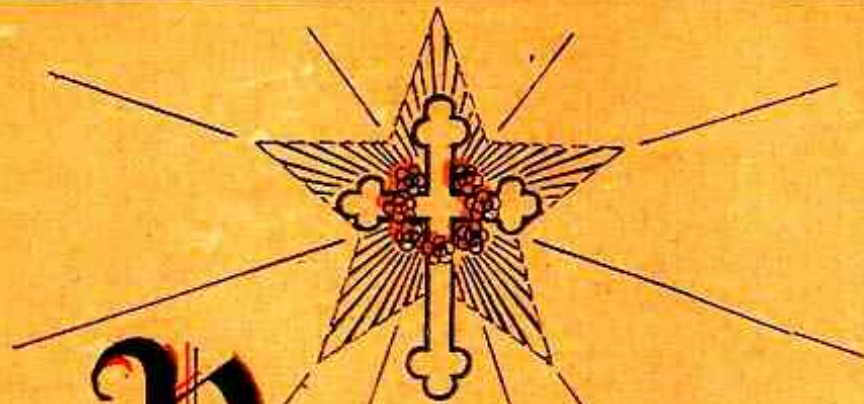


AUGUST



Rays from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM
THE DWELLER ON THE
THRESHOLD
THE MEMORY OF NATURE
THE LOST WORD
LINKS OF DESTINY



Edited by Max Heindel

1917



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

The Mystic Light

A Department devoted to articles on Occultism, Mystic Masonry, Esoteric Christianity, and similar subjects.

The Question Department

Designed to give further light upon the various subjects dealt with in the different departments, where queries from students and other subscribers make this necessary.

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Astrology from an original angle, Cosmic light on Life's Problems.

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

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The Rose Cross Healing Circle, its meetings and their results.

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AUGUST 1917

Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part III

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

THE Masonic Legend is voluminous, circumstantial, even trivial, and seemingly far-fetched and fantastic to the uninitiated, who fail to see the important hidden meaning underlying every word, but I shall give only such fragments as have a bearing upon our main subject and the explanation necessary to link them together.

The events which led up to the conspiracy against the Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, mentioned in our last installment, and which culminated in his murder, commenced with the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, who had been attracted to the court of Solomon by tales of his wonderful wisdom and of the splendor of the temple he was engaged in building. She is said to have come laden with gorgeous gifts and it is stated that at first she was much impressed with the wisdom of Solomon, but even the Bible, which is written from the standpoint of the Jehovistic hierarchies, hints that she saw at the court of Solomon one that was fairer than he, and there the Bible narrative drops her. Her marriage with Solomon was never consummated, or the name of Mason would have faded from memory long ere the present day and humanity at large would now be docile children of the dominant church, without free will, choice, or prerogative. Nor could she be permitted to wed Hiram, who represents the temporal power, or Religion would be stamped out; she must wait for the bridegroom who shall embody within himself the combined good qualities of Solomon and Hiram, but who is purified from their weak points. For the Queen of Sheba is the composite soul of Humanity and at the consummation she will be the

bride, and Christ, whom Paul called a High Priest after the order of Melchizedek, will fill the dual office of both spiritual and temporal head, where he will be both king and priest, to the eternal welfare of mankind at large, who are now in bondage, either to church or state but waiting, whether they realize it or not, for the day of emancipation, symbolically represented as the Millennium, with a wonderful city, a new Jerusalem, *a city of peace*. And the earlier this amalgamation can be brought about, the better for humanity. Therefore an attempt was made at the time and in the place which is said in the Legend to be the scene of Solomon's and Hiram's love story. There the two Initiatory Orders met for the consummation of a definite work of amalgamation, symbolically called *The Molten Sea*, a work which was then attempted for the first time. It could not have been wrought at any earlier period, for man was not sufficiently advanced. At that time, however, it seemed as if the united efforts of the two schools might accomplish the task, and had it not been for the desire of each to oust the other from the affections of the symbolic Queen of Sheba, the soul of humanity, they might have succeeded, an equitable union between Church and State might have been effected and human evolution would have been greatly furthered. But both Church and State were jealous of their particular prerogative; the Church would only amalgamate upon condition that she retain all her ancient power over mankind, and take in addition those of the temporal government. The State was selfish in a similar manner and the Queen of Sheba, humanity at large, is still unwed. The Masonic Legend tells the story of the

attempt and its failure as follows:

When the Queen of Sheba had been shown the gorgeous palace of Solomon and bestowed her choice gifts of gold and wrought work, she asked also to be shown the great Temple which was nearing completion. She marveled much at the magnitude of the work but wondered at the seeming absence of workmen and the stillness about the place. And she therefore requested Solomon to call the workmen, that she might see who had wrought this wonder; but though the servants of Solomon at the palace obeyed the slightest wish of the monarch, and although he had been appointed by the God Jehovah to build the temple, these workmen were not subject to his authority, they only yielded obedience to one who had "*The Word*" and "*The Sign*." Therefore no one appeared at the call of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba could not escape the conclusion that this marvelous miracle was wrought by another and one who was greater than Solomon. And so she insisted on knowing and seeing this *King of Crafts* and his wonderful workmen, much to the chagrin of Solomon, who felt that he had fallen in her estimation.

The temple of Solomon is our Solar Universe, which forms the great school of life for our evolving humanity, and the broad lines of that history, past, present and future, is written in the stars; its broad outlines being discernible to anyone of average intelligence. In the Microcosmic scheme, the temple of Solomon is also the body of man, wherein the individualized spirit or ego is evolving, as God is in the great universe. Work on the true temple, as we are told in 2nd Corinthians, fifth chapter, is even wrought by invisible forces working in silence, building the temple without sound of hammer. As the temple of Solomon was visible in all its glory to the Queen of Sheba, so the evidence of the toil of these invisible forces is easily perceived, both in the universe and in man, but they themselves keep in the background and work without ostentation. They hide from all who have not the right to see them or to command them. The relation of these nature forces and the work they do in the universe may perhaps be better understood when we use an illustration. Let us suppose that a

carpenter wishes to build a house wherein to live. He selects a place whereon to build and brings the material thither. Then with the tools of his trade he commences to lay the foundation. Gradually the walls are put up, the roof put on, the inside completed and the structure is finished. During all the time when he is working, a dog, which is an intelligent spirit belonging to another and later life-wave of evolution, watches his actions and the whole process of construction and sees the house gradually take shape and be completed. But it lacks the proper understanding of what he is doing and of what is the ultimate purpose in his mind. Let us now suppose that the dog were unable to see the carpenter or to hear the noise made by his hammer and other tools. Then it would be in the same relation to this builder, as humanity at large is to the Architect of the Universe and the forces which work under His command. For the dog would then see only the materials coming together slowly and taking shape, finally forming a finished structure. Humanity also sees the silent growth of plant, of beast and of bird, but is unable to understand what causes this physical growth and the changes in the visible universe, for it does not see the immense army of invisible workmen who are silently toiling in the soundless silence to bring about these results. Nor do they respond to the call of anyone who has not the sign and the word of power, no matter how high his standing or station in the world.

The Churchman always emphasizes the necessity of faith, while the Statesman emphasizes, and places his reliance on *work*. But when faith flows into work, we reach the highest ideal of expression. Humanity may, and does, admire lofty sentiment and brilliant oratory, but when a Lincoln unbinds the shackles of a downtrodden race or when a Luther revolts in behalf of the fettered spirits and secures religious freedom for them, their outward action reveals a beauty of soul never discernable in those who soar in cloudland, but fear to soil their hands by actual work on the temple of humanity. They are not true temple builders and would be unable to gain inspiration from the sight of that wonderful temple described

by Manson in *The Servant in the House*. The author calls him Man-son; this may mean that he regards him as the Son of Man, but it may also be that he meant Mason, for the Servant in the House was also a temple-builder, and it is wonderful what insight the author of the play must have had when he planned the scene where this servant, the workman in love with his work, tells the worldly-minded Churchman who is full of platitudes and as vile as a white sepulcher, of the temple he built. His conception is a mystic gem and we append it for the reader's meditation:

"I am afraid you may consider it an altogether substantial concern, it has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. *Some people never see it at all*, for you must understand this is not a dead pile of stones and unmeaning timbers; IT IS A LIVING THING.

"When you enter it you hear a sound as of some mighty poem chanted; listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls; that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome, the WORK OF NO ORDINARY BUILDER.

"Its pillars go up like the brawny trunks of heroes, the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks; strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone, its terrible spans and arches are the joined hands of comrades; and in its heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers in the world."

"It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light, now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome—THE COMRADES THAT HAVE GONE ALOFT."

It is such a temple the Mystic Mason is building,

he endeavors to *work* on the temple of Humanity at large, and, "when the rose adorns itself, it adorns the garden," therefore he aims also to cultivate his own spiritual powers, as foreshadowed in THE MOLTEN SEA.

Solomon had already sued for the hand of the Queen of Sheba, and had been accepted. So, feeling that the meeting with Hiram Abiff might change her affections, he endeavored to consummate their marriage before granting her wish to meet the Grand Master. But the Queen was obstinate, she sensed the grandeur of the Master Workman, whose skill had wrought the marvelous Temple, and she felt intuitively drawn towards this man of action, in a manner she had never been moved by the wisdom of Solomon, which only found verbal expression in flowery speeches and high ideals which he was unable to carry into realization. Therefore, the reluctance of Solomon to let her meet Hiram Abiff made the Queen all the more anxious and importunate, so that at last Solomon was forced to accede to her request, and he grudgingly sent for the Grand Master. When Hiram Abiff appeared, and Solomon saw the love-light kindle in the eyes of the Queen of Sheba, jealousy and hatred took root in his heart; he was, however, too wise to betray his feelings. But from that moment the plan of reconciliation and amalgamation of the Sons of Seth and the Sons of Cain, which had been mapped out by the divine Hierarchies, was doomed to failure, wrecked upon the rocks of jealousy and self-seeking.

The Queen of Sheba, according to the Masonic Legend, then requested Hiram Abiff to show her the workmen on the Temple, and the Grand Master struck a nearby *rock* with his *hammer* so that the fire sparks flew, and at the sign of *fire* coupled with the work of power, the toilers of the Temple flocked around their Master in a great multitude, which no one could count, all ready and anxious to do his bidding. And this spectacle so impressed the Queen of Sheba with the wonderful power of this man that she determined to jilt Solomon and win the heart of Hiram Abiff. In other words, Humanity, when its eyes are opened to the impotence of the Churchmen, the Sons of Seth, who are

themselves dependent upon divine favor, sees the power and potency of the rulers of temporal fame, is then ready to rush to them, to leave the spiritual for the material. This, from the Microcosmic angle of the matter.

From the Cosmic angle or viewpoint, we note again that Solomon's Temple is the Solar Universe and Hiram Abiff, the Grand Master, is the Sun which travels around the twelve signs of the Zodiac, enacting there the mystic drama of the Masonic Legend. At the Vernal Equinox the Sun leaves the *watery sign Pisces*, which is also feminine and docile, for the belligerent, martial, energetic, *fiery sign Aries*, the ram or lamb, where it is exalted in power. It fills the universe with a creative fire which is immediately seized upon by the innumerable billions of nature spirits who therewith build the Temple of the coming year in forest and fen. The forces of fecundation applied to the countless seeds slumbering in the ground cause them to germinate and fill the earth with luxuriant vegetation, while the group spirits mate the beasts and birds in their charge so that they may bring forth and increase sufficient to keep the population of our planet at normal. According to the Masonic Legend, Hiram Abiff, the Grand Master, used a hammer to call his workmen and it is significant that the symbol of the sign Aries, where this wonderful creative activity commences, is shaped like a double ram's horn, which also resembles a hammer. It is also worthy of notice that in the ancient Norse Mythology the Vanir, or water deities, are said to have been conquered by the Assir, or fire gods, and the hammer wherewith the Norse God Thor struck fire from the sky finds its counterpart in the thunderbolt of Jove. Like Hiram, they belong to the hierarchy of Fire, the Lucifer Spirits, the *Sons of Cain*, striving for positive Mastership through individual effort and therefore upholding the *male* ideal, which is diametrically opposite to the hierarchy which works in the plastic element Water. In the present day Temples of one Order, magic water stands at the door, and all who enter are required to apply this lethal liquid to the point in the forehead where the Spirit resides. Their reason is drowned in dictums and dogmas, and the

female ideal is worshiped in the Virgin Mary. Faith is the prime factor in their salvation, the attitude of unquestioning childlike obedience is cultivated.

It is different in the Temple of the other Order. When the candidate enters there, "poor," "naked" and "blind," he is asked at once what he is seeking, and when he answers "*Light*," it is the duty of the Master to give what he asks and make him a *Phree Messen*—a Child of Light. It is his duty also to teach him to work, and a *male ideal*, *Hiram Abiff*, the Master workman, is presented for emulation. He is taught to be always ready to give a reason for his faith. As he qualifies in the work, he rises step by step, and at each degree more light is given. There are 3x3 degrees in the lesser Mysteries, and when the candidate has passed the 9th Arch, he is in the Holy of Holies, which forms the gate to greater fields beyond the scope of Masonry. For further elucidation of that subject the student is referred to the chapters on Initiation, Volcanic Eruption and the number 9 in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*.

Advancement and Promotion in Mystic Masonry is not dependent on favor, it cannot be given till it has been earned and the candidate has stored in himself the power to rise, any more than a pistol can be fired till it has been loaded; and *initiation is merely like pulling the trigger*—it consists of showing the candidate how to use the power latent within himself.

There were some among the workmen on the Temple who thought they ought to be promoted to a higher degree, but who had not the power within; therefore Hiram Abiff could not initiate them, and as they were unable to see that the lack was in them, they felt provoked at Hiram, as over-ambitious candidates of today feel slighted and stamp a spiritual teacher as a fraud who is unable to give them immediate illumination and induction into the invisible, while they are still eating of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and unwilling to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of self-denial. The dissatisfied among Hiram's men entered into a conspiracy to spoil his great Masterpiece, the Molten Sea. Our next installment will deal with that subject.

Links of Destiny

An Occult Story

Eva G. Taylor

This article commenced in the August issue. Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers at 25¢ postpaid.

Chapter XVII

SARAH THOMAS was standing by the orchard gate awaiting Claude Rathburn's return. She had changed greatly since the day of her first meeting with Marozia in the meadow. Her shyness had vanished with her sallowness and an indefinable expression trembled in the curves of her mouth. Her face was rounded now and two dimples revealed the new happiness of her heart. It mattered not to her that the happiness rested upon a very insecure foundation—that there was no foundation at all in fact. In her face, which had been undeniably plain, there had crept something which simulated beauty through the transforming power of love—or its shadow. She never had been loved and she never had anyone to love until Claude Rathburn's fascinating face smiled into hers in amused contempt. She saw only the smile, the outward attraction—and was content. To be sure, Tom Gregory cared for her in his raw unsophisticated way, but she did not count that. He repelled her. He was too uncouth even for Sarah, for like many of her sisters she preferred the glitter of polished immorality to the stupid goodness of an untutored boor. Her pretty vanity and conceit were vanishing now in the new interest which life held for her. Even the old insolent defiance was submerged beneath her passion, which rapidly approached the absolving stage where it is purified and refined through love.

