiritual truth. The difficulty arises on account of the ego being encased in a physical body and having contact with a material world through the senses. In this way a geographical concept is visualized.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the fact of such imprisonment of the ego in the dense body tends to exclude the reality of the spiritual realms, and this can only be grasped when we become aware that man's ego has not always functioned in an envelope which we now term a dense or physical body.

What actually transpired concerning the instances quoted, and what is taking place today in ever increasing scale is the recovery of a lost gift, termed Clairvoyance, or "clear-seeing."

In the last third of the Atlantean Epoch when man attained full sight and perception in the material world, in corresponding measure was he shut off from the higher worlds.

Thus it will be seen what profound importance and authority is attached to the words of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthian Church. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

St. Paul, who was a ripe soul, and an initiate in the divine mysteries, was able to compare both the natural and spiritual aspects. Of course, the words of the Apostle are just a bare statement of fact, the reason behind it being that the evolution of the people of his day was so immature as only to accept spiritual truth in pictorial form. Much that Christ had to impart to others was in the form of word pictures, or parables. So limited were His own disciples that perforce He had to say to them, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

We shall see the deeper implications if we carefully weigh a few significant words that are closely related with the incidents we have been considering. Ezekiel the Prophet says, "The *hand* of the Lord was upon me," which is a mystical figure indicating entire captivity to the Lord. St. John is carried by the *Spirit*, and Christ is led by the *Spirit* to their respective points of vision. The word "spirit" as it is used here is not intended to describe an ordinary climbing of a mountain, such for instance, as when Christ ascended Mount Olivet and sat with His disciples. The latter was a view from an earthly summit, the former from spiritual heights.

The interpretation is that such are developed souls able to function on the

higher planes inaccessible to the stragglers on the path in their present state. In the language of occult science, these are they, who, having experienced the mystic baptism, are united with the primal source of "Love," the eternal fire which is ultimately destined to quench all the evils of the world.

How closely identified the Quaker Mystic, George Fox, was with the Eternal Fount may be gathered from an experience recorded in his Journal in these words: "I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness." Those who have followed the history of this remarkable saint of the Lord will agree that it is no exaggeration to say that in this atmosphere he lived and moved and had his being. Only one incident may be culled from the many in confirmation. When Cromwell desired to enlist his services as an officer in the Parliamentary Army, Fox's reply was, "I live by the virtue of that life and power that takes away the occasion for all wars."

The problem raised by these considerations in the mind of Bible students, especially if they be limited by a static outlook, or have not studied the works of the modern seer, Max Heindel, will probably be the extraordinary progress shown by certain pioneers on the path. Why this gap? How can there possibly be such a high state of perfection registered in a single life of, say, sixty, seventy, or eighty years? How can it really be accounted for? With the same gospel and equal opportunities for most, and even after deductions have been made for heredity, training, environment, etc., still the query persists. All these considerations appear insufficient to bridge the gulf dividing these exalted souls, who stand like Tenneriffe peaks in the spiritual firmament, from the humble pilgrim who is beginning consciously to tread the more excellent way.

A personal testimony may not be out of place from one who has been a local preacher for forty years. I held the belief that God had not only decreed a

certain number of souls to salvation but that He had also created a sort of Christian aristocracy, elect souls, carefully trained in some mysterious way and destined from the cradle to become the saviors of the race.

I am deeply wondering now how I made such a theory square with a God of love, but I feel I am not far from the truth in stating that there are many today who still hold the whole or part of this theory. I leave it to the reader to imagine my intense conviction and conviction when I learned from the *Cosmo-Conception*, Max Heindel's monumental work, that the Almighty does not work in such arbitrary fashion; when it was indelibly impressed upon my mind that in the far away past there was breathed into man that eternal spark of the Spirit which should enable him through many lives to become the arbiter of his own destiny. So whatever progress he may have made is the good brought over from one life to another, that is, after debts have been liquidated by the law of consequence. Only in such a way, it appears to me, can a right balance be held between a loving but just God and the beings He has created.

I mentioned a moment ago the joy and satisfaction that was mine as a result of the knowledge that man was in possession of inward powers which enable him to work out his own salvation. But we must at this point differentiate somewhat if we would obtain something like an adequate view of man's evolution, for there is an innate power of the Spirit which, while it works quite independently of the law of cause and effect, has a determining effect upon the progress of the aspirant. This quality of soul power is termed by Max Heindel "Epigenesis" or to use a modern term, "Creative Ability," which enables the candidate to strike out along new and original lines and that too through every avenue of character and life.

Perhaps this fact will be grasped more firmly if we take a simple illustration from nature, of something that occurred many years ago, and which has left its

mark upon a certain branch of Horticulture to this day.

We will try to reconstruct the situation in our own way. Imagine an enthusiastic rose grower strolling down a country lane; he sees a common dog rose growing in the hedge. *What a poor specimen of a rose*, he involuntarily says to himself. *Just four or five petals which fall to the ground at a touch of the finger, yet what a virile stem.* A happy thought seizes him. *Why not unite one of my best blooms to such a stem?* He then puts his idea into practise. What happens? The sap rising commingles with the nature of the engrafted flower and is transmuted into a finer essence, thus producing a finer bloom. What I want to stress is that our rose grower by following the gleam reveals that innate quality of soul called "Genius." He deliberately produced finer specimens by substituting purposive selection for the slower processes of natural selection. Let us, too, grow finer blooms of character by the same process of selecting the best among our potentialities.

Some there are who try to banish from their minds the mental vision of what God intends them to be, thus retarding their progress on the path. Our business, on the contrary, is deliberately to invoke the vision, to compare it with what we are, here and now, and to aim at what the vision embodies, assured that we may do so.

Further to the quest of life, it must be clearly understood that the candidate who aspires to the attainment of the vision must be prepared to meet with obstacles upon the path. None are exempt, and the higher one rises in the spiritual life the more subtle and refined are the tests. Often temptation arises after a time of enlightenment and spiritual exaltation, as exemplified here in the case we have before us, when Christ the great Sun Spirit entered into the dense body of Jesus of Nazareth by means of the mystical baptism on the banks of the Jordan (a baptism of which John's water immersion was the outward symbol).

The highest initiate of the Sun Period

in thus taking up His abode in the highly prepared body of Jesus became one with the saints, mystics, and seers who have also attained to the baptism of the Spirit on the human life wave whilst in the body. As one has truly said, "The Son of God became the Son of Man that the Sons of Men might become the Sons of God."

Hardly had the voice from the Majesty on High faded away in the infinite blue than Jesus Christ was led forth to be tempted of the Devil. He was now to receive such a test which on the one hand would set its seal upon John's great claim for Him to be "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," or on the other hand, if abused, would plunge Him into immeasurable depths of spiritual chaos.

His great protagonist is Lucifer, the leader of the Luciferian spirits, who were a body of stragglers in the life wave of the angels, but nevertheless have progressed infinitely further than those in the human life wave.

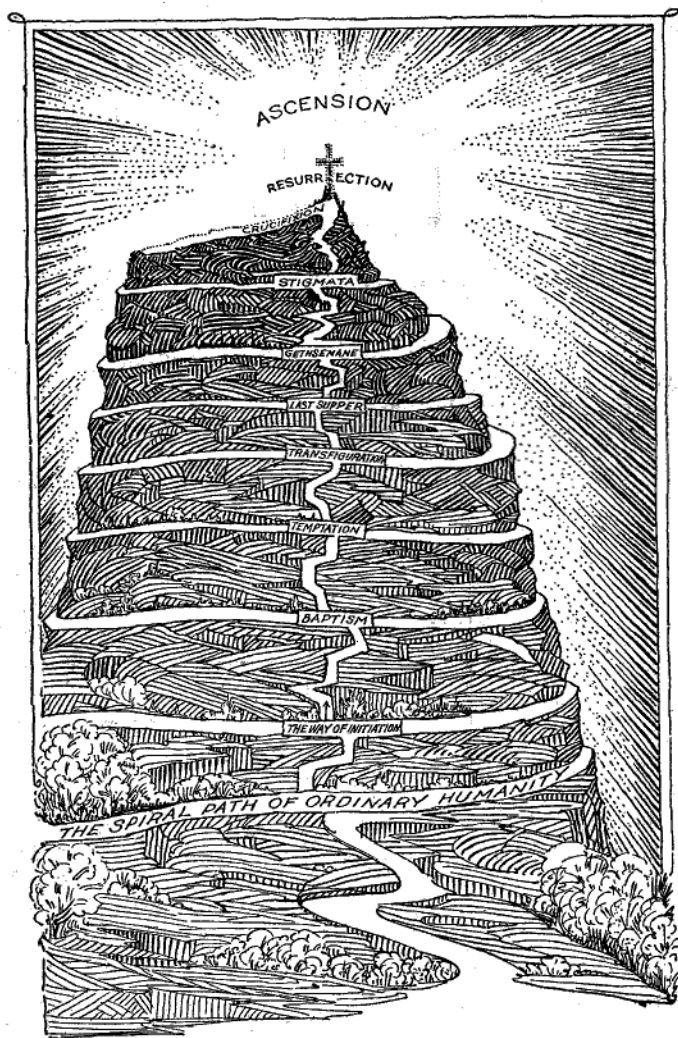
Let it be stated here quite briefly that one great object of these beings is to selfishly obtain powers which can only be obtained from the human race, in order to further their own evolution. Thus was the stage set for an epic scene which was to have stupendous results for the whole of the human race.

Keeping in mind what has gone before, the discerning reader will have divested himself of a vivid imagination which pictures Christ being visibly borne aloft in the arms of a dark and powerful being to the top of a high mountain and there shown the kingdoms of earth in a moment of time. It is rather significant that both Dr. Weymouth and Dr. Moffatt in their translations of the "Temptation Scene" make no reference to a material mountain. Not only so, but a little reflection should convince most people that such a range of vision as is here depicted is utterly impossible to the physical organ of sight.

What must be clearly borne in mind is, that previous to the Jordan event,

Christ had never functioned in a vehicle lower than the desire body. Therefore, in taking to Himself the dense body of Jesus, there was presented to Him a panoramic view of the whole of the evolutionary plan of this universe, viz., the

endure. Perfect as was this highly evolved body, it was not immune from natural laws, deeply seated in the human frame. The pangs of hunger that had seized upon that healthy and well balanced body during a protracted pe-



mineral, plant, animal, and human kingdoms; or to put the matter into occult language, Christ as Christ Jesus had entered into Cosmic Consciousness whereby the foundations and origins of all things are opened up in vision.

From now onwards He was identified with this universe in the closest possible relationship. Yet out of this relationship there was to arise probably the most severe test that He was called upon to

riod of abstinence from physical nourishment, such as can be little understood by the ordinary mortal, were now asserting themselves with the utmost intensity.

Ye humble dwellers on earth, pause a moment, and bow down your hearts in reverence and worship as ye meditate upon the fact that this sublime spirit, in order to fulfill His divine mission of love, here endures a strange law working itself out in an entirely new vehicle to



which the occupant was totally unaccustomed.

Should He use the Godlike powers that lay to His hand to gratify this unspeakable craving? Why not? What could be more natural? yet strange as it may appear to the ordinary mind, to have yielded would have had a debasing effect upon Him.

There is a law of the spirit binding on the initiate which forbids him to use his powers for self-gratification, for the powers themselves are created out of infinite love.

How, indeed, could this lofty spirit "Who inhabiteth Eternity" be one with those whose daily routine in life is literally to starve day by day in the world? or how could He consistently be called the great High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities and tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin? Nay, it was absolutely essential that He drink the cup to the bitter dregs. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save" was as true of Christ in temptation, as of Christ on the cross; the moral obligation to refuse to make stones into bread was as binding upon Him as to refuse to come down from the cross. Both lay within His power.

Finally He was able to say in Judea, as was said previous to Golgotha, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." No alloy, no weak link upon which to fasten, for that immaculate life was all of a piece; a wedding garment of unspeakable beauty.

The humble wayfarer on earthly planes, painfully struggling up the rugged steepes of life, yet with his face turned to the dawn, gazes with reverential awe upon these mighty figures that illumine the page of history. Then quite naturally, the personal aspect shapes itself in his mind. How and in what way do these profound truths affect me? Is there a message for me? Most solemnly, yes; for the true way of life is one and indivisible for all—whether we have begun consciously to tread the path, or have journeyed far enough to join those choice spirits who have trav-

eled far enough to behold coming glories whilst in the body.

The more we excel in those things that are true, beautiful and lovely, the Lord will increasingly reveal to us more of those grand secrets He wishes us to know.

It is really a matter of high or low levels, the revelations are commensurate with the spiritual altitude attained.

God's revelation of Himself to me is determined by my character, not by God's character.

" 'Tis because I am mean,

Thy ways so oft look mean to me."

An elevated mood can only arise from an elevated habit of personal character. If, in the externals of our life, we live to the highest we know, that is the height from which higher glory will break upon our souls. "Come up hither and I will shew thee things . . ."

It is a good thing and at times often acts as a tonic to seriously challenge ourselves and ask, What has been my spiritual history for the past twelve months? Have I been brought to see things from a higher standpoint? As truth has unfolded itself before me, have I made it a high and holy adventure to live up to it; to work it out, to live in the light of it? And better still, also to follow assiduously the daily exercises laid down by the Rosicrucian Fellowship, viz., every evening to go back in mind over the events of the day down to the minutest detail, only in reverse order, and in this way register success or non-success?

