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Rays from the Rose Cross

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“The Star”

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

—Matthew 2:1-2.

It is a sublime fact that we are all Christs-in-the-making, and the sooner we realize that we must cultivate the Christ *within* before we can perceive the Christ without, the more we shall hasten the day of spiritual illumination. . . . If we will really work in our own little sphere, not looking for the greater things until we have done the work close at hand, then we shall find that a wonderful soul growth may be attained, so that the people who are round about us shall see in us something which they may not be able to define but which will nevertheless be patent to them—they shall see that Christmas light, the light of the new-born Christ, shining within our sphere of action.

—Max Heindel.

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Christmas--A Great Cosmic Event

By KITTIE S. COWEN



COMPARATIVELY few people in the world today understand the great cosmic event which takes place each year as Christmas time draws near, for they *see* with a very limited physical vision. The optic nerves are man's only physical means of contacting visibly the things belonging to the earth plane due to the fact that these nerves contact a very limited range of vibrations—those found only in the 49th octave, including none above or below that one vibratory scale. All higher or lower vibrations are quite invisible as far as the optic nerves are concerned.

However, each individual has within his or her own brain two small organs known as the pituitary body and the pineal gland which when stirred into activity will register a much higher as well as a much lower vibratory range; and in time through the activity of these glands all will develop a heightened degree of sight which might be called X-ray vision. Those who are inclined to doubt all new ideas and possibilities we might ask, who is there among us that can explain why one set of brain nerves produces sight while all the rest of them are absolutely impervious to it? Why do the optic nerves never smell, or the olfactory nerves never see, nor taste?

The answer is that since these nerves have become awakened, each set responds to a different rate of vibration and so do the pituitary body and the pineal gland. The vibration of these two glands will be higher and of a wider range; consequently will reveal much that is quite unseen by the masses at the present time.

The sight developed through the activity of the pituitary body and the pineal gland will reveal so many hitherto unknown creations that it will make its possessors feel like they have discovered what practically appears to be another world. And then it will be that from firsthand knowledge they will know the true meaning of Christmas. They will see for themselves that at the time of the annual fall equinox, when the Sun by precession crosses the equator on its journey southward, a great wave of golden light embracing the consciousness of the Christ Spirit is gradually descending, drawing closer and closer to the earth, changing its atmosphere, then slowly entering its dense vehicle, and finally reaching its very center on the night between the 24th and 25th of December, which is the most holy night of the entire year; for

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

this is the time when the Christ Spirit begins to liberate the spiritual force within Himself which He generated with the aid of the Father while He was in the World of Divine Spirit at the time of His sojourn there during the months of the previous July and August.

The liberation of this force requires three days and nights during which time it is said that this great Spirit is groaning and travailing until the release is completed. Be it noted that from the time the Sun crosses the equator on its annual journey south, until it again crosses it going north, which journey requires six months of each year, the great Christ Spirit who is correlated to the Sun is working directly with our earth, first from without, then from within, permeating it with the life force of God centered in Him. This in order that the earth may be able to nurture and preserve all forms evolving on and within it.

Without this *annual* sacrifice made by the Christ, all things on the earth including mankind would soon become extinct. The close relationship between the Sun and the Christ force released at Christmas time is demonstrated in the fact that it requires the *vertical* rays of the Sun combined with the Christ force to bring that force into action, and thereby achieve results. In the Northern Hemisphere this *dual* power manifests in the springtime when the Sun moves north. In the Southern Hemisphere it occurs during the following fall season when the Sun moves south.



The masses of humanity are usually taught cosmic truths first by means of appropriate symbols. As for instance: the *sounding* of bells when the candles are *lighted* on the altar, was inaugurated by spiritually *illuminated seers*, the object being to teach mankind the cosmic unity of light and sound. Also the invisible light clothed in flame upon the altar in the churches was considered an apt representation of the Father; the bells an apt symbol of the Christ, the Word, for their metal tongues proclaimed the gospel message of peace and good will toward men, while the incense symbolized the power of the Holy Spirit.

Thus was the Trinity symbolically depicted in the Christmas celebration, making it truly the most spiritually joyful time of the entire year. It is this same vibration of peace and good will emanating from the Christ at Christmas time which brings about that inner urge within each of us to do something for our fellow men which will express our desire to share our sustenance with them, and so to offer gifts to those we love; and often that feeling of love and fellowship engendered in us reaches out so far that it encompasses those unknown to us and we give generously to charitable organizations that search out the needy and alone ones, and supply them with the things that will give them the

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

most comfort and joy. And eventually this very Spirit urge of sharing our sustenance with others at Christmas time brought about by contacting the love vibration of the Christ, repeated year after year, will develop our own love power to such an extent that we will recognize the unity of each with all, which will inevitably usher in the era of peace on earth and good will toward men.

That such a condition shall prevail upon earth is inevitable, owing to the annual return of the Christ Spirit, the Lord of Love, to the earth year after year, impregnating it and the atmosphere around it with His own powerful love vibrations, whose very nature expresses itself in attraction, cohesion, and unity. True, at the present time, only a comparatively small number of the earth's people sense this Christ vibration, and understand just what it is. But those who do understand are beginning to tell it over and over to the others, and so the time is not far off in cosmic reckoning when the developing consciousness of more and more people will contact the truth and accept it, for they will be able to feel for themselves the power of this tremendous love vibration and to observe consciously its manifestation in all living things.



The consciousness of mankind today is not the consciousness of tomorrow; (neither are his hearing, sight, feeling, tasting, and smelling); and the time is coming when man shall no longer only *hear* of the Christ, but he shall actually *see* Him and know Him as He is, and all shall be so filled with the love power which each has developed (within himself) that all shall become co-workers with Him in furthering the evolutionary plan of God. And there will be no more death as we now know it, but a conscious passing from one realm of God to another while we are developing our spiritual powers into dynamic forces available for use at any moment.

The Christ Spirit at the present time is our great Wayshower, although the most of us are as yet unaware of His presence; but as He draws closer to us year after year at Christmas time, we shall all eventually become aware of His nearness and be better able to profit by His example. The Christmas season, Holy Night in particular, is the most propitious time for us to make our first conscious contact with the Christ Spirit, owing to the intensity of the powerful spiritual vibrations with which we are all then surrounded; and deep concentration and sincere prayer are the most efficacious means of opening up the way to His presence. Blessed be the holy Christmas season which brings to us each year the great Christ Spirit with His annual Christmas gift to all mankind—His own divine life power clothed in light and radiating love.

THE MYSTIC LIGHT

The Quest and the Path

By GLADYS RIVINGTON

*"I am that which began,
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and Whole;
God changes, and man,
And the form of them bodily;
I am the soul."*

—ALGERNON SWINBURNE

I

ONE sunny morning in a busy western city, a man with a beaming smile on his face walked into his office carrying an armful of gladioli, perfect in form and superb in color. He had cut them an hour ago from his own garden, while the dew was still on them. He knew how the feminine members of the office staff delighted in flowers and expected many compliments on these lovely specimens, of which he was justly proud. He was not disappointed in his reception; it was most enthusiastic. Time was taken out from more prosaic tasks to admire the floral offering. One of the girls took charge, produced a vase, carefully arranged the flowers and installed them on top of the tallest cabinet for all to enjoy. Their freshness and radiance were in sharp contrast with the ordinary utilitarian equipment of a business office. Many were the exclamations of admiration from those who passed in and out during the course of the morning.

At the noon hour one of the office workers found herself alone in the room. Leaving her work, she walked over to

the corner where the flowers were, and stood for a long moment in contemplation of the flaming color and marvelous beauty of the gladioli. It happened to be a period in her life when her feelings, ideas, and outward circumstances were in a state of change and remaking. Values to which she had clung and by which she had been guided were dissolving, and there was need for something to take their place. The calm, untroubled beauty of nature's handiwork as exemplified in these flowers seemed to offer what was needed. Here was something lovely; here was something perfect; here was something stable in a shifting scene—Nature's beauty!—and with intensity she poured out worship at the shrine.

Returned to her desk, she went to work again, until the quiet of the otherwise deserted office was broken by a resounding crash. Startled, she turned, and there on the floor was a mass of shattered flowers and glass—the goddess of beauty fallen in the dust! As she picked up broken blossoms, mopped up water and swept together the broken glass she could not keep out of her mind the conviction that it was the adoration—such

it amounted to—which she had lavished on the flowers that had caused the upset. After all they were frail things, and ephemeral. The intensity of her emotion was more than they could sustain; and there was what she had deemed perfection in fragments at her feet.

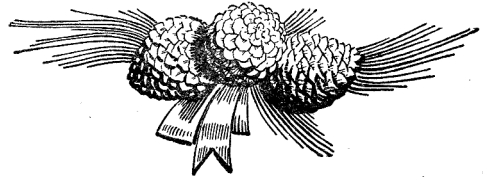
This apparently trivial incident made a deep impression, and later meditation on the experience seemed to make its message even more plain. To this particular pilgrim on life's way the sudden crash of a vase of flowers demonstrated the fragility of reliance upon any *outward* source of strength, beauty, or wisdom, and caused her to turn in the opposite direction, to the inner realms, to find there the solid rock on which to build. This lesson is learned by each one sooner or later. Nature is beautiful, the phenomenal realm is stimulating, and human contacts helpful and precious; but all these are outward supports, to be treasured and valued as such. If they are wrenched from their true perspective and made the subject of worship, conscious or unconscious, they become "idols." All idols have feet of clay and eventually tumble, even as the flowers crashed. The seeker after truth must learn to stand and walk alone, for at times the path becomes very narrow and he who follows it must travel light.

The beloved Saint John, when he would have fallen in worship at the feet of the angel who was instrumental in bringing to him the vision and enlightenment was instructed: "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." *Rev. 22:9.*

Man's conception of God has changed through the ages. Unbelievers say that this proves that man invents the idea of God, creates it in his own likeness, and changes it as he himself progresses. It is difficult to understand how man could progress at all in such a situation. Actually the reverse is true—man is a

partaker of God's own being and learns more of God as he becomes better acquainted with himself and unfolds his godlike possibilities.

In creation we see God in myriad forms, that is, in limitation. Form is a means of expression for the life, but it is also a prison, and always the life strives to transcend the form and build better and finer vehicles. In the realm of manifestation, growth and progress are constant through all the ranks and grades, even to the Throne of God. The Planetary Spirits and Creative Hierarchies, co-workers with God in creation, evolve and withdraw, leaving their work to others who have progressed sufficiently to carry it on. There is continual movement on the ladder of evolution. There is also infinite variety—rank upon rank, wave upon wave of life, spiral within spiral of growth. The



evolution of no two life waves is the same, and within each group there are again differences. In the human life wave alone there are billions of individuals, each with his indwelling Spirit, a spark of God, and each with his individual experiences and expression—nowhere two beings just alike. So great and vast is the scheme of the universe that it taxes the finite mind to comprehend it.

Yet in this endless diversity, this unceasing progress, each individualized human being has a sure and stable pathway; it is the following of the guidance of his own Spirit, which is both the way and the light. Through it alone he finds the truth in its fulness that is God. It takes much experience of living before he finds the true way. At first the outer world seems to promise satisfaction in power, possessions, honor, and knowledge, but one by one these turn out to

be baubles and break in his hands as the toys of children break. Suffering and disappointment wear away the veil of form that hides the Spirit, and the experience gained adds soul power to that Spirit. Gradually he begins to know the real nature of his being, and finding himself he understands his fellow creatures better. Then is born compassion and he no longer desires to conquer others nor to exalt himself at their expense. He is content to serve, if by any chance he may help them along the way. By serving he comes to know of the *spiritual unity* of the universe; the form which had seemed such a definite barrier between his own and all other life, melts away before his gaze and behind it he sees Spirit, linking man to God and uniting all life in its warm embrace. Whereas, when he clutched at forms he found them slip from his grasp, leaving him all the more alone, now when he seeks to serve the Spirit he knows himself at one with all.

Evangeline Booth, General of the Salvation Army, speaking of her work among the poor and underprivileged in the London slums, said: "I went to places that fortunate people cannot even picture. It is hard to explain, but after awhile those people were—*me*. I did not live one life, but many lives. I was the chimney sweep, the woman selling violets in the square, and the more I saw of the darkness, the more I wanted to tell about the Light of the World." Through her loving service she learned at firsthand of the unity in all the great diversity of creation. This firsthand knowledge is open to all in whom the spirit of compassion (the Christ Child) is born, and without it all other knowledge is incomplete and unsatisfying. It is the light that shows the wanderer the way home to God. From the form side life is complicated and confusing, but once the feet are set on the true path the way becomes simple—not easy, but straight and plain. It is summed up in some of the words of The Rosicrucian Fellowship hymn:

"For knowing how to act aright, and
doing it from morn till night,
From day to day and year to year,
we conquer self, and sin, and
fear."

Self, that part of our nature not yet illumined by the Spirit; *Sin*, the conflict of the personal will with the universal will, as a result of the blind spots; *Fear*, the measure of our separation in consciousness from divine love.

II

In the light of the foregoing, let us consider present world conditions. To many people who thoughtfully followed the course of the last conflict, it was quite apparent that behind all was a great Plan. At several points the final outcome of World War II seemed to hang in the balance. It was not lucky chance that tipped the scales at those crucial moments. It was also not chance that brought nations farthest apart in ideology together as comrades fighting a common danger. The great Plan drew them together in war, and can it not keep them together in peace? They were partners in humanity's struggle against the Terror, which tried to substitute madness, lies, and unbridled force for law and orderly progress, and they must be co-workers in establishing a world order founded on sanity and **the great spiritual principles of common growth and progress**. That is, they must if we are to have such an order in this era. They could not have survived alone in the fighting, and they cannot live alienated in the time to come.

It seems that we forget so soon. Those who joined as allies against a common foe (a terrible "system," not a people) are now bound together in a common destiny because each contributed to the victory. One great people gave millions of lives and endured terrible suffering to make possible the survival of freedom in the world. They were fighting for survival, yes, but their strength and courage was an essential contribution to the common survival; without it there

would have been no triumph. If we remembered that as we should, our hearts would still overflow with comradesly love and gratitude to them. But we don't like dictatorships, we say, now that a breathing spell has been secured. We must learn to distinguish between the form of a government and the soul of a people striving to express and to take its rightful place among the peoples of the earth. Governments are no more enduring than other forms; they change and evolve.