As she stood by the orchard gate with the look of eager expectancy in her sparkling eyes and the flush on her face she was pretty with the pathetic prettiness which the awakened emotional centers stamp upon the human features. She leaned over the stile and watched the clouds drift across the sky. A storm was gathering and the night-wind grew sharp like a sudden knife-thrust and she shivered as she watched the stars disappear one by one

in the scurrying cloud masses. A sudden thought of her former teacher came into her mind. Then a vision gradually unfolded, mist-like, in which his fine, patient face was the centre. It was a face luminous—not by human passion as hers was at this moment, but—with the Divine Fire, which glorifies but never sears nor blackens. Tears came into her eyes momentarily, quenching the burning glow.

“Oh, my dear Master,” she murmured with a little catch, a half-sob in her voice, “would you condemn me, I wonder, if you knew?” She suddenly turned as though a human presence had obtruded, flushing guiltily. Then she clasped her hands over her heart with a thrill of exultation, at once defiant and pathetic.

“I don't care—I don't care! I love him and will keep on loving him even if he doesn't love me—and he has never told me he did! Anyway, he has saved me from my life of sordid, wretched drudgery and I worship him for it—no, I worship him for himself! I would go back to the old existence with him rather than a queen's life without him!”

She grew reminiscent as she leaned upon the stile and gazed at the stars which still glimmered through the clouds. Her love had reached a far higher altitude since that day so long ago when she felt flattered by the imaginary honor of Claude Rathburn's attention. Her vanity was burning out in the fire and only unselfish devotion would remain when the ordeal was complete.

“How strangely it all came to me,” she soliloquized, “while I sat upon the big rock in the meadow, hating my life and hating Marozia Remington more—not because of anything she had done, but because she was a thorn in my flesh! I don't see any use in things being so one-sided in this world!”

She never did anything to deserve her good fortune any more than I did to deserve my misery! I would have liked to be charming in personality too, and genteel, and—everything that she is. Most of all I would have liked to have a father like hers! What a joy it must be to a girl to have a father that she can look up to and be proud of—one who can teach her everything she wants to know! I don't see why she had all the good things of life! But I don't care now for she's getting her share of trouble and things are evening up a little. After Mr. Rathburn came it all changed. My good times began and hers vanished. What a voice he has! Tom Gregory's always grated on my ears—especially when he tried to be nice. I always hated my name—it matched my old faded calico dress: 'Say-ry'—that's the way they all pronounced it, but when he spoke it in his musical voice I liked it almost as well as some of my Latin lessons when Mr. Remington read and translated. Then when he really noticed me—me, plain Sarah Thomas, who nobody had ever cared for before (except Tom, and he doesn't count)—it was too good to be true. I couldn't wish for anything more—except—I wished he would marry me so that I could tell everybody how happy I am. It must be great to be really and truly married to a man that you love—especially to a man like him!"

A look of rapture flashed across her face as she detected the dull thud of horse hoofs in the distance. She sprang to lower the bars—it was the old, unused orchard gate. Claude Rathburn had taken this road of late, a short cut from the highway. As she sprang forward her foot caught in a tangle of briar and she fell. He was too far off to see her frenzy of mortification; all awkwardness was inexcusable to him. She quickly recovered herself, as he had not seen, but there were painful scratches to attest the stolen tryst. She was oblivious to pain, however, when the man she worshiped was near. As he approached she cried in a low joyful tone:

"Oh, Mr. Rathburn—I'm so glad you've come! I've waited so long!" He replied abstractedly. It was dark and she could not see the disgusted expression on his face. He dismounted and

walked beside her, leading his horse through the orchard path.

"Why do you stand out here in the night air? You are very silly to do it!" His voice held a note that was not pleasant.

"Only for one thing—yourself. I wanted to see you first."

"So I am only a 'thing!' Why don't you speak correctly? I hate these plebeian village-isms!"

"Forgive me, Mr. Rathburn—I did not think."

"No one seems to think here in this provincial little burg! But that is no excuse—you ought to think."

"Do I disappoint you, Mr. Rathburn?"

"Yes, you disappoint me continually."

"I don't mean to—I would sacrifice Heaven itself and my own soul for you!" As she spoke those awful words a fiery bolt seemed to quiver through her soul, leaving it seared, paralyzed. All upreaching aspirations, all vanished in that one fatal moment when she placed the human before the Divine Love. She had spoken with intense, tearful emotion and it angered him. The situation was becoming too acute—it had passed the amusing stage and he wished to terminate the game.

"Mr. Rathburn!" she exclaimed with a sob in her voice.

"Well, what is it?"

"Don't you love me at all?"

"Oh, Sarah, cut this nonsense! Why can't you be sensible like—"

"Marozia Remington." As she completed the sentence for him there was a note of pathetic remonstrance mingled with dull despair, as though the end of all things had come for her—yet she could not accept her fate.

He was silent. "Marozia Remington?" She repeated with shuddering emphasis, as though her apparition stood on the battlefield within, an avenging spirit.

"You're good at guessing." There was a half-reckless, mocking bravado in his voice and manner. "Guess again."

"You love her." The words were spoken in the dead metallic voice which falls like an echo of crushing conviction reverberating from some tomb

within. The fire and the agony were past and she merely waited in the cold silence for the next blow.

“What a sybil you are tonight in very truth.”

“You love her” she repeated, clutching his arm convulsively. Something in her face and voice compelled an answer. Instinctively he knew that a crisis impended, that the time for banter and evasion were passed. The play had ended, the game was over—the time for reckoning had come. Overwhelming agony is masterful, it compels respect, exacts a certain reverence. His tone suddenly changed to one of half-playful raillery.

“See here, Sarah, it is time to quit all this foolishness. I am going to marry Marozia Remington and you had better take Tom and I’ll make a nice little settlement upon you and give you a house on the estate to live in and you can help Mrs. Reed in looking after things. Won’t that be jolly for you?” A vacant stare met his cynical smile. Her heart had received a deadly blow, so had her soul and life became suddenly cold and grey. Her air castles had vanished, her world of dreams lay in ugly ruins and no compensating veils covered them. All was stark, drear and desolate, like a battlefield in the grey dawn. She had deliberately cut herself off from the life of aspiration and noble purpose. All was vacuity within; there was no stirring of a fire upon the altar, no circulation of divine currents, no altruistic desire, not even exultant consciousness of the Ego—merely blankness. He had humbled her and tossed her aside like a worthless thing and her inner consciousness told her that she deserved it all. They had reached the barn and she stood shivering, not alone from the chill air. His raillery ceased as he looked into her face.

“Sarah, don’t take this so seriously. Come, be a good sport.” Her silence and the expression—on her face irritated him.

“Sarah,” he repeated, “listen to me. I want this nonsense cut out. You know I told you once that you were silly to run after me the way you did. I told you that sometime I should be obliged to go away. That time has come. New York will be my home hereafter. If you are wise you will marry Tom and I’ll do well by you.”

There was not even a mute protest in her eyes,

only dull apathy as if her soul were dead. He was prepared for violent protest, for a tirade or a scene, which girls of her class are apt to indulge in, but not for this apathetic silence. The situation was too tragical for him and a vague uneasiness seized him.

“Go into the house at once, Sarah. It is too chilly for you to stand out here, and—be sensible about it, you knew it would come sometime. You didn’t expect me to marry you, did you?”

Still she did not answer and he seized her arm and led her to the house. When she passed the sitting room Mrs. Reed was nodding over her knitting. The clock on the mantle ticked cheerfully and the firelight made fantastic shapes on the richly papered walls as the log blazed on the hearth. To Sarah all sights and sounds were alike now. Her heart was broken. The curse had come home to her in this life—the curse she had uttered for Marozia Remington.

.....

Later that evening Claude Rathburn was sitting with his betrothed planning for the future. He was to leave on the night train for New York to open his home in the Bronx and prepare for the reception to his bride. They were to be married quietly in the little Gothic church upon his return. Marozia insisted that it should be quiet. At length he asked.

“Have you any commissions for me to execute while in the city?”

“Thank you, I believe not, Mr. Rathburn.”

“Can you not say Claude? You have never called me anything less formal than ‘Mr. Rathburn.’” He lifted her face to his and she shuddered.

“Is it so hard?”

“No—yes—I hardly know—only—”

“Only what?”

“Oh please do not press the subject—I cannot, Mr.——”

“Claude,” he supplemented, admiring her fine reticence.

“By the way, shall we keep Sarah and let her help Mrs. Reed in the Villa while we are in New York? I think that she and Tom Gregory will make

a match and they could live in one of the tenant cottages. It would be better to have someone besides Mrs. Reed to look after things in our absence, she is so rheumatic and half blind."

Marozia approved and expressed a wish to help Sarah in some effective way. Her conversation with Mrs. Morton regarding the girl recurred to her mind.

"That is one of your beautiful little illusions—that idea of helping others. It renders you doubly charming, but believe me, my sweet girl, it is a fallacy. People do not like to be helped—no one does, in the way you mean. They like to be let alone in their ignorance and stupidity. Those most in need of help appreciate it the least. Don't waste your sweet sympathy upon the inferior creatures about you. It will do you no good and you will be repulsed by them. Your plane is too high to leave in order to lift impossible creatures up to its level."

Marozia's memory suddenly recalled that visit to Sarah in the first flush of her enthusiastic altruism and the somewhat dampened ardor with which she returned home—also her mental reflections concerning such efforts. Her mind in its dominant persistent reasoning from cause to effect confirmed Claude's conclusions, yet sub-consciously she felt them to be wrong. Her experience with Sarah justified them but deep within her soul, where the radiant light shone, she knew that the Spirit imprisoned within Sarah's body felt no antagonism, no repulsion, that it belonged alone to the discordant personality which was still linked to the animal soul. In a flash of illumination she saw that if the light within could be helped in its efforts to shine out through the thick mask, the soul would glow and in a moment Sarah would be transformed. The inspiration which came with it was marvelous—she caught a momentary glimpse of the joy of the Angels when a soul truly repents and links itself to its Higher Self which is its God. Claude was still speaking, but she scarcely heard him.

"Besides, don't you know fair-girl, that the low-bred and vulgar always hate the superior nature—hate it with deadly venom?"

She had come many leagues along the path

since her first talk with Mrs. Morton concerning Sarah. Through her sorrows and trials she had developed wonderfully and the regret and compassion she now felt toward one who had been jealous and spiteful and unrelenting in her unfounded hatred attested the true nobility of her nature. With the Christ-love shining from her luminous eyes she asked earnestly:

"But that very attitude of defiance and hatred proves the greater need of help and sympathy, does it not? It is another claim upon us who see more clearly?"

"Beautiful theories, dear girl—merely a poet's fancy. They will not hold water in practical test. Besides, honestly, who lives them out? Can you name anyone, even those in high places, who really puts these altruistic principles into practice? They are only ideals, but never can be worked out practically."

"I cannot agree with you there. I have known two or three people who live them out." The old cynical smile darkened his face and she shuddered again. A sad chromatic vibrated through her soul-centers. She had begun to feel the pain of the world and its deep need. She remembered Mr. Arlington's talks on discrimination and how it was awakened. Claude could not follow her through the intricate mazes. He lived upon another plane. He realized, however, that he had made a mistake when he saw her shudder and immediately sought to weave the old fascinating spell about her by the eloquent love-light in his eyes. As she compelled her eyes to meet his own she suddenly wondered wherein lay the spell. There was no depth of love there, there was no soul seeking expression. Even the gleam which had fascinated her many times when she was battling with her soul was artificial. Something was lacking and she realized in this moment, when her soul had contacted subliminal deeps, what it was. His eyes lacked a soul. They shone, but not with spirit-fire. There was no gleam, as from a heart of light. Now in this moment it seemed to her that she had always been haunted by these eyes, and a tragedy seemed always to be imminent, to be lurking close at hand when they drew her by their occult spell.

As she began to realize the significance of the terrible bond between them, she drew a quick breath which caught in a half sigh. It was a faint little tremula, like the vibrating strings of a violin, but it irritated him. He assumed a mock gallantry which did not fit with her mood.

"Sighs are not for the fair Marozia." She tried to smile for she remembered her vow.

"I feel an unaccountable depression—as though a black wall were before me."

"Pshaw—you don't have moods, do you?"

"I hope I do not have any that are annoying or distressing to other people. I suppose, however, that every artistic temperament has its dull tones, its minor shadings, its somber hours." She spoke in a half-soliloquy as though communing with herself and again realized the next moment by his reply how far apart they were.

"Well, my fair lady, I would do away with that artistic temperament. It doesn't go well with New York society." Now that he felt so sure of her he was beginning to assume a slightly patronizing attitude—an air of proprietorship. Again there was inner revolt, repugnance, defiant protest, but a moment later her sense of humor came to the rescue and she replied smilingly:

"As my temperament is part of myself I seriously fear that New York society will be obliged to endure it or drop me from its visiting list." Her tactfulness brought a response from him which she would rather have dispensed with. In unbounded admiration he exclaimed:

"A man never could tire of you—you are certainly many-sided."

ASTROLOGY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion, and we teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but use it to help and heal suffering humanity.

How to Apply for Admission

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will *upon request* receive an application blank from the General Secretary of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is return-

"I used to consider that my misfortune."

"It is your greatest charm."

After Claude left her she sat quietly thinking it all out, but the perplexities deepened. In a sweeping vision she saw two truths stand out in the revealing light which shone from the bar within where she went for judgment. One demanded the relinquishment of the personal self with its emotions and temperament—its relinquishment to the Spirit enshrined in the depths of her soul. She knew that they were but transient and would hold her back from her goal. The other revealed Claude Rathburn's part in the matter. He had dominated her ages ago and still retained traces of the old power. She had hurt him too when she began the age-long struggle of self-assertion. Forces—unnumbered ones—had acted and interacted and they were involved in a complexity of ties. For the first time she recognized the real tie and the whole tragical situation. She had transcended the limited vision and knew in one swift moment of real insight that her personality must be conquered, but not by, or through him. She had left him many a mile-stone behind on the evolutionary path and now was paying the last vestige of the old debt to the Law of Consequence. As she recalled the conversation of the evening she recognized his old tendency to dominate. With the old-time persistence he would make her moods conform to his own. In the revealing light she saw many rocks ahead. Would she be able to steer her barque between the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* and preserve her ideals while doing so? She resolved that she would—for her father's sake.

ed properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

The Cost of the Courses

There are no fixed fees; no esoteric instruction is ever put in the balance against coin. At the same time it cannot be given "*free*," "*for nothing*," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery and postage also cost money, and *unless you pay your part someone else must pay for you*.

Question Department

* * * * *

The Lost Word

QUESTION:
In occult literature we find mention of the Temple at Lhassa, Tibet. Of what brotherhood or Order is this Temple, and is it true, as reported, that it is there that the Lost Word is known and carefully guarded?
Answer:

According to all reports and so far as the writer knows himself from contact with the members of that community in the invisible world, the spiritual attainment of some of the brothers composing this Order is of a very high grade and they are doing a noble work with their people in the East, but like any other institution in the physical world, which is perceived by the senses and open to visitors, however great the restrictions, it is not a Mystery School. The Mystery Schools are all etheric and are only visited by Initiates who have learned to leave their physical bodies behind.