The moments spent on the Mount are not only meant to teach us something, but to make us something. If we would aspire to higher things we must faithfully follow Him who came down from the Mount of Transfiguration and worked the vision out in the valley below.

What is most urgently needed in this troubled and chaotic world is those consecrated and sanctified souls, who, while expressing in their daily lives, purity, faith, and love, are constantly receiving and answering the call to ascend the Mount and are then prepared with holy joy to tell the dwellers on the plain what they see.

# Christmas and the Pine Tree

BY DR. ESTELLE COLE

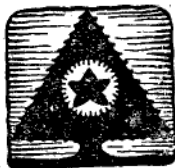


THE ancient nations of Europe held the pine tree in great honor. In fact, all evergreens were much esteemed since they were symbols of never-dying vegetation and therefore, of everlasting life. These were sacred to the nature deities, such as Pan and Isis.

It is interesting to note why the pine tree was given precedence as the first choice to carry all the decorations at Christmastide. With its scintillating trappings and luminous candles, and in England, heavy burden of gift-offerings, it comes as a sight to inspire happiness and to give the constructive emotions of joy, mirth, camaraderie, and conviviality free play.

Legend has it that near the place where the Savior of the world was born, there grew three trees—a pine, an olive, and a palm. When the guiding star of Bethlehem appeared in the heavens, gifts were the order of the day, as is shown by those of the Three Wise Men, who brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh. So the olive offered its golden fruits; the palm gave to the Savior its green shady vault as protection against heat and storm. But the pine tree had nothing to offer to the Holy Child. Sad and painful disappointment bowed it down; the agony of its grief forced hot transparent tears from bark and branch: large, resinous, gummy drops fell thick and fast around it.

Then a silent star, twinkling in the blue canopy above, perceived this sorrow. It confabulated with its companions, and lo! a miracle took place. Hosts of shooting stars fell like a shower of rain on the pine tree, to twinkle and shine from every needle. Joyfully the pine raised its drooping branches and appeared proudly before the world in dazzling brightness. That is how the pine tree became the Christmas tree: that is why we decorate it with shiny baubles and innumerable candles on Christmas Eve.



# Christmas Berries and Beliefs

BY DR. ESTELLE COLE



ADEN with holly and mistletoe, the coster's cart drawn by a bedecked but bored donkey is now to be seen. How astonished the coster would be if he was asked why holly and mistletoe were used for decoration! But many of us do not know.

In the fifth century, belief has it that the crimson holly berries symbolized the blood shed at Christ's Crucifixion and that the prickly leaves formed the Crown of Thorns. The bitterness of holly bark is well known; it is believed to have provided the draught that Christ drank on the Cross. An old custom was to make a decoction from the bark and drink it during the Christmas celebration, so that, according to an old writer "Ye shall not forget the Cross as ye rejoice in the Manger."

The mistletoe has been associated with evil. Shakespeare called it the "baleful mistletoe." In Brittany it is believed that the Cross was made of this wood; the peasants call it the *Herbe de Croix*. Being associated with pagan customs, mistletoe is never used in church decoration and it is rarely seen in ecclesiastical buildings; but Bristol Cathedral has a recess decorated with it.

In Scandinavia, mistletoe was concerned with the Sun God, Baldur the Beautiful. His mother asked of all things in heaven and earth to love and protect him from harm, but she overlooked the mistletoe because it was hidden in the branches of an oak. The Spirit of Evil, Loki, discovered this. He made an arrow from the plant and shot Baldur. That is why the mistletoe hangs high in decorations: it must not touch the Earth where the Spirit of Evil lives. In England, the mistletoe has been called "Herrick's plant" because this poet wrote the following lines:

"Lord, I am like the mistletoe,  
Which has no root and cannot grow  
Or prosper, save by that same tree  
It clings about, so I by Thee."



# Younger Brothers and Elder Brothers

BY SYLVA B. BAKER



O a very great extent, we show the amount of our spiritual development by our treatment of our younger brothers, the animals. At first thought, this may seem to be a very broad statement, but I believe that a little study will substantiate it.

Although Scripture itself says very little on the subject, art and tradition have agreed in representing Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden as being on friendly terms with all the animals and able to speak their language. In pictures, they are shown walking hand in hand in the fields or woods and leading the lion, the wolf, and other animals which we now consider dangerous.

In poetry too, the same idea is presented. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," writes:

... About them (Adam and Eve) frisking  
play'd  
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of  
all chase  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces,  
pards,  
Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldy ele-  
phant  
To make them mirth, used all his might,  
and wreath'd  
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly  
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine  
His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded. . . .

In such descriptions of conditions, tradition is probably right. The Garden of Eden before the Fall of Man represents conditions in the continent of Lemuria, and we are told that the Lemurians were all natural magicians. It is very probable, therefore, that they were on closer terms of understanding with the animal kingdom than we are. The Lemurians also knew the power of the spoken word and by its use they were able to control the elements. It is quite

possible, therefore, that they also had some method of communicating with the animals which was nearly equivalent to talking with them.

A great many things were lost by the Fall of Man, and among them, as Burns says, "Man's dominion has broken nature's social union" between the animals.

By contrast with the ideal conditions in the Garden of Eden, Milton later gives the following description of conditions in the world after the Fall.

The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery  
tow'r,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in  
woods,  
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind.

From that time until the present, the hunter-and-hunted relationship has continued between man and beast, and also among the beasts themselves. We are taught that at a later period, we may expect to regain all that was lost, temporarily, by the Fall. As there was a state of harmony with the animal kingdom previous to the Fall, this also should be regained. Although nothing is definitely stated in Scripture in regard to the past, the Bible does have a great deal to say about the future when our redemption from the effects of the Fall is complete. For this information, we naturally turn to the books of prophecy. Several passages in the book of Isaiah concern this subject. In describing the King's Highway, he tells us that no "ravenous beast shall go up thereon," indicating that peace between the human and animal kingdoms will have been restored. In another place he writes, "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat." For a full description of this



future state, however, we must turn to the eleventh chapter of the same book. Here we read:

6. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

7. And the cow and the bear shall feed; and their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

8. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

9. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Here, then, in the remote past and in the far-distant future, we see pictured before us the ideal relation which should exist between man and animals. We find ourselves midway between these two periods, and, in our age, we find that the pioneers are characterized by the kindness they show to animals, while degenerates, who are stragglers, often show marked cruelty towards them.

Some time ago, an especially revolting crime was committed in the city of San Diego, and the local authorities being unable to find the culprit, one of the best known psychiatrists in the state was called in to study the case. He reported that it was the work of a degenerate and gave a general description of the sort of man to be looked for. The point which interests us is that one of the signs by which he was to be recognized was cruelty to animals.

Sadism is one of the lowest forms of degeneracy. The new criminology aims, so far as possible, to prevent crime rather than to punish it. In pursuance of this plan, psychiatrists have discovered certain signs in "problem children" by which parents and teachers may recognize the germs of criminal tendencies and mental weaknesses before these have had a chance to develop. One of the

marks of a tendency towards sadism is excessive cruelty to animals.

On the other hand, many of the pioneers, both on the occult and on the mystic path, have practically re-established the original state of harmony between man and beast.

All real teachers of the occult have stressed the importance of kindness to animals. In fact, this is an outstanding characteristic of the true occultist.

On the mystic path, we find the lives of the saints full of legends about their friendship with the animals. Many of them understood the languages of different birds and beasts. St. Francis of Assisi preached a sermon to the birds. St. Anthony of Padua addressed the fishes. St. Anthony the Hermit talked to the wild beasts and one of them, a hyena, became his guide when he was searching for a cave in which dwelt a brother hermit.

Certain saints were fed and cared for by animal friends. St. Paul the Hermit was fed for sixty years by a raven who daily brought him half a loaf of bread. St. Cuthbert was warmed and dried by seals after a night of exposure. The same Cuthbert has been described as "a holy man to whom the very beasts offered service." A bird came and sat on the pillow of St. Elizabeth, as she lay dying, and sang to her.

Most striking of all, is the story of St. Francis who converted a wolf. This wolf had been stealing children from a small village. The villagers had tried unsuccessfully to kill him. St. Francis and a small band of followers went out to meet the wolf, but as soon as they came within sight of him, the followers turned and ran, begging the saint to go with them. But Francis went fearlessly forward. At first the wolf made as if to leap upon him, but when Francis held up his hand, his leap was checked in midair. The saint then spoke to him sternly, reminded him of what pain and fear his acts had caused and, upon the wolf's showing signs of repentance, assured him that the people of the village would see that he

received food. He then returned to the village, accompanied by the wolf, his hand upon the shaggy head. The regenerated wolf spent the rest of his life in the town, loved, we are told, by all the citizens, and a play-fellow of the children.

It is not necessary to accept all of these stories as literally true, but they certainly point to the possession, by very spiritual people, of a form of white magic of which we do not often hear. After all, these accounts of the saints are not more incredible than those of Daniel and the lions, Elijah and the ravens, or Paul and the serpent.

There is one incident in the life of St. Columba of Ireland which has a special interest for us because it does not involve any miracle but was a simple act of kindness. The birds were always favorites with the Irish saints, most of whom understood the birds' language.

The incident referred to is that of St. Columba and the crane. One day as the monk sat in his cell, he called to some of his brother monks and told them that he foresaw that on the third day from that, a crane would be blown out of its course by a storm and tossed upon their beach. He ordered them to tenderly care for it and to "warm it in their bosoms" until its wings regained their strength and it was able to return to its own land. The bird arrived, just as he had foretold and was fed and sheltered until the storm was over.

If you wish, then, to know your own spiritual status and to learn how far you yourself have progressed, it might be well to examine yourself upon this point. Are your relations with your *younger* brothers, the animals, governed by kindness or by cruelty? "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."



*The birds all knew him for a friend, he  
kept  
His place a refuge, they his wards and  
care;  
No feline murderers within it crept,  
And birdsong all the summer filled the  
air.*

*The bees, too, knew him—I have seen  
them swarm  
About his body, resting on his head!  
He spoke them kindly, free from any  
harm:  
"They know I will not hurt THEM,"  
Benning said.*

*And now he's dead, and who is there that cares?  
He failed in life the neighborhood agrees;  
But not a bird that bitter verdict shares;  
No more do I, nor do his friends, the bees.*

*From "My Neighbor Benning" by Arthur Price.*

# A Mark of the Gods

## A Christmas Story

BY JULIA BROWN CALVERT



*HAVE girded thee though thou hast not known me.*—Bible.

It has been said that only one person in ten really thinks.

Tough Gallahad was one in ten.

But, as his name implies, Tough Gallahad was tough. He was born tough, as he said, and tough he had remained throughout his seventeen years. Impelled by an inner kindliness—which Tough would vehemently have denied—an "ie" was added to his name. So, *Toughie* it became.

Toughie's thinking shocked alike both old and young. Many times, he had been told that if he didn't cease thinking and questioning he would become a lost soul.

But, apparently, everything had been thought out in ways that troubled Toughie. And, to conclusions most unsatisfactory—even unjust.

Toughie didn't approve of God's process that was supposed to land the erring in Hell forever, nor of His management of the world in general. Given a chance, he felt that almost anyone could do better. Yet, he could not dismiss from his mind the thought of that Sovereign Ruler. Day and night, the very word seemed to be hammered in upon his brain: God! God! God!

Toughie's father had died before Toughie was born. Of him, he had once heard an old Irish woman remark: "A foine mon! A foine upstondin' mon! But a great questioner, God rest his soul!"

Toughie's only memory of his mother was of being lifted in somebody's arms that he might gaze at her placid face in a coffin. Ever after, the memory of that face represented to him all goodness, all beauty, all nobility.

After that, his life had been one continuous battle for his place in the sun.

By the age of six there were battles between others for possession of himself, for, as a successful newspaper man he became an asset in any home, each in one way or another a little worse than the one that preceded it. Fights, however, on his own part still continued. Fights for the continued possession of his own newspaper corner; fights for justice to this end or that—fights for the protection of the weak against the strong. Life, itself, seemed to be a battle and into it he entered with vim and decision. What the battle was for in the ultimate he could not have told, except in his own rather tumultuous environment, to make things right.

One day when Toughie had a boy, somewhat larger than himself, down, and astride his squirming body, was administering a reprimand by means of clenched fists, for some unkindness to a little girl, he felt the eyes of a bystander upon him, but, so intent was he upon the business in hand that he did not look up.

"Holler 'nough," he commanded, raining blow upon blow.

"'Nough!" yelled the boy.

Toughie relaxed his hold that held the boy between tensed knees, rose, picked up the boy's cap, dusted it with a slap against his own side and with unconscious grace, presented it to its owner.

Toughie's courtesy toward a vanquished adversary was one of his most disarming charms.

"There! Be off wi' yuh!" he commanded sternly.

Then, expectant of a rebuke for what he believed to have been a perfectly justifiable conflict, his favorite expletive ready to be framed upon his lips, he looked up into the face of the old man by his side: "To h—— wi' yuh."

The words were never uttered, for

gently, ever so gently, the old man had placed his fingers beneath Toughie's chin, and with a look such as had never before met his own was gazing into his eyes.

With humble yielding, Toughie permitted that all-comprehending gaze.