This has been called the century of the common man. In today's world those who appear to wield great power, even dictators, have to take into account the strength of the people. Suppose we, who do not like certain forms of government, certain economic systems, and certain practices of all governments, were to go *behind the form*, to seek for the *soul* of the governed in spiritual communion, and, in the name of a common humanity, to extend the right hand of fellowship as the greeting of one comrade to another. Is it not possible that governments, which today are so dependent upon the will of the governed, might also see the light, and feel the compelling necessity of coming to agreement?

The future we cannot foresee, but the present is ours. Christmas time, when the hearts of men are softened and their

voices are singing of Peace and Goodwill, is ideal for our purpose. Surely a little time can be spared from the traditional rites and ceremonies of Christmas to contact the inner reality of the Christ love. Suppose now we close our minds to the confusion and the forces of disunity, and in the inner recesses of being seek for that principle of brotherhood and unity which is the truth of the spiritual worlds. Is it not conceivable that in this way we can help to inaugurate the new era of mutual understanding and cooperation, beginning from within and eventually manifesting in the world of form? Yes, and actually there is no other way.

*"The Door swung wide, and wider,
wider grew,
Till like the dawn it spread across
the sky;
Great seas of new, life-giving light
welled through,
And spread o'er all the earth a
quickenning flood,—
Healing and life for all earth's
deadly woes,
That larger life that love alone be-
stows—
Life out of death for all the sons of
men,
For in the Light Christ came to
earth again."*

—John Oxenham.

Christmas

By JOY KETCHAM



FAMILIES by the thousands were preparing for Christmas. Great shops displayed vast cargoes of precious things—a Government's gift to its communities, fitted to each peculiar need of use or beauty, in its annual covenant with the people to keep its faith.

Flowers made a riot of color, tribute from thousands of pots of earth where tiny seeds, planted in the dark soil,

had again performed their miracle.

The whirr of machinery had ceased. The workers were given time to be quiet, time to absorb the significance of Christmas. Children, freed from schools, filled the air with merry laughter and with song. No man's hand was raised against any living thing and the terror-stricken wail of animal life about to be offered up in careless cruelty, had ceased to be.

Men had learned the democracy of heart and soul, that laughter, tears, birth, and the illusion of death, function alike in all. Barriers of class had long been burned away; there was no forced idleness. United by a brotherhood covering every phase of life, the people were ready to consider the true meaning of Christmas, reverently and intelligently enjoying this Holy Season.

With the falling dark of Christmas Eve, a blaze of candles rose, shining from the windows of every home and lighting the world with a soft lustre, and when midnight came great soft toned bells began to chime a deathless world-old chant. Doors and windows opened and one voice, then another, picked up the strain until each community became a center of melody whose waves swelled and spanned the distances that lay between. Then the doors and windows closed and the silent night watched over a people sleeping with peace and goodwill in their hearts.

The dawn of Christmas Day brought the pleasant stir of preparation in which men, women, and children joined happily, leaving no tired and wornout workers unable to enjoy the day's fulfillment. In the early hours of the afternoon, parents and children, friends and neighbors, gathered in each others' homes in honor of the Christmas Spirit, passing gifts from heart to heart—a word of appreciation definitely spoken, a wrong impression corrected, a pledge of loyalty and faith renewed, an offer of some service made.

The afternoon waned and once again soft-toned bells called the people to their temples. And now they gath-

ered, not as Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, but as one big family seeking harmony and truth. In each temple alike was told the story of Christmas as it symbolized the turn of the year in ancient times; and now, in reverence for that high moment when the life-giving Sun turned once more to bring birth and growth to man and nature, this time was set aside. The ancient perception had slipped into dogma and been dishonored by a sense of tumultuous holiday, chiefly marked by frantic celebration and commercialism. Now this perception too had passed away and an impulse toward the truth had reawakened. The temple taught that Christmas was a cosmic fact and that the people's duty lay in protecting this spiritual experience so that it might never again become only an opportunity for wanton spending and grotesque rivalry.

The simple services concluded, the people thronged around their Christmas trees—not slaughtered, transported children of the forest, taken in their sleep. These trees were growing things, each living in its own spot of earth, lovingly tended throughout the year. What wonder, then, that they were ready to do their best, ready to give with splendid vibrant spontaneity the whole of the tree spirit, of which their sudden bursting into stars of flame was but symbolic? Glad voices rang out in song and who shall say that plants and birds

and beasts did not join in the chorus of happy praise with man, their elder brother, who protected now and never slew?

So the day ended and the darkened houses again held their own who slept in harmony with life.



The Auroratone--Bringer of Beauty

By HASMICK VEE GOODELL



E who brings Beauty serves God nobly and well, for in its highest and truest sense, Beauty is the unquenchable glow of Spirit made visible or audible.

Elbert Hubbard, the American sage who so profoundly appreciated the divine mission of Beauty, penned a significant sentence when he wrote: "Beautiful sights, beautiful sounds, beautiful colors—how our hearts hunger for them!"

Today, the world as a whole needs beauty more than ever before. It needs to understand and use the perfection of God, as manifest in Beauty, to heal the many invisible wounds left by war.

We know that when the New Age comes into full fruition, the complete scientific use of light and color will be the means of correcting wrong conditions individually or en masse. Present day methods of healing which employ drugs and the knife will have passed into oblivion, supplanted by painless systems using light and color. This is a function of Beauty which will come into greater prominence in the future. Even now, the healing power of Beauty is beginning to come into its own. Workers of advanced consciousness in the fields of medicine and science have found that certain types of music and colors environing persons sick in body or mind, can and do produce beneficial effects.

This knowledge must eventually purify the so-called "popular" music of today. It is certainly in need of re-direction and re-dedication to its divine purpose. Since every sound creates a vibration for good or ill upon the hearer, it is little wonder that the mass of mankind struggles under the burden of diseased conditions—of their own making.

Truly, the creative forces of sound have been submerged in a chaos of cacophony. Having reached the nadir of

materiality, there is no other course for it but to go up the spiral, until music has been restored to its pristine dignity. Those perverted sounds known as swing or jive do not glorify the Creator or His handiwork. They are merely a medley of broken rhythms and discordant combinations of instrumentation.

Students of the occult accept the fact that all sentient things act like a sounding board, when clairaudiently contacted, echoing back the kind of auditory impulses man releases into the atmosphere. Think for a moment, then, what the terrific sounds of war imposed upon the plastic life currents in the manifest universe and in the human organism. Because of its highly organized, intensive nature, World War II left in its wake more shattered nerves and mental disorders than any previous conflict. The greatly perfected death-dealing instruments, paralleled by highly scientific means of staving off physical annihilation, created problems which tax the resources of ordinary remedial agents. As a result of their soul-shattering experiences, thousands of veterans still remain in hospitals, receiving the best of care, of course, but not always responding to it. When the etheric sense centers have been shocked out of balance, orthodox healing methods are oftentimes baffled. The delicately adjusted inter-action of mind upon the inner vehicles and the outer form has been strained to the breaking point by the appalling sights and sounds of combat. Many of these survivors, youths between twenty and thirty years of age, have an outlook that is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

Fortunately, there is a ray of light in this dire picture—a multicolored ray of blessed light and healing. Occult students will be gratified to know that in the field of rehabilitation a new factor

has entered, to cheer and illumine, to alleviate pain and distress. Into the constricted limits of human suffering comes the Auroratone!

What visions the very name evokes—bringing, as it does, a thrilling new world of color and melody into the drab monotones of enforced inaction. Minds torn asunder by the impact of war, minds which have become unhinged by the seeming struggles of daily existence, respond hungrily, gratefully, to the heavenly vistas revealed by the Auroratone. Slowly but surely its soothing floods of color and melody take possession of the onlookers attention until consciousness is saturated with the peace and glory which abide in God's perfect world. Feast your eyes even once on these exquisite tonal nuances synchronized with fine music, and other things will lose their importance by comparison. We do not mean to imply that the Auroratone takes the place of religion or physical treatment; rather, it fortifies and augments the usual, commonplace modes of healing.

Cecil Stokes, who was the channel through whom the Auroratone came into being, perfected the process after fifteen years' laboratory work. Not only do these "Music in Color" films delight the eye and ear, but they have been proved to have real therapeutic value. As a result of experiments carried on in institutions during late years, the government has sent Auroratone interpretations to hundreds of hospitals and clinics all over the world.

Not long ago, Mr. Stokes showed me letters from different cities where those in charge of the tests told of patients who had been in strait jackets, and who had been released from their confinement after a fifteen minute showing of the Auroratone. They were all mental cases, ranging from mild to violent cases of insanity.

Of special interest was a letter from Helen C. Flannery, 2nd Lieutenant, A. N. C., of the psychiatric and nursing staff at the Santa Ana Air Base where the Auroratone was in constant use dur-

ing the war. She wrote, in part,—

"We are constantly praying for the rapid and widespread use of Auroratone therapeutic films, the need of which becomes more conspicuously paramount as time goes on. The results through showing the Auroratone in even twenty minutes to half an hour with even extremely violent cases are beyond belief unless one were actually to witness it."

And an associate of Mr. Stokes', while traveling over the United States, expressed himself thus in a letter:

"I have seen again and again people who have come out of an Auroratone recital with tears in their eyes, overcome by the beauty and magnitude of what they had just witnessed; the feeling of calmness that so many have acquired after arriving there in a state of terrific nervousness; and the people who actually have been healed of their physical ailments."

That these healings were not due to chance or coincidence became apparent through a series of carefully controlled experiments conducted during August, 1945, under the supervision of the staff in an Army General Hospital. Auroratone films were used in addition to usual treatments—not as a substitute for them. A small number of patients, most of whom were considered beyond redemption, were carefully observed during this showing. Lack of adequate facilities and personnel restricted the making of more extensive observations with the Auroratone.

From a reprint of their report, we gather the following information:

Only one set of Auroratone films, recorded on 16 mm. film, using 16 mm. sound equipment and projector, was shown. The program consisted of "Clair de Lune," played by Andre Kostalanetz and symphony orchestra; "Going My Way," sung by Bing Crosby with organ accompaniment; "The Lost Chord," organ solo; "Home on the Range," sung by Bing Crosby with organ accompaniment; "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," organ solo; and Schubert's "Ave Maria," sung by Bing

Crosby with organ accompaniment.

Further quoting from the above report:

"The general aims of this experiment were to observe the effects of Auroratone films on patients with psychotic depressions in an Army General Hospital, to explore the dynamics underlying the observed behavior, and to use these films for purposes of psychotherapy. The presentation of the films was not compared with other methods of treatment, but was used as another means of treatment."

The report then details a number of case histories of individual patients, giving a brief resumé of the type of psychosis from which they were suffering, and the marked change for the better in several instances, during and after the Auroratone presentation. Besides observing improvement from mild to considerable in the patients, those in charge of this experiment noted certain definite reactions contrasting strongly with former behavior patterns of depression or agitation. Intense absorption in the Auroratone was evidenced by nearly all the patients, even after a number of showings. The patients became relaxed as the film showing continued, and most indications of despondency and nervousness disappeared during that time. Some were so improved that they returned to mental normalcy and were able to receive positive psychotherapy to complete their rehabilitation. The majority of them, when questioned after the pictorial presentation of the Auroratone, agreed that each time they saw these films, they got more out of it.

We may conclude from the foregoing that the Auroratone, with its ever-changing crystalline forms and jewel-like colors, synchronized with beautiful music, has a recognized therapeutic value in treating mental illnesses.

Several years ago a newspaper writer, in his column described his impression of an Auroratone recital. Among other things of interest, he made a comment worth repeating:

"The Auroratone brings into exist-

ence a new art form. There is no language adequately to describe these color-patterns, for nothing like them has ever been seen, except, perhaps, in deep dreams forgotten in the waking consciousness."

Indeed, it is this very dreamlike quality which fascinates the beholder, until the sense-world, with its imperfections and problems, becomes less and less important. Children are especially responsive to the Auroratone, for the child mind instinctively loves the bright, uplifting visual harmonies of these richly lovely colors and forms.

So, too, we obey the Master's injunction to "become as a little child" when we pass through portals human into realms divine, where our consciousness becomes one with that greater existence which ebbs and flows with ineffable grace, bathed in an ocean of color and waves of celestial melody. Such indeed, is the gift of the Auroratone, according to your degree of receptivity. Students of the Rosicrucian philosophy of life, understanding the hidden forces of Nature as the professed materialist does not, find the Auroratone educational as well as entertainment of a superior kind.

Of course, everyone—regardless of age or station in life—enjoys the glorious color-forms of these beautiful numbers, and benefits from the feeling of relaxation attained thereby. In fact, an outstanding feature of the Auroratone is its universal appeal, satisfying humanity's hunger for Beauty. Yet a far deeper and more lasting spiritual exaltation comes when coupled with a knowledge of the underlying significance of colors, for instance.

Briefly summarizing his laboratory experiments in the past twenty years, Cecil Stokes enlightens us as to the unique effects of various hues.

"I have found," he says, "that a certain shade of violet encourages the growth of bone. Indigo-green produces hydrocarbonates and body tissues. A certain shade of green produces vitality and strength; a shade of yellow restores a soothed state to the nerves, and so on

with different colors being used for different conditions."

In an explanatory talk preceding an Auroratone presentation last year, Mr. Stokes made mention of a wonderful new development in his invention, which he expects to have perfected and in use when conditions permit. He intends to produce an extension of Auroratone color-rays so that while the audience sees the moving patterns on the screen, they will at the same time be flooded with these colors projecting outward from the screen, and saturating all within the auditorium.

Though it may take a few years to become a reality, isn't it a blessing worth anticipating? May the time come soon when everyone may have that tremendous experience!

However, we have something to look forward to in the near future. A process by which Auroratone patterns can

be applied to textiles is being perfected. From these textiles, drapes for the home will be manufactured, in addition to scarves and neckties for men, and wearing apparel for the ladies.

Imagine yourself wearing an afternoon or evening gown of white silk upon which has been imprinted an exquisite Auroratone pattern from some well-loved musical composition. You would literally be "clothed in a song!"

Still another application of Auroratone may be getting under way before long. When that comes forth, you will be able to buy luncheon cloths and dinnerware having reproductions of original Auroratone patterns. Simple food, served on this type of ware, will be glorified by the color themes of your favorite musical composition or song.

Truly, Cecil Stokes, bringer of Beauty through his Auroratone, serves God nobly and well.

Samaritan

By KATHARINE HILLWOOD POOR



I RUSHED to the wood in an agony of misery. Never would I return to that bondage, it was forever over. Hours I walked, ran, stumbled, heedless of direction, feeling only that I must get far, far away. In the darkness I tripped, stepped out into nothingness and knew no more.