With respect to the part of the question which asks, "is it true that there the lost word is known and carefully guarded," we may say that in all probability it is, but it is also known and carefully guarded in many other places in the world outside the Mystery Schools, and to make this matter thoroughly clear it is necessary that we should understand what constitutes the different grades of spiritual gift and power possessed by various classes of humanity and marking their stage in evolution. There are, in the first place, the *Involuntary Clairvoyants*, who have at times the power to perceive things and events in the invisible world. When the power is on, they see whatever comes before their vision, regardless of whether they like it or not, and they are unable to shut off these sights and scenes. The next higher class is the *Voluntary Clairvoyant*, who is able to *see* whenever he wishes, anything he desires and he also has the power to shut off the view at any moment he

chooses and return to his normal physical consciousness. Next above him in the scale of attainment stands the *Initiate*, who has learned by an act of will to leave his physical body and to enter as a free spirit into the invisible world. There he functions as normally as he does in this realm of nature; he sees and he hears everything he wishes to, but more than that, he has been initiated into the mysteries of the Invisible World. He not only sees and hears but he *knows* what things are and what they mean. The Voluntary Clairvoyant, who simply is able to see and hear, is very much subject to illusion regarding the things that come before his vision. Elementals, which have the power to clothe themselves in the mobile desire-stuff, take a particular delight in deceiving and even frightening clairvoyants of both the voluntary and involuntary class. They may ensoul themselves in the shells of departed friends of these people and are responsible for a great deal of the nonsense and misinformation given out at spiritualistic meetings. But to deceive the Initiate is impossible for these entities because he has been taught in the Mystery Schools concerning such matters. Higher still in the scale of spiritual attainment stands the *Adept*, who not only is able to *see* and to *know*, but also has a *power* over the things in the invisible world. He is a graduate of the Mystery School and has learned to use the creative word, the word of power, which was lost by Humanity in its descent into matter. There may be one or more of these Adepts at the Temple of Lhassa in Tibet as well as in other places in the world. If so, these people naturally have the word of power and they carefully guard it, for it is a dangerous secret, a two-edged sword, which would certainly be suicidal in the hands of one not evolved to the point where he is spiritually fitted to have it.

Question:

How do the records in the memory of Nature appear to the spiritual vision? That is, how are the acts of a person in a former life represented?

Answer:

That depends upon where you read the memory of Nature. There are, in the reflecting ether, pictures of all that has happened in the world, at least several hundred years back, perhaps in some cases much more. And they appear almost as the pictures on a screen, with this difference, that the scene shifts backward. So that if we wish to study the life of Luther or Calvin in the memory of Nature, we may by concentration call up any certain points in their lives and start there, and we may hold that scene wherewith we start, or any other scene, as long as we desire, by simply willing so to do, but we shall find that the picture rolls backward. So if we start with the scene where Luther is said to have thrown the ink bottle against the wall to oust His Satanic Majesty, and if we want to know what happened after that, we shall find ourselves foiled in our purpose, for we will then have presented to us all the scenes that went before.

In order to get the information we want, we must start at a point later in time than that event. Then the scenes will roll backward in orderly sequence until we come to the episode with the ink bottle, and we may later reconstruct the whole picture in the progressional manner which obtains in ordinary every day physical life.

But if we read in the memory of Nature in the next higher realm where it is kept, namely, the highest subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought, we obtain a vastly different view in quite another manner, for by concentrating our thought upon Luther we shall there call up in our mind at one flash the whole record of his life. There will be neither beginning nor end, but we shall obtain at once the aroma or essence of his whole existence. Neither will this picture or thought or knowledge be *outside* ourselves, so that we stand as spectators and look at the life of Luther, but the picture will be, so to speak, within ourselves and *we shall feel ourselves as if we were actually Luther*. This picture will speak to our inner con-

sciousness and give us a thorough understanding of his life and purpose, not to be gained by an exterior view. We shall know whatever he knew, for the time being, we shall feel whatever he felt, and though there will be no audible word spoken, we shall obtain a perfect understanding of what the man was from the cradle to the grave. Every thought, no matter how secret, and every act, no matter how well concealed, will be known to us with all the motives and everything that led up to the event, and thus we shall obtain a most thorough understanding of the life of Luther, so intimate that probably not he himself, during life, realized himself as perfectly as we shall then.

Now it would seem that having obtained such an intimate and thorough knowledge of Luther or of Calvin or of Napoleon or any other man or event in history or far beyond the date when history was written, we should be able to furnish the world with this knowledge, be able to write books that would explain all these things in the most wonderful manner and anyone who has tried to read in the memory of Nature as kept in that high region will testify with the writer that they have felt just that way when they left their investigation and returned to their ordinary brain consciousness. But, alas and alack! Thought must be manifested through the brain and to be made intelligible to others it must be translated into sentences, consecutively unfolding the ideas to be conveyed, and no one who has not felt this limitation on coming back from the heaven world with such valuable information can realize the chagrin and despair which one feels when one endeavors to do this. In that highest subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought, all things are included in an ethereal *HERE* and *NOW*; there is neither time nor space, beginning nor end, and to arrange that which is there seen, heard, and felt, into consecutively arranged ideas is next to impossible. It simply seems to refuse to filter through the brain; we who have seen and heard know what we have seen and what we have heard but we are unable to utter it, for there is no human language or tongue that can translate these things in an adequate manner and give to another anything but the faintest feeling, the most attenuated shadow, of the glorious reality.

There is still higher record of the memory of Nature in the World of Life Spirit, which is said by the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucians to cover events from the earliest dawn of our present manifestation and to be so sublime and wonderful that we have no word that will give even the slightest idea thereof. There are a number of misguided people who deceive themselves and others into thinking that they are able to read this record, but the fact is, according to the Elder Brothers, that only they and other Hierarchs of the other Mystery Schools, together with the Adepts who have graduated from these institutions, are able to do so.

Question:

Will you please tell me if Mr. Heindel can function on the plane of the Ego, and if so will he communicate with my Ego and bring me the following information: I want to know who my Ego is, and what it intends to do with this earth life, also how I can obtain daily and uninterrupted consciousness with it.

Answer:

While awake during earth life the Ego functions in the visible world as an *indwelling* spirit, but during the hours of sleep the Ego is in the Desire World, where it also remains for a period after death. Later stages in the post-mortem existence are lived in the Region of Concrete Thought, which is the second heaven. Above that is the Region of Abstract Thought, which is called also the third heaven. This is the plane of the Ego, who takes excursions into earth life for the purpose of gaining experience and soul-growth.

While here on earth ties are formed with others, which under the Law of Causation bring certain effects, sooner or later. These appear as fate or destiny. By our willful or ignorant transgression of the laws of life we have, in times past, accumulated a debt of evil actions which must some time be liquidated; we must reap what we have sown before we can again become pure and free in spirit. The knowledge of this impending fate, when part of the said debt is to be worked out, would paralyze most of us, and to see the whole ugly score would probably crush the strongest spirit until it has become at least partially enlightened

and learned to conform to the laws of nature in a certain measure. When this great light has shined into the heart of any man and he feels himself as a prodigal spirit, far from our Father in Heaven, when he cries out with his whole heart, "I will go to my Father," and this desire for union is ever before his spiritual vision, then for the first time is he confronted with the embodiment of his fate, called by Occultists, "The Dweller on the Threshold," for it meets the Aspirant at the door between the visible and the invisible worlds. When he dares to step out into this world which he has previously only seen by spiritual sight, he is confronted by that Dweller on the Threshold and cannot pass until he has acknowledged it. Each neophyte must face this gruesome specter, as Glyndon did in Bulwer Lytton's novel, *Zanoni*. It is hidden from ordinary humanity, even between death and rebirth, but the neophyte, as said, must not only face it, acknowledge it, and dare to pass it, he must take a solemn vow to do the things necessary to liquidate the debt of which that is an embodiment, also the vow of silence concerning all therein involved.

When you ask to know who your Ego is, you are asking for just the information which the Dweller on the Threshold to the invisible world hides from you, under a beneficent law of nature which no one is privileged to break. Until you shall have attained the spiritual strength to pass him and learn for yourself, this must therefore remain hidden from you, and even then there will not be an uninterrupted, conscious intercourse between the Higher Self and the personality; that belongs to a much later stage in evolution when we shall have fully spiritualized our vehicles into soul. So there is only one way for you to find out, and that is by earnest application to the problem yourself. If you continue to seek, you shall find; but remember, there is no royal road to this knowledge, no one can give it to you ready-made, or *sell* it to you, and all we who have gone before can do for anyone is to show them the way and encourage them to walk it, regardless of all setbacks and obstacles, confident that what man has done, man can do. Each has the same divine power and is as able to succeed as anyone else.

The Children of Leo---1917

EDITOR'S NOTE.— It is the custom of astrologers, when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine his remarks to the characteristics given by the sign the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what these people are like, for if those were their sole characteristics there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We are going to improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month.

That should give a much more accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.

THE children of Leo are born between the 23rd of July and the 24th of August, when the Sun is in the royal sign Leo the Lion, and therefore those children partake in a particular sense of the characteristics of this constellation. Those who are born on the 16th and 17th of August this year, when the New Moon falls in Leo, have also the Moon in that sign and are therefore doubly marked. The child of Leo is noble and generous in his dealings with others; he scorns all meanness and, as Leo rules the heart, we may judge that they are also very sympathetic towards those whom they love. Where their affections are bestowed they love with their whole heart and soul; this is particularly true with respect to their immediate family, husband, wife and children. But strange as it may seem, there is also another

side to this nature, which is exactly opposite in character. The Leos can, on occasion, be particularly cruel, and they are specially so when they turn against those whom they have once loved. They are also very quick-tempered but as ready to acknowledge a fault when they have been made aware thereof, and they usually try to correct their mistakes. They are just to others even to their own detriment.

The Leo children of 1917 have Jupiter, the planet of morality, ethics, and philanthropy, in the Mercurial sign Gemini and Mercury is in its exaltation sign, Virgo. This makes them particularly inclined to study; they will be very quick to grasp an idea, also original and inventive. We may look to them for great things when they grow up. Uranus, the planet of intuition, is still in the intellectual sign Aquarius, and this taken together with the before-mentioned facts shows that these children will have an unusual mentality. Mercury in Virgo gives dexterity, facility of expression, power of persuasion. Therefore we shall find that these people will be, some of them, excellent craftsmen and others splendid salesmen, promoting industry and commerce. This position of Mercury also gives them a good memory, a taste for mathematics, and a love for the mysterious. So we may also look for some religious tendencies in these children; that is, of course, provided Mercury is well aspected. When he is afflicted in Virgo he will make them exceptionally cynical and critical, so we shall, of course, meet with that class also. Venus is also in Virgo; this is the sixth sign ruling the health and it shows that these people, when other testimonies allow, will be very sympathetic with the suffering of the sick and therefore devoted nurses. They will also be able to gain by study

and practice of dietetics.

The planet Mars is in the cardinal sign Cancer, where his dynamic energy will endue these children with a desire to work and accomplish something; they will be very industrious in their efforts to forge their way in the world; but this position of Mars also makes people quick-tempered and irritable. This is not so bad in itself, for the anger that comes from Mars is usually quickly over and all forgotten, but unfortunately the children of Leo, 1917, also have Saturn, the planet of malice, in the sign Leo. This is a position which also gives a quick temper with a tendency to hold a grudge. Fortunately, however, Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, is in Gemini and sextile to Saturn during the whole month, so that this modifies his action

to a great extent.

With respect to health, the children of Leo, 1917, should be careful not to dissipate their energy and over-exert or over-strain themselves, for Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Leo, the sign which governs the heart, is always an indication of heart trouble and the parents of these children should be particularly careful to guard them during the early years of childhood when they are usually so thoughtless because they feel such a superabundance of energy within themselves. If they are not allowed to take part in athletics, where a great strain is put upon the heart, and if it is explained to them that for their own good they must not run or jump too much, it is possible, or probable, that these tendencies may be modified.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. for besides typewriting, typesetting, plating of the figure, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires at least one half day of the editor's time. **Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get them to subscribe.** We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your luck. If it does not, you have no cause for anger at us.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the trouble of returning their money. Please do not thus annoy us: It will avail you nothing.

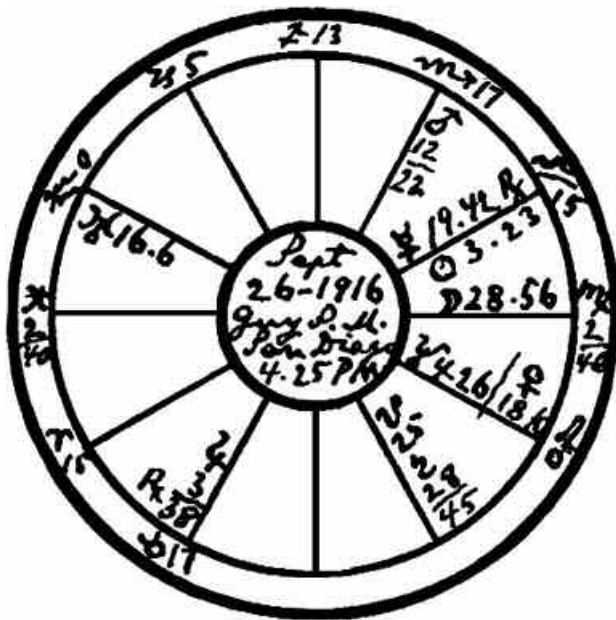
GUY S. M., born September 26, 1916, at 4:25 p.m., San Diego, California.

Here we have a little youngster who is very fortunate in certain respects, for that which determines our success or failure in life is our character and characteristics. These color our outlook upon life and impel our actions in one direction or another. This child has Uranus, the planet of intuition, in close trine with Mercury, the planet of reason, and both are in airy signs where they are most at home. Thus, he will be as smart as a whip in forming correct conclusions concerning whatever problem is placed before him. Whenever he meets anyone he will be able to read their character like a book and in that way he will be able to select his associates from among those who will be beneficial to him, and avoid those who would do him harm

Saturn is the planet of obstruction but we must not conclude that that is always a bad quality, for when he is well aspected he keeps us back from impulsive action which we would later on regret, and he is conducive to forethought, system, virtue, justice, etc. In Guy's horoscope he is doubly strong because he is conjoined with the Moon's western node, called also the Dragon's Tail, and both are placed in the cardinal sign Cancer. This intensifies his action, and he is in sextile to the Sun and Moon which in the horoscope represents the individuality and the personality respectively. This is a fine aspect, particularly when taken together with that which we have already mentioned, namely, Uranus trine Mercury, for it will effectually protect him against impulse so that, even though he may read certain people and see that their intentions towards him are not good, this

aspect of the Sun, Moon, and Saturn will confer tact and diplomacy, so that he will not let them know what he sees, but will avoid them without giving offense. In other cases, where he feels that people will be of benefit to him, he will also have the qualities to attract them and make them glad to serve him because of the sterling Saturnine virtues conferred by the aspect that we are considering. On account of these qualities Guy will rise in life, mainly by his own efforts and he will attain to a relatively high and responsible position, carrying with it the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

His worst fault is shown by Mars, the planet of impulse, square with Uranus, the planet of lightning-like action, the latter placed in the Twelfth House of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing. This shows, in the first place, that Guy has a very violent temper which is liable, in unguarded moments, to overrule the Saturnine self-control and break loose with such startling suddenness



that a bolt from the blue may seem slow in comparison. You still have a number of years in which his character may be molded with the greatest success and it should be your earnest endeavor to teach him self-control, for unless he is so taught, this characteristic will mitigate considerably against his success in life. People always lose respect for a man who cannot keep his temper; you

have good ground to work upon in the aspect that we have considered before this and he can be reached; in fact, he will be sometime, for if not otherwise experience will teach him and he will take himself in hand. But it is so much easier done, and it will help him so much if it can be accomplished during the years of childhood, from one to seven.