"My son," murmured the old man as if speaking to himself, "my spiritual son."

His hand lowered. He turned, and the next moment was lost from view amid the gathering crowd.

Toughie, too, turned to depart, but the hand of a burly policeman upon his shoulders arrested him.

"What's happening here?" he roughly demanded, twirling Toughie about.

"Oh, nothing much," nonchalantly returned Toughie. (He was a favorite with the police.) "Just a little scrap. It's over now."

But Toughie knew that in that strange moment just passed, when those marvelous eyes had dipped into his own, and that with no shadow of reproof in their lighted, abysmal depths, that something had happened that never would be over.

For seven long years, Toughie searched the faces of the moving throngs for the benignant face of the old man. He felt that he might explain things that troubled him. All the while he continued thinking about God. Thinking resistingly, questioningly, of a God all-powerful, who permitted crime and bloodshed, dishonor in high places, and stark hunger in a world of plenty.

At intervals he dreamed strange dreams, dreams that seemed to take him far back into the ages. Sometimes, in a strange land, he sat with others upon the ground before a turbaned teacher. In the background were the pyramids. Sometimes, in a more familiar setting he occupied a place of authority. Sometimes he wandered lone and searching. Sometimes he beheld the Christlike face of the old man who seemed to have disappeared from the marts of men. Once, in these seemingly reminiscent dreams,

he walked beside a man in a priest's robe, his own young body, save a loin cloth, bare.

"My son," said the priest, "do you know that you bear upon your body four signs that are the marks of the gods?" and he indicated those signs.

When Toughie awakened, he rose and examined his body for the signs. He had only dreamed, but—the signs were there.

At high school, he took the prize as winner of the two hundred yard dash; prize for the mile race. Winged feet! Prize as winner of the discus throw. Strong arms! Accurate eye! Skilful hand! No coach found it necessary to teach him to breathe properly.

One day as he played at baseball in a vacant lot, several men in an expensive motor car paused to watch the game. Their eyes were upon Toughie appraisingly. They marked his perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle, the perfection of his foot-work, his style, his concentration that rendered him absolutely free of self-consciousness. Saw in him a future champion of the great national game. After the game the men sought him—big men whom any athletic boy was proud to know. They looked him over divested of his clothing. They spoke of his possibilities among themselves, and to him. They told him they would help him make for himself a resounding name in any department of sports that he might choose. Beautiful body! Strong body! Perfect body! But, they did not mention, they did not perceive, they did not guess, that upon that body were the marks of the gods. They told him what to eat, how to conserve his forces, advised him neither to drink nor to smoke. They appointed him a trainer, bought him boxing gloves, gave him tickets to the stadium where prize fights were held.

Once when Toughie put up his money on a contestant, which his almost unerring judgment told him was the better man, it was to see that man go down in defeat. Later, through some inside



information, he learned that the fight had been "fixed."

Toughie was horrified. Would he, the better man, sometime be expected to lie down. He would see them all in — And he named that region so often upon his lips.

With secret, sorrowful resentment, he questioned how God could permit dishonesty in what should be clean sports.

He began to be repelled by his surroundings. The density of vibrations oppressed him. Words that he himself had used became repugnant to him. Listening with his ears to matters on subjects of physical prowess, his soul, unsatisfied, listened in vain, for one word regarding That which gave power to the body, skill, understanding. Notwithstanding, he knew what he himself could do! These men believed in him! Were putting up for him! A career awaited him! Money that would permit him to do whatsoever he would toward the readjustment of social wrongs!

Then, by an accident, through the failure of a drunken driver to obey traffic signals, Toughie's motorcycle was overturned and he awakened in a hospital.

"You just can't think for the other fellow," moaned Toughie.

Six weeks later, he emerged from the white ward with a stiffened wrist and a maimed ankle that caused him to walk with a slight limp.

Bitter were the tears he shed in secret! Already was he practically forgotten by the men who had slapped him on the shoulder and called him Son! Bitter were his thoughts toward God who had cut short his promising career and left his future a blank.

There was money compensation for his injuries, to be sure.

"Let them pay!" said the aroused Toughie.

But who can pay for a maimed wrist and a broken ankle?

Many times, in solitude, Toughie lifted up his hand and attempted to rotate the stiffened member. A hand that signified fineness, a good bloodstream flow-

ing down through generations. Often, with scarce-believing eyes, he sat gazing at his crippled ankle. An ankle that once had been so elastic, so gazelle-like! Its form bespeaking the fleetness of a Mercury! Distorted! Maimed! Tears fell. He who holds the whole world as within the hollow of His hand, couldn't leave him like this! It wasn't right.

"Now you can go to college," his friends told him.

Toughie went to the University City; looked long at those piles of brick and stone. Information they symbolized, but wisdom seemed afar.

He was tired of books. All his life he had studied books—science, that sort of thing. Scarcely could he remember when, amid his cluttered and noisy surroundings, he had learned to read. Always in his leisure moments he had haunted public libraries, searching—for what?

"There must be some other way," thought Toughie. "Some other way to learn about —"

He hesitated to name the name, for who really can know about God? One might study all histories, learn the secrets of every grain of sand, every blade of grass, and still not know about God.

He went back to his newspaper corner. He had spent considerable of his money. So many people needed things! He left his hotel, the rendezvous of fellows he had known in his athletic days, and took board and room with a few serious-minded young men in the quiet, unpretentious home of Mother Grayson. He had grown strangely quiet, but his fine eyes had not lost their mischievous twinkle, nor had trouble quenched the flow of that subtle vein of humor turned so often upon himself.

Mother Grayson was a sincere Christian of the old school. Toughie's logic confused her, but she loved him.

"Toughie, you're a nice boy," she would say, "but you're in a bad way. Why don't you stop your wicked questioning and think about God?"

"Few people think more about God than I do, Mother," Toughie would cheerfully return.

"But you don't think right, Toughie."

"Maybe not, Mother," admitted Toughie.

It was Christmas eve. On his motorcycle, Toughie was making his way through the surging throngs of the street to his boardinghouse. Radio loud-speakers at many corners were blaring Christmas carols—blasphemously, it seemed to Toughie. Christmas wreaths on every lamp post framed the portraits of celebrated movie stars. Apparently, everything had been done to give brilliancy and color to the occasion. But the lane of sparkling Christmas trees brought no radiance to the faces of tired, last-minute shoppers. Times were hard and expectation promised only to merge into disappointment. No time was there to dwell in thought upon the deeper meaning of this greatest of all anniversaries. The birth of a Great Soul born to save the world.

"If only He had saved it!" thought Toughie. "If only He had saved it!"

Such were his thoughts as he entered the cheerful kitchen of the place he called home. Beside the stove, Mother Grayson was preparing the evening meal. Toward him she turned a rayless face. Sensing her mood, Toughie crossed the room to lay a sympathetic arm about her ample shoulders.

"What, no smiles, Mother! And this the night the stars sang together."

"Oh, Toughie, I'm most sick abed with disappointment. My son-in-law has got work for the first time in a year, thank God! But he couldn't come in for the basket of Christmas things I've been savin' for the children. All day I've been prayin' for the good Lord to send one of his angels."

"All of them are busy tonight, Mother, singing 'Glory to God in the highest.'"

"Don't speak so lightly about sacred things, Toughie."

Toughie turned away. Of course, he must take the basket regardless of his own plans.

"Rustle up the grub, Mother. I'll deliver the goods."

"It's ten miles beyond the car line, Toughie."

"I've my motorcycle."

The clouds had vanished from the woman's eyes and her face was all smiles.

"Maybe you're the angel, Toughie."

"Who? Me?" inquired Toughie in scornful refutation, and slammed the bathroom door.

Ready to depart, the woman with a grateful flow of thanks, placed the basket in his hands.

"Do you be careful, Toughie," she cautioned.

At a toy shop, he stopped to make a few purchases which he placed in the basket, on his own account, and was again out upon the way.

Presently, the density of the city streets was behind him and he was speeding over country roads beneath a heaven, myriad-starred.

Careful motorist that he was, Toughie found no moment in which to glance up at the stars. His eyes were fixed on the road that stretched like a long white ribbon to the distant hills.

Lord help him! Not two hundred paces ahead was an old man attempting to cross the road in the face of an unbroken stream of cars. Had he no power by which to gauge distances? No faculty with which to estimate the speed of those oncoming, death-dealing machines?

Toughie had. A spring that sent his wheel clattering, the basket lowered, and he was dragging the aged man out of the pathway of rushing wheels. But scarcely soon enough. A fender grazed the old man, or he had fainted, and was sagging in Toughie's arms while cars rolled unmindfully on.

Lowering his burden to the earth, Toughie stepped forth his arms lifted in a signal of distress.

Car after car went purring by.

"Christmas eve," muttered Toughie.  
 "That's your Christianity for you!"

His eyes lowered to the face of the old man, upturned in the light of the stars, and he stood transfixed.

God of Heaven! God of this Christmas eve! This was the face for which he had searched through milling crowds for seven long years.

"Dad! Dad!" he cried, falling on his knees beside the crumpled figure. "Look at me, Dad! Speak to me—speak to me!"

At the sound of that agonized voice, the old man's eyes, filled with a soft shining, opened and looked up into the bending face.

"Angel!" he whispered.

Abashed by his own emotion, Toughie drew back to revert to his former semblance of hardness.

"Angel! Me? Toughie's my first name! Let me carry you out of the road, Dad. Those fool cars might run over us."

"I'm pretty heavy."

"I'm strong."

Cars approached from either direction; slowed down curiously, rolled on.

"Hold-up!" remarked a motorist.

"Hear that?" asked Toughie, incensed.

"They deserve a blow-out."

"Many passed by on the other side," said the old man. "You are a good Samaritan who stops to minister."

"Me good?" said Toughie with a short laugh. "Well, anyhow, Mister, you nearly got your Everlasting. Put your arms around my neck. Hold! There you are! Rest a moment while I put my basket and wheel inside yonder gate."

Returned, to his surprise he found the old man on his feet.

"With God's help I recover very quickly," the old man said. "I live just beyond the gate. That is the light of my fire shining through the trees. I allowed you to put your things away for the reason that I wanted you to come in a bit."

"Surely," said Toughie. "I don't want to leave you yet. I've had a few cracks myself."

Side by side, up the privet-bordered path, they made their way to the long low house through the window panes of which light flickered from within.

The man opened the wide front door. Entered, Toughie found himself in a spacious room with beamed ceiling, at one end a fireplace over which was a picture of the Christ. There were Christmas decorations; wreaths of holly and mistletoe. Books—impressive books, it seemed to Toughie, rested on open shelves against the wall. Everywhere was an atmosphere of peace, of neatness and simplicity. Lines Toughie had somewhere read recurred to him: "Here is the house of God, and this is one of the approaches to Heaven."

Silently he stood as before an altar.

"Have a seat, my son?"

In reverent quiet, Toughie sank into a chair at one side of the hearth on which leaped a glowing fire. The old man assumed the chair opposite and for a moment the two sat in silence.

"This is Christmas eve," the old man said.

"Yes," said Toughie, "it didn't seem much like it outside, but it does in here."

Again silence.

"Mister," said Toughie leaning forward, a note of appeal in his young, deep voice, "don't you know me? I'm the boy you caught fighting. I'm the boy you called your son—your *spiritual* son! I've been searching for you ever since—searching—Don't you know me, Dad?"

"Yes, I know you," the old man said, slowly.

"It seems like I've always known you," Toughie said.

"Perhaps you have."

Then, as in those reminiscent dreams, Toughie's memory reverted back and back and he felt that he had dreamed true.

"Lots of things have happened since then, since the day you called me son. Always I've been held back. I wanted to be a baseball champion—" he held up an eloquent hand—"my wrist was broken. I wanted to be a sprinter—"

He put forth a foot in its hobnail shoe. "It looks like I'll never run again. I wanted—" his voice broke. "I guess I've wanted to be good, but I was born tough."

"Toughness was your armor," said the old man tenderly. "Toughness was the rind that has protected the ripening fruit."

He rose and stood before the boy in the chair.

As one who refuses to sit when greatness stands, Toughie moved to rise.

"Remain seated, my son! Do you believe that Jesus healed the man's withered arm?"

"I do now," said Toughie with bent head, "I believe."

"Do you believe he cured the man who was lame?"

"I do," said Toughie in a voice no louder than a whisper. "I believe."

"Give me your hand, my son."

Obediently, Toughie placed his hand in the pale, beautiful hands of the old man.

Lovingly he caressed the stiffened wrist.

"God's hand," he murmured, "God's hand."

He laid the hand gently back in the boy's lap.

He took his head, with its shock of dark hair, between his hands and, so clasped, pressed it against his heart.

Wave upon wave of love, such as Toughie had never felt before surged through his strong frame.

A gentle, further pressure; the head was released and the old man was kneeling at the boy's feet.

"Oh, don't! please don't!" Toughie cried in an agony of humility. But the old man had clasped his ankle and his lips pressed the dusty shoe.

He rose.

Toughie rose too. Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

The old man laid his hand on the strong young shoulders.

"My son," he said tenderly, "this is Christmas eve! This is the anniversary

of the physical birth of the Lord Jesus. At any time that spirit may be born within the human heart. Did not He say, 'Lo, I am with you alway'? That spiritual consciousness, that presence pervades the world. Once men's hearts are opened to receive it, the world will be transformed."