Early morning it was when I recovered consciousness. Sunrise was faintly penetrating the dimness. I tried to rise, fell back, tried again, stood up. My arm hung useless. It was hurt, my shoulder torn. Walking slowly, I came to an open place, could see in the distance some sort of building. Then the pain surged through me and I fainted.

A voice aroused me: "Come, try to stand. I will help you." An arm was around me and I felt strength and vitality pour into me so that I could walk

again. A tall woman of middle age with remarkable dark eyes and hair and a face of rose and ivory was at my side assisting me. At length, moving slowly, we reached her house.

Coming into this house was like entering a shrine. Not at first could my impression be defined. Slowly it permeated my being until I became aware that I was standing upon holy ground. It was not a large house but adequate for the two persons who lived in it. Sparsely furnished, yet each piece of furniture filled its required purpose and more would have been superfluous. Entrance was from a porch through a side door opening into a long, low living room, one end dominated by a large fireplace. In the fireplace burned a fire that seemed to emit living energy. I was impressed that this fire was never al-

lowed to go out—was undying. Bookcases on either side reached to the ceiling.

A grand piano with music racks stood at the other end of the room. At once it was evident that music was the master influence in this home. Three large davenports, tables, comfortable, easy chairs, heightened the general feeling of livableness. Between doors and windows were more bookcases, ceiling high, filled with books on music, biography, philosophy, science, and a sprinkling of good fiction and poetry.

Lights were placed to be unobtrusive but effective. Hard overhead lighting was absent. Two paintings on the wall above the fireplace burned into my consciousness. They were heads, portraits, whether real or imaginary I did not know. In beauty and nobility of feature and coloring they were far beyond ordinary painting. Just to look at them brought a feeling of rest, of peace. I learned that the woman, Madame Elizabeth Erhlon, was the painter.

Words are inadequate rightly to picture this room. Spiritual atmosphere defies verbal description. Intimate acquaintance disclosed that the rest of the house was in keeping with this living room which set the motif. The painter's studio was in a separate building and rates its own eulogy. The entire house seemed to radiate layers of impression, feeling, strata of knowledge, some strong and forceful, others vague and delicate, yet the separate impact of each was clear cut and distinguishable. To one of intuitive perceptions, encountering a place like this was a remarkable experience. I thought, *here is the ideal place I've dreamed of.*

Madame Erhlon said: "Lie down upon that couch and I will fix you up." My outer garments were removed. She brought hot water and soothing balms, and dressed and bandaged the lacerated arm and shoulder. They were not broken. I was given a draught of some very potent and warming drink. Relief from my intense pain came immediately and I slept.

Much later I awoke to wonderful strains of music, a Beethoven sonata, coming from master hands upon the piano. All pain forgotten, I listened with ecstasy to a super rendition of the music of the great master. Without raising my head I could see that the musician was a man whose noble head and features marked his supremacy. His shock of white hair seemed an actual crown of glory.

It was strongly borne in upon me what two together in true polarity—this man and this woman—had done to make a habitation upon earth of such quality. Only great love and perfect harmony could produce such an atmosphere. I—of the earth earthy—had been brought here through physical accident, so-called. I was gratified to realize that I could sense what it was that existed here in such high measure.

Dr. Erhlon ceased playing and came to stand beside me. "You are awake? It seemed you might sleep longer. I hope you're feeling better." His voice and smile were magic itself.

"Please, please, play more. It will make me well. I love it so." It came to me slowly that this was Monsieur Jacques Erhlon, piano virtuoso.

"Very well," he smiled, "go to sleep again." Then came the beautiful strains, toning softly and soothingly with supreme beauty. I sank into sleep with these words vibrating through my consciousness, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," "wounded in body and soul and these wounds ye healed."


I remained with these blessed two made one for time sufficient to restore my ills, both of body and of Spirit. They showed me a new way of life, the way to Peace. I returned to the world with renewed vigor to fight a winning battle and to make myself over into something more than I had ever been before. I had learned the secret of Peace; man's lower self transmuted, blended into his higher self and through this union well on the way to that which "passeth all understanding.

To Him That Hath an Ear

By VERNIE McNARY

*"Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies."*

—James Russell Lowell.

 ONIGHT in some strange way she came back to me—tonight as I listened to the wind blowing about the dark walls of the hospital in which I have been convalescing. She came back bringing the fragrance of Cameron Wood and my bright world of yesterday. The years slipped backward and once more I heard the minister's wife speaking to Mother, "She's such a tiny wisp of a thing—seems as though the wind would blow her away."

Tiny wisp of a thing she was, with eyes like violets in Cameron Wood. Standing by the gate in the warm spring sunshine, I watched her running up the hill, her scarlet cape blowing in the wind—and as I watched it seemed that her feet scarcely touched the ground.

I called in a small voice, "Where are you going, Jeanie?"

"Just over the hill. Want to go along, Robbie?"

"May I go with Jeanie, Mother?" I begged.

And Mother coming to the door called back, "Take good care of him, Jeanie."

I can still feel her hand in mine and hear her saying, "It's always when the wind blows. It's like the wind is calling me—and I must go."

"What does it say, Jeanie?" I asked, puzzled but believing.

"I don't know, Robbie. It takes me away. I just must go."

"I like the wind, too, Jeanie." I lifted my face to the fresh breeze, and holding her hand I felt so light—as if my own feet scarcely touched the ground.

"Sometimes, Robbie, when the wind blows, I see a little house on top of a high hill. There are tall trees standing by and all around are roses and roses."

"Maybe it's your home, Jeanie."

"Only I haven't any home, Robbie," she answered, her small chin quivering.

"But now you have, Jeanie."

"Yes, now I have. Only sometimes I feel like—Oh, Robbie, I feel like I don't belong anywhere."

But these gray moods never lasted. At the top of Glendower Hill we stood together looking down on Cameron Lake while Jeanie chanted in a clear high voice.

*"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful
world,*

*With the wonderful water 'round
you curled."*

There was music in Jeanie's voice as she chanted. I chanted, too—and it seemed the whole world chanted. Everything moved on a song.

"The wonderful air is over me

*And the wonderful wind is shaking
the tree."*

The tall firs swayed above us as we hunted flowers in Cameron Wood. "They all have little faces," Jeanie said, holding a small white flower. "It's the 'Star of Bethlehem,' Robbie. See it has a little star face! It's named for the star that shone over the place where the little Lord Jesus lay!"

"How could the star come so close, Jeanie?" I wanted to know.

"Stars come close, Robbie."

"Oh, no, Jeanie," I said. "Stars can't come close. Stars are way up in the sky."

"Only sometimes, Robbie, the sky is

close—like now—so close I could dance away over the stars.”

“Oh, Jeanie!” I held her hand tight in mine. “Don’t ever, *ever* go away.”

Sometimes, like then, I felt that she was slipping away from me as the bright spring days were slipping away into summer. Something lovely and fragile was drifting away from me into the Somewhere—and I could not follow.

Yet there was strength and courage in her frailty—as on the day when sorrow touched the blooming hawthorne tree at the gate of the manse. I couldn’t bear to look at the tiny bird pierced on a thorn. But Jeanie took it. She held it cupped in her hands. She didn’t say a word, but at that moment her eyes were the deep gray of the sea.

“Don’t cry, Robbie,” she said. “We’ll bury him under the hawthorne tree.”

“Why did the thorn have to hurt him, Jeanie? He was only singing and being happy.”

She didn’t answer for a moment, her eyes gray and sorrowful.

“Why, Jeanie?” I asked again.

She seemed to be listening. “It seems like I hear his happy little song,” she said softly.

“Where, Jeanie? In heaven?” I persisted.

“I don’t know,” she said. “Only somewhere—and he’s all right.” She was looking toward the west where the sky had turned a deep crimson.

* * *

Autumn came to the hillside and Cameron Wood. Together we watched the leaves turn red and gold—then fall. The year was dying and on a cold winter evening when a bitter wind blew around the manse—Jeanie slipped away from her frail body.

“Jeanie went to sleep, Robbie,” Mother said quietly.

I felt a sudden tightness in my throat. “You mean I’ll never see Jeanie any more, Mother?”

Mother’s eyes looking into mine held

shadows. For a moment the room seemed dark and still. Jeanie was gone—and she had taken with her our beautiful world. Nothing would ever be the same again. Then suddenly I remembered. I saw her standing under the firs in Cameron Wood. In her hand was a small white flower. “Only sometimes, Robbie, the sky is close—”

“Mother,” I said. “Jeanie didn’t die. She never died really. She just went away over the stars.”

I felt Mother’s arms tight about me. “Yes, Robbie,” she whispered. “Jeanie just went away over the stars.”

* * *

I was thinking of Jeanie tonight as I lay listening to the wind blowing about the dark walls of the hospital and in the rising storm I heard her voice again—

“Only I haven’t any home. Sometimes it seems like I don’t belong anywhere.”

And as I listened her voice became the voice of a great multitude crying out in a lost world. The winds of hatred were blowing across the earth—and suddenly I was afraid. There was no peace tonight—no peace in all the world!

It was then I saw her standing beside me—with eyes the deep gray of the sea. “Don’t be afraid, Robbie. The wind is calling—and you must follow—follow the Star!” In her voice was a great stillness. All about me was a great stillness.

“I hear,” I cried, “And I see, Jeanie! It is the Christ Star shining over the Path that leads to peace and joy. All the nations of the world must follow His Path.”

* * *

When I awakened the storm had ceased and the breeze coming through the window was fresh and sweet as though it came from mountain heights. She was gone, but in the moonlight I saw it shining upon my pillow—the small white flower in the form of a star.

Letters to My Missing Son

By GRACE WILLEY WAKEMAN

At the time I wrote these letters I had no idea of having them published. The writing of them brought my son very close to me in spirit, and, too, I wished to keep a record of the vivid dreams I had concerning him. However, during the summer of 1946, the Inner Voice kept telling me that God wanted me to have them published. Finally, I decided that no matter how much it hurt, I must be disobedient no longer.—THE AUTHOR.

(NINTH INSTALLMENT)

November 29, 1945

Darling Bill:

I dreamed again that you were home. I saw you so plainly. You and Ted had been out skiing. You looked heavier set than Ted, really quite big. I could see that you were quite exhausted, so I went up to you and put my arms around you, saying, "Come and lie down, you must go easy for a little while. You know you haven't been as well fed recently as the rest of us." When I awakened I felt that dream was a warning for me to pray for supply for you, so I did.

Again I pray for you, dear, and all those who walk with you and love you, knowing the mantle of God's love is very wide. "May God bless, feed, clothe, and shelter you, dear, now and always, wherever you are or whatever you are doing. You are divinely supplied with all good things, you are divinely protected, divinely guided, and divinely healed and delivered, for God is in you, all around you, and all is well. It is so now. I thank Thee, Father, that it is now done. I thank Thee, dear God, that I can trust Thee to look after Bill, because I now place him anew in Thy loving hands." Amen.

Lovingly, Mother.

November 30, 1945

Dearest:

Many, many happy returns, Bill dear. This is your twenty-fourth birthday. I am making a birthday cake for you, as I have done each of the birthdays you have been away. May God bless you abundantly. I keep looking and looking for you to come home. "I thank Thee, God, that I know Bill is coming home sometime, whenever it is Thy holy will. May we all learn our lessons soon." Let God have His way with you, dear.

Love, Mother.

* * * * *

December 8, 1945

Dear Bill:

I dreamed last night of a missing man coming home with a baby boy, about four or six months old. There didn't appear to be a wife or mother, although to me it seemed that the baby belonged to the man. In a vague way it appeared to be you, Bill, and it seemed the mother of the child had died. The man was rather sad. I feel that this is something I should pray about. Mothers shouldn't have to die and leave their babies.

Your Mother.

* * * * *

December 17, 1945

Dearest Bill:

Last night I dreamed of you. I saw dimly an airplane and I heard a voice say, "This is a Canadian Bomber. Take it and go home. And you don't have to bring it back." That was all I saw or heard. I am sorry to say that in my dream, I did not rejoice. I felt fear that perhaps you had forgotten how to fly. I failed that time. I should have applied the power of God to the circumstance immediately, in the steadfast faith that *all* things are possible with God. I now declare and decree through

the power of the Christ-self in me, working in and through and with the Christ-self in the pilot, whoever, he may be, that all success, efficiency and safety is his now. Amen.

Love, Mother.

* * * * *

9:45 P.M., February 14, 1946

Dear Bill:

Ted's wife, Irene, arrived from England today. Dad and I feel that it is a red letter day in our lives. We all went to the depot to meet her but as the arrival of the train was announced, Dad and I let Ted go to greet her alone. We watched from afar.

Dad saw her before I did.

"There she is!" he exclaimed. Then I picked her out, too, as she came down the stairs looking all about for Ted. Her face lit up as she saw him. What a little girl she looked as she ran into Ted's waiting arms! She had not seen Ted in civilian clothes before, so it wasn't so easy for her to pick him out.

Dad and I recognized her from her wedding pictures.

As she greeted us with, "Hello, Mom, Hello, Dad," I thought I had not heard such a sweet husky voice as hers before. And her English accent is perfectly delightful. We think she has the most beautiful, large, dark-blue eyes any poet ever sang about.

At last Dad and I have the daughter we have always wanted. God bless her. God bless them both.

If you were only home, Bill, my mother heart would be wholly satisfied.

Love,

Mother.

* * * * *

April 19, 1946

Dear Bill:

I was visiting one of the women of our prayer circle this afternoon and she told me about quite a remarkable dream she had had.

Her husband had been ill for some time. In her dream she seemed to have him on her mind. She was holding her hands out before her and looking at her

spread fingers, when she heard a voice say, very distinctly:

"All matter has atoms in it and they can heal if Divinely blest."

She asked me what I thought about it. We came to the conclusion that through prayer and massage we could heal. The only way I know to have anything "Divinely blest" is by praying for God's blessing to manifest in and through it. In Bible times Christ and His disciples healed by the laying on of hands. When I was a child I heard of several of the clergy who employed this method of Divine healing. My father did. I thought then, that these clergymen were especially gifted with healing power. But now I believe that healing power is something any one can develop through prayer and meditation and righteous living. People who appear to have been born with a gift of healing are people who developed it in some past existence. You see, in the Divine plan of life, no good thing is ever lost. Whatever of good we learn and develop in one existence comes through with us as a gift when we reincarnate.

Because of that dream, I think we should bless the atoms in our fingers for healing power.

I wonder what is holding you, dear. I thought you would be home before now. I am not able to contact you in thought as frequently now. Are you deliberately trying not to think of me, because you know that I can pick up your thoughts, and you have the idea that you will never be free to come home?

