

# ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



VOL. 13

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1921

NO. 2

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Subscription in the United States and Canada, \$2.00 a year. Single copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. England, 10s a year.

Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912.

Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918.

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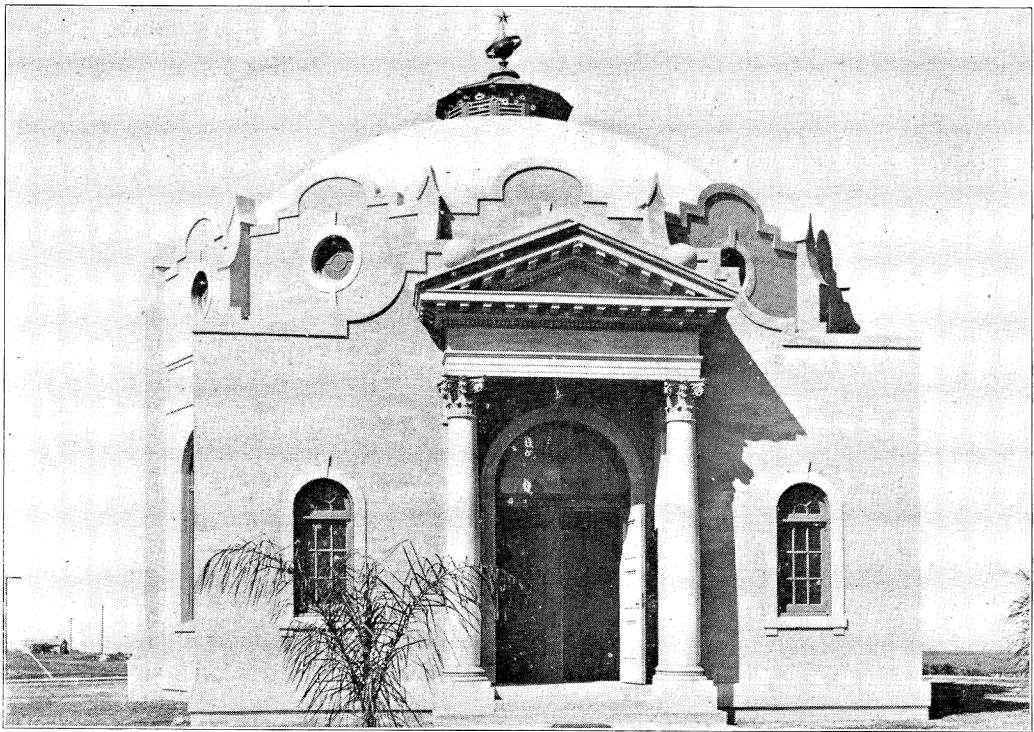
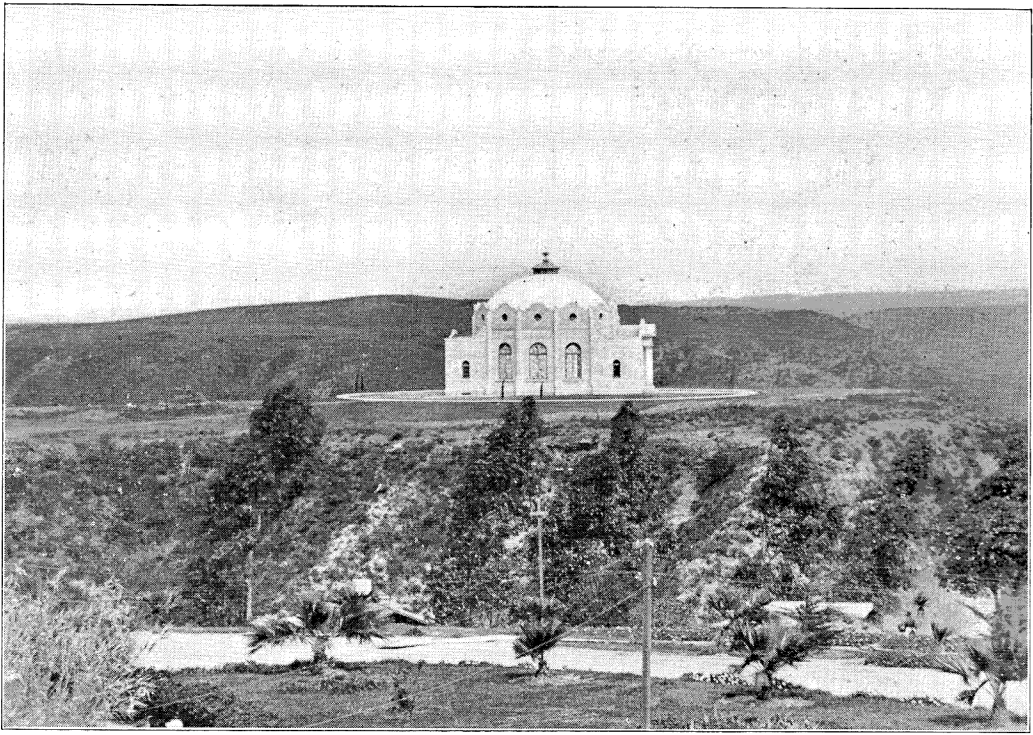
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Where many prayers are sent to one given point, all with the same aspiration, the force generated at that place is very potent. We want all our readers and friends who are interested in helping poor suffering humanity, to assist us in our healing work. We would ask them to visualize this Temple each day at 6:30 P. M. and send us their love and prayers, thereby assisting us in materializing Max Heindel's vision and making this the most powerful healing center in the world.

(Pin this up in your room as an inspiration and reminder of the above.)

# The Mystic Light.

## There Is Hope

There is hope for those who stumble and fall  
 And have still the courage to rise;  
 They journey on with a watchful step  
 And see through kindlier eyes.  
 For the mountain peaks would not seem so high  
 Were it not for the valley between,  
 And lofty thoughts would inspire us less  
 If we had not known the mean.

There is hope for those who face the storm  
 With a strong and steadfast trust;  
 Who wait for the dawn with confidence  
 And turn from the blinding dust

To scan the heavens expectantly—  
 They shall not look in vain  
 Such souls are lifted above the stress,  
 And strength is born of their pain.

There is hope for those who try again,  
 Who will not yield to despair,  
 Who make of failure a stepping-stone  
 To mount life's winding stair.  
 For the morning stars shall sing for them,  
 And the rose shall bare its heart,  
 The hills shall be glad because of them,  
 And the rivers of hope shall start.

—Vivian Yeiser Laramore in Leslie's.

## Fourth Race People--Atlanteans

MARY-ABBY PROCTOR

"I READ SOMETHING very interesting the other day," said Grace to Mary as they sat together one pleasant afternoon in Mary's cozy little parlor. The two families were very congenial; Grace Maynard and Mary Dane had been warm friends from childhood, and after they married it so happened that their husbands were congenial, and the four had many happy hours together. They were in the habit of discussing current events of all kinds, but of late their conversation frequently drifted to metaphysical lines. There seemed to be a strong impulse to seek an understanding of so-called "occult" subjects.

Grace went on: "I have been reading about

the great French soldier, Foch. He is a native of the Basque Provinces, situated partly in France and partly in Spain. Their customs and more especially their language, both spoken and written, have puzzled scientists. 'And after trying to discover traces of resemblance to other languages,' the article said, 'it was found that this was the only country today that had kept to any degree the customs, the legends, and the language of old, lost Atlantis.'"

"Atlantis! Atlantis!" exclaimed Mary. "I know nothing about it, yet the name seems to call up pleasant things, like a fascinating fairy story. I wish we knew more about it."

"The language of the Basques," continued



Grace, "has no similiarity to any language known today. The Basques are very proud of their lineage and have been very loath to mix with other races; they tell wondrous tales of ancestors, ancestors so remote that it is all extremely hazy. They claim that these forefathers were giants of immense stature and Herculean strength, with mental powers which enabled them to control the elements of nature, as well as do other things that sound most uncanny."

Mary spoke quickly: "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll have Horace invite the professor to dinner. You and Albert come over and we will have him tell us about this wonderful old country, for of course he will know all about it."

Now the professor was simply such in name, and perhaps a better title would have been "practicer," for if ever a human being put into practice the tenets of his preaching, certainly Emil House did. He was a great friend of the Maynards and Danes. He was a simple workman in one of the large manufactories of the city, a kindly man, a great lover of justice, a remarkable peacemaker, often called by those higher in authority to help adjust misunderstandings between employer and employee. Though he had received no college education he was marvellously well read; in fact there was no subject from the most abstruse mathematics to the profoundest philosophy that he was not familiar with. When it came to history, why! it seemed as though he were telling personal experiences, and the more remote the history the more alive it appeared to be to him. Hence the friendly, appropriate name of "Professor." Conversations with him of late had seemed to run along deeper, more serious lines than formerly; the young people were evidently thinking. Mary once said, "I seem to be awakening from a long sleep and partly remember my dreams!" She was the one who did the most questioning and "remembering." Although the men were interested, it was chiefly in the scientific side of phenomena. The professor encouraged these talks and took great pains to make them plain, practical, and simple.

In a few days he came to dinner, after which they all settled down to hear him talk on Atlantis. He had previously given them a little his-

tory of the origin and early development of man, and they knew something of the first three epochs of humanity's involution into matter.

The professor explained that he could only give a very sketchy outline of this remarkable people with its subraces, and that gradually the outline might be filled in with details of those races which were the predecessors of the fifth, the Aryan Race (our race). Then he continued substantially as follows:

Plato has written about this lost land, and here and there throughout the ages have been found traces of a very large continent which a series of cataclysms had sent to the bottom of the ocean. Up to comparatively modern times this was considered mythological, but within the past few years scientific men in their study of the earth's surface have found indisputable evidence of a large sunken continent on the floor of what is now the Atlantic ocean. Plato's description relates especially to the last remnant of this immense land, the island of Poseidon, the mainland itself having been destroyed thousands of years previously. Poseidon was not engulfed by the Atlantic until some ten or twelve thousand years ago. This has been no secret to occult students, as complete records have been preserved, not only of the Atlanteans but of all other prehistoric peoples as well.

The race which preceded the Atlanteans had its home on another large continent, Lemuria by name, which was destroyed in volcanic cataclysms. Gradually the coalescence of the islands and peninsulas which arose in the course of time formed an immense continent which extended across what is now the Atlantic ocean, to and taking in much of the Eastern Hemisphere and many portions of land where North America and Central America now lie.

"Lemuria" and "Atlantis" were not the original names of these lost continents, but names which have been given in more recent years. The cataclysm that destroyed Atlantis was brought about by successive disturbances in the axial rotation of the earth as well as the shifting of the axis; these disturbances occurred at varying intervals during long ages and at last carried away every vestige of that vast land

with the exception, perhaps, of a small portion of that which is now Africa. Gradually the land that is now known as Asia issued from the waters. Africa came up much later, while Europe was the fifth and latest portion to rise. The Americas are much older.

Pythagoras obtained from the Egyptians clear notions of the revolutions of the globe. Both Indian and Egyptian teachings spoke of the existence of a mighty, ancient, austral continent, which had produced a powerful civilization, the people of which were called by the Greeks "Atlantides." These teachings attributed the alternate emergence and immersion of continents to the oscillation of the poles, and figured out that humanity had thus passed through six deluges.

Each cycle brings about the predominance of a great human race. In the midst of the partial eclipses of civilization and human faculties there is a general ascending movement. The four races which cover the earth at the present time are offsprings of successive creations, slow elaborations of the earth in travail, and continents emerged from the seas at great intervals of time. Stretching over thousands of years each continent gave birth to its own flora and fauna, crowned by a human race of a different color. This southern continent swallowed by the last great deluge, was the cradle of a red race of which the American Indians are merely a remnant, the offspring of the troglodytes who climbed to the summits of mountains when their continent crumbled to pieces. Africa was the refuge of a black race, which the Greeks called "Ethiopian."

The human races are born one from another, develop, die, and their subraces and nations follow the same rule. The duration of the period that separated the Third and Fourth Races is too tremendous for our comprehension. There is always an overlapping of one race by the one that follows, and it is impossible to draw a definite line indicating where one ends and the other begins. It is claimed that in external form the elder assumes the form of the newer. I am told that even now, in 1920, in the United States a new race is forming.

" . . . The Past, the Present, the Future—  
The everlasting Trinity in One—  
The Great Illusion of the Absolute."

"At first, conditions on and about Atlantis were not much like those which prevail today. The atmosphere was very heavy, thick with water, while the polar currents of air swept downward and struck the heated air rising from the volcanoes in the southern part; thus heavy fogs were caused, and they were so dense it was impossible to see anything clearly. This condition changed as the continent grew older. In time the sun shone through and man saw more distinctly with his outer vision, the functioning of the physical eyes having evolved to more perfection. But the first Atlanteans, as did the Lemurians, perceived more with their inner vision than with the outer. And speaking of vision, the pineal gland, which has been called the "third eye," was very active in the earlier races of man; but when the division of sexes took place in the Lemurian Epoch, and man fell deep and ever deeper into matter, this third eye began to lose its keenness and when Atlantis arrived at middle age, the spiritual inner vision, functioning through the pineal gland, instead of being natural and voluntary had to be awakened and even acquired by artificial processes—processes which were well known and practiced by the magicians.

Some fact in nature will account for each legend and myth. The Titans and Cyclops were not creations of imagination but belonged to Atlantean subraces. They were of tremendous physical power; they were three-eyed, the third eye being in the back of the head. With the abuse of the sex powers this third eye sank deeper into the head and is now dormant. It is the small mass of gray nerve matter attached to the floor of the third ventricle of the brain in front of the cerebellum, and with its contents of sand and mineral concretions is a great puzzle to anatomists. It is as little understood by present day scientists as the spleen, in which the vital body is rooted. Scientific writings down through the ages give occasional traces of the existence of a "third eye." While this Cyclopean eye was and still is in man the organ of spiritual sight, in

the animal it was for objective vision. In the Vertebrata it was the most prominent and objective; in man it has become the most hidden and inaccessible to the anatomist. Nature stored it away for future use, and replaced it by two eyes for objective vision, and although now dormant in humanity it will again become active and powerful to a greater degree than in early man; connection is slowly evolving with the voluntary nervous system, and when man is sufficiently progressed he will be able to use this wonderful inner vision voluntarily and naturally. †

The pineal gland grew less and less active and at the end of the Fourth Epoch became completely dormant.

The Atlantean branches of the subraces were many and covered in their evolution many years—millions of years! The first of the great subraces was born on Lemurian soil, and after a while separated into two divisions. One class worshipped the One, the Unseen Spirit of Nature; the other worshipped the Dark Powers. And here was the origin of religions with their varied forms, which exist even up to modern times.