He spoke on; words that lifted weights from Toughie's soul, that he never knew before were there. Words that seemed to throw wide the portals of his mind from which rushed forth an effulgence of light. Words that answered all questionings.

He extended his hand.

"David, I give you back your name—a beautiful name—David Gallahad. You were on a Christmas errand, David. I have told the children that an angel would come bearing the expected gifts." He smiled. "An angel in disguise."

He moved toward the door. Opened it.

"Good-bye, my son—my spiritual son! What has happened, tonight, in this room, tell no man."

At the gate, Toughie drew forth his motorcycle from beneath the hedge. The wheel was bent beyond all possibility of use until repaired.

How strange he felt! Light and free.

He lifted his hands and gazed at them by the light of the stars. He rotated his wrists. He looked at each hand questioningly as if to ascertain which was the injured member.

Like the man's withered arm, his wrist was healed.

"God's hand! God's hand!"

Again tears rolled down his cheeks. Tears of joy, unspeakable.

He extended his foot. He was unaware that he had walked down the garden path no longer lame. Now, he knew that every whit his ankle was made whole.

At a cottage, in the window of which a beckoning candle burned, he delivered

(Continued on page 562)


# The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and not to be confused with fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves.

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

## More About the Houses

BY WILLIAM GEORGE H. ROLFE

CCULTISTS consider man as a tripartite being, Spirit and Soul and Body. This is well borne out in the esoteric study of Astrology. The First House represents the body, the Fifth House the Soul, and the Ninth House the Spirit. These are sometimes called the personal houses as they deal particularly with the personal side of man and indicate respectively the nature of the self-generated destiny, the quality of the love nature of the soul and as much of the spirit as our limited consciousness can comprehend.

Now, dealing with the body or physical world in which the body functions, the First House expresses the physical garment of man, the Second House the physical possessions and wealth acquired by himself, the Third House his relations with other physical beings, and the Fourth House his physical state in old age.

Considering the Houses from the point of view of the Soul, the Fifth House indicates the line of the soul's expression, the Sixth the enjoyment he derives from the love nature's (or Soul's) possessions, the Seventh the Soul's relation with other souls, particularly the one it most loves, and the Eighth the manner of its exit from the bond of flesh as well as its accomplishments in this incarnation.

Further, considering the houses from the viewpoint of Spirit we find the Ninth House showing the spiritual status of man, the Tenth his possessions of character, the Eleventh the spirit's attraction to kindred spirits, and the Twelfth the destiny of the Spirit or Ego in this incarnation.

Spiritual astrologers will readily correlate what has been said with the keywords of the mundane houses and see the significance and logical sequence of the houses.

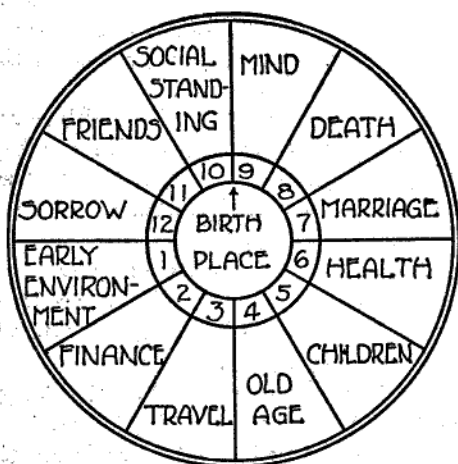
From what has been said we can now judge how the Spirit mirrors itself in Soul and the Soul in Body according to the natal horoscope.

For instance, let us consider the Fourth and Eighth and Twelfth Houses in a certain nativity. Sagittarius is on the cusp of the Twelfth House with no planets therein, but the ruler, Jupiter, is intercepted in Aquarius in the First House. We can readily see, therefore, that until the intercepted sign Aquarius comes to the cusp of the First House by progression, the *spiritual* destiny of this Ego will be sleeping, awaiting the auspicious moment. Jupiter in this chart is trine Moon both from angles and in critical degrees and later on in life when Jupiter in a progressed house position chart arrives on the Twelfth House cusp

of such a chart the spiritual karma of this individual will be precipitated undoubtedly in a benefic manner.

According to the law of planetary periods Jupiter becomes powerful at the age of forty. In the chart under consideration Jupiter arrives in the position mentioned above at the age of forty. Incidentally this is the way to prove whether new ideas are sent out by the Masters of Wisdom—see if they dovetail with old and well-proven systems.

Virgo is on the cusp of the Eighth House with Mars and North Node therein. Its ruler, Mercury, is in Scorpio in the Ninth. Mars is sextile Mercury and they are in mutual reception. Provided Mars and Mercury are otherwise unafflicted it is obvious that this soul will make strenuous efforts to lead the regenerate life before the *terminus vitae*. Even with afflictions to these



planets the soul can rise triumphant in the search for light provided the will power is strong enough. An indication that this is so can be noticed by the placement of fixed and cardinal signs on the angles of the chart we are considering.

Taurus is on the cusp of the Fourth House with Moon therein well aspected and its ruler, Venus, on the Tenth House cusp and well aspected also. The latter part of physical life, therefore, will be

devoted to the spiritual pursuit of character building and much honor and prestige will accrue, provided the person seizes his opportunities as they are presented to him.

An indication that he will do this is shown by Mars, the planet of action, being ruler of the Tenth House, well aspected throughout. Mars as stated above being in the Eighth House in Virgo.

There is much to be learned from a study of the houses. The varying distances in degrees all have their silent meanings.

In the horoscope under review the measurement in degrees from the First House cusp to the Fifth is 147 degrees, from the Fifth House cusp to the Ninth is 137 degrees, and from the Ninth House cusp to the First House cusp 76 degrees. As these spans represent the physical, soul, and spiritual opportunities in this incarnation we can readily see that material progress and soul growth, through physical experience, keep pace, outweighing purely spiritual opportunities two to one approximately.

This dovetails with the difference between the progress of the Ascendant and Midheaven taught by that greatest of modern astrologers, Max Heindel. He taught his students to watch the rate of progress of the Ascendant and compare it with the progressed Midheaven. If the Ascendant moves twice as fast as the Midheaven we may judge that material rather than spiritual progress in the ratio of 2 to 1 was meant for the reincarnating Ego this life. This is exactly what is shown in the chart we are considering.

It should be noted, in passing, however, that man can order his life as he will and thus rise superior to his stars.

Henry Van Dyke says:

"The highest of all learning is the knowledge of the stars. To trace their course is to untangle the threads of the mystery of life from the beginning to the end. If we could follow them perfectly nothing would be hidden from us."



## Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each *FULL* year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to an *application* for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading. *Readings are NOT given with EACH subscription, but only to the ONE CHILD whose name is drawn each month.*

In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

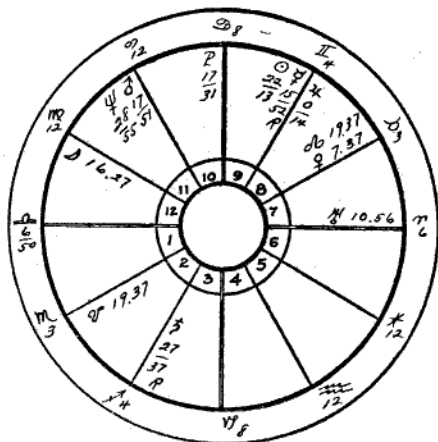
We neither set up nor read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine.

EDWIN K.

Born June 13, 1929, 2:10 P.M.

Daylight Saving Time, 1:10 P.M.

Latitude 42 North, Longitude 75 West.



For our children's reading we have the horoscope of a boy who was born when the suave, smooth, and peace-loving sign Libra was on the Ascendant. Libra people are born under the Venus ray. They are lovers of social life and have an attractive personality: kindly, gentle, peace-at-any-price, fearful of opposition, rather give in to the disagreeable man than to fight. But the Libran when once angered and hurt is slow to forget and forgive; he may then become as merciless as he was forgiving. When angered he can become most unyielding, for though Venus is the ruler of the good Libran, Saturn, the planet of exaltation in Libra, may at times overrule the Venus softness.

Edwin has the ruler of the Ascendant, Venus, which is also the life ruler, in its own sign, Taurus, but Venus is in the eighth house and making only one weak aspect, a semisextile, to Uranus; hence we cannot expect much help from this life ruler. All of the planets save one, Saturn, are above the horizon which is usually an indication of a full and interesting life.

We will next take Mercury the planet which has rule over the mind. We find Mercury in its own sign Gemini, elevated in the ninth house. Mercury is retrograde, but turns direct when the native reaches the age of eight years. From that time we may expect that the boy will become more interested in his studies. Mercury is making two aspects which are most helpful and which will make the mind almost dynamic, quick as a flash to think; a mind which has no limit, for the sextile to the quick and electric Uranus, and a sextile to the fiery and impulsive Mars in the fiery sign of Leo—my! what a mind, but a dangerous tool when it is not used right. There is one danger signal, the Moon is square to Mercury and the Sun, and is also in a mercurial sign (Virgo) and in the twelfth house. The twelfth house is usually claimed to be the house of secret enemies and of self-undoing.

When the mind is so unusually keen it is very often used to the disadvantage of the thinker, and with the Moon afflicted by a square of both the Sun and Mercury, the temptation is often too strong for the will. Therefore, unless

Edwin is trained to deal gently and honestly with others, he may be led into using his mind to get the advantage of others. He should be taught to be truthful at all times, and never to plan to get the best of his companions. This honesty can be instilled in him so that he will not be tempted in later years to become involved in transactions which will bring discredit to him and his family.

Mars in Leo imbues the native with unusual energy and ambition. People with a well aspected Mars, when elevated, are capable of engineering large projects, and with Mars' good aspect to Mercury, and as both Mars and Mercury are elevated and well placed, if this boy can live above the afflicted Moon he may attain much success.

The strange and yet unknown planet, Pluto, is in the tenth house in Cancer and sextile the Moon, which will, to a great extent, offset the above square of the Moon to Mercury. Pluto deals in strange and advanced projects, and in diplomatic relations with foreign countries. With the wonderful and well aspected Mercury combined with the elevated Pluto, it is very probable that this young man will some day find himself in projects which are connected with engineering, in relation to foreign countries in trade. Mars in Leo makes good engineers. The Sun, Mercury, and Jupiter in Gemini, the sign which rules the third house; the Sun sextile Neptune; Mercury sextile Mars and Uranus; and Jupiter trine the Ascendant are planetary aspects good for writing, expressing through the pen regarding electrical engineering projects.

If he would become interested in advanced religious subjects and use his ninth house planets, namely, the Sun and Mercury to write along religious subjects he could reach a much greater following, for while only men are interested in reading books dealing with engineering, both men and women are interested in religion, hence we may safely say that if this boy is given the training to some day become a newspaper re-

porter or a writer of religious literature he will find a greater field of usefulness.

The health of this boy should be above normal. Pluto in the sign Cancer may give some disturbance with the digestive organs if he should indulge in excesses and eat the unnatural foods which children with this planetary position love. They would rather eat their meals at a soda fountain than at their mothers' table and the result is sometimes a little indigestion.

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

# Worth-While News



## And This Is America

While it is true that the cause of vivisection has those who defend it and others who criticize it, still concrete evidence of cruelties to animals such as the incident recounted in the Washington Evening Star under an Indianapolis dateline is one of the best arguments against it.

"Indianapolis, Dec. 29.—Splitting a dog into three living entities, each independently learning, remembering and forgetting, was described before the American Association for the Advancement of Science here yesterday by Drs. P. S. Shurrager and E. A. Culler of the University of Illinois.

"They severed the dog's spinal cord in two places, just below the neck and about four inches above the tail. Thus all impulses from the animal's brain, which is supposed to learn and remember, were cut off. The dog could see, hear, smell and taste with its head, but it couldn't control the movement of one of its paws from the brain.

"Then the physiologists started to 'condition' the three separate entities of the dog, a technique widely used in education. By giving electrical shocks alternately to the tail and one of the rear legs they eventually could cause the paw to move by stimulating the tail alone. That is, the last four inches of the animal's spine learned that a shock to the paw could be expected to follow a shock to the tail, remembered what it had learned and caused the paw to move to avoid such a shock. After the shocks to the paw had been discontinued for a time the spinal cord forgot and the reflex movements of the paw ceased.

"The same independent behavior could be taught the other two independent segments of the dog's body. A few inches of spine functioned as a brain.

"The dog was kept alive under a respirator while these experiments were in progress."

—*Washington Evening Star*.

And the above was done in the name of science! . . . If a medical expert had no love for a dumb animal; if he were heartless and cruel, we could see how he could gleefully turn to a job of this character, but we cannot believe that the great rank and file are of that kind. We know that they are not. As evidence we refer to a statement by Dr. Robert H. Perks, who recently said:

"I condemn vivisection because it is productive of a vast amount of severe suffering to animals without any corresponding advantage to them. Its effect on those who

practice or who witness it is inevitably to debase the moral and spiritual standard and to develop selfish, cruel and callous tendencies which are a grave menace to society. It is a direct infraction of the moral law—the doing of evil in the false hope that good may result."

Here is a noted man, a surgeon who has made a great contribution to science, and yet he cannot endorse a policy which invites suffering.—*The Sheboygan Press*, Jan. 17, 1938.

It is authoritatively stated that 400,000 dogs out of 6,000,000 animals are vivisected annually in medical schools and research laboratories in the United States alone.