I am thinking about the time you were in training in Scotland. Do you remember my writing and asking you what made you so terribly depressed on January the ninth? In the middle of that day, as I went about my work, suddenly, I knew that something had hurt you terribly. Your depression stayed with me for three days and I kept praying for you all the time. When I received your answer you said that one of your

(Continued on page 568)

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings

The Web of Destiny

(SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT)

The Function of Desire (Continued)



IRAM ABIFF, the master mason, being unable to blend the warring elements, saw with unspeakable sorrow the destructive eruption of his attempted masterpiece. While he was watching the battle of the spirits in the fire and water, Tubal Cain, his ancestor, appeared and bade him jump into the seething mass. He was then conducted to the center of the earth where he met his first ancestor, Cain, who gave him *a new word and a new hammer* which would enable him, when he had become skilled in the use thereof, to blend the antagonistic elements and make from them the Philosopher's Stone, the highest possible human achievement.

There is in this symbolical story more wisdom than could be given in volumes concerning human soul growth. If the student will read between the lines and meditate upon these various symbolical expressions, he will gain much more than can ever be said, for true wisdom is always generated interiorly and the mission of books is only to give a clue.

Since this ancient time the lunar Angels have taken charge principally of the moist, aqueous vital body composed of the four ethers and concerned in the



propagation and nourishment of the species, while the Lucifer Spirits are singularly active in the dry and fiery desire vehicles. The function of the vital body is to build and sustain the dense body, while that of the desire body involves destruction of the tissues. Thus, there is a constant war going on between the desire and vital bodies, and it is this war in heaven that causes our physical consciousness on earth.

Through many lives we have worked in every age and clime, and from each life we have extracted a certain amount of experience, garnered and stored as vibratory power in the seed atoms of our various vehicles. Thus, each of us is a builder, building the temple of the immortal Spirit without sound of hammer; each one is a Hiram Abiff, gathering material for soul growth and throwing it in the furnace of his life-experience, there to be worked upon by the fire of passion and desire. It is being slowly but surely melted, the dross is being purged in every purgatorial experience, and the quintessence of soul growth is being extracted through many lives. Every one of us is thus preparing for initiation—preparing whether we know it or not—learning to blend the fiery passions with the softer, gentler emotions. The new hammer or gavel wherewith the master workman rules his subordinates is now a cross of sorrow, and the new word is *self-control*.

*The Color Effects of Emotion in
Assemblages of People—The
Isolating Effect of Worry*

Let us now see how the desire body changes under the varying feelings, desires, passions, and emotions, so that we may learn to build wisely and well the mystic temple wherein we dwell.

When we study one of the so-called physical sciences, such as anatomy or architecture, which deals with *tangible things*, our task is facilitated by the fact that we have words which describe the things whereof we treat, but even then the mental picture conceived by a word differs with each individual. When we speak of a "bridge," one may make a mental picture of a million dollar iron structure; another may think of a plank across a streamlet.

The difficulty which we experience in conveying accurate impressions of our meaning increases apace when we attempt to convey ideas concerning Nature's intangible forces, such as electricity. We measure the strength of the current in volts, the volume in amperes, and the resistance of the conductors in ohms, but, as a matter of actual fact, such terms are only inventions to cover up our ignorance of the matter. We all know what a pound of coffee is, but the world's greatest scientist has no more accurate conception of what the volts, amperes, and ohms are of which he so learnedly discourses than the schoolboy who hears these terms for the first time.

What wonder then that superphysical subjects are described in vague and often misleading terms, for we have no words in any physical language which will accurately describe these subjects, and one is almost helpless and utterly at a loss for descriptive terms wherewith to express oneself regarding them. If it were possible to throw colored moving pictures of the desire body upon the screen and there show how this restless vehicle changes contour and color ac-

cording to the emotions, even then it would not give an adequate understanding to any one who was not capable of seeing these things himself, for the vehicles of every single human being differ from the vehicles of all others in the way they respond to certain emotions. That which causes one to feel intense love, hate, anger, fear, or any other emotion may leave another entirely untouched.

The writer has a number of times watched crowds for the purpose of comparison in this respect, and has always found something startlingly new and different from what had hitherto been observed. On one occasion a demagogue was endeavoring to incite a labor union to strike; he was very much excited himself, and though the basic color of deep orange was perceivable, it was for the time being almost obliterated by a scarlet color of the brightest hue; the contour of his desire body was like the body of a porcupine with its quills sticking out. There was a strong element of opposition in the place, and as he talked one could clearly distinguish the two factions by the colors of their respective auras. One set of men showed the scarlet of anger, but in the other set this color was intermingled with a grey, the color of fear.

It was also remarkable that, although the grey men were in the majority, the others carried the day, for each timid one believed himself alone or at least with very few supporters, and was therefore afraid to vote for or express his opinion. If one who was able to see this condition had been present and had gone to each one who manifested in his aura the signs of dissension, and had given him the assurance that he was one of a majority, the tide would have turned in the opposite direction. It is often so in human affairs, for at the present time the majority are unable to see beneath the surface of the physical body and thus to perceive the true state of the thoughts and feelings of others.

(To be continued)

Studies in the Cosmo-Conception

This department is devoted to a study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy by the Socratic Method, the material being taken from The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception.

The Star of Bethlehem

Q. When did the Star of Bethlehem appear?

A. The Star of Bethlehem is said to have appeared at the time of the birth of Jesus and to have guided the three Wise Men to the Savior.

Q. What was the meaning of this Star?

A. Every mystic knows the "Star"—yes, and the "Cross" also—not only as symbols connected with the life of Jesus and Christ Jesus, but in his own personal experience. Paul says: "Until Christ be formed in you."

Q. Does this apply to all mankind?

A. Under the "old dispensation" it did not but at the moment the blood flowed on Golgotha "the veil of the Temple was rent," and ever since that time whosoever will seek admittance will surely find it.

Q. What is the relation of the Sun to such spiritual development?

A. In the Temples of Mystery the Hierophant taught his pupils that there is in the Sun a spiritual as well as a physical force. The physical force in the rays of the Sun is the fecundating principle in nature. It causes the growth of the plant world and thereby sustains the animal and human kingdoms.

Q. When does this physical solar energy reach its highest expression?

A. In midsummer, when the days are longest and the nights are shortest because the rays of the Sun then fall directly on the Northern Hemisphere.

Q. How does this relate to the spiritual solar energy?

A. At that time the spiritual forces are the most inactive.

Q. When are the spiritual forces strongest?

A. In December, during the long winter nights, the physical force of the

Sun is dormant and the spiritual forces reach their maximum degree of activity. The night between the 24th and the 25th of December is The Holy Night, par excellence, of the entire year.

Q. Where is the Sun at that time?

A. To the people of the Northern Hemisphere, where all our present day religions originated, the Sun is directly below the earth; and the spiritual influences are strongest, in the north, at midnight of the 24th of December.

Q. What special opportunity did this provide?

A. It was then easiest for those who wished to take a definite step toward initiation to get in touch with the spiritual Sun especially for the first time.

Q. How was this accomplished?

A. The pupils who were ready for initiation were taken in hand by the Hierophants of the Mysteries, and by means of ceremonies performed in the Temple, were raised to a state of exaltation wherein they transcended physical conditions.

Q. What did they see?

A. To their spiritual vision, the solid earth became transparent and they saw the Sun at midnight—"The Star!" It was not the physical Sun they saw with spiritual eyes, however, but the Spirit in the Sun—the Christ—their spiritual Savior, as the physical Sun was their physical Savior.

Q. How does this apply today?

A. When the noise and confusion of physical activity are quieted, the modern mystic enters into his closet and seeks the way to the King of Peace. The Blazing Star is ever there to guide him and his soul hears the prophetic song, "On earth Peace, Goodwill toward men."

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 389-391)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

"Life and Peace"



For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.

For to be carnally minded is death: but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

—Romans 8:5-9.

Only those who have caught a glimpse of the deep inner satisfaction and joy that come from spiritual living can fully appreciate the profound truths contained in this inspiring message from the pen of the consecrated Paul. This devoted disciple of the Christ knew the need of keeping before the converts to the new faith the high standards of living which they had embraced. Theirs was no longer the material, carnal world, but the world of the eternal values of the Spirit. "The Spirit of Christ" had been awakened in these pioneers and a new Way was being shown them. The light and beauty of this Way had been fully revealed to St. Paul, and it was his delight to share this revelation with both Jew and Gentile.

The focusing of the mind on the realities of the spiritual plane is a task that confronts every spiritual aspirant—not an easy one, as every neophyte well knows. In *The Cosmo-Conception* it is pointed out that "When the division of the Sun, Moon, and Earth took place, in the early part of the Lemurian Epoch, the more advanced portion of humanity-in-the-making experienced a division of the desire body into a higher and a

lower part. The rest of humanity did likewise in the early part of the Atlantean Epoch. This higher part of the desire body became a sort of animal soul. It built the cerebro-spinal nervous system and the voluntary muscles, by that means controlling the lower part of the threefold body until the link of mind was given. Then the mind 'coalesced' with this animal soul and became co-regent. The mind is thus bound up in desire; is enmeshed in the selfish lower nature, making it difficult for the Spirit to control the body. The focusing mind, which should be the ally of the higher nature, is alienated by and in league with the lower nature—enslaved by desire."

The race religions were given to man by his divine Guardians so that he might overcome the desire body and gain control of the mind, but with the coming of the Christ a wider, more glorious vista was opened. To replace the separative race religions, the all-embracing religion of the Christ was given, so that the unifying Principle of Love might be awakened in the heart of every human being and an age of universal brotherhood made possible.

Thus have we been shown the way "home." We, as children of our Divine Creator, have wandered far afield into the byways and illusions of materiality, but the Path of Love and Service, symbolized by the Christ Child, now beckons us to return to the fold of our Father. Our minds, carnal and enmeshed in desire, have been led by the motives for human action offered by the material world: personal love, wealth, power, and fame, but now the love for which we must long is that only which is of the soul and embraces all beings, increasing in proportion to the

(Continued on page 555)



Astrology Department

Around the Planetary Peace Table

By MARGUERITE A. WING

HUNDER rolled along the horizon for one final drumbeat. Lightning tore the heavens asunder and lit the solemn faces of the Planetary Lords gathered about the peace table.

Just then Mars came running in, with his helmet askew and his scarlet mantle ballooning behind him. In one quick move he unbuckled his mighty sword and sent it clattering into a far corner. Then he sat down near Mercury, the silver winged, and said loudly, "War is hardly through for a time; smoke is barely cleared from the fields of battle, and a peace conclave is called! What we need is action, not so much talk!"

Saturn, entering on the stroke of the cosmic hour, as became the Keeper of Time, bent a grave glance upon the impetuous Lord of Mars.

"Cease this rash frivolity!" he commanded. "'Tis time you attended the School of Wisdom, brother. Since when has action minus thought ever brought good? Talk in itself may be childish, but talk with a dedicated purpose moves worlds."

Lady Moon drew a wisp of cloud veil across her slim shoulders and said with mild patience, "Wait as I do, Young Lord, for the Old Ones to speak. Have you not caused enough damage with your undisciplined action? When all have contributed, then I, the Intermediary, shall do my part to fructify the seeds of peace among the men of the earth."

When the Lady Moon had ceased speaking, the kingly Sun arose, in a whirl of golden cloud draperies, and majestically advanced from his throne to the table. In royal tones he spoke:

"We meet to give our gifts to the planet Earth, so that peace shall become a reality in the hearts of her people. The Evil Powers have led them into the depths of selfishness and wickedness, but now great sorrow and suffering have brought them to a realization of the folly of war. Peace shall come to earth!"

He paused and drew from his hand a great ring of a single ruby, so radiant that it spilled sun fire in all directions, gloriously.

"This ring I give to symbolize the *healing* our suffering Earth must have before life can replace the death that follows selfishness. I bring her *confidence* in the power of *good, prosperity* and *success* in right living. Take my life-giving gift, O Sorrowful Star. Weep no more! Arise!"

Then they heard a deep sigh as of one ceasing from bitter weeping, faintly borne upon the dawn wind, and they knew Earth was aware of the giving of the First Gift.

Now stately Jupiter came forward, his flowing robes shining with the blue of heaven. He placed upon the table a huge tin-covered tome, heavily inlaid with gleaming turquoise and amethyst, and filled the far corners of the heav-

only hall with sonorous tones of noble kindness as he spoke:

"I bring my gift for peace on Earth in this symbol of truth and wisdom—found only in realms above the material. May our torn and bleeding sister planet use well my gift and build wiser in years to come, for no peace is permanent unless erected upon the truths of Spirit." He faced the outer space which lay beyond and held out his mighty arms. "O Earth sister, here is my gift. Learn to walk happily in the ways of the higher self."

Then through the darkness beyond came a faint glow, pulsing brighter and ever brighter, glad news that the Earth took new heart as she received the Second Gift.

Next came Saturn, with indigo garments contrasting strangely with the smooth chaste white of the onyx covered leaden box held between his knotted hands. Placing the box upon the table, he said slowly:

"I bring you new foundations made from the stern lessons of *experience* — *endurance*, *patience*, and *chastity*. Build well with my gift,

for I, the great Reaper, will require full payment at some future day. My gift I offer freely, yet you cannot partake of its treasures unless you learn to obey the laws of the universe. I sift you and weigh you, O people of Earth. Learn, and my gift will prove rich. Resist, and it shall bring only pain."

Slowly the bent figure moved to his seat. There was a dead silence. Then from Earth came a groan, for the Third Gift was as myrrh of the Magi giving.

From her chair of yellow roses now stepped the gracious Venus. Tiny cupids smilingly carried her lustrous golden train. Flowers sprang up at the touch of her fairy feet. Bluebirds flew

about her. Her beautiful eyes shone softly as she glided near the table. She held an exquisite vase of gleaming copper, richly studded with agates, emeralds, opals, and diamonds, which she placed with the other gifts as she spoke in tones sweet and gentle.

"Here is my gift. Take it to your heart and cherish it, O Sad Planet, for with it comes harmony and affection—magnetic powers that will dissolve the germs of hate and make your hearts new. Here, O Sister, is *love*!"

And now, as the far light grew, a sudden soft music began within the changing vibrations of the Earth's aura. It was a sign of the receiving of the Fourth Gift.

Then Mars arose slowly, bent forward and picked up his sword. His beetling brows wrinkled with intense thought. Then his proud face cleared. He strode forward, holding out the shining sword, as his voice rang like a bugle call.

