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Editorial Department

Topics of the Day from the Rosicrucian Standpoint

The Industrial Situation in the United States

THE PRESENT industrial conditions in the United States indicate a great deal of unrest beneath the surface. This is evidenced in the succession of coal strikes during the past few years and in the imminence of a great railroad strike, which has been averted a number of times only by the utmost diplomacy. Other branches of industry are in a similar condition.

Occultists of note have been predicting for the past several years that the period between 1920 and 1925 was to be a reconstruction period for the entire world, and that the apex year of that period was to be 1923. They have claimed that during this period all the old institutions, political, social, and industrial, which have served their purpose will be disintegrated or superseded in order to make way for institutions of a higher character, better adapted to bring about the conditions which will prevail in the coming age.

A most important characteristic of the coming age will be a more uniform distribution of the products of labor, and the improvement of living conditions for all the people generally. In that age to serve the people will be the chief aim and ambition of men in all ranks of society, and not personal aggrandizement or selfish advancement. It will then be recognized that humanity as a whole constitutes a composite entity and has a composite life; also that no part of that composite being can suffer without all other parts being adversely affected thereby. "Each for all and all for each," will be the keynote of the coming age. The keynote of the present age has been quite largely, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

Under the old regime and the incentive of personal advancement, captains of industry have gradually built up the extensive organizations known as "corporations." It was entirely necessary that the organization machinery of these

should be invented and perfected, because it is the means by which production may be increased to almost any extent and the needs of a very large population provided for. The time has arrived, however, when this machinery must to a larger degree be turned over to serve all the people. This means that institutions which do not serve the whole will either be taken over by the government and used for the benefit of all, or else will be superseded by others. This does not mean that the individual master mind will no longer have scope for its activities, nor that its rewards will become mediocre; but these will cease to be greatly out of proportion to the service rendered as is often the case at present.

The creative instinct in man is something that must be satisfied in order to keep him contented. It is not enough to furnish a man with a job which merely provides him with the necessary food, clothing, and shelter. His employment must be such as to at least moderately exercise his creative instinct, otherwise he ceases to have an interest in his work and becomes discontented. Then his mind becomes a fertile seed ground for all the schemes of discontent, and when a sufficient number have reached this stage, we have an era of industrial turbulence and distress.

In the new age the economic principle of "division of labor" which has been developed during the past era will undoubtedly be continued to a large extent, as thereby production is very largely increased, and increased production will be necessary to take care of the ever increasing population. Division of labor, however, militates directly against the satisfying of the creative instinct. To offset this the social and spiritual benefits possible from community life must be developed, and also means devised to satisfy the creative instinct in lines outside the regular employment. This would mean that working hours must be decreased so as to allow more time for recreation and more time for activities along educational and artistic lines. These activities

need not be unproductive, but their productivity will be of a nature other than purely economic.

It is our sincere hope that the remodeling of the present system may proceed so as to cause the least possible distress to the people generally. It is entirely possible for this to be accomplished. There is no occasion whatever for disturbance if those who occupy positions of responsibility and authority will recognize the fact that a new era is at hand and that a broader vision is required than has been in evidence during the past age. There is much to show that these views are coming into prominence among the leaders of our industrial enterprises. As to just how far the leaders have advanced in this direction, however, is still a matter to be determined by observation.

We may well watch the remainder of 1923 and also the immediately succeeding years with the most intense interest, because they will undoubtedly be years which will loom up large in history.

The Decadence of the Modern Newspaper

THE MODERN newspaper is a sad spectacle! Why? Because it makes crime and sensationalism of all sorts its leading features; because it takes a destructive element and plays it up instead of emphasizing the constructive side of society and its activities.

One would think from a perusal of the ordinary newspaper of the day that crime was the most important thing in the world, whereas as a matter of fact it is the least important.

Looking back a hundred or five hundred years from now when humanity has progressed in its evolution to a higher status, the present newspaper will be regarded as the evidence of a barbaric age, much as we regard the institutions of medieval times.

The excessively bad feature of the modern newspaper consists in the destructive mental suggestions which it broadcasts over the country, and which affect weak mentalities to an alarming degree. The occultist has demonstrated beyond all doubt that thought is creative, that nothing exists on the material plane without the

previous creation of its mental archetype, and that all external manifestations are the result of the materialization of thought forms. When the thoughts of a whole people are turned into channels of crime and sensationalism by the glaring headlines of the morning newspaper together with the details which are printed farther down the page, it results in the creation of an innumerable number of thought forms which embody these elements. These thought forms, being semi-intelligent entities on the invisible planes, influence weak mentalities to commit crime of a character similar to that depicted in the original news item.

The police department of the various cities decry the fact that periodical waves of crime of various types sweep the country. To the occult student it is perfectly plain that the prevailing type of newspaper is a very large contributing cause of these manifestations. The thought forms created by the exploitation of crime in newspapers tend to unite in thought currents which traverse the country from one end to the other, and which act as a powerful suggestive force to all who have any affinity with destructiveness.

The newspapers may, if they will, play a very important part in the process of guiding the thoughts of the people along the right lines. What these lines should be, Max Heindel has indicated very clearly in his dictum which says, "Look for the good in everything." By so doing we create thought forms which help both ourselves and others to succeed in the pursuit of prosperity and happiness.

There is one newspaper in the United States which is a notable exception to the general rule. This is a paper published by an advanced thought organization in the East. It makes a point of looking consistently for the good in all things, and refuses absolutely to publish anything regarding sensationalism and crime. By so doing the suggestions which it sends forth are of a sort which tend to build up the race in its activities, and not to pull it down as does the ordinary newspaper.

The day will come when newspapers will realize the principle involved in this subject and will modify their prevailing tone. Students of

occultism will have an important part in bringing this result about by spreading the knowledge of the creative power of thought. When this knowledge becomes universal, there will be no demand for newspapers of the present type, and they will automatically go out of existence.

Intolerance in the Episcopal Church

THE CURRENT literature of the last two or three months has had much to say about the controversy between Bishop Manning of New York and the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York City.

The latter expressed in the course of his sermons some time ago sentiments which seemed to be somewhat contrary to orthodox church doctrine and invoked the displeasure of the bishop in charge of the diocese in which his church was located. The bishop interrogated Dr. Grant by correspondence, but after considerable publicity had been given the subject, he decided to drop it. Dr. Grant was not at all conciliatory in the position which he took in the matter, affirming his right to interpret his obligations to the church in accordance with his own ideas.

Bishop Manning in a letter to Dr. Grant says, "You are not brought to trial, because your letter in response to mine was vague and ambiguous instead of clear and explicit. . . . There for the present the matter rests."

Heresy trials have been a feature of church history throughout the two thousand years since Christ walked the earth, but they have become unpopular. There has probably been no inclination on the part of the Episcopal Church officials to institute a heresy charge against Dr. Grant, but there has been a distinct desire on their part to bring pressure to bear upon him to compel him to keep his utterances within the creeds and dogmas of the Episcopal Church. The weapon which they have for their use is that of dismissal in case the individual clergyman refuses to follow instructions.

We believe that orthodox religion has served

an important purpose and that its creeds and dogmas have been necessary. Even at the present time a statement of doctrine is necessary in order to crystallize the ideas of the adherents of a religion and put their faith in such a form that it can be readily comprehended and applied. However, truth is universal and cannot be confined in creeds. Therefore any attempt to so confine it is a mistake. We must be broad enough to accept truth from any source. If we refuse to do so, crystallization is sure to follow, and this means that we become impervious to truth and unable to recognize it when we see it.

All this applies to the occult organizations and societies which are now starting up in all parts of the United States. Unless these are broad enough to recognize that truth must not be confined, they will go the way of the orthodox church. But we have evidence to believe that they will not follow the path of orthodox religion.