Another great difference between conditions in Atlantis of old and those of the present time was in *Humanity*, whose brain at that time was still in the process of building. There was little forehead, the head tapered to a point above the eyes, which were small and near together. The ears, which were flexible and movable, were located far back on the head. The long arms and legs were out of proportion to the trunk, and locomotion was by leaps and bounds. The hair was black and glossy with one characteristic which is retained by the direct descendants to this day; that is, a cross section when cut is round, while that of the white or Aryan is oval in section.

The strength of these men was mighty; as the Bible says, "There were giants in the earth in those days." Their physical strength reached a climax toward the middle of the

fourth subrace. The guiding hand of the Higher Ones being withdrawn, they fell from their original godliness, they decreased in size and duration of life diminished, for their span of life had been much longer than that of the races which followed them. Their power "to become as gods and create" they perverted; they intermarried with pigmies, and even mixed with the animal races! Records of the early gigantic races are found in the colossal Bamaian statues in Central Asia, which have been re-discovered in our day. The largest is 173 feet high, 70 feet higher than the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor! Another statue is 120 feet high.

After receiving the gift of free will, that is, after the Higher Ones had withdrawn and allowed them to use the knowledge they possessed as they chose, some used their freedom of choice to acquire divine knowledge, but many willingly followed the "left-hand path" and put their knowledge to selfish and unlawful uses. Meanwhile humanity had arrived at the point of self-consciousness where the lower self seemed to be pre-eminent and was usurping the place of the Divine Creator.

Like all of the five Great Races this Fourth Race had seven main races and many subraces and side issues. The first great division was the Rmoahals who definitely established the Fourth Race type. They had physical sensation but not the mental and spiritual feeling of joy, happiness, sympathy, and antipathy. Memory, too, had begun to develop, colors and tones made a lasting impression, and with memory came the rudiments of language. They no longer made use of mere sounds as did the Lemurians, but began to use certain sounds to express certain things; they not only gave names to objects, but in these words was a certain power exercised over the thing named. They inhabited the southern part of the continent, and under the guidance of Divine Beings established a powerful civilization. As they were inspired by Divine Spirits, they were kindly and did not injure one another, and by the use of their developing, a definite, holy language, the soul of the first race was able to contact the "soul of things" in the outside world.

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† The above regarding the "third eye" differs somewhat from Max Heindel's teachings.. See *Cosmo-Conception*.

Then the second race, the Tlavatlis, evolved after an almost unbelievable number of years. They were yellow in color and developed agriculture and architecture. Humanity began to feel its separateness ambition developed and, recognition and remembrance for personal worth and deeds were demanded. The memory of great deeds was preserved and rehearsed from one generation to another, and this led to the selection of leaders from those whose deeds had attracted attention; here in the second Atlantean race originated the "germ of royalty." The memory of ancestors was perpetuated and revered until it grew into a regular form of worship; some of the Asiatic peoples still retain this ancestor worship even now.

During the innumerable ages that passed during the first and second periods, humanity had incarnated over and over again until habits and ideas were deeply inculcated; then the third great Atlantean race appeared, the Toltecs, in the western part of the continent. Red in color, powerful in body, and with increasing mental vigor and abilities, they were the greatest of these subraces. Not only did royalty reach its flower, but to it was attached monarchy with hereditary succession. There certainly was good reason why the Toltecs should honor a man for the great deeds of an ancestor, for at that time a descendant could claim some share in these deeds, because a father had the power of bringing to a child's mind such vivid pictures of the deeds of a forefather that not only was a deep and lasting impression made, but the mind of the child was inculcated with the characteristics of this ancestor to such a degree that for the time being the child was that person himself! In our day a man gives himself undue credit for an ancestor in whose glorious deeds he can in no way claim a part. Memory in man in these days had grown and developed until it had reached a wonderful degree of power and accuracy. Memory of our time is as nothing compared to the extent it was developed in this third race.

They, too, began to found separate nations. Individuals of similar habits and tastes naturally segregated themselves; they followed the old tribal customs as far as practical in their

new homes, but soon adopted new ones as emergencies arrived.

Several Polynesian races, the North American Indians, and the Aztecs are survivors of this ancient red race, the civilization of which was one of material splendor and glory. Also, the first Egyptian civilization, almost as old as our continent, dates back to this ancient red race. In an inscription of the Fourth Dynasty, mention is made of the Sphinx as being a monument whose origin was lost sight of *in the night of the time*, and that it had been found by chance in this reign—buried by desert sands for long generations! And this Sphinx of Gizeh near the large pyramid is the work of this red race. The red race has left of itself no other witness, but this is irrefutable proof that it had set for itself and solved in its own way the mighty problem that the Sphinx was *Man*, the microcosm, who sums up in himself as a divine agent all the elements and powers of nature. (*Lenormant in Hist. d'Orient.*)

The bodies of these Toltecs were much denser than those of men of the present day. The minerals of that day were also much harder. The men possessed astonishing recuperative powers and would quickly recover from wounds that would kill one of our own race. They had but recently evolved the sense of taste, they were unable to distinguish delicate scents or flavors, and food having crude and disgusting properties was the most satisfying. Traces of these characteristics still remain in their descendants who delight in putrid meat and fish.

As we have seen, when humanity was in the childhood stage, just endowed with mind, and memory, also, had only its start, they were guided, in fact taught, face to face by the Fathers—the Elohim—those great androgynous Beings who were both father and mother to earth children (Genesis V:1, 2). As evolution went on these Leaders were succeeded by initiated kings. These great kings were given much power and were loved, revered, and obeyed by the masses; they were truly "kings by the grace of God." Meanwhile the Fathers withdrew from the physical sight of the people.

(To be continued)

## The Sacrament of Communion

MAX HEINDEL

*Editor's Note:—The following article is supplementary to the article on the same subject which appeared in the May number. It deals with the early evolution of man, including the evolution of his food, leading up to the subject of food as a sacrament, already considered. It will be followed by articles by the same author on the later evolutionary development of mankind.*

TO OBTAIN a thorough understanding of the deep and far-reaching significance of the manner in which the Sacrament of Communion was instituted, it is necessary to consider the evolution of our planet and of composite man, also the chemistry of foods and their influence on humanity. For the sake of lucidity we will briefly recapitulate the Rosicrucian teachings on the various points involved. They have been given at length in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and our other works.

The Virgin Spirits, which are now man, commenced their pilgrimage through matter in the dawn of time, that by the friction of concrete existence their latent powers might be transmuted to kinetic energy as usable soul power. Three successive veils of increasingly dense matter were acquired by the involving spirits during the Saturn, Sun, and Moon Periods. Thus each spirit was separated from all other spirits, and the consciousness which could not penetrate the prison wall of matter and communicate with others, was forced to turn inwards, and in so doing it discovered—ITSELF. Thus self-consciousness was attained.

A further crystallization of the before mentioned three veils took place in the Earth Period during the Polarian, Hyperborean, and Lemurian Epochs. In the Atlantean Epoch, mind was added as a focusing point between spirit and body, completing the constitution of

composite man, who was then equipped to conquer the world and generate soul power by endeavor and experience, each having free will and choice, except as limited by the laws of nature and his own previous acts.

During the time man-in-the-making was thus evolving, great Creative Hierarchies guided his every step. Absolutely nothing was left to chance. Even the food he ate was chosen for him, so that he might obtain the appropriate material wherewith to build the various vehicles of consciousness necessary to accomplish the process of soul growth. The Bible mentions the various stages, though it misplaces Nimrod, making him to symbolize the Atlantean kings who lived *before* the flood.

In the Polarian Epoch pure mineral matter became a constituent part of man; thus *Adam* was made of earth, that is, so far as his dense body was concerned.

In the Hyperborean Epoch the vital body was added, and thus his constitution became plant like, and *Cain*, the man of that time, lived on the fruits of the soil.

The Lemurian Epoch saw evolution of a desire body, which made man like the present animals. Then milk, the product of living animals, was added to human diet. *Abel* was a shepherd, but it is nowhere stated that he killed an animal.

At that time mankind lived innocently and peacefully in the misty atmosphere which enveloped the earth during the latter part of the Lemurian Epoch, as described in a recent article on "Baptism." They were like children under the care of a common father, until the mind was given to all in the beginning of Atlantis. Thought activity breaks down tissue which must be replaced; the lower and more material the thought, the greater the havoc and the more pressing the need for albumen wherewith to make quick repairs. Hence necessity, the mother of invention, inaugurated the loath-

some practice of flesh eating, and so long as we continue to think along purely business or material lines we shall have to go on using our stomachs as receptacles for the decaying corpses of our murdered animal victims. Yet, we shall see later that flesh food has enabled us to make the wonderful material progress achieved in the western world, while the vegetarian Hindus and Chinese remain in an almost savage state. It seems sad to contemplate that they will be forced to follow in our steps and shed the blood of our fellow creatures when we shall have outgrown the barbarous practice as we have ceased cannibalism. The more spiritual we grow, the more our thoughts will harmonize with the rhythm of our body, and the less albumen will be needed to build tissue. Consequently, a vegetable diet will suffice our needs. Pythagoras advised abstinence from legumes to *advanced* scholars because they are rich in albumen and apt to revive lower appetites. Let not every student who reads this, rashly conclude to eliminate legumes from his diet. Most of us are not yet ready for such extremes; we would not even advise all students to entirely abstain from meat. The change should come from within. It may be safely stated, however, that most people eat entirely too much meat for their good, but this is in a certain sense a digression, so we will revert to the further evolution of humanity in so far as it has a bearing upon the Sacrament of Communion.

In due time the dense mist which enveloped the earth, cooled, condensed, and flooded the various basins. The atmosphere cleared, and concurrently with atmospheric change a physiological adaptation of man took place. The gill clefts which had enabled him to breathe in the dense water laden air (and which are seen in the human foetus to this day), gradually atrophied and their function was taken over by the lungs, the pure air passing to and fro from them through the larynx. This allowed the spirit, hitherto penned up within the veil of flesh, to express itself in word and act.

There, in the middle of Atlantis, the sun first shone upon MAN as we know him; there he was *first born* into the world. Until then he had been under the absolute control of great

spiritual Hierarchies, mute, without voice or choice in matters pertaining to his education, as a child is now under the control of its parents.

But on the day when he finally emerged from the dense atmosphere of Atlantis; when he first beheld the mountains silhouetted in clear, sharp contours against the azure vault of heaven, when he first saw the beauties of moor and meadow, the moving creatures, birds in the air, and his fellow man; when his vision was undimmed by the partial obscuration of the mist which had previously hampered perception; above all, when he perceived HIMSELF as *separate* and *apart from all others*, there burst from his lips the glorious, triumphant cry, "I AM."

At that point he had acquired faculties which equipped him to enter the school of experience, the phenomenal world, as a free agent to learn the lessons of life, untrammelled save by the *laws of Nature*, which are his safeguards, and the reaction of his own previous acts which become *destiny*.

The excessive diet of albumen contained in the flesh wherewith he gorged himself, taxed his liver beyond its capacity and clogged the system, making him morose, sullen, and brutish. He was fast losing the spiritual sight which revealed to him the guardian angels whom he trusted, and he saw only the *forms* of animals and men. The spirits with whom he had lived in love and brotherhood during early Atlantis were obscured by the veil of flesh. It was all so strange, and he *feared* them.

Therefore it became necessary to give him a *new food* that could aid his spirit to overpower the highly individualized molecules of flesh, (as explained in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, chapter on Assimilation, p. 457,) brace it for battle with the world, and spur it on to self-assertion.

As our visible body composed of chemical compounds can thrive only upon chemical aliment, so it requires spirit to act upon spirit, to aid in breaking up the heavy proteid and in stimulating the drooping human spirit.

This emergence from flooded Atlantis, the  
(Continued on page 70)



## Talks About Occultism

PRENTISS TUCKER

*(Continued from May)*

**A** NOTHER BOY IS born at the same time. He never knew his parents. He is brought up in the gutter. His only friends are other little gutter snipes. He is taught to steal. He gets much of his scanty allowance of food out of garbage barrels. He is ragged and dirty and foul-mouthed and mischievous. He never goes to church, for he shrinks instinctively from contact with those who look upon him with disdain. It may be true, theoretically, that he could go to church, but, practically, it is not a possibility. He has no trade. He has no education. In his frequent sojournings in jail he meets others worse than himself and learns from them. He goes from bad to worse, and in the course of some difficulty with the police he commits murder, is killed and goes to hell—and he probably deserves it.

But those two spirits were created at the same time. They were equally pure, equally innocent, equally spotless. Neither one had done a thing to deserve good fortune but, also, neither one had done a thing to deserve unhappiness and ill fortune. By the very terms of the proposition they had started equal unless, as the advocates of some of our very finest families would have us believe, God makes spirits of a little finer quality to put into the bodies born into the fine families. But, remember that this charge could hardly be predicated of an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent God who is infinite in love, kindness, and justice.

Rebirth explains that the souls born into the best families have a better chance and an easier time in life, and often have a better brain, by the fact that the entity has lived hundreds of lives on earth, has learned many lessons, and has earned a life in good surroundings; while the entity born into the slum body has either had a shorter period of development behind him or he has misused the powers and the opportunities given to him in the past, and has

to endure the natural result of opportunity spurned.

The orthodox theory accuses God of favoritism and injustice. The occult theory shows that God is just and that blame for the inequality lies upon the entity itself.

You will note that I used the word "theory." A theory is a possible explanation of existing facts and conditions put forward to account for their being as they are. You will note that I call the orthodox statement as herein outlined, and as outlined in practically every church in Christendom, a theory. And so it is. The orthodox theory cannot be proved from Scripture. From cover to cover of the Bible there are many allusions to rebirth and a very good case can be made out for it, but the orthodox theory has not nearly so good a foundation. Of the two, rebirth is by far the more Scriptural. It explains every condition in human life today or that ever has been in human life. It makes this explanation while in no way being incompatible with, or in opposition to, the Scriptures or to Christianity as taught by Christ. It fits in with all that we know or can imagine of the greatness and the majesty of God and shows how He is infinitely just while permitting what seems to us injustice. It fits in perfectly with those great adjectives with which theology has kindly furnished us and—I wish to drive this statement home, please note it—it is no more of a theory than is the statement that the spirit is created at birth. Nowhere in Holy Writ is this statement made; namely, that the soul is created at birth.

If the orthodox theory be true, we are confronted with another dilemma which is this:

The world is growing better. Despite all the ravings of those who tell us that the world is bound straight for perdition, we have the facts—indisputable, stubborn facts—which show us that there is more charity and kindness, more love, more altruism in the world today than ever before. Nowadays it arouses our

horror that a ruler should claim the right over life and death of his subjects. It used never to arouse any debate. We have free hospitals, poorhouses, and charitable institutions by the thousand. To say that they are inefficiently run is no argument against this. They may be operated badly but that they exist at all is evidence that the world is developing a conscience. They may not be in evidence all over the world. There may be countries where babies are thrown into ponds to drown or are fed to wild beasts; but that there are countries, and those the greatest countries of modern times, where such things are not permitted and where charitable institutions are fostered, can not be denied.

