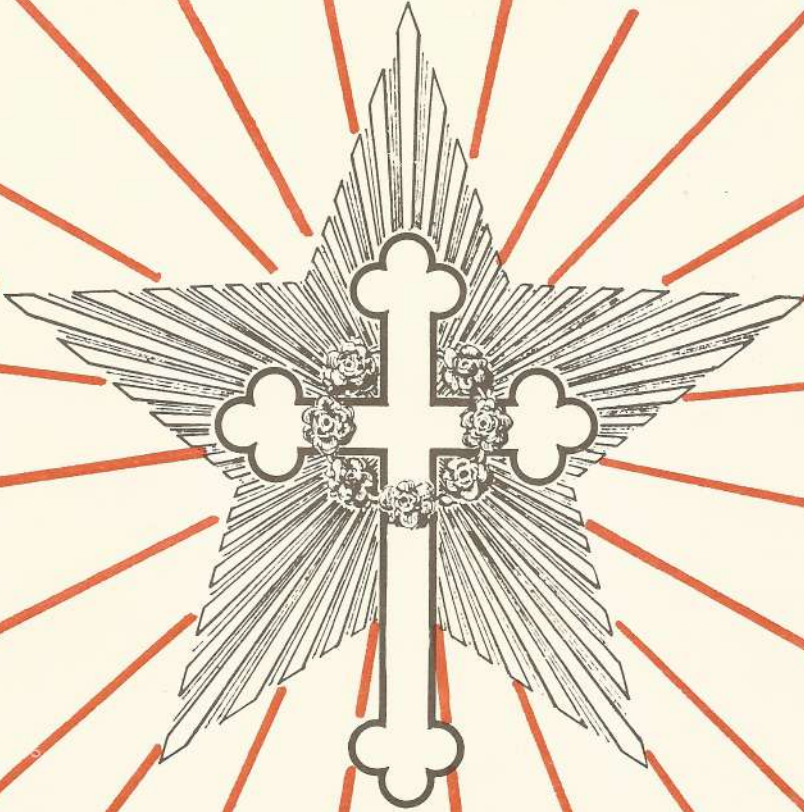


October, 1978 .50

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"A Sane Mind, A Soft Heart, A Sound Body"

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ODE TO A PUMPKIN

Pretty pumpkin on your vine,
Fat and sassy, please be mine.
Let me make your features mean
And carve you up for Halloween.

—Robert D. Thomas

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The Rosicrucian

(Dedicated by permission to the Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California)

Thus in a vision the picture, - a grave and stately man
From ancient precepts expounding, as only a Master can,
A sheltered, cryptic temple, in a land where thought roots deep,
And I seemed to be hearing words like these:
"May your heart this lesson keep!"

Death and birth are but portals, then why fear the reaper's blade?
The rose full blown in the sunshine is the fruit of the work
with the spade.

The way of the wind through the forest in ripples of living green
Is a type, so the Master has told us, of the Way of the Spirit unseen.

"Art thou a Master of Israel? and knowest not these things?"
Rebirth, after Regeneration, how a new embodiment brings,
A spotless page in a purer age for the record of better deeds,
And a "Form" of finer adjustment, for compassing greater needs.

When Azrael's summons calls thee, dost all earth's wisdom know?
Shall one brief span evolve "Superman" - The Mills of God
grind slow-

And grind to exceeding fineness, - He will show thee in
pictures bright,

Thy life, - and 'twere rare if here or there - some matters come
not to sight,

And the Voice of the Great Teacher whisper, - "This task must
be done aright!"

When we've scanned to the end of that record, a debtor with
judgement confessed

We shall rest, then a holy ambition will bring us again to the test.
Shall a Crown be acquired lightly? Is the Rose without thorns
on the Cross?

Shall we gain without effort, Perfection! - as the tombstone
gathers moss?

Immortality? Aye! but Conditioned, on "Good work, square work,
and true,"

"Just such work as is needed" for building the "Temple" anew.
Our task on earth is to gather, the fuel for that sacred Flame,
That shall bear the Soul on through the Ages, when the body is
but a name.

There are legends of Christian Mystics, who have seen the
Pathway Clear.

And returned, like the Spies from Canaan, with prophetic light
and cheer.

The Lamp on the cloistered altar is a living light, and today-
There are those who are able and willing, to show the Seeker the Way.

-F.B. Leyns, 33rd degree In the Oriental Consistory
- from the Rays Magazine, November, 1916.

PSYCHIC POWER

VS.

SOUL POWER

Psyhic power, as it is commonly understood, is the ability to participate in paranormal phenomena, such as the ability to perceive clairvoyantly and clairaudiently, to communicate with the "dead," to materialize thought, to read minds, to communicate telepathically, to divine the future, to receive premonitions, etc.

Those who have awakened to the reality of supernormal powers and who wish to develop them must make a decision of great importance: for what purpose are these powers to be used? The acquisition of psychic power *without spiritual understanding* of how to use it is potentially one of the greatest dangers to humanity, not to mention to the individual concerned.

The Teachers of esoteric Christianity recommend that aspirants develop soul power instead. Soul power is nurtured into existence by a life of love, devotion to high ideals, prayer, and Christ-like service. Once acquired, this type of power bestows upon the one who merits it a spiritual wisdom whereby he experiences truth as an inner reality. It gives him a sharp discernment which enables him unerringly to *feel* within the life forces of his own body the difference between right and wrong. It bestows a self-conscious awareness of the unity of all life and enables him in such a way to understand the meaning of spiritual fellowship. It gives him the power to act upon his feelings of rectitude and become a positive force for good. Furthermore, it draws him to his Heavenly Father.

In other words, soul power embraces the moral and ethical considerations involved in the relationship of the individual to the Cosmos. When soul power is developed to a certain extent, supernormal abilities will appear as a natural result. However, when they come, the individual previously will have assimilated the moral and ethical principles needed to use these newly-awakened powers properly and safely.

The development of soul power is a priceless possession in one's own advancement as well as a potent factor in the upliftment of the human race. It should be actively pursued by all esoteric Christians. However, let us remember that those who seek the powers of the Christ must also share His motives and be willing to make His sacrifice. ★



The Awakening

A STORY FOR ADULTS

DAGMAR FRAHME

Once, when the world was young and fresh, a castle stood high on a mountain crest. All around was a forest, so dense and vast that few had ever found their way through it.

In the castle lived a king and queen who long had yearned for a child. At last, after many Suns and many Moons, a boy was born to them. He was a handsome princeling, who even in his first days seemed to possess the nobility of his father and the gentle grace of his mother.

The king and queen rejoiced in the royal birth, and the courtiers sang songs of thanksgiving. For two weeks, happiness reigned in the castle.

But then, one night when the Moon was dark and the stars had hidden their faces, a goblin crept from the forest and scaled the castle wall. He made no sound, and the guards never saw him pass. He entered the castle through the narrow rear door which only serfs and lackeys used and made his way down long corridors

and up endless flights of stairs to the royal nursery.

The nurse, whose duty it was to watch by the child and comfort him from bad dreams, had fallen asleep, and no one else was near.

Looking down upon the infant, the goblin leered, and the baby, opening his eyes, whimpered with dawning fright. At once, the goblin put him into a sack of brown wool and pulled the drawstring, and the baby knew no more.

Carrying the sack, the goblin noiselessly departed along the way he had entered, and the guards never saw him pass. Soon he was deep within the forest, and the most skillful tracker could not have told which way he went.

In the deepest part of the forest, where no birds flew and no animals came to feed, the goblin stopped. He laid the sack at the foot of a gnarled and ancient ash, loosened the drawstring, and stepped back. He looked long and hard at the tree,

leered again, and whispered in a cracked voice: "I have kept my bargain. You have no more hold over me."



Then, turning, he disappeared into the forest.

For hours the baby lay in the sack on the ground, not knowing he was no longer in his crib and lovingly being tended by nurse and courtiers. But in time hunger overcame him, and the wool sack scratched his tender skin, and he awoke and began to whimper.

The ash moved its branches menacingly overhead, but it was no longer supple as it had been in its youth and could not reach down far enough to touch the child.

All that night the baby lay in the sack at the foot of the ash, crying, sleeping fitfully, and waking only to cry again. All the next morning and on into the afternoon he remained thus, his cries growing weaker. Time and again the ash tried to reach him, but to no avail.

Then, as the rays of sunshine filtering through the trees began to grow dim, a woodsman passed by, hurrying home before the blackness of forest night overtook him. Astounded, the woodsman stared at the sack from which feeble cries still could be heard. Quickly, then, he scooped the sack up in his strong arms and sped away.

"An infant was left at the foot of the old ash," the woodsman explained to his wife when he came home with his burden.

"I have brought him home that we may care for him."

And the woodsman's wife gently took the child from the sack and kissed him and cradled him in her arms. Then she fed him warm milk fresh from the cow, and bathed him, and wrapped him in soft rags of fine linen that were left from garments she had worn as a bride.

And she folded the brown wool sack and laid it away in her chest.

The woodsman and his wife named the child Adrian, and he grew and thrived under their tender care. In no time he was walking and talking and exploring the forest around the woodsman's hut. He learned the language of the birds, who often rested in nearby trees and told him of their travels. He learned the dialects of animals, who visited him when their day's foraging was done and told him the fables of their kind.

The woodsman's wife taught him to read from an ancient book of lore that had been in her family for centuries. The woodsman taught him to write down the things that he learned each day and to count the nuts on the trees and the cords of wood by the fireplace.



And they both told him how he had been found at the foot of the gnarled old ash, and that they did not know who his real parents were. But he loved them, and called them Mother and Father, and

was as good a son as if he had been born to them.

The years hastened by, and Adrian grew into a young man — tall, straight-backed, fair of face, strong of limb, kindly, and skilled in the things of the forest.

Then one day the woodsman's wife, whose hair had become very white, said, "Adrian, we have taught you all we know. We have taught you to read and write and count, and we have taught you the ways of the forest, and we have taught you how to use your strength wisely and well. We have taught you to be diligent in your work and kindly in your dealings with the wild creatures. And we have not had to teach you love, for you already knew that when you came to us."

And the woodsman, who had become bent with age, said, "Now you must leave us and learn for yourself about the world beyond the forest, for this we could not teach you. You will encounter strange and evil things which you must conquer, lest they conquer you. But you also will encounter much that is good which can strengthen the good that is within you, if you allow. And most of all, you must discover from whence you came and who you really are."

But Adrian protested: "Mother! Father! Do not ask this of me. Do not ask me to leave you. Let me stay here and care for you in your old age, and let us continue to be happy together."

"No, Adrian," answered the woodsman, "that cannot be. We would be selfish to keep you here, and you would be foolish to stay. You have a rightful heritage, which it is your duty to earn, and you cannot earn it by standing still. You have moved far ahead with our guidance, but now you must move much farther ahead on your own."

"We, too, have a rightful heritage, Adrian," said the woodsman's wife, "which we soon will be able to claim. Do not hesitate and do not grieve, for the day will come when we shall meet

again. Here is the sack in which you were lying when we found you. I have filled it with food for your journey. After you have eaten the food, keep the sack, for you will need it."

So Adrian took the sack and bowed his head while the woodsman and his wife blessed him. Then he kissed them both, took one last look at the hut and the nearby trees, and walked slowly into the forest.

The woodsman and his wife watched until he was out of sight, then went into the hut and closed the door. They were not seen again in that place.

For many hours, Adrian plodded through the familiar forest. This was the only world he had ever known, and what the world outside was like, he could but dimly imagine. The birds, who had traveled everywhere, had told him of places where no trees existed, and of places where great stone buildings towered high above the ground, whose inhabitants had never seen a forest. They had told him of huge bodies of water that extended as far as the eye could see, and of vast deserts where the few travelers were punished by hot winds and broiling sun.

But all these things meant little to Adrian, who, try as he would, could not picture to himself a place without trees.

For days he continued, stopping only now and then to rest. Little by little, the food in his sack dwindled, but the woodsman's wife had prepared a good supply, and Adrian did not yet have to concern himself with a new source of nourishment.

In time, the forest began to look less familiar. Trees were smaller, and greater spaces existed among them. At last came the day when Adrian arrived at the very edge of the forest, and he was stunned by the scenery before him. Vast expanses of green meadows, undulating gently, were broken here and there by craggy rock formations and paths dispersing in the distance. Brightly colored flowers bloomed in a profusion staggering to one

who had never before seen such things.

Slowly Adrian went forward and sat down on a rock, where he ate the last of the food in his sack. Then, inhaling deeply, he set out into the new landscape, sustained by wonder, curiosity, and courage that overrode the trepidation rising in his heart.

Adrian made his way to a path and, having no conscious notion of where to go, proceeded in the direction of the afternoon Sun. Never before had he seen Sun and sky so clearly, and although he felt uncertain away from the cover of trees, he had, also, an unusual sense of freedom.

Slowly the Sun dipped ever closer to the horizon, and Adrian wondered where he was going to spend the night. He doubted that he would be able to sleep unprotected in this strange, vast openness.

Then, far ahead, he saw a thin line of smoke curling from the chimney of a cottage. Adrian proceeded toward it and, at the moment when the evening star first became visible, he knocked at the door.

A woman whose features were young but who seemed old in experience opened the door to Adrian's knock and scrutinized him carefully.

"Ah!" she said, as if satisfied. "Come in."



Adrian entered the cottage, and the woman bolted the door behind him.

"I am sorry to trouble you, good

woman," he said, diffidently holding his cap in his hand, "but I need a place to sleep tonight, and I am hungry. I have no money, but I gladly will work for my supper and a bed."

"Food and lodging you may have," the woman told him, "and as for work, we will speak of that tomorrow."

So Adrian laid his sack aside and sat down at the table, and the woman ladled up thick, hot soup and cut into a loaf of fresh bread.

While they ate, Adrian told her of the woodsman and his wife, and his upbringing in the forest.

"Now I must learn about the world outside and find out who I really am," he concluded, "and I have little idea of how to do that."

The woman seemed neither surprised nor curious, but she was friendly and refilled his bowl as many times as he would have it. Of herself, she said only that she was a shepherdess, but that her flock often was separated and scattered, and with that information Adrian had to be content.

Soon weariness overcame him, and the shepherdess led him to a little room where a clean straw pallet and a coarse, clean wool blanket were laid out.

"Sleep peacefully," the woman told him, "and whatever you dream, remember well, but do not tell."

She closed the door, and Adrian heard a key being turned in the lock. But he was too tired to wonder about this, and in moments he was asleep.

When he woke, bright sunshine streamed through the window upon his pallet, and he felt more refreshed than he had since leaving the woodsman's hut. But of his dreams he remembered only that a pane of glass had separated him from some danger of which he had been afraid. What that danger was, he could not recall.

He tried the door and found it unlocked, which caused him to wonder if he had imagined the sound of a turning key the evening before.

"Good morning," the shepherdess greeted him cheerfully. She was arranging a bouquet of flowers that she had just picked, and motioned Adrian to the table.

"There are fresh strawberries and cream for your breakfast, and almond cakes with honey," she said.

Adrian thanked her, and ate the most delicious meal he had ever tasted.

"Now, good shepherdess," he said when he had finished, "what can I do to repay you for your hospitality?"

"For myself, I would have only your friendship," replied the woman, "for I need nothing else."

"That I give you gladly," said Adrian, "but it is easy for me to give you my friendship because I have felt your friendship since I came here. Is there not something else I also can do, that takes some work?"

The shepherdess smiled. "Yes, Adrian, there is, but it will require much courage. Are you willing to try?"

"Yes!" responded Adrian. "Only tell me what it is."

"Very well," said the shepherdess. "For months, a dragon has been terrorizing the countryside. With its fiery breath it has burned crops and frightened children, and even grown men fear to go to work when it is near. The laws of this land forbid killing, thus no one may slay it. But it must be tamed and made to see the evil of its ways. I do not ask this for myself, for the dragon cannot harm me. But if you will tame it for the people of the countryside, you will also be doing it for me."

"Then I *will* tame it!" cried Adrian, jumping to his feet. "I do not yet know how, but somehow I will tame it, for the people and for you!"

"Good," said the shepherdess quietly, "and because I knew you would, I have already put some food in your sack. The dragon's lair is among the rocks on the far horizon, and you will be hungry long before you get there."