This does not mean that a certain school should not confine itself to the teachings of its own philosophy. Centralization is necessary in all branches of human endeavor if we are to accomplish anything. We cannot diffuse too much; we cannot reach a given objective point by traveling two paths at the same time. Therefore it is entirely proper for any occult organization to restrict itself to teaching the philosophy which it has developed. Moreover, the different occult schools have different methods of development, and a dangerous conflict of vibrations results when the aspirant tries to follow more than one, particularly when he reaches the esoteric stage. Hence it is necessary for him to choose and confine himself to the activities of one only.

However, this does not justify intolerance of the ideas and truths which other schools may possess and be giving out. In addition, there should be harmony and co-operation between all occult schools, since the movement as a whole will be strengthened and its power for advancing the cause of human evolution be increased thereby.

God is Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. St. John 4:24.

The Mystic Light.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. This teaching makes no statements not supported by reason and logic. It satisfies the mind by giving clear explanations, and neither begs nor evades questions. It gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries, but—and this is a very important “but”—*Rosicrucian Christianity does not regard the intellectual understanding of God and the universe as an end in itself; far from it. The greater the intellect, the greater the danger of its misuse. Therefore the scientific teaching is only given in order that man may believe and begin to live the religious life which alone can bring true fellowship.*

The Rosicrucian Fellowship aims to make the Christian religion a living factor in the land. It encourages people to remain with their churches as long as they can find spiritual comfort there and gives them at the same time the explanations which creeds may have obscured. To such as have already severed their connections with the church, it offers the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, so that their essential truth and beauty may again be recognized and accepted.

Our Motto is—A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY

The Drifters

HOWARD S. DAVIS

Could'st peer beyond the night which covers thee,
And somewhere out ahead a reef-bound harbor
see;

Would'st dare to claim that harbor for thine
own,
And win it through the night, unaided and
alone?

And think! If thou could'st conjure up the past,
And find some tangled threads entangled fast;
Would'st dare to bend thy head and whisper
“mine,”

And then with bleeding fingers, knot for knot
untwine?

But listen thou! If youth could look ahead,
And find no new adventure in life's tangled
thread;

And death a new beginning—not the end,
Would youth stay youth and never onward
wend?

The Keeper of the Inn must have his due;
Let's pay him now and get the matter through.
And those who choose the fleshpots, let them
stay,

For the fleshpots must be put aside some day.

The fleshpots must be put aside, and once for
all

The laughter silenced in the tavern's hall.
The lights must dim; the women of the town
Like you must turn life's empty wineglass down.

Ere all the knowledge that it holds is gained,
The cup must many times be filled and drained.
So let them drink tonight and have their fill;
All things must end—each one must foot his bill.

But thou who once were deep within the pit—
Be tolerant; they too will struggle out of it.
For stronger he who rises from the fall,
Than he who never walks nor trips at all.

Mystic Light on the World War

Part 3--Peace on Earth

MAX HEINDEL

A Former Lesson to Students

A WAR-WEARY world, red with the blood of millions, the hope of its future, the flower of its young manhood, is groaning in agony, praying for peace, not an armistice—a temporary cessation of hostilities, but

everlasting peace, and it is striving to solve the problem of how to accomplish this much desired end. But it is striking at effects because ignorant of or blind to the one great underlying cause of the ferocity, which has been but barely hidden

under a thin veneer of civilization before it burst into the volcano of destruction which we have recently witnessed and are now lamenting.

Until the connection between the food of man and his nature is understood and the knowledge applied to tame the passions and eradicate ferocity, there can be no lasting peace. In the dim dawn of being when man-in-the-making wrought under the direct guidance of the Divine Hierarchs who led him along the path of evolution, food was given him of a nature that would develop his various vehicles in an orderly, systematic manner, so that in time these different bodies would grow into a composite instrument usable as the temple of an indwelling spirit which might then enter and learn life's lessons by a series of embodiments in earthly bodies of an increasingly finer texture. Five great stages or epochs are observable in the evolutionary journey of man upon earth.

In the first, or Polarian Epoch, what is now man had only a dense body as the minerals have now, hence he was mineral-like, and it is said in the Bible that "*Adam* was formed of the earth."

In the second, or Hyperborean Epoch, a vital body made of ether was added, and man-in-the-making had then a body constituted as are those of the present plants; he was not a plant but was plantlike. *Cain*, the man of that time, is described as an agriculturist; his food was derived solely from vegetation, for plants contain more ether than any other structure.

In the third, or Lemurian Epoch, man cultivated a desire body, a vehicle of passions and emotions, and was then constituted as the animal. Then milk, a product of living animals, was added to his diet, for this substance is most easily worked upon by the emotions. *Abel*, the man of that time, is described as a shepherd. It is nowhere stated that he killed an animal for food.

In the fourth, or Atlantean Epoch, mind was unfolded, and the composite body became the temple of an indwelling spirit, a thinking being. But thought breaks down nerve cells; it kills, destroys, and causes decay, therefore the new food of the Atlantean was dead carcasses. He killed to eat, and so the Bible describes the man of that time as *Nimrod*, a mighty hunter.

By partaking of these various foods man

descended deeper and deeper into matter; his erstwhile ethereal body formed a skeleton within and became solid. At the same time he gradually lost his spiritual perception, but the memory of heaven was always with him, and he knew himself to be an exile from his true home, the heaven world. In order to enable him to forget this fact and apply himself with undivided attention to conquering the material world, a new article of diet, namely, wine, was added in the fifth or Aryan Epoch. Because of indulgence in this counterfeit spirit of alcohol during the millenniums which have passed since man came up out of Atlantis, the most advanced races of humanity are also the most atheistic and materialistic. *They are all drunk* for even though a person may say, and say quite truthfully, that he has never touched liquor in his life, it is nevertheless a fact that the body in which he is functioning has descended from ancestors who for millenniums have indulged in alcoholic beverages in unstinted measure. Therefore the atoms composing all present day Western bodies are unable to vibrate to the measure necessary for the cognition of the invisible worlds as they were before wine was added to the diet of humanity. Similarly, though a child may be brought up today on a fleshless diet, it still partakes of the ferocious nature of its flesh-eating ancestors of a million years, though in a less degree than those who still continue to feast on flesh. Thus the effect of the flesh food provided for man-in-the-making is deep-seated and deep-rooted even in those who do not now indulge in it.

What wonder then that those who still partake of flesh and wine return at times to godless savagery and exhibit a ferocity unrestrained by any of the finer feelings supposed to have been fostered by centuries of so-called civilization! So long as men continue to quench the immortal spirit within themselves by partaking of flesh and the counterfeit alcoholic spirit, there can never be lasting peace on earth, for the innate ferocity fostered by these articles will break through at intervals and sweep even the most altruistic conceptions and ideals into a maelstrom of savagery, a carnival of ruthless slaughter which will grow correspondingly greater as the intellect of man evolves and enables him to conceive with his master mind methods of destruction more diabolical than any we have yet witnessed.

It needs no argument to prove that the recent war was much more destructive than any of the previous conflicts recorded in history, because it was fought by men of *brain* rather than by men of *brawn*. The ingenuity which in times of peace has been turned to such good account in constructive enterprises was enlisted in the service of destruction, and it is safe to say that if another war is fought fifty or a hundred years hence, it may perhaps all but depopulate the earth. Therefore a lasting peace is an absolute necessity from the standpoint of self-preservation and no thinking man or woman can afford to brush aside without investigation any theory which is advanced as tending to make war impossible, even if they have been accustomed to regard it as a foolish fad.