It will at once be stated that these things are the results of Christianity. Even so. But it need not be pointed out that rebirth is not anti-Christian—just the reverse: It is most intensely Christian. But, if the world is advancing, if life in the civilized countries is becoming more conscientious and more endurable, then why should the Creator not put all souls which He creates into bodies born into the civilized Christian countries? Why should He create souls for those bodies born into heathen and savage lands? Is He under compulsion in this? Can the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, be compelled to do a thing which is manifestly unfair?

Is it fair to create two souls, equally pure and spotless and put one into a body born into a civilized Christian family and the other into the body of a cannibal?

It is not true that all men are created equal, for it is a well known fact that the savage cannot be brought up to the level of the cultured and civilized man, even when the savage is taken as a baby and brought up with all the advantages of civilization and education. If, as it is claimed, a different brain texture causes this difference in capacity, than when, if ever, is the difference to be made up? Can it ever be made up? Why should God create souls to be put into the bodies of criminal families or criminal nations?

Why not let such families and nations die out? If this handicap which is arbitrarily

forced upon the one soul is to be made up somewhere in the future, then where does the Bible so state?

If we are to suppose that there is a chance in the future life for repentance and rehabilitation, then that is a theory only. It is as much a theory as that the soul is created at birth.

The advocates of this congenital soul creation doctrine have involved themselves in a maze of theories which they are compelled to form and reform when confronted with some glaring instance of the injustice, the inequality, and the cruelty of their basic theory.

But the theory of rebirth needs no such train of subsidiary theories to explain away inconsistencies and injustices. It, in itself, explains the facts of life as we know them. It needs no sub-theories to explain injustice. It is not incompatible with those great attributes of God which we predicate to Him when we say that He is infinite in love, infinite in tenderness, and infinite in pity. It fits in and fits in perfectly with all the discoveries of modern science. It fits in perfectly with all that is proved in the realm of spiritualism. It fits in perfectly with all the sayings of Christ. It needs no apologies nor excuses.

And it has another advantage, in that those advanced souls who are able to contact the higher life, those, who like Balaam of old, have the "open vision," all give their testimony to the fact of its truth. It carries with it the great doctrine of cause and effect, or consequence, which has been stated elsewhere as "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And when we wonder what were those great teachings which our Lord gave to His followers after He had risen from the dead, and which were so great and so inspiring that those same followers left all to go out and carry the teachings to the world—and in so doing cared not a whit that they faced suffering, poverty, persecution, and death—we may well surmise that some of these teachings, which the world has lost and which the great Western Wisdom School is now giving back to us, were among them.

The trained student of occultism knows this  
(Continued on page 70)

## The Truth Shall Set You Free

M. R. D.

**T**HE AFTERNOON sun was preparing to slip lazily out of the day. A soft, shimmering light still hung over the sky, and in what was left of the workday, I began to write my story. True, one can scarcely write convincingly when there is no time to be lost. The cramp of haste, as the muscles tighten and the nerves follow their lead, makes it impossible to guide the hand, without mistakes.

The door opened.

"Please, where is some linen, or something? One of the boys has cut his hand. It isn't much but the blood!"

Sighing, not as much for the painful hand as for the lost time and the unfinished writing, I went searching for linen. "Where could I have put that long strip of old sheet? Ah! yes, here it is. No, here." Then with added kindness, I said,

"Is there anything else?"

"No ma'am, that's all."

Again I sat at the table and slowly reconstructed the great throb of interest I had felt, which I so longed to clothe in words that would convey to other minds, the deep mysteries of my thoughts. To give through the eyes that read my words, written in cold letters; to fill these words with that sob of emotion that I had—

"Yes, dear," I said in answer to a knock at my door.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are alone, mother!" said my little daughter. "I'm tired of everybody! There isn't anyone who isn't busy, down stairs, and I want you to read to me!"

"But, I'm busy, dear," I answered.

"Well, how long will you be busy? I'm going to wait for you."

"But I can't write if I feel anyone is waiting," I began.

"How perfectly funny! Why, mother, that's simply unnatural."

"I can't have you wait, dear," I began, but the

pleading eyes brought back to me a picture of the little child I used to be, lonely, with no mother alive to read to me. The rest of the words were left unsaid.

"Come here, dear. Now, what did you want me to read?"

"It's a story, mother. See! there it is, about some little children."

"Let's see. That's a long story. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll read it to you in half an hour, dear. You run and play for half an hour."

"I know you'll be too busy in half an hour, but I'll be here."

The door closed after the little one, and once again I began the reconstruction of my story, but my interest had cooled. I was, I realized, more tired than I had thought, and after all, what is the use of trying to keep the "throb" in a story. So few writers can do it! I wondered if certain of my friends would read my story, and reading, would they give me the full credit of my art in seizing the notion of so thrilling a . . . I sat dreaming. When would I have a chance to do a REAL story? Others had done things "good enough," to be sure, but I would show them. Why had I never time?

The dusk had fallen, and yet there I sat. My thoughts came and went, catching here and there a glint of the finishing I would put on my story and the great underlying truth I had so longed to clothe in my own translation of its beauty. The room had passed out of my vision. I sat alone in some large, stately place. The warm sun slanted across the paved floor, leaving great splotches of shadow in cool mauve on the marble tiles. Outside, tall palms waved in the sultry breezes, and dust blew over me as I sat there, waiting. I scarcely knew why I waited. The sun fell lower and lower. I sat there, waiting. Out in the warm blue of the southern sky hung one large pulsing star, blue white.

"Mother, may I come now? It's a half hour."

"Yes, dear."

I turned to the child who had waited for what I meant to her: comfort and companionship; and, after all, what else can one be to a child? I began to read, and reading, I entered into the story as though I too were living in those days of knights and ladies. I felt the nearness of the armor, and the cries of the wronged ladies were terrifying, but they were calmed and their troubles vanished, just as though they were here, and it was now in this year of our common sense day and time.

Again I sat before my table, but this time the house was quiet, for each member of the family had gone to the sleep that comes so gratefully at close of the long workday. Hours stretched ahead, and I thought with satisfaction of the time I had stolen from my sleep. I wrote.

Hours may or may not have passed. I sat back. A dull pain had reminded me during many days that something, somewhere, needed adjustment. I touched the painful place with my right hand. The pain ceased as though it had wanted to be eased by my touch. Again I wrote.

At last I sat up. Page after page of manuscript lay on the table, and I smiled and stretched my arms out. The pain again called me. Still smiling, I pushed the papers away from me and prepared for bed, for I, too, must work on the morrow. My story, though, was half written. I felt again the thrill of creation, for I had made that story just what I had longed to make it.

I tried to sleep. Time passed. I lay with closed eyes, but I was not sleeping. The pain had come again. This time it insisted. My hand sought the throbbing ache. I prayed, trying to remember a formula, a set of words, that ran through my remembrance like a chain, but it eluded me.

"I am strong enough to ask for health," I told myself again and yet again. Others did that, why could not I? I prayed again.

The silence stretched itself to include everything within the house, and not a sound came. I lay there awake. Bits of my story rearranged themselves before me. I saw great flaws in what I had thought perfect. I would rewrite it in the morning.

Again the insistent pain. My limbs ached now. I tried again to form a prayer that would reach the need of the body; the painful throbbing insisted on its right to command.

"You ask for health. Do you know what you ask?" The quiet voice came to my inner consciousness as though spoken to my spirit by some visitor from that plane above this where truth is self-evident.

"I am asking for restoration. I am tired because I do for everyone—yes, for everyone who asks help of me," I answered, feeling a righteous sort of pride in myself.

"But, see what you are guilty of. You consider your desires before your needs at the table, and that puts too great a strain on your digestive organs. You do not give your body time to rest after eating, consequently the blood is taken from the stomach to the head. You should be in bed earlier than is your custom so your body can have an opportunity to receive the help you are asking for. Do you realize that before it can be worked on by those Invisible Helpers, who come in answer to your real prayers, you must have your body in a deep, calm sleep? Do you fully understand the meaning of restoration?"

"I had no time, all day long, to write," I objected.

"You had time, but you do not arrange your time with any regard to system. You do not plan your work ahead. In the morning when you first open your eyes, you should lie quietly and plan your day. You could save a great deal of time that way. You also do many things that could wait, or be left undone. You do for many who can and should do for themselves, but you like to hear yourself thanked! You are in this very way taking from others the strength they should develop and possess as their own, but because you know how to do whatever they wish done, you do it. You know how it should be done to the smallest degree, and it is *easier* for you to do it than to teach someone. That is much harder, and you won't be thanked for teaching someone to do what isn't pleasant. You are not constructive.

"Consider your body at this minute. You are suffering from a pain. You feel that you should be helped, although your prayer for help was

as selfish as many prayers are: modelled on what you think you have a *right* to receive. In other words, you DEMAND help of a loving Father! But, my friend, you don't co-operate with God. At this instant you should be asleep. You are very wide awake. Tomorrow night go to bed earlier, ten at the latest, earlier if it can be done and compose yourself in sleep. When you pray, you will not need affirmations as to your excellence. You have left undone those things that you should have done, and because of this there is no health in you. Pull away the veil you have so carefully draped over your faulty self. You will be kinder to others when you realize yourself as you are."

That paragraph in the wonderful letter, in the January "Rays," by Will Levington Comfort came before my mental vision.

"I am lonely. For ages have I tried to do without you, tried ambitions, loves, and wars, misuse and violence. All men and things which I have abused have risen to hold me in their bondage. . . . I, a mind and a body, render myself to You. I know it is hard for You to come down and dwell with me in the corruption which I am. . . . I ask you to be with me. . . ., to tolerate me in Your great mercy for a little time; to warn me when I am ignorantly astray."

I became softened in my inner self in some way. A comfort of a purely spiritual sort enveloped me, and I sank lower and lower until I could feel the soft arms of my mother around me, and I slept.

The story?— I haven't yet finished it, besides, I am thinking.

### THOUGHTS ON MUSIC

**M**USIC, THE universal language of the soul, is the highest form of expression which man has. It is creative, its home being the Second and Third Heaven, the most attenuated spheres that the ego of man traverses during its life cycle.

Music is related to the holy music of the spheres, which is God's Word, without which was not anything made. Thought is music, and the very archetypes according to which our dense

bodies are fashioned are living music. If men only fully realized the power of it!

Ragtime is the perversion of this beautiful force, and has now become the instrument of black magicians. Little children just reaching out for experience on this plane are carried into the whirlpool of these evil forces through the ragtime that is being played in millions of homes. How careful we must be to play only good music, and with the aim to inspire, cleanse, purify. Good music is as necessary as good thoughts. It soaks through the walls of a house and drives out all bad feelings, all discord that had been there.

Music! May all souls be awakened to the powers and beauties of it here while still in the bodies of clay, that the kingdom of heaven may come nearer our consciousness each day.

—*Tessie Lehrer.*

### THE CATTLE TRAIN.

Below my window goes the cattle train,  
And stands for hours along the river park,  
Fear, Cold, Exhaustion, Hunger, Thirst and  
Pain!

Dumb brutes we call them—Hark!

The bleat of frightened mother, calling young,  
Deep-throated agony, shrill frantic cries,  
Hoarse murmur of the thirst-distended tongue,  
Up to my window rise.

Bleak lies the shore to northern wind and sleet,  
In open-slatted cars they stand and freeze;  
Beside the broad, blue river in the heat  
All waterless go these.

Hot, fevered, frightened, trampled, bruised and  
torn;

Frozen near death before the ax descends;  
We kill these weary creatures, sore and worn,  
And eat them—with our friends.

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

As nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep, so nothing foretells futurity like the thoughts over which we brood.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

## A Legend of the Heliotrope

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

**U**PON THE BROAD shining highway of Life a woman's soul stands musing. On her arm she bears a basket filled with bundles, and upon these she fixes her eyes thoughtfully. After a long time she lifts one that shines with a strange brightness; upon it is inscribed, "What the World Knows as Love." She unfolds and regards carefully for awhile its tawdry glory, then lays it aside saying sadly, "Nothing but tinsel, nothing but tinsel." She chooses another that glows with a flickering light, sometimes giving out a brilliant radiance and again on closer scrutiny emitting only a pale gleam. This one is marked "Ambition." After a time this, too, she puts aside with a weary sigh and looks long and earnestly upon the remaining contents of the basket. Finally she chooses one that lies close to the bottom. This is labeled, "Worldly Possessions." She regards it eagerly for a time—when it begins to crumble and fade. "Ashes and dead sea fruit," she murmurs bitterly, casting it away.

She opens another that it well-worn and looks as though it has been much handled. This one is called "Fame." It is cold to the touch; but she tries to warm it by laying it against her heart. Finding no response she turns gently away saying, "There is no happiness here, I must look further." Half shrinking, yet wonderingly, she unbinds the wrappings of soft grey and mauve that cling close around the last of the bundles. Upon this is engraven "Death." While she looks curiously at it, just in front of her above Life's shining highway comes dancing what appears to be a fairy bubble, all glowing with a rare light that does not seem to belong to earth. One moment it hovers close above her head, then as she strives to reach it, floats away into the blue ethers; but always when about to vanish it swerves gracefully and comes close to earth again, lighting the shining highway of Life for a long way wherever its shadow is cast.

As the light falls full upon her, the grey bundle in her hands melts away. "My dream of love that the angels have given me," the woman's soul cries softly: "The love that outlives aeons of time and the vast cycle of lives; the real love of soul for soul that in its idealism and purity knows no limitations and transmutes even death into life's infinite conceptions."

She slips to her knees in adoration as the strange new light breaks over her, encircling her with wave after wave of almost heavenly splendour.

In the region where angels await prayerfully the decisions of a woman's soul there sounds a chanting of praise and thanksgiving. To commemorate the coming of this new ideal into the world they have caused a flower to be born. So feathery are its blossoms that they scarce can bear the light of day, for the flower can be no stronger than the conception which has given it birth. Blue is the color of spiritual love, so blue is the color tone in which this flower, fresh from the heaven world, whispers its message to woman's soul. So fragile are the petals, it is as though angels have just loaned them to humanity, as a promise or harbinger of a dream not yet fully realized. At present the blossoms in all their perfect beauty can live in the atmosphere of earth for only a little time; beneath human thought and touch they soon shrivel and blacken, and leave only a fleeting memory of the ideal which their birth symbolizes.

As the beauty and purity of the message which this little flower holds in the purple fragrance of its heart becomes more deeply implanted in woman's soul, and as the holy conception from which it was born sheds its blessing across the world, this tiny messenger of the angels, this most ethereal of all flowers, will gradually lose its tenuous fragility and gladden for a longer time the hearts of those who have learned to read its meaning in the perfect beauty of its blossoming.