She handed Adrian his sack, kissed

his forehead, and pointed the direction in which he should go.

Adrian thanked her for her hospitality and promised once again to fulfill his mission. Then he set off across the meadow toward the rocks on the far horizon.

He soon discovered that the distance was greater than it looked. After walking all morning, and still nowhere near the rocks, he sat down to eat the food that the shepherdess had prepared for him. He had almost finished, and was groping for the last ripe cherry in the sack, when his fingers encountered something hard and flat. Pulling the object out, he was surprised to find a mirror.

"I wonder why the shepherdess put a mirror in my lunch," Adrian said to himself. He looked thoughtfully at the mirror again, then, shrugging his shoulders, replaced it in the sack. He stood up and was on his way once more.

Little by little, as he walked on, the rocks appeared noticeably closer, looming sharp-cragged and menacing before him. It was the perfect setting for a dragon's lair, and Adrian's heart beat just a bit faster as he approached.

"Hope the creature is at home," Adrian muttered to himself. "I'd just as soon not wait around to meet it after dark."

In answer, Adrian heard a hiss, as if a thousand snakes had exhaled at the same time, and saw a puff of smoke rise up from behind one of the boulders.

"So!" said Adrian. "There it is. Well, no point in my trying to hide. It will know I'm here soon enough, no matter what I do. I'll just keep going and see what happens."

Adrian had no real idea of what he would do when face to face with the dragon, or how he could possibly expect to tame such a creature. All he could think of was to keep going and hope that when the confrontation came, he would be guided to do what was necessary.

On he went, ever closer to the dragon's lair, and before long he was

certain the dragon had seen him and was keeping him under scrutiny. Occasional hisses broke the dreadful silence that had fallen on Adrian's ears, and puffs of smoke rose above the rocks.

But it was not until Adrian was almost in front of the dragon's lair that the creature finally showed itself. Raising its head above the rocks, it breathed forth a tongue of flame that threatened to engulf the surrounding countryside before it moved upward and extinguished itself.

Then a huge, red, scaly form lumbered forward, and Adrian was stunned at its size. The dragon snarled, and Adrian shuddered at the row of fiendish teeth — each large and sharp enough to cut a tree with one swift motion. The dragon lashed its tail, sending rocks and dirt flying in all directions, and Adrian understood the havoc it could create on just a ten minute walk through the countryside.

The dragon gave a low, nasty growl and spoke: "Who are you, who dares to disturb my rest? Do you not know that I have placed this part of the land off limits to mortals? Begone, before I roast you and devour you — sad lump of humanity though you are."

"If I have disturbed your rest, I am sorry." Adrian strove to keep his voice calm. "But I have been asked by the Shepherdess of the Plain to talk to you, and I will not leave till I have accomplished my mission."

"Ha!" roared the dragon. "You dare to defy me? Very well, upstart, talk! If you can!" And the dragon spewed forth another tongue of flame directly at Adrian. He could feel the searing heat, and for a moment envisioned himself burned beyond recognition, but he stood his ground and, although trembling inside, said calmly:

"I cannot talk with your fire dancing around me. You will have to extinguish it first."

The dragon, never before having encountered a human being who stood his ground before the dragon flame, was

so startled that, without protest, it put out the fire.



"Now," it growled. "Talk!"

"You have been terrorizing the people of the countryside," said Adrian, coming right to the point, "and this ill-considered behavior will have to stop."

"Ha!" roared the dragon again. "You are wasting your breath, young fool. I will terrorize whom I please, and it is not for the likes of you to say me nay. Now get out! You are annoying me."

"It is unfortunate that plain truth annoys you," retorted Adrian, "but the fact remains that you will have to mend your ways. The welfare of the people requires this."

"Welfare! People! What have I to do with those? It is *my* welfare that concerns me. And my welfare requires that I terrorize and destroy as I please, and this I shall continue to do. I give you one more warning: get out, before I destroy you!"

"No," said Adrian simply.

"What?" roared the dragon. "You still defy me? Then draw your last breath, for you will need no more!"

With that, the dragon, growling and breathing flames, charged, and Adrian, resigned to his fate, thought, "At least no one can say I ran away."

But then, as in the twinkling of an eye, Adrian remembered the dream in which a pane of glass had separated him from danger, and he remembered the mirror in his sack, and just as the dragon was about to spring upon him, he whipped out the mirror and held it before the dragon's face.

The dragon, as if brakes had been applied, halted in mid-leap and descended with almost comic slowness to the ground. It stared at the mirror, and a look of incredulous horror slowly spread across its snarling countenance.

It had always envisioned itself as a lordly being, master of all it encountered, regal in bearing and noble of expression. What it saw in the mirror destroyed forever its fond illusion of self-grandeur. Its snarling face and bared, vicious teeth, its narrow, beady eyes, the black pall of smoke which surrounded it, and the muddy-red glow of its scales, all contributed to a picture of villainous, self-indulgent depravity.

The horrified dragon continued to stare at the mirror which Adrian, thankful for the reprieve and not yet daring to think that it might be permanent, continued to hold.

"Is that what I look like?" breathed the dragon at last.

"Yes," replied Adrian. "And the mirror does not lie."

The dragon groaned, lay down where it was, and hid its face in its paws. Then the great beast began to whimper like a child, and Adrian, knowing neither how to comfort it nor what he should do next, stood patiently waiting.

Finally the dragon's sobs spent themselves, and it looked up. "No wonder everyone runs from me," it sighed. "You were very brave to come."

"Not brave," said Adrian, remembering how he had trembled, "but I could not go back on my word to the shepherdess. And I still cannot. My task remains — to tame you so that you no longer will terrorize the countryside."

"You *have* tamed me, Master," said the dragon softly. "Now that I have seen myself as I really am, I cannot bear it. I cannot go on doing things that make me look so monstrous. I always thought I appeared noble, but I see now that even the hope of nobility is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," said Adrian. "You must change your ways, of course, but if you *will* to do so, you can. You can earn nobility, as can anyone else. It will not be easy at first, but if you persist in kindness — which you will have to do if you wish to stop terrorizing people — it will become easier and easier."

"Take me with you, Master," then, surprisingly, the dragon implored. "I have not the strength to learn this — this — kindness, as you call it — alone. Let me be your servant. I can be very useful. I can protect you from almost anything. I can light fires to keep you warm. I can carry you on my back when you are weary. And perhaps in this way I can learn kindness from you."

Adrian considered the rather incredible request. He foresaw that it would not always be convenient to have a dragon tagging around after him. On the other hand, a docile dragon *could* be a most useful traveling companion in a still largely unknown world, and, after all, the dragon had become his responsibility. He had stopped it from doing what it was not supposed to do, but had left it without any practical training in what it *was* supposed to do. This, of course, is not a healthy state for man *or* dragon.

"Very well," said Adrian. "For a time you shall be my servant, and I will try to instruct you in the matter of kindness. But only for a time. After you have had some practice in kindness, you will have to stop leaning on me and assume responsibility for your own deeds. But that is in the future. We need not consider it right this minute."

"Oh, thank you, Master, thank you," said the dragon. "What is my first task?"

Adrian sat down on a rock and, for the first time, realized how tired he was. It had been a long day, unlike any other in his experience. He smiled wryly. "Your first task," he said, "will be to light a bonfire that will keep me warm tonight, and then to keep watch while I sleep. I am not accustomed to sleeping in vast openness such as this. It is something I must yet learn."

"Of course, Master," said the dragon, who promptly caused a crackling bonfire to ignite, which gave immediate warmth to the surroundings. It then encircled both Adrian and the blaze within the large circumference of its tail, and Adrian slept soundly and unmolested till morning.

Next day, Adrian and the dragon made their way back across the plain to the shepherdess' cottage. She stood in her doorway, smiling, as they approached.

"Many people have told me today that a young man and a dragon were coming this way. They would not believe me when I told them they had nothing to fear, and they all now are cowering in their houses, waiting for catastrophe," she said. "I congratulate you on taming the dragon, Adrian, but I am afraid that now you will have to reassure the people."

"I thought that might be the case," said Adrian. "It is one of the consequences of traveling with a dragon. But don't worry," he said to the dragon, who suddenly looked downcast, "I think we can convince the people that you are a changed creature. Come."

Then he turned back to the shepherdess. "Will you come with us too?" he asked her. "They are more likely to assemble and listen if they see that you are with us."

"Yes, I will come with you, and gladly," answered the shepherdess, and they started down the road, the shepherdess taking care to walk beside the dragon and occasionally rub his long neck with a gesture of affection. She knew that, although no one else was in sight, people

were watching from behind the curtains in every house they passed.

When they reached the center of the town, Adrian rang the great bell that summoned the people to worship and to meetings and to fires and fairs, and to all the other noteworthy events of their lives.

When, at last, all had assembled — many, still in fear and trepidation, standing as far from the dragon as possible — Adrian began to speak:

"My friends, here is the dragon who once terrorized your countryside. It is sorry for its infamy, and is determined to transform itself into a creature of kindness. As yet, of course, it looks no different, for its transformation will take time, and it has much to learn. We cannot blame you if you continue to fear it simply because of its looks. But if you can, try to envision the changes already taking place within it. If you find it in your hearts to dwell on these changes and encourage the dragon in them, and ignore its external ugliness, you will do it a great service and ease its way upon the road to regeneration. Now it would like to say a few words, too."

The dragon stepped forward, and winced as people in the front rows backed away.

"Good people," it said, "although apologies will not restore what I have destroyed, I do apologize for the damage I caused and I assure you that never again will I willfully cause injury to anyone. You have no further reason to be afraid of me — though I don't suppose I can blame you if you do not believe me."

"I believe you," a little boy in the crowd shouted unexpectedly, and before his mother could stop him he had pushed his way forward and stood in front of the dragon. Many of the women gasped in horror, and those of the men who wore swords already had drawn them from their scabbards. But the little boy ignored the agitation.

"I think you are a nice dragon," he told the dragon. "I like you."

"Why — why thank you, young man." The dragon furtively wiped away a tear from its eye. "No one has ever said that to me before." Then, as the little boy remained standing in front of him, a big grin on his face, the dragon asked shyly, "Would you by any chance like a piggy-back ride?"

"Oh, yes!" shouted the little boy, and without any instructions on how to do it, he clambered up the dragon's back, one scale at a time, and perched triumphantly on top.

"Giddy-up!" he commanded and, while the women still gasped in horror, the dragon took off. At first he moved slowly, but at the gleeful little boy's command, "Faster! Faster!" the dragon went faster, moving more rapidly than the speediest horse, the swiftest deer, or the fleetest cheetah. By the time they returned, the little boy was laughing with joy, and the dragon was happier than it had ever been.



And, most wonderful of all, there was a line of children clamoring for their own piggy-back rides. Nothing their still rather worried mothers could say changed their minds. "He got a ride," they said, pointing at the little boy. "I want one too."

So for the next hour the dragon gave rides to all the children and when, at last, it was too dark for any more, even

the parents had relaxed and were smiling at the fun.

Then the dragon ignited a bonfire in the center of the town square, so that all could have torches to light their way home.

And from that moment on, the dragon was an accepted member of the community, earning its keep by lighting necessary fires, clearing the fields of stubble and rock with its tail, and baby-sitting. And Adrian remained with the shepherdess, who taught him much about the world and his fellow men that he did not yet know.

But at last, after many weeks had passed, Adrian knew that the time of departure was at hand. His quest — to find out who he really was — still lay before him. So, after bidding farewell to the townspeople and receiving the blessings of the shepherdess, Adrian and the dragon set forth.

And if Adrian was sad to leave his kind benefactress and the good people of the town, the dragon was weighted down with sorrow. For it was leaving the place where it had first known kindness — though it did not yet realize that it also was leaving the place where it had first learned to offer kindness in return.

All that day, and the next, and the next after that, Adrian and the dragon went on their way. They traversed the great plain with its meadows and flowers and herds of grazing cattle, and at last they came to the Barren Mountains of dreadful repute.

In the Barren Mountains, the shepherdess had told them, dwelt nameless creatures, terrible in countenance and in deed, who guarded their domain with vicious intensity. The few travelers who had returned from its borders were aged beyond recognition by the horror of their encounters with these creatures. Even the dragon, the shepherdess had said, would have little power over them, for neither fire, sharp instrument, nor mortal blow could destroy them.

The first night in the Barren Moun-

tain was spent in their usual manner, with Adrian sleeping inside the protective circle of the dragon's tail and the dragon keeping vigilant watch. Next morning they partook of a meager breakfast and began the ascent.

The mountains indeed lived up to their name. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not so much as a lichen graced the menacing granite crags that stood between the great plain and the other side of the world.

For the dragon, the ascent was easy enough, as, with but a few strides, he could cover many hundreds of feet. For Adrian, however, the climb was something outside of all his former experience. Although he was strong, lithe, and vigorous, the continuing upward journey soon brought him close to exhaustion. Still, despite the dragon's urging, he rested only for a few minutes here and there, after long intervals of toil.

"The sooner we pass beyond this place, the better," Adrian said. "When we are safely on the other side, I can rest."

And, sooner than might have been thought possible, they were in the midst of the mountains. The familiar, friendly great plains were but a blur on the horizon behind them, and ahead on all sides was a sea of jagged, forbidding peaks.

They had not yet encountered any of the nameless creatures of which the shepherdess had given warning, but the dragon, from the beginning, had smelled their presence. Adrian, growing ever more weary, could concentrate only on the immediate peak before him and had not thought left to devote to possible dangers from other sources.

Then, just after they had crested a particularly rugged crag and begun a halting descent, a low moan echoed in the air around them. It was a harrowing sound such as Adrian had never heard, and even the dragon, for all its experience among the grotesque features of the world, found it bone-chilling.

"What was that?" whispered Adrian, his senses suddenly alert.

"I don't know, but it sounds evil," answered the dragon. "Let's get out of here."

Again the moan was heard, louder and more harrowing.

"Come, hurry!" urged the dragon. "Let's go!"

"Wait!" commanded Adrian. "I must know what it is."

"What does it matter what it is?" asked the dragon who, for the first time in its existence, experienced a sensation akin to panic. "Let's go before we *do* find out."

"No!" said Adrian, surprising even himself with his vehemence. "I *must* know. I think it came from that direction. Come." And he turned slightly to the left and continued the descent toward an outcropping of rock below them.

The dragon, who was bound to obey Adrian, had no choice but to follow, although the panic rising within it made it almost impossible for it to move.

The moan sounded again, much louder and with an eeriness that all but congealed the dragon's blood. Adrian, on the other hand, felt no fear — only a burning curiosity and the knowledge that he had to find the source of the sound.

Gradually he crept downward, the dragon following reluctantly. The moan grew ever louder, and at last, when they finally reached the outcropping of rock, it seemed to be coming from under their very feet.

The dragon, wanting desperately to urge its master to flee while there yet might be time, was beyond speech. Adrian, eager and absorbed, spared it no sympathy.

"Hurry," he said. "It's coming from in here."

Adrian pointed to an almost concealed and very small opening in the rock. The dragon noted immediately, with infinite relief, that it could not possibly pass through so small a space. But its relief was short-lived, for Adrian ordered, "Wait for me here. I'm going in."

"No, Master, no!" exclaimed the

dragon, horrified. "You'll be killed."



But Adrian already had passed through the opening, and the dragon was left outside, alone and terrified.

After Adrian's eyes accustomed themselves to the dim light, he discovered that he was in a small cave, whose circumference was not much greater than that of the woodsman's hut in which he had spent his childhood. The cave was as barren and cheerless as was the mountain in which it had been formed. It was devoid of natural decoration, and only a few fitfully glowing embers inside a roughly contrived fire-circle testified that it was, or had been, inhabited.

Once again the moan sounded, much more softly this time, as if whoever was making the sound was employing a last reservoir of strength. Then Adrian saw, crouched against the far wall of the cave, a being such as he had never imagined could exist. It was sitting cross-legged on the floor, huddled into itself. Adrian had an impression of matted fur, haggard eyes, yellowed fangs, and a hairless face that was almost skull-like in contour.

The creature, in obvious pain, seemed unaware of Adrian's presence. It gave a final, gasped moan, dropped spindly, fur-covered arms to its sides, and leaned its head against the wall, staring straight ahead with unseeing eyes.

Adrian softly approached it.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked.