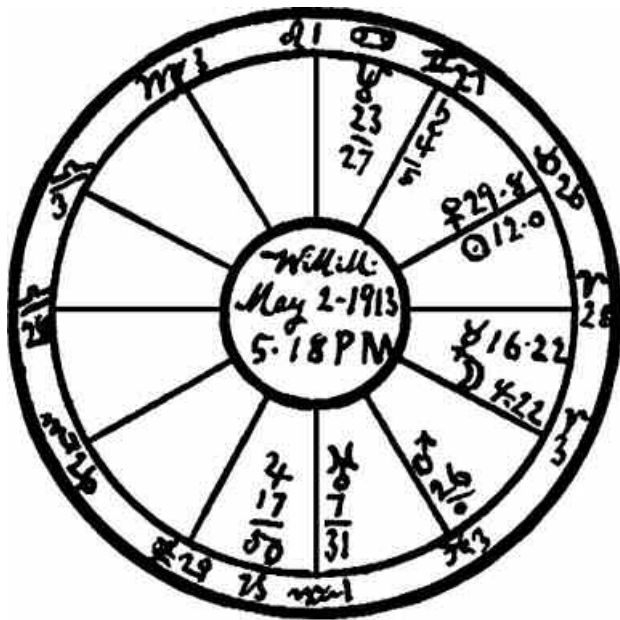
In respect to health, we note that Mars, the planet of positive sex expression, is in Scorpio, the sign that rules the generative organs, square with Venus, ruler of the negative sex-force, placed in the Sixth House of disease, and Mars is also square with Uranus, which is the octave or higher expression of Venus. Uranus is placed in the Twelfth House, governing hospitals and similar places of confinement. This shows that the sex nature in Guy is very strong and that abuse of it is liable to cause disease and confinement; therefore it would be to his advantage if the horrible nature of the diseases caused by the abuse of the generative functions are explained to him thoroughly during the age of adolescence, and if he is taught the sanctity of parenthood. We also find, as already mentioned, Saturn, the planet of obstruction, conjoined with the Dragon's Tail in Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach. This shows that the digestion is inherently weak, although there is no affliction, but even a good aspect from the Sun and Moon. It indicates a weak point in the body and it would therefore be well to look after him and teach him to eat only things which are good for him.

William M. McM., born May 2, 1913, 5:18 p. m., San Diego, California.

This is another fortunate little youngster, as viewed from the worldly standpoint, for Jupiter, the planet of opulence, is trine to the Sun and the aspect occurs from earthy signs. This shows that there will be a general good success in the life and an acquisition of material things—money and property. Also that the life will seem full of the so-called good things; pleasure and prosperity will attend him throughout. Uranus, the planet of intuition, is sextile to the Moon, one of the significators of mind, and trine to Saturn, the planet of sys-

tem, forethought, and deliberation. This will give him a keen business insight, so that without reasoning about it, he will always know whether a proposition is to his advantage or not.

You will find that he has a voice worth cultivating, for both the Sun and Venus are in Taurus, a Venus sign, a sign of voice and of expression, and Venus is also the ruler of the Ascendant, Libra, another sign of voice, which also indicates the public. Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, is sextile to Venus from the Fifth House, which indicates pleasure, theaters, places of entertainment, etc., and we therefore feel that he will meet with success in the theatrical profession and it will help



him if you guide his education with that end in view.

His faults are shown, in the first place, by Jupiter, the planet of law, order, and ethics, being square to Mercury, the planet of reason and expression, and in opposition to Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury. This shows a tendency to untruthfulness and to disregard the promises he makes. You will, of course, know yourselves how to deal with this latent fault. Mars, the planet of impulse and recklessness, in a watery sign, particularly in Pisces, as here is the case, gives a tendency to indulgence in strong drink and it is sextile to Venus, which is placed in Taurus, the sign which governs the throat and palate. This shows

that William will be very fond of the pleasures of the table, good things to eat and to drink, wine, woman and song; but if he is taught and shown the simple life in childhood, he may be saved much sorrow and suffering, for naturally there is both a physical and a moral result which follows over-indulgence.

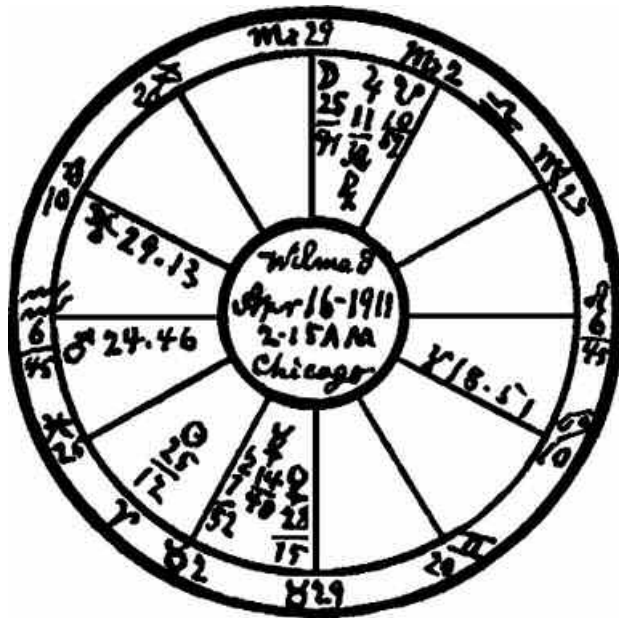
With respect to health we find that William is singularly blessed, for the Sun in the strong, vital sign Taurus and trine to Jupiter gives him a very sturdy physical constitution and he will never become a chronic invalid; but Uranus, the planet of spasmodic action, square to the Sun, in Taurus, which governs the throat, shows that he will be liable to spells of coughing, and Saturn in Gemini, which governs the lungs, shows that there is a possibility of congestion in that part. "Forewarned is forearmed," however, and such acute attacks can be avoided by the care which everyone should bestow upon themselves. One who adopts the vocal profession should in particular be careful of these parts.

Wilma T., born April 16, 1911, 2:15 a. m., Chicago, Illinois.

Here we have a young lady with four fixed signs on the angles and Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, on the Ascendant sextile to the Sun. This shows that she is of a very set and determined nature, bound to go ahead in whatever she decides despite all hindrances, and that she will bring such an enormous amount of force to bear on carrying out her plans that she will sweep all obstacles out of the way in order to succeed. This may be either a bad or a good characteristic, according to the directions her energies take and it should therefore be your aim to carefully guide her during the years while the nature is still somewhat plastic, for you may make up your mind that the day will soon come and is not far off when you will never be able to influence her in any particular, and the worst of it is that she will act under impulse to a considerable extent, as shown by the fact that Uranus, the planet of lightning-like activity, is square to the Sun, which indicates the individuality, and Mars, the planet of impulse, is square to the Moon, which indicates the personality. This

afflicted Moon in Scorpio, the sign which governs the sex, is highly elevated in the Mid-heaven, showing the probability of a scandal some time in life. It is not pleasant to say this, but you have come to us for helpful truth and we should be remiss in our duty if we did not warn you of the impending tendencies. You still have some years left in which the character may be molded and it behooves you by the proper teaching and the right example to help this child to overcome the tendencies foreshown as much as possible. If you cannot do that entirely, you can at least modify them to some extent.

You are not to infer from the foregoing that Wilma is of what is commonly called a bad character; far from it, she is really the reverse, but she



has and will give expression to some very high ideals on eugenics and the sexual relations. This she will make a religion and endeavor to give it expression, regardless of the conventions of the present time. This is shown by Jupiter, the planet of law, ethics, and philanthropy in the Ninth House in Scorpio, the sign which governs the generative organs and in opposition to Saturn, the planet of obstruction, and Mercury, the planet of reason in the Third House, indicating neighbors, friends, brothers, sisters, etc., and also by the Sun, which represents the individuality, square to Uranus, the octave of Venus and governor of the

idealistic love-impulses. He is placed in the Twelfth House, the house of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing, and thus all signs point towards the fact that there are rocks and shoals ahead of Wilma on account of these ideals.

Mars, the planet of impulse, square Venus, the planet of love, also shows that sorrow and trouble will come to her through the affections. But Venus trine her higher octave Uranus shows that withal, Wilma will have a satisfaction of her own in the life she lives that will compensate her for anything which we, from the conventional standpoint, may regard as a misfortune. She is going to be a leader and hers is going to be a life of action, so that from the view-point of the soul it will be a fruitful life and that, after all, is the main thing.

With respect to health, we find that the Moon, which governs the female functions, is in Scorpio, which rules the generative organs, and in opposition to Venus, which governs the circulation of the blood. We also find that Jupiter, the planet which governs the arterial circulation, is in Scorpio and in opposition to Saturn, the planet of obstruction and Mercury. This shows that Wilma is liable to trouble and obstruction of the menses. You may also look out for colds in the throat because Saturn, the planet of colds, is in Taurus; but as the Sun, the giver of life, and Mars, the giver of energy, are sextile, Wilma will have a superabundant vitality and easily throw off any spell of sickness that may overtake her, so that her life will be one of general good health.

M. B. R., born September 21, 1916, 0:30 p. m., Chicago, Illinois.

This little fellow comes to us without a given name, as his relatives have neglected to furnish this when sending in the birth-date and we may say that at first glance it was a surprise to us that this child ever drew breath, for we find the Moon in conjunction with the Saturnine Dragon Tail and Saturn, the planet of death and obstruction, all in the Eighth House, which is the house of death. But a closer inspection of the horoscope shows that the Sun, which is the giver of life, is sextile to these death-dealing factors, and so the child has survived and will probably live to a ripe old age,

for Saturn under good aspects gives a great deal of persistent tenacity.

The Sun is very highly elevated and close to the Midheaven, hence extremely powerful, and therefore the sextile to Saturn, the planet of system, method, mechanical ability, etc., and to the Moon, the planet of fecundation, which brings to life and action all that is shown by the other planets, indicates that this little boy will be endowed with a number of the cardinal virtues which make for general success in life, regardless of the fact that there are a number of testimonies in the horoscope to the contrary.

His principal fault is shown by Mercury, the planet of expression, square to the Moon and Saturn, the planet of deceit. This indicates the ten-



dency to be untruthful and as there can be no success in life unless it is based upon the firm foundation of honesty and integrity, the parents ought to take him in hand very firmly and try to eradicate this fault whenever it shows itself.

With respect to health, we find that there are several weak points in his horoscope. The Moon, Dragon's tail, and Saturn are in Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach. This shows a decided tendency to obstruct the digestive function and it calls for the very best of care in educating him in the science of right living. This should of course be done by example, for children, if they are denied what they see their parents enjoy, will

some time later satisfy their own craving for the luxuries which are not given to them in childhood, and they will then, in addition, have a bitter feeling towards the parents who deprive them while feasting themselves.

We also find Uranus, the planet of spasmodic action, in opposition to Venus, which governs the venous blood. Venus is located in Leo, the sign ruling the heart, and we may therefore judge that the little fellow's heart is not strong, and that he is liable to palpitation, unless care is taken to instruct him from the earlier years of childhood not to over-exert by running, jumping, or any other violent motion. This much is in his favor, however, that the Sun is the most elevated of all the planets; it is in an energetic cardinal sign and free from all affliction, so that even when sickness overtakes the little youngster, he will soon recuperate.

Vocational Reading

Sherwood V. W., born August 15, 1896, 11:30 a. m.

At the time of your birth we find Saturn, the planet of timidity, upon the eastern horizon and square with the Sun and Jupiter, which signify employers and those in authority. This shows that you are always very timid and ill at ease when coming in contact with anyone who is above you in an industrial position and this timidity is very detrimental to your success; therefore you should try to cultivate an open and frank demeanor when approaching them in search of a position, for they instinctively feel your diffidence. It conveys to them the idea that you have no confidence in yourself, and just as one tuning fork of a certain pitch when it is struck will bring out an identical note in other tuning forks of similar pitch, so they subconsciously take you at your own calculation and refuse to give you the opportunity to show what is in you.

On the other hand, if you reiterate to yourself when going in search of a certain position that you are perfectly capable, that you know that you can make good, that you are determined to do your very best for your employer as well as for yourself, then this attitude of mind will be conveyed to them and they will feel more like giving you a trial. This is perhaps very difficult, but it is not as

difficult as it is for a leopard to change its spots. If you will only bring your will to bear upon the problem, then you will find that success will be yours eventually.

With respect to the line or direction in which your abilities will be most easily recognized and where success is most certain, we find that Uranus, the planet of electricity, invention, originality, and intuition is in conjunction with the Moon, upon the Ascendant. We also find that the Second House, which governs the finances, is ruled by the fiery sign Sagittarius. The Sixth House, which governs the service expected from you, is under the domination of the fiery sign Aries, and the fiery sign Leo, which holds both the Sun and Jupiter, both fiery planets, are all indications that your vocation will have something to do with fire and electricity. Thus you must look in the mechanical arts for a place where there will be scope for your original and inventive ability. Do not mind if the position is small to start with and if it takes time to get to the top of the ladder; nothing that is worth having is ever gained without considerable labor, and a person, particularly one who is timid by nature, will always find others stepping in ahead of him whose ability is less than his own. But if you persist along this line, success is certain and in the end will be lasting.

Vocational Reading

J. Victor R., born June 1, 1897, 9:15 a. m.,

Balleyhight, Ireland.

Here we have a young man with four cardinal signs on the Angles and Mars close to the cusp of the Ascendant, showing that he has plenty of determination to take him through life and also plenty of energy to carry him through any battle he may be called upon to face, whether physical, mental, or moral. We find the Sun sextile to Mars, the Sun being placed in the Eleventh House, showing that he will have friends above him in the scale of society who will aid him in attaining his hopes, wishes, and ambitions in life. They will give him practical help to rise and realize the best that is in him. And the life will be very successful, from the material point of view at any rate, for we find Venus, the ruler of the Tenth House, indicating the finances.