There is plenty of proof that a carnivorous diet fosters ferocity, but lack of space prevents a thorough discussion of this phase of the subject. We may, however, mention the well-known fierceness of beasts of prey and the cruelty of the meat-eating American Indian as fair examples. On the other hand, the prodigious strength and the docile nature of the ox, the elephant, and the horse show the effects of the herbivorous diet on animals, while the vegetarian and peaceable nations of the Orient are a proof of the argument against a flesh diet which cannot be successfully gainsaid. Flesh food has fostered human ingenuity of a low order in the past; it has served a purpose in our evolution; but we are now standing on the threshold of a new age when self-sacrifice and service will bring spiritual growth to humanity. The evolution of the mind will bring a wisdom profound beyond our greatest conception, but before it will be safe to entrust us with that wisdom, we must become *harmless* as doves, for otherwise we should be apt to turn it to such selfish and destructive purposes that it would be an inconceivable menace to our fellow men. To avoid this the vegetarian diet must be adopted.

But there are vegetarians and vegetarians: In Europe conditions cause people now to abstain from flesh eating to a very large extent. They are not true vegetarians for they are lusting for flesh every moment of their lives, and they feel the want of it as a great hardship and sacrifice. In time they would of course grow used to it, and in many generations it would make them

gentle and docile, but obviously that is not the kind of vegetarianism we need now. There are others who abstain from flesh foods for the sake of health; their motive is selfish, and many among them probably also lust after the "flesh pots of Egypt." Their attitude of mind is not such either that it would abolish ferocity very quickly.

But there is a third class which realizes that all life is God's life and that to cause suffering to any sentient being is wrong, so out of pure compassion they abstain from the use of flesh foods. They are the true vegetarians, and *it is obvious that a world war could never be fought by people of this turn of mind*. All true Christians will also be abstainers from flesh foods for similar motives. Then peace on earth and good will among men will be an assured fact; the nations will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks that they may cease to deal death, sorrow and suffering, and become instruments to foster life, love, and happiness.

Our own safety, the safety of our children, the safety of the human race even, demands that we listen to the inspired voice of the poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who wrote the following soul stirring appeal in behalf of our dumb fellow creatures:

"I am the voice of the voiceless,
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till a deaf world's ear
Shall be made to hear
The wrongs of the wordless weak.

"The same force formed the sparrow,
That fashioned man the king,
The God of the Whole
Gave a spark of soul,
To furred and feathered thing.

"And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word
For beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right."

Love is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives the longest.

—Henry van Dyke.

Boolah

A Story—"There Is No Death"

MARGARET BRENT

UNDERNEATH THE low-growing spruce branches only sparse wood grass grew, struggling up through carpeting brown needles in scanty tufts. Here, domestically set forth, were two chairs and a table, sticky with resinous dropping. The hidden place beneath the tree was Philip's playhouse, and it became at need a fortified castle, a beleaguered city, a retreat from lurking savages, or a ship upon the sea.

As Anne sat by the open window, reading her sister's letter again, Philip's voice rose high and thrillingly sweet in a little tune hummed now and then in intervals between activities. The sound blended with lilac fragrance and fresh earth smells and the beauty of vibrating sunshine.

"Boolah and me—e—
Under a tree—e—e."

he droned, and as the song suddenly sounded clearer, Anne looked out and saw his laughing face on a level with her own.

"Come on down, mother. There's a party. Mary's going to give me some cookies when they're baked, and I smell 'em now."

"All right, Philip, I'll come," and Anne folded the letter.

Having delivered his invitation by a charmingly hazardous route, Philip let himself down from sticky limb to limb, arriving in a state incomparably dirty. An explorer's joys are not for the squeamish.

Descending the stairs, again Anne heard the familiar little tune. Philip sang it in perfect waltz rhythm, pausing at the end of each line to round out the measure, and he was still humming it when she knocked at the castle door—an expected formality.

The host carried, precariously balanced, a plate of ginger cookies and a tray containing a water pitcher. He shook hands gravely and indicated a chair.

"I guess maybe I'm a little dirty. I've been

playing Indian, and you have to have grease and stuff."

"You are—a little," said Anne and sought out the cleaner chair.

"Have a cookie. They're clean."

"Thanks."

"And some water." Philip poured water into highly questionable glasses.

Anne shuddered. "Please—" she began.

But Philip interrupted: "I can't think what's happened to this water to make it—so queer, unless Boolah washed his hands in it. Did you, sir?"

Boolah was an imaginary playmate, whose presence was understood by the family, and this sally was greeted with laughter. The party grew merry and boisterous. Anne reflected that criticism broke the spirit of parties and that visible dirt was less deadly than invisible, but she declined water nevertheless.

Philip devoured cookies in huge mouthfuls. "I'm eating Boolah's today too, because he says he aint very hungry."

"That's all right then. Philip, I just had a letter from Aunt Marian. Do you remember her?"

He shook his head. "I guess not."

"She's coming to visit us soon. She sent you twenty kisses."

Neither visit nor kisses aroused enthusiasm.

"I think you do remember her. Will you be glad to see her?"

"I guess so. Say, mother, there's been a cat-bird around all the morning."

"Really, dear?. Phil, do you remember Billy?"

"Billy?"

"Her little boy who died?"

The wide gaze was noncommittal.

"I want you to be nice and make her feel happy when she comes next week. I want you to let her kiss you, will you?"

"I suppose so if she wants to. Why does she want to?"

"Why, she loves you for one thing, and then I suppose she's lonely for her little boy, and it will make her feel happy if she feels you like her and partly belong to her?"

"I don't really, do I?"

"No, but you'll be ever so fond of Aunt Marian when you see her. You don't remember them because you were only four when you saw them."

"Huh! just a baby. I'm most eight now."

Anne rose. "Well, I enjoyed your party," she said and shook hands. "I'm going to town in the car; do you want to come? You'll have to clean up, you know."

"All right. And can Boolah come too?"

"What a funny child you are, Philip."

"Can he?"

"Yes. Get your hair brushed and your shoes."

"Boolah says, Don't use the same brush though. That's a good joke all right, Boolah, old fellow."

The morning of Aunt Marian's arrival Philip helped fill the guest room with sweet-scented flowers; then while Katie made the bed, he looked over the books lying on the table. They were uninteresting books, and he was about to run to play to the certain damage of his fresh linen suit, when Katie, under instructions, pulled him back and said he might help arrange the bathroom towels. He spelled out his mother's initials on each one, and when that amusement palled, began a discussion of the edibility of cherry worms. A big boy, ten years old, had fully proved to him that, living in and upon cherries, the worms could not possibly hurt one.

"Oh, go on," said Katie. "Don't you let me catch you doing such things as that." Cherry worms! Run along now, your mother's calling."

"I won't Katie. I was just joking you; good-bye."

As Philip seated himself beside his mother, he announced that Boolah had come. "He's awful clean too, and he wants to see Aunt Marian. He says she knows him."

"Philip! don't talk so."

"He does too."

"Hush."

Philip received like a man the kiss of his sweet-faced, black-robed aunt. In the excitement

of greetings and trunks and questions he had plenty of opportunity to study her in secret, and was glad to feel that he should probably like her.

Not until afternoon did the sisters find time for an uninterrupted conversation, and they plunged at once into what was in each heart waiting expression.

"Jack has been simply heavenly to me all this year," began Marian. "But can any man know how a woman misses a child? All day while Jack was at the office, Billy was with me—he can't know."

"Of course not, dear."

"He loved Billy of course. I don't mean to infer he didn't, and he was a lovely father. But after all, months ago I could see it ceasing to be a constant, hourly grief to him—while to me it is still a burden of loneliness and desolation, never a night—" blinding tears stopped her.

"It must be terrible, Marian," and Anne's eyes filled. "When I imagine what it would be without Philip!"

"You only think you imagine—you can't. You'll never know unless it comes to you."

"No."

Up through the open window came the sweet child voice:

"Boolah and me,
Under a tree."

"Perhaps it makes you sadder hearing and seeing *him*," Anne began."