The creature blinked its eyes once, but made no other response. Adrian, looking more closely, could see no wound, although the creature's long, matted fur easily could have concealed many marks of battle.

"I want to help you," Adrian said again. "Try to tell me where you are hurt."

This time the creature managed to whisper, "It is a sickness within. You cannot help me. No one can help me. I will soon die and go to the Place of Eternal Punishment. It is what I deserve."

"Nonsense!" said Adrian brusquely. He had never heard of the Place of Eternal Punishment and doubted its existence. He was determined, in any case, to prevent the creature from having to go there.

"I know not what you have done or why you have brought such a sickness upon yourself, but you do not have to suffer forever," he said, out of the depth of a sudden conviction that swept over him. "Do you regret your misdeeds?"

"I *do* regret them," sobbed the creature. "I have been cruel and have made many suffer for my selfishness. If only I could undo my evil works — but it is too late."

"It is never too late," Adrian said, sternly but gently. "As long as you sincerely are sorry, it is never too late. Now give me your hand."

From a source deep within him (which was not his brain) Adrian understood exactly what he had to do, even though he never before had performed such a function. He took the creature's claw-like fingers and held them in his left hand. He gently held his right hand to the creature's forehead and said: "The sickness is passing from you; you will be made whole."

He remained in this position, his eyes intent on the creature's face, his whole being intent on withdrawing the sickness from the pain-wracked body.

Suddenly the creature relaxed. The

lines of tension in its face eased, a soft glow began to replace its palor, and it smiled.

"The sickness has passed from you; you are made whole," said Adrian, who held his hand to the creature's forehead a moment longer, then removed it. The creature opened its eyes.

"The pain is gone," it said, in a tone of disbelief. "The pain is gone!" Then it bounded to its feet and whirled around the cave, executing a childish but rhythmic dance as Adrian, smiling, watched. "I am well, I am well!" the creature shouted.

Then, stopping abruptly in the middle of its dance, the creature turned and slowly came toward Adrian. "You have made me well," it said humbly. "I do not know how to thank you. I have nothing with which to pay you."

"I want neither thanks nor payment," responded Adrian, regarding the creature with a tenderness that no one had seen in his eyes before. "It is enough for me that you are healed. Now you are strong and can help others. You probably will not encounter all whom you have wronged, but you will be able to help many whom you have yet to meet. And as you help them, you will be undoing the evil of your past."

"That I will do gladly!" exclaimed the creature.

And then, although the creature pressed him to stay on, Adrian bade farewell, for he knew he still had far to go.

As Adrian emerged from the cave, the dragon, waiting faithfully but not expecting to see him ever again, gasped and stepped back in amazement. It seemed to the dragon that a new nobility and radiance now shone forth from its master, and that he had achieved a dignity that belonged only to the truly Great Ones of the world.

Joyfully, yet with a reverence entirely new to him, the dragon said, "Master, you are safe."

"I am safe," replied Adrian.

"But you have changed," continued the dragon.

"I have changed," agreed Adrian, smiling faintly. "I do not yet know how or why it happened, but I have been transformed. I have strength as never before. Nothing now can happen to harm me, or you either, as long as you remain with me."

"I will remain with you always, Master," promised the dragon fervently.

"Good," said Adrian. "Now let us go. Many of the Barren Mountains still lie before us, and I am anxious to pass beyond them to the other side of the world."

So they resumed their journey, and it seemed to the dragon that Adrian fairly leapt up and down over the treacherous, jagged terrain. Far from being fatigued, Adrian was exhilarated, eagerly meeting the challenge of each new peak. Thus they conquered many leagues.

Just before sunset, they saw the thin line of smoke from a fire that had been built on a narrow, flat, rocky ledge overlooking the last few remaining peaks of the Barren Mountains.

As they approached the fire, a man who had been seated before it slowly rose and raised an arm in greeting. His snow-white hair and beard reached almost to the ground, but his stance was erect and his demeanor was that of vigor rather than age.

"Welcome, Adrian," he called. "And welcome to your companion. I have long been expecting you both."

"We thank you," responded Adrian courteously. "But you have the advantage over us, for we were not expecting to meet you, and we know not your name or designation. Is it permitted to ask who you are?"

"Of course," the man said, smiling. "I am called Elfeonor the Sagacious. For many years I lived in the world and learned of its ways and wiles. Now I have retired to this quiet place, where, unseen, I observe the comings and goings of men."

I know their origins, and I know their hearts, and I know the destinies they have carved out for themselves."

The dragon, fearful of such scrutiny, tried unsuccessfully to hide behind a rock, but Adrian faced the venerable figure boldly and said, "Then, Elfeonor, I am persuaded that you know more than I do about myself."

"That is true," said Elfeonor, his expression kindly.

"Will you tell me what you know about me?" asked Adrian.

"I cannot," said Elfeonor. "It is the law that you must discover that for yourself. But I am permitted to discourse with you about matters that should direct your thoughts into fruitful channels, if you are willing to have me do so. You may then find it easier to solve the mystery of yourself."

"I am most willing — and grateful," Adrian responded.

"Good," said Elfeonor. "But first, I would have you and your companion join me for supper. Your companion, especially, looks hungry." Elfeonor regarded the half-hidden dragon with a smile.

The dragon was indeed hungry and, although still uncomfortable in the presence of this person who seemed to know everything, it was beguiled by the promise of food. Slowly, cautiously, it emerged from behind the rock.

"Come over here and sit down," Adrian spoke impatiently. "And remember your manners. You haven't yet said a word to our host."

"Er — ah — thank you — ah — Mr. Sagacious Elfeonor," stammered the dragon, who immediately put its paw over its face, hoping once more to hide.

Adrian shuddered, but Elfeonor smiled broadly and said, "You are most welcome, friend dragon. I hope the repast will be to your liking."

So they ate supper, the dragon consuming far greater quantities than Adrian thought was polite. Elfeonor, however, seemed happy to serve up portion after

portion, as long as desired. At last even the dragon was satisfied, and, prodded by Adrian, it thanked Elfeonor, stepped to the outer edge of the firelight's glow, curled itself up, and went to sleep.

Then, after Adrian and Elfeonor had made themselves comfortable in front of the fire, Elfeonor said, "Tell me, Adrian, exactly what you do know about yourself."

So Adrian told the Sage the story of his life, as best he remembered it, and that, as an infant, he had been found in a sack at the foot of the old ash. He said that as far as he was concerned, the woodsman and his wife were his true parents, and he loved and honored them accordingly.



"And it is right that you love and honor those good people, for they deserve the best from you," agreed Elfeonor. "Nevertheless, your true heritage lies elsewhere. Have you no curiosity about it?"

"Curiosity?" Adrian asked. "Yes, of course I'm curious about who I am. But I see little sense in dashing frantically around the world looking for — for — I don't know what," he finished lamely.

"Ah," murmured Elfeonor.

"Especially now that —," Adrian stopped, embarrassed.

"Now that what?" Elfeonor prodded.

"Well — something happened to me today," Adrian went on. "A sick creature

in the cave was healed when I worked with it, and I knew exactly what to do even though I'd never done that kind of work before. I just *knew*," he repeated, looking at Elfeonor with some disbelief.

Elfeonor smiled and nodded. "I'm not surprised," he said. "But go on."

"I have a new kind of strength that I never had before," Adrian continued. "I think I can do just about anything I want to with it — but at the same time something tells me that if I start doing spectacular deeds for myself, I won't have that strength very long. Does that make sense?"

"It makes sense," Elfeonor assured him quietly.

"That must mean that I should stop concentrating on myself and try to concentrate on working with other people. Isn't that right?" Adrian went on.

"Yes, that is right," agreed Elfeonor with an enigmatic smile. "But you might also consider the possibility that, if you do your best on behalf of other people, you will find out more about yourself without having to, as you put it, dash frantically around the world."

"What?" asked Adrian, more than a little surprised.

"Just something to keep at the back of your mind," Elfeonor said lightly, as if it were of no particular consequence, and he turned the conversation to other matters.

Adrian and Elfeonor continued their talk far into the night, and Adrian was amazed at the wealth of information that the Sage imparted to him. What was even more amazing, however, was the way in which Elfeonor stimulated Adrian to think for himself about things he had never considered before. But Adrian realized this only much later.

Next morning, Adrian and the dragon bade a grateful farewell to Elfeonor and undertook their journey across the last remaining peaks of the Barren Mountains. After the rigors of the past few days, traversing these few mountains was as

nothing, and soon they were standing atop the final peak.

Below them lay a forest as thick as the one in which Adrian had spent his childhood. In the center of the forest stood another mountain, atop which the spiraling turrets of a castle gleamed in the sunlight. Beyond the forest, which extended for miles in all directions, a ribbon of deep blue seemed to run the length of the horizon and blend into the sky beyond.

"That must be the ocean of which the birds spoke," Adrian mused to himself. For a while he gazed at it, as if entranced, but then he shook himself a little and laughed aloud.

"The ocean is great and mighty," he acknowledged, "but, for my part, I am glad to see a forest again. I have been away from trees for too long. Come, let's hurry."

So Adrian and the dragon hastened down the final slope and soon found themselves under a thick arboreal canopy. Joyfully Adrian recognized familiar species of trees and plants, and delicious nuts from which he had made many a meal in his childhood. He offered some to the dragon, who tasted them politely but privately did not consider them to be as good as Adrian had indicated. Indeed, it was clear that the dragon did not feel nearly as comfortable in the forest as did his master. Although it tried to hide its feelings, Adrian was well aware of them.

"Cheer up, you'll get used to it," he encouraged the dragon, but a long time passed before the dragon began to be at ease in those, to it, strange and awesome surroundings.

Adrian, who had no clear idea of where to go next, was in no hurry to move on. He constructed a temporary but comfortable shelter of branches, twigs, and leaves, and there he lived for a while, resting and thinking over the things that had happened to him since he had left his home.

A week passed in this way, and Adrian was beginning to get restless, when, late

one afternoon, he was startled to see three tired, disheveled-looking travelers approach his hut.

"Welcome, friends," Adrian strode out to meet them. "I have not seen a man since I came to this forest. Will you break bread with me? It is supper time, and you seem weary."

The travelers, courteously saluting Adrian, entered the hut and gratefully sank to the ground — for, of course, there were neither floor nor seats.

"We thank you, good sir," said one. "Neither had we hoped to see another living man in this accursed place."

"Accursed?" repeated Adrian, startled. "I had not thought of the forest as accursed. I find it beautiful. It reminds me of my home."

The traveler sighed and ran his hand over his eyes, as if brushing away something he did not want to see.

"The forest has not always been accursed," he admitted. "Indeed, it still is beautiful, and until a few days ago, it was our home. But we no longer can live here. The Tyrant of Darkness has imprisoned our King and now sits upon the throne, and no knight or servant of the kingdom is strong enough to oust him. All who remain soon will be contaminated by the Haze of Darkness. We decided to flee while we still could and seek out, if we can, a Champion of Light in the world beyond. Only such a Champion can free our King and restore the kingdom."

"Friends," said Adrian, who had listened with astonishment, "your tale is distressing, and I would know more. But first you must eat and rest a while. I see now that you are fatigued beyond endurance."

So saying, Adrian served a simple but sustaining meal, and afterwards the travelers, too exhausted to pretend sociability, fell into deep sleep.

Adrian sat in the doorway of the hut, gazing out into the darkness and at the few stars that twinkled through the trees.

The traveler's story haunted him strangely and the plight of the unknown King and his kingdom deeply saddened him. He tried to push the matter from his mind and sleep, but he could not. All night long he pondered, and as the first light of dawn filtered into the forest, he knew what he had to do. His decision amazed him, yet he had no doubt that it was the most right and natural thing in the world.



When the travelers awakened, they stared at Adrian as if transfixed. He appeared to them, not as the rough-hewn woodsman of the previous evening, but as a resplendent being from another world. He carried himself with more dignity than did other men, and light from an unknown source seemed to engulf him.

Too burdened with their own cares to question their host about his transformation, however, the travelers thanked him for his hospitality and prepared to take their leave. But Adrian stopped them.

"You need seek no farther for your Champion, my friends," he said. "I am prepared to take up the righteous cause of your King and your kingdom. I ask only that you guide me to the castle, that I may confront this Tyrant of Darkness in the midst of his infamy."

Once more the travelers stared at Adrian. Could this woodsman truly be the

Champion of Light they so desperately were hoping to find? The day before, he had given no indication of extra-ordinary status or powers. But now, certainly, he did not appear as an ordinary man.

"You will defend us?" one of the travelers asked hesitantly, not believing what he had heard. "You are willing to meet the Tyrant of Darkness in combat?"

"I will, and I am," Adrian answered, his voice firm.

The travelers looked at each other, the taut expressions on their faces gradually relaxing. Then they each in turn thanked Adrian fervently and wrung his hand.

"We had not dared to hope that our prayers would be answered so quickly," said one.

"The deed is not yet done," Adrian cautioned. "Much lies ahead, and the sooner we are underway, the better."

So, after gathering a supply of food, Adrian summoned the dragon, and the four companions, followed by the reluctant beast, began their trek toward the castle.

For several days they hiked at a steady pace, through a forest that seemed inexplicably familiar to Adrian. Not that he recognized scenes and places — for he did not — and he could not explain to himself what in the surroundings he did recognize. Nevertheless, he was convinced that he had been in the forest before, and that the affairs of the kingdom and its King were of tremendous importance to him.

On the evening of the third day, they came to the foot of the mountain on which the castle stood. A path led upward through the trees, and although the castle itself was concealed by foliage, the travelers assured Adrian that their destination was at hand.

"We must be especially cautious from now on," one of the travelers said. "The Tyrant's soldiers patrol this mountain extensively, and the closer we get to the top, the more impregnable their defenses will be. They imprison all travelers whom they do not know, and do not

hesitate to kill on the grounds of mere suspicion."

"We will reach the castle safely," Adrian assured them, "but of course you are right. There is no need to take undue risk."

So the companions concealed themselves in thick undergrowth and alternated in the watch during the long night. It was impossible, of course, to hide the dragon, but that fearsome creature, Adrian knew, could take care of itself.

"But if you must frighten anyone with a breath of fire," Adrian urged, "try not to start a holocaust here in the forest. We have quite enough to do without putting out a major blaze."

The dragon chuckled. "Don't worry, Master. I don't understand the complicated affairs of kings and tyrants that you are involved with, but I do understand very well how to scare off anyone who needs to be scared off. Just a little flame and some smokey breath usually do the trick, and if that doesn't work, my snarl is very effective, if I do say so myself."

And sure enough, several times during the night the companions on watch, who had seen and heard nothing to arouse their alarm, were startled by a tongue of flame or a menacing snarl that issued from the dragon. The next day it told them that no less than six of the Tyrant's soldiers had come too near their hiding place for comfort, but had fled at the unexpected appearance of the dragon.

"We are indebted to you," Adrian said warmly, "for you certainly have saved us much unpleasantness. Nevertheless, the Tyrant by now must know that a dragon is in the neighborhood, and his minions no doubt will be doubly vigilant. I had hoped to reach the castle secretly, but perhaps it is better this way. Tyrants are cowards, and if this Tyrant of Darkness suspects an unknown danger on his very doorstep, he will become fearful. Once fearful, he is bound to make foolish mistakes. A coward cannot do otherwise."

And so, cautiously but without exces-

sive stealth, the companions began their ascent of the mountain. The thick growth of the forest offered sufficient cover for the first part of the climb, but the companions were aware of unknown presences nearby and, of course, it is hardly possible for a dragon to travel anywhere without attracting some notice.

Still, the travelers continued the ascent unmolested, and finally they emerged from the forest to confront a natural formation of huge rocks that seemed to encircle the mountain peak. Above the formation, the towers and turrets of the castle were visible. The huge rocks and the cavernous spaces among them made it easy for the travelers to hide and take stock of the situation. Although Adrian did not doubt that the fact of an unfriendly presence was known to the Tyrant, he remained fairly certain that he rather than his adversary could determine the exact moment of their confrontation.

"This will make a good resting place till nightfall," said Adrian, looking around with some satisfaction at the hollow in which they had concealed themselves. "Even the dragon is well-hidden here. After dark, we will make our way to the castle and determine then our next move."