In only five per cent of all experiments are anesthetics used and then curare, morphine, and other opiates which do not render the animal insensible to pain, but only increase the agony, are used extensively. In cases where either chloroform or ether is used, little or no care is given as to the manner or amount which is administered.

Animals are submitted to repeated torturous experiments such as running treadmills, starving, submergence in boiling water, burning with phosphorus, internal combustion of foreign objects, broken bones, forced nervous collapse, and many other experiments too horrible to mention.

An amendment to the state constitution restricting legalized vivisection in California is to be voted on at the November election, and many doctors and druggists are vigorously supporting it.

In relation to this nefarious practice Max Heindel has the following to say:

"As for the vivisectionists' purgatory, we have seen some cases in which the orthodox hell with its devil and pitchfork is, in comparison, a place of mild amusement. Yet there are no exterior agents of outraged nature to punish such a one,

but only the record of the agony of the tortured animal contained in his life's panorama reacting on him with three-fold intensity (because the purgatory existence is only one-third the duration of the physical life). These people do not realize to the slightest degree what they are storing up for themselves or this torture chamber would soon be emptied and there would be one less horror in the world."

## "I've Been Here Before"

J. B. Priestley, English dramatist, is having a great deal of fun these last few years writing speculative drama concerned with the mysteries of time and space and life. It is rather a pity, I think, that he is not rich enough to pay sympathetic audiences to listen to his interesting metaphysical theories. . . .

Last year Mr. Priestley wrote of "Time and the Conways," in which twenty devastating years in one family's future were revealed to a sensitive psychic among them. This year it is "I've Been Here Before."

In "I've Been Here Before" a British industrialist and his young wife have gone to a Yorkshire inn to spend the Whitsuntide week-end in search of rest. Rest for the business man mostly, who has been long overworked and kept going on drink.

There their fellow guests include Dr. Goertler, a modern mystic whose investigations have led to his conviction of the truth of the endless repetitions of birth in the search for understanding.

Goertler has foreseen what will happen at this particular inn on this particular date. That the troubled and groping rich man will bring his young and disillusioned wife there; that she will meet a young teacher with whose life her own life has been in other centuries intertwined; that tragedy will threaten, and that out of tragedy the awakening and virtual rebirth of the unhappy industrialist will evolve.—Burns Mantle, in *Los Angeles Daily News*, Oct. 14, 1938.

Only a few years ago the evolutionary theory was met with supercilious scorn; and Darwin, who had grasped only a part of the truth, was considered little less than a madman. Then came the sensational trial of a school teacher in Tennessee in which William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow figured prominently and the teacher was discharged for teaching evolution in the

schools. But somehow the idea planted by ancient and modern spiritual mystics could not be stamped out. Cecil de Mille produced several pictures featuring evolution in relation to rebirth, and now J. B. Priestley, the English dramatist, has produced two plays, "Time and the Conways," and "I've Been Here Before," both featuring rebirth, and they have been played on the stage.

Before we pass any hasty conclusions relative to this subject let us compare the three theories worthy of note which have been brought forward to solve the riddle of Life and Death, and then decide for ourselves which is the most reasonable and which conforms most closely to the known laws of nature as observed in that part of our solar system with which we are most familiar.

(1) The Materialistic Theory holds that life is a journey from the womb to the tomb; that mind is the result of certain correlations of matter; that man is the highest intelligence in the Cosmos; and, that his intelligence perishes when the body disintegrates at death.

(2) The Theory of Theology asserts that at each birth a newly-created soul enters the arena of life fresh from the hand of God, passing from an invisible state through the gate of birth into visible existence; that at the end of one short span of life in the material world it passes out through the gate of death into the invisible beyond, whence it returns no more; that its happiness or misery there is determined for all eternity by its action during the infinitesimal period intervening between birth and death.

(3) The Theory of Rebirth teaches that each soul is an integral part of God, enfolding all divine possibilities as the seed enfolds the plant; that by means of repeated existences in an earthly body of gradually improving quality, the latent possibilities are slowly developed into dynamic powers; that none are lost by this process, but that all mankind will ultimately attain the goal of perfection and reunion with God.

# Question Department



## The Object of the Western Wisdom Teaching

### Question:

Will you be kind enough to give me some definite information as to what constitutes an occultist and a mystic, including their origin and relation to the Western Wisdom Teaching as promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship?

### Answer:

Each individual has within himself a number of potential powers which he is not at all aware of at the present time. Unconscious to himself, these potential forces have been slowly evolving in much the same manner as he gradually developed the ability to stand erect, walk, feel, hear, speak, see, and smell. And now it is only a question of time until a large number of people will become conscious of these evolving new powers, the tremendousness of which is almost beyond present comprehension. Through man's knowledge of the use of these powers he will be able to pass consciously under water, through the sky, through solid rock, a raging fire; and lightning itself is slow compared to the speed with which he may travel. And therein lies a great danger; for obviously any individual possessing such tremendous power may use it to the greatest detriment of the world at large, unless directed and guided by a spirit of unselfishness and *all-embracing* altruism. Therefore religion is needed today as never before to foster love and fellow feeling among men so that each may learn to use for the common good of all the evolving power which he possesses. Most especially is this need of religion imperative to a certain class whose higher ethers are already so loosely knitted to their physical atoms that they are sensing these superhuman abilities. This

class, known as sensitives, are divided into two groups. In one group the intellect is dominant and they are endeavoring to gain an understanding of these as yet mysterious spiritual forces out of curiosity from the viewpoint of pure reason. They are pursuing the path of knowledge, at the present time considering that an end in itself. The idea that knowledge is of value only when put to practical constructive use does not seem to have dawned upon them. To this class belong the *occultists*.

The other group does not care so much for knowledge, but feels an inner urge Godward, and pursues the path of devotion to high ideals set before them by the Christ, doing the deeds that He performed as far as it is possible; and this in time results in an inner illumination which brings with it all the knowledge obtained by the other class, and much more. This class are designated *mystics*.

It is well to know that there are certain dangers confronting each group. If the occultist evolves within himself certain superhuman powers, he may use them for the furtherance of his personal desires to the great detriment of his fellow men. This would be black magic, and the punishment that it automatically calls down upon the head of its perpetrator is awful beyond the power of description. The mystic may also err because of ignorance, and fall into the meshes of nature's law; but, being actuated by love, his mistakes will never be very serious, and as he grows in grace the soundless voice within his breast will speak more and more distinctly until in time he finds the right way.

The Western Wisdom Teaching endeavors to prepare humanity in general, and the sensitives belonging to the two groups mentioned, in particular, to come into a consciousness of these evolving powers, and to guide each group safely

through the danger zone by uniting in each the forces of head (intellect), and heart (love), thereby fitting both classes as well as possible to effectively direct their newly acquired forces as soon as they become recognized and available for use.

#### DEFECTIVE BODIES NOT ACCIDENTAL

##### *Question:*

There seems to be quite a variance of opinion as to whether it is best to allow an idiot to die or to endeavor to help it to live as long as possible. Some people, even doctors, believe it would be better to allow defectives to die as soon as possible. Will you please give me your opinion on this subject?

##### *Answer:*

In considering defectives as a class it is necessary to realize that the spirit is never defective and if an ego is born in a malformed body there is a reason for it. Each spirit has had innumerable past lives during which it has sown certain seeds and reaped appropriate experiences therefrom. The effect of causes which cannot be worked out in one life, however, are held over until a later life or lives, and certain causes may work out in deformed bodies or mental unbalance, the rule apparently being that physical indulgence of passion in one life reacts on the mental state in later existences; and the abuse of mental powers in one life leads to physical disabilities in later incarnations.

Therefore the lessons the spirit learns from living in a malformed body or a vehicle in which the connection between the brain and the spirit is imperfect are of tremendous import. Accordingly it would be an absolute frustration of the working out of the law of cause and effect to destroy such vehicles; and anyone so interfering with cosmic destiny is taking upon himself or herself a tremendous karmic debt which will have to be paid in full at some future time. Furthermore it is the duty of every doctor to do all in his power to prolong life in the physical body in order that the spirit to

whom the body belongs may gain the experiences it came to earth life to acquire. When any life is to terminate, nature will take care of the process herself; and that without the assistance of any individual who may think that he has the right to destroy any body he considers not up to the standard which society pronounces as normal.

#### ASSISTING OUR FRIENDS AFTER THEIR PASSING

##### *Question:*

A friend of mine who recently passed out of the physical body must now find himself in the purgatory region of the Desire World. Is there any way for me to be of real assistance to him in meeting the after-death conditions?

##### *Answer:*

Yes, there are several ways in which you can be of considerable help.

At night just before falling asleep you can earnestly desire to be permitted to go to him as soon as you leave your physical body. Then you can explain to him that as fast as the various scenes contained in his after-death panorama are presented, if instead of feeling resentment, self-justification, anger, or hatred, et cetera, he will readily and willingly acknowledge his faults and resolve never again to repeat past offenses, it will involve much less pain and time to eradicate the record of those committed in the past from the desire body and thus greatly lessen the period required for his complete purgation and purgatorial sojourn.

Refraining from all paroxysms of grief, indulgence in regret, lamentations, and a desire to bring the departed one back to earth life is a great help; and kind thoughts, thoughts of upliftment, and helpfulness have the same effect upon our departed friends as kind words and helpful acts have on those who are with us in the physical world. And so by our thoughts and Invisible Helper work we can be of tremendous help to those who have passed on into the Great Beyond.



# 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.*

## The Virtues of Raw Vegetable Juices

BY LILLIAN R. CARQUE

*Carque Natural Foods Research, Glendale, California*



THAT the great dietetic and hygienic value of vegetables is not yet appreciated by the American people is shown by the fact that of the total expenditure for food, only seven per cent goes to the purchase of vegetables of all kinds. Infinitely more deplorable is the fact that a large part of their nutritive value is lost by irrational preparation, particularly overcooking. The tender leaves and stems of raw vegetables contain the largest percentage of alkaline bases, and hence they are not only essential as garnishes, but they should be a substantial feature of our dietary. The majority of people, moreover, owing to defective teeth and haste in eating are hindered in their efforts to masticate thoroughly many raw foods, and their digestive juices are not powerful enough to extract adequate nourishment therefrom. Hence a knowledge of the great virtues of fresh raw vegetable juices as protective foods—quickly and readily assimilated for use in special and restricted diets—may be regarded as a distinctly progressive contribution to rational dietetics.

**RAW CARROT JUICE:** Carrot juice is the richest source of Vitamin A which



the body can quickly assimilate, and contains also an ample supply of Vitamins B, C, D, E, and G. It helps to promote the appetite and is an aid to digestion. For the improvement and maintenance of the bony structure of the teeth, it is an invaluable aid. Mothers' milk under present social conditions and faulty eating habits is seldom in an ideal state; therefore liberal quantities of carrot juice should be consumed by the nursing mother to enhance the quality of her milk.

In increasing alkalinity and in helping to combat fatigue, carrot juice is unequalled. If properly extracted from fresh, clean raw carrots, it abounds in the organic alkaline elements of sodium and potassium. It also is possessed of a liberal amount of calcium, magnesium, and iron which are perfectly balanced by its organic supply of phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and chlorine. Carrot juice is particularly palatable and beneficial when combined with celery juice, parsley, and spinach juices. Its nutrient properties are likewise fortified by the harmonious blend of raw freshly pressed coconut milk, extracted from the meat of the coconut; unroasted and unsalted

coconut butter will admirably substitute for raw coconut milk juice when the latter is not available. It is simply necessary to dilute the unroasted coconut butter with warm water to the consistency of a nut cream or milk.

**RAW CELERY JUICE:** Celery contains more than four times as much organic sodium as it does calcium. Organic sodium is an efficacious solvent of inorganic calcium, and hence raw celery juice has been found helpful in dissolving and removing years of accumulated inorganic calcium lodging in the cartilage of the joints. Celery presents a prolific source of magnesium and iron, invaluable adjuncts in the formation of red blood corpuscles. Green celery stalks are more valuable than the blanched, the latter being devoid of some of the vital elements.

The sodium of celery, helping to hold calcium in solution, also prevents the formation of gall and bladder stones, stated the late Otto Carque, in his *Vital Facts About Foods*. It is moreover beneficial in rheumatism and efficient as an eliminant of irritating drug poisons, contributes Dr. W. H. Graves (D.C.), of Los Angeles in his book, *Medicinal Value of Natural Foods*. It is quieting to the nerves and conducive to sound sleep. A little parsley juice or tomato juice blends harmoniously with celery juice, making a delightful cocktail. The blend of celery juice and carrot juice is particularly valuable in the regeneration and remineralization of the tissues, cleansing the system of excessive acids which may ultimately lead to degenerative troubles.

**PARSLEY JUICE:** Raw parsley juice is one of the most potent aids available in concentrated form. It should never be taken in quantities of more than one or two ounces at a time, unless mixed with sufficient quantities of carrot or other raw vegetable juices such as celery, lettuce, or spinach, and even then in not too disproportionate an amount in combination with these other juices. Its high concentration may result in a de-

range of the nervous system; properly mixed, however, parsley juice is extremely beneficial. Raw parsley has properties which are essential to oxygen metabolism. Like celery juice, it is a sedative and an effective poisonous drug eliminator. It is helpful too in removing garlic and onion odors. Parsley is an important cleansing herb, rich in vitamins and strongly alkaline, abounding in iron, calcium, potassium, and magnesium. Its value lies chiefly in its stimulating, invigorating, life-giving qualities.