Marian straightened herself. "No, I love him too. And I'm not going to spoil our lovely time together. I'm thankful you don't know. I hope you never will. What is that song he keeps singing?"

Anne welcomed the more cheerful tone.

"Just a little song he made up. When he's alone he plays with an imaginary child just as I used to."

"I don't believe Billy ever had any such notion. I'm sure I never did. But you were always a queer child, Anne. And Philip is like you. I see it in lots of ways; here he is now."

"I'm hungry," he announced. "Isn't it most lunch time?"

"No."

"I'll get some bread and butter then. Boolah's hungry too," and he clattered away.

"That imaginary child is very real to him,

isn't he? I don't believe it's good for a child to imagine such things. Philip," went on Marian when the boy returned and held a slice of bread over an empty chair, "where do you think your Boolah is?"

Philip opened wide eyes. "Right in the chair!"

"Do you pretend you see him?"

"No, I don't pretend. I do see him. Can't you see he's there?"

"You know, dear," said Anne, "no one but you can see Boolah."

Philip seemed concerned how to deal with this amazing stupidity. He climbed in his mother's lap. "Can't you see him *now*, Aunt Marian? He wants to get in your lap."

"He's altogether too fanciful, Anne. I don't believe it's good to encourage him in these notions."

"Oh, he's played with Boolah now for a year or more," said Anne, her arm about the child. "It makes him happy—and considerate of others. He'll forget all about it when he goes to school next year."

"Aunt Marian," said Philip, who had been looking seriously into vacancy, "Boolah says he likes you. He wants you to kiss him."

"Well, of all the silly notions!"

"He says, please. He says you used to love to."

Sheepishly Marian kissed the indicated spot of air.

While there were frequently days when Boolah was absent and Philip played whole-heartedly with other boys, during Marian's visit the imaginary comrade was constantly with the child. Anne accounted for it, when she thought of it at all, by the many hours during which he played alone while she and Marian drove and talked and paid visits.

One evening as the sisters walked in the garden after dinner, Anne was summoned to the telephone, and Philip, hands grubby from digging worms for the hens, offered to escort his aunt.

"But don't touch her, dear you're too dirty," called Anne as she disappeared.

The little boy walked by Marian's side, chattering happily and declaring that Boolah was holding his hand since Boolah didn't object to dirt.

"How does this Boolah of yours look?" asked Marian, looking down at him.

"Oh," said the boy slowly, after apparent inspection, "he's got blue eyes and brown hair. He's taller than me."

"How old do you play he is?"

"I don't play he's any age. I never asked him. How old are you, Boolah?" and he listened as if to a spoken reply. He says he was eight when he came here.

"Came here?"

"That's what he says."

"What does he mean?"

"He says where he lives."

"How long has he lived there?"

"He says a year and a month?"

"A year and a month?" Marian looked at him keenly

"He says the thirteenth of last month was a year."

Marian drew in her breath sharply. "Philip, do you remember Billy?"

"No. But mother told me he died. Does it make you feel bad? I'm sorry."

Anne rejoined them. "You're getting too tired. Shall we go in?"

Marian shook her head. Her face was white. "It isn't that; Anne, could Philip by any chance know the date?"

"What date?"

"The day Billy died," Marian shuddered. "He just described his imaginary child—he's just like Billy. But he may remember him—that's not so strange; the subconscious memory may have taken his form—but the day!"

"It's probably coincidence. It troubles you, seeing him; let's go in."

"No, it doesn't make me unhappy to see Philip, and of course it's coincidence—what else could it be? The child couldn't read my mind. But, Anne, sometimes it sweeps over me with a great wave of horror that I may never see him again; that even if life goes on I may not find him. I feel as if he were lost. If he were somewhere, wouldn't I, his mother, feel him? He was only a little boy—too little to be alone. Sometimes I can trust—in God, and sometimes it's all blackness, and I don't know what I believe."

Anne put her arm tenderly about the trembling form and drew her toward the house.

Philip ran up to them, his hands full of flow-

ers. "Boolah says: 'Don't feel bad,' Aunt Marian. He says: 'Good night from your old pal, Billy.'"

Marian, her face strained and white, fell on her knees beside the child. "What did you say, Philip? Tell me just what you said, again."

"I said, Good Night, from your old pal Billy," and laughing the boy ran down the path.

Marian caught Anne's hands. "Did he know that?"

"Know what?"

"That that was what Billy called himself—my pal?"

Anne shook her head. "I didn't know it myself. Marian, I'm going to get Dick to tell you something. You think I'm fanciful, but you know Dick isn't. Come."

Marian shook her head. "I can't stand anymore—anything queer."

"You don't have to listen if you don't want to, but I think it will comfort you."

They found Dick, the picture of the tired commuter, reading a detective story with his coat off and his feet high. He rose cheerfully, however, as they entered, which showed, as his wife, said, how lovely a disposition he had. He listened with attention, moreover, to his wife's story. At length he said. "Then Philip thinks his Boolah is Billy?"

"No," said Anne. "He says Boolah tells him so. I doubt if Philip thinks anything about it. I want you to tell her, Dick, about me."

"Oh, Dick," broke in Marian, "don't tell me you believe such a preposterous thing."

"But my dear girl, I don't know what I think yet," and calmly Dick knocked the ashes from his pipe. "I can imagine it shocks you," he added gently.

Anne took her sister's hand. "You can't believe, dear, that we would try to persuade you of any folly. We have too much appreciation of your sorrow."

"When Anne was a child," Dick began in his direct way, when Marian rose.

"If you two are spiritualists," she said, "I refuse to listen. I can think of nothing more vulgar—more unworthy of our dead."

Dick walked to the sofa and went on gently, looking at Anne. "No, we just believe in immortality. If it's a fact, I expect it'll be proved

so some day, and I suppose it won't be physical proof either. I've heard of such claptrap, and I don't know anything about it. But this experience of Anne's can be explained in only one way, and I'm man enough to acknowledge it even while I confess I don't understand it.

"Anne used to have an imaginary playmate just as Philip has. Perhaps she told you?"

"Not then. She has since." Marian's eyes were intent. She respected Dick.

"Well, do you remember the summer your mother was so ill?"

"I remember mother was ill, yes."

"It was the summer after Billy was born; you couldn't leave him to go to her," put in Anne.

Marian acquiesced.

"Well, I remember it was the summer we were engaged," went on Dick. "Anne stayed there and helped, and among other things they looked over a lot of old papers and letters, when your mother was well enough, because she knew she wasn't going to get well, and she wanted to destroy things. Well, I got to thinking the confinement was too much for Anne, and I went down to try to get them to have a nurse, and Anne showed me what she had found. I can see exactly how you'll think us fools to believe it—I should agree if I hadn't seen it."

"Dick—what on earth?"

"Anne had found" went on Dick deliberately, "a diary of your mother's written before either of you were born, written during the lifetime of her oldest child. It told all about how she looked and talked and everything just as a mother might keep such record. I saw it myself—all the little details treasured up. Anne tells me she knew her mother lost a baby, but didn't even know the child's name."

"Did you know it, Marian?"

Marian shook her head. "And I don't see what all this diary has to do with Billy."

"I'm coming to that. Now it's an amazing thing, but it's perfectly true that the playmate Anne had had for years, an older girl who seemed to advise and care for her, corresponded in every particular with this dead baby, only she'd developed beyond the three or four year old period of her death."

Marian stared in amazement. "Dick, it's impossible that you, a sensible man like you, can

believe such a thing. Anne's always seen visions, but I thought you had some sense."

Dick lit his pipe before replying. "I don't blame you. I thought it impossible at first. But at last the 'sense' you refer to came to my rescue, and reminded me that because I don't understand a thing is no vital reason why it's not true."

"But you can't believe what is clearly against natural law!"

"I'm not sure I know much about natural law."

"But how do you explain it?"