"Take my sword, brothers. I need it no longer, since peace comes to reign. With it I pledge my *organizing genius*, my *unconquer-*

able courage, and my *boundless energy*. I give this sword of steel to be forged into things that bless instead of curse. . . . Long ago, O Sister Earth, I would have given this had you called it forth. Now, with a brave spirit and dauntless strength, strive forward in eternal progress."

He ceased as all the Planetary Lords broke into spontaneous applause, nodding their heads in deep approval. Down the distant wind came a mighty choral of human voices, as though men were united in singing a thanksgiving. The rosy light was now shot through with sparkles of diamond blue; the tense heavy atmosphere was lifting.

STELLAR VIBRATIONS

Each sign of the zodiac, as well as each planet, is the body of a great spiritual Intelligence, radiating streams of force having powers and colors peculiar to its nature, which are imparted to the beings with whom it labors. Thus there is a genuine science of mineralogical correspondences, each group of minerals vibrating to a certain keynote which blends with the vibrations of the particular sign and planet with which it is most nearly attuned.

Then came Uranus with a mantle of rainbow blue tipped in crystal points of light so blindingly bright that none could bear to look long upon it. He carried in his mighty arms a chest of chalcedony and opal—brilliant and strangely fascinating as it gleamed through his Aquarian aura. He set it down amid the gifts on the table and unclasped the lock. Instantly out shot a magnificent rainbow which hung in the air like a shimmering miracle of God.

"This is my gift," said he. "The rainbow of hope for the grace of *brotherhood* which has at last come to the Earth. In this prism of color lies the source-root of every country's flag based on *liberty, truth, and justice*. I give my gift in the new awakening of all peoples to unity and equality, making a world government possible. With my lightning I purged you, O Sorrowful Star. Now through my vision let me raise you up to that peace in Christ that passeth all understanding."

The challenging words faded, but the rainbow grew in brightness, bent to stretch over immeasurable space, and came to rest upon the distant Earth. Then could be heard the ineffably sweet tones of the astral chimes ringing in the giving of the Sixth Gift.

Now Neptune moved forward with magical grace, his robes of iridescence and silver melting and breaking like waves of foam, his crown blazing with light. In his hands he bore a shining trident of platinum, set with aquamarines and corals of mystic beauty.

"Lo! my gift is this, great Lords!" came the luring music of his voice. "A realization of divinity—an ideal of men to become gods! I bring initiation for those who thus seek the way of divine awareness. In the offering of this gift, I lift you up, O Sister Earth, so that you may know the wonders of divinity!"

Upon this, there came a great symphonic music out of the mysterious void so vast, so overwhelming, as to sweep through the Hall in waves of unearthly

beauty that made every heart tremble for the joy that it envisioned. The stars were singing their great cosmic upswelling to the Father-Mother Spirit.

And this was the giving of the mystic Seventh Gift.

Up strode the dark Lord Pluto, in dusky red garments cunningly woven in black with mysterious designs. From his somber brow a polished lodestone emanated terrifying sparks of fire; a jewel of gleaming malachite and red jasper looked out from his breast like a huge eye. He held his cupped hands closed, then slowly opened them as he whispered the words. "See! I give the *seed* which all must plant. Herein lies the mystery of birth, death, and regeneration. I give it, though I know Earth man is yet unable to realize the fullness of its message. I must give it so that man may be taught the mysteries of transmutation and thus be prepared to use the secrets yet to be revealed to him. Take this seed, O men of Earth, and in its planting pray to see life in truth—

Your Child's Horoscope

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR
A READING

Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either new or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to a chance for a reading of a child's horoscope in this department. Character and vocational delineations are made for applicants of any age up to 14. The names are drawn by lot each month, but unless there is an unusually large number of applications you may have more than one opportunity for a drawing. Application for reading should be sent in when the subscription is made or renewed.

Data required are name, sex, birth-place, and year, month and date of birth, also hour and minute as nearly as possible. *If Daylight Saving Time was in effect this should be stated.*

We do not read horoscopes for money and we give astrological readings only in this magazine. We teach, however, the reading of horoscopes in our Correspondence Courses, notice of which appears elsewhere in this issue.

life transmuted from the base to realms divine. Carefully tend the seed Pluto gives you!"

Came now a sound as of a giant seed breaking through the crust of ground with its new-sprouting power . . . and from that far spot gleamed a tiny gold ray. This was the giving of the Eighth Gift.

Into the pregnant silence now stepped Mercury, with his staff of climbing wisdom, winged shoes, and silver cap. Light as flashing quicksilver were his brilliant words that made such a contrast to the gloomy Lord of Death.

"I bear a gift as invisible as air!" he cried. "I shall give to the people of our Sister Planet a pair of wings to lift their minds, to give them a memory of all they have seen and an image to create what they will become. By means of my gift men shall use thought and reason, and never again give credence to the madness of war! O Earth Star, I give you these wings!"

He flung wide his arms, and a pair of wings, resembling a violet and golden butterfly, flashing with crystals, seemed to fly down to rest among the other gifts.

From the Earth came a clear murmur of approval. And this was the giving of the Ninth Gift.

Finally came the Lady Moon, in flowing robes of green and silver, flecked with pale moonstones and opalescent pearls. Her fair face glowed with an inner radiance as she floated light as a moonbeam to the pile of noble gifts given by the Planetary Lords.

With one sweep of her bright arms, she embraced these symbolic offerings, and cried, "Now, at last I may give my gift! Through my magic touch the children of Earth shall receive your gifts and nurture them to full maturity in their hearts. Angels shall attend them until they come to join the ranks of the gods. Peace flows in the music of my moonlight . . . wisdom, peace, love, and brotherhood. Here are your gifts, O Sister Earth!"

She rose to a magnificent height, with stars in her compassionate eyes and trailing moon clouds far behind her, gathered all the glory of the heavens to her tender bosom where rested the treasure of a lordly host, and then descended with the speed of light into the dimness until she was naught but a spark in the outer spaces.

Came a long and vibrant hush . . . Then spoke a Voice from the infinite heights above:

"Peace on earth . . . good will to men."

"LIFE AND PEACE"

(Continued from page 551)

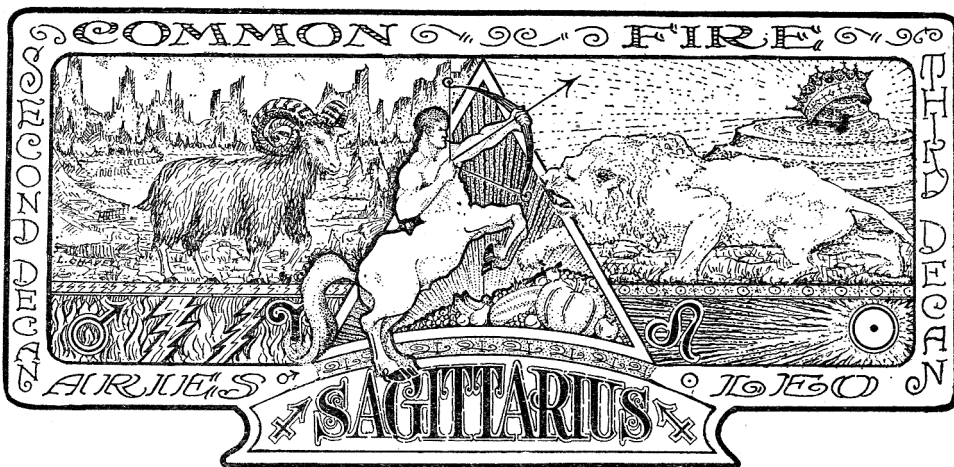
needs of the recipient; the wealth, that which consists solely of abundance of opportunities to serve our fellow men; the power, that alone which makes for the upliftment of humanity; the fame, none save that which increases our ability to spread the gospel of Christ, that all who seek may find the Way.

The Holy Season of Christmas comes as a golden opportunity and invitation to all men to seek the upward Way, illuminated by the flaming Light of the Christ Love. May the hearts of humanity the world over respond to this mighty wave of Power so that they may enter into "life and peace."

OUR FEATURE PAGE

For the drawing from which was made the cut used on our feature page this month, we are indebted to a talented student, Hubert L. Goodrich, of Ranier, Oregon. This friend, expressing the view that "our channels open up only through use," has graciously presented us with a number of drawings. His loving co-operation in the Work is deeply appreciated.

ERRATUM: We regret very much that an error was made in the child's reading for October. The chart was read as if the Sun, Mercury, and Venus were in Pisces instead of Aries. A rectified reading has been furnished the subscriber.



The Children of Sagittarius, 1947

Birthdays: November 23 to December 22



HE third of the fiery triplicity, the sign Sagittarius represents common fire, or mutable Spirit, and its natives are usually to be found in the shifting strata of life. Change in activity and circumstances is essential to their happiness.

The beneficent Jupiter rules Sagittarius, and those born when the Sun is in this ninth sign of the zodiac are usually well liked in their sphere of life. Expansive in their feelings toward others, in their relationships and ideas in general, the Sagittarians radiate joviality and optimism.

Two classes of people are born under this double bodied sign. One is aptly indicated by the animal part of the symbolical centaur (half man and half horse), and is comprised of roving soldiers of fortune, habitués of the race tracks and gambling halls. The chief concern of this type is for a "good time," with a constantly changing scene. The moral standards are low and the nature unstable. Lacking in respect for law, these people may be drawn into the less violent type of crime.

The more developed Sagittarian, represented by the human part of the

centaur, aiming the bow of aspiration at the stars, is of a radically different nature. He is extremely idealistic, law-abiding, and possessed of high moral standards, likely to be respected and honored for his benevolence and charitableness. Orthodoxy and regard for the conventions of society are strong in the natures of these people, however, and this often prevents them from joining the more progressive ranks.

Usually possessed of a good memory and a quick and ready wit, the Sagittarians are excellent conversationalists and orators. As lawyers and ministers of the gospel, they hold and stimulate their audiences with a ready flow of facts and experiences.

The children born during this solar month will be blessed with certain desirable traits, due to the sextile of Saturn to Uranus, the sextile of Neptune to Jupiter and Pluto, and the trine of Jupiter to Pluto, which last the entire solar month. These aspects indicate progress on the spiritual path during past lives, providing their possessors with intuition, inner understanding, and the ability to function actively on the inner planes and to remember their experiences there. There is also ambition, determination, and a flair for exercising

authority, which favor a public career in an official capacity.

A number of other aspects are in effect during the first part of the solar month. From November 23rd to December 12th the Sun is in conjunction with Jupiter, bestowing much physical vitality and a just, kindly, and jovial nature upon those born during this period. Finances are also favored. Until November 30th the sun squares Mars, which adds to the physical vitality, but indicates a fiery temper, a rebellious attitude toward authority, and over-impulsiveness. During the same time (November 23rd to November 29th) a more harmonious side of the nature will be manifested by the trine of Venus to Saturn. This aspect indicates one faithful and true, just and methodical. The tastes are simple and the moral standards high. Venus also trines Mars during this time and lasts until December 7th, emphasizing the ambitious, adventuresome side of the nature. There is abundance of physical energy, splendid earning capacity, and a fondness for sports and pleasures. Marriage is apt to come early. A less desirable side of Venus is brought out by the square to Uranus, which lasts until November 30th. Relations with the opposite sex are apt to be a source of trouble, unless there is proper training in early youth. The conjunction of Saturn and Mars lasts until November 28th, which tends toward selfishness and vindictiveness.

The sextile of the Sun to Neptune begins November 27th and lasts until December 13th, bestowing upon those born during this period a love for the occult and an inspirational nature. Clair-audience is favored, along with the inclination to live the life and obtain first hand knowledge. Beginning November 29th, and lasting until December 15th, the Sun trines Pluto, accentuating the inner urge toward the spiritual life.

From December 7th until December 22nd the Sun makes a trine to Saturn, bringing out some of the finest faculties in the gamut. Method, foresight, diplo-

macy, and executive ability are favored, and there is the moral stamina necessary to carry projects to successful conclusions, despite obstacles and delays. Professional success is apt to come through political or judicial positions, or in connection with agriculture or mining.

Beginning two days later, December 9th, and lasting the rest of the solar month, the Sun squares Uranus, an aspect which makes for imbalance in the nature. The native is apt to be very highstrung, nervous, impulsive, unconventional, and impatient of restraint. There is also a predisposition to accidents and disappointments in life.

Another negative aspect, Venus square Neptune, is in effect from December 5th until December 16th. Those with this planetary vibration have failed in partnership responsibilities during past lives, and therefore in this life will be confronted with the opportunities to learn necessary lessons in this respect. There may be deception in close associations, as well as in anything involving chance or speculation, particularly in connection with corporations.

Several aspects to Mercury during the middle of December will affect the mentality. Beginning on the 4th and lasting until the 13th, it makes a square to Mars. While this influence indicates a sharp and alert mentality, it also inclines toward exaggeration and prevarication. There is also a tendency toward extreme selfishness and egotism.

A more salutary mental influence is in effect from December 10th until December 19th when Mercury conjuncts Jupiter. This aspect gives a cheerful, optimistic disposition, with the ability to look upon the bright side of things. The mind is versatile and able to reason correctly. Law, literature, and travel are favored.

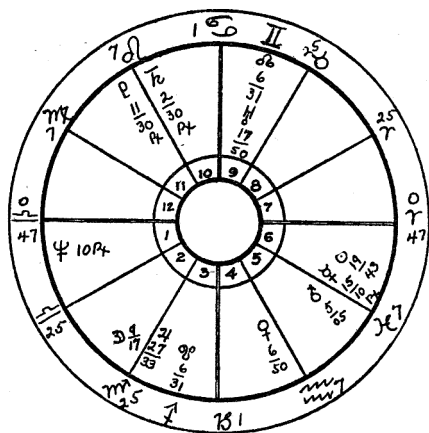
Another helpful mental aspect is in operation at the same time, Mercury sextile Neptune. This indicates a mind peculiarly adapted to the understanding of occult truth, and favors magnetic healing.

Reading for a Subscriber's Child

ALAN D. S.

Born March 10, 1947, 8:25 P.M.

Latitude 50 N. Longitude 113 W.



The parents of this child have attracted a sensitive, an Ego who will be much more interested in the spiritual than in the material side of life, but who will need understanding training in his youth to bring out the positive side of his nature and insure maximum soul growth.

Libra is on the Ascendant, and Neptune is in the 1st house, trining Venus and Uranus, and sextiling Pluto and Saturn. Here we have indicated an affectionate, pleasing personality, responsive to both mental and psychic influences. The temperament will be artistic, poetic, and musical, the imagination fertile, and the emotions deep.