**RAW BEET JUICE:** While the actual content of iron in red beets is not high, it is nevertheless of a quality that furnishes excellent sustenance for the formation of red blood corpuscles. The great virtue of the beet root lies in its chemical elements, predominating by fifty per cent in sodium, while the calcium content of its roots and leaves is slightly over five per cent. This is a valuable proportion for maintaining the solubility of calcium, particularly where inorganic calcium has been permitted to accumulate in the system and to form deposits within the blood vessels with resulting toughening of the walls. In combination with carrot juice, beet juice furnishes a good percentage of phosphorus and sulphur on the one hand, and potassium and other alkaline elements on the other; this together with the high content of Vitamin A, completes what is probably the best natural builder of red blood corpuscles, according to R. D. Pope, M.D., and his co-worker Norman W. Walker, D. Sc., of Long Beach, California, authors of *Raw Vegetable Juices*.

Carrot and beet juice make an invigorating beverage when combined with pure coconut milk, yielding intensive body-building properties along with potent cleansing properties. If properly prepared, this combination embodies the alkaline elements of potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and iron in abundance, amply and correctly proportioned by the other elements of phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and chlorine.

**CABBAGE JUICE:** Sulphur, iodine, and chlorine comprise the most valuable properties of cabbage; its combination is effective in cleansing the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal tract, but this purifying property is most potent only when cabbage juice is taken in *its raw state*. When excessive gas or other distress is experienced after drinking raw cabbage juice, either straight or in combination with other raw vegetable juices, it is an indication of an abnormal condition within the intestinal tract. Such, in any event, are the disclosures of Dr. Pope, presumably based on his clinical experiences. His recommendation in such cases is to undertake a thorough cleansing of the intestines before much cabbage juice is used, by means of carrot, or carrot and spinach juice and enemas. But once the intestines are able to assimilate raw cabbage juice, it is invaluable as a cleanser and most helpful in obesity.

The addition of raw cabbage juice to raw carrot juice provides an excellent source of Vitamin C, particularly where infection of the gums, resulting in pyorrhea, is present. In Dr. Pope's book *Raw Vegetable Juices*, he states that the effectiveness of the vitamins and mineral salts is destroyed when cabbage is boiled. I quote, "One hundred and twenty pounds of cooked or canned cabbage could not furnish the same organic food value that is assimilated from drinking one-half pint of straight raw cabbage juice, when properly prepared." This position is substantiated by Dr. W. H. Graves of Los Angeles in his treatise *Medicinal Value of Natural Foods*; I quote, "For all who can digest it, eat it raw for best results." It is also a good muscle builder and valuable for teeth, gums, hair, nails, and bones, adds Dr. Graves.

**LETTUCE JUICE:** Appreciable quantities of iron and magnesium are found in lettuce juice. Iron being the most active element in the body indicates the necessity of its replenishment more frequently than any other mineral element.

The liver is the emergency storage house of iron, alert as a sentinel on duty if suddenly called upon for the rapid formation of red blood corpuscles, as in the case of a heavy loss of blood through bleeding or hemorrhage. An abundance of iron will therefore permit the blood to coagulate more readily when suddenly caused to flow, and will minimize the extent of the menstrual discharge, thus conserving the blood supply for other physiological functions. The storage of iron in the spleen, however, acts as an electric storage battery where the blood is recharged with the necessary electricity for its proper functions.

The magnesium in lettuce has exceptional vitalizing powers, particularly in the muscular tissues, the brain, and the nerves. Magnesium also assists in the maintenance of the normal fluidity of the blood, in the absence of which proper metabolism is impossible. Magnesium salts can only operate efficiently when there is sufficient calcium present. Containing as it does a fifteen per cent calcium content, lettuce presents a combination of magnesium with calcium to a degree that makes this food exceedingly valuable.

When combined with carrot juice, the properties of lettuce juice are intensified by the addition of Vitamin A in the carrot and are further enhanced by the valuable contribution of sodium. This ingenious combination holds the calcium of the lettuce in constant solution until utilized by the organism. Lettuce also contains thirty-eight per cent potassium, more than nine per cent phosphorus, the latter being one of the principal constituents of the brain. An ample supply of sulphur is also assured, one of the component parts of the hemoglobin of the blood, acting as an oxidizing agent. Many nervous afflictions are chiefly due to the inorganic state in which the two elements of phosphorus and sodium are ingested. Together with silicon, of which lettuce contains more than eight per cent, sulphur and phosphorus are essential in the proper maintenance of the blood.

nance and development of the skin, sinews, and hair.

**SPINACH JUICE:** Spinach has been recognized since time immemorial as the most vital food for the entire digestive tract, including the small and large intestine and colon. In the raw spinach, nature has furnished man with the finest organic material for the cleansing, reconstruction, and regeneration of the intestinal tract. Raw spinach juice properly prepared, taken at the rate of one pint or more daily, will correct the most aggravated case of constipation within a few days or weeks, pointedly remarks Dr. Pope in his booklet *Raw Vegetable Juices*. Raw spinach juice very effectively cleanses and heals not only the lower bowels but the entire intestinal tract as well. Inasmuch as the work of regenerating the colon sometimes progresses slowly, it is recommended that in cases of chronic constipation one continue to use the natural laxative that has proven itself helpful and efficient until such time as spinach alone heals and purifies to a degree that will restore normal function. The daily laxative habit can thus be gradually broken, or confined to emergency conditions only. Raw spinach juice has also been found of value in preserving teeth and gums, thus serving as a natural adjunct in the prevention and progression of pyorrhea. Spinach, lettuce, and watercress are, together with carrots and carrot tops, among those vegetables containing the best supply of Vitamins C and E.

#### HOUSE CLEANING AND HEALING CRISIS:

By way of caution, I must emphasize that a natural vegetable juice diet is a powerfully eliminative one, having the force to dissolve and expel hardened or caked masses which have lodged in the body over a protracted period. These impurities cannot withstand the avalanche of the sudden and overwhelming ingestion of pure raw solvent vegetable juices, and under their repeated impacts, incrustations or deposits are reabsorbed by the blood stream and cast out. But we must not become unduly

disturbed over the discomforts occurring during a healing crisis. Those who have through years of time lived on highly seasoned foods, on abundant proteins such as meats, chicken, fish, pastries and heavy starches, will almost invariably complain of discomfort and distress when eating fresh or raw fruits and vegetables, especially their juices for the first time; or when taken in increased amounts after they have been only very sparingly consumed for years.

Such disagreeable reactions are not because they do not agree with one, so to speak, but because they do not agree with an unhealthy condition of the stomach and bowels and the acid condition of the blood. It seems to me to be not only unscientific, but positively unreasonable to expect good, wholesome, and natural foods in the form of fresh vegetable juices to combine with sickly secretions in the same manner and with the same effect as they do with normal secretions. All corrections, all regenerations, or the upbuilding of our physical, mental, and moral state must of necessity be accompanied by discomfort, distress, and sometimes pain, until the effective uprooting of bodily poisons has been achieved.

### A MARK OF THE GODS

(Continued from page 550)

the gifts and once more stepped out upon the long white way.

Car after car approached and passed him by, unmindful of his signaling hand. A sound hand. A strong hand. God's hand.

What matter! Perhaps he could reach the end of the car line before the last car moved cityward.

Winged feet! Bearers of glad tidings!

Over the distant city rested a halo of light, like the radiance of God's spirit ever seeking entrance to the hearts of men.

On, on, on, he walked. David Gallahad—new-born!

## Patients' Letters

Louisiana, Oct. 12, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Good Morning dear friend:

I hope you are feeling fine. I feel much better. Have taken plenty of lemon juice and the soreness above my eyes has diminished. The spot near my navel is softer and I am not depressed or emotionally disturbed. I have been "talking" to my cells to be still, so I can control them. I am trying to teach them cooperation. Several of my freinds have remarked this week, that my face looks fuller. I appreciate your loving help and guidance.

May the roses bloom upon your cross.

—W.M.

California, Sept. 26, 1938.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Invisible Helpers:

My ear appears to be permanently healed now. I have been able to hear perfectly for a week except for a few hours last Tuesday morning. I hope that I may so live so as to be deserving of the help you have given me.

—E.J.

Washington, July 18, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends and Helpers:

Just a line to let you know that I am progressing wonderfully. I feel as though I were just coming to life. After all these years of wrong living I still have periodic headaches but as I realize the cause of my pain now it is really a blessing in disguise as it is God's way of showing me my mistakes and the way to overcome them.

I thank and praise Him every day.

—Mrs. S.W.J.

Nebraska, July 21, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Just a line to let you know that I am doing nicely. I wrote you some time ago that I consulted a doctor and that I was taking treatment for a condition that seemed to be a skin infection. The doctor discharged me until the 19th of October and was quite amazed at the way it got along. I did not tell him that one night at our Healing Service that I felt a peculiar picking sensation at the spot and I felt the Invisible Helpers had performed an operation of their own. The place has improved like magic. Thanks to the Invisible Helpers again.

These experiences and what I know has been done for others has inspired me to keep up with the Healing Service all summer, regardless of heat.

Thank you for all your help and inspiration.

Yours in service,

—Mrs. M.F.L.

## Healing Dates

November .... 5—11—17—25

December .... 2— 8—15—22—29

January ..... 5—11—18—26

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, Calif., U.S.A.

## Put Aside

Put aside the restlessness, the clamor and confusion,

Put aside anxiety, the straining and the fear;

Come into the secret place, come with expectation,

Know your problem now is solved and all your way is clear.

Christ awaits to share with you the hour of holy silence,

He bestows the blessing and the wisdom that you seek.

Hear Him as his love unfolds peace, strength, and inspiration,

Now receive and know the truth He tenderly will speak.

Worries, strife, perplexities, clouds of woe and anguish,

All will clear before his Word, all resistance flee.

Put aside, oh, put aside, doubts that blind and hinder,

Let Him lift your load, dear heart, let Him make you free.

—Della Adams Leitner.

# CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

## Grapefruit Mint Cocktail

Berkshire Soup

Cheese Crispets

Baked Carrot Loaf

Broccoli and Egg Sauce

Browned Sweet Potatoes

Radish Roses

Ripe Olives

Orange Salad

Steamed Fruit Pudding

Apple Juice



## RECIPES

### Berkshire Soup.

Ingredients: 1 onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can corn, 2 cups boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon celery salt.

Cook sliced onion in butter a few minutes, stir constantly; do not brown. Add the tomatoes, boiling water, and salt. Simmer 20 minutes. Put through colander. Just before serving, add the egg yolk slightly beaten with cream.

### Grapefruit Mint Cocktail.

Peel 3 grapefruit as you would an apple, taking off all the white skin. Remove the coarse inner skin from each section and cut into small pieces. Keep on ice until thoroughly chilled. Place the fruit in cocktail glasses and pour over it chilled Mint sauce. Sweeten slightly with a little honey if desired. Clear red cherry juice may be used instead of the mint.

### Steamed Fruit Pudding.

Ingredients:  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mixed peel, 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4 cups stale bread crumbs, 2 cups flour, juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon and grated rind of one, 5 cups chopped apples, 1 cup dark fruit juice.

Cream butter and sugar. Add seasonings and other ingredients, apples and fruit juice last. Steam in individual molds. Serve with lemon sauce.

### Baked Carrot Loaf.

Ingredients: 2 cups ground carrots,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups savory loaf or protose, 1 cup chopped nuts, 3 eggs, 2 cups steamed tomatoes, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 2 tablespoons concentrated savita broth, 2 teaspoons minced onions, parsley.

Mix ingredients together, and add the eggs beaten slightly. Place in a buttered baking pan and bake slowly for one hour. Turn on a platter and garnish with parsley.

### Orange Salad.

Ingredients: 6 oranges, 1 lb. prunes, blanched almonds, mayonnaise.

Peel oranges removing all white membrane, slice thin. Use one-half orange to serving. Wash and scald prunes. Soak in cold water until soft, drain. Remove stones and fill cavity with a blanched almond. Arrange slices of orange on lettuce leaf. Place two filled prunes on orange. Mayonnaise.

### Cheese Crispets.

Ingredients:  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon thick cream, sal-savita, salt, tomato juice, whole wheat wafers.

Blend the cheese and cream, add the sal-savita to taste and a little salt. Add enough tomato juice to color the mixture a delicate pink. Place the mixture on a board and press into a flat sheet with a spatula. Cut into points, and arrange in star shape on hot toasted wafers. Place olive in center of each.



# Children's Department



## "Wunnie" the Ginger-Bread Boy

BY GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

**U**PON a long flat pan lay the ginger-bread boy. About two dozen other ginger-bread boys were with him but their companionship did not console him in the terrifying heat of the tiny, tight room into which he had been thrust.

Another moment of this heat and the ginger-bread boy felt sure he would explode. Oh, if only his legs were not so stiff he would rise from his place on the pan and bang hard upon the oven door. He would shout, too; with all his might he would shout: "Hey! Let me outa here, you old mean Baker!"