"I don't explain it—any more than I explain electricity or life or death."

Marian rose. "And you, of course, believe it?" and she turned to Anne.

"I think I must. It happened to me, you see," and she went with her sister to her room, dreading the night for the heartsick woman.

But it was a surprising Marian who came down to breakfast, a Marian who smiled and whose eyes shone. Not until after breakfast did the sisters have an opportunity for quiet talk.

"What happened?" asked Anne excitedly.

"What makes you think anything happened?" asked Marian in reply.

"You look so different."

"I must confess that something has happened to change my feeling. My brain doesn't accept it any more than it did last night—but I feel different."

"I know. What was it?"

"It was probably a dream—but it was so real!"

"It wasn't a dream. It was real."

"I seemed to have dear little Billy there in bed with me, close and warm just the way he used to be. I woke feeling light and happy—happier than all this year, and the feeling doesn't leave me the way dreams do."

"It won't. What else?"

"That was all, just that experience. Billy was alive, near, but if you don't mind there is a question I want to ask Philip, a sort of proof."

"You wouldn't do it so as to make him—frightened, or feel that his experience was exceptional; it's all so very natural and honest now?"

"Not for worlds. I won't speak if you don't want me to."

"I hear him now. Come." They went to the garden and found the child playing happily. "Is Boolah here today?" she asked. "Aunt Marian wants to ask you something more about him."

Marian bent over the child, her eyes intent. "Can you see him now?"

"He's right here," and the boy pointed to her side.

"Can you see his right hand?"

"Right?—yes, that's the one on your dress."

Marian glanced down, pale and shaken. "Tell me just how it looks, Philip," she whispered.

Philip looked closely and laughed. "That's funny," said he; "I never noticed that Boolah's hand looked that way before."

"What way, Philip?" breathed Marian.

"Why, there's a mark, a red mark like a letter—"

"Yes, yes, what letter?"

"Let's see," said the little boy. "Not a 'V'—"

Marian's eyes closed, and she swayed. "What letter, Philip?"

"A 'V' with a tail on the bottom; I forget the name of it."

"Show me. Take your finger and trace it," and tensely Marian leaned over the boy's hand.

"Boolah's showing you, right on your lap," and his finger traced a Y.

Marian dropped on the path and hid her face in her hands.

"Is that all, mother? I've got an awful lot to do today," said Philip, to whom sitting on a garden walk was in no way remarkable.

"That's all, run and play," and Anne stood by her trembling sister until a transfigured face was lifted and Marian rose and took her hand. "It's all just as he said. The wound was of that exact size and shape. Anne, Anne, it's too wonderful to be true—that my boy's here even if I don't see him."

Out from the spruce tree branches rang the shrill childish voice singing its little song:

"Boolah and me—e—e
Under a tree—e—e."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The continuation of the series of articles entitled "Elementary Psychology" by Clarence H. Foster will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

The Risen Lord of the Western Wisdom Teaching

With Side Lights on Max Heindel and Mt. Ecclesia

KITTIE SKIDMORE COWEN

THE TRUTH of the Hermetic axiom, "As above so below," is nowhere better verified than in the correlation of events which cluster around the origin of the two great spiritual seasons of the year, which we so lovingly and reverently celebrate, namely, Christmas and Easter. In his most interesting and illuminating explanations as to mankind's past, present, and future development, Max Heindel has written no less than twelve lessons devoted entirely to these two particular seasons, and it was his custom always to commemorate them in the most impressive manner possible. Back of this action there was a deeply significant occult reason. Let us first make a brief survey of the cosmic events which have brought these two particular seasons into prominence.

First, we note the cosmic drama which yearly takes place in the celestial spheres, the birth of the sun into the northern heavenly domain at Easter time, or the vernal equinox, and his ascent into the heavens until he reaches maturity at the time of the summer solstice, the twenty-second of June. Then we note his gradual decline as he nears the fall equinox in September, and finally in December we note his cosmic passing. But this death of the material sun marks to our terrestrial sphere the birth of the great Christ Spirit, who annually begins his descent into the earth in the fall of the year, about September 23rd, and gradually draws inward as a mighty light wave of supernal splendor, descending lower and lower until he finally penetrates our globe to its very center on the longest and darkest night of the year, the holy night of Christmas. And so it is that this night marks the birth of a mystic, cosmic impulse which is to impregnate and fertilize the whole earth.

In the Gospels we read a recital of this same story in the life of Jesus, a unique character we are told, the Son of God in a special sense, who was born in Bethlehem, lived upon earth for the short space of thirty-three years, was crucified,

and after much suffering died for mankind. It is stated that his death in some mysterious way took away the sins of humanity; that he is now permanently exalted on the right hand of the Father, and thence orthodox Christians expect him to return and judge the quick and the dead. For these reasons they celebrate his birth and death at certain times in the year, because these events are supposed to have taken place on definite dates.

From Max Heindel, the Initiate, *who read clearly from the records of time in the Region of Concrete Thought*, we learn of the birth of the man Jesus, immaculately conceived by his Father, Joseph, and his mother, Mary, both high Initiates of the Order of the Essenes. He tells us how Jesus was educated by the holy men of this order, and how during the thirty years of his life he was eagerly preparing a vehicle for the Sun Spirit, Christ, who had been preparing to become *the indwelling planetary spirit of our earth* ever since the time of the "Fall" in Lemuria. The consequences of the "Fall" had been to lead mankind into such depths of degeneracy, perversion, and decay that some additional means had to be provided by the Great Ones to assist them in regeneration else the race would have been in great danger of losing their vehicles and being sent back to await aeons and aeons of time for a day of manifestation similar to the one in which they started, to begin all over again the evolutionary journey.

The fall of man was not a part of the original plan of God. It was brought about by the interference of the Lucifer Spirits, rebel angels of Jehovah. This fact is made very clear in the story of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. The brazen altar where the animals were offered up for sacrifice was made of brass, a metal not found in nature, *but a man-made metal* composed of copper and zinc. It is upon this same "*man-made altar*" that humanity must offer up its animal self as a sacrifice, a burnt offering, purified by the fires of pain, repentance, and restitution.

The earth, which is the special domain of mankind, is, was, and always has been just what mankind has made it. The two are evolving together and belong to each other.

After the fall of man, sin, malice, hate, anger, and crime began to manifest themselves everywhere; all knowledge of brotherhood gradually vanished, and spiritual sight waned and finally disappeared altogether so far as the masses were concerned. The desire body of the earth became filled with the vilest of emotions, and in very truth we were dead in trespasses and sin. But there were a few holy ones who had not strayed away, and chief among them were the members of the Order of the Essenes, to which Joseph and Mary belonged. At the age of thirty their son, Jesus, had so perfected his two lower vehicles that he was ready to turn them over to the great Sun Spirit, Christ, a work which he had consciously performed from the beginning. He gave them to Christ at the time of the symbolical "Baptism in water," a mystic rite which signified his return to the state of universal brotherhood which prevailed when mankind dwelt in the mist-laden atmosphere of Atlantis. Then it was that the Christ Spirit entered these vehicles and spent three years in learning the needs of humanity and the cosmic laws governing the earth, of which he was to become the indwelling planetary spirit in order to purge it of its accumulated mass of evil, vice, and impure desire.