# The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms

PRENTISS TUCKER

## CHAPTER XIV

**"BILLY'S BEEN killed. Billy's been killed."** The words rang through the Doctor's ears as he caught up his hat, hastily put a few things into a little satchel, and dashed out to the curb where his little runabout was standing. The self-starter, as it buzzed, seemed to repeat the same phrase, ending with a kind of wail, "Billy's been killed!" The engine, as it took up its duty sharply where the starter left off, seemed in its explosive way to be saying, "Killed, killed, Oh! Oh! O-h-h-h!"

It was not far to the Edgerlys' home, fortunately, for the Doctor thought nothing of the speed laws and might, so great was his hurry, have ridden down anyone or anything barring his way. But, luckily for him his headlong flight through the street was not seen by any one having authority to interfere. A toy poodle got the fright of his life, and a cat leisurely picking her dainty way across the street became so agitated at the narrow escape from having all her nine lives ended at once, that she climbed a telephone pole clear to the top and remained there for an hour. An old lady looking out of her front window got the material for a week's soliloquy on the recklessness of automobilists. But nobody was really hurt, and in less time than it takes to tell (as I have heard it expressed somewhere before) the Doctor was jumping out of his car and climbing the Edgerlys' front steps three at a time.

Frances, herself, answered his ring. In fact she had been waiting for him and was so glad to see him that all she could say was:

"Oh! George, Billy's—" and then her voice choked. Billy, himself, the Doctor found, was lying on a sofa where he had been laid when several of his playmates brought him in. A pitched ball had struck him on the side of the head as he was standing ready to strike, and he had fallen where he stood, not regaining consciousness.

The pitcher who had thrown the ball and a

number of his team mates were standing in the outer room in an agony of apprehension and sympathy. The Doctor did not even stop to comfort Frances but was at Billy's side instantly. The immense relief of having some one there who was competent to do whatever could be done was evident in the way the boys and Frances crowded around the sofa until Doctor George had to wave them away. A chorus of whispered questions was thrown at him, some of which he answered and others of which he ignored.

Billy was not dead. That much the Doctor found out quickly, but how badly he might be injured was another matter. Concussion of the brain seemed to be certain, but possibly the skull was not injured. When he had done everything that skill and love could do, he turned to Frances and told her as much as he had learned.

The accident had deeply moved Frances, who loved Billy far more than she had realized, and in her distress she laid her hand on the Doctor's arm in that old gesture which he knew so well.

"Oh! George, I'm so glad you were at home. I'd rather have called you than any one I know for I—I—know I can depend on you. Father and mother are out driving somewhere in the country and won't be back for several hours, probably, and I don't know where they are and—and—won't you, George, (here she stopped and turned towards him a face so full of appealing sweetness with its tear filled eyes and quivering lips that Doctor George's heart skipped at least three beats and then tried to turn a somersault, as he afterwards said) won't you stay here till they get back? I'm afraid to be here with only the servants in case anything should—should—happen!"

"Of course I'll stay, dear," (the "dear" slipped out unintentionally and frightened him a little, but Frances did not notice it), "I'd do anything for either you or Billy, and when it's

for both of you together, why I feel as though I could bring him back from the very gates of death itself. Besides," he added in a kind of aside, "I'd rather be with you than anywhere else in the world anyway."

"Say, how is he, Doctor?" A freckled face surmounted by a mop of tawny hair thrust itself out from the crowd of boys and into the room. The owner was in tears, himself, and did not notice that he was furnishing that "third person" who is so often said to make a crowd out of a company. Doctor George did not relish the interruption, but the boy's anxiety and grief were so evident that he turned to him and described Billy's condition as well as he could, then, struck with a sudden thought, began to ask questions himself.

It seemed that it was Billy's turn at the bat, and he stepped up to the plate with the usual gymnastic performances so admirably calculated to intimidate the pitcher and convince him that all his art is useless. He pounded the plate with his bat, held it at the level where he wished the ball to pass, pounded the plate again and yelled derisively to the pitcher.

"Come on, Carrots!"

"An' I give him a little inshoot," explained the red-headed one tearfully, "just a little one, an' he went an' stepped right in front of it an' never moved his head nur dodged nur nothin'. It looked like he *tried* to get hit."

This statement was corroborated by all the other boys. Billy, who was known as an expert dodger, had apparently stepped right in front of a pitched ball and had seemingly offered his head to be hit. It sounded rather unlikely, and yet all the boys with the usual boyish variations in their accounts still stuck to the same story. He could have dodged easily; in fact, according to the catcher, if he had merely stood still the ball would not have hit him; nor was it as high as his head, but he deliberately took a step forward and bent his head. The Doctor was puzzled.

He went back into the room where Billy lay. The boy was still unconscious and breathing heavily. Frances knelt beside him with her arms about him, now and then stroking back the hair from his forehead, a tear falling occasionally as she gazed into his face. She did not

turn her head nor raise her voice as she spoke.

"His last words were about you. He admired you so much!"

"What did he say?"

"I can't tell you now, George. Bring him back to me and I'll tell you."

The Doctor examined him again. The character of the breathing was changing somewhat and not for the better. The heart action seemed to be a trifle weaker, and yet he could not see why it should be. He took a few turns back and forth across the room. There seemed to be some features in the case which ought not to be there. Just what they were he was unable to say. Now was the time when such power as he had would be of inestimable benefit. He had often thought what an advance medicine and especially surgery would take could doctors only be gifted with an X-ray sight such as clairvoyants are supposed to have. And he had the sight and the power to use it.

True, he had been carefully warned against the selfish or unwarranted use of the sight. He had been told that never must he use it for the sake of curiosity nor for a number of other purposes which had been carefully explained to him. He knew why the power must not be used and what laws governed in the matter. But this was an unselfish purpose. The use of his power would be to help another who was helpless. It would be to cure, to heal. The need was great. Billy was dying. That much he was sure of from the change which had taken place since he was called. Surely the Great Physician who used His own power so freely for those sufferers of old Judea would not blame him. He had bidden His followers to heal the sick and even to raise the dead.

"Oh, George! Billy's dying! Isn't there *anything* you can do?"

Frances' voice was trembling with grief as she half turned in his direction and stretched out one arm towards him as though to plead with him for her brother.

"Frances, I'll do everything I can. I don't know what the injury is but I will use my higher sight and it may be that I can find out in that way. Keep up your courage, dear, it may be all right yet."

There was another phase of the matter which

the Doctor had been thinking of. If this thing were an accident, then perhaps the great Lords of Destiny had seen fit to close the life account of this dear little friend, but—was it an accident? He thought for a moment. Yes, it could have happened that way he was sure. If it had, then it was no accident but attempted murder. But who was the murderer? Not the lad who threw the ball. That never entered the Doctor's mind for an instant. The plot was deep and far more sinister than that. He could not be sure of this view of the matter unless he used his ability to read the record of Nature, that great Memory which never lies and which cannot be altered. But without trying to read the Memory of Nature he would act on the theory which he had formed.

He stood beside Billy as he made up his mind, and by an act of will shifted his sight to include the etheric plane and the desire world as well. Frances kneeling beside Billy seemed to sense a little of what the Doctor was doing, and for a moment turned her gaze from Billy's face to the Doctor's. This she saw change from the look of sympathy which it had worn since he entered the house, to surprise, incredulity, amazement, and then as near to anger as she had ever seen the good-natured Doctor George exhibit. These expressions were only momentary, for they shifted from one into the other instantaneously.

Then began what seemed to Frances some rather crazy antics. She wondered whether Doctor George had lost his reason. The Doctor was moving about and making gestures as though at some other person or persons in the room but invisible to her. He had previously sent away the boys and had closed the door into the other room, and now he was carrying on in a peculiar way as though there were other people whom he believed to be there trying to resist his wishes.

She began to be a little uneasy as she watched him, but a gesture from him as he noticed her anxiety showed her that whatever he was or was not doing he had not lost his reason. He was perfectly sane. Apparently he won his contest and the invisible people withdrew. This she could tell by watching him. Then he turned

to the boy on the couch. First he made a few passes over him, then turning him over on his face manipulated his spine in a certain way, particularly at the base of the brain. In a few moments he turned Billy over on his back again.

"He will be all right in a few minutes now, Frances."

Frances hung over the couch, one hand on either side of Billy's face and gazing intently on him as though to draw him back by the very strength of love alone from the dark portal. The Doctor could not help thinking as he looked on, that had he been in Billy's place all the dark forces in the lower worlds could not have held him back.

Then his prediction came true. The breathing began to lose its heavy, unnatural character, a little color came back into the face, a slight tremor shook the body, and slowly Billy's eyes opened, looking directly into those of his sister, who with a little cry of joy clasped him in her arms and covered his face with kisses, crooning over him little cries which cannot be spelled out on paper but which expressed more than all the oratory in the world.

It is curious how unequally things are sometimes divided in this world. One man has millions but is so dyspeptic that he cannot eat. Another has the digestion of an ostrich but not a penny with which to buy food. The normal small boy hates to be kissed. Especially, for some occult reason, does he hate to be kissed by an older sister. Billy was being showered with kisses, which as his consciousness returned to him and he realized how his helplessness was being abused, caused him to wriggle with annoyance, while Doctor George, who would gladly have given a year of his life for one of those same kisses, had to stand by with a helpless grin on his face and see them wasted. Such, at times, is the injustice of fate. Then the Doctor, feeling that he ought not to watch this scene, turned away and walked into the next room.

He could hear through the open door Frances' voice trembling with emotion as she told Billy over and over again how happy she was at his recovery, and answered his questions as to what had happened after he was hit.

"But, Frankie, what are you crying about?"

I wasn't in any danger after Doctor George got here. That thin, dark man couldn't do anything then. Doctor George drove him right out of the room just like Amyas Leigh would have done. I saw him."

"Darling, you're dreaming. There has been no thin, dark man here, nobody but you and I and Doctor George—and the boys."

"Yes there was. I saw him. An' he was the same man that came up an' shoved my head over so the ball hit it."

Doctor George sauntered back into the room and Billy appealed to him.

"Wasn't there, Doctor George?"

"Wasn't there what, Billy Boy?"

"Wasn't there a thin, dark man here and didn't you drive him out?"

"Yes, there was, Billy, and I suspected he had something to do with your being hurt but I wasn't sure. You say he pulled your head over?"

"No, he came up behind me and shoved my head over just after Carrots let go that inshoot. Just when I saw the ball coming I saw this man standing there, an' he stepped right back of me and shoved my head over, but I never saw him come up. He wasn't on the field when I went up to the plate, but when he shoved my head over I didn't have the strength to do anything; an' then the ball hit me an' I don't remember any more till I was lying here an' he was trying to do something to the back of my neck, an' you were fighting him and made him let go an' then you drove him out an' then I saw Frankie, here. You saw the man, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw him, Billy Boy, and I've seen him before."

Frances was standing up now, looking at Doctor George with wide open eyes. She seemed to be remembering something. Her eyes lit up with understanding.

"Oh! Then it was true!"

Billy and the Doctor looked at her inquiringly.

She took a step forward and laid a hand on the Doctor's arm. He promptly covered it with one of his own.

"Oh! George, forgive me. I didn't believe you when you said before that you had seen

them. I might have known! I might have trusted you! And I took all the lies that the Senor told me as true and distrusted my old friend. What could have been the matter with me? Can you ever forgive me, George?"

"It'll be the easiest thing I ever tried to do, sweetheart."

Frances paid no attention to that last unnecessary word. Perhaps she did not notice it. At any rate she went on,

"And to think, if it hadn't been for this accident to Billy, I might never have known!"

"Accident? There has been no accident, Frances."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there has been an attempt at murder, but no accident."

Frances started back in horror and was just parting her lips to speak when a shriek of utter terror rang through the room.

Doctor George jumped as if shot and then suddenly realized that the vibrations of the scream were not on the physical plane. Frances went on with her exclamation as though no interruption had occurred.

Neither she nor Billy had heard the cry, though Frances afterwards said she had heard something, but both of them fixed their gaze on Doctor George.

*(To be continued)*

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"If He who made us, made all other creatures also, and if they find a place in His providential plan, if His tender mercies reach to them—and this we Christians certainly believe—then I find it absolutely inconceivable that He should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truth which it is His will that we should master, only through the unutterable agonies [vivisection] of beings which trust in us."

*Bishop of Durham, London, England.*

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We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them, we see only their virtues.

*J. C. & A. W. Hare.*

# Question Department.

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## Can the Spirit of a Dead Person Destroy Life?

### QUESTION:

I wish to inquire whether the spirit of a dead person has power to destroy life. One who died about three months ago appears at night to my wife and threatens the lives of my two little children and myself unless certain conditions be complied with.

### ANSWER:

We are told in the "Cosmo-Conception" that a man, after passing out is just the same man that he was when on earth only lacking the physical envelope. Those whom he loved on earth, he still will love when in the Desire World. To those whom he hated and despised he will carry the same attitude until such feelings have been expurgated. We have not lost those who have passed through the gate of death; we are only unaware of their presence because of our want of clear sight. Max Heindel tells us, "Those whom we call dead are the ones who help us to live." ("Cosmo," p. 126.)

Read from "The Web of Destiny" by Max Heindel, pages 33 and 34:

"The vital body is able to sense things in a slight measure for a few days after death in ordinary cases . . . . Where a low life has hardened and endued it with great strength, it has a tenacious hold on life and an ability to feed on odors of foods and liquors. Sometimes, as a parasite, it even vampirizes people with whom it comes in contact.

"Thus an evil man may live for many, many years unseen in our very midst, yet so close that he is nearer than hands and feet. He is far more dangerous than the physical criminal, for he is able to prompt others of a similar bent to criminal or degenerate practices without fear of detection or punishment by law.

"Such beings are therefore one of the greatest

menaces to society imaginable. They have sent countless victims to prison, broken up homes, and caused an unbelievable amount of unhappiness. They always leave their victims when the latter have come into the clutches of the law."

This passage shows that those in the Desire World may compel a negative person at times to carry out their suggestion. We, ourselves, may be guilty of encouraging such entities and unconsciously aiding a robber or a murderer to commit a crime.

"When we go into a jury box and see before ourselves the criminal, we behold only his act; we have no cognizance of the thought which prompted him. If we have been in the habit of thinking evil, malicious thoughts against one person or another, those thoughts may have been attractive to that criminal, and on the principle that when we have before ourselves a saturated solution of salt, it will only take a single crystal to make that salt solution solidify, so also if a man has saturated his brain with thoughts of murder, the thought that we send out may be the last straw breaking the back of the camel, destroying the last barrier which would have held him from committing the act." ("Questions and Answers," p. 36.)

It is the condition we make during our association with people in their earth lives that create their attitude toward us after they pass out. We have ourselves to praise or blame for all that occurs in our lives.