And so the companions rested and ate the last of the food they had brought with them, and, once the darkness of deep night enshrouded the mountain, they stealthily crept from their hiding-place and cautiously made their way over the rock barricade.

Adrian had instructed the dragon to remain where it was and under no circumstances to reveal itself. The dragon was glad enough to obey for, although it had no fear of a physical opponent who could be seen, the mysterious Tyrant of Darkness was another matter. The dragon was happy to leave the problem of coping with him to Adrian.

Up the remaining segment of the peak the travelers crept and, unnoticed, they scaled the castle wall. In front of the main gate, and at the side entrances,

lanterns had been lit, and armed sentries could be seen pacing up and down. Silently, however, and protected by the darkness, Adrian and his friends came to an unguarded narrow rear door, which only serfs and lackeys used. Adrian's heart pounded with mounting excitement. He knew without question that he had passed through the same door once before under distressing circumstances, and that the time had come for him to set those circumstances, whatever they might have been, to rights.

Entering the castle, Adrian was startled at the murky, fog-like atmosphere permeating the corridors.

"That is the Haze of Darkness," whispered one of the travelers. "It is strongest here in the castle, but gradually is seeping out through the doors and windows. It will not be long before the mountain, and then the entire kingdom, will be enveloped."

"Not if I can help it!" Adrian whispered angrily. "The kingdom must not be subjected to such a disaster. The sooner we find the Tyrant, the better. Come!"

Single file and on tiptoe, with Adrian leading the way, the companions moved down long corridors and up flights of stairs. The farther they went, the more dense the Haze grew, until finally they could see only a few feet in front of them.

At last they came to an immense, oaken door, on which scrolls, pyramids, and the forms of strange birds and beasts had been carved. In the center was depicted a staff with two snakes intertwined.

"This must be the throne room," Adrian whispered. "We will find the Tyrant here."

Silently, cautiously, he pushed open the door and stopped in his tracks, the companions staring over his shoulders. So dense was the fog here that it whirled and eddied like smoke, and the companions at first could make out nothing. Then, slowly, vague shapes appeared in the swirling mist. At one side of the room a man, head downcast and immobile, was

seated against the wall, his wrists and ankles cruelly manacled. On the other side, a bull mastiff bared its teeth, but remained otherwise motionless.

In the center of the room, vaguely outlined in the blurred Haze, was the throne, shrouded and canopied in black. A gray, faceless figure, half ghost, half skeleton, was seated there.

"So, Adrian, you have come," the figure said, in a voice that seemed to come from far away and welled and eddied as did the Haze.

"I have come to restore the kingdom to its rightful liege," responded Adrian quietly, surprised that the Tyrant should know his name but revealing no emotion.

"Ha!" sneered the Tyrant. "The rightful liege is the one who has power. I have the power now. I have worked for centuries to obtain it, and no one — not you nor any other upstart — will wrest it from me."

"No?" asked Adrian calmly. "That will have to be put to the test, then, because I *do* intend to wrest the power from you — not for myself, but for the true King."

"The true King! That weakling!" The Tyrant snarled with dreadful scorn. Making a sweeping gesture with his arm, the Tyrant pointed to the manacled figure huddled in the corner. "There is your true King, in all his majesty!"

Slowly the huddled figure looked up. Seeing his face for the first time, Adrian was astonished. Although everything else in the room continued to swim and blur in the swirling Haze, the King's face was clearly visible, appearing to Adrian as a beacon of reality in the midst of a nightmare of shadows. Great sorrow and intense suffering were revealed there, but such a light of tenderness and compassion shone from the King's eyes that the whole room seemed illumined.

Despite the shackles in which the King was bound, he appeared more noble, more regal, more lordly than Adrian could have imagined anyone to be. Gradually, as he

continued to stare, transfixed, at the King's face, a dawning certainty entered into his being. He began to understand why the castle and the surrounding forest had seemed so familiar to him. Ignoring the Tyrant and all else in the room, Adrian walked slowly forward and knelt before the King.

"Father," he said softly, his voice shaken with wonder, awe, and a surging joy such as he had never known. "I have come home. All will be well."

"All is well, my son," responded the King in a gentle but resonant voice. "You already have deprived the Tyrant of his power, though he does not yet realize this."

"Enough!" shrieked the enraged Tyrant. "I will hear no more treasonous talk. I have the power here, and it will not be stripped from me. Guards! Seize him!"

Immediately, two figures materialized from the hazy atmosphere and attempted, one on each side, to clamp their hands around Adrian's arms.

"Stop!" commanded Adrian calmly, without flinching or raising his voice. "I forbid you dominion over me."

And harmlessly, the figures glided back from Adrian and faded away.

"Guards!" the Tyrant shrieked again. "I order you to seize this man! Seize him and bind him in irons."

Again the figures materialized, again Adrian forbade them dominion over him, and again they faded away.

For the third time the Tyrant, now experiencing panic for the first time in his nefarious career, ordered his minions to lay hold of Adrian, and for the third time they were thwarted.

Then the Tyrant, losing all self-control in the throes of his fear, leapt up from the throne and, unsheathing a sword, brandished it in front of Adrian's face.

"What have you done to my guards?" he demanded. "What trickery have you used on them?"

"No trickery," Adrian, still calm,

replied. "By calling upon the Light within myself, I simply forbade your forces of Darkness to control me. Anyone can do this — if people only knew."

"Lies! Calumny!" screamed the Tyrant as if crazed. "The Forces of Light are vanquished! I vanquished them! You have no Light within you!"

"The Light cannot be vanquished," Adrian spoke gently and patiently to the deranged Tyrant, as if addressing a small child. "It may be confined for a while, and now and again it may seem to disappear, but the Spark cannot be put out. There is a Spark within each person, and each person alone can fan his Spark into a Flame. This is what I have done."

"That is not true!" the Tyrant howled, becoming more enraged with every moment. "You have no Spark! You have no Flame! I alone have power! I will destroy you!"

With that, the Tyrant raised his sword, preparing to bring the weapon down on Adrian's head. But Adrian, who still had not moved before the enemy's onslaught, held up his hand as if in benediction.



"Peace," he said.

Promptly the sword disappeared, the Tyrant's upraised arm fell as if it had been

struck down. The Tyrant staggered backwards, reaching out his hand to steady himself but finding no support to which to cling. He tried to raise his arm and looked around frantically for his vanished sword, but all to no avail. He had no strength. He was powerless.

Finally, with his back to the wall, he looked up at Adrian with terrified eyes and whispered hoarsely, "I am helpless against you. You have the power."

"It is the power of Light," Adrian said softly. "Even you can learn to wield it, if you will but make yourself worthy."

"Never!" responded the Tyrant, in a defiant whisper. Then, with no further show of bravado (for by now he was almost incapable of movement), he faded away from sight as his guards had done before him.

The sudden silence in the room was broken at last by a deep sigh from one of Adrian's companions, all of whom had stood transfixed throughout the preceding minutes.

"You have conquered the Tyrant," the companion said wonderingly. "He is gone forever."

"He is gone," agreed Adrian, "but not forever. He will rise again in another place, and, again, for a time, he will enslave some who are unwary and conquer some who are weak. But his conquests never will be permanent, for the Light always will shine through when the enslaved will have had enough of Darkness. And the day will come when the Tyrant himself will have had enough, and he, too, will be transmuted into a Child of Light — which, indeed, he once was. But that day is still beyond count in the eons ahead of us."

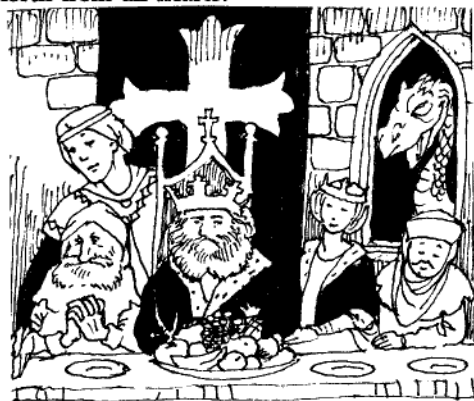
Then the bound King stood up and, to the amazement of the companions, his fetters, far from hindering him, fell to the floor as if they had been dry leaves. The King and Adrian clasped hands warmly and gazed at each other with joyful hearts.

Then, as the last of the swirling fog lifted, Adrian and the King, followed by the companions and the bull mastiff — who no longer bared its teeth, but wagged

its tail companionably instead — left the throne room and made their way through the corridors of the castle. As they passed by, doors of many rooms opened, and soon a vast throng of quietly rejoicing citizens was following in their wake.

In time, they came to a great assembly hall, whose golden doors were being held open in anticipation by their guardians. They stood stern, tall, and proud as the King and his procession entered. At the far end of the hall on a raised dais were two thrones, upon one of which was seated the Queen. On a platform slightly below her were two smaller chairs, occupied, Adrian noted rapturously, by the very woodsman and his wife who had raised him from infancy.

When the tumultuous and tearful reunion at last was spent, and the wonder had become believable, and the bliss had become bearable, a great silence descended upon the room. No word was spoken, but all heads spontaneously were bowed as one and a great outpouring of gratitude welled forth from all hearts.



Then much later, tables piled high with the most luscious fruits and the most exotic viands of the Kingdom were brought forward, and the great feast of rejoicing began.

The dragon was summoned from his hiding place and invited to participate, but it declined with thanks, preferring to remain outside the castle.

"I will serve Adrian for as long as it is given me to do so," it said to those who, with well-meaning though perhaps

misplaced kindness, urged it to enter, "but I would not feel at ease inside this castle of the Great Ones. I doubt that I could breathe there, and in any case my scales and fiery breath are too coarse. The time will come when I will be refined enough to enter, but that time is not yet. I still have much to learn and much to do."

And Adrian, hearing this, smiled and strode to the high balcony, from whence he looked down upon the dragon and laid his hand upon the head that had once frightened so many.

"Then go in peace, my friend," he said, "and learn, and work, and become wiser and stronger in all the places to which you are sent. And do not lose sight of your goal, for the Kingdom and the castle are your true homes too, although you are wise enough to know that you cannot remain here yet. Our thoughts ever will be with you, and if you call upon us for aid, we will hear and respond."

And the dragon, sad but curiously eager for new experiences, gazed once more upon the adored face of its master. Then it turned, stepped over the castle wall, and started down the hill.

Adrian watched till the tip of its tail was lost to view. Then he, too, turned, and, his heart overflowing with tenderness, re-entered the festive hall. And all that night, the Sun and the Moon and the stars seemed to shine as one, and the songs of a thousand nightingales echoed throughout the Kingdom. ★

CHRISTIAN FAITH

I do not claim to understand at all
This marvel, Life, through which I move
a while,

Or know the reason I am up for trial,
Or what I must achieve before my call,

Or what the system of the judgment be,
Or how I rate me with another's score.

By Grace I know I am provided for,
And love will cover my necessity.

—Bess Foster Smith

HYSTERIA...

PSYCHOLOGICAL or PSYCHIC?

JANICE LORIMER

My introduction to a possible case of witch-craft occurred, of all unlikely places, on the campus of a mid-western American college. I do not say that this is easy to believe, but then, I am not telling my story because it is easy to believe, but because it happens to be true and because it is an interesting illustration of an obscure condition.

The college was situated on one of the wide plains of the corn belt, and coming as I had from a more mountainous place, the flatness and emptiness of the horizons invoked in me an emptiness of spirit and yearning for home. Even now, I cannot hear the song *The Hills of Home* sung anywhere without being stirred to a nostalgic melancholy reminiscent of the prevailing temper of my college days.

Into my loneliness came a curious friendship when, one day, a girl who sat next to me in sociology introduced herself and struck up a conversation. She was medium tall, with the broad shoulders and narrow hips which, astrologers say, are so often features of the Leo Ascendant in women as in men; but this is not to say that she was unfeminine — on the contrary, she made rather a cult of femininity. Her face was Castilian (I took it to be French until I learned better), faintly aquiline, oval, full-lipped. She wore her long, dark hair drawn back to a knot, relieved at the face line by ringlets which, with the further assistance of two dimples, softened what was otherwise an arrogant countenance. Her eyes were dark, changeable in expression, and capable of magnetism. She had

more than her rightful share of a certain physical vitality.

She was one of the honor students of the college, too. Due to one unfortunate zero she was not eligible for Phi Beta Kappa, but her average was above 90. After she received her degree in Romance Languages, she taught, until she was married, in a midwest high school. By that time, of course, she had "outgrown" the conditions I am about to describe, and was afraid even to think of them, much less talk about them to anyone — even to me.

This girl — I will call her Maria — and I became friends. We spent much of our free time together, discussing matters of interest to girls and planning our future careers. It was not until many months had passed that she began, shyly, to tell me of strange things that had happened to her, and of which she was in deadly terror, turning white as a sheet whenever she talked about them.

It seems that as a child she had been — like many another child — a firm believer in fairies. She claimed that she had attended fairy banquets in the groves and thickets of her home town and that she had really eaten fairy food and drunk fairy wine! This innocuous memory seemed to terrify her, and I came slowly to understand that what really lay at the root of her terror was not fear of the supernatural but something much more understandable: the fear of insanity. However, she never brought herself to the point of confessing this in so many words. Added to this was a sense of guilt,

for, as I learned later, she was what has been called a romantic liar, given to so embroidering upon truth that she could not always distinguish between the stories she made up and the facts as they were. I was, therefore, compelled to discount her verbal accounts of psychic phenomena and rely only on what I saw with my own eyes.

This curious type of mind which, sometimes mischievously and sometimes maliciously, mixes truth with error, is often found in physical mediumship.

Let me say frankly, there are times when I myself doubt what I remember, and there are times when I wonder if my friend was not somehow hoodwinking me, for the pure fun of it. And yet . . . well, you must judge for yourself.

The thing that convinced me all along was Maria's white-faced terror of the supernatural. Of course, hysterical girls are known to work themselves up into states of terror, and there is no question this girl was a hysteric, in spite of her A-average in scholarship.

But then, what do we know about hysteria and hysterics? Pasting a label on a bottle does not alter the nature of the contents, and witchcraft is still witchcraft, even when it is labeled hysteria.

What this case really proves is, that it is possible for a scholarly intellect to be conjoined with mediumistic proclivities, a fact not usually recognized.

As I say, she was frightened even to think that she had once believed in fairies as a child. She said that they had seemed really tangible to her, that she could speak to them and take part in their revels. But, gradually, I learned that she was capable of lapsing into fits of semi-consciousness when her face would take on a curious waxen luster, and, although she would then carry on a conversation with me, she spoke as if from another world.

Now it happened that Maria hated cats. She would not allow them in the house if she could help it. I had no great love for the cat family, either, but

Maria's hatred of them seemed nothing short of psychopathic. She was afraid of the dark, too, and never wanted to be left alone in the house at night. She worked for her board and room with one of the faculty wives. Always, when the professor and his wife were to be away leaving her to look after the house, she asked permission for me to stay with her because, as she confessed to me, she could not face the darkness alone.

Her room was in the basement, and I remember how we were once there talking over her various experiences. As the night wore on and the house settled on its foundations, creaking as houses do in the night, and the wood-work crackled because of the changing temperature, Maria turned white and said, "Did you hear that? That's why I'm afraid to be alone, such awful noises go on all night long." I must say that some of the noises were pretty loud, and her terror was infectious, so that I was inclined to believe her when she said they were of supernatural origin.

But such trifles were not wholly convincing in the cold light of day.

I was really convinced about her condition for the first time one night in our junior year at college. We had gone to the theater and were walking home at midnight. The way was dark despite the street lamps hanging at the intersections, which illumined only the corners while the rest of the block was shrouded in shadow. It was a warm spring night without a Moon, and I was enjoying the walk. Suddenly Maria announced that she was beginning to feel "strange" again, as if a great weight of sleep were pressing down upon her so that it was hard to walk.

Then she gasped, "Look! That cat!" turning her head to stare behind her.

"What of it?" I asked, looking.

She was actually trembling. "Cats know when I'm like this, and they follow me, they always do!"

Sure enough, as we continued down

the street of that little midwestern town, lined on both sides with respectable little houses, their respectable inhabitants for the most part sound asleep, from one house after the other a dark shape disentangled itself from the shadows and followed us. Maria walked faster.

"Look behind us!" she said again. Again I looked. I counted at least four cats walking behind or near her, and others following at a little distance.