At the crucifixion, when the blood flowed from the side of the body on the cross, this great Spirit gained his liberation from the body of Jesus, entered the earth through the medium of the flowing blood, and began to work from within. Previous to this time Jehovah had through fear and the law guided mankind from without as the animals are guided by the group spirits. The earth was held in its orbit by his power, and up to that time he was the supreme God. But at the change made on Golgotha the Christ Spirit drew *into* our earth in order that He might aid us in a more efficient manner than could possibly be done from without. For many centuries before He actually came into our midst He too had worked upon the earth from without and to some extent had purified its desire body, from which all of our individual desire bodies are

made. But when He actually became indwelling, the process He used to more effectually cleanse the desire body of the earth was as follows:

To make it more clear, let us remember that from everything that can be said to live, the vital body radiates streams of light, which are the solar forces that have entered this body from within and from without and vitalized and rebuilt it; then the surplus streams forth in all directions. When the individual is in health, this vital current carries away all poisonous germs and substances from the dense body, leaving it clean and free from impurity and disease. Similar conditions prevail in the vital and desire bodies of the earth, which have now become vehicles of Christ. The poisonous, evil, malignant, and destructive forces generated by the various passions of mankind are worked upon by Him, devitalized, regenerated, reconstructed, repolarized and then sent out through the earth and its auric envelopes by His life force, pure and vibrant for the appropriation of incoming egos who are gathering material from the earth's vehicles with which to make new bodies in which to function in a material existence.

But, be it remembered, this Christ Spirit is a living, feeling, sentient being with a capacity far beyond our feeble understanding, to sense both pleasure and pain, and therefore every evil act, thought, and unkind criticism or deed of ours actually brings Him intense suffering, agony, and torture by its reaction, while He is patiently transmuting these same creations into pure spiritual essence to be returned to us filled with the energizing, life-giving, love-creating energy of Himself. It is this great force so freely given that is the basis of all terrestrial life and being. Without it no seed would germinate and grow, no flower would bloom upon the surface of the earth, no animal could exist, and all forms would of necessity perish.

Every single year since that far-off time, 2000 years ago when He suffered death upon the cross in order that His blood might flow and give him access to our earth—knowing full well the pain, suffering, and long continued agony it entailed—every single year at Christmas time He has returned to us and entered into the cramped, crystallized condition which our earth affords,

again and again purifying, decrystallizing, revitalizing it, purging over and over again its desire body of the evil we have yearly generated and placed there by our daily acts, our criticisms, our vices, and our sins. Every single year He has returned *in order to give us still another chance to redeem ourselves* through the power of self-regeneration and unifying love.

How came we to be in this deplorable condition from which only a God could deliver us? is the question so often asked. The answer is, no one is responsible for it except our very own selves. For in that far-off Lemurian time we made our choice through the power of our free will, knowing full well that it was in direct disobedience to the commands of the God, Jehovah, refusing then as now to listen to the voice of Him whom we had not as yet shut out from our vision, and who came to us often and walked and talked with us, giving us direction and counsel. And have we grown so very much better since that far distant time? We it was, the very selfsame wayward, willful children who crucified the loving Christ who had so willingly offered Himself as a sacrifice to cleanse the earth from our sin.

It is needless to say, "Had we but known, had we but realized these truths we would not have done those things, committed those deeds of atrocity; why, oh why has the veil *not* been lifted and our past revealed to us so that we might see and know?" And the answer comes: It is all on account of ourselves. By our own acts we *made* this very veil of which we now complain; by our own acts we must *unmake* it. A wise and loving Christ came to us and told us how this veil could be dissolved through our own works of self-purification and self-regeneration. But the process was too slow for us, we had to do the work ourselves, and we did not like it. He spoke too plainly, He made us *feel* our sins. Accordingly we proceeded to crucify Him, and then continued to wander on according to our own desires and inclinations. And notwithstanding all this He comes annually to us, only now we do not see Him with our physical sight, for He no longer wears a garb of our material clay, and so long has our vision been obscured that some of us are now beginning to doubt His very existence.

Yet, still patient, in order to help us in a greater degree *He selected one from our own midst*, one of our very own, one whom we could behold with mortal sight, and through him, an Initiate of the Rosicrucian Order, He has again placed these great truths before us, told us of our past, of the reasons for our present condition, and the remedy. And what are we doing with these precious pearls which have been cast before us through the instrumentality of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and our beloved teacher and leader, Max Heindel? Alas, I fear that far too many of us like the proverbial swine have turned and rent him. I wonder just how many of us on Mt. Ecclesia actually know what is contained in this wonderful book. I do not mean how many have a vague, hazy idea of the mystical truths which it contains, but how many have a good, clear understanding of the philosophy as it is there given.

Suppose we just review a very few of the facts which this great teacher has revealed to us. *He has told us* that the Elder Brothers, with Christ Jesus as the Eldest Brother, now have full charge of our evolution. *He has told us* that "the Rosicrucian Fellowship was formed to be an instrument in the hands of the Teachers, a wider channel through which spiritual light and power might reach the world." *He has told us* that it was established as the exoteric center to prepare the way of the Rosicrucian Order, and some day, he knew not when but probably when the sun enters the sign Aquarius, the Brotherhood would follow and be located somewhere in this vicinity. *He has told us* that the material embodied in the "*Cosmo*" was written by him under the direct instruction of one of these exalted Brothers. *He has unfolded to us* the entire plan of involution, evolution, and epigenesis. *He has told us* that these Brothers are assisting Christ Jesus in cleansing the desire body of the world, and how once in each twenty-four hours at the mystic hour of midnight they open their breasts to attract the darts of hate, envy, malice, deceit, and every evil which we have generated and launched during the day; that they do this in order that they may assist this great Christ Spirit in disintegrating and transmuting this veritable ocean of iniquity into good to be returned to us as qualms of conscience, which will

in the future deter us from performing like acts. *He has told us* how these great Brothers also suffer with the Christ while performing these acts, and *he has told us* how by retrospection, faithfully done each night, we ourselves can transmute our own evil deeds performed during the day, and to some slight extent, at least, relieve these compassionate Ones from performing this work for us. But, alas! how often, knowing all this as we do if we have read the "*Cosmo*," do we drift off peacefully to sleep, leaving even this small service on our part to be performed with *suffering* by them. Is it any wonder that we are sometimes troubled with bad dreams?

He has told us how each and every one of us can acquire first-hand knowledge of all these things for our own selves, but since the way is long and tedious we very quickly tire and begin blaming everything and everyone else under the sun except ourselves because we do not in a few short days, months, or even years, become Initiates. We forget that we must learn our lessons day by day and extract the experience therefrom with the utmost care in order to be able to use it constructively when our eyes are opened to spiritual things as well as to our past, present, and future.

Shakespeare, the Initiate, has told us that

"We ignorant of ourselves, beg often our worst
harm,

Which the wise powers deny us for our good.

So find we profit by losing our prayers."

And never was this truth better verified than it is in the denial of the knowledge of our past lives to us in our present stage of evolution. Why, it is our salvation in this age of malice, envy, and strife for individual supremacy! Suppose the veil *were* lifted for a moment and we were able to see ourselves and all our hideous past; see ourselves as the repugnant, animal-like human beings of Lemuria; the evil, degenerate sex perverts of Atlantis; the vicious, revengeful, murderous cave men of Aryana; the arrogant, despicable ones who stoned the gentle, loving Christ, who chose Barabbas, who shrieked and cried aloud in frenzied fiendishness and lust for human blood, "Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him." Or would the spectacle of the scarlet woman, the inebriate, the felon, the despot, or the traitor be any more pleasing to

our sight? Through some of these experiences and perhaps many of them we all must have passed. The daily mistakes of our present lives we are as yet scarcely able to live down, so well are they remembered.

When we are big enough to know our past lives, to profit by our mistakes, to assist others in avoiding the pitfalls which have proved so disastrous to us, all the time preserving a discreet silence as to the source of the knowledge itself but ever using it for the betterment and uplift of our sisters and brothers, then and not until then can and will the veil with safety for us be lifted. So in our present state of evolution it is far better for us to bring back with us from life to life only the transmuted essence of our past experiences in the form of an awakened, impelling conscience, which will be sure to deter us from committing like disastrous deeds in the present and future.