But the longer he stayed in the oven the stiffer his legs grew and just as he felt that the next moment would be his last, the oven was jerked open and a face topped by a tall starched cap peered in at the sheet of browning ginger-bread boys. There was an exclamation of satisfaction and the boys were taken from the oven into the heavenly coolness of a big room where they were placed upon a table while two big flowery hands rubbed themselves together and a voice said: "Ha! Fine! splendid pretty boys, the handsomest I ever baked."

"Oh, do let me see them, Franz," and over the baker's shoulder appeared a dimpled face surrounded by blonde curls upon which was perched a stiff triangle bandeau cap. Two beautiful blue eyes brightened as they looked at the ginger-bread boys and a sweet voice said: "Ooh, looky, Franz, the little fellow in the middle has only one eye."

A dainty finger pointed at the brown lad and sure enough one of the currants

that made his eye had slipped from place and was lost.

"Shucks!" said Franz, reaching for another current, but the currant wouldn't stay in; the place was baked hard and no amount of pressure would make it stick.

"Never mind," Peg, the little waitress, consoled him. "Let it go. I think he looks *cute* like that. I'll call him One-eye. Come here, Wunnie!" Peg ran a knife beneath him and lifted him along with the others to a napkin lined tray and carried them to the display window.

It was pleasant in the bakery window, and how sweet it did smell! The ginger-bread boys were in the exact center flanked on each side by the grandest things to eat. Piles of yellow lady fingers—wasp waisted, like dolls; fat cream-puffs oozing whipped cream; cup cakes with pink and white icing; long loaves of rye bread—square loaves of white, and little blobs of buns with poppy seeds beading their crisp tops; rolls with carmel and nuts, rolls with cherries, rolls with raisins and cinnamon; little cardboard cups holding dainty charlotte russe; doughnuts browned like an old master portrait.

Over it all there brooded a scent like the blended perfumes of Araby, only much sweeter for there were spicy smells as well as nutty ones coming from the big nut roaster in the store. The roaster revolved around and around, sending its tantalizing fragrance up through the funnel and into the street. Passers-by would stop suddenly upon catching a whiff and breathe a long drawn-out

"Sma-ah!" then they would be lured to look into the window and their mouths would begin to water and it would be only a moment until they emerged from the store carrying cardboard boxes or cellophane bags.

The ginger-bread boys dwindled steadily as the day passed. By twos and threes they went away. One fat lady bought six. Peg's hand hovered over Wunnie but the fat lady called out hurriedly, "Wait, not that one—he has only one eye." So Peg selected another and left Wunnie in his place.

Once a pair of shabby children came and stood before the window. They hopped up and down as they looked at the goodies and played a game of "I choose."

"I'll take the chaw-let cake and the cherry roll." The little boy looked at his sister and she drew her little red fists up into the raggedy sleeves of her sweater and licked her chapped lips.

"I choose the jelly doughnuts and — oh! Lookit, Bruthy, lookit, the *cute* little ginger-bread boy. See him? He has only one eye, ain't he cute? I'll take him."

They stood there until they had, turn and turn about, chosen everything in the window. Then they entered the store but all they bought was a loaf of yesterday's bread. They paid their pennies and cast longing looks at the sweets in the show case on their way out.

Wunnie felt awfully proud to think that someone admired him and thought his one eye was *cute*. Perhaps someone would buy him yet. How sad it would be if no one did . . . for it was Christmas time and the mission in life for a ginger-bread boy is to hang by a bit of tinsel atop a lovely Christmas tree just to delight the heart of some small child. To miss this rapture because of a lost currant would be a calamity indeed.

Holiday crowds came and went but still Wunnie lay sprawled all alone upon the tray in the window. His companions were gone and sadly he gazed out of his one eye upon the darkening day. Snow was beginning to fall, beautifying the city streets, making the people walk faster. Fewer folks paused to look in at the window of sweets and by and by the streets were almost deserted except for a few distracted shoppers hurrying home with awkwardly wrapped bundles from which protruded little red wheels of a wagon, or the pink slippered feet of a doll.

Big Boss Joe, who owned the shop and all the goodies in it, came tramping in. He boomed a cheery greeting to Franz and Peg and tucked a bill into Peg's wee pocket and handed a package to Franz which might have been—well, who knows? He waved his hand at the unsold sweets and said:

"Send it all to the community house. Have a nice holiday tomorrow. Merry Christmas!" and he was gone, into the crisp winter night,

hurrying home to his own children and their tree.

Wunnie's heart knew panic . . . The community house . . . raggedy old men with tired faces . . . beggars who cared nothing for a ginger-bread boy, their only thought to fill their stomachs. Would there be no warm little hand to clutch him, no avid little mouth to nibble him until the time when a regretful voice would say, "Now he's all et up but his head?" Wunnie had been made for little pink mouths—for that end had he endured the tortures of a red hot oven. Wunnie longed with all his spicy soul to be "et up" by some rosy mouth.

The terminal tower clock boomed out midnight and Peg began to doff her cap and apron.

"Merry Christmas, Franz," she called,



and Franz took her hand and said soberly:

"HE is born, my dear."

Peg nodded, her face rapt and exalted.

Then the door opened and Kemp Scott, the postman, entered. He stamped a snow heel from his shoe and said, "Hold everything, folks. I'm frozen stiff and want a cup of coffee. I've got one more collection to make."

Peg beamed. "Sure, Kemp, lots of time." She drew him a scalding cup of coffee and placed some sugar buns on a plate before him. He put sugar and cream in his cup and slit open a bun.

"Look what I found in the mail box tonight—" he tossed Peg a scrap of paper and she bent her bright head over it, frowning in the effort to read the scrawled words. When she had finished there were some shining tears in her eyes and she winked them back before reading the note to Franz.

"Deer Sandy Clos," she read; "we don't want no toys offen you cos we no theres hardly enuf to go round. Mom says iffen she could get anuthor orfis or store to scrub nites that wud be present fer us all. So Sandy when youre making your rounds I thought you could look and see which place was the durtiest and speak fer our Mom. Tell them she is a fine scrubber and can make their place reel clean. If she was to get another scrubbing job we might could have sum candy or even cake maybe. We live at 403 Grove street in the back. Luvingly, Sisty and Bruthy Johnston."

Kemp drained his coffee cup and stood up. He slung his mail bag over his shoulder and looked at Franz; Franz cleared his throat and looked at Peg. Peg was bending a piece of card board into a huge box. She placed all of the sweets which remained in the display window inside the box. Separated by a sheet of wax paper from a big chocolate cake lay Wunnie the Ginger-Bread Boy. Thrills chased up and down his back . . . Christmas was here and he was going places . . . "Merry Christmas, Kemp!" Wunnie didn't think Kemp heard him

because the lid of the box closed over his words.

When Wunnie next opened his one eye he was still in the big box of sweets and through the box he could hear excited squeals and whisperings and he felt the box being lifted while eager fingers fumbled with the cord.

From the top of the chocolate cake where he lay prone, Wunnie raised his eye and gazed into the faces of the little boy and girl who had stood before the window and played "I choose."

Loving, tender fingers lifted him from his bed and he was pressed to a shabby little bosom.

"Oh, Bruthy, look! It's my ginger-bread boy!"

"And my chawk'let cake!"

"And rolls and buns—gee, ole Sandy musta got our letter." Sisty stroked Wunnie with soft fingers.

Bruthy was almost speechless with delighted awe. He looked around the chilled little kitchen and at the dawn seeping through the frosted panes of the window. He pulled Sisty away from her rapt inspection of the ginger-bread boy.

"Hurry, Sisty. We got to get things ready for breakfast. It's almost time for Mom to come home."

Wunnie lay upon a clean white handkerchief and watched the children as they scampered about. Wunnie was blissfully happy. He wished that he too might help prepare the breakfast for Mom—but what can a ginger-bread boy do? Bruthy was busy shaking dead ashes from the tiny grate; he lighted a new fire and soon a spot of cherry red glowed on top of the stove. Sisty set a kettle of water over this and a cheerful humming filled the room as the steam curled upward.

The table was arranged with three plates, three cups and saucers; a drawing of tea awaited in the cracked brown teapot. The "chawk'let" cake occupied a place of honor in the center of the table. Sisty was toasting buns. Bruthy hung a broken wreath of holly (fished from a

rubbish can) in the window after scraping the frost from the glass.

At last Wunnie heard steps coming slowly up the stairs. The children heard too and scampered to the door. Eager arms embraced a tired little woman and drew her into the warm kitchen.

"Merry Christmas—Mom—Mommie-darling!"

Mommie-darling looked around the room and her worn face brightened. She saw the fire, the wreath and the festive table. "Why, why children! What—"

"We wrote a letter to Sandy Clause. We didn't ask him for the cake and stuff, honest Mom! We ask him for a job for you Mom, and lookit!"

Mom could only stare at the children in bewilderment. Finally she looked down at the sheet of notepaper they had thrust into her hand. Her eyes were blurred and she did not attempt to read it.

"Go on, Mom—read it. It's yer Christmas present."

Mom opened the paper and read: "Dear Mrs. Johnston. If you will apply at Joe Puchta's bakery and lunch room on the day after Christmas we can offer you a full time cleaning job. There will be some leftover 'sweets' now and then

for Sisty and Bruthy. Merry Christmas. Old Sandy Clause."

Mom looked up at the children. "Praise God," she said, "I wasn't going to tell you until after Christmas, but I lost another of my cleaning jobs. The plant closes its doors after the first of the year and I didn't see how—but now!"

Mommie-darling drew her chair to the festive table. "Gracious, I'm hungry," then she noticed Wunnie. "My, what a handsome ginger-bread boy. The very shapeliest cookie I ever saw. What shall we name him?"

Sisty beamed with pride at this praise and Wunnie felt aglow with blushes. He lay waiting anxiously to hear the name they would give him.

"Frank Buck," suggested Bruthy, thinking of his favorite hero.

"Brownie," offered Mom as she poured herself a second cup of tea.

Little Sisty reached over and tenderly adjusted the handkerchief under her ginger-bread boy. She shook her head firmly.

"No, I think I'll just call him *One-eye!*"

Wunnie tried to wink his one currant eye at Sisty and he felt almost sure that he had done it for she smiled at him with sweetest understanding.

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*Behold the splendour of the burning Star  
That rises o'er the world. It shines on thee,  
And glorious dawns this New Epiphany.  
Nor needs there any wandering near or far  
To reach thine heaven, for those star rays are  
Within thy soul. Even there resplendently  
They halo thine incarnate Deity  
That ignorance can neither stain nor mar.  
Through all the centuries so swift in flight,  
And yet so slow, that Star with eight-fold ray  
Hath shone unfalteringly through gulfs of night,  
Bearing the message brought to thee today.  
"Thou art a God Divine!" Behold the Light!  
Oh, Soul! whoe'er thou art. Hear and obey!*

(From *The Year's Rosary*, by "Tipherith")

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

• • • •

## Mt. Ecclesia Picnic



ON the morning of the 28th of October, which is the birthday of Mt. Ecclesia, the sun came out beautiful and warm, an ideal October day. (October and November have some of the most balmy and sunshiny days of the entire year.)

The workers and visitors entered the breakfast room in a jolly pre-picnic happiness spirit. After breakfast those who were on the committee to serve the food were busy at the back door loading the truck with mysterious parcels. Ice-cream freezers were conspicuous, and various homemade dainties packed for transportation to beautiful Live Oak Park, eighteen miles from Headquarters.

At ten o'clock the automobiles and the large Fellowship bus congregated in front of the office. Each vehicle was loaded to its capacity, and sixty-eight members set out for a day's outing.

The morning was spent in games, one of which was the last call to the table. A number of doughnuts, each at the end of a string, were arranged so that the contestants could stand with mouths even with the dainties. The prize was to go to the one who could eat his doughnut first, while holding the hands at the back. This brought much mirth, for there were three hungry puppies belonging to a farmer nearby, standing ready to eat any stray pieces which some of the contestants dropped in their eagerness to bite the last bit.

After dinner we all wended our way to the outdoor social hall which is a large cemented floor with a piano at one end, and seats placed around the sides. Another interesting game consisted of two early residents being chosen who must then select their group of four. Questions were put to them from the contents of the booklet, "The Birth of

the Fellowship." There were questions regarding the dates of certain work, just when it was started, and regarding some of Max Heindel's movements previous to the work. Well, it was surprising how many questions went unanswered. This we know will stir us all up to study our lessons, and brush up on things pertaining to our beautiful Headquarters and the events preceding the starting of the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

The questions asked at this game were those which are put to us many times in our contact with the public: When did Max Heindel meet with the Teacher? where did he write the *Cosmo-Conception*? when was the ground turned for the Headquarters? Many other most vital questions were put to us to answer offhand. Taking it as a whole all enjoyed themselves and it was a healthy change from the daily work of typing, gardening, cooking, and the various other duties which keep us busy all the week.

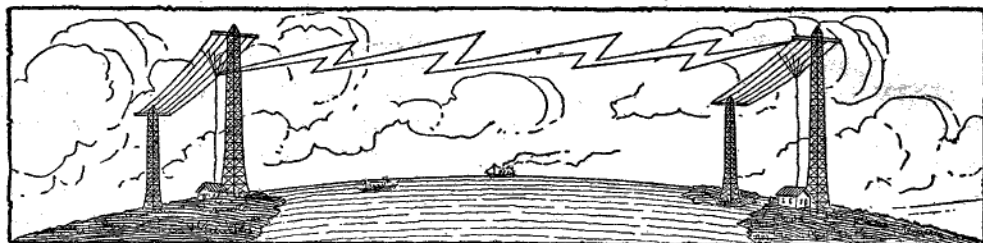
## CONVENTION ARTICLES

Our readers and students have shown such interest in our Convention, and have enjoyed all news regarding it so much that we have decided in future numbers of this magazine to print talks which were given by various members. The articles based on these talks take up many phases of the work so efficiently, and the general work which the Fellowship is doing is so well covered that we have decided to print them from time to time in the Magazine.