He has three earthy signs, Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn on the cusp of the Tenth, Second, and Sixth Houses, and taking this together with the other indications in this horoscope we judge that he will succeed best at tilling of the soil or in some occupation that has to do with management and care of land or property, especially as Saturn, the ruler of the Sixth House, indicating service, is in the Fourth House, denoting landed property and the home. It is quite sure that he will not do anything in a small way, with the configurations in this map, but that whatever he undertakes will be something on a larger scale that will assure a comfortable income and a respected position in society.

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Studies
in
The Rosicrucian
Cosmo Conception

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Genesis, Occult and Biblical

Kittie Skidmore Cowen

A COMMON claim made by the casual orthodox reader of occult literature is that the occult scientist does not believe in or accept the Bible. Consequently, he invariably feels called upon to proclaim that the theories which these people embrace and the teachings that they promulgate must of a necessity be false, and the moral and spiritual effect of such a belief and teaching must likewise be essentially evil.

Now there are some grounds for the orthodox thinker taking this attitude toward the occult student relative to his non-belief in the *infallibility* of the Bible records as translated today, but his deductions in consequence thereof, we do believe are not only erroneous but flagrantly unjust.

Let us turn our attention to the first point under discussion for a moment; namely, that the occult scientist does not believe in or accept the Bible in its entirety, as it stands today. Before we begin to draw any conclusions, however, as to who is right on this subject—the orthodox student who insists that the English text of the King James version of the Bible is absolutely correct from cover to cover, as though it had been originally written in the English language, or the occult scientist who makes no attempt to vindicate the Bible in the form in which it is commonly known to us today, as the only true and inspired Word of God—let us

consider a few facts which authentic record proves, relative to the history of the Bible.

In the first place, the Jewish Bible was originally written in Hebrew, and we do not possess a single line of the original writings. Another fact quite worthy of consideration is that the words of the old style Hebrew language ran into one another and were not divided as are the words of our language today. Added to this, there was a custom of leaving out vowels in the writing, so that in reading, much depended on how and where these vowels were inserted, as well as upon the particular vowel which was used. These facts alone make it clear to the modern student how difficult was the task of translating, how easy it was to unintentionally alter the original meaning, and how a very slight change might entirely alter the signification of almost any sentence. And now comes still another fact well worthy of our most serious consideration. It is this: That out of the forty-seven translators of the King James version, only *three* were Hebrew scholars, and two of these three died before the Psalms had been translated. Coupled with this fact is another which we should be careful to remember, it is this: That the act which authorized the translation (the King James version), prohibited the translators from any rendition that would greatly deviate from or tend to disturb the already existing belief.

Having proven, through careful study and thorough investigation, the above facts to be true, the occult scientist does not, it is true, contend for the Divinity of this Book or hold that it is the Word of God from cover to cover. With true occult insight they recognize the fact that it is a poor translation of the originals and that there are many interpolations which have been inserted at different times to support various ideas, but, nevertheless, the very fact that so much truth has been massed into so small a compass is a source of constant wonder to all those who know what the Book really is and have the key to its meaning.

In the light of the foregoing facts, we are well satisfied to leave with the student who is searching for truth the decision as to whether or not we are justified in forming the above deductions relative to the absolute authenticity of the Bible as a whole.

And now we will turn our attention to the second point under discussion; namely, that the theories expounded by the occult scientist are false and that a belief in the same tends toward the promulgation of evil.

In order that we may get a clear and concise understanding of the occult scientist's ideas relative to creation and to just what extent these ideas conform with the Bible account of the same, we will begin with the explanation given on page 319 of the *Cosmo*. Here we read: "It must also be noted that those who originally wrote the Bible did not intend to give out the truth in such a plain form that he who can might read. Nothing was further from their thoughts than to write an 'open book of God.' The occultists who wrote the *Zohar* (a Jewish cabalistic book written under the form of a commentary on the Pentateuch, etc.), are very emphatic upon this point. The secrets of the *Thorah* (the first five Books of the Old Testament or Pentateuch) were not to be understood by all, as the following quotation will show:

"Woe to the man who sees in the *Thorah* only simple recitals and ordinary words! Because, if in truth it contained only these, we would even today be able to compose a *Thorah* much more worthy of admiration. But it is not so. Each word of the *Thorah* contains an elevated meaning and a sub-

lime mystery The recitals of the *Thorah* are the vestment of the *Thorah* and not the *Thorah* itself. They simply take notice of the garments and recitals of the *Thorah* alone. They know no other thing. They see not that which is concealed under the vestment. *The more instructed men do not pay attention to the vestment*, but to the body which it envelops.'

"In the preceding words the allegorical meanings are plainly implied. Paul also unequivocally says that the story of Abraham and the two sons whom he had by Sarah and Hagar is purely allegorical (Gal. iv: 22-26). Many passages are veiled; others are to be taken verbatim; and no one who has not the occult key is able to find the deep truth hidden in what is often a very hideous garment.

"The secrecy regarding these deep matters and the invariable use of 'allegories' where the masses of the people were permitted to come in contact with occult truths will also be apparent from the practice of Christ, who always spoke to the multitude in parables, afterward privately explaining to His disciples the deeper meaning contained therein. On several occasions He imposed secrecy upon them with regard to such private teachings.

"Paul's methods are also in harmony with this, for he gives '*milk*' or the more elementary teaching to the '*babes*' in the faith, reserving the '*meat*' or deeper teaching for the 'strong'—those who had qualified themselves to understand and receive them."

For an illustration of the different meanings which may be conveyed by an indiscriminate insertion of the vowel, let us turn to page 321 of the *Cosmo*, and read: "The opening sentence of Genesis is a very good example of what has been stated about the interpretation of the Hebrew text, which may be changed by differently placing the vowels and dividing the words in another way.

"There are two well-recognized methods of reading this sentence. One is, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth'; the other is, 'Out of the ever-existing essence [of space] the two-fold energy formed the double heaven.'

"Much has been said and written as to which of these two interpretations is correct. The difficulty

is, that people want something settled and definite. They take the stand that, if a certain explanation is true, all others must be wrong. But, emphatically, this is not the way to get at truth, which is many-sided and multiplex. Each occult truth requires examination from many different points of view; each viewpoint presents a different phase of the truth, and all of them are necessary to get a complete, definite conception of whatever is under consideration.

“The very fact that this sentence and many others in the vestment of the *Thorah* can be thus made to yield many meanings, while confusing the uninitiated, is illuminative to those who have the key, and the transcendental wisdom of the wonderful Intelligences who inspired the *Thorah* is thereby shown. Had the vowels been inserted and a division made into words, there would have been only one way of reading it and these grand and sublime mysteries could not have been hidden therein. That would have been the proper method to pursue if the authors had meant to write an ‘open’ book of God; but that was not their purpose. It was written solely for the initiated, and can be read understandingly only by them. It would have required much less skill to have written the book plainly than to have concealed its meaning. No pains are even spared, however, to bring the information, in due time, to those who are entitled to it, while withholding it from those who have not yet earned the right to possess it.”

Let us go a little deeper into the subject and turn to page 322 of the *Cosmo* for further enlightenment: “Regarded by the light thrown upon the genesis and evolution of our system, it is plain that both renderings of the opening sentence in the Book of Genesis are necessary to an understanding of the subject. The first tells us that there was a beginning of our evolution, in which the heavens were created; the other interpretation supplements the first statement by adding that the heavens and the earth were created out of the ‘ever-existing essence,’ not out of ‘*nothing*,’ as is jeeringly pointed out by the materialist. The Cosmic Root-Substance is gathered together and set in motion. The rings formed by the inertia of the revolving

mass break away from the central part, forming planets, etc., as the modern scientist, with remarkable ingenuity, has reasoned out. Occult and modern science are in perfect harmony as to the *modus operandi*. There is nothing in these statements inconsistent with the two theories, as will presently be shown. Occult science teaches that God instituted the process of formation and is constantly guiding the System in a definite path. The modern scientist, in refutation of what he calls a foolish idea, and to demonstrate that a God is not necessary, takes a basin of water and pours a little oil into it. The water and the oil represent space and fire-mist respectively. He now commences to turn the oil around with a needle, bringing it into the form of a sphere. This, he explains, represents the Central Sun. As he turns the oil-ball faster and faster, it bulges at the equator and throws off a ring; the ring breaks and the fragments coalesce, forming a smaller ball, which circles around the central mass as a planet circles around the Sun. Then he pityingly asks the occult scientist, ‘Do you not see how it is done? There is no need for your God, or any supernatural force.’

“The occultist readily agrees that a Solar System may be formed in approximately the manner illustrated. But he marvels greatly that a man possessing the clear intuition enabling him to perceive with such accuracy the operation of Cosmic processes, and the intellect to conceive this brilliant demonstration of his monumental theory, should at the same time be quite unable to see that in his demonstration *he himself plays the part of God*. His was the extraneous power that placed the oil in the water, where it would have remained inert and shapeless throughout all eternity had he not supplied the force that set it in motion, thereby causing it to shape itself into a representation of Sun and planets. His was the Thought which designed the experiment, using the oil, water and force, thus illustrating in a splendid manner the Triune God working in Cosmic substance to form a Solar System.

“The attributes of God are Will, Wisdom and Activity. The scientist has *Will* to make the exper-

(Continued on page 160)

The Musician Who Found Himself

Emil J. Rose

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY

San Francisco, Friday, June 5, 1914

LIKE a black cloud, hard times are hanging over San Francisco. I am a violinist, but for three months nobody has engaged my bow. For three months my violin has been lying on the shelf. The strings are broken and it is covered with dust and spider web. My energy is waning. My ambition is gone. Again and again I ask myself this question: "Is life worth living?" Now I know the meaning of existence; but how about death, the great unknown. Is death worse or better than life?

Saturday, June 6, 1914

I closed the door to my miserable lodging on Montgomery street, went down the stairs and into the streets of San Francisco. Market street was—as usual—full of a seething humanity. One stream of humanity flowing eastward and one flowing westward. Hurry and great haste in evidence everywhere.

Going, coming, going to business; coming from business. People who sell, people who buy. Meeting friends, shaking hands, bidding goodbye. Lone men, men walking in pairs, men and women arm in arm, women with children, whistling boys.

A picture—a living picture in a frame of hurry and restlessness. . . . But there on the main thoroughfare of the cosmopolitan city I felt lonesome—felt as if I was a torn-off, an isolated human unit.

Monday, June 8, 1914

In order to reach a friend, who lives in the Sunset district of San Francisco, I boarded a street car yesterday afternoon and got a seat in a corner. Next to me, on a vacant seat, there was lying a magazine. My hand reached out for it and brought it within reading distance of my eyes. It was a Rosicrucian publication. With a feeling of perfect indolence I looked over the pages—reading and not reading. Rosicrucianism—what was that to me? A sect among other sects. No more, no less.

Suddenly I stopped turning over the leaves. A headline had arrested my attention. A point of contact had been established and here is the headline that turned my indifference into attention:

"Visions and Ideals."

And here is, in brief, what I read under the headline:

"Fix attention perfectly upon the ideal and all the power of body, mind and soul will begin to work for greater things. Your life will be enlarged, your mind will expand, your capacity will be increased and the elements of greatness within you will come forth in all their majesty and power. Continue to follow the vision and something will happen. Your life may be empty now, but follow the vision and you will soon pass away from emptiness into the fullness of the very goal you so long have had in view. . . .

"Follow the vision whatever comes or no; mount upon the wings of your most lofty ideals, continue to soar toward the great goal you have in mind, regardless of what circumstances may dictate or demand, and one of these days there will be a most happy surprise in store for you; you will find that the greater powers of genius and talent have been born within, and you will find that your work has become a necessity to the welfare of the world. Then, and then only, you will know what it means to attain and be."

After reading these most extraordinary lines I began to think a long series of thoughts, at the end of which I began to accuse myself in the following merciless manner: "You are suffering the lot of he who is mediocre. There is no price on that which is ordinary and therefore you are unengaged. Violin-playing is a craft to you, while it should be an art. Through years of diligence you have—to be sure—attained a high degree of technique, but your playing is permeated by your former master's personality. Like a cloak his spirit covers all your

playing. Retain your technique, it is good enough, but throw out the borrowed personality and allow your own self—your real self—to fill the vacancy; then you will become a genuine master of the bow.”

It was perhaps 8 o'clock in the evening when I returned home to my modest lodging on Montgomery street. Before I went to sleep I had fully made up my mind to begin the search for myself the following morning—the search for the philosopher's stone.

Tuesday, June 9, 1914

Resolved: That I will go searching for myself.

Resolved: That every tone I produce must be saturated with the I, I, I.

Resolved: That every tone I draw from the violin must palpitate with my personality.

Then I will be able to play as nobody plays. For there are not two human units which are alike; there are not two leaves in the forest or two grasses in the field which perfectly resemble each other.

Thursday, June 11, 1914

Today it is two years since my French master died, Monsieur P., the violin genius. Dead—God bless him! To him is due the credit for having taught me the higher violin technique. He was a man of extremes; strong sympathies and equally strong antipathies were his. He never followed the middle road, he either loved or hated. As to proposals of any kind, he never faltered between approval and disapproval. He made up his mind at once. The emphatic yes or no fell from his lips without hesitation. Before one had finished explaining a proposition he had—so it seemed—already decided in the affirmative or in the negative. His mind operated with great rapidity.

He always seemed highly surprised when I handed him the monthly compensation for received instruction. At such occasions he would invariably say: “Why, is it already payday again?” And he never kept a record of the number of lessons given me during the month.

Of statue he was rather small; pale complexion, black hair with white dots in it as if it were sparkling with snow. He also wore a moustache, but it was just a streak, scarcely enough to darken

the skin of his upper lip. But there were certain features in his face which signified determination and will power.

His violin technique was complete and perfect. Both his right and left hand were marvels. His legato was extremely smooth and rich and every tone he elicited from the violin bore witness as to his strong personality.

So he was, he, the man of genius, my master teacher. And he is dead—dead—God bless him.

Sunday, June 14, 1914

Divine providence. Bless me with a spark from the heavenly fire. Just one spark, that is all I need. And still, do I not already possess that for which I am asking? Is there not a divine spark in the breast of every human being? Yes, yes, there is! I am convinced of that. It is now for me to kindle this spark into a light and warmth-producing flame—light is intelligence, warmth is love.

Monday, June 15, 1914

Cent by cent my funds are ebbing away and that in spite of a most rigid economy. Today I emptied my purse on the table; a few dollars and a few cents—quickly counted, indeed. All silver no gold. Discouraging results. My room rent is a dollar a week. That has to be paid. I can hardly obtain a cheaper lodging in San Francisco. Therefore, I must save on the meals. I have been in the habit of spending 35cents on each meal; from now on I must be contented with 15-cent meals. By doing this, I can subsist four weeks. At the end of this little span of time I must have reached the heights—of success.