The Sun is in Pisces in the 6th house, in conjunction with Mercury, trine the Moon and Jupiter, and square Uranus. This configuration indicates a rather retiring individual, having a strong tendency toward psychism and the occult in general. There is an interest in the preparation of health foods and a desire to serve others. The trine to the Moon and Jupiter favors the physical vitality, a cheerful disposition, finances, and general success in life, but the square to Uranus indicates a highstrung and nervous disposition, at times impulsive and

impatient of restraint. The memory is retentive, but the thinking processes are apt to be erratic.

The Moon in Scorpio, trine Mars, Mercury, and the Sun, and square Venus, Pluto, and Saturn, indicates a different side to the nature. Courage, independence, and aggressiveness can be manifested upon occasion, for anyone who has the Moon in Scorpio is not apt to tolerate interference with his plans or submit to imposition. He may be abrupt in his manners at times, and not to be coerced by threats, but is singularly amenable to kindness. The will is strengthened and there is an attraction to the occult sciences. The emotional nature is also very strong, and the square to Venus will bring opportunities to learn lessons in constancy and chastity. The square to Saturn in the 10th house indicates lessons in unselfishness to be learned in the profession.

Jupiter in Scorpio in the 3rd house, trine the Sun and Saturn, is especially fortunate in this case, for it brings out such qualities as self-reliance, constructiveness, and resourcefulness. It also indicates strength of character and a strong sense of justice and fair play. Brothers, sisters, and neighbors are apt to be sources of happiness and benefit.

A progressive, independent, original, and inventive trend to the mind is indicated by Uranus in Gemini in the 9th house, trine Neptune and square Sun and Mercury, but there is a need to cultivate poise, as the squares to Uranus indicate erratic and impulsive tendencies. There may be sudden journeys, with unexpected occurrences.

The 10th house of this chart is ruled by the Moon, posited in Scorpio, and Saturn, posited in Leo. As a dealer or salesman in art goods, film supplies, antiques, curios, etc., this boy could be successful. He could also do well as manager of a restaurant, hotel, or hospital.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

This page is a free service for readers. Since advice is based on the horoscope, we can give a reading ONLY if supplied with the following information: full name, sex,

place of birth, year, day of month, hour. No readings given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 40 YEARS OF AGE.—Editor.

Importer. Laboratory Worker

J. RAYMOND L. M.—Born November 16, 1926, 2 P.M. Lat. 46 N. Long. 65 W. The sign Sagittarius is on the Mid-heaven in this chart, and its ruler, Jupiter, is in Aquarius in the 12th house, sextiling (8 degrees) Mercury in Sagittarius in the 9th house, and the Moon in the 1st in Aries, but squaring Venus, the Sun, and Saturn, and opposing Neptune. The element of travel or transportation in the vocation should appeal to this native. He should do well as an importer or exporter of silk, etc., or as a travel bureau operator. Uranus on the Ascendant, trine Venus, Sun, and Saturn, gives a very independent nature and a strong attraction to the occult, radio, aviation, etc. As a laboratory worker in any of these fields, this young man should be successful.

Accountant. Salesman

RICHARD C. D. P.—Born April 8, 1933, 3:40 P.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W.

The mental sign Gemini is on the Mid-heaven in this chart, and its ruler Mercury, is in Pisces in the 7th house, trining Pluto and opposing the Moon. Four planets are in Virgo, and this mental sign is on the Ascendant. Mental work should be of primary interest to this boy and he could be successful as a stenographer, bookkeeper, accountant, or bank teller. The conjunction of the Sun, Venus, and Uranus in Aries sextiles Saturn, which indicates dependability and stability, but the strong Uranian influence also indicates much independence and a dislike for too much routine. It is therefore probable that he would be better satisfied using his own initiative in salesmanship, or as a dealer in stationery, photographic supplies, or foods.

Legislator. Business Executive

EDWARD R. H.—Born April 11, 1923, 11 A.M. Lat. 46 N. Long. 123 W. With the Sun, Venus, and Uranus in conjunction in Aries in the 10th house, sextile Saturn in Aquarius, this young man will undoubtedly be in the public eye professionally. Possessed of much ambition and aggressiveness, as well as of good judgment and trustworthiness, he will strive to accomplish and will merit the trust of others. Government work should appeal, and there should be success in the political field as a legislator. Mars in Virgo, sextile the Moon in Scorpio, sharpens the mind and gives ability to solve problems. As an executive in a large business concern, dealing with machinery, musical instruments, or electrical appliances, he could also be successful.

Journalist. Minister

W. M. N.—Born March 24, 1923, 5 A.M. Lat. 35 N. Long. 80 W. With the sign Sagittarius on the 10th house, and its ruler, Jupiter, in Scorpio in the 9th house, trine Uranus and Mercury in Pisces in the 1st house, opposing Mars, and squaring Neptune and Venus, this native should enjoy and succeed in newspaper work, particularly as a foreign news reporter. The Moon in Gemini accentuates the liking for literary work. Uranus in the 1st house, in conjunction with Mercury, trine Jupiter, sextile Mars, square Moon, and opposing Neptune, gives a strong pioneering tendency, which could work out in banking or salesmanship. The strongly aspected Uranus and Neptune indicate considerable spiritual understanding, which might lead this young man into the ministry.

Monthly News Interpreted

Blessings in Disguise

In every man's pilgrimage, throughout life however unblest, there are holy places where he is made to feel his kinship with the Divine; where the heavens bend low over his head and angels come and minister unto him.

These are the places of sacrifice, the meeting-ground of mortal and immortal, and tents of trial where are waged the great spiritual combat of man's life. Here are the tears and agonies and the bloody sweat of Gethsemane. Happy the man, who, looking back, can say to himself: "Here, too, was the victory spot of one of my greatest battles!" *Grand Lodge Bulletin*, June, 1947.

The life of each individual includes an endless round of experiences each of which contains a valuable lesson that the Spirit must learn in order to develop its potential powers. And it is a deplorable fact that at the present time the great majority of mankind learn more through pain and sorrow than they do through prosperity and happiness. And so it becomes evident that at this stage of development, sorrow and pain are in a sense, our most benevolent teachers, for they bring to us the very experiences which we need in order to progress in life's great school.

Experience must be gained, but we have the choice whether we gain it by the hard path of personal experience or by observation of other people's acts, reasoning and reflecting thereon, guided by the light of whatever experiences we have already had. And this is the method by which the occult student should learn, instead of requiring the lash of adversity and pain. The more willing we are to learn in this way, the less we shall feel the stinging thorns of the "path of pain" and the more quickly we shall reach the "path of peace." Those who must learn their lessons through personal experience brand themselves as young in the school of life. Those further advanced almost invariably learn through observation.

Americans Becoming a Race of Morons

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The intelligence of the American people probably is declining at a rate of two or three I.Q. points a year. In a few generations this will result in a race of morons.

These are the conclusions of the Population Reference Bureau here, following reports of a similar survey conducted by a British royal commission which concluded that in 50 years the number of students of college ability in the United Kingdom will be halved and the number of feeble-minded almost doubled.

The Population Bureau bases its findings on the same type of data used by Cyril Burt, head of the British commission—showings on intelligence tests and the relative size of families according to educational status of the parents.—Thomas R. Henry in the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

The home, the public school, and the associates are the three greatest factors in shaping the character and development of the individual. The home does not necessarily need to be supplied with an abundance of this world's goods, but it should be orderly, neat, and clean, and the parents should lead lives that are worthy of emulation. There is no creature on earth that is more imitative than a little child, and its conduct in afterlife will depend greatly upon the example set by the parents during its early years. The child is almost incapable of individual thought activity and therefore it learns principally through example and imitation. Parents should realize this fact and never do anything in the presence of a child that they would not be perfectly willing for it to imitate, neither should it be allowed to look at pictures that are not uplifting in nature. It is of no use to tell a young child that it must not do this thing or that because it is "naughty." The child does not know what "naughty" means. The teaching of morals and reasoning come much later in life. Example interests the child and

is really the only teacher it needs in its early, tender years and imitation comes as naturally to it as breathing.

Too great care cannot be given in the selection of the teachers under whose supervision and direction the child is placed; for here, too, example plays an important part. It is said of Plato that he was stoop-shouldered and that as a result half of his pupils walked bent; that another teacher was inclined to stutter and soon many of his charges developed a tendency to stammer. The value of a school depends largely upon the ability of the teacher and the ideals that he or she exemplifies. Hence culture and high aims are absolutely essential qualifications of the true teacher and any individual who does not demonstrate them is not worthy of his high calling.

Drunken, immoral parents are not fit to bring children into the world; neither are teachers fit to instruct children who exhibit like propensities. Morally clean homes and schools do not produce morons; and if it is true that the world's population is drifting that way then the remedy must be applied where it belongs; and a veritable world-wide crusade be started to remove the cause and place the home and schools in the elevated position which they most certainly should occupy. Progressive growth is in line with the plan of the God of our solar system and when we align ourselves with Him in the carrying on of His work we are sure to succeed.

Adventist Hits Obscene Books

LYNWOOD, Aug. 20.—“Juveniles go wrong because they think wrong.

“Their thoughts can't be right when their minds are feeding on a diet of pernicious reading matter.”

R. R. Breitigam, Sabbath school leader, thus attacked the “indecent and debasing literature now corrupting our youth” as he addressed 4000 parents today at the Seventh-Day Adventist camp meeting here.

Breitigam said the flood of lewd litera-

ture has become “so great that the church can no longer combat it simply by saying, ‘Don't read it.’”

LEGAL ACTION—

The church, he said, must “either take legal action to keep questionable reading matter off the book stands or go into the publishing business itself.”

Adventists long ago decided on the latter course, he said, and last year sold \$10,000,000 worth of magazines and books printed in 52 denominational publishing houses throughout the world.

Others speakers today were D. A. McAdams and Dr. Frank Yost of Washington, D.C.; W. M. Adams and B. W. Brown of Los Angeles and Evangelist E. E. Duncan.

The annual meeting will conclude Sunday.—*Los Angeles Examiner*, Thursday, August 21, 1947.

This action on the part of the Adventists is certainly a move in the right direction. This is an age in which much reading is done and it is a deplorable fact that our newsstands abound in literature depicting crimes, loose morals, drinking, gambling, and other questionable practices. Dozens of cheap books have illustrations on the covers which are not fit to meet the eyes of the passers-by; and these books are displayed in the most conspicuous places. That which people see and read has much to do with their trend of thoughts and fixes them on a higher or lower level, and thought is the motive power which produces all action. Long ago one of our most noted poets, with singular clear insight, wrote: “Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As to be hated, needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The world's activities are the result of the thoughts of its people, therefore the first move in correcting undesirable conditions must be a change of thought followed by the combined efforts of the people to replace the evil with good. Such efforts have succeeded in the past and they can succeed in the future; and right now is the propitious time to join in the work which a few organizations are trying to promulgate.

READERS' QUESTIONS

The Gifts of the Magi

Question:

Please explain the symbology of the gifts of the three Wise Men from the occult viewpoint.

Answer:

This beautiful legend, occultly interpreted, reveals beautiful and significant spiritual truths.

Of the Wise Men it is said that "one brought gold, one brought myrrh, and the third brought frankincense. The gold we always hear spoken of in symbology as the emblem of the Spirit. It is thus symbolized in the Niebelungen Ring, for instance. There in the opening scene, we see the Rhinegold. The river Rhine is taken as the emblem of the water, and there the gold is seen shining on the rock, symbolizing the universal Spirit in its perfect purity. Later it is stolen and *made into a ring* by Alberich, representing mankind in the middle of Atlantis, when the Spirit had drawn into them. Then the gold became debased, was lost, and was the cause of all sorrow on the earth. Later still we hear of the alchemists who tried to transmute base metal into gold. That is the spiritual way of saying that they wanted to purify this dense body, to refine it and extract the spiritual essence.

"Therefore, the gift of one wise man is the Spirit. The next one brings myrrh. Myrrh is the extract of an aromatic plant that grows in Arabia, a very rare plant. Therefore, it symbolizes the thing that man extracts when he cleanses himself. When he has cleansed his blood of passion he becomes plantlike, chaste, and pure. He became the inverted plant before he became the pure plant, symbolized by the Rosy

Cross. Then his body is an aromatic essence. It is an actual fact that there are some men so holy that they emit an aroma. It is thus said of some Catholic saints, and it is true. Therefore, the myrrh stands for that soul essence that is drawn out of the experience of the body. It is the soul.

"The third gift was incense. Incense is a physical substance of a very light character which is often used in religious services. It serves as an embodiment for the ministering unseen influences.

"There is the key to the three gifts that were offered up by the Wise Men—the Spirit, the soul, and the body. As Christ said, 'If you want to follow me, you must sell all you have. *You are not to keep anything for yourself.* You are to give up body, soul, and Spirit, everything, for the higher life—everything for the Christ. Not to an exterior Christ, but to the *Christ within*. The three Wise Men—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar—are said in the legend to be white, yellow, and black, representatives of the three races we have on earth, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Negro. Therefore, we see that it is very well shown in the legend that eventually they will all come into this beneficent Christ religion. 'To Him every knee shall bow.' Each one will in time be led by the Star to the Christ. But let us emphasize this very strongly—not to an exterior Christ, but to the Christ that is *within*."

Though Christ a thousand times in
Bethlehem be born,
And not within thyself, thy soul
will be forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha thou lookest to
in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up
again. —Angelus Silesius.

RETRIBUTION

Question:

What does the Lord or law do to the man who makes his money selling intoxicating liquor, unconcerned by the wives and children thus left without proper food, clothing, and shelter?

Answer:

When we look at life from the ordinary point of view, it may seem that there is no justice in the plan of things, for many people do not appear to receive their just deserts. However, when we consider life in the light of the laws of Rebirth and Consequence, the picture is altogether different. Although a person may not have to account for all his misdeeds in the same life in which they are committed, he will, under the immutable Law of Cause and Effect, at some future time reap what he has sown. In Purgatory he will suffer with triple intensity all that he has caused others to suffer. This suffering develops conscience, that inner voice that tells us when we do right or wrong. In a subsequent life the person will be born where he will be subjected to the same suffering he caused others and be given an opportunity to make actual restitution to the individuals whom he has wronged.

Thus does the doctrine of Rebirth take care of all seeming injustice and inequalities in life. We must learn to use the larger vision which reveals each life but a day in God's great school. We return, again and again to learn the necessary lessons, if not by observation, then by suffering.