Over and over again in his illuminating literature, Max Heindel, the authorized messenger of the Brothers of the Rose Cross, *has told us* that the path of loving, self-forgetting service is the shortest, safest, and most joyful way to God. *He has told us* of the spiral path of evolution, and of the more direct way of Initiation whereby we are able to accomplish in one short life what would ordinarily take two or more. But *he has told us* that this direct route leads us through service, self-sacrifice, humility of spirit, self-control, and pain. Then comes the great test, for there are very few of us who truly love to sacrifice and serve, and so like the rich young man of old many of us go away sorrowing, unhappy, and discontented but still, as yet, unwilling to step out from the masses and plant our feet firmly on the path of Initiation. Many there are who make a beginning and do fine work until the tests begin to come.

Here are the words of Max Heindel relative to tests. "No candidate is ever taken into an initiation chamber and tried and tested; *the tests come in the daily life*, in the *small things* which are seemingly very unimportant but really of prime significance, for if a man cannot be faithful in little things, how could he ever be expected to be faithful in great ones. Furthermore, the Elder Brothers of humanity, who have charge of this work with respect to their younger brothers, are always sure to pick out his most

vulnerable point, because if he is tempted and falls, this serves to call his attention to the weakness in his character, and thus he has an opportunity to correct it which he would not have if temptation were not placed before him. So tests are not wholly made for the purpose of seeing whether he would keep the trust, but also for the purpose of giving him a chance to recognize and strengthen his weak points; and therefore the tests are never the same in the case of any two individuals, for that which would be a test for one would pass another without making any impression upon him whatsoever. By a life of unselfish service and through the strength gained in passing the various tests the aspirant weaves the 'golden wedding garment' which prepares him to enter the invisible worlds. The process of Initiation consists then in simply showing him how to make use of the power which he has accumulated within himself by his own work." Mr. Heindel farther stated that he himself had helped six candidates to thus enter the invisible world, and that he knew exactly how the work was done.

He has told us all these things very plainly, and still there are those who doubt him and who even after they come to Mt. Ecclesia, by their words of criticism, censure, and hasty judgment oftentimes cause some weaker one to waver, stumble, and even fall. Could we realize that every unkind word we utter, every word of criticism, defamation, censure, every attempt to disparage our leader or plant doubt and distrust in the minds of those who do not have direct evidence of truth—every one of these acts not only injures the one toward whom it was directed, but most of all it injures, pains and adds still another thorn to the already heavy crown which rests so cruelly upon the brow of the compassionate Christ, who never murmurs, never complains, but whispers just as pleadingly, just as tenderly as He did while hanging on the cross on that memorable day 2000 years ago, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Knowing full well the effects of generating evil, let us get these facts fixed firmly in our minds, for it will help us in the coming years to refrain from giving utterances to the unkind words that spring so readily from our lips in moments of provocation and trial.

Let us remember that the contents of the

"Cosmo" in its main outlines were given to Mr. Heindel directly by word of mouth from one of the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order and that this Brother came often to this blessed spot, counseling and directing our beloved leader, not only in spiritual but in many apparently material things. It was this Brother who told Mr. Heindel to build the little cottages on the bluff overlooking the San Luis Rey valley; who suggested the simple morning and evening devotional exercises, the true value of which so many fail to recognize; it was he who directed the building of this Pro-Ecclesia. It is he who has charge of the Invisible Helpers, who work conjointly with him in our healing meetings. It is he who directly instructs them while out of the body in the qualifications needed before they can work with patients. It was he who told Mr. Heindel of the Healing Temple which was to be built; and it is he who still visits us, directing our present leader and attending many of our meetings although unseen except by those who have the open vision. Of himself and Mrs. Heindel, Mr. Heindel has said: "We are only the representatives of the Elder Brothers. Headquarters is the focus through which they work; but they are the ones who do the work; the rest of us work only under their guidance."

Christmas and Easter are the two seasons of the entire year when the greatest opportunities are afforded us for service and soul growth. Holy Night is the one night in all the year when cosmic conditions are most favorable to the birth of Invisible Helpers and Initiates; and Easter, Mr. Heindel has said, is the season when it is most in order to review our lives during the preceding year and make new resolutions for the coming season to further our soul growth through service, so that we shall eventually be able to aid in the elevation of humanity, as a whole, and attain to an individual realization of glory and honor and immortality. Having this great hope within ourselves, this great mission to perform, we should work as never before to make ourselves better men and women, so that by our daily example we may awaken in others a desire to lead a life that will bring to them as a result their liberation. In addition, we will thus aid in the

(Continued on Page 36)

The Lost Keys of Masonry

MANLY P. HALL

I

The Candidate

THERE COMES a time in the individual growth of every living thing when it realizes with dawning consciousness that it is a prisoner. While apparently free to move and have its being, the struggling life cognizes through ever more perfect vehicles its own limitations. It is at this point that man cries out with ever greater strength to be liberated from the binding ties which, invisible to mortal eyes, still chain him in a far more terrible manner than the bonds of a physical prison.

Many have read the story of the prisoner of Chillon, who as the years rolled by paced back and forth in the narrow confines of his prison cell, while the blue waters rolled ceaselessly above his head, and the only sound that broke the stillness of his eternal night was the ceaseless swishing and lapping of the waves. We pity the prisoner in his physical tomb, and as we see stone walls surrounding men, we are sad at heart for we know how life loves liberty.

There is, however, one prisoner whose plight is far worse than those of earth. He has not even the narrow confines of a prison cell around Him; He cannot pace to and fro to wear into ruts by His ceaseless striding the cobblestones of a dungeon floor. That eternal prisoner is Life, prisoned within the hard stone walls of matter with not a single ray to brighten the blackness of His fate; he fights eternally for life, praying in the dark confines of gloomy walls for light and opportunity. This is the prisoner who through endless ages of cosmic unfoldment in forms unnumbered and species now unknown, has striven eternally to liberate Himself and to gain self-conscious expression, the birthright of every created thing. He awaits the day when, standing upon the rocks that now form His shapeless tomb, he may raise His arms to heaven, and bathed in the sunlight of spiritual freedom be free to join the sparkling atoms and dancing lights released from the confines of prison walls and tomb.

It is around Life, that wondrous germ in the heart of every living thing, that sacred prisoner in His gloomy cell, that Master Builder laid away in the grave of matter, that has been built the wondrous legend of the Holy Sepulchre. The mystic philosophers of the ages under allegories unnumbered have perpetuated this wonderful story, and among the Craft Masons it forms the mystic ritual of Hiram, the Master Builder, murdered in his temple by the very builders who should have served him as he labored to perfect the dwelling place of his God.

Matter is a tomb; it is the dead wall of substance whose lives have as yet been unawakened to the pulsating energies of spirit; it exists in many degrees and forms, not only in the chemical elements which form the solids of our universe but in finer and more subtle substances which, expressing through emotion and thought, are still beings of the world of form. These substances form the great cross of matter, which opposes the growth of all things and by opposition makes all growth possible. It is the great cross of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon upon which even the life germ in protoplasm is crucified and suspended in agony—upon and within the substance which is incapable of giving it expression. The spirit within cries out for freedom—freedom to be, to express, to manifest its true place in the Great Plan of cosmic unfoldment.

It is this great yearning within the heart of man which sends him slowly onward towards the gate of the Temple; it is this inner urge for greater understanding and greater light which brought into being through the law of necessity the great cosmic Masonic Lodge, dedicated to those lives which were seeking union with the Powers of Light that their prison walls might be removed. This shell, the body, cannot be discarded; it must be raised into union with Life; each dead, crystallized atom in the human body must be set vibrating and spinning to a higher rate of consciousness. Through purification,

through knowledge, and through service to his fellow man the candidate sequentially unfolds his mystic power, building better and more perfect bodies through which his higher self gains ever greater manifestation. The expression of man through thought, emotion, and action liberates the higher self from bodies which in their crystallized states are incapable of giving him his natural opportunities for growth.