Wednesday, June 17, 1914

Under a blue sky, illuminated by a brilliant sun, how beautiful are the brown hills of California! Yesterday morning, bright and early, I went roaming among the hills. Not having any definite destination I wandered hither and thither, at times facing west and at times facing east . . . I paused beneath the branches of a cluster of black cypresses and listened to the mysterious sound of thousands of little tongues being aroused by the soft morning breezes . . . I observed the zigzag course of a tiny stream—tiny like a slender, silvery ribbon. Gayly it jumped from rock to rock on its way

to the ocean all the while gurgling and chattering: "Farewell, you brown hills, I am going to blend my tiny waves with the rolling billows of the Pacific ocean!" — I followed a long row of poplars by a wayside. There they stood tall and stately, sons of one generation—there they stood, hand in hand with their leaves—thousands of them—trembling unceasingly—every one of them I sat under the branches of a melancholy oak—meditating. Rising from the bottom of my sub-conscious mind came thoughts to me. They became clear—clear in their outlines—so clear that I felt tempted to give utterance to them and I murmured: "Divine nature! I want to vibrate in tune with your harmony; I want to be a perfect part in a perfect whole."

Sunday, June 20, 1914

Inspecting my shoes yesterday I, indeed, came to a discouraging result. The soles are thin-worn, the heels are run down and the uppers are in a precarious condition. Put away in the closet I have, to be sure, an almost new pair of patent leather shoes.

First thought—Supposing I put them on instead of the old ones.

Second thought—No, they shall remain there in the dark closet untouched until the day of liberation arrives. The day which shall see me liberated from soul bondage and material poverty. When the hour comes when I shall have succeeded to infuse my personal self into my violin playing, then, but not until then, I will put on my good clothes and my good shoes, and then, with violin in hand, I shall face the world and the world will accept me—it cannot fail—the world will make room for me and will offer a position on par with my quality.

Monday, June 22, 1914

Oh, thank you, God of Light, Master of Eternity, Genius of Infinitude! Thank you for these hardships which are forcing me into possession of my own.

At the end of four times seven days I shall be able to play the violin in my own, personal, individual manner. Every phrase of music, every tone going out from my violin shall then carry a message signaling the mental status of that atom of humanity which I represent.

Tuesday, June 24, 1914

It is evening. I am sitting in a chair observing the fading light of the dying day on the window pane. Presently I put my violin away on the shelf. The floor is strewn with sheet-music, books and music albums. For six consecutive afternoon hours I held the bow in my hand playing studies by Rode and Kreutzer, scales, arpeggios, and compositions by old and modern masters. One by one the music books went on my stand and as soon as I was through with one book I would throw it on the floor, hence the disorderly appearance of my room.

Now reviewing these hours of hard study I conclude that the execution was splendid, so was the intonation. My legato and staccato bowing were absolutely faultless and still—still there was something lacking.

The expression is not of my own making. All my playing is still overshadowed by the spirit of my former master. It is his expression, it is his style. As in former days, while he lived he, my dear, old master—God bless him—is still—from his grave—exercising a powerful influence over meIt is getting dark; I can hardly see the words I scribble on the paper.

Peace, wonderful and soothing, is taking possession of me. A peace in which every nerve, cell, and fiber are resting. Faith, not ordinary faith, but that which is absolute and unconditional. Faith in my final success and emancipation from my master's iron yoke gives me peace in mind and body. . . . I will light the gas and go to bed, the search for myself to be continued tomorrow morning.

Thursday, June 25, 1914

Three little words: When, How, and Why. Three monosyllables. Innocent, indeed, to look at on the paper, but if you fill them to the brim with sinister meaning then they become three little devils, who aggravate you mornings, noons and evenings.

When—there is one of them—when shall I be mind-healthy enough to consider words mere words, words, words, and nothing else.

Friday, June 26, 1914

Out of nature abundant comes the call: My resources are inexhaustible. Space is unlimited. My universe is full of stars and planets. Outward,

the endless world of the telescope; inward, the endless world of the microscope. My mountains are stocked with precious metals, my lakes are full of fish; you may fell the trees in my forest and use the wood for home buildings or for kindling in your hearths. My cosmos is full of beauty, glory, and inspiration!

Whosoever you are—thinker, artist, or artisan, whatsoever material you need in shaping your destiny, take it, take it out of my unlimited abundance. Help yourself and take plenty. And when you and all of you have taken what you need, wish, and desire, my resources will be just as rich as they were before, because there is no beginning and no end to my wealth.

Sunday, June 27, 1914

Prayer. Great God! Let dissatisfaction reign in my within until I have reached the circumference of my natural efficiencies. I want to face your light and unfold like a flower. I want to be myself, all myself. You intended me to be an independent being—soul and body, in place of that I have allowed myself to be—a vassal to a strong personality.

Great God! Let unrest remain in my soul until I have liberated myself from the yoke. Too long I was satisfied in being an appendix to some other human affair. Too long I felt proud to echo the sound of my master's violin—a violin which has been silent more than two years. Now I demand to be free, to be master of my own affairs, to be a conqueror of myself—within and without. The day of independence is near at hand, when I shall, with daring strokes of the pen, word my Declaration of Independence.

Great God! Let this mood of dissatisfaction last until I have reached my goal. Amen.

Sunday, July 5, 1914

. . . . I raised the violin to my chin and walking up and down the floor I began playing Handel's Largo—that beautiful example of manly pathos. I felt exceptionally well. From the center of my being I felt the Ego extending in wider and wider circles until reaching the very extremities of my body, and in placing the fingers on the violin I felt the very essence of my Ego vibrating in their tips.

One by one came the tones forward, stately and

victoriously, and lo, the influence of my teacher had vanished. Where he formerly was I found myself. The flow of melody pealed out louder and louder and louder and finally culminated in a tremendous fortissimo. A feeling of joy, of victory and of gratitude toward my creator took possession of me, and in order to repeat the happy experience I seized the violin once more and threw it to the chin. But alas! At the very first strokes of the bow I realized that the personal force had gone, in its place I recognized, as of old, the black reflection of my teacher's playing. Over and over I played the melody, scores of times, only to arrive at the same negative result. "Only a glimpse," I lamented, "of my own personal world, and now it is gone, gone for ever."

Way into the still hours of the night I kept on bowing. Finally, tired unto death, I put the violin in its case and went to bed.

I fell asleep immediately. I do not know how long I slept, but suddenly I woke up. It was still night. I was wide awake at once and my mind was wonderfully clear. One thought stood out distinct to the exclusion of all others. It was a thought expressed in one sentence. So distinct—remarkably distinct was this sentence—that I imagined I could see the spelling of the words. I read: "Tomorrow morning you will find that for which you are seeking and you shall never lose yourself again."

A wonderful calm descended on me and I went into a sound sleep.

Monday, July 6, 1914

My room was flooded with sunshine when I woke up this morning. The hands on my clock indicated 8. I jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. The dominating thought from the night hour still lingered in my mind; still, I was in a positive mood, in and out full of faith, conviction and determination.

I took the violin out of its green velvet wrapping. Its golden yellow belly shone like a mirror. From out a pile of sheet music, which was standing on the floor, I pulled—at random—a sheet and put it on the stand. Glancing at the title I discovered that it was Rode's Superb Air in G, and putting the bow to the strings, I began playing.

What delicacy. What refinement! A succession of musical sounds without reminiscences of cat gut and rosin. The long cantabile notes unfolded with no difference of sound in passing from the ups to the downs of the bow, and the expression! Every phrase, every tone was steeped in and saturated with the "I am."

I put another sheet of music on the stand; this time I chanced to pick out "Evening Star" by Richard Wagner and again I obtained the same glorious result; evidently musical and individual expression had entered an intimate union with each other never to separate again.

Wednesday, July 8, 1914

Here I am, this is how I am. Take me or reject me, but—pardon me—I cannot be anything, anybody but myself.

Wednesday, July 15, 1914

Reading one of the daily papers this morning the following advertisement came under my observation: "Violinist, artistic, competent, classic repertoire; three months engagement." . . . "That's intended for me," I thought, "it fits me like a glove fit's the hand." Without losing time I put on my black suit and the patent leather shoes, also a clean collar and a rose-colored necktie—my favorite color. I picked up the violin and went.

Coming out on the streets there was a perfect

day greeting me. Blue sky and sunshine and the west wind came gliding along the houses in stimulating gushes. "That's the breath of the Pacific ocean." Looking into a jeweler's window I noticed it was 9:30 o'clock.

. . . Now it is 4 o'clock in the afternoon and I am back in my room on Montgomery street. How proud I am that I can record in my diary that the engagement is mine. Mine, mine, mine.

Paganini's "Carnival de Venice" was the composition I had chosen to perform and I played the variations with great brilliancy, coupled with that indefinable something called individuality. He—the manager—was convinced; he complimented me and—I am to begin the engagement next Monday evening!

Oh! Genius of Light, Master of eternity! My whole self—high and low, in and out—is full of gratification. Now I understand that adversities were the means you employed in order to accomplish the intentions you had with me. Now I can explain that series of causes and effects which finally led me to self-realization. Formerly the lines in your design were obscure to me; now I see them distinctly—all the lines, straight ones and curved ones.

Thank you; you are the Father, I am your son!

Thursday, July 16, 1914

I have conquered!

A Leaf From the Heart of Night

Corinne Smith Dunklee

The long line of regular, white buildings lie tense with stillness beneath the quiet hands of night. In their soft, mystic beauty quivering stars illumine the darkness. The world lies sleeping amid the hovering silences.

Within wide halls, grotesque shadows and softly shaded lights alternately dull and brighten.

The flaming silence is interrupted by rasping tones of call-bells, or the soft monotone of sleep broken by sobbing, intermittent breathing of pain, and the hurrying footfalls of white-clad nurses on their gentle missions.

Upon a slender cot a figure swathed in bandages

tosses restlessly, shivering and moaning as though fighting some intangible enemies unseen by mortal eyes. The shaded lights flare and flicker with the uneven breath of the night wind, showing in faint outlines the queer figures bending above the prostrate body.

Through the softened light tenuous forms dance in demoniacal joy. Towering above the bed and urging the strange beings on to greater efforts, is a hideous form, fearful to behold. The ill-formed figure seems half a part of the fantastic shadows that reel about the dimly-lighted room. From the swaying arms projects a wand with a dully gleam-

ing red point. When this weird being concentrates his gaze upon this point instantly the room is filled with dark vibrations of a murky, red color.

Snatching up waves of these thick colors dozens of tiny fiends bind them about their victim's hands and feet, causing him to writhe in paroxysms of agony which only appears to increase their enjoyment and activity. Suddenly a soothing form well nigh paralyzes the fiends. A rose-hued light fills the room.

Now, as always, the Spirit of Healing has come to battle for the body of man. Enveloped in an aura of loving service the Spirit muses: "Oh, body of man, how little you have understood me. How much closer I may come to the things of nature than to you. The earth yields up to me her secrets. Mine is the tender soothing that lures you into the forests. I live in the breath of fragrance that greets you from the hills. The flowers know me and the animals seek me. But you alone, oh man, whom mind has set upon the path midway between the flowers and the gods, repulse me. 'Tis only when the fiends of pain have made thee prostrate that I may come in and prove my power. Come forth messengers of sleep, my most faithful servitors."

Here the opalescent, rose-hued light deepens, and innumerable little fairies trip across the pillows, scattering fragrant petals of sleep over the now quieting body. Gradually the muscles grow less tense, and the distorted features relax. In vain the fiends throw out their baleful thoughts of murky red. They are instantly caught and transformed into soft, shading rose-tones of love and healing as the night wears on apace. But mortal eyes can only see white clad nurses busy with their gentle ministrations. Amid the dusky shadows of a far-off room the Healing Spirit stands disconsolate. In vain the little messengers scatter fragrant petals of sleep across the bed. Their tender, roseate glow turns into a lingering tone of ashen grey, and soon they shiver and crumple with an ebbing sweetness.

Even the fiends seem to have grown weary of watching their victim's suffering as the veins swell and flame beneath their cruel, crimson bars. No sound, to mortal ears, intrudes upon the silence

save the soft breathings of the nurse as she bends with soothing hands.

Suddenly a rush of sunlit radiance hovers above the bed, and from out this radiance sounds a voice: "Cease your parleyings above this last remnant of my mortality. I am the ego who fashioned these atoms into the form they now hold. Mine is the power to disintegrate them. Through aeons of time, amid ceaseless strivings, I have found the way that leads to infinite peace. By the light of Cosmic knowing I have learned how poor a thing is this frail tenement in which I dwell. Oh house of mine together we have wrought and suffered and from the heart of you my soul shall build a nobler temple in which to dwell. Upon these atoms, before I resolve them back into the order which is chaos, I shall leave the impress of divinity."

As the voice is silent a quivering light runs through the body in a shudder of tremulous music. Resting for a moment about the head and forming an aureole of glory as the silver cord is severed and an eager soul is free.

Mortal mind knows only that the labored breath has ceased and Death with solemn majesty has come to claim her own.

The long line of regular, white buildings lie expectant with awakening beneath the early morning sky. In quivering, mystic beauty the stars disappear within the voluminous white folds of her garments. The world is awakening to the miracle of day. The first rays of the rising sun fall through an open window and lighten waiting corners of their accustomed gloom. Within the room a soft silence reigns. Only a few frail petals, like shriveled rose leaves, droop heavily above the bed to give evidence of the combat that recently was waged so fiercely there.

But mortal eyes see only a white-clad figure bending tenderly above the quiet form.

The great soul is always humble and very compassionate. The more we behold of the infinite correlations of the mighty Cosmic plan, the more do we become conscious of our littleness. The more also do we long to become a *conscious part of the Universal Whole*.

Nutrition and Health

* * * * *

Artificial Milk

THERE are several methods of making milk artificially. A. J. Jarman, in an article in the *Scientific American* of April 30, 1910, described a process which consists in the mechanical admixture of distilled water with crushed and finely ground sweet almonds. About the only difference between cow's milk and the almond milk is that *animal* casein is present in the former, while the latter contains *vegetable* casein. Almond milk will produce cream; if allowed to stand some time it will sour; and it may be coagulated by adding vinegar or acetic acid.

"To make the milk, procure half a pound of sweet almonds—the Valencia, which is cheaper than the Jordan almond, will give just as good results. The skin of the almonds may be removed by scalding the nuts in boiling water, and peeling them with a sharp knife. The almonds should then be placed in a wooden chopping bowl and chopped as finely as possible. Take about two ounces of the chopped almonds and place them in a mortar with a small quantity of distilled water. Then grind or levigate the chopped almonds, adding water occasionally, until about twelve ounces of water have been used. The longer the grinding is continued the thicker and richer will the milk be. Now take a piece of cheese cloth about 12 inches wide by 24 inches long and rinse it in clean water, and after wringing it as dry as possible, fold it double over the top of a pitcher and pour the contents of the mortar through the cloth into the pitcher. The milk may be squeezed through the cloth by wringing it gently, but care should be taken to prevent any of the larger almond particles from being forced through any of the meshes of the cloth."

Jarman adds the statement that, if too much water has been used in preparing the milk, the addition of a little sugar of milk may be required

to sweeten it.

This milk may be used with tea and coffee as cow's milk is used.

Half a pound of almonds will make three pints of milk.

In 1901 Dr. Louis Kolipinski published an article on artificial milks, giving the following formula as meeting the conditions required in a substitute for cow's milk; i. e., it represents, approximately, all of the component parts of the animal secretion:

Extract of malt (syrupy), one tablespoonful; olive oil, one tablespoonful; roasted flour, two teaspoonfuls; one broken raw egg. Beat these ingredients up in a bowl with a spoon or eggbeater for three or four minutes, adding by degrees while stirring, a tumbler or gobletful of pure, cold drinking water. Season with table-salt. This preparation is to be taken one or two hours after meals and is to be used as a therapeutic agent in certain conditions where natural milk is contra-indicated.