DEALING WITH ANIMAL AND INSECT PESTS

Question:

In regard to the Rosicrucian belief that all life is sacred and that it is wrong to destroy it under any circumstances, does this include such pests as

the mosquito, flea, disease-bearing common fly, destructive vermin, such as rats and mice, and—in a country such as this (New Zealand), which would rapidly become overrun by them if left to breed unchecked—even rabbits?

Answer:

In *Questions and Answers* (Volume I), Questions Nos. 164 and 165, Max Heindel deals with this subject, pointing out that bacilli and disease-bearing vermin are largely the results of man's evil thoughts and unclean habits. As such, they do not come in the same category as the animals, which are evolving under the direction of their Group Spirits.

However, although we may rid ourselves temporarily of disease germs, mosquitoes, flies, etc., by sanitation and other material devices, the only permanent solution lies in changing ourselves within—learning to love our fellow beings instead of fearing and hating them. When we learn to think and live unselfishly, according to God's immutable laws, we shall no longer be afflicted by disease germs, vermin, etc.

As for the animals, we of course have no right to deprive our younger brothers of their physical forms which are their means of progress. When we do, we incur a debt which we have to pay at some future time. Humanity at large already has a huge obligation to meet in this connection. However, the attitude of the spiritual aspirant must necessarily differ from that of the person not yet awakened to the higher truths. The spiritual student learns to go within for the answers to his problems, following the dictates of that inner voice which speaks ever more distinctly as we continue to live the life. In dealing with the animals, he learns to enter into sympathetic converse with their Group Spirits and thus discourage them from trespassing upon his property and possessions. These animal Group Spirits regulate the propagation and habits of their charges and are very wise beings.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

ROSICRUCIAN IDEALS—The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a simple, harmless, and pure life. We believe that a vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, as well as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants, is injurious to health and spirituality.

As Christians we believe it is our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, and so far as possible to refrain from use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We consider vivisection diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and to clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces. Our motto is: *A sane mind, a soft heart, a sound body.*

Ignite Us With Thy Fire

By LILLIAN R. CARQUE, Sc.D.

Little Brook Farm, Route 1, Box 221, Los Gatos, California

“**W**HEN the Sun does not enter, the physician enters,” says an old proverb. Our word “heliotherapy” is derived from the Greek word “helios” (sun) and “therapeia” (healing power). The Sun is the positive power or force in Nature—the outward expression behind the ever concealed manifestation of that All-Comprehending, All-Pervading and Unlimited Source that gives sustenance to our solar system and to ourselves, from which all proceeds and to which all must return. The ancient Zoroastrians, known as Sun-worshippers, were also called Mazdeans; *Mazda* means “Light”—the Light from the Source of all.

There is no force in the world, barring the air we breathe, that carries with it such a high rate of vital energy as a disease-extinator and health producer, as do the radiations of the Sun. For sunlight is the great purifier, the destroyer of germs in air, water, and in earth. Its salutary power dissipates and decomposes noxious vapors which accumulate in dark and low places. Without its life-giving rays, the world would be a barren waste. All forms of heat, light, fire, electricity, and motion are but varying forms of Sun energy.

Light whirls through space with a velocity of about 186,000 miles a second. Color is a property of light, just as pitch

is a property of sound. Radiant energy releases a continuous spectrum—an unbroken array of colors ranging from red to violet, made up of radiations of different wave lengths, varying in intensity, frequency, or in rate of vibration. Every cell in our body has its own rate of vibration, its own colorful spectrum or color identification; hence when the organism receives affinity waves in color, the inevitable result is harmony and health.

All the colors of the rainbow and their intermediate shades are representative of the familiar visible part of the spectrum, with radiations of longer wave lengths than those of the ultraviolet rays. Yet the visible colored rays of the spectrum have been the neglected stepchild of therapeutics. This is presumably because, while the whole solar spectrum deservedly has earned recognition for its healing properties, its popularity has waned because the limiting, determining factor in rickets is that of the ultraviolet light.

Singular it is indeed to observe that such an important part of the animal economy as bone formation and other factors in calcium and phosphorus metabolism should be dependent upon such a small section of the Sun's light. The invisible ultraviolet rays are at the other end of the spectrum, of shorter wave lengths, sometimes called chemical

or actinic rays. Radiations of long wave lengths, as occur in the visible colored spectrum, are valueless in curing rickets, the shorter ones only exerting their beneficent influence.

Notwithstanding, according to color authorities, the red ray is warming and stimulating; it is a liver energizer and has the power of increasing the action of the heart and the flow of the urine. Specialists in color therapy also advise that the red ray is helpful in conditions such as anemia and tuberculosis, which demand an increase of red blood corpuscles, and that it exerts a beneficial effect also in impotency and sterility. The yellow ray is accredited with contributing a stimulating and healing effect upon the nerves. Green is a germicide, undeniably providing the prophylactic virtues for which the Sun is renowned. The chlorine and iron needs are supplied in the various shades of green.

Color specialists recommend the blue ray for its soothing and quieting effect upon the nerves, while violet is alleged to exercise a tranquilizing effect, acting as a contra-irritant superior to sedatives and irritating plasters. Violet and ultraviolet are acknowledged in color therapy as strong in antiseptic powers. The calcium need is supplied by the orange ray in color therapy; the combination of yellow, red, and orange is asserted to be helpful in its influence on the brain.

It has been estimated that the smoke pall in great cities may rob the city dweller of fully three-quarters of the ultraviolet light he might enjoy otherwise, and that down in the depths of the city street canyons, the diminution is particularly marked. Many years ago the Chicago Commissioner of Health, after making due observations, found that only half of the sunlight resting on tops of buildings reaches the surface of the streets. This the Commissioner explained by the fact that much of the smoke and foreign particles lie low between the tops of buildings and the street, effectively screening out the light.

A total exclusion of sunlight induces

the severer forms of anemic diseases, originating from an impoverished and disordered state of blood. It is a well-established fact that, as a result of an insufficiency of light, the fibrine and red blood corpuscles become diminished in quantity, while the serum or watery portion of the blood is increased, inducing leukemia, a sickness characterized by a great increase in the number of white blood corpuscles.

The lack of sunshine and air in mines tells seriously upon the health of miners. For the proper number of recruits to the army in this industry, it was practically impossible to find men eligible for World War service because of bodily deformity or arrest of physical development. Paralysis has been known to be cured or benefited by sunshine and ultraviolet light. Very intimate relations exist between sunshine and digestion. Digestion and assimilation become weak



and imperfect if man and animal alike are not exposed daily to the direct rays of the Sun. Fatigue, irritability and depression are overcome when the body is invigorated by the Sun.

Foods: We all know that vegetable life craves sunlight, judging from the way it hungrily absorbs its deeply penetrating radiance into the soil to make the seeds sprout. Permeating the plant is one or several of the prismatic colors of the rainbow, each variation or gradation in shade is representative of one of the many manifestations of the animating factor or life principle and color index inherent in the vegetation.

Nature's purpose in coloring her foods is not merely to make them look attractive; each color serves as a key to nu-

trient virtues. The color arises from the elements that the food organizes into its structure from the soil in which it is grown, in cooperation with life's radiant energy emanating from the Sun. We are told that vitamins are wave lengths of light and color stored up in foods by the sunlight; each color also coincides with certain chemical elements in the human body. Indeed experimentation has proved that colors, chemical elements, and vitamins are all interrelated and interdependent. That is why a fruit or vegetable loses its efficacy when it loses its color; its life or animation has departed.

Out of the sunlight originates the prodigious cosmic energy with which the wisdom of life fulfills its purposes and plans. The vegetable kingdom constructs starches and sugars out of the simplest inorganic compounds—carbon dioxide and water—under the vitalizing influence of direct sunshine, with chlorophyll, the green pigment of plants serving as the catalytic agent—and behold! we have the starting point of all organized vegetable life. For without the green chlorophyll, carbon cannot be assimilated from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, in the presence of water vapor and sunshine.

Nature's most wholesome natural foods need hardly any artificial preparation, for in the ripening of the fruit and nut of the tree the Sun has taken the place of the cook and produced morsels of exquisite flavor and wholesomeness, most agreeable to the unperverted taste and meeting every demand of the bodies of the spiritually progressed. The alluring palatability of her luscious fruits, her tasty nuts, and refreshingly invigorating green-leafy vegetables defy the efforts of the most expert cook to improve on her incomparable handiwork.

Obviously the highest seat of consciousness—the cerebrum or celestial region—instinctively seeks and actually thrives best on such foods as contain their nutritive elements in the purest, most refined or vitalized condition.

Hence the nutritive constituents intended for the human higher brain cells, ignited by the Light of the Inner Divine Spirit, are those locked up in fruit, brimful of life-sustaining oxygen and resplendent with solar electrical energy. When eating fruit, advanced souls enjoy the full and powerful potential energies liberated by sunlight, air, water, and the elements of the soil, unitedly providing the highest manifestation of electro-vital energy that is harmonious to the cell vibration of a progressive humanity.

The Solar Plexus and Heart: That which the Sun is accomplishing in its inexhaustible titanic ramifications, the solar plexus, one of its singular physical vehicles of expression, is achieving in the human form divine. The Cosmic Love Vibration, or the spiritual counterpart of the totality of solar energies, must enjoy unobstructed flow through the solar plexus before the Christ Child is born. One should therefore resolve to make possible those natural and spiritual environmental influences that will permit the heart to become a fitting channel for the uninterrupted flow of the Universal Love Energy, *the purpose for which the heart was originally designed in Universal Mind*. Residence in large cities inhibits the penetration of the totality of solar energies through the solar plexus; and heart disease takes its substantial toll of human city lives. Approximately nine-tenths of young heart patients live in large cities.

"He that believeth on Me"—(the indwelling Spiritual Aspect of the Savior)—"out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." (*John 7:38*). The Scripture undoubtedly has reference to the solar plexus situated in the abdomen, behind the stomach. Physiologists designate it as the heart of the sympathetic nervous system; it is also called the abdominal brain and the Central Sun of the Microcosm—man's miniature Universe—for when normal it radiates life-giving energies to every section of the torso. The solar plexus
(Continued on page 575)



The Spiritual Panacea

BEING an emanation from the Christ Principle, it is the Universal Spirit composing the World of Life Spirit that restores the synthetic harmony of the body. The writer was shown a substance in the Temple of the Rosicrucians with which the Universal Spirit could be combined as readily as great quantities of ammonia combine with water. Inside the large central sphere (mentioned previously) was a smaller container which held a number of packages filled with that substance.

When the Brothers had placed themselves in certain positions, when the harmony of certain music had prepared the way, suddenly the three globes commenced to glow with the three primary colors, blue, yellow, and red. To the vision of the writer it was plain how during the incantation of the formula the container having in it the before mentioned packages became aglow with a spiritual essence that was not there before. Some of these were later used by the Brothers with instantaneous success. Before them the crystallizing particles enveloping the spiritual centers of the patient scattered like magic, and the sufferer awoke to a recognition of physical health and well-being.

In the coming of the Christ to earth we have an analogy between it and the administering of the Spiritual Panacea, according to the law, "As above, so be-

low." . . . As the intruding Christ Life on Golgotha commenced to dispel the shell of fear bred by inexorable law that hung like a pall about the earth; as it started the millions of human beings upon the path of peace and good will, so also when the Panacea is applied does the concentrated Christ Life therein contained rush through the patient's body and infuse each cell with a rhythm that awakens the imprisoned Ego from its lethargy and gives back life and health.—*Max Heindel*.

* * * * *

Visible Helpers are just as necessary as Invisible Helpers, and our friends and patients may share in a high privilege, as well as add much to the power of liberated healing force, by joining us in prayer for the sick. Our Healing Service is held every evening in the Healing Temple at 6:30, and in the Pro-Ecclesia at 4:45 P.M. when the Moon is in a cardinal sign on the following dates:

November 2—9—16—23—30

December 6—13—20—27

January 2—9—17—23—29

Relax, close your eyes, and make a mental picture of the pure white rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Pro-Ecclesia, and concentrate on *Divine Love and Healing*.

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

PATIENTS' LETTERS

Texas, September 29, 1947

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

It may interest you to know that the child, P. S.—whom I asked you to aid is now a healthy child and living with her parents, who are army people and at present stationed in Germany. The recovery of this child, who had a nephritic ailment, was considered by the doctors at John Sealy Hospital as being nothing short of a miracle. In fact, they had told the parents there was no known cure, and nothing short of a miracle could save the child's life. At that time the child's body would fill up with fluid, and they were tapping her at more or less regular intervals to draw off the fluid. The last time they planned such treatment the child's little body was swollen terribly, and they planned one night to tap her the next morning. However, during the night the child's body returned to a normal state, and she lost sixteen pounds overnight. That was nearly two years ago, and the child has been healthy and well ever since. I am certain the recovery was due to your interest in the child, and I want you to know that I am deeply grateful to your Organization for its assistance. May God bless and keep all your workers, and I bless God that he put me in touch with those of a Fellowship far enough advanced to use His wonderful powers in the relief of the suffering.

—R.R.H.

LETTERS TO MY MISSING SON

(Continued from page 547)

pals, a Canadian boy who had gone over on the same boat with you, had been killed that day in an airplane accident.

Then again, on the twenty-third of the same month, I felt that you were very happy. So I wrote and asked you what had made you so happy that day. Your reply was that you had received five letters and three parcels in the mail that day. Two letters and one parcel from your sweetheart, two letters and a parcel from me, and a parcel from your Aunt Edith, so naturally you were happy, you said. That proved to me that I could pick up your thoughts. I suspect that our thought wave length is about the same. Perhaps our minds are something like radios, only we don't know much about how they work yet.

Good night, Bill.

Love, Mother.

(To be continued)



Children's Department

Celestia's Gift

By MATILDA FANCHER



ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a good King and a lovely Queen who ruled over several provinces, which they visited once a year. It was announced by the King's messenger that the King and Queen would visit a certain province on a certain day, and that the one who gave the Queen the best gift would be rewarded by her in a suitable manner.

Plans were immediately made for a place to receive the honored guests, and great preparations began among the people, each trying to outdo the others in preparing a gift for the Queen. The coming of the royal couple was the talk of the province. The people were in a high state of excitement when the day arrived.

In this province lived Celestia with her Granny. Celestia's mother had passed into the invisible world at Celestia's birth, leaving the tiny mite to the care of old Granny. Granny named the little bit of humanity "Celestia," because, she said, she was like a little star from heaven come to brighten her old age. They were very poor, and when they heard the wonderful news about the coming of the King and Queen, Granny shook her gray head and wondered what they could give.