Seeing that we are closely bound to those who have gone before us, it is reasonable to believe that much good or evil might come to us through them. Therefore we should make it our life work to overcome every angry feeling with love, to have no grudge towards any one, (See Matt. 5:25, 43, 48. Eph. 4:26-27), in order that no

evil force may be directed against us from the unseen worlds. Love will overcome every evil that may seek to reach us, for "Love is God, and God is Love." Our troubles come mostly from our not having a full realization of the effect of love. We have not cultivated it. It is time that our consciousness be awakened to the tremendous power of love as a *safeguard from evil*.

### SUGGESTION TO CHILDREN DURING SLEEP

#### QUESTION:

We have just been told of a method by which children may be helped to overcome undesirable habits by suggestion during sleep. Does the Rosicrucian Fellowship approve of this method?

#### ANSWER:

Max Heindel writes as follows on this subject in "Questions and Answers," page 69:

"This method of suggestion during sleep is something which mothers will find extremely beneficial in treating refractory children, for if the mother will sit by the bed of the sleeping child, hold its hand, speak to it as she would speak when it is awake, instill into its brain ideas of such a nature as she would wish it to entertain, she will find that in the waking state many of these ideas will have taken root. Also in dealing with a person who is sick or is addicted to drink, if the mother, nurse, or others use this method, they will find it possible to instill hope and healing, materially furthering recovery or aiding in self-mastery. This method may of course be used for evil, but we cannot refrain from publishing it, as we believe that the good which can be done in this way will much more than offset the few cases where some misguided person may use it for wrong purposes."

The Rosicrucians do not advocate hypnotism in any form, nor control of another's will, but sanction the suggestion of a certain mode of action, leaving the ego entirely free as to the course he adopts. But even in following this method great care must be used not to use force so as to substitute the will of the suggester for that of the one to whom the suggestion is given, for this is a form of hypnotism. It weakens the

will of the latter and any apparent benefit will be only temporary, the person relapsing later into a condition worse than the original.

The education of a child is a holy task and should be undertaken in a spirit of prayer. Within that little body a beautiful spirit is concealed, a part of God Himself. It is struggling for expression and trying to get control of its newly acquired vehicles. The child resents the restrictions which you place upon him. He is but lately from his Father's home, and may know more than you do upon certain subjects. You endeavor to force him to do thus and so. He resists. Gradually temper and passion are developed. Secrecy, lying, and many other qualities that you would not expect your child to possess make their appearance. What is to be done? How can we correct the fault without strengthening it by antagonism? The tendency to the faults may have been brought over from other lives and therefore grows quickly.

There is one infallible way to overcome evil: *It is by love*. If you really love your child, are not merely "attached" to him, you will deem no sacrifice too great to be made for his sake. Love suffereth long and is *kind*.

Perfect confidence between parents and child will smooth the way. If your child has already contracted some undesirable habits and refuses to accept your suggestions call on the Father for aid. Ask him to lead you, to guide you, to teach you, to make you more fit to have the care of an evolving soul; and night after night pray earnestly by the bedside of your child that he may be led aright and guarded, and that to yourself may be given the wisdom necessary to help him. "Ask and ye shall receive," but you must watch as well as pray. Trust your child, love him, pray for him.

An aroused public sentiment would drive vivisection out of existence in one year.—George T. Angell.

The man who wins is the man who works,  
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;  
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;  
The man who wins is the man who tries.  
—Selected.





# The Astral Ray.

## Diversity in Unity

C. W. STILES

*Editor's Note:—The following article was one of those submitted in our recent Prize Competition. It deals with the subjects of palmistry, phrenology, number vibration, and astrology, showing how these varying modes of delineation are but different aspects of a universal science of character reading.*

"I praise Thee with my lips,  
I know not the numbers."

**W**HETHER HAS dipped, however superficially, into the study of the occult or spiritual sciences has soon found, probably to his surprise, that they all tell the same story.

He very likely began by studying Physiognomy, as that is easiest to study. He has only to watch the faces he sees everywhere around him.

After having learned the significance of the obvious, he probably goes in search of new fields, and if he is old enough to have lived at the time when Phrenology had a following, he tries that. Here he is surprised and pleased to find that the man with the beaked nose showing the warrior quality, has a head which is very full over the ears, which means exactly the same thing. Or that the person with arched, beautifully formed eyebrows indicating artistic qualities, has the organ of ideality well developed. Also, he will soon discover that the man whose eye-

brows are regular but slightly flattened with one wrinkle between them, and who is possessed of a penetrating, critical mind with keen powers of observation, has the organs which control observation and reasoning power well developed.

The difference between the well opened, monogamic eye, showing faithfulness in either friendship or love, and the polygamic eye with the drooping upper lid, can also be found in the bumps of the head denoting conjugality and philoprogenitiveness. Mistakes are usually due to insufficient knowledge on the part of the reader, for an expert phrenologist can read a character surprisingly well.

While both of these sciences are really true sciences, neither goes far enough nor is profound enough for the truth seeker, so next he tries Palmistry.

Palmistry has gained a bad name from the perverted use made of it. It got its bad name from being used only for fortune telling. But the fact is, it is the only occult science which lends itself easily to fortune telling. When reading a hand, it is practically impossible to bar that element out.

The writer was at one time an expert palmist, and after reading hundreds of hands of people of whom she knew nothing, she decided that it was a true science. For fear of misconception she hastens to add that she never did it for money, although she frequently read hands, at

garden fetes, fairs and the like. In that way one hospital in particular received nice donations, while the writer got the experience she wanted and at the same time gave pleasure to a good many people.

In palmistry it is soon seen that the person with the beautifully arched eyebrows and the bump of ideality well developed, has a very full Mount of the Sun under the third or ring finger; that the polygamously inclined individual has various cross lines on his heart line which show this quality; that the beaked nosed man who is full over the ears, has the two Mounts of Mars well developed; that the keen, critical mind is clearly shown by the mounts and lines on Mercury in connection with the reading of the head line. So when one knows where to look, everything to be seen in the head and face can also be found in the hand.

The writer was once asked by a clergyman who had been listening to her readings with absorbed interest for at least an hour, if she thought she was doing right to tell so much from the hand. The writer indignantly inquired, "Who put those lines and marks in the hand?" The hesitating answer was, "God." "If you believe that, don't you suppose He intended us to find out their meaning?" There was no answer.

The truth seems to be that the shape of the hand and the mounts inside are basic and reveal the character of the individual, but the lines refer only to events and are not permanent. The writer once saw a life line which stopped short at about fifty years, but the man's health improved and when he reached fifty, the life line had gone on, far beyond.

In another case a young girl had a fairly good life line, but when a little over twenty, she developed consumption and her life line beyond that point seemed to actually vanish; at the time shown by its stopping, she died.

In her own hand for about two years the writer watched a voyage line develop when she had not the remotest expectation or prospect of a voyage. When the line was fully matured, she took the voyage.

Stars begin to develop on the sun or art line as a person comes to be known by the public. It

would be more exact to say that they begin to develop shortly before the event.

The time comes when the earnest student is ready to give up palmistry also. It is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It lacks.

The writer's next essay was in Number Vibration. The system she uses is the same system used by the old Greek philosopher, Pythagoras. The system came almost entirely as a recollection to a near relative of the writer, who had the pleasure of taking the notes of the first definitions remembered, which were never afterwards altered in the slightest particular. It would seem as if the receiver had been a pupil of Pythagoras in the far away time when he taught in Greece. The recollection came practically complete, and she has never had the slightest doubt that the teaching was that which she had received from Pythagoras and suddenly recalled.

This system of a Number Vibration is one of the things which proves itself true. Each letter of the alphabet has its own number and its own meaning, and the digit of the letters in a name tells what the name stands for. The digit of the vowels shows the spiritual urge.

The system seems to be based upon the trinity 1-2-3, which is generally called the Creative Trinity or the Working Trinity. This trinity is at the base of all action, and without a harmonious expression of it in any name, there is something lacking.

Mankind seems to have advanced since the days of Pythagoras, until now another trinity has come into expression. People of limited development see the working of the Creative Trinity 1-2-3, and instead of using it consciously, let it use them. When they have advanced to where they can comprehend what the trinity is, they are expressed by one of the master numbers 8, 9, 22, or 11 (practically the same thing), at which time they consciously work with it and use it in harmony with nature. So when people have reached the stage of realization expressed by 8, 9, 22, or 11, we say they belong to the Higher Trinity. 1 is expressed in 8 and 11, 2 is expressed in 22, and 3 is expressed in 9. Reasoning from analogy, we know that there must

be a still higher stage of realization, but that will not become manifest until we are ready for the religion of the Father.

If you are ever in doubt as to the value of anything, person, or place, take its number vibration and you have the answer. In the case of a person, you need also to see what work he came to do in the world and the kind of material he brought with him to work with. You get this by adding together the day, month, and year of his birth. 22 and 11 are never added to the other numbers; they always stand alone.

You can find the stage of evolution which an animal or thing has reached by taking its number vibration. For instance, the horse vibrates 11, the highest kind of animal; the dog also vibrates the master number 8; while the cat, as we should have supposed, vibrates only 6.

The lily vibrates 22, and shows out as a master of the flower realm; while iron, vibrating 11, proves itself a master of the mineral kingdom.

We are all interested in the Rosierucian Fellowship, so let us take its vibration to see what it stands for: Rosierucian vibrates 4. Among the ancients, 4 was the signature of the earth. Fellowship vibrates the master number 8. 8 shows reliability, and that money will always come to supply the need. 4 and 8 are 12 whose digit is 3, the expression number of the Creative Trinity, which expresses the work of the whole trinity. This trinity is at the base of all action; it is the creative power of the universe.

Eight (8), as has been explained, is a master number and so has reached the universal plane of consciousness. 4 has not yet reached the universal, but is a hard worker both with its hands and its head. It is very intellectual, and inclined to study and improve its intellect.

The vowels (representing the people), of *Rosierucian* sum up to 1 (initiators); the vowels of Fellowship come to 2. So here we have the entire Trinity manifest and not merely latent; the 1-2-3.

I have not at hand the date of the first ground breaking, but the year was 1911 which equals 3, and there were 9 people present. 9 is a universal number and a master of expression. The breaking of ground for the Ecclesia took

place on June 29, 1920, and there 65 people present. 1920 is another "3" year, and 29 or 11 is the highest master number. Adding 6 for June to the 3 of the year, the vibration of the date comes to 9-11, just about as high a vibration as is possible. The first time 9 people were present; the second time 65, which numbers added to get the digit give 11 again, the highest master number. So evidently the Fellowship is doing its work well and the members are advancing to the highest plane of consciousness.

It is most improbable that anybody selected these dates for their number vibration or chose that there should be 9 people present the first time, which already showed an advance; and the second time arranged for exactly 65 people to be present, 65 giving the number 11. So we know the Powers of the Universe, who make no mistakes, arranged the matter to show growth and give encouragement to the workers.

Mt. Ecclesia as now written vibrates Mt.-6; Ecclesia 3, giving the vibration of 9, the expression number of the universal. If the name had been spelled out Mount Ecclesia, the vibration would have been only 5, but Mt. Ecclesia with a vibration of 9 is universal. Its hidden strength is latent in its members as shown by the vowels for *Mt.* has no vowels to show the people; while *Mount* (Ecclesia), which is not in active use, shows that the people vibrate 9 for Mount and 2 for Ecclesia, making a digit of 11.

Who says this is accident or mere coincidence? It is not. There are far too many "coincidences" to be due to chance. The name was written Mt. Ecclesia by inspiration from on high.

But although the vibration of numbers shows exactly the status at which a soul has arrived and the material he brought with him to work with in this life, it has one inherent weakness: It does not show the soul's disabilities.

The name you are using today shows exactly the way you stand to the world. If you try to use a name of higher vibration than belongs to you, before you have made that vibration, the world will not use it. They will continue to call you by the name which represents your true status.

After years of search the writer was impelled

to take up the study of Astrology. She had never heard astrology spoken of except as an exploded heathen superstition, but suddenly she was driven by an irresistible impulse to study it for herself. She did not even know where to find the proper books. The desire seemed to come from nowhere, without any ascertainable cause.

She is sure now that in some former embodiment she was an astrologer. Her map shows it and the ease and matter-of-course manner in which she handles some kinds of figures belonging to astrology shows it, for mathematics and she are merely bowing acquaintances.

When she could at last cast a map and read it, although very imperfectly, she saw that her long search was ended. She had found what she had been diligently seeking. Not only the good qualities attained in former lives, but also the possibilities of this one as well as the disabilities which would make some things very difficult, were shown. Everything was there except the strength of the will, and it seems probable that this is pretty clearly indicated by the kind of signs which are on the angles.

One illustration of what I am trying to say, and I am done: As read from his number vibration, one man in a prominent position in the U. S. A. is shown to be a very advanced soul, who had achieved a high place in evolution before he came to birth this time. But on casting his map it is plain to be seen that although he has all the excellent qualities shown by his number vibrations, he had misused his opportunities in former lives and thus came to birth this time with his mental wires crossed, so that until he gets them straightened out, he cannot think straight; and the aspects to Mercury show that he probably would not recognize TRUTH if he fell over it. When looking at the map, one feels no blame but only pity for this poor soul, who has not yet learned his lesson and is so badly handicapped that he cannot possibly make his ideals come true, and worse than all, cannot divine the reason why.

In taking the data for a horoscope, the writer always asks for the full name as well as the one in general use. If there is a nickname used fre-

quently, she also takes that. Then when the map is cast, if the number vibration does not fit the map, she knows that she has made some mistake and goes over her work until she finds it.

Thus, Physiognomy, Phrenology, and Palmistry were all studied and practiced until they appeared to have no more to give, no unsounded depths to explore. But when the writer began with Astrology, she knew that she had reached home.

It is all there, and failure to dig it out is due solely to lack of sufficient knowledge. It requires not only knowledge, but when all the facts are worked out, it further requires all the highest faculties of the soul to read the meaning. The imagination, intuition, and divining faculty must all come into play. After a life time of work spent on astrology, one would be more than ever conscious of how little he knew, and would feel sure he had no more than scratched the surface.

When looking at an astrological map, one realizes that he is looking at a naked soul with all the veils off, and feels like taking off his shoes for he knows that he is on holy ground.

The practice of astrology also improves the reader. He becomes more understanding, less critical, and less liable to sit in judgment; in a word, more *compassionate*, and as compassion is the principle signature of Uranus, that planet is usually prominent in the map of an astrologer.