The dogs came rushing out to bark. They followed us — and the cats — barking, which was by no means usual because normally Maria had a way with dogs. She liked them, and they liked her — except, she said, as we walked fast, almost running, when she was "like this." Dogs didn't like her when she was "like this." But cats followed her and would swarm over her if she would let them, when she was "like this."

We reached the safety of my room, where she sank to the floor beside my bed and laid her head against it. I knelt before her solicitously, suggesting that she lie down awhile until she felt better before trying to go home.

She whispered, "Let me alone! I'll be all right in a moment."

Her face had again taken on that curious waxen pallor, almost, I fancied, luminous, in the dim light from my bedside lamp. I studied it minutely. So like a mask it was, with the eyes closed and the curling lashes black against the ivory luster of the cheek.

"Stop staring at me!" she commanded, without apparently opening her eyes. I have since assumed that she watched me through her eyelashes, but at the time I thought not, because when she came out of the spell, she seemed not to know that I had been watching her, nor that she had told me to stop. The incident fell completely out of her consciousness, and she went white when I told her about it.

Slowly color flowed back into her

cheeks and in a short while she was once more her normal, healthy, high-colored self — a healthier looking person would be difficult to imagine. She said, "Mrs. Dean will be wondering about me if I don't get home. I'll be all right now. It's gone." So she gathered her coat about her and prepared to depart.

I never saw that experience duplicated in the remaining months of the school year, because on the few occasions when she lapsed into semi-trance she happened to be safe in her room or in mine, and did not go out until she had returned to normal. But I shall never forget that dark night on the way home when, like some medieval witch strangely set down in the twentieth century, she was followed by a silent, if sportive, procession of cats; while dogs, vaguely scenting an inexplicable danger to the human household they guarded, came out prepared to do battle, barking and growling.

Only recently I have read somewhere that the ancient Greeks said one could always tell when Hecate, the terrible goddess of witchcraft, was abroad: she came in the dark of the Moon, and her course through the town was marked by the barking of dogs. ★

No, there is nothing evil in God's universe. During the day we perceive by the light of the Sun the glories of this little Earth that swings in space, and perhaps if there were only light, we should perceive nothing beyond this Earth and remain ignorant that there is more than the Sun and Moon. But when night comes, and the glories of the day have faded, when the Sun no longer illumines the sky, we can realize, to a certain extent, at least, the immensity of space. We can see worlds millions and millions of miles away, and the Spirit is incited to wonderful devotion, as we dwell upon the Truth that God is all in all.

— *Cosmo*: page 705

THE PHANTOM DOG

ART CROCKETT

Although he devoted a chapter in one of his books to exploding the mysteries behind famous ghost dog stories, Albert Payson Terhune could offer no satisfactory explanation for the strange story of Rex, one of the many dogs that lived with him at Sunnybank in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

Larger and more awkward than the collies Terhune owned and loved, the fawn-colored crossbreed was also the unfortunate bearer of an odd-shaped scar that slashed wickedly across his forehead, adding further ugliness to his already unattractive features. But one thing was certain: no dog at Sunnybank was more slavishly devoted to his master.

While the collies romped in the yard, Rex preferred to post himself on a hallway rug at the door of Terhune's study and listen closely to every sound that came from within. During the writer's moments of relaxation, Rex loved to sit at his feet and gaze up in fascinated rapture.

Rex's self-imposed vigil over his master couldn't be discouraged even when he was barred from the dining room at meal time. He'd simply dash to the veranda and stare in at Terhune's back through a French window. Such unselfish devotion deeply touched the great dog-story writer, and when Rex was killed in March, 1916, Terhune satisfied a compelling force within him to record the manner and reason for Rex's death in a story titled, "Lad: A Dog."

Then, more than eighteen months later, a startling incident led him to

believe that Rex had not really left him at all.

It happened during the closing moments of a visit from Henry A. Healy, a serious-minded financier who was not given to flippancies and practical jokes. The man had been well acquainted with Terhune's dogs and had known Rex for years.

As the two men walked toward the waiting car, Healy astounded Terhune when he said, "Bert, I wish there were someone or some thing on Earth that adored me as Rex worships you. I watched him all evening. He lay there at your feet the whole time looking up at you as a devotee might look up to its god. I wish —"

"Good Lord, man!" Terhune interrupted. "Rex has been dead for more than a year and a half. You know that. I told you all about it at the time."

Healy paled. "Why, yes! I remember now. But just the same," he continued stubbornly, "I can swear he was lying at your feet all evening. Just as I've seen him do since he was a puppy."

Terhune was confused. There had been no dog in the living room that evening, and even if there had been he knew that Healy could not have mistaken a collie for a short-haired crossbreed.

Nor was that the end of it. He was to be even more perplexed by another incident that occurred in the summer of 1918, when he was visited by Reverend Appleton Grannis, a life-long friend.

Grannis did not know Healy or of Healy's vision. In fact, having spent many

years in the West, Grannis had never known about Rex.

The two old friends spent the afternoon talking of old times. Upon leaving Grannis said, "I thought all your dogs were collies."

"They are," Terhune told him.

"Then what dog was it that has been standing all afternoon on the porch looking in through the French window at you? He's a big dog with a peculiar scar on his forehead."

Dazedly, Terhune answered, "I don't know."

Although the writer rarely committed himself concerning his own visions of

Rex, he often told the story of Bruce, one of his most beautiful collies at Sunnybank, and of how immediately after Rex's death, Bruce would always give wide berth to the hallway rug outside Terhune's study.

In his own words Terhune said: "Always, to the end of his life, Bruce would not step on that rug, but skirt it carefully, as though he were walking around some dog or some object lying there."

— Source: *A Book of Famous Dogs* by Albert Payson Terhune. Publishers: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1937.

The Early Sacredness Of Cats

The Goddess Bacht, or Pasht, was represented with the head of a cat. This animal was held sacred for several reasons. It was the symbol of the Moon, the Eye of Osiris or the 'sun,' during night. The cat was also sacred to Sokhit. One of the mystic reasons was because its body could be rolled up in a circle. The posture is prescribed for occult and magnetic purposes, having to do with the circulation of the vital fluid, with which the cat is preeminently endowed. The "nine lives of a cat" is a popular saying based on good physiological and occult reasons. Thus the God Shoo, the personification of Ra, appears as the 'Great Cat'.

Among the Egyptians, the cat was held sacred not only because it slept in the form of a circle or because of its ability to see in the dark, but because of its association with Goddess Bacht and the Moon. This relationship has been explained by Prof. Max Muller as due to the fact that the eyes of a cat become full orbed and grow most luminous in the dark, and also because the Moon was the seer by night in the heavens.

The esoteric reason, however, is the ability of the cat to give out large quantities of magnetism and physical life-force, as can so easily be proved by stroking a cat in the dark.

The Egyptians knew that this magnetism was but the outer manifestation of the life-force, and that under proper treatment this life-force could be given out so as to be absorbed by man. They understood the law that only through *kindness* and *love* could man make the lower kingdom yield him their forces in such a way as to aid his own development. Hence, large numbers of cats were kept in the temples and treated with great care, that they might supply the Priests and Seers with purified and harmonized magnetism which certain of their duties and exercises abstracted from their bodies.

This use of the cat is probably the origin of the superstition that a witch always had a familiar spirit in the form of a black cat, as the magnetism could be put to unholy as well as holy uses.

Also by observing them, many auguries were made, and much esoteric

knowledge was deduced from their disposition and actions which would surprise the modern scholars who think of the cat only as a mouse-catcher and midnight prowler.

In the ancient ruins called Tell Basta, near Zaganzig, a cemetery has been found devoted exclusively to mummified cats. In the tombs of Beni Hasan and elsewhere are found quantities of small images, not only of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, but also of the cat sitting in a watchful attitude, with its eyes always prominent, no matter how small or crude the image. These images often are strung on string with mummy beads and wrapped in the folds of the mummy cloths. Such images were not used for decoration, as many think, but because the cat was looked upon as the "Watcher of the Night," not only owing to its ability to see in the dark, but also because of its extreme sensitiveness to all astral influences and its unmistakable ability to see astral entities.

Cats were made household pets and closely watched so that the owner might be warned of evil and protected from astral forces.

They were placed in the tomb with the mummy for the same purpose, i.e., to watch over the deceased and protect him from evil influences in the nether world.

In Ireland and Scotland, it has been the common belief that a three-colored cat (tortoise shell) brings good fortune; hence, if such a cat attaches itself to a home, it is considered a sign of good luck. The selection of this particular kind of cat is based upon the three colors combined in its fur: black, white, and yellow. This shows that the ancient Celts had a practical knowledge of both color and number.

It was also held that the three-colored cat was an aid to the unfoldment of "second sight:" the black aiding clairvoyance, the yellow, clairsentience, and the white, ability to receive *spiritual*

inspiration and prophecy. For these reasons, a three-colored kitten often was given to a child as a constant companion and playmate, in the belief that it would enable the child to see in the three worlds.

Much of the psychic ability of the "canny Scot" is attributed to this custom.

In the "Jarvis Letters" the Great Cat or Lion is connected with the Jews and Judah as follows: "Our big CAT — lion — made the whole cat family sacred as a record-name; our Celtic CAT, naming the House of Family of Deity, and her picture always named the Moon goddess, she being specially identified with astronomy, being addressed on the walls of Thebes as 'O thou great CAT, thou who canst see in the night. . . .'"

This Lion represents the deity and the priesthood, always identified with these namings.

This sitting L-ion has the same posture as the lion-Sphinx whose Egyptian name is HU-piter, or HU-father. The HU, or JU, named all the JU peoples of Denmark, America, England, and Syria, and the Lion of JUDA was the biblical sign-name of the Hebrews or JU's.

It will be remembered that in *Revelation V*, it was the Great Cat or Lion which was found worthy to open the Book of Life and loose the seven seals: i.e., only the ability to see, in the darkness of Earth conditions, the heavenly visions; the ability to store up and give out to the Race the Divine Life-force; the ability to manifest the powers of the nine digits latent in the Circle; and the ability consciously to cope with astral conditions make of man the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and enable him to unloose the seven Seals and open the Book of Life. ★

HEALTH AND VISION,

Oct.-Nov., 1953





MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE



LUCIFER

If we understand the injunction, "Heal the sick," aright, we shall not be content merely with endeavoring to assuage the present pain, sorrow, and suffering of any one or a number of people. We shall then attempt to get to the bottom of all human suffering, so that by removing the main cause we may eradicate the effects. To do this — to arrive at a true conclusion concerning the origin of sorrow and suffering and the means for its permanent eradication — we must go back to the beginning of physical existence.

The Bible has been given to the Western World by the Recording Angels, who give to every nation the religion that is best fitted to guide it upon the path of spiritual and physical evolution. If we seek light from that source, we certainly shall find it. Christ taught the multitude in parables, but to His disciples He gave the meaning of those parables and the deeper things concerning the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. We must understand that, besides the meaning which the Word of God carries upon its face, there is a deeper and hidden side, which we now shall do well to ponder.

The Earth was not always as it is today. There has been an immense period of formation, and this planet went through

various stages of development before it reached the present condition. We call these stages the Hyperborean, Lemurian, Atlantean, and Aryan Epochs.

During the latter part of the Lemurian Epoch, when mankind still lived on fire-girt islands of the forming crust, they were very different from humanity today. They were giants of a bodily shape which would be repulsive to our present notions of bodily symmetry and beauty. The principal difference, however, was that the Ego had not yet learned to draw within its body properly and permanently. In fact, men did not then know that they had bodies; they used them as unconsciously as we use our digestive apparatus. Their sight was focused altogether in the spiritual world, and they saw God face to face. Or, rather, they saw those whom they thought were gods — namely, the divine Messengers who guided them as children are guided by their parents.

Being unconscious of their bodies, they knew neither birth nor death. The loss of a physical vehicle happened frequently because of the volcanic eruptions that were the order of the day upon our forming Earth, but it was like the falling of a dry leaf from the tree. The loss of the physical vehicle produced no difference in men's consciousness. Neither was the birth of a

new body distracting, because consciousness continued to be focused on the invisible realms.

At certain times in the year, the Angels, who have always been the harbingers of birth, herded these hosts of child-men into great temples where the propagative act was performed as an act of sacrifice, under the proper planetary rays. In those moments of intense, intimate contact, man's attention was temporarily drawn from the spiritual realms to the physical world, and "Adam knew his wife."

Thus the keynote of the body then conceived was in perfect tune with the harmony of the spheres at that moment, and therefore parturition was painless. Health was perfect, and death had no terror for humanity.

The Angels, however, were not all of the same nature. There were two classes: one attuned to water, the other to fire. The second class was apostrophized by Isaiah: "O Lucifer, son of the morning, How art thou fallen!" From the Water-Spirits, or true Angels, man received help in building the brain, but Lucifer, Spirit of Fire, is the "Light-Giver." From the Fire Spirits came the light of reason.

The desire body of man by then was impregnated with a new faculty: impulse. As it was necessary for the Lucifer Spirits to use a physical instrument for their own further development, and because they were unable to create such a vehicle, they taught man that he had a dense body, and enlightened him concerning the method whereby he might generate a new vehicle at any time, regardless of planetary conditions. Man, yielding to the impulse of the Lucifer Spirits, incited by the passion they instilled, began to regard the generative act as a means of enjoyment and gratification instead of a sacrament. Hence, bodies born under such conditions were out of tune with the Cosmic harmony. Therefore parturition became painful, health became impaired, and death entered upon his reign.

Adam knew his wife only during the time when the Angels presided over the

propagative act. The rest of the time, his consciousness was focused in the spiritual world. Things became radically different, however, when man took the matter into his own hands. The oftener he knew his wife for self-gratification, the oftener and more thoroughly his consciousness became focused in the physical world, and the more he lost sight of the higher realms, until finally they have been almost forgotten. Therefore birth now seems the beginning of life. It commences pain for mother and child; life itself usually is a path of suffering, because in spirit we feel ourselves orphaned from our Father; at the end stands Death, to usher the Spirit into what to our physical consciousness is a great unknown. All this is because of the impulse and passion wherewith the material Lucifer Spirits have impregnated our desire natures. As long as the fire light of passion taints our desire natures, this regime must continue.

The Old Testament opens with the account of how man was led astray by *the False Light* of the Lucifer Spirits, giving birth to all the sorrow and suffering in the world; it closes with the promise that the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with Healing in its wings. And in the New Testament we find the Son of Righteousness, *the True Light*, come to save the world. The first fact which is stated regarding Him is that He is of Immaculate Conception.

It should be understood clearly, then, that the Luciferian taint of passion has brought sorrow, sin, and suffering into the world. Prior to the impregnation of the desire body with this demoniac principle, conception was immaculate and a sacrament. Man walked in the presence of Angels then, pure and unabashed. The act of fertilization was as chaste as that of the flowers. Therefore when the mischief had been wrought, immediately the Angel girded them with leaves, to impress upon them

(Continued on page 471)

STUDIES IN THE

COSMO-CONCEPTION

Evil In The Desire World

Q. What is the consequence of a lie in the Desire World?

A. Anything happening in the Physical World is reflected in all the other realms of Nature and builds its appropriate form in the Desire World. When a true account of the occurrence is given another form is built, exactly like the first. They are then drawn together and coalesce, strengthening each other.

Q. What occurs if the details given are not true?

A. If an untrue account is given, a form different from and antagonistic to the first, or true one, is created.

Q. How do these differences operate?

A. As the true and the false deal with the same occurrence, they are drawn together, but as their vibrations are different, they act upon each other with mutual destructiveness.

Q. What is the consequence of this opposition?

A. Therefore evil and malicious lies can kill anything that is good, if they are strong enough and repeated often enough.

Q. What can be done about this?

A. Conversely, seeking for the good in evil will, in time, transmute the evil into good.

Q. What important point should be kept in mind?

A. That if the form that is built to minimize the evil is weak, it will be destroyed by the evil form, but if it is strong and frequently repeated, it will have the effect of disintegrating the evil and substituting the good.

Q. How is this to be done?

A. That effect, be it distinctly understood, is not brought about by lying or

denying the evil, but by looking for the good.

Q. How does this apply to the occult student?

A. The occult scientist practices very rigidly this principle of looking for the good in all things, because he knows what a power it possesses in keeping down evil.