In hot weather, crushed ice may be added to this artificial milk, or the whole may be prepared in a "milk-shaker."

Kolipinski adds that the extract of malt (which should be of thick consistency) is used to emulsify the oil and for its diastatic effect upon the flour. The olive oil represents the fat of natural milk; the egg represents the albuminoid fat and salts; the table salt aids in digestion and improve the taste of the admixture; the roasted flour (after conversion into dextrin and maltose) replaces the lactose of milk; and, finally, the water is necessary to insure proper digestion and ready absorption.

"This general formula is varied and modified in numerous ways, according to the circumstances or indications of any particular case."

The most recent process for the manufacture of artificial milk is referred to in the *Literary Digest*

of March 8, 1913. This method is the invention of a German chemist, Prof. Gustav Rigler, who, however, declines to describe the details of his process at present.

In this article on "Vegetable Milk in the *Literary Digest*, the writer first mentions artificial milk as prepared from a Chinese bean known as "soy," called by scientists *soya hispida*, and by others, the "Chinese pea."

The beans are subjected to a process that is still kept secret, though "soy milk" has long been known, and has been introduced into Germany and France. Soy milk is cheaper than cow's milk, is not exposed to the dangers of infection from dirt and germs like the latter, but, like cow's milk, is a complete food, digestible and pleasant to the taste.

The writer continues as follows:

"But soy milk is still soy, and physiological chemists have hoped to produce a milk substitute that shall not be identified with any particular plant-product, or at any rate shall have so lost its individuality that it cannot be identified. The result apparently has been reached by Prof. Gustav Rigler, a German chemist."

From an article in a German paper the following is then quoted:

"Milk has hitherto received more attention from adulterators than from technical chemists. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells us that there is a German manufacture of the artificial milk made from the soy bean—and this product has long been noticed in the Berlin *Klinische Wochenschrift*.

Professor Rigler, however, is the first to attack the problem of making a milk 'from the bottom up,' by removing all the characteristics of a product of the vegetable kingdom by means of a special process of transformation and mixture."

Pro. Rigler has described his invention in the following words:

"As a basis of my invention I have made use of no new synthetic compound, but a really new method is necessary for its extraction, for it exists ready-made in plants in great quantity and cheap. The whole process of manufacture is not complicated and takes only two hours, or, with sterilization of the product, two and a half.

"The albumens are of plant origin How they are introduced into the product cannot at present be explained. Only thus far there is no by-product remaining from the process, which I consider a great advantage of the method.

"During my long investigation, lasting many years, my chief aim was to obtain the very finest possible emulsion of vegetable oils, and this has now reached such a point that my plant milk gives up its fat by agitation, heating, standing, or transportation, not more, and perhaps a little less, than cow's milk does. The emulsion of oils is now a simple mechanical process, and the problem of making an artificial milk thus appears to me to have been solved. Artificial milk may be combined with sugar as desired, and also with saccharin for the use of diabetics."

If a teacher of higher truth were asked what is the greatest need of the age for the greatest good of humanity he would be constrained to answer—"spiritual perception." Toleration, a broad outlook, and freedom from prejudice prepare the way for the awakening of this inner vision. Orthodoxy has its idols and its bigotries. So has materialistic science. Many advanced schools of thought have their prejudices. None are absolutely free from the limitations which *crystallized* thought places around the mind. Thought is bound to crystallize while swayed

by the personal self and its illusions. Even the knowledge of Truth, when it filters through human brain cells diseased by false ideas and atrophied by disuse, must take on the distortions of its channel. Imagination is the most beautiful power developed by humanity but its relation to truth and its real effectiveness depends upon which part of the man uses it—whether the animal or the Divinity within. Spiritual perception alone will direct to the highest use all the powers within. It alone will give poise and balance to both mind and heart.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Dear Mr. Heindel:

I am enclosing twenty dollars, which I wish was twenty thousand instead. I want to tell you of a wonderful experience I had last night. The application slips for healing arrived several days ago, but were not signed as I was waiting for a letter from my mother about the hour of my birth; but as my husband was feeling badly last night I insisted upon his signing his slip, which he did. So we both went to bed with the thought that The Helpers might come to do things for him, but it never entered my mind that they would pay any attention to me. I went to bed feeling like I used to when I was a small child believing in Santa Claus. You know that we were told that if we stayed awake that he would not come and if we peeped he would not leave us anything. I have been reading so much occultism for about two years, but after all, helpful as they are, books are only books—and I have longed to really see an occultist. I suppose everyone does. I realize that I shall as soon as I have prepared myself and am worthy. But I could not help being excited at the thought of what they might be able to do for my husband (my great worry) and then, too, the bare thought of perhaps really seeing them.

Well, this is the experience—it was a sort of a dream, and yet it was true. I thought I was awake at the time, but evidently did not waken to full consciousness until a few moments later. I first felt someone brush against my arm but was not frightened, as I had always supposed I would be, for instantly the thought came into my head that it was The Helpers. I did not see them but felt them at work. There was one very strong person working at my back between my shoulders and another working at my abdomen. I recollect catching at the arm of this person, thinking it was going to be quite painful. I hope they forgave my being so childish and will try to never do such a thing again. I really would not in the least mind a great deal of pain to have my body made normal.

My first thought after realizing that it was The Helpers, was surprise that they could be working over me as I had only written you and had not as yet signed the slip. Next I talked with them and thanked them for coming and asked them to work instead upon my husband, as he needed it so much worse than I. Then in answer to this I did not hear words spoken but received the impression that he had been cared for. Next I thought they wished me to say something of my physical troubles and I told them that there was not much wrong with me except that I had never been able to give a body to a soul seeking rebirth and that the doctors had said the upper part of my back had something to do with it. Then I wakened entirely and was so surprised to find that I had not been fully awake before. I suppose most people would say that it was only a dream, but I know better. There is such a thing as knowing that you know.

Do you remember in the play when Peter Pan asks the audience if they believe in fairies and everyone is quite sure that he does. Well, if I should be asked if I believe in Invisible Helpers I should reply that I not only believe but I know that they can and do come and help us, their weaker brothers and sisters, when we call. Does this sound disrespectful? I do hope not as I mean quite the opposite.

This happened about four o'clock of this morning, and I lay there after wakening trying to apply the lesson, thinking of this great power. Soon Mr. G. Robbin, who lives in the big oak tree, started his dawn prayer song and it was beautiful, and I was so happy that I, too, in thoughts, joined with him in praising our Father.

I am sorry this scrawl is so long, but the personal experiences in *The Rays* have helped me, so I thought perhaps this might at some time be of use to you.

Please do not think me a silly creature for I truly am most practical and possess some common sense. This experience seemed so wonderful that

I thought it best to share it.

With love and gratitude to Mrs. Heindel and yourself and the Helpers. E. M. T.

Seattle, Wash., June 17, 1917

My Dear Friends:

I cannot express in writing how thankful I am for taking your student's advice and coming to you for help, for I haven't felt so well for fourteen or fifteen years as I do now.

I do not miss my heavy eating as I thought I would; except in one respect, I feel better for it. I feel very much ashamed to think what a very heavy eater I have been, thinking it was what I needed to keep up on, or because it tasted good. Since I have taken your advice I feel so much better.

Sincerely your patient,
MRS. G. D.

Waterford, London Co., Va., June, 2, 1917.

Dear Mr. Heindel:

Your beautiful letter was received some time

ago and indeed found me quite a different person.

I am now enjoying the pleasure of country life and I feel and know that it was through you that I am so doing.

Your letter was forwarded to me. I always keep you in mind and feel that you still hold me in your care, which I beg you to do. When I am able to work and earn my own money, which I feel will not be long, I will contribute something to the school.

The change from city life has done me worlds of good. I am gaining daily and I look at life so much different. I see and feel that there is so much to live for.

Hoping you will still keep me in mind and thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Sincerely,
MRS. G. L.

Dates of Healing Meetings

August 6—13—20—27

September 2—9—17—24—30

October 6—14—21—27

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

Breakfast

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes
Sliced Peaches
Bran Muffins
Coffee or Milk Honey

Dinner

Cream of Spinach Soup
Scalloped Squash
Fried Rice and Brown Gravy
Whole Wheat Bread with Butter

Supper

Southern Salad
Hot Ginger Bread
Milk and Honey

Recipes

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

Pour one cup scalded milk over one-half cup yellow corn meal; stir, cover and allow to stand over night. In the morning add the following: Two-thirds cup white flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one egg beaten light,

and two teaspoons melted butter. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the meal with the butter and eggs. Mix, if necessary add more milk and bake.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

Cream three tablespoons of butter and work into two tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of salt and

two tablespoons of grated cheese. Scald three cups of milk, use small portion thereof to thin the above mixture, then stir into the whole and let boil until slightly thickened, which will take about twenty minutes.

Chop fine and press through small sieve, one cup of boiled spinach. Dilute with a little of the hot soup, add the rest gradually, flavor with one half teaspoonful of onion salt and paprika. Serve with hot croutons.

FRIED RICE

Sprinkle slowly one cup of rice into three pints of boiling water. Add one teaspoonful salt and boil rapidly for one-half hour. Drain well and press into a square pan; weight down and allow to cool over night. Slice one-half inch thick, sprinkle with paprika, roll in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in oil. Serve while hot with brown gravy.

SCALLOPED SQUASH

Boil and mash four medium-sized summer squashes and let cool; add one-half cup milk, two tablespoons corn starch and one tablespoon of butter with salt to taste. Beat well and bake in buttered baking dish until well browned.

SOUTHERN SALAD

Prepare a nest of fresh, crisp lettuce on a plate, peel and slice two bananas lengthwise and place on lettuce and over all put a tablespoon of boiled dressing. Sprinkle with finely chopped dates and nuts.

HOT GINGER BREAD

Mix together one egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup molasses (New Orleans), one-third cup of butter and one teaspoon ginger. Gradually stir in one cup sour milk to which has been added one level teaspoon of baking soda. Stir into this two cups flour, a little cinnamon and cloves; beat well and bake in shallow baking dish. Serve while hot.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

As the coming year will be a great trial to the housewife whose slender means make it necessary for her to practice the greatest economy, with the prices of foodstuffs soaring to the skies, and a scarcity of many of the prime necessities, especially wheat and cereals of different kinds, we would advise that she prepare more vegetables,

eliminating meat entirely. The menu can be prepared much cheaper when vegetables are carefully chosen and prepared. If a variety of these healthful foodstuffs are served nicely flavored the family will receive much more palatable nourishment and the food is most easily assimilated where less bread and pastry is used. Salads especially can be prepared so cheaply and yet made most delicious. They are usable for all seasons of the year. There are very few vegetables that cannot be used for this purpose, as well as a great variety of fruits and nuts.

Spinach is sometimes most difficult to procure in the market and also high-priced. You may substitute young beet tops, turnip tops, Swiss chard, also the outer leaves of the lettuce. These can be carefully washed and made crisp in cold water before boiling. Greens of this kind should be used at the very least, three or four times a week, during the spring season, as they are very healthy and purify the blood, building up the nervous system.

Letters are frequently sent to Headquarters asking how long vegetables of various kinds should be cooked in order to be ready to serve. Cauliflower, celery, asparagus, potatoes, young cabbage, etc., should be boiled from twenty to thirty minutes. Onions, turnips, young beets, parsnips and lima beans, also peas, should be boiled from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, green corn and spinach from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Vegetables should be boiled briskly and should not be allowed to stand long after they are done as they become soft and soggy. Especially potatoes, when boiled, should have the water removed immediately and the lid partially opened so as to let off the steam and still keep the potatoes hot. It is best to cover them with a cloth while serving.

Vegetables that are grown *above* ground should not have salt added until they have almost finished boiling, while *underground* vegetables, such as beets, potatoes, etc., should have salt added at the beginning of the boiling.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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The Mind and the Heart

Arthur E. Taylor

WHEN commencing a study of the World Mystery, certain phases usually stand out more prominently to the various students than the work as a whole. Not that the balance is purposely underestimated or rejected, but we must remember that in each life some aspects of our horoscopes are stronger and exert a more dominant influence over us than others. Also, the aspect of each one differs greatly from all the rest so it is natural that our points of view should be varied, although all may be following the teaching conscientiously. Because of these differences of interpretation there is occasionally a drift hither and thither, as ebb and flow with a changing channel, which necessitates taking a general survey from time to time that our ship may not be piloted out of its course. That is the purpose of this article.

The Rosicrucian School was started primarily for those people whose high degrees of intellectual attainment had led them to repudiate the heart. For them a very logical explanation of the causes and results of being must be presented, for by pursuing this intellectual line of development they mother the instinctive feelings by which the heart contacts the Higher Self. Having in this manner become satisfied with the logic of the teaching, the rebellious intellect is either won over or is in a state of such control that the heart may be permitted to speak. If we consider the Path of Development, it is more apparent to us what a significant place the Rosicrucian School occupies in its endeavor to reach all classes.

All pupils of occult schools develop along one of two lines. When by the living of a proper life for a requisite length of time the unused sex currents commence to ascend; they take the course

determined by the attitude of the aspiring one. In the Mystic, who senses things intuitively instead of reasoning them out, the current ascends through the heart first, then to the larynx and the brain, returning through the larynx again and then the spinal cord. In the Mystic the positive force is in the heart and the negative in the brain. In the Occultist, developing along the intellectual line, the current is reversed. It ascends through the spinal cord to the brain and returns through the heart. In this case the positive force is in the brain and the negative force in the heart. The particular point to note is that each is developing normally and must some day take up the side which he has neglected. In the balancing of the two forces we have the unbroken current of the Adept, capable of equal expression in either organ. If the students of the Rosicrucian teaching follow every phase conscientiously, not being swerved from the course or led astray, great will be their progress indeed. As the teaching purposes an amalgamation of these forces, so that nothing will be missing, we must copy this plan into our very being as a working basis. We must amalgamate the various capabilities which we are gradually bringing out through cultivation of the powers and faculties indicated by the aspects under which we come, while at the same time we devote ourselves to the development of the phases which, for various reasons, we may have neglected in the past. It is comparatively easy to contact some of the many talents by which pioneers light the Path, but it is difficult indeed to find even a majority of them expressed in any one person, which shows the supreme importance of massing our aspirations so that each may benefit by what the rest have garnered.

If properly used, the last vehicle which the spir-

it has acquired, viz., the mind, becomes the greatest instrument and is practically indispensable to us. It is the focus for the forces of the spirit and the means by which we contact the physical world. Prior to the acquisition of the mind in the Lemurian Epoch, we had to arouse feeling in the desire body and thereby, with the use of the forces of interest and indifference, we built an animal-soul. In this animal-soul the force of attraction has power over the force of repulsion and gives this animal-soul a sort of mastery over the lower portion of the desire body. It is to this higher part that the germ of mind is added. This enmeshed the mind in desire from the outset, in spite of the preponderating force of attraction, and this has been the basic cause of the terrible suppression of our higher selves, the Virgin Spirits. As the mind linked with the animal-soul has been responsible in a great measure for the spirit's suppression, so also will it be the means by which we may make much more rapid progress toward freedom, towards contacting the Cosmic Wisdom which for a time has been shut out from us.