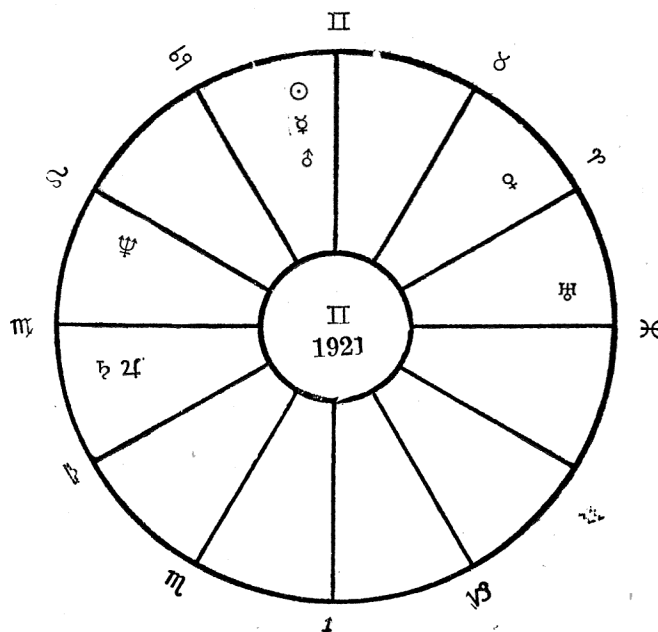
It is doubtful if without a good deal of soul quality a person could become a good astrologer. He might become an expert at seeing the physical qualities, the worldly conditions, but the esoteric value of the map would escape him. No sudden light would be likely to flash upon the hidden meanings. He would not be able to understand why the subject chose the wrong path at a certain place; in short, the hidden reason which caused the wheels to go round in one direction instead of the other, would not be divined. And to find out these reasons and make the disabilities plain while pointing out the remedy, encouraging and not discouraging, are

(Continued on page 78)

## Children of Gemini, 1921

Born between May 22nd and June 21st, inclusive.

**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 their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign in which the Sun is at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall 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 in which they are during that month. This will give an 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 born between the above dates, while the Sun is passing through the quick-witted, mercurial sign of Gemini will be unusually bright and entertaining, for we find the dynamic and fiery Mars transiting this sign, and from the 22nd to 31st of May, Mercury will also be here (its home), giving these children very quick, active, and keen minds. Especially those born between the two latter dates will be so entertaining and interesting that they will attract many friends. They will be very talkative; as small children they will be veritable chatterboxes, but very loving and easily controlled, for we find Venus in mundane sextile to the planets in Gemini.

There is danger, however, of lack of concentration, for Mars in a mercurial sign, while it makes them very clever both with the hands and the brain, yet will make them so full of ambition that they will want to do more than is possible to carry out. In fact, these children will have wonderful ideas and will talk a great deal about them, but Gemini children are very apt to tire of their work quickly and are of a changeable nature. They will be full of enthusiasm about their work, but before it is finished they will have another idea. The parents should teach

them concentration and insist on their finishing one thing before another is started.

The children born between May 30th and June 4th, while Mars is square to Saturn and Jupiter in Virgo, the affliction operating in two mercurial signs, will be apt to develop a tendency to criticism, and may not at all times adhere strictly to the truth. In fact, they may be somewhat tricky. But with the mystical Neptune in Leo, if the parents will help these children to foster the higher spiritual tendencies, they are not so apt to develop the critical side.

Whatever they become interested in they will talk of to the exclusion of everything else. Salesmen who have this configuration of planets in Gemini in their horoscopes will not leave the customer until they receive an order for their goods. Children born under these planetary configurations this year will make splendid salesmen.

With Jupiter in opposition to Uranus from Pisces and Virgo and a mundane square from the planets in Gemini, there will be a tendency to coughs and colds; it would be wise for the parents to teach these children to eat moderately and to give them plenty of outdoor exercise to increase the circulation of the blood.

## Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him 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 good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

*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 inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

*Editor's Note*—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

ENRICO, S.

Born May 20, 1916.

6:30 A. M.

Lat. 41 N., Long. 74 W.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Pisces 4; 11th house, Aries 7; 12th house, Taurus 19; Ascendant, Gemini 28-12; 2nd house, Cancer 18; 3rd house, Leo, 9.

*Positions of the Planets:*

Venus 11-19 Cancer; Saturn 13-38 Cancer; Neptune 0-18 Leo; Mars 26-13 Leo; Moon 9-15 Capricorn; Dragon's Head 2-20 Aquarius; Uranus 19-42 Aquarius; Jupiter 22-57 Aries; Sun 29-5 Taurus; Mercury 18-26 Gemini.

Here we have a bright little fellow with the mercurial sign of Gemini on the Ascendant and the life ruler, Mercury, just above the Ascendant, sextile to the reverent and philosophical Jupiter, and trine to the inventive Uranus, which is in its own sign of Aquarius in the 9th house. This will give the boy a bright and active mind with great originality. If he should take up scientific studies, especially astronomy or astrology, his inventive and original mind would soon place him in the lead. He will make many friends among scientific men of note; also judges and ministers will be attracted to him, for we find the ruler of the Midheaven and 7th house, Jupiter, in the house of friends and sextile to Uranus and Mercury.

We find Venus in conjunction with the obstructive Saturn in the sign of the stomach and in opposition to the Moon which is in the sign of Capricorn and in its fall; Saturn is also in the sign of its fall in Cancer. This is a very

evil and much afflicted position of the above three planets, especially as we find configurations which bring him so many notable friends and make him popular; also since Venus is the ruler of the 12th house, the house of the finances of his friends, indicating that they will "wine and dine" him, inviting him to join them in their pleasures.

Venus is also ruler of this boy's house of pleasure, the 5th house, and he will be apt to drift into the company of women who would lead him into high living, which would distract his attention from his work, and with his high-strung, nervous temperament would in time wreck his health, catarrh of the stomach resulting from excess in eating and drinking.

With Mars in the sign Leo where this fiery planet shows his greatest energy and emotion, and in opposition to the emotional and erratic Uranus, the Sun and Mars also being square to each other from the fixed signs of Leo and Taurus, the heart would be apt to give trouble. The parents should teach this boy moderation in eating and drinking. Venus in conjunction with Saturn in Cancer indicates carelessness and untidiness in the home surroundings. We advise the parents to teach him to keep his room in order at all times so as to acquire the habit of orderliness.

### VOCATIONAL

CORNELIA R. M.

Born March 7, 1895.

4:00 A. M.

Lat. 56 N., Long. 13 E.

*Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Scorpio 17; 11th house, Sagittarius 5; 12th house, Sagittarius 19; Ascendant, Capricorn 4-17, Aquarius intercepted; 2nd house, Pisces 1; 3rd house, Aries 20.



*Positions of the Planets:*

Mercury 28-14, retrograde, Aquarius; Sun 16-19 Pisces; Dragon's Head 22-23 Pisces; Venus 9-16 Aries; Mars 2-59 Gemini; Neptune 13-4 Gemini; Jupiter 26-39 Gemini; Moon 20-21 Cancer; Saturn 6-54, retrograde, Scorpio; Uranus 19-53, retrograde, Scorpio.

We have for our vocational reading this month the horoscope of a young woman with four degrees of Capricorn on the Ascendant, and with the ruler, Saturn, retrograde and in the sign of Scorpio in the 9th house. If we were to judge the figure from this one planet as life ruler, we would say that the young woman would be of a very suspicious, doubting, and egotistical nature with strong religious feeling, but her religion would be of a narrow and fatalistic nature. But we find that this horoscope has two rulers, for the philosophical and advanced sign of Aquarius is intercepted in the first house; this sign has two rulers, Saturn and Uranus, and both these planets are in the sign on the 10th house, Scorpio. Uranus is in its exaltation sign, which will give this advanced, original, and liberty loving planet the stronger influence upon this young woman's life. Especially as this planet is also in trine aspect to the Moon which is very strongly situated in its own sign of Cancer and in an angle, the 7th house.

With Uranus and Saturn in Scorpio near the Midheaven, and a saturnine sign rising, this young woman will be very ambitious and will want to rule; she will be apt to be unsympathetic and might sacrifice the comforts of others to further her ambition. With Venus, the ruler of the 9th house, in Aries and sextile to Mars, also with Uranus trine to the Moon, her religious ideals will be along advanced lines; she will waver between the old orthodox belief (Saturn in the 9th, sextile to the Ascendant) and the more advanced religion, but Uranus will some time in life win the battle.

With Jupiter, the ruler of the second house, friends, posited in the 6th house and trine to Mercury in the mental sign of Aquarius, also the Moon in its own sign of Cancer trine to the quick-witted Uranus, this young woman will be quick mentally, and will attract friends of an intellectual nature who will be ready at all times

to help her financially. People with Jupiter well aspected in the 6th house need never beg for employment; a position will be ready for them whenever they wish to accept it.

With Mars in Gemini, sextile to Venus, she will be very clever with the hands. Mars is square to Mercury, but to offset this we find Mars, ruler of the third house (the lower mind), sextile to Venus, ruler of the 9th house (the higher mind), and Mercury, ruler of the 5th house, publications, well aspected by Jupiter, all indicating that if this young woman would express herself through the pen, her writing would find favor with the publishers, and since Mars is ruling the 10th house, the house of publicity and the employer, she would also find favor with the world through the same medium.

We find a disappointment or broken engagement in 1918 when the radical Sun was in conjunction with Venus, but at the same time the Moon progressed was in opposition to Saturn which interfered with marriage. But there are other strong indications of a marriage in 1925 to a scientific and intellectual man, but of a restless nature who will want to travel. Venus will then have reached 16 degrees of Taurus, making a sextile to the radical Sun.

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### ASTROLOGY BY CORRESPONDENCE

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

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge may be admitted to instruction in either the Junior or Senior correspondence course.

There are no fixed fees for instruction. At the same time it cannot be given "*free*," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery and postage also cost money, and *unless you contribute your share, someone else must pay for you.* Address, Rosicrucian Fellowship, Ocean-side, Calif.

# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 133 to 141, *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What is the period called in which the birth of the personal desire occurs?
- A. The period of puberty.
- Q. What is the chief characteristic of this period?
- A. The attraction towards the opposite sex is felt.
- Q. During which years is this attraction most active and unrestrained, and why?
- A. During the third septenary period of life, from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, because the restraining mind is then still unborn.

### BIRTH OF THE MIND

- Q. After the fourteenth year, what takes place in man's evolution?
- A. The mind is in turn brooded over and nurtured by the macrocosmic mind, unfolding its latent possibilities and making it capable of original thought.
- Q. What transpires at the twenty-first year?
- A. The personal mind or mental body is born. The forces of the individual's different vehicles have now been ripened to such a degree that he can use them all in his evolution, and the ego comes into possession of all its vehicles.
- Q. How is this accomplished?
- A. This is done by means of the blood heat and by developing the individual blood, and this in turn is brought about in connection with the full development of the light ether.

### THE BLOOD, THE VEHICLE OF THE EGO

- Q. Up to the fourteenth year, how are the blood corpuscles principally supplied?
- A. By the thymus gland, which is the largest in the foetus and gradually diminishes as the individual blood making faculty develops in the growing child.
- Q. What does the thymus gland contain?
- A. A supply of blood corpuscles given by the parents, and consequently the child, which draws its blood from that source, does not realize its individuality.
- Q. When does the child commence to think for itself?
- A. Not until the blood is made by the child and the thymus gland disappears at the age of fourteen. Then the "I" feeling reaches its full expression, for then the blood is made and dominated entirely by the ego.
- Q. Upon what does assimilation and growth depend?
- A. Upon the forces working along the positive pole of the vital body's chemical ether.
- Q. When are these forces set free?
- A. At the seventh year, together with the other forces of the vital body. Only the chemical ether is fully ripe at that time; the other parts need more ripening.
- Q. When is the life ether of the vital body fully ripe?
- A. At the fourteenth year. The life ether has to do with propagation.

- Q. From the seventh to the fourteenth year, what becomes of the excess of vital force?
- A. It has been stored up and becomes available as sex force at the time the desire body is set free.
- Q. Where is this force of sex stored during the third of the seven year periods?
- A. In the blood. At that time the light ether, which is the avenue for the blood heat, is developed and controls the heart, so that the body is neither too hot nor too cold.
- Q. What often happens to the blood in early childhood?
- A. It often rises to an abnormal temperature.
- Q. And what frequently happens during the period of excessive growth?
- A. The reverse often occurs. In hot headed, unrestrained youth, passion and temper very often drive the ego out by overheating the blood.
- Q. What is this condition very appropriately called?
- A. An ebullition or boiling over of temper, and we describe the effect as causing the person to "lose his head"; that is, to become incapable of thought.
- Q. When the ego is driven outside the body by passion, rage, or temper, how do we describe the condition?
- A. We say of such a person that "He has lost control of himself." The ego is outside of its vehicles, and they are running amuck, bereft of the guiding influence of thought.
- Q. What is the great danger of such outbursts?
- A. It is that before the owner re-enters his body, some disembodied entity may take possession of it and keep him out.

### THE SACRAMENT OF COMMUNION

(Continued from page 49)

liberation of humanity from absolute rulership of visible superhuman guardians, this placement under *the law of consequence* and *the laws of nature*, with the *gift of WINE*, are described in the stories of Noah and Moses, which are different accounts of the same event.

Both Noah and Moses led their followers through the water. Moses calls heaven and earth to witness that he has placed before them the blessing and the curse, exhorts them to choose good or take the consequence of their actions. Then he leaves them.

The phenomenon of the rainbow requires that the sun be near the horizon, the nearer, the better, also a clear atmosphere and a dark rain cloud in the opposite quarter of the heavens. When under such conditions an observer stands with his back to the sun, he may see the sun's rays refracted through the rain drops as a rainbow. In early Atlantean times when there had been no rain as yet and the atmosphere was a warm, moist fog through which the sun appeared as one of our arc lamps on a foggy day, the phenomenon of the rainbow was an impossibility. It could not have made its appearance until the mist had condensed to rain, flooded the basins of the earth, and left the atmosphere clear as described in the story of Noah, which thus points to *the law of alternating cycles* that brings day and night, summer and winter, in unvarying sequence, and to which man is subject in the present age.

Noah also cultivates the vine and provides a spirit to stimulate man. Thus, equipped with a composite constitution, a composite diet appropriate thereto, and divine laws to guide them, mankind were left to their own devices in the battle of life.

### TALKS ON OCCULTISM

(Continued from page 51)

to be a fact. He knows rebirth to be a fact in nature and hence a fact of God, and he knows that since it is so, the day will surely come when the world will also know that it is so. And, knowing this, he could well afford to be quiet and wait, except that pity for the great pain of mankind moves him to try to spread that which to him has been so great a comfort, so great an inspiration; for the Master has said that he who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

# Children's Department

## A True Story

ELLA VAN GILDER

**T**HIS IS NOT to be a fairy story nor a make-up-out-of-your-head story, but it is a really true one told me by a very dear friend who has been a missionary for over fifteen years to the people in China.