Q. What illustration would clarify this policy?

A. There is a story of the Christ which illustrates this point. Once, when walking with His Disciples, they passed the decaying and ill-smelling carcass of a dog. The Disciples turned in disgust, commenting upon the nauseating nature of the sight, but Christ looked at the dead body and said: "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth."

Q. What did He have in mind?

A. He was determined to find the good, because He knew the beneficial effect which would result in the Desire World from giving it expression.

Q. How does the conflict between the good and evil forms in the Desire World affect our lives on Earth?

A. From the battle of the twin forces — Attraction and Repulsion — results all the pain and suffering incident to wrong-doing or misdirected effort, whether intentional or otherwise.

Q. What should this teach us?

A. It should teach us how very important is the *feeling* we have concerning anything, for upon that depends the nature of the atmosphere we create for ourselves. If we love the good, we shall keep and nourish as guardian angels all that is good about us; if the reverse, we shall people our path with demons of our own breeding.

—Ref: *Cosmo-Conception*, pp. 43-44, 47

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

DEMONIAC POSSESSION

Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb: and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw.

And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the son of David.

But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils.

And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand:

And if Satan cast out Satan he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?

And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.

But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you.

Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.

He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.

— Matthew 12:22-30

Those engaged in the work of curing and healing — the medical doctors as well as the mental and spiritual healers — are becoming more and more aware of the reality of "possession." They are realizing that a discarnate entity can partially or wholly take possession of the body of someone living on the Earth plane. The medical profession has various names for such a condition: neurotic, psychotic, schizophrenic, etc., and uses various types of treatments to effect a cure. In some cases, the partially obsessing entity may be dislodged by physical means, but the spiritual healer has the real key to the difficulty.

Christ Jesus, master Exponent of Divine Love, of course had the power to

remove the "demons," "devils," etc., from their victims, as is recorded many times in the Gospels. His name may be used even today to command these wayward beings by those qualified to do so. Such cases should serve as impressive warnings to those "who have ears to hear" — warnings against the negative living that makes one susceptible to partial or complete obsession. There is no loss more terrible than that of one's physical body to another entity, and it can come about only by serious transgression of God's laws.

In the incident related above, we again find the reactionary Pharisees, those wily opponents of the new regime of Christ, seeking some reason for accusing the new Teacher of trespassing upon the priestly law, so that they might have Him removed from the people. Among themselves, they devised the accusation that He used the power of "Beelzebub, prince of the devils," to effect His results.

But Christ Jesus *knew their thoughts*, which must have amazed his accusers in this and many other similar instances, and began to use His superb logic to answer their accusation. (We may note in passing that this power of the Master to read thoughts was an indication of a faculty that will eventually be possessed by all people. We observe a growing realization of this power in our modern world, even among material scientists.) He advanced the indisputable doctrine that, "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand." (*Mark 3:25*) We often hear this statement made to indicate the necessity for unity on the material plane, but its most vital significance is of a spiritual nature. "He that is not with me is against me," means that there must be a complete dedication to spiritual living if real progress is to be made on the Path. ★

ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY

JOHN JOCELYN



Only in the synthesis of man is his soul found, and no psychology is true unless the whole is known. Man is a whole of body (or appearance), soul (or quality), and Spirit (or life). In fact the reason why psychologies fail is due to the fact that their exponents are scientific materialists who give credence to the physical force of the body alone and refuse recognition or right to the Spirit which was basic and existent before flesh ever was formed. But the time of a true psychology is now approaching. The truth about man and the universe is now accessible to all who will avail themselves of it. The influence of the Aquarian vibration makes available the divine wisdom teachings of the Mysteries, which include the divine wisdom of astrology.

The whole of a man is known only as we know all of his parts. The study of astrology reveals all these parts, noting their quality and combining them so that their substance shows the whole of the man.

To be able to *know* men in this wise is to become what Plato calls a "soul artist," and the real astrologer is just that. As these astrologers become more common, so will spiritual intelligence increase, along with joyous, wholesome, happy life on our planet.

A six-cylinder engine with only four cylinders in operation functions imperfectly. Similarly, man, thinking he is only so much matter with a mind reacting to

that matter, and not being responsive to Spirit, has been using and manifesting but a small fraction of the magnitude of his power and has produced a mode of life that is chaotic and ill-balanced.

Man in his entirety is threefold: first, the dense physical body is the appearance; second, the soul is the quality; third, the Spirit is the life.

The body is threefold, for an invisible vital body channels all of the forces that give life, growth, and function to the dense form, while a third invisible vehicle, the desire body, imparts every force of movement and direction. A fourth factor, the link of mind, connects these three lower bodies with the three higher vehicles which are the Human Spirit, the Life Spirit, and the Divine Spirit. This makes man a threefold Spirit possessing a mind through which he controls a threefold body.

Man has made a descent into matter as a Virgin Spirit, his bodies ever taking on more and more density. This is called involution, and it involved him in matter, these "coats of skin" we wear today. But the evolutionary ascent now is started and man now increasingly is to free himself from the density of matter.

Small wonder then that such a development of mind has produced myriads of men and women with no knowledge of the higher worlds, as well as no knowledge of their own basic spiritual reality: one with God as cells in His body, and thus Sons of God in truth.

Their vision was no greater than that given by their concrete minds, which function in the prison cells of their personalities to which they are chained and which, they have been led to believe, constitute the only final reality.

All are in prison until the intuitional consciousness of the Christ starts to function to light the lower concrete mind. We can expand far beyond our narrow-visioned concrete minds. We have a power and place far greater than our puny and often paltry personalities. The personality is a hindrance until we begin to get a vision of God as a Whole and understand that, as Sons of God, we are part of and one with that Whole.

No true satisfaction comes to an individual until he or she realizes the plan and purpose of life. God is a Whole, and every living Spirit is a part of that Whole. We are cells in the Body of God, but no very full participation as a cell, or part of the Whole can occur until man gets an understanding of the Whole in some degree. God then is the Grand Man of Heaven, and all mankind are cells and sons of this great heavenly Being.

The whole concern of evolution is the expansion of consciousness. We reach larger vistas of truth as we reach higher levels of progress in spirals of ascent. Expansion of consciousness, then, accompanies deeper and wider comprehension of the Plan, which is God, the Whole.

As we learn to know ourselves as Sons of God, so do we learn to know God and the Plan which He has for man, for God, Plan, and man are identical. To realize the Plan, we must become aware that we have a higher light than that of the lower concrete mind. This is the source of intuition. This mind is brain-free and truth-telling in its reports, for its messages come from the realm of Life-Spirit and Christ Unity. The subconscious mind gets its facts from the Reflecting Ether, a much lower region, where reports and visions are much distorted.

The plight of man today is the result of

his not using the forces of all of his various vehicles, and of his being unaware of, or even denying, the reality of these forces. Reference again to the illustration of the engine will make this clearer. When an automobile engine fires on anything less than all of its cylinders, equilibrium and power are lost and we see and feel the hesitant motion. The more cylinders misfiring, the less is the power, the worse the balance, and the more reduced the motion. Careful thought reveals to us that it takes these three forces of power, balance, and motion in synchronized action to produce an easy flow of smooth power. The greater this quality, the higher is the efficiency of the engine.

Power, balance, and motion, found as forces in mechanics, men, or God, always correlate to the three aspects of the God-head, the Holy Trinity. Power relates to the Father; balance, to the Son or Christ; motion, to the Holy Spirit. As these forces work through man, we speak of them as will, love-wisdom, and activity, respectively. The occult truth we seek to impress is that, unless these three primary powers are working in equal flow of force in man, he becomes like our engine: a limping, erratic exponent of action with limited and partial powers.

Man's work on the Earth in a physical body is to equalize the action of these three forces. When this is done, he vitalizes within himself a Power which makes him more than man. Now he must learn to know himself as a whole and not stay in his present limitation, a limitation caused by his self-expression as a part and not as a balanced unified whole.

Today he has only partial access to his full powers. Only as he becomes holy is the veil lifted which has limited his vision and not allowed him full use of his mighty, hidden God-forces. The crushing curse of life today has risen in the darkness caused by the selfish brain-mind unilluminated by true spiritual perception — the Christ-conscious mind. The Real Man is the Lord

from Heaven. In Him is Light, Love, and Life, and He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

The magnitude of man does not declare itself until he becomes aware that he is a God-in-the-making and realizes that his work on Earth is to unify in his seven-fold being the three-fold aspects of God expressing as Will, Love-Wisdom, and Activity. When this alchemical feat is performed, the mystical marriage occurs that unites the earthly personal man with the Spiritual Lord from Heaven. The three major aspects, through the Divine Spirit, Life Spirit, and Human Spirit, form the Ego, or God-in-man, which through the mind, reflects forces of will, feeling, and thought down into the desire body, vital body, and dense bodies. The Higher Triad of Divine, Life, and Human Spirit is the permanent, eternal, individual, spiritual man; while the desire, vital, and dense bodies form the personalities of the various earthly lives built by the Higher Man from Heaven. The personalities are temporary and evanescent and are used to develop the man into a God.

All people are developed unevenly and express too much of one or two of the three phases of will, feeling, and thought. A person may have too much feeling, using little thought and will. Another may be all will, with not much thought and feeling, while yet a third may be all thought and feeling and have no will. It is rare to see the perfect man of power, poise, and peace — he who has discovered within himself the three primary power aspects of God and developed them into exact, usable forces so that he exemplifies his heritage as a Son of God. This is the coming of the Son of Man in all his glory.

Through knowledge of astrology, we can realize where we lack in these three-fold aspects of consciousness. As we are awakened, we set about that work upon our souls which will at last produce the essential element of balance. The chief

and wisest use of astrology is in noting these lacks so that we can apply ourselves the better to right every defect which our type and temperament bears. As an alchemical force, no other teaching helps an individual transmute temperament more than does astrology. Astrology, then, will be found to be the only true psychology and will fructify those psychologies which have missed their true purpose because they eliminate the Idea of God as the central and germinal principle in man.

Planetary vibrations are rays of energy of different potential and quality which pour down and infiltrate the planet as a kind of spiritual electricity. Each hour and day is differently conditioned by the incessant motion of the universe, new lines of force ever being arranged. The resolution of the potencies and qualities of the planetary ray energies in the horoscope show the tendencies of the man. Only as a man comes to know himself in the context of the zodiacal energies shown in his nativity, can he be said to have commenced really to live.

As the physical body of man is the dwelling place of his Spirit, so the signs of the zodiac, the Sun, and the planets of our solar system are the bodies of great spiritual Hierarchies and Beings who are the messengers of God. His rays coming to the Earth give us our experiences; they impel, but they do not compel. What we make of those experiences we ourselves determine.

The signs of the zodiac are forms animated with the life of spiritual Beings whose life flows into our planet to make all things and beings on it sentient and living. No life on Earth could exist without these Mighty Ones, who make the great sacrifice for us. As this truth becomes a living one in the soul and mind of the student, then he or she will grow in reverence and love. It may be mentioned that man today knows not love because he has lost conscious touch with these mighty Beings of love and wisdom!

Mankind is now chained to the

restrictive limits set by the concrete mind. The development of this mind was essential to his evolution, which is accelerated by it. At the same time, that factor has kept him blind to Worlds of Spirit, and under its forces he has been led to believe that he is simply and solely a one-earth-life being. Although it has produced today's materialism, it will ultimately further the evolution of both man and planet.

However, material gains always bring spiritual losses, so man, having lost touch with the Spiritual Worlds and his own identity as a Son of God, for the most part refuses to believe in his innate basic Spirit-Being. Thus, under the severity of present-day forces, man not only refuses to believe in the One Reality of Spirit, but also looks upon those who do as not quite sane or mentally mature.

No one can be a soul-artist unless he is imbued with the ideal of God as Three in One, the Holy Trinity, which forms the primary power purpose of all that ever was or shall be. The man who would manifest his magnitude as a Son of God on Earth must meditate and work still more, for all true work is worship.

To examine a horoscope with this occult knowledge of God and His forces is to see their reflection in the nativity and enable one to give an account and direction that ever will be pertinent and accurate. The sum and substance of the man will be seen and appraised as Spirit first and then as person. Many astrologers today see the person first and last, and usually give no soul and Spirit consideration.

When the soul-artist looks at a horoscope, he sees there the Life of God flowing through planets and zodiac to inform the man and impart that individual's unique quality. These flowing forces, determined by that moment when he took his first breath, individualize the man and call out the experiences he needs to progress in the school of Earth life.

The horoscope is simply a photograph

of the Ego as it has evolved through many lives, with the past bearing directly upon the present incarnation.

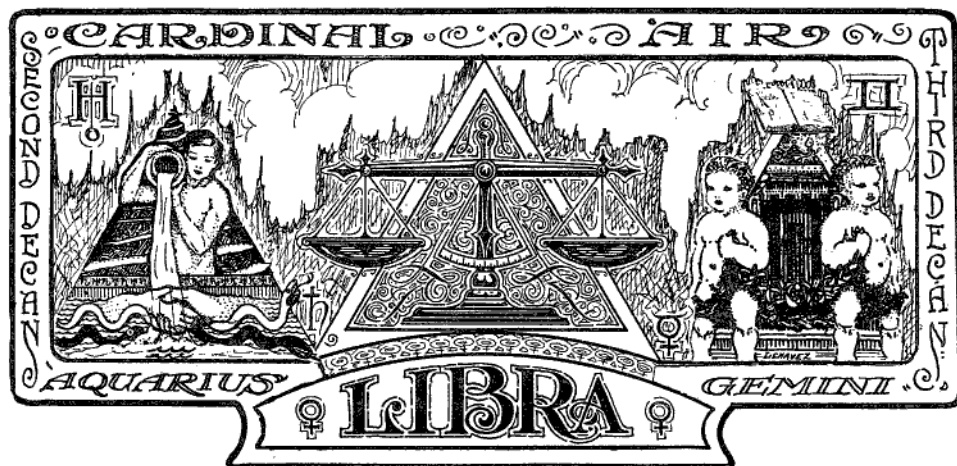
By the right use of astrology, we can learn what forces are influencing our lives. Then we need no longer be led blindly by them, but may profit by the destiny we are reaping from our own past actions and more readily learn the lessons that life brings. Our purpose in studying astrology is to learn to *know* ourselves and then to transmute our innate blemishes of habit and temperament, which are the fruit of past lives under Jehovistic forces. Jehovah's regime as planetary ruler ended with the coming of Christ Jesus nearly two thousand years ago. This truth must be made working knowledge in the mind of the student.

We must learn to live in such a way that we come to know the self in its parts and as a Whole. That is why we study astrology. No whole view of life can come until we see what is the *life* behind the *form* which acts and lives on the Earth plane.

The plan and purpose of life for man is not seen until *whole views* are taken; this is the synthesis which comprehends the full purpose of existence. Man is, therefore, a manifold being who must learn to know his own Spirit and so bring about his own unification.

Forces now impinge upon our planet through the uranian ray to bring a growing facility in the study and application of astrology, for this Divine Science is ruled by Aquarius; hence the great stir at this time with regard to astrology. The impulse to fathom the mysteries of the horoscope will grow by leaps and bounds in the coming years. Therefore, we repeatedly state the truth of the divine plan and purpose inherent in this study. It should be taken up as a practical study by those who have begun to sense the unreality and illusion of the personal, temporary, earthly man and mind. The study and use of astrology lifts the Ego into the very

(Continued on page 471)



The Children of Libra 1978

Birthdays: September 24 to October 23

SYMBOL — The balance.

QUALITY — Cardinal; or consciousness directed actively and dynamically toward the pursuit of specific goals.

ELEMENT — Air; or a social and intellectual orientation of consciousness. Among other things, the air element corresponds to gasses, the mind, and the World of Thought.

ESSENTIAL NATURE — Integrated.

PHYSICAL ANALOGY — Wind.

RULING PLANET — Venus is the ruling planet of Libra because it is able to express its function easily and freely when placed in this sign. Venus represents the urge to express love and appreciation, to experience an awareness of moral, ethical, and aesthetic values, and to strive for greater peace, harmony, and beauty.

CORRESPONDING HOUSE — The 7th house corresponds to Libra and represents the desire for action based upon relationship and communication with others.