## SANITARIUM RESERVATIONS

We desire to remind the public that it is not possible for us to care for patients who desire to come to the Sanitarium before the latter part of December. We would request those who wish to arrange for this care to communicate with us before attempting the journey.

# Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • • •

The miracle of a Ray of the Cosmic Christ becoming the indwelling Planetary Spirit of the earth constitutes the means by which the obliteration of the separative influences amongst mankind is taking place. At each Christmas Season we feel the spiritual urge stronger than at any other time of the year, and with each passing year this urge grows in intensity as we align ourselves with the ever-increasing potency of the Christ Force impinging upon us. As we nourish the Christ *within* by love and service to others we strengthen the bond of unity which connects all human beings and brings into greater manifestation the ideals which Christ Jesus gave us for the New Age.

Representative New Age Groups are built around the Christ Ideal, both in regard to the teachings given out and the method of procedure used. Since the keynotes of the coming dispensation are unselfish service to others, cooperation, and universal brotherhood, these ideals constitute the basis upon which the typical New Age Group is established and operates. The truly successful Group of today is maintained for the purpose of *serving humanity* and that idea is given prime consideration in conducting its activities. In it no person feels that the Group belongs to him. There is a constant change of directors and teachers in so far as consistent with efficiency in giving the public the uplifting truths in the Western Wisdom Teachings. The

personality is submerged as the workers strive to attain to the impersonal life taught by Christ Jesus. Past difficulties and personal differences are not allowed to interfere with possible service to be rendered, or to make greater the work of transmutation carried on by the Elder Brothers of humanity.

At this Holy Season let us dedicate ourselves anew to the Christ Ideal—the Ideal which enables us to recognize the *fundamental unity of each with all*—thus contributing toward establishing “peace on earth, good will toward men.”

## FIELD ACTIVITIES

After spending several weeks assisting the friends of the Long Beach Center with their activities, Mr. F. A. Jones has gone into Arizona to continue his field work. Following a stay of a month or so in Phoenix, Mr. Jones will visit the other cities of the State.

Mr. Alfred Johnson is now in Minnesota where he will spend several months lecturing and teaching. After a short stay in St. Paul and Minneapolis he will visit Duluth and adjoining towns.

Mr. Joseph Darrow, President of the Los Angeles Center, recently completed a series of four lectures in Hahn's Hall, Glendale, California, and now contemplates conducting a weekly Philosophy Class in the home of Mr. H. A. Uglow, 1329 Raymond Avenue. Those in the Glendale vicinity who are interested in attending the classes, which will deal



with salient points of the Fellowship Teachings, are urged to communicate with Mr. Darrow at the Trent Hotel, 625 So. Bixel, Los Angeles, California.

### RADIO NEWS

Our enthusiastic radio worker in Springfield, Massachusetts (see Center News for February), continues her endeavors to reach people in that section via the air. Quoting from a recent letter: "I have a bit of news over which I think you will rejoice with me. I wrote you last spring how the Federation of Women's Clubs of Massachusetts had sponsored me on the radio in several of my mystical broadcasts. Perhaps you will be happy to know that they have now selected me as Assistant Chairman of the Radio Division of Massachusetts, my duties as Mistress of Ceremonies consisting principally of introducing guest speakers in their chosen field, which occurs every Wednesday at 12:15 P.M. (WMAS, 1420 kilocycles). Every fourth broadcast is my very own to do with as I wish, and you will no doubt surmise to what good purpose I will put it. There is no compensation with club work, but I have the opportunity to put over my work at least 12 times a year, and the radio station will advertise me as a speaker for clubs and gatherings."

This is a fine example of what one may do individually in furthering the New Age Ideals, and we hope that other members will endeavor to take advantage of similar opportunities offered in their own localities.

### SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

It is a pleasure to have this Group, which has been giving commendable service for several years past, join us as a chartered Center. The "Rays" (bulletin) issued monthly by the Center states that in addition to regular weekly classes in Philosophy and Astrology, and the Sunday Devotional Service, the library is kept open daily from 1 to 4 P.M., except Sundays. (See next page.)

## World Headquarters

OF THE

## Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

## Chartered Centers

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

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

- Boston, Mass.*—168 Dartmouth St., Rm. 201.
- 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. 802, 155 N. Clark St. Ashland Blk., 8th Floor.
- Chicago, Ill.*—c/o Mrs. Magdalena Goveja, 4921 Montana St.
- Cleveland, Ohio.*—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 708.
- Columbus, Ohio.*—55 E. State St.
- Dayton, Ohio.*—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd Floor.
- Denver, Colo.*—1155 30th St.
- Indianapolis, Ind.*—38 No. Pennsylvania St.
- Kansas City, Mo.*—2734 Prospect.
- Long Beach, Calif.*—361 E. First St.
- Los Angeles, Calif.*—2523 W. 7th St.
- Los Angeles, Calif.*—4830 Floral Drive.
- Milwaukee, Wis.*—234 Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St.
- Minneapolis, Minn.*—1008 Nicollet Ave.
- New Orleans, La.*—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.
- New York City, N. Y.*—160 W. 73rd St.
- Omaha, Neb.*—301 No. 31st St.
- Reading, Pa.*—W.C.T.U. Hall, 6th and Franklin Sts.
- Rochester, N. Y.*—307 Burke Bldg.
- San Diego, Calif.*—Rm. 9, 1039 7th St.
- San Francisco, Calif.*—1141 Market St.
- Schenectady, N. Y.*—13 Union St.
- Shreveport, La.*—1802 Fairfield.
- Seattle, Wash.*—611 University Bldg.
- St. Paul, Minn.*—318 Midland Trust Bldg.
- St. Petersburg, Fla.*—525 7th Ave., South.
- Toronto, Canada.*—c/o Mary Tamblyn, 158 Hallam St.
- Utica, New York.*—11 Clinton Place.
- Vancouver, B. C.*—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

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### BELGIUM

Brussels.—74 rue Stevens Delannoy.

### BRAZIL

Sao Paulo.—7 Rua Parana, 29.

### ENGLAND

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

London.—95 Belgrave Rd., Victoria, S.W. 1.

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Abokobi.—c/o J. M. Boi-Adzete.

Kumasi.—Mr. Ben T. Vormawah, Box 69.

Sekondi.—P. O. Box 224.

Takoradi.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

### NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—C. 2; People's Health Club Room, 4th Floor; Victoria Arcade, Queen St.

### NIGERIA

Lagos.—c/o Mrs. G. La Page, P. O. Box 202.

### PARAGUAY

Asunción.—Louis Alberto de Herrera, Republica Francesa.

Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

### PERU

Lima.—Box 637.

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

La Paz, Iloilo.—19 Burgos St.

Manila.—196 Espiritu St.

### PORTUGAL

Lisbon.—Rua Renato Baptista 43 - 2°.

### THE NETHERLANDS

Amsterdam.—4s III Vogelensangstraat.

Apeldoorn.—Stationstraat 77.

Arnhem.—Mesdaglaan 18.

Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Roelofsstraat 88; Vergaderplaats: Sweelinckstraat 62.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

Zaandam.—Oostzijde 386.

From the president of this Group, who visited Mt. Ecclesia at the time of the Convention, come some "impressions," from which we quote as space permits:

"To us the most convincing and outstanding point at the Convention was the sincere desire on the part of those assembled to *cooperate with one another in the best interests of the movement*. Then, too, the Board members were willing to listen to suggestions and discuss Center problems, and as to the sincerity of the workers at Mt. Ecclesia, it was evident that each one was trying to do his or her best, sometimes under very trying circumstances. Let us not forget them in our prayers. . . . We would suggest—even urge—students out in the world, even at this early date, to try and arrange to spend their next summer vacation at Mt. Ecclesia—not with the thought of being entertained, but rather with the idea of taking constructive suggestions or recommendations in an endeavor to mass our coals in helping and healing those who come within our sphere of action. . . . Yes, let us try to attend the 1939 Convention so that we may discuss some of the vital matters affecting the welfare of humanity from both the physical and spiritual aspects and thus kindle anew and keep ablaze the beacon light of true spiritual fellowship."

### ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS.

An encouraging note of progress is sounded in a recent letter from our Rotterdam Center located at 308 Bergweg:

"In the course of the last year, activities in our Center have undergone such an extension that we were obliged to distribute the work among more of our members. In a recent meeting of our Board it was decided to form various committees, the members of which should hold themselves responsible for the activities to be undertaken by each such committee. Each committee consists of three members, those formed being as follows:

1. To make arrangements for the regular Services, classes, and lectures.

2. To handle ordinary correspondence concerning the philosophy, astrology, and healing.

3. To take care of the bookkeeping, addressing circulars, etc.

4. To edit our monthly publication.

5. To do such miscellaneous work as stamping and mailing letters and printed matter, errands, etc.

"That we find ourselves in this upward direction gives us great certainty that a strong spiritual help is backing us."

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Along with the last report received from the secretary of this progressive Center comes welcome news of the Conclave which was held there the 24th and 25th of September:

"An atmosphere of harmony, peace, and joy has pervaded our Center during the entire month. The spirit of fellowship, 'one with another,' had made for better understanding and an outpouring of Love which even the older members declare was more wonderful than anything they had ever witnessed. The entire Conclave was most successful. Representatives were here from Utica, Schenectady, New York City, and were accommodated at the homes of the Rochester members. Letters containing helpful suggestions were received from other Centers."

Activities listed in the report include: round table discussions; business session; Healing Service; Lecture—"The Rosicrucian Order: Timeless and International," by J. Schrack (Sept. 24th); Devotional and Healing Service; "Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia," by Mrs. Minnie Mansfield; "Rosicrucian Principles in Daily Living," by Mrs. Myra Bond (Sept. 25th).

We heartily approve of these get-togethers among the Study Groups and Centers, and hope to see further expression of such a progressive, cooperative spirit.

## A Call to Service

*SERVICE*—the keynote of the Rosicrucian teachings, challenges each aspiring student of the higher life to an ever increasing usefulness untainted with self-seeking. An opportunity for giving such service confronts us daily, if we are awake sufficiently to recognize the opportunity in the fullest sense of the word.

The kind of service that the Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches us is loving, true, and faithful—faithful even in little things, all of which serves as a test for the greater spiritual work. Prayer and meditation are necessary, and absolutely essential to soul growth, but it is the life that leads up to prayer that really admits us to serve in the Master's Vineyard.

The purpose of the Sanitarium is, however, not only to assist the patient in achieving health but to teach him how to live most and serve best.

Mt. Ecclesia is opening the door to those who are willing to give of themselves in the work of the NEW SANITARIUM—a work that is destined to bring to fruition a great boon to suffering humanity; an opportunity to weave the golden threads of service into soul sustenance. The material remuneration offered will not attract one who is self-seeking, but it is sufficient to provide for one's needs, if there are no encumbrances or family obligations.

The Sanitarium Department of the Rosicrucian Fellowship (Oceanside, California) would like to hear from applicants with the following qualifications:

Graduate nurses.

Massage and hydrotherapy attendants.

Physical co-ordinator, trained in rhythmic exercises, physical culture.

## A Correction

We have just learned that the article, "Sleep, Memory, and the Substance of Life," by Marie Harlowe, which appeared in our October 1938 issue should have carried a credit line to The Occult Digest. It was first printed in that magazine in February, 1938, but we were not aware of this fact.

This article was received by us in 1936 and had remained in our files. Doubtless the author thought we had lost the manuscript as so long a time had elapsed without its being published.

We regret this occurrence and extend our apology to The Occult Digest.—  
EDITOR.

## Sanitarium Staff Wanted

Applications are now being received for positions in Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium which opens in December, 1938. The following places will be available for capable, conscientious, ardent workers:

1. Graduate Nurses.
2. Registered Physiotherapists, with experience in hydrotherapy and massage for men's and women's departments.
3. An experienced vegetarian cook, who has a practical knowledge of preparing special diets.
4. An experienced assistant kitchen helper and waitress.
5. Maintenance man for all around service, with a knowledge of machinery.
6. Housekeeper.
7. Gardener, with knowledge of landscaping.

Because of the nature of the work to be accomplished, it is desirable that applicants should be in sympathy with the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

The law does not permit us to consider applications from foreign countries.

Address all communications—

**THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP**  
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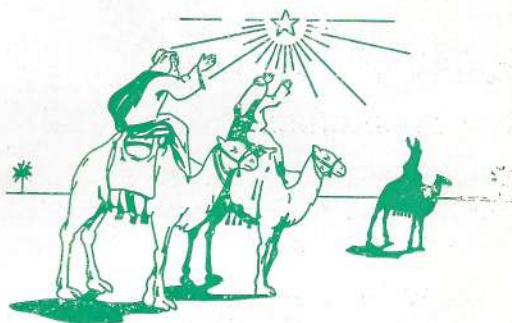
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