We are apt to think the stories told by missionaries are all about very poor and miserable heathen who have scarcely enough to eat, and who live hardly better than animals; but this is a story about a very rich little girl who lived in all the splendor of an aristocratic household, and although she once had a very beautiful Chinese name, she is now known as Pauline.

I will have to begin this story a few years before Pauline was born in order that you may know of her family.

Her grandfather was a very wealthy man who held a high office in the government and lived in great luxury. His son also held a high position in the city where they dwelt, and when he married he brought his bride to his father's home, for that is a Chinese custom; the mother-in-law always remaining the head of the house. Pauline's grandmother was a very fine lady, who had been reared to the best that is given to the women of that land, and she was also a woman of very strong character. She was kind to her daughter-in-law and they lived very happily together.

When it became known that the stork, the emblem of which is in every home, was to visit that family, all the household rejoiced, and they daily offered incense and prayers to their gods, asking that the baby be a son who would be heir to all their riches, for in China, baby girls are never wanted. In the poorer classes they are often killed as soon as they are born, and even in the upper classes they are unkindly and often cruelly treated.

At last the baby came. The servants carried

the message to the grandmother that it was a girl, but this fine old woman, although she shared the bitter disappointment of the whole family, rose up hastily and going to the room of her daughter-in-law, picked up the baby and before them all said, "I am so glad the baby is a girl. She shall be my daughter, and you must all love her."

That established forever Pauline's standing in the home, and never was a baby more lovingly cared for or more delicately reared than this baby girl. Her father died when she was quite young, leaving her, the only child, to inherit a vast wealth. She and her mother became the children of the two old grandparents; the mother and daughter growing to be friends and companions as the years went by.

It is the custom in China for the parents to select the future husband or wife of their children and make all arrangements for their marriage. Sometimes the bride and groom have never seen each other until the wedding day, and so marriage is not a happy state as a usual thing.

Pauline's grandmother was so fearful that this might be the case with her grandchild, that after the future husband had been selected for her granddaughter, she made arrangements for the little boy to spend the greater part of his time at her home, in order that the children might become acquainted and learn to love each other.

So the little boy and girl played and studied and grew up together until when the day of their betrothal came, they were truly lovers, and they sat by the fountain where the lotus flowers gleamed white in the moonlight and dreamed golden dreams, just as all young lovers do.

The boy's parents, being wealthy, were to send their son to America to enter one of the large

colleges where he would learn the methods of the western world and bring them back with him to aid him in the administration of the affairs he would one day have charge of; and while he was away, Pauline was to be trained in all the culture that is given Chinese ladies, so that she could take her place as the wife of a high official.

She grew to be a wonderfully beautiful young girl. Her character was gentle and as lovable as her beauty was superb. Happy in her home, ministering to the comforts of her mother and grandparents, and dreaming of the time when she and her lover would be wedded, life was very sweet to this cherished child. She seemed in very truth a daughter of the gods.

So let us think for a while of this beautiful young girl as she wanders through the gardens,

picking the gorgeous flowers, listening to the birds as they sing to their mates, and dreaming her golden dreams of happiness; for, mercifully, not one shadow of the dark future had as yet come to mar her young life.

Scarcely a year had passed since Pauline's lover had sailed for the western world when she was stricken with a malignant fever, and although physicians and specialists were brought to her bedside, no hope of her recovery was given to her heartbroken family.

Near the city where they lived is a missionary station where noble men and women spend their lives helping and educating the Chinese people. They have established a hospital, and devoted physicians and nurses minister to the physical, and spiritual needs of all who come to them.

*(To be continued)*

## How the Violet's Wish Was Granted

URSULA TIBBELS ARIER

**T**HE FIRST VIOLET of springtime, one bright sunny day, pushed its little head from under a sheltering leaf. It was very happy to be out in the beautiful world once more in the midst of the budding life of spring. It proudly stretched its head up into the sweet air, and in so doing discovered, bending over it, the great white blossoms of an Easter Lily.

The lily grew in a flowerpot, and the gardener being anxious for all its buds to open for Easter, had placed it out in the sunshine. Now the little violet was filled with admiration when it saw the magnificent Easter Lily. It began to wish with all its heart that it were a lily instead of a common violet. As evening drew near the gardener took the Easter Lily away.

The next day when the first rays of the morning sun awakened the little violet, it began to bemoan its lowly fate. Presently, a lovely lady walking in the garden discovered the violet. With an exclamation of delight she stooped and plucked it. She kissed it and loved it so tenderly that the little flower felt that after all it might be worth while to be a tiny violet. The lady took it with her into the house, but soon tossed it aside. It fell into a flowerpot stand-

ing near the window. The violet began to weep bitterly at being thus cast aside, when looking up through its tears it saw bending kindly over it the Easter Lily.

At sight of the Lily, the violet dried its tears, glad that if it must die it could be comforted in its last hours by the presence of its beloved idol. As the day wore away the poor little flower withered and at sunset closed its eyes in death, its last conscious look resting on the pure white lily above. The soul of the violet lingered for a moment near its shriveled body and then was drawn by the powerful life within the lily down into its bulb beneath the surface.

The lily opened all its buds for Easter, but soon afterwards the blossoms began to wither. The lady then gave the flowerpot to the gardener, who took from the earth the bulb in which the soul of the violet was imprisoned, carefully wrapped it in paper and put it away. In the autumn he planted it in a flowerpot again. He set the pot in a warm, sunny window, where the bulb soon sprouted and grew into a large plant. When spring came it budded, and at Easter four large, white lilies unfolded their lovely petals. And lo! in the fairest of them all blossomed the soul of the tiny violet.

## Catarrhal Accretions

S. O. HARRIES

*Editor's Note:—This article was submitted in our recent Prize Competition.*

**F**OR THE PURPOSE of emphasizing certain lessons of experience, destiny rather than caprice led me to Sprucetown, a lumber camp in the northern wilds. Here the subject of catarrh and its cure was graphically illustrated.

In lumber camps eating is a fine art but dietetics a neglected science. "Clang! Clang!" goes the iron knob against the suspended disc saw and the men rush into the "hash house." The long tables are well laden, within fifteen minutes the men begin to straggle out. That men could eat so much in so little time seems incredible! Next to me on some mornings sat a big, squarely built man. He was very fond of hot cakes and syrup. Opposite me was a real joker, and winking, he would "keep tab:" "Ten, twelve, sixteen—whew! set a limit."

Food was abundant, but too rich; meat was supplied at every meal; milk was unobtainable. The bulk of the food consisted of white flour products and sugar stuffs. Piles of hot cakes disappeared like magic; poor quality white bread was disguised with butter and jam as thick as the bread; cakes were well iced with fancy designs in sugar; prunes and other fruit were cooked in tin dishes, which after the stewing retained nearly an inch of sugar at the *bottom*; heavy pies or pastry were provided at almost every meal. Owing to wrong habits of eating and unsuitable food, the lumbermen, generally speaking, were not healthy despite outdoor life and a fair amount of hard work.

One day whilst the camp doctor was away, I was asked to visit a man who was "down with the flu." His whole system was flabby and catarrh clogged. His family all suffered from colds and coughs. The diet contained the usual preponderance of starches, sugars, and narcotic drinks.

He told me that sometime previously he had suffered much from gallstones, these being soft and of a greenish color, but that a certain medicine had cured him. Realizing the impossibility of these greenish bodies being gallstones, I wondered if they were catarrhal accretions. The fact that the man now had catarrhal influenza despite a thorough cleansing of the intestines which the medicine had given him, was evidence in favor of the idea. Interest led me to investigate the nature of the medicine. The proprietors did not claim that it would remove gallstones, but stated that it was the most effective means known for removing catarrhal accretions from the stomach and intestines.

Here, then was another phase of catarrhal manifestation: the accumulation of mucous slime and hardened accretions in the intestines, clogging up the passage as catarrh clogs up the nasal passages. Later, this mass of excess material undergoing decomposition, generating excessive acidity from constant acid fermentation, develops into an ulcerated condition of stomach or intestines.

Sometime later after my return to my home town, I was asked to visit a young girl of fifteen. The doctors described the case as tubercular enteritis and gave no hope as the case had gone too far. The x-ray plates showed ulcerated patches in the intestines. The whole intestine was thick with mucous and slimy, greenish-yellow masses. Sad that such a promising life should end so early and with such suffering, mainly as the result of ignorance, neglect, and harmful indulgence!

Shortly after this, a lady asked me for advice about her children: the advice, however, was not taken. I begged this lady to visit the sick girl mentioned, adding, "It may teach you an important lesson." The lady visited the girl but missed the lesson. Within a few weeks, on New Year's Eve, this lady's little girl was taken

suddenly ill with colic and removed immediately to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. The surgeon showed the removed appendix. It was lined with greenish-yellow, slimy material. Speaking to the surgeon later I said, "The whole intestine is in a similar condition." He replied, "I think not, anyway, I cannot remove the whole intestine." Four weeks later the child had another severe attack. To help people nowadays one almost needs a good club.

Lately I have examined a number of cases where catarrh manifested as yellowish-green accretions, slimlike or in form of pellets (lumps hard or soft) along the intestines. The result in all cases was a partial clogging of the intestines, just as the nasal passages are often clogged by catarrhal substance.

In more advanced stages, or dry stages, the accretions, through excessive acidity generated during decomposition, cause sores or ulcers in stomach or intestines. Here again is found that permanent condition of fermentation and flatulency due to food passing into corrupt intestines. All the surrounding tissues become affected. Without this accumulation of filth and this state of devitalization, intestinal tuberculosis and ulceration would not be possible.

Again, it is well known, that many cases of such accretions are diagnosed as gallstones, tumors, etc., and operation is prescribed as the only remedy. Operation removes a diseased organ—it does not remove the cause of the disease. Even the accretions are but secondary causes. To remove them does not cure. The Sprucetown man removed them, but within a few weeks suffered from influenza; a general symptom of catarrh instead of a local specific manifestation. The surgeon removed the appendix, but could not remove the whole intestine, and he made no direct attempt to remove the impurities throughout the system.

What is the real cause of this very prevalent intestinal trouble involving catarrhal accretions? It is mainly overeating of starches and sugars. The nasal crusts, the throat phlegm, the intestinal accretions, and the ear discharges are all the result of abnormal methods of discharging waste material when normal methods

of excretion are ineffective to cope with the situation.

Parents, particularly, should take nature's warning, and when any signs of excessive mucous discharge occur, indicating catarrh, the child should be placed temporarily on a straight milk and fruit diet with lots of fresh air for dessert. To neglect a cold, a cough, or discharging ear is to invite more serious trouble later. Never aim merely at temporary relief or inhibition of local symptoms at the expense of constitutional welfare. Drugs or operations can affect local symptoms, but right living alone can maintain constitutional health.

Another patient suffering from "a thousand gallstones" was taken for experiment. Sugar in all forms was eliminated from the diet. Bread was limited to one slice of whole wheat or two shredded wheat biscuits daily. The diet consisted mainly of vegetables, except potatoes, and fresh fruits. Fish and eggs formed part of one meal daily. Milk and water were the only drinks. Outdoor exercise was increased, clothing was reduced in weight, and in a few days a cotton undervest replaced wool. Every day a cold sponge or cold wet towel rub was taken, followed by a dry rub. After one week the patient showed improvement. There was loss of weight, but lassitude gradually gave way to activity; the heavy feeling disappeared. During exercise and especially after the cold sponge or rub, the patient frequently spat up slimy green pellets. The same occurred after bathing in the river, a number of pellets being expectorated. Evidently, the system was toning up. Improvement was progressive. The patient lost in weight but gained in health. Flabbiness gave way to firm flesh. Endurance replaced easy fatigue, the eye regained some sparkle, the step some elasticity.

This case was typical. The best medicine is outdoor exercise; the best tonic is cold water applied externally, and the best corrective is a reduced, sensible diet. It may be well to summarize the above under headings—Catarrh: Diet; Exercise; Bathing; Clothing.

Catarrh is the basic symptom of all diseases where there is mucous discharge or slimy, cheesy deposits or accretions. It is due to over-



eating, especially of starches and sugars, and insufficient exercise and oxidation to eliminate the excess. This decomposing excess material precipitated from the blood channels into the tissues or various orifices is the mucous excess so noticeable in catarrh.

Treating local symptoms may give temporary local relief, but cannot permanently cure. Cure must be constitutional. The commonest cause of catarrh is excess of starch and sugar in diet. For prevention, sugar can be safely and conveniently eliminated from the diet. So can all white flour products; the greatest dietetic curse of the age. No sensible unbiased parent who investigates this matter fairly will give children denatured, clogging, white flour products. Parents should remember their responsibility regarding the child's health. Neglect engenders neglect. Children should be dieted mainly on milk, eggs in limited quantity, vegetables, and fruits. Of vegetables, potatoes and beans should be used sparingly, one medium sized potato being sufficient at any meal. Genuine whole wheat bread should be used, but in limited quantity. All starchy, sugary puddings and porridges should be abolished. Coarse oatmeal porridge or steamed wheat with milk but no sugar, may be used in cold weather. Of all the prepared breakfast foods shredded wheat is the only one wholly recommended, and when used it should displace bread or porridge.

The simpler the diet the better, providing the food be wholesome and nourishing. Eating becomes a habit, and the more we pamper children and humor the appetite, the more the habit becomes perverted. Time was when children enjoyed good whole wheat bread and a bowl of milk, with sometimes as a dainty, a ripe apple. Now children want hot cakes with syrup, plus sugared porridge, plus sugared tea, lumps of sugar for breakfast; cakes, pies, custards, jellies, and lots of good things for dinner, and the same for supper, with lots of candy and chewing gun between. They have learned to imitate the habits of the parents.

Every child and adult should spend at least one hour daily in active outdoor exercise. Those who cannot or will not do this should take regular physical culture exercise. It is a pity that

all children and adults do not learn to skip, and practice a few minutes skipping daily. It tones up the whole system. Of all systems of exercise published for indoor use the best for general health is "My System" by Muller. It is obtainable at any good bookstore. It has gained international fame and is worthy of its reputation. The system is published in three forms: For men, for women, for children. The exercises are graded and arranged so as to be suitable for all ages. The system calls for no apparatus, takes a minimum of time, is interesting, not monotonous, and leads to sound internal organs, flexible spine, and well toned skin and general circulation.

The weekly hot bath has become a general custom, but hot water, excellent for cleansing, cannot equal cold water as a tonic. Starting in summer it is easy to form the habit of enjoying a daily rub with a glove or towel dipped in cold water followed by a dry rub until the body glows. Parents should lead children to make this a regular habit. It takes but a few moments and is a wonderful tonic. Each time a hot bath is taken it should be followed by a cold rub down.

Most people are overclothed. It is doubtful whether the overclothing is adopted on account of a devitalized condition of the body which renders it unable to generate sufficient warmth by natural reaction, or whether the devitalized condition is partly due to overclothing.