SYNTHESIS — Venus in Libra represents the urge to express love and appreciation in a dynamic, intellectual, and integrated manner. The ability to express this urge partially would be dependent upon an aware-

ness of moral, ethical, and aesthetic values. Venus in the 7th house would indicate that the desire for action based upon relationship and communication with others tends to stimulate the quest for greater peace, harmony, and beauty.

ESOTERIC ANATOMY — Libra is one representation of the subconscious mind.

EXOTERIC ANATOMY — Specific: kidneys, ureters, lumbar region of the back and spine, adrenal glands, ovaries, and fallopian tubes. General: Internal reproductive organs, endocrine glands, vasomotor system, veins, and the skin as an organ of elimination.

PHYSIOLOGY — Venus, the ruler of Libra, governs the physiological processes of taste, smell, digestion of sugars, starches, and cellulose, utilization of sugars and production of cellulose in the body, selective filtration of substances in the kidneys, circulation of blood in the veins, and the production of estrogen and other female hormones. Venus also rules the appetite and the function of the thymus gland.

TABERNACLE in the WILDERNESS — Libra represents the lessons of consciousness contained in the outer court of the Tabernacle. Libra is the sign of the balance and through this sign man learns the

workings of the twin Laws of Rebirth and Consequence. He learns how the Law of Cause and Effect keeps the cosmic scales of justice and harmony in balance and how through cycles of rest and activity, progress and recapitulation, death and rebirth, man evolves from one level to another.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY — Venus is symbolized in Greek Mythology by the goddesses Aphrodite, Eros, Hera, and Athena, though the latter two are especially indicative of Venus in Libra. Hera was the goddess of marriage and the goddess of justice to those who were victims of unfaithfulness or betrayal. Athena was the goddess of wisdom, or knowledge tempered with love, a patron of the arts, and a warrior against injustice, unrighteousness, and all that sought to enslave the nobility in man to the evil lust for power and self-aggrandizement.

COSMIC CHRISTIANITY — The Sun's entry into Libra marks the re-entry of the Christ Spirit into the Earth for another season. As previously stated, the Sun is in fall in Libra, indicating restriction in the capacity freely to express, and a call to sacrifice. Likewise, the "fall" of the Christ Ray into the Earth greatly restricts and hampers the freedom of this great Spirit. But He sacrifices Himself unreservedly in order to restore the equilibrium in man and the Earth that has been unbalanced through the blight of greed and selfishness resulting from mankind's spiritual blindness and egoism. ★

ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY

(Continued from page 469)

realms of the divine. Only as one realizes his intrinsic divinity and becomes reverent is much real headway made.

The keynote, then, to advancement in the study of astrology is spiritual purity. We should not cease to remind ourselves of the potency of purity. As we learn to make ourselves "pure as He is pure," great revelations into the mysteries of man and God occur. No person possesses true

spiritual intelligence with insight into himself and the world unless he has that understanding of astrology which is accompanied by the highest purity. He who panders to the merely personal or whose ideals are material will never penetrate into the mysteries of man, soul and Spirit, granted us by this divine knowledge.

The imminent positive discovery that man is a Spirit, working on and in a dense physical body "to which it is connected by the link of mind, will help rehabilitate humanity. This work brings the threefold soul into being. In earthly life we are to extract this threefold soul. New orientation of the individual can only arise as a result of a new education through a self-revealed knowledge of one's soul. There is no means surer, saner, or safer by which to arrive at the estimate of soul quality than that afforded by a study of the stellar script. ★

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 463)

the ideal which they must learn to live — namely, chastity like that of the plant.

Whenever we can perform the act of generation in a pure, chaste, and passionless manner as does the plant, an immaculate conception takes place and a Christ is born, capable of healing all the suffering of humanity, capable of conquering death and establishing immortality — a true light to lead humanity away from passion, through self-sacrifice, to compassion.

This, then, is the great ideal toward which we are striving: to cleanse ourselves from the taint of Egoism and self-seeking. Therefore we look upon the emblem of the Rose-Cross as an ideal. The seven red roses typify the cleansed blood, the white rose shows the purity of life, and the golden, radiating star symbolizes that inestimable influence for health, helpfulness, and spiritual uplift which radiates from every servant of humanity. ★

READERS'

QUESTIONS

ANIMAL CLAIRVOYANCE

Question:

Are animals clairvoyant in the same sense that human beings are?

Answer:

Not exactly. The animal spirit has not yet evolved to the point at which it can "enter" a dense body. Therefore, the animal has no indwelling Spirit, nor does it have its complete set of vehicles, as has man. It does possess a vital and a desire body, but these are not entirely aligned with the dense vehicle, especially where the head is concerned. For instance, the etheric head of a horse projects far beyond and above the dense physical head.

For this reason, horses, dogs, cats, and other domesticated animals sense the Desire World, though not always realizing the difference between it and the Physical World. A horse will shy at the sight of a figure invisible to the driver; a cat will go through the motions of rubbing itself against invisible legs. The cat sees the ghost, however, without realizing that it has no dense legs available for frictional purposes. The dog often will sense that there is something he does not understand about the appearance of a "dead" master whose hands he cannot lick. It will howl mournfully and slink into a corner with its tail between its legs.

Man, on the other hand, dwells within his bodies, all of which are in proper alignment to each other. This enables him to bring his vehicles under his control and, through discipline and intelligent training,

to develop them as instruments of positive clairvoyance.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND SPIRIT CONTROL

Question:

How can I tell the difference between natural clairvoyance and spirit control? What is the sensation that each of these produces?

Answer:

Clairvoyance is a positive form of spiritual development by which a person develops his inner vehicles in a positive manner so that he becomes able to perceive the realities in the invisible worlds. It is brought about through the development of the pineal gland and the pituitary body in such a manner that a bridge is constructed from one to the other, after which the power of clairvoyant vision is obtained. In positive clairvoyance, all the atoms which go to make up the various vehicles are vibrating in clockwise direction.

In the case of mediumship and spirit controls, the connection with the invisible worlds is made through the solar plexus and the involuntary nervous system. Mediumship involves the counter-clockwise vibration, which now is contrary to the natural processes of Nature. When one possesses positive clairvoyance, he will be fully aware of the fact. Mediumship and spirit controls can be determined just as easily, as spirit controls always will announce themselves, thereby indicating the fact that they are outside entities and that the information which they give does not come through the inner faculties of the person himself.

DOWSING STICK

Question:

What is the nature of a dowsing stick and why does it operate for some people and enable them to locate water in the Earth whereas it will not work for others?

Answer:

This is an etheric phenomenon. A person whose vital body is rather loosely connected with the dense physical vehicle becomes a channel for the flow of the etheric currents which flow around and interpenetrate the Earth. Ether is a form of physical matter, although highly attenuated. Therefore a flow of ether is capable of producing, under certain conditions, physical phenomena. There is a magnetic connection between currents of water in the strata of the Earth and the etheric currents in the atmosphere. A person who has a loose connection between his etheric body and his physical vehicle is capable of becoming a sort of connecting switch or station between the etheric currents above and the etheric currents below the Earth's surface. The currents above may be regarded as positive and the currents surrounding the water or under the water as negative.

Thus, when the connection is made through the etheric body of a person, these currents flow through him and through the bent sapling which he holds in his hand and which is also a conductor for the etheric currents. This produces a magnetic pull or tension in the piece of sapling, tending to pull it down toward the currents in the Earth so as to establish a more direct line of connection between the higher and the lower etheric currents. Thus we have the phenomenon of the sapling bending downwards in the hands of the person who holds it. People whose etheric bodies are not loosely connected are not capable of acting as a switch or connection station in the above matter. Therefore, the dowsing stick will not work for them and they cannot locate the subterranean currents of water.

"CLONING"

Question:

What is the policy of The Rosicrucian Fellowship with regard to "cloning," as the practice is reported in news media and in a recent best selling book? Is it morally right, and is it safe from the viewpoint of evolution, to "play God" in this manner?

Answer:

The general subject of "cloning" still is new, and our knowledge of what actually has been done in these experiments is based precariously on still-vague reports and sources identified primarily as "they said." Under such circumstances, we can make only a general response to your question, as follows:

Cloning, as we understand it now, did not exist during Max Heindel's time, and such a practice is not discussed in his writings. According to the Western Wisdom Teachings, however, before an Ego comes to birth, it forms the creative archetype of its physical form in the Second Heaven — the World of Concrete Thought — with the help of the Angels. That archetype is a singing, vibrating thing, which is set into vibration by the Ego with a certain force commensurate with the length of life to be lived on Earth. Until that archetype ceases to vibrate, the form which is built of the chemical constituents of the Earth will continue to live.

The regeneration of a limb or an organ through the cloning process apparently is possible. The archetype for that organ has been built and is capable of attracting the physical atoms and setting them in vibration in tune with the seed atom, which gives the pitch to all the rest of the material in the body. Cloning used in an attempt to create mindless beings or drones would be a serious misuse of mankind's creative force. Seemingly, too, it would be impossible to achieve such a "creation," unless a creative archetype had been built previously in the heaven worlds. ★





HEALTH AND NUTRITION

Holistic Healing

This long article is one of the most incisive analyses of the holistic health movement that we have seen in a lay publication. We are reproducing greatly reduced portions from the article with the desire of conveying the basic tenets of the movement.

... The first National Congress on Integrative Health took place two years ago in Tucson. The congress is now all but forgotten but the spirit that prevailed there grows stronger. ...

(Holistic comes from the Greek word "holos," which means entire. Holistic health refers to the integration of mind, body and spirit for the attainment of whole health. Its controversial aspect results from some of the treatment methods which seem quackish to many medical practitioners). ...

Even an element of the prestigious National Institutes of Health is showing interest in the holistic health movement.

"It's clear to me that faith healers are getting results. I am impressed. They have too many successes (to be ignored)," says Dr. James Gordon, a psychiatrist at the National Institute of Mental Health's Center for the Study of Child and Family Mental Health. ...

Some experts see a blend of the traditional with the nontraditional, the contemporary with the ancient, as a possible solution to one of the biggest complaints patients have with doctors — that medicine's technical solutions often fail to meet patients' psychological and spiritual needs.

Can massage, Yoga, acupuncture, psychic healing, guided imagery, herbalism, hypnosis and Indian folk medicine — together with conventional medical practice when needed — give patients the feeling of completeness now often lacking?

While many, perhaps most, doctors cringe at the thought of sharing patients with such unorthodox practitioners, the fact is that patients in ever increasing numbers are flocking to see them.

The holistic health movement is attracting both those who feel a disenchantment with the orthodox and wish to find alternatives and those who see the movement's potential for complementing scientific medicine.

The problem with modern medicine, many of its foremost practitioners realize, is that its

powerful arsenal of drugs, elaborate surgeries and technology is designed to treat serious diseases but poorly designed to maintain health. Also, it tends to emphasize the physiological, often seeming to ignore the powerful influence the psyche has on the functioning of organs.

Considering that at least one-third of all visits to doctors are for problems that have no organic basis — in other words are psychosomatic — perhaps some alternatives to drugs and surgery may be not only as effective but safer and less costly.

"The United States has concentrated on disease. Other systems have focused on illness. A complete approach to treatment includes curing disease and healing illness," says David Soble, executive director of the Palo Alto-based Institute for the Study of Human Knowledge. ...

"We need to look at other systems to see which human needs they meet that are not being dealt with by traditional medicine," Soble, says.

But as Soble and other serious professionals are aware, the quest is risky. The problem is that many of these therapies lend themselves to exploitation in ways not seen in this country since the days of the traveling snake oil shows.

Just as there are physicians who are unwilling to consider the possibilities of nontraditional therapies, there are a frightening number of health practitioners who seem content, even eager, to put down the benefits of scientific medicine. And their attitude is a powerful attraction to patients who have become disillusioned with modern medicine's failure to cure their illnesses. ...

Despite the problems created by those who use the term as a symbol for anti-science, traditionally conservative medical schools are seriously exploring nontraditional approaches.

Within the last several months, UCLA medical school and department of health sciences has drafted a position paper for accepting continuing medical education programs on holistic medicine and non-traditional approaches to health care.

"Clinical medicine does not handle the problems of misery very well," says Martin D. Shickman, M.D., director of continuing education in health sciences. "You get to the point where more treatment with drugs produces only more misery." ...

... issues that meet a certain validation process will be presented with the intention that they be learned and practiced by physicians.

Most of the latter courses are concerned with treating chronic pain and disability. They include training in such methods as biofeedback, hypnosis, guided imagery, autogenic training, stress reduction techniques and other nondrug, nonsurgical methods of pain control.

Even such nontraditional concepts as faith healing and Kirlian photography (a form of photography that allegedly reveals the unusual aura which some believe are emitted by the hands of a psychic healer) may have places on medical school forums but not as courses offered for credit, according to Shickman.

One of the most controversial nontraditional techniques involves the use of a clairvoyant to aid in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. One of the leading advocates is Dr. C. Norman Shealy, a LaCrosse, Wis., neurosurgeon.

"I say if you have a serious illness, why not have a faith healer join you while you are getting good medical treatment," Shealy asked. "I think faith healing gives the patient something to believe in again — faith and love, and love is often missing in people who are ill." . . .

While it is doubtful that any American medical school will soon begin teaching courses in clairvoyance, many educators do not automatically dismiss as nonsense the notion that psychics may have some value in some situations.

"Some minds must be free to think beyond ordinary human experiences," said Dr. Theodore Kurze, head of neuro-surgery at County-USC Medical Center. . . .

The dissatisfaction of some patients with traditional medical care and the spiraling cost of health care are two important factors that have triggered interest in exploring the possibilities of holistic health.

One approach to solving both of these problems, many observers believe, is to point out to people that much health care can be self-administered and does not require reliance upon another person to execute it.

The self-care concept ties in well with the concept of holistic medicine because many of the nontraditional techniques require the patient's participation. Many of the techniques for relieving tension, anxiety or pain — meditation, biofeedback and guided imagery, for example — work only if the patient becomes the doer.

In this way, holistic medicine, self-help and prevention complement one another, and all work toward achieving the goals of improved health, improved satisfaction by patients and perhaps reduced overall cost.

Two years ago, the Blue Cross Assn., Rockefeller Foundation and the UC Health Policy Program sponsored a conference in which some of

the possibilities of the holistic medicine in future health care were explored.

The "power and mystique (of traditional health care)," the conference program stated, "seem to have eroded the will of many individuals to assume responsibility for their health, despite the fact that much disease is self-limiting and health is essentially a function of individual responsibility. Many of today's health problems may be beyond the reach of medical care as it is now practiced."

As Jack McAllister, executive director of the Epilepsy Foundation of America said:

"We're facing a new era in health where much of the responsibility for health will be returned to the individual and the tools for acquiring it will be given to him." . . .

by Harry Nelson,

—Los Angeles Times, Dec. 26, 1977

A number of points from the preceding selections are particularly interesting. First and foremost, of course, is the growing inclination of some practitioners and educators of traditional (material) medicine to tolerate, investigate, and even endorse other approaches to healing. A hard core of opposition to the concept of holistic health may continue to be expected from some segments of the orthodox medical community, but we applaud the enlightened approach of the more farseeing members of that community.

Secondly, we are struck by the fact that nutrition is not mentioned (at least in this article) as one of the components of a good health program. It is well known that nutrition courses are not part of the curricula of most medical schools, and a nutrition course evidently is not foreseen as part of the new program proposed for the UCLA medical school. Nutrition — proper diet to meet individual needs — of course is an integral factor in maintaining good health and it is, essentially, a factor that in the long run each individual must work out for himself if he is to gain optimum benefit. It would certainly help, however, if more orthodox medical men were fully aware of, and encouraged their patients to practice, good nutrition.

Thirdly, we are pleased to see the growing emphasis on the self-care concept.

Good health is indeed a matter of individual responsibility, and the sooner more people are willing to place the burden of their well-being squarely on their own shoulders, the sooner national and world-wide optimum health will flourish.

Finally, of course, is the growing realization that medicinal drugs, far from being the ultimate in medication, often are dangerous and in many ways are ineffective in caring for the whole person.