Celestia in all her nine years had never seen the King and Queen; but she longed with a child's intensity to see these distinguished people and to give a worthy gift. The day before the great occasion she came running to Granny. "I have it," she cried in excitement, "my dove, my beautiful white dove! Granny, I will give the Queen my dove!"

But Granny shook her head. "No, my bright star, your dove would not stay with the Queen. He would fly back to you. You must think of something else."

Celestia was disappointed and looked sad. She sat down on a low stool by the window, put her head on the window sill, and tried to think. Presently she was fast asleep, her yellow curls gleaming like gold in the sunlight. Granny rocked in her chair and fell asleep also. It was midafternoon, and Granny always took a nap at that time. She was awakened by Celestia tugging at her apron and gently patting her cheek.

"Granny," said Celestia softly, "I had the wonderfulest dream! I saw a beautiful angel in shining white. Her face looked like Mother's picture. She came and stood in front of me. I felt so happy! Then she said, 'Give the

Queen your love, my child.' I blinked my eyes and she was gone, and I woke up. Wasn't it a lovely dream, Granny?"

Granny stroked Celestia's sunny locks thoughtfully before she answered: "Yes, child. Give the Queen your love, for the gift without the giver is bare; but you will save a little for old Granny, eh?"

"Granny, I love you best of all," replied the little girl, as she threw her arms around Granny and hugged her. "But I must write and tell the Queen how much I love her, for that is all I have to give. She is beautiful, is she not, Granny?"

Granny nodded "Yes," and Celestia skipped to her treasure box, where she kept some small pieces of paper, which



were very scarce, and which she had treasured for a long time. With a goose quill she wrote in rhyme her love and adoration for the beautiful Queen. Having filled several pages she sought her treasure box again and found a bit of ribbon given to her by Granny, who said it had adorned her first baby dress. With the blue ribbon she tied the sheets together.

"Tomorrow we will go to see the Queen," she told Granny, showing her the written pages.

Sunrise found them up and ready to start, Celestia in her scarlet dress with black patches (for Granny had no other material with which to patch) and heavy wooden shoes, but with face rosy and shining and curls neatly brushed.

Granny threw her shawl over her bent shoulders, took her cane, and they started.

Not far from home they were overtaken by an old friend, who helped Granny to a seat beside himself in the cart and put Celestia on the back of one of the big red oxen that pulled it. Presently Celestia was startled by a flutter of wings, and her pet dove perched upon her shoulder and settled down for the journey.

Near the middle of the province was a village where the people had built a little granary. This granary also served as a community house, where the farmers sometimes gathered to have a festival. On this occasion the people had chosen the granary as the best place to receive the King and Queen, and the day found them coming from all parts of the province, bringing their gifts.

The sun was high in the heavens, when there was suddenly a blare of trumpets, and two horsemen rode into sight followed by a golden coach drawn by six prancing white horses. The horses' heads were decorated with black plumes and golden tassels.

The King and Queen alighted from the golden coach, followed by two small pages who held the Queen's train. The royal party walked into the granary, and were seated upon a thronelike platform where the people brought their gifts and placed them for inspection.

"Surely," thought the richest man in the province, "I shall get the reward, for who can give as good a gift as I?" And he walked, straight and proud, to put a beautiful oriental rug at the feet of the Queen. The value of this rug was immense and the colors gorgeous. The Queen acknowledged the gift with a smile and a blessing.

"Surely," thought one happy farmer's wife, "I shall get the reward, for who can bake finer loaves of bread than these?" And indeed they were baked to a fine golden brown, round and perfect in shape. The Queen acknowledged the gift with a smile and a blessing.

"Surely, I shall get the reward,"

thought a prosperous farmer, for there is no finer corn in the country than this." And he carried an armful of long yellow ears and placed them next to the bread. The Queen acknowledged the gift with a smile and a blessing.

So each in turn gave of his or her finest goods. Some brought fine needle work. One man brought a shock of golden grain higher than a man's head. Another brought a fat young pig. One farmer brought his prize rooster. A woman brought a choice flower that she had grown. An artist brought his master painting. All the arts and crafts were fully represented. Each giver was certain that his gift was the greatest. To each the Queen gave a smile and a blessing.

Celestia, in awe and trembling, had watched the people go forward with



their offerings. In her hand she held the pet dove and the booklet of verses. She watched with eager eyes the strange array of gifts and the costumes of the givers. They were all dressed in their best, their holiday attire, as was she; yet she knew that she was the poorest dressed of all. And her gift? Ah, what a small gift compared with the rest, she thought.

The last gift had been presented to the Queen. Celestia stood far back by the front entrance, undecided. She was timid, ill-dressed, and her gift was so **small!** But, oh, how she wanted to tell the Queen that she loved her! She

closed her eyes and tried to gain courage. Instantly she saw the angel and remembered her dream. The dove made a movement in her hands. Celestia looked into his pink eyes and whispered in his ear. She placed the booklet in his bill and opened her hand.

Straightway the dove flew to the Queen and perched on her hand so gently that she was not even startled. The Queen took the booklet, read the verses, and looked back to where the dove had returned to its mistress.

"Will you come here, little girl?" she asked. Her voice sounded like a silver bell, and her smile was so welcoming that Celestia lost all fear and walked up and stood in front of her. The Queen stroked her golden curls and said:

"Let it be announced by the King's herald that the greatest gift, *which is love*, has just been given, and the Queen will bestow her reward upon the giver. Let the people come and witness the award."

When the people had crowded within the walls of the building, the Queen stood up and placing her hand upon Celestia's head declared in a clear silver voice: "This child will I take to the palace of the King, where she shall become a Princess."

Celestia heard these words as if in a dream, but she remembered Granny and hastened to explain to the Queen: "I cannot go, your Majesty, for Granny would be lonesome without me. Granny needs me."

"Ah, my child, you have a loving heart. Never fear. Granny shall go also," announced the Queen.

After the people had been given a feast, Celestia rode away in the golden coach behind the prancing white horses, and the Queen sat on one side of her and Granny on the other. When they arrived at the King's palace, Celestia was taken to a magnificent bed chamber, where she was arrayed in a shimmering satin gown, and golden slippers which fitted on her feet—just like Cinderella! And like Cinderella she grew up and married a charming Prince.

The Merging of Religion, Science, and Art

(CONCLUSION)



HE changing needs of an evolving humanity can be adequately and permanently met only by an all-embracing teaching which embodies the fundamental principles from which a wholly satisfying and effective fabric of Religion, Science, and Art can be woven. The separation of this "trinity in unity" in the past was necessary because of the materialistic phase of evolution through which man was passing, but the demands of a less separative future require their coming together again in a higher expression of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful than existed before the separation.

The basic principle upon which we are to move forward into the coming ages is that of unity, and it is therefore necessary that education be of a nature to expedite the functioning of that principle. So it is that we observe a present breaking up of the barriers of separation, preparatory to the establishment of a Religion that will not only provide for devotional needs, but will satisfy the reasoning mind and man's innate craving for beauty; a Science that not merely appeals to the intellect, but fulfills man's religious and artistic requirements; and an Art that will uplift by virtue of its goodness and truth, as well as by its beauty.

In other words, these three fundamentals of education are to be so constituted and interrelated that their presentation as a unified whole will satisfy the highest demands of man—Spirit, soul, and body—and encourage a life patterned upon the loftiest religious, scientific, and esthetic values. This necessitates the embodiment by education of the laws governing both the physical, material world and the higher, spiritual worlds. New horizons, indeed, beckon us into realms where exists the

Source of all Goodness, Truth, and Beauty—the three corners of the perfect educational triad which is to unfold the inner spiritual potentialities of man and lead him into a fuller and richer way of living.

We are now on a threshold from which we can, if we will, look into a vista revealing all the joys and beauties of a united human family, absolved from the separative lines of race and creed, and living in peace and brotherly love. We are beginning to perceive the realities of the world of cause—the world invisible to the physical eye but fully apparent to the quickened spiritual senses. Life is to become based upon these realities, rather than upon the illusions of the material world. As the veil between these two planes of existence becomes thinner, vast new expanses open up to our vision and comprehension, illuminating our consciousness with the all-embracing truths which show forth the mysteries of life and being.

Occult philosophy, which teaches the basic principles of a united Religion, Science, and Art, reveals man in his true light: a microcosmic cell in the great macrocosmic Body of God, an individualized Ego, endowed in potentiality with all the powers of his Creator. He is born again and again in gradually improving vehicles, slowly unfolding his powers as he learns the lessons necessary for his progress. He possesses not only a dense, physical body, but also a vital or etheric body, a desire or emotional body, and a mind. These link us with worlds of differing vibratory rates, each corresponding to one of our bodies and offering to us its intrinsic realities and riches. Our ability to understand and function in these worlds depends upon the degree of development of our vehicles corresponding to them. Thence comes our contact with the forces and beings peculiar to these hitherto largely

unknown expanses of God's universe and a firsthand knowledge of our interdependence among them and basic oneness with them.

Thus it becomes apparent to the student of the deeper truths of life that education is *unfoldment from within*, unfoldment of the potential powers inherent in the Will, Wisdom, and Activity principles of the triune man—a God-in-the-making. This unfoldment must eventually present a balanced result, an Ego able to live so that these three aspects of his being function proportionately, expressing both the masculine and feminine poles of the Spirit, or the head and heart qualities, to a full flowering.

Now let us see what specific means are available for accomplishing the ends of true education, means which can and undoubtedly will be used in the future to supplement the primarily academic methods of training in the home and school.

Two of these, described and taught in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, are Concentration and Retrospection. The former aims at gaining control of the mind and unfolding positive clairvoyance, while the latter is for the purpose of unfolding the devotional side of the nature and hastening post-mortem progress. Each is a scientifically designed exercise, producing results in proportion to the thoroughness and intensity with which they are performed. Max Heindel points out that "Retrospection is of greater efficiency than any other method in advancing the aspirant upon the path of attainment. It has such a far-reaching effect that it enables one to learn now, not only the lessons of this life, but lessons ordinarily reserved for future lives."

Another important aid to man's progress is prayer, which the late eminent scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, stated was a means of "linking ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power that spins the universe." It does just that. However, first of all, we must know how to

get ourselves into that mental and emotional state which constitutes real prayer. This is best done by praise and thanksgiving. When we fill our hearts and minds with reverent praise and thankfulness to God we turn the key opening the door into that Divine Source whence flows the treasures of true health, wealth, and happiness. The late George Washington Carver is an outstanding example of one who made his life a prayer and thus obtained wisdom which he used to immense advantage for humanity.

In *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, given to humanity by those advanced ones assisting in the guidance of present humanity, the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross, it is stated that the Lord's Prayer "may be considered as an abstract, algebraical formula for the upliftment and purification of all the vehicles of man." The upliftment and purification of our vehicles is a definite goal of true education, for they bespeak the quickening of the Spirit's faculties and the subsequent ability to do "great works." This is in accordance with the precept given us by our Ideal and Teacher, Christ Jesus, when He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

The current prayer movement, which has gained momentum all over the world, is a happy indication of the growing responsiveness of people in general to the idea of handling life's problems, individually and collectively, in a constructive, spiritual way. Many pioneer men and women are being used by the Higher Ones thus to teach humanity in directing their powers positively and constructively, and we may find records of their achievement among such inspiring books as *Change Your Life Through Prayer* by Stella T. Mann; *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes* by Glenn Clark; *Prayer, the Mightiest Force in the World* by Frank C. Laubach; *How to Pray* by E. Stanley Jones; *Ways of Praying* by Muriel Lester.

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Proper education also teaches the necessity of learning to love and serve our fellow men, for only thus can we weave that "golden wedding garment" or soul body which will be essential to living in future conditions. When Christ Jesus admonished, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," He was giving us a scientific law which, when applied, works inexorably to bring order, beauty, and abundance into our lives. To be able to bless those who curse us is the mark of attainment. It is a goal which must be attained by humanity before Christianity can become an actuality in the world. When we read such inspiring messages as *Love Can Open Prison Doors* by Starr Daily; *Reckoning at Dusk* by Mary Welch; *The Power of Constructive Thinking* by Emmet Fox; *Kagawa* by William Axling, and others, we bless those who are demonstrating the efficacy of God's laws to heal and otherwise help those whom they contact in their everyday living.

In summing up the needs of modern education as an instrument for providing the best means of unfolding the Ego's inherent faculties, we are faced by the fact that these needs can be met by the teachings of Christianity. Properly interpreted and understood, the Christian religion presents all the fundamental truths needed for our progress during this period of our evolutionary journey from clod to God. Occult philosophy reveals these truths in their fullness and explains how they may be scientifically used to bring us into a higher, better way of living.

Perhaps the teaching most needed by humanity today is that concerning the nature and mission of Christ. This exalted Being is a Ray of the Cosmic Christ, the highest Initiate of the archangelic life wave. He willingly sacrificed Himself to become the indwelling planetary Spirit of our earth and provide the yearly infusion of Love which

is gradually etherealizing our earth and making it possible for human beings to rid themselves of their selfish, materialistic tendencies and unfold the Love-Wisdom aspect of their natures. His increasingly powerful vibrations carry with them the unifying force which is to dissolve all barriers of race, creed, caste, and color, and establish a universal brotherhood upon earth. "Endlessly wells the divine love," and to the extent that we align ourselves with this mighty Power by loving and serving our fellow men, do we move toward our ultimate destiny—the Kingdom of Christ.

IGNITE US WITH THY FIRE

(Continued from page 566)

is the receiving station for the Cosmic Electricity generated in the cerebrum; it is the coordinator or converging of all of the twelve large nerve ganglia.

An unlimited reservoir of Cosmic Electricity is ever available in the Universe. These electrically charged life pulsations emanating from the Sun are the Will of Divine Intelligence in Action. It may be termed a radiating force from Universal Life—a fathomless deific solar celestial motor energy with which we are divinely endowed. May it always ignite us with its fire.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The solar force enters the body through the spleen, which is ruled by the Sun. Thence it goes to the solar plexus, where the seed atom of the vital body is located. There it undergoes a chemical change and is then circulated through the whole body as a pale rose-colored fluid with a slight purple tinge. The solar plexus is ruled by Venus, the lower octave of Uranus, the planet which rules the pituitary body and assimilation and corresponds to the Christ Principle. Thus do these planets affect the physical and spiritual nourishment of man, Venus keeping the gate of the vital fluid coming directly from the Sun through the spleen, and Uranus being the warder of the gate where enters the physical food.*

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