Cotton or linen, not wool, should be worn next to the skin. Indoors the clothing should be light, a warm wrap being worn if necessary, on going outdoors. In winter, those who wear heavy clothing are most liable to illness, especially if the diet is not well regulated. Heavy clothing like heavy eating, promotes catarrh. All forms of pampering lead to devitalization.

Wrap a child in warm outer garments which can be removed when necessary. Do not clog the skin and inhibit its power of accommodation to the varying external temperature by wearing wool next to the skin. Napped cotton should be avoided; porous garments are preferable. Regular cold bathing will prove to be such a tonic that wool next to the skin becomes almost intolerably stifling.

Finally, children and adults should obtain

sufficient sleep in well ventilated rooms or in the open air. Most sufferers from catarrh distrust that good friend, fresh air, and sleep in closed, warm rooms. Dressed in warm clothing, living in hot houses, sleeping in stuffy rooms, people need little food, yet a pampered, humored appetite impels to overeating and acute conditions become chronic.

With right attention to diet, exercise, bathing, clothing, and sleep, catarrh may be prevented or cured and mucous accretions and deposits removed. With improved conditions of living improved health results and old symptoms disappear. It is a matter of choosing pleasures which leave no ill effects, in place of pleasures detrimental to health.

This appeal is mainly to *parents*. They have the power to order the activities of childhood so as to determine the habits of adult life; to lay the foundation of health or to foster the habits that end in chronic disease. Let us save the children by setting them examples worthy of imitation.

#### A PLEA FOR FUR BEARING ANIMALS

THEODORE MAUERSBERGER

**T**HE FABULOUS prices offered by fur dealers have started a quest for the fur bearing animals never before known in the West. There are trappers everywhere, and some of them are making much money; the fur dealer should be getting rich these days. In most states the trapper now pays for a license, which protects him and makes trapping a legitimate business; but he leads a hard life. On account of the ever increasing scarcity of these animals, the trapper has had to extend his lines more and more each year, and today there are some whose lines of traps extend from 100 to 150 miles, and up in Alaska even much farther.

You may ask these trappers and they will all admit that they rarely find an animal alive in the traps; nearly all perish before the trapper is able to get to them on his round, with the exception now and then of one of the larger animals which he finds waiting for the end to come; or a few, perhaps, with exceptional strength and vitality who may succeed in twisting off or

biting off the foot, so cruelly held by that cold instrument of torture, the modern steel trap.

Primitive men, the Indian and the old time trapper, were more humane in their methods; they built dead-falls, or traps that would kill almost instantly. The trappers today do not seem to care how long an animal suffers before it dies; they are interested only in getting the pelt and turning it into money. I may add that there are some traps on the market for trapping the smaller animals which are supposed to kill outright; but as a rule they are not strong enough to do so, and today the most generally used and favorite trap is the cruel steel trap.

Our present civilization can get along without furs. Society may demand them now more than ever, as the inhabitants of our cities and towns can testify, but this is not a legitimate demand. My plea is to spare the lives of these little animals, which were made by our Creator to share with us the blessings of life. In any case we should at the very least be more humane in our methods of trapping them.

#### A DOCTOR'S PRAYER

**T**HOU great Bestower of health, strength and comfort! grant Thy blessing upon the professional duties in which this day I may engage. Give me judgment to discern disease and skill to treat it; and crown with Thy favor the means that may be devised for recovery; for, with Thine assistance, the humblest instruments may succeed, as without it the ablest must prove unavailing.

Save me from all sordid motives; and endow me with a spirit of pity and liberality towards the poor, and of tenderness and sympathy towards all; that I may enter into the various feelings by which they are respectively tried; may weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice. And sanctify Thou their souls as well as heal their bodies. Let faith and patience and every Christian virtue which they are called upon to exercise, have their perfect work; so that in the gracious dealings of Thy spirit and of Thy Providence they may find in the end that

(Continued on page 77)

## Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

### —BREAKFAST—

Stewed Blackberries      Curried Eggs  
Entire Wheat Gems  
Cereal Coffee      Milk

### —DINNER—

Corn Soup  
Italian Macaroni      Creamed Spinach  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Milk

### —SUPPER—

Olive Sandwiches  
Carrot, Cucumber, and Onion Salad  
Cottage Cheese Cake      Milk

## Recipes

### *Curried Eggs*

Make plain scrambled eggs. Just before serving stir into them one tablespoon of cream to which has been added one teaspoon of curry powder and one-half teaspoon of onion juice. Serve hot on toast.

### *Italian Macaroni*

Boil three-fourths cup of macaroni broken in pieces in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse twice in cold water. Put three tablespoons of oil into a hot frying pan, into which put one sliced onion, one clove garlic, and one chopped green pepper, frying until slightly brown. Then add one and one-half cups of tomatoes. Let simmer until well reduced, then press through a colander. Make sauce of two tablespoons of butter and flour, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and the prepared tomatoes, adding one-half cup of grated cheese. As soon as the cheese is melted, pour the sauce over the cooked macaroni and lift with forks to mix thoroughly. Let stand on back of stove to heat before serving.

### *Creamed Spinach*

Steam sufficient spinach to make one quart when tender. Do not boil in water, but after carefully washing place spinach in stewpan with a close cover, adding enough water to keep from burning. Allow to steam about twenty minutes; chop fine. Prepare in a frying pan two tablespoons of butter, slowly adding one tablespoon of flour, stirring this until smooth and frothy, then add the spinach with one teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of paprika. Add one-half

pint of hot milk and allow to boil for about five minutes.

### *Olive Sandwich*

Remove the pits from one cup of olives. Chop fine with two hard-boiled eggs. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and onion juice. Spread between slices of bread.

### *Carrot, Cucumber, and Onion Salad*

Wash and scrape three carrots; peel one cucumber and two medium sized onions; add one green bell pepper. Chop this very fine and serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

### *Cottage Cheese Cake*

Rub two cups of cottage cheese through a colander. Beat three eggs into three-fourths cup of sugar, adding to the cheese the grated rind of one lemon. Beat until smooth. Line a deep pie dish with pastry. Fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

## A DOCTOR'S PRAYER

(Continued from page 76)

it has been good for them to have been afflicted. Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for the love of that adorable Redeemer, who while on earth went about doing good, and now ever liveth to make intercession for us in heaven. Amen.

Dr. John Mason Good.

Great deeds cannot die. They with the sun and moon renew their light, forever blessing those that look on them.

—Tennyson.

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Aiken, S. C., Jan. 17, 1921.

My dear Secretary:

I have been feeling so much better during this week that it seems almost miraculous. I do thank those of the Invisible Helpers and Elder Brothers who are ministering to me, for I am more grateful than I can express. I can walk further and do some things now that I haven't done for months. Those awful pains have left the top of my head and it is only occasionally that I have them in the back. My mind seems stronger, clearer, and I am more at peace so that I don't have to strain so hard to hold on. I am very hopeful that all will soon be well.

With many thanks, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
M. T.

Newark, N. J., March 20, 1921.

Rosierucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

The way I have been feeling the past two weeks, I feel I do not need your help any longer, so will discontinue for a while and see how I get on.

It is needless to say that I can not express my gratitude to you for all the good and loving work you have done for me.

Accept my heartiest thanks to you all.

Very gratefully yours,  
MRS. W. H. K.

Seattle, Wash., Dec., 18, 1920.

Rosierucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

I am very greatly improved. I have not felt so well in a long time. I do thank you and the Elder Brothers for all you have helped me. I have been in bad health for two years past, but was ashamed to come to you after I did not eat as you told me, and when I was sure that that was what was keeping me down in health.

I am sure I have learned my lesson this time in that respect and will henceforth eat only to live.

I am, sincerely,  
MRS. G. D.

Independence, Ore., April 2, 1921.

Rosierucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

Our baby seems perfectly well again, so the Elder Brothers may discontinue their healing, and they have our sincere thanks for all they have done for us.

We feel so grateful to know that the Helpers are always ready to come to our aid when we need them.

Yours sincerely,  
MRS. M. F.

### HEALING DATES

June .....	7—13—20—28
July .....	4—11—18—25
August .....	1—7—14—21—28

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 P. M.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 P. M., meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief. At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

### DIVERSITY IN UNITY

(Continued from page 65)

some of the principal uses of the divine science, Astrology.

(In connection with the above article the following data will be found interesting. At the Sunrise Service on Easter, which was held at the Emblem in the grounds on Mt. Ecclesia, there were 83 persons present, adding up to 11. At the Probationers' Full Moon meeting preceding Easter at which the esoteric work in the new Temple was begun, there were 29 present, again making the 11).

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

## Mt. Ecclesia--a Perspective

MRS. WM. KURT

Oh, little garden lowly!  
Where angels seem to dwell;  
We hear their songs so holy,  
As their sweet anthems swell;  
The music seems to linger  
Where they so lightly pass,  
On the perfume of the flowers,  
On the silent, soft green grass.

Oh, little band of workers!  
God's chosen ones to be;  
No room for idle shirkers,  
In this home close by the sea;  
A work of love they've chosen,  
The Christ message to proclaim,  
On lovely Mt. Ecclesia  
They tend the sacred flame.

Just a short visit to Mt. Ecclesia, the Rosicrucian Headquarters: It is not quite as I had pictured it, still so beautiful!

What a wonderful work has already been accomplished, and what still more wonderful possibilities lie pregnant in the little garden which God has set aside for the home of "the New Religion which shall come over the children of men!"

Mt. Ecclesia symbolizes a rare plant; so young, yet imperishable! In this tiny plant can be seen the promise of the tree "which shall be for the healing of the nations."

The impressions that I formed on my first visit to Mt. Ecclesia are almost too deep for words to express. A work of love and free will! How much better I can understand those words now! The Pro-Ecclesia is so beautiful and simple in design that it seems almost to have been built of pure and beautiful thoughts. Thrice blessed are those who are privileged to worship there.

The "holy of holies," the great Temple, a gem, crystal pure, the symbol of that wonderful age of which it is a herald, stands alone in

the silence on a knoll just across the canyon from the other buildings. From its location can be seen that beautiful view so much spoken of in the "Rays," that of the valley in which is located the San Luis Rey Mission, one of the first temples of the Christian religion built on the Pacific coast. The old temple in the valley of the past—the new temple on the Mount, a beacon light to the whole world! Could a more symbolical site have been chosen?

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### CUPID ON MT. ECCLESIA

You have been told about the fairies and how they work with the flowers on Mt. Ecclesia, of the gnomes and salamanders, of the sunsets and the snowstorms in the mountains. You have also been told much about our flowers and the wonderful scenery, but another element—we may call it a "sprite," has made its appearance. It is often pictured as a little, fat, chubby, half clad urchin with a bow and arrow, and string of hearts slung over his shoulders. He is commonly called CUPID.

Well, this little fellow has found his way to Mt. Ecclesia and has been hiding in the bookbindery for a number of months, skipping from paper cutter to sewing machine, back and forth, unseen of course, until he had woven his spell of love over two of the workers. His victims were Miss Hertha Scheider and Mr. Homer Shelley, who were married on April 13th.

We suspect, however, that this fellow is still among us and that he is finding a very fertile field for his pranks. May he prosper in his good work, and may this earthly love be the means of leading the aspirants to a greater—a divine love.

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### A PARTING

My friend has gone today, and with her going  
She took the rosy brightness of the day.  
She took the essence of the joy of living,  
And smiling softly at me, rode away.

My friend has gone today! The heart is saddened;  
The shadows brood within the darkened mind.  
The hands and feet respond so very slowly  
Too all the duties of the daily grind.

My friend is gone today! Oh, heart, take courage;  
One bright, sweet ray of hope is here to greet  
Your drooping spirits and your lonely hours,  
For some day, some time, somewhere we shall  
meet.

—*Tessie Lehrer.*

#### TO THE ROSICRUCIAN STUDENTS:

We know that you are all interested in the Rosicrucian Fellowship and want to see it grow. Headquarters was started in the fall of 1910 and has had a phenomenal growth; all the work has been done on voluntary contributions and the proceeds from the sales of books. Not one of our students has been asked for a penny. It has been stated in our literature, however, that they were expected to contribute something voluntarily in exchange for their lessons and letters, or for aid in healing. If they were too poor to pay and made this known at Headquarters, they received their lessons free. Many unfortunate but deserving ones have been made happy by receiving as much attention as the ones who contributed. Rich or poor, it matters not: All are given as much attention and help as time will permit.

Unfortunately, however, a number of students who are well able to pay, have been taking all and giving little or nothing. Since the contributions to the Ecclesia have been received, a number of our members who had sent ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars to the building fund, have discontinued their monthly contributions, and the Ecclesia fund is yet \$3,000 short. This amount has had to be paid out of our general fund, and with the financial stress in the world the book sales have been slow; also a number have not renewed their subscriptions to the magazine. As a result Headquarters has had to cut down its pay roll by laying off workers; but to lay off more workers would necessitate neglecting the personal letters which go out as messages of hope and cheer to those whose one ray of light is in this touch with Headquarters.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship at Mt. Ecclesia may be compared to the wonderful human body with its circulatory system, its arteries and

veins, and the stomach through which the food supply is received wherewith to feed these arteries with blood. In turn it is necessary that these blood vessels do their part in carrying the blood to the lungs to purify and oxygenate it, and then to the heart to give warmth and life to the whole body. Each vein and artery has its work to do and which is very necessary to the life of the heart. If one organ ceases its work, the whole body is disturbed and the circulation impeded. Now each individual member and subscriber in the world is to Headquarters what these blood vessels are to the heart: It depends upon them as channels for its sustenance. If a blood vessel neglects its duty, the heart and in time the whole body must suffer!

Are you neglecting to do your duty to Headquarters? Do you realize that when you fail in this respect, someone else in the world must suffer? If we are compelled to cut down our office force and make our workers work overtime to keep up the correspondence, or if our baskets remain filled with unanswered letters, perhaps your letter, which no doubt you prize, will be neglected. The heart must have the blood wherewith to give life and warmth to the body, and likewise Headquarters must have the means to give to the world that which it is so sadly in need of and which we at Mt. Ecclesia can give if all students will do their duty.

#### THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR LECTURERS

The work of the Training School is progressing very satisfactorily. Owing to Mrs. Cramer's departure on her lecture tour, the following named members have assumed her work of teaching:

Rosicrucian Philosophy . . . Mrs. Della B. Joy.  
English . . . Mrs. Kittie Cowen.  
Astrology . . . Mr. B. J. Hammer.

The work in the Expression Department under Mrs. Kellogg is developing well and is proving very interesting. There have been two evening entertainments given by the class, consisting of recitations, readings, and speeches, and several debates have been conducted.

The aim of the school is not only to develop lecturers but also teachers who are able to take charge of and conduct study centers.