No doubt many stumbling blocks still exist in the way of the holistic health movement and, as in all new programs, discrimination must be exercised when participating. We believe that certain healing practices mentioned in the article — hypnotism, negative psychism, and yoga — are inadvisable and potentially dangerous. Briefly, hypnotism deprives the patient of his own will-power and places him completely at the command of another individual — the hypnotist. However well-intentioned and nobly motivated the hypnotist may be, we believe that it is wrong to deprive a person of his own will and ability to act and react. Indeed, hypnosis regresses the patient's self-reliance. Even though, at the hypnotist's suggestion, the patient will cease to feel or another lifetime still have to learn to deal with disease and conquer bad habits under the command of his own will. Treatment by hypnosis, in other words, no matter how immediately effective it may appear to be, ultimately weakens the patient spiritually and postpones the time when he has to face his problems on his own.

Negative psychism is equally dangerous because, again, it places the patient's will and activities at the mercy of another. The negative state induces possession by external entities, often of evil intent. Instead of being helped as the result of such diagnosis and/or treatment, the patient, because of the machinations of these entities, may in the long run be in worse general condition than he had been with the original illness.

We consider yoga, too, to be an unacceptable form of treatment for people in the Western World. Eastern breathing exercises, suitable for people incarnated in eastern physical bodies, are dangerous to western physical bodies. They are designed to intensify the vibrations of the eastern vehicles but, if used to intensify the already heightened vibrations of western vehicles, there is great danger that the Ego concerned may be unable to control the vibrations and he may suffer insanity or illness as a result.

Also we would suggest strongly the use of astrology in the diagnosis and treatment of patients in a system which desires to consider the person as a whole. Only through astrology are we able to see the inner-workings of the Spirit, personality, and body as a composite function.

Much time must yet elapse before the concept of holistic medicine becomes generally accepted. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to view the forward strides that are being made and the public interest that is being generated in this field. ★

MY HAND IN GOD'S

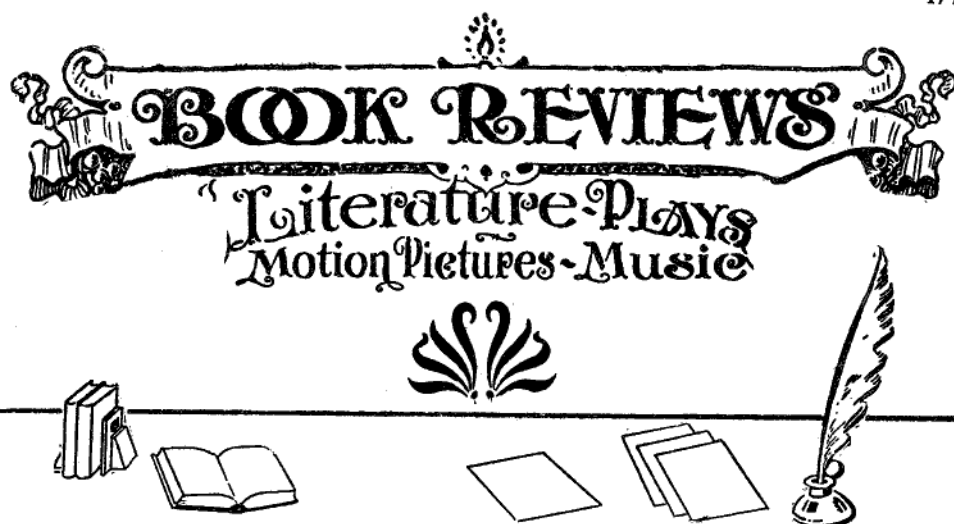
Each morning when I wake I say,
"I place my hand in God's today";
I know He'll walk close by my side
My every wandering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair —
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to His hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day.
By His great bounty I am fed;
Warmed by His Love and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I am blessed,
My thanks pour out to Him; and then
I place my hand in God's again.

—*Florence Scripps Kellogg*



The Seer and His Visions

William Blake, The Seer and His Visions, by Milton Klonsky, Harmony Books, New York, 1977

The mystical art of William Blake, largely misunderstood during his lifetime and the years thereafter, has occasioned a revival of interest in recent years. This book is the latest of several recently published which endeavor to present and interpret the work of this visionary.

Blake's facile imagination culminated in what he himself termed a "fourfold vision" which "is only attained when the phenomenal world has been transcended by the Divine Imagination and reunited with Spirit." Blake expressed the images resulting from this spiritual vision in "emblem poetry" — a type of representation which had its origins in Renaissance tradition and which contributes to the, for many, "enigmatic nature" of Blake's work.

Blake's art ranges from the delightful illustrations of Nature Spirits cavorting in their element that accompany some of his lighter short poems to the grand series of biblical illustrations which are fraught with esoteric significance. It is replete with prophecy and revelation, personal testimony, and references to the Kabala;

Neoplatonism, and the mystical theology of the Western esoteric tradition as a whole. It expresses Blake's philosophy that life is an immeasurable essence — free, ever-mobile, spontaneous — and not to be contained within physical or mechanistic laws.

It is impossible to fit Blake into one specific mold or tradition. "As a painter," writes Mr. Klonsky, "he seems to belong to the same totemic clan as those magic-working shaman artists of prehistory who once drew their own giant forms on the cave walls of Lascaux and Altamire; and as a poet, to the conclave of anonymous scribes and rhapsodic bards who invented the creation myths of the ancient religions. Yet he is no less in the present, perhaps more so to us now than to his own contemporaries, and, at the same time, futuristic as well."

For the first time in a compilation of Blake's work, his pictures here are presented on the same pages with the poetry or biblical passages which inspired them — an arrangement that greatly enhances comprehension. Many illustrations are in full color, and we recommend the author's incisive commentary to all readers interested in the work of this spiritual and prophetic genius.

THE HAUNTED STREAM

Vernie McNary



It was on a hazy summer afternoon in Mr. Dillon's meadow that Benny Deevers told us about the haunted stream in the forest beyond the Grubber Man's cottage. Benny wasn't too bright in school. He couldn't seem to get beyond the third grade, but when it came to telling wild stories, Benny was ahead of everyone else. He lived with his Uncle Lem in a small cabin way up the country road. Perhaps that explained everything, since Lem Deevers could tell the tallest tales in Linwood.

We had been looking up at the sky that dreamy afternoon, watching the soft white clouds moving above us. There were Katy, Susan, Sally, Benny, my little cousin Janey, and me. "Beautiful Angels up there, watching over us all the time," Janey said, "so nothing can ever hurt us."

I was thinking of the song my sister Nan sang with the guitar, "The Gates Ajar," and I could almost see the little Angel May standing by the shining portal. It was then that Benny said, in a mysterious voice, "I know where there is a haunted stream. Really haunted!"

"Where is it?" we all wanted to know.

"Well," Benny said slowly, and his blue eyes were big and strange, "it's way up the road past the Grubber Man's house — way off where it's all woods. And there it is, a little stream coming from nowhere — I don't know where — and going somewhere — I don't know where."

"How do you know it's haunted?" we asked, and waited breathlessly.

"Because," Benny said, his eyes growing bigger and brighter, and now

he was whispering, "because if you look down, way down into the water, you can see long arms reaching up to grab you."

"Oh, let's go," Katy cried. She was never afraid. "Take us with you, Benny!"

"It's pretty far, way past the Grubber Man's house," Benny warned.

"We don't care," we told him. "We don't care how far it is."

Then I remembered. "I have to take care of Janey. I promised Aunt Jane." They were visiting us for a few weeks, and Janey was only five. "It will be too far for her to walk."

"I want to go," Janey told us, and her voice trembled with excitement. "I can walk a long way."

"If she gets tired," Katy said brightly, "We can cross our hands and carry her."

The August afternoon was no longer dreamy. In a moment we were hurrying away from Mr. Dillon's meadow and up the country road. It seemed as though a stream far away was calling us. Flowers bloomed all along the way — wild daisies and currants — but we didn't stop a moment. There were only a few homes and then the long stretch until we passed the Grubber Man's little cottage. He was out in his yard burning stumps. We waved, and he waved back. Black as he was from cutting down trees and grubbing the land, there was a fresh, wholesome air about the Grubber Man. He had always held a strange fascination for us, coming, as he did, with his saw wagon to cut our wood. And there was music — magic music in the ringing sound of his saw.

We went on and on, following Benny up the tangled path until we came to the

forest. It wasn't friendly like Balcom's Woods near home. The fir trees were dark and tall, and a sad wind sighed through the shadowy branches. And there it was, just as Benny had told us, the little stream coming from nowhere and going away somewhere. Mystery lurked in this gloomy forest. Was it because of Benny? He had a way of bringing us into eerie spells. But it was my little cousin Janey who seemed to feel it far more than anyone else, as we stood looking deep into the little stream.

"Look way, way down," Benny told us, "and you'll see arms reaching up to grab you!"

It was then that Janey gave a little frightened cry. "I can see them — oh, I can see them!" She clutched my arm, and I felt her slipping away from me.

"Catch her! Oh, catch her!" I kept crying. But Janey had slipped into the haunted stream. Her gingham dress and her little button shoes and stockings were drenched. She was screaming, and the dark forest echoed her screams.

"We've got to go home," I said. "What will my mother and Aunt Jane say?"

"We can go to the Grubber Man's house and get her all dry by his bonfire," Benny suggested, his small, pale face suddenly troubled.

It was a happy thought, and we hurried as fast as we could from the ghostly forest and the haunted stream to the Grubber Man's house in the clearing. He held out his black, grubby hands when we told him, and Janey ran straight into his friendly arms. And he held her there by the warm fire until she was dry and smiling. There was a fresh, woody fragrance in the air about us, and though the Grubber Man wasn't much of a talker, he listened with a whimsical smile and a puff of his pipe. If others called him Emil Stubbs, it mattered not to us. He would always be the Grubber Man and remembered from that day forward with kind affection.

We were happy to be on our way home, carrying Janey part of the way on our crossed hands. Farther down the road we passed familiar places where we had gone hunting wild strawberries. Everyone was strangely silent, and all the time I was remembering Aunt Jane's words. How could I have forgotten? "Try not to let Janey get too excited. Ever since the train frightened her that time, her nerves have been all tattered." And I remembered the time Mr. Collins, the ventriloquist, had made Janey's rag doll, Rosy, talk. And all Rosy had said was, "Hello, Janey!" But Janey never wanted to hold Rosy again. I knew I must tell Aunt Jane and explain how it all happened, and I did with tears and misgivings.

Aunt Jane and Mother were very understanding, but Aunt Jane said quietly, "Never take Janey very far away and always ask me first."

"Remember," my mother reminded, "Benny tells these stories just because he is Benny."

That evening Aunt Jane sat a long time by Janey's bed holding her hand. "You see, Janey," she explained, "you saw only the branches of the trees growing by the stream, and they looked like arms. But they were only the friendly branches reflected in the water. That's all, Janey!"

I said, "Just like it said in the poem Miss Becker read to us one day in school:

"And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook."

"Just like that, Bessie," Aunt Jane said.

There was a beautiful golden sunset that evening. We could see it through the bedroom window. The sky was all aglow. And presently we heard my sister Nan singing with the guitar in the parlor:

"And Lo in the angel child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!"

"He will give His angels charge over thee!" Aunt Jane was saying softly. Janey's eyes were closed. She had fallen asleep. ★



MAX HEINDEL

PROTECTIVE INFLUENCE

There are methods of protecting oneself from inimical influences, and it is better to be enlightened concerning things that threaten so that we may take whatever precautions are necessary to meet the emergency.

When we live lives of purity, when our days are filled with service to God and to our fellow men and with thoughts and actions of the highest nobility, then we create for ourselves the Golden Wedding Garment, which is a radiant force for good. No evil is able to penetrate this armor, for the evil acts as a boomerang and recoils on the one who sent it, bringing to him the evil he wished on others.

It is a fact that an auric atmosphere surrounds every human being. We know that often we feel the presence of a person whom we do not see, and we feel it because this atmosphere is outside our dense bodies. This is gradually changing; gradually it is becoming more and more golden in the West. The farther we go with the Sun, the more this golden color increases — the color of the Christ and of the Christ-like. Gradually we are becoming more like Him, and this *soma psuchicon* or soul body is taking shape, is being made ready as our "Wedding Garment."

We cannot hide from ourselves, however, the fact that, like Paul, "the good that we would do, we do not, and the evil that we would shun, that we do." Far too often our good resolutions come to naught, and we do wrong because it is easier. Therefore, we should at all times follow the advice of Paul, and put on the whole armor of God. We should be positive in our fight for the good against evil, and never let an occasion slip by to aid the Elder Brothers, by word or deed, in the Great War for spiritual supremacy.

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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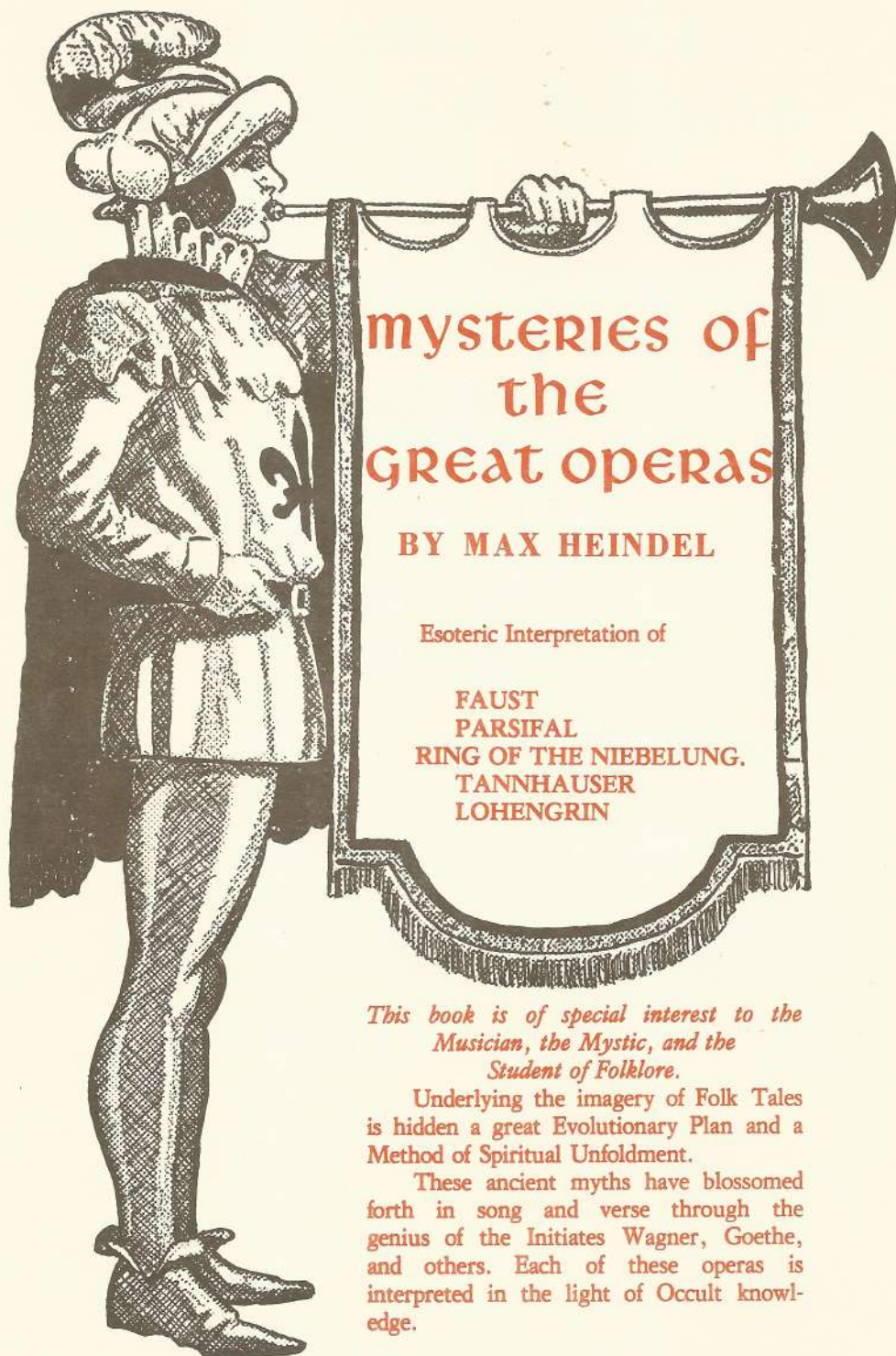
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