As the mind is the means by which the Ego is contacting the physical world and gathering experiences, the essence of which is building the conscious soul, it is of paramount importance that its powers be directed properly. Referring to the scheme of Evolution given out in the Rosicrucian teaching, the *Cosmo* states that the student is earnestly advised to study the scheme as deeply and as much as he can and is urged to draw mental conceptions, *picture* the conditions and meditate upon them. It also states that anyone capable of understanding the stupendous scheme which is there unfolded will be well rewarded for taking the utmost pains in doing so and points out that a mind capable of understanding mathematics is above the average. Such a mind is not fettered by the world of feeling and desire, but is lifted into the realm of the spirit. This gives us a good idea of the necessity of first cultivating the mind, then elevating it, and lastly directing it into the channels whereby it becomes the greatest boon to the Ego's progress.

As the mind is the least organized of our vehicles and can only be used in connection with the

highly organized vital body, and as it could not have been acquired except through the higher portion of the desire body, it can readily be seen that the Ego's hold must come through the heart, which at that time was an involuntary muscle. The etheric counterpart of the heart being secondarily at the negative pole of the Life Spirit, the realm of cosmic wisdom and all-embracing, unifying love, gives the heart a stronghold from which it can in due season gain the mastery of the mind and win it over as a strong ally. This it can do, not by destruction, but by deflecting its power into the channels whereby our progress is safe and consistent with the trend of evolution. While the mind in its earlier stages of unfoldment is traitorously allied to the desires of the flesh, it is nevertheless responding gradually to the continual impacts of the Life Spirit, through the beautiful Sun Spirit, the *Christ*, and realizes more and more the unity of each with all. It can, in more or less degree, mete out to every being, high and low in the scale of evolution, the love which that being requires for its continued progress. Thus it learns to reflect the spirit of compassion for all states of being, from the mineral to the pioneers of the Aryan races, who are to be the seed for the coming unified race of the *New Galilee*. In our beautiful Rosicrucian Temple Ritual is this clause: "Loving, self-forgetting service is the shortest, the safest, and the most joyous road to God." Let us note particularly that it is not service, but loving, self-forgetting service that is required. The service should be a product of love, without which it would be a conglomerate and haphazard waste of effort and energy. Without the requisite degree of love, which responds to the call of each state of being, we become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

As the heart responds more and more to the forces of the Life Spirit and its love for the world becomes greater and greater, its compassion descends lower and lower into the kingdoms of nature—always expressing itself true to the growth of the system under unvarying law. In all the kingdoms there are pioneers who must forge ahead and create the conditions which make for greater progress. It is this forging ahead, this up-

building, integrating force which prevents a stagnation in the Cosmos. As our love and subsequent service increase, we enhance God, of whom we are an integral part. Thus He will have more love for His great family in the periods to come than He has now. The spiral is onward and upward forever in all phases of manifestation of the Triune God. We must remember that we are evolving Gods ourselves and must balance our forces in the right proportion. As a macrocosmic example of this proportionate balance of forces, we have the splendid manifestation of the Cosmos—the expression of Spirit. As we build our ideal higher, the more plainly are our shortcomings revealed to us and also do we become more capable of an extended consciousness, of a broader and greater view of what constitutes true progress and spiritual uplift.

Is it possible to imagine a half-developed, stony heart pumping warm red blood to the different organs of the body? These different parts of the body have vastly different requirements; yet they all work in complete harmony as a great machine. It is a significant fact that those who step out in front into the earnest work of an occult school move to the heart of the great human family.

Strangers are coming to us constantly to be assisted in their progress. They come under various controlling influences and with different restrictions. Does the heart say: “I am interested in pumping blood to the stomach and cannot bother with the brain?” No, its work is to pump the blood to every organ in the body. So we should gather in our respective centers to “light and keep ablaze the beacon light”—to radiate love in such an overwhelming degree that it will attract and hold. Thus will our centers grow.

It is an infinitely harder task to develop with poise and balance along every line of the teaching than to pursue one phase of it to the exclusion of others. It requires constant surveillance that we attain a maximum of efficiency with a minimum of contamination and secure a beautiful harmony of our various capabilities. In the light of the foregoing it will be seen what a powerful factor the mind is and how important its utmost cultivation and proper direction. This direction will be best

indicated by an earnest study of the *Cosmo*.

Stretching around us are the twelve signs of the zodiac. They are the liberated macrocosm of what was once a glorious Sun. The influences of no two of these are alike and their spiritual influences are transmitted to us through the seven spirits before the Throne of this scheme of evolution. Five of these great Hierarchies are in liberation, two in the World of God and three in the World of Virgin Spirits, leaving seven in active manifestation, and we ourselves are the seventh or the last of the twelve. The seven in manifestation rule the seven regions of the five worlds in which we are carrying on our evolution. We have a vehicle for each region, a three-fold expression of the Virgin Spirit, a three-fold-body emanated from us and a link of mind by which we guide them. We have besides a rulership by our Sun and Moon, the seven planets which are the dense bodies of the septenary expression of God. Each has rulership over one sign and the three which are closest to us have a dual rulership. So the entire macrocosm of twelve signs is reflected in us in a septenary expression of five worlds.

It requires the Virgin key of seven tones with the interspersing of five more to give us the twelve semi-tones of the octave from which we build all the heavenly themes which speak to us in the language of our true home. There are twelve colors to the spectrum, seven visible and five invisible to our physical vision; yet if one were missing we would not have the pure white light. As above, so below.

Let us not misconstrue motives nor pass judgment upon the particular phase of life which each one in his order may be expressing. Let us not misinterpret the acts of others, deeming that selfish aggrandizement or desire for personal notoriety, which may be merely earnestness of purpose and reverent enthusiasm. Let us remember that we are responsible to the God within for our progression and that in nature nothing is lost nor wasted, but that the extracted essence of each and every vehicle will be built into the Spirit. Let us ever remember the purpose for which our school was started and serve this purpose loyally. We

must strive to be not only ready, but capable of satisfying the intellectual craving of the stranger, with the details of the logic of our teaching, remembering the purpose of the mind. The more we can direct it to the lofty heights of the World Mystery, the less fettered will it be by desire and the more fully will it contact the realm of the Spirit. We must balance it with the heart and radiate from our nucleus all we can of love and wisdom. This will encourage all that is lofty and pure and further the development of every power which lies dormant, thereby truly serving to the glory of God the Father, in whom we live and move our being.

When the brain first feels its importance as a thinking machine, it quite naturally swells with pride. Our brain-mind is a very recent acquisition—counting time by the cosmic dial. It is still in its *mineral stage*—when the simile of the evolving life through the nature-kingdoms is used. It will be ages before it can use thought-force as a sublime spiritual power. The mineral is beginning to disintegrate now—to fly off into *separate* atoms, to feel its undeveloped and unused powers.

It will be ages before it can grow like the plant, feel with the animal and create with the human powers. So now we feel the first faint stirrings of life within the intellect, we use “mind-stuff” as it drifts by on the etheric currents—and fancy ourselves “wise and great.” This mind is yet to be trained and guided into fields far beyond material science and pedagogical knowledge. It must burst all bonds and shackles and soar with the freedom of the air through illimitable spiritual realms before it can know its true power. It must ally itself with the spirit—reflect the Spirit, instead of the lower worlds, and then Cosmic Wisdom will pour into it. Then intellect will serve its true purpose. It will never fulfill that purpose if crushed and stifled—it will never fulfill it if allowed to run riot as an ally of the Lucifer spirits—it will never fulfill it if manacled and compressed within the narrow limits of the brain cells—identified with “protoplasm.” It must stretch its wings and soar—soar into the formless worlds where alone it will know its true power. A fusion, a blending of mind and spirit alone will fulfill the true purpose for which the mind was created.

A Pleasant Surprise

After a year and a half of more or less patient waiting, we have finally moved from our cramped quarters in the old Administration building and into the new. To say that all the workers in the office and print shop both are grateful for the change is putting it mildly. No one who has not actually experienced a similar condition can realize what a hardship it is to work in a place where there is scarcely room to move and you have to shift one thing out of the way before you can start to work on another, and it is no wonder that all are feeling buoyed up in spirit and rejuvenated in body. It is surely a time for rejoicing at Headquarters, though the erection of this new Administration building has been a severe strain upon our financial resources.

For that reason it was the intention of the Leaders to get along with as little new furniture as they possibly could, particularly in their own pri-

vate offices, and it therefore came as a most pleasant surprise when they went up to Los Angeles, to buy that which was indispensable, that representatives of the New York Study Center now at Headquarters stated that they had been commissioned by that Fellowship to purchase the complete furnishings for Mr. Heindel's study. The New York Study Center of the Rosicrucian Fellowship has always been a generous contributor to the funds at Headquarters and this latest mark of their interest is quite in keeping with their usual generous policy.

The Trustees and Mr. Heindel therefore take this occasion to thank them for their unexpected generosity. It is said that one always works better in esthetic surroundings, and he hopes that the beautiful study in which he now writes may act as an inspiration to the general benefit of the Fellowship at large.

Chromatics

Agnes Cook

*O, that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colors from the sunset take;
From something of material sublime,
Rather than shadow our own soul's daytime
In the dark void of night.* —Keats

IN music we are of course familiar with the phenomenon of the Octave and many are acquainted with the Octave of the Spectrum, but to most it will come as a revelation that the two may be corrected by each other, so to speak, on the law which creates an affinity between a note of music and a tone of color. According to this theory, mistakes in the tone of pictures, deficiency in some point of harmony, and many other things may be corrected by a study of the science of color and an application of color scales to test.

Many artists would object that the introduction of a system of painting founded on a law of chromatics, other than the artist's own sensitive eye and percipience, would lead to mechanical productions. But in music this is not the case, the knowledge of scales and the interrelation of tones only provides the tools for composition and a corrective to discords.

So in painting, any knowledge we can acquire as to the blending of exquisite tones, so as to form color harmonies, is all to the good and should be an added power to the artist. Nor is the science of Chromatics limited to wall pictures, house-decoration and needlework. The art of dress-weaving, dress-making, suitability in sign-writing, poster work, window dressing, pottery, textiles, stained glass, and many other desirable adjuncts to the beauty of modern life.

All these should be stimulated and greatly improved, and if we add to this knowledge some experimental process, such as can be demonstrated on Mr. Rimington's Color Organ, there is no doubt that the "magic of blended colors" so resulting will lead to new and hitherto undreamed of combinations.

To the children now being born "Color" will mean more than it has in the past, so much more sensitive are they to tone and sound than our own generation. How necessary therefore to provide them with the proper environment to develop their more finely attuned senses. Our homes should be places of restful "color baths," so to speak, having less detail and more spacious effects. In dress, very few women realize what can be done by cultivating a sense of color. Thus a lady once suggested herself as being surprisingly beautiful although not really pretty in face or form, by wearing a wonderful dress in which all the delicate shades of the sweet pea were combined, producing the effect of "Love in a Mist."

On another occasion she floated down a ball-room in grey, silver and white, as a "cloud with a silver lining." In mourning, she wore a pale mauve crepe gown with a bunch of pansies above her heart. One day a friend found her in blue, a marvelous shade of blue, with lilac bushes as a back ground. The blue of her eyes and the blue of the sky made a heavenly combination, needless to say, the erstwhile friend laid his heart at her feet "for keeps" as a lover. I find that I have been unable to sustain the scientific note in this fascinating subject, the romance of color always overcomes one; it is a theme for poets after all.

Some of the great musicians realized their inspirations by using color in various ways. Liszt was accustomed to wear caps in various tones; Wagner could not compose unless surrounded by a riot of colour, "flame" particularly appealing to him. In our own day Puccini composes while smoking long porcelain pipes of varying tints to accord with the mood he wishes to evoke, and Hermann Darewski is still more practical in seeking color inspirations. He uses tinted gelatin, sometimes gazing through, and at others framing them in, his study window so that the rays fall upon him while composing.

Here is his analysis of the moods evoked in him

by this method:

Deep Blue or Mauve—Depression

Orange, Tango-red, Yellow—Calm, soothing influence.

Pale Blue (not sky blue)—Loneliness.

Grass Green—A soothing influence.

Scarlet—Irritability.

Pale Amber—Wealth of imagination.

Pale Pink—Inclines to extravagance in imagi-

nation.

Purple—Sadness

Pale Mauve—A sense of distance.

Pale Moonlight (almost green)—A sense of space.

A combination of as many colors as possible concentrated into a circle, having a black rim against a white background, makes him amused, ready to laugh easily.

GENESIS, OCCULT AND BIBLICAL

(Continued from page 143)

iment. He has ingenuity to supply ways and means for the demonstration. This ingenuity corresponds to *Wisdom*, the second attribute of God. He has also the muscular force necessary to perform the action, corresponding to *Activity*, which is the third attribute of God.

“Further, the universe is not a vast perpetual-motion machine, which, when once set going, keeps on without any internal cause or guiding force. That also is proven by the experiment of the scientist, for the moment he ceases to turn the oil-ball the orderly motion of his miniature planets also ceases and all return to a shapeless mass of oil floating on the water. In a corresponding manner, the universe would at once dissolve into ‘thin space’ if God for one moment ceased to exert His all-embracing care and energizing activity.

“The second interpretation of Genesis is marvelously exact in its description of the two-fold formative energy. It does not specifically state

that God is Triune. The reader’s knowledge of that fact is taken for granted. It states the exact truth when it says that only two forces were active in the formation of a universe.

“When the first aspect of the Triune God manifests as the will to create, it arouses the second aspect (which is Wisdom) to design a plan for the future universe. This first manifestation of Force is Imagination. After this primal Force of Imagination has conceived the Idea of a universe, the third aspect (which is Activity), working in Cosmic substance, produces Motion. This is the second manifestation of Force. Motion alone, however, is not sufficient. To form a system of worlds, it must be *orderly* motion. Wisdom is therefore necessary to guide Motion in an intelligent manner to produce definite results.

“Thus we find the opening sentence of the Book of Genesis tells us that in the beginning, orderly, rhythmic motion, in Cosmic Root-substance, formed the universe.”

(To be continued)

MARRIAGE, MOTHERHOOD AND VOCATIONAL ADVICE GIVEN TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

We are giving short readings for children under fourteen years of age, to help parents suppress faults and foster talents while the character is plastic. Life is still in the making for the young man or woman between fourteen and twenty-five years. They may also benefit by knowing what talents are latent, and what life work to select. We

have therefore decided to give this advice so far as space permits. Each must wait his turn.

To obtain a vocational reading the parents, guardians or applicants must be *yearly* subscribers. Only one request from each subscriber will be entertained, and unless it contains the following data it will be thrown out, for without this a horoscope cannot be cast.

(1) Birth-year, month, date, and hour (as near as possible.)

(2) Birth-place—city, state or country.