In Masonry the crystallized substance of the body is called the grave and the Holy Sepulchre. It is within this grave that the lost Builder lies, and with him are the plans of the temple and the Master's Word. It is this Builder, our Grand Master, that we must seek and, finding, raise from the dead and restore to Him the crown of spirit, so long missing from the temple of this our King. This noble Son of Light cries out to us in every expression of matter; every stick and stone marks His resting place, and the sprig of acacia promises that through the long winter of spiritual darkness when the sun does not shine for man, this Son of Light still is, still waits for the day of liberation when each one of us shall raise Him by the grip of the Grand Master, the true grip of a Master Mason.

We cannot hear his voice that calls eternally but we feel an inner urge. A great unknown something pulls at our heart strings, and as the ages roll by, the deep desire to be greater, to live better, and to think God's thoughts builds within us the qualifications of the candidate who, if asked why he takes the Path would answer, if he knew mentally the thing he feels, "I hear a voice that cries out to me from flora and fauna, from stones, clouds, the very heaven itself; each fiery atom spinning and twisting in cosmos cries out to me with the voice of my Master. I can hear Hiram Abiff, my Grand Master, calling, crying out with agony, the agony of life hidden within the darkness of its prison walls, seeking for the expression which I have denied it, striving, laboring to bring closer the day of its liberation. I have learned to know that I am responsible for those walls; and my daily actions are the things which as ruffians and traitors are murdering my Master."

There are many legends of the Holy Sepulchre, which has for so many ages been in the hands of the infidel and which the Christian

world sought to gain possession of in the days of the Crusades. Few Masons realize that this Holy Sepulchre, this tomb, is in reality negation, crystallization, matter that has sealed within itself the Spirit of Life which must remain in darkness until the growth of each individual being gives it walls of glowing gold and changes its stones into windows. As we develop better vehicles of expression, these walls slowly expand until at last spirit rises triumphant from its tomb, and blessing the very walls that confined it raises them to union with itself.

Our first consideration is relative to the murderers of Hiram. These three ruffians, who when the Builder seeks to leave his temple, strike him with the tools of his own craft until finally they slay him and bring the temple down in destruction upon their own heads, symbolize the three expressions of our own lower natures, which are in truth the murderers of the good within ourselves that they pervert as soon as we seek to manifest it. We can call these three thought, desire, and action. When purified and transmuted these are three glorious avenues through which may manifest the great life power of the three kings, the builders of the Cosmic Lodge which manifest in this world as spiritual thought, constructive emotion, and daily, useful labor in the various places and positions in which we find ourselves while carrying on the Master's work. These three form the Flaming Triangle, which glorifies every living Mason; but when crystallized and perverted they form a triangular prison through which the light cannot shine, and the Life is forced to pace back and forth in the dim darkness of despair, until man himself through his higher understanding shall liberate these energies and powers, which are indeed the builders and glorifiers of his Father's House.

Now let us consider how these three fiery kings of the dawn became through perversion of their manifestation by man the ruffians who murdered Hiram. The latter represents the energizing powers of cosmos which course through the blood of every living thing, seeking to beautify and perfect the temple it would build according to the plan laid down on the trestle board by the Master Architect of the universe. First is the mind, one of the three kings,

or rather shall we say a polarity through which he manifests. King Solomon symbolizes the power of mind, which when perverted becomes a destroyer that tears down with the very powers which should nourish and build. The right application of thought when seeking the answer to the cosmic problem of destiny liberates man's spirit, which then soars above the concrete through this wonderful power of mind with its dreams and its ideals.

When man's thoughts rise upward, when he pushes backward the darkness with reason and logic, then indeed the Builder is liberated from his dungeon and the light pours in, bathing him with life and power. This light enables us to seek more clearly the mystery of creation, to find with greater certainty our place in the Great Plan, for as man develops his bodies he gains faculties with which he can explore the mysteries of nature and search for the hidden workings of the Divine. Through these powers the Builder is liberated, and his consciousness goes forth conquering and to conquer. The higher ideals, spiritual concepts, and the altruistic, philanthropic, educative applications of thought power glorify the Builder, for they give the power of expression, and those who can express themselves are free. When man can mold his thoughts and emotions and direct his actions into faithful expressions of his highest ideals, then liberty is his, for ignorance is the darkness of chaos, and knowledge is the light of cosmos.

In spite of the fact that many of us live apparently to gratify the desires of the body and as servants of the lower desires, still there is within each of us a power which may remain latent for a great length of time—lives, eternities perhaps. At some time during our growth there comes a great desire, a yearning for freedom, when having discovered that the pleasures of sense gratification are eternally elusive and unsatisfying, we make an examination of ourselves and begin to realize that there are greater reasons for our being. It is sometimes reason, sometimes suffering, sometimes a great desire to be helpful that brings out the first latent powers which show that one long wandering in the darkness is about to take the path that leads to light. Having lived life in all its phases, he has come to realize that all the manifestations of being, all the various experiences through which he

passes, are steps leading in one direction, and that consciously or unconsciously all souls are being led to the porch of the Temple where for the first time they see and realize the glory of divinity.

It is then that they understand the age-old allegory of the martyred Builder and feel his power within themselves crying out from the prison of materiality. Nothing else seems worth while, and regardless of cost, suffering, or the taunts of the world the candidate slowly ascends the steps that lead to the Temple Eternal. The reason that governs cosmos he does not know, the laws which mold his being he does not realize, but he does know that somewhere behind the veil of human ignorance there is an eternal light which step by step he must labor toward, and with his eyes fixed on the heavens above, his hands clasped in prayer, he passes slowly as a candidate up the steps, and in fear and trembling yet with a divine realization of good, he taps upon the door and awaits in silence the answer from within.

NOTE—*The succeeding numbers in this series will be as follows: The Entered Apprentice; The Fellow Craft; The Master Mason; The Qualifications of a True Mason.*

SPRING, THY MUTED SONG

The spring has found a magic flute;
I heard it long ago,
Though answering voices then were mute
Because I willed it so.

Is not this yearning thy motif
In tunes I thought were dead;
This burning heart thy mad relief
From a cool, cautious head?

Do undiscarded dreams awake
That slumbered overlong,
And all their singing go to make
Thy muted song?

—Ion Wolfe.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Prov. 3:13-14.

In Quest of Wisdom

An Allegory

ETHNE RAYDEN

(Continued from April)

IUVENUS STILL lay unconscious. The agony of anxiety and fear combined with the loss of her beloved sister turned the childish, irresponsible little Beryl into a woman.

In the cold, dark silence of the vaults Faith still lay faint and exhausted, but a wonderful sense of peace and comfort gradually dawned within her. Before her eyes a misty, rosy light began to flicker, and out of the darkness a beautiful vision rose, a picture of Beryl kneeling, wrapt and earnest, at the feet of Innocence, whose arm was round the slender shoulders. Innocence turned to Faith and smiled, and with a sob of thankfulness Faith knew that all was well with her sister.

The vision faded slowly and was replaced by another, a scene in the Desert of Sorrows, where a little band of weary travelers struggled along in storm and darkness. Then Faith saw the Burden-bearer, shining like an angel of light, helping, cheering, comforting the wayfarers—strong, tender, divine in his compassion. Then the scene changed again. She saw the weary ones arrive at the journey's end, the Gates of the Great White City. A band of angels ministered to their needs, and throngs of Shining Ones came forth, welcoming the Burden-bearer home.

She could hear them singing:

"Come, O Eternal Son of God,
Come, O Christ, Love and Savior of the world,
Enter our gates with joy, and abide in fullness
For a season in our midst!"

Weakly Faith struggled to her knees, holding out longing arms to that radiant, glorious Form.

"He is the king's son—Love, the Burden-bearer, who walks our streets, passing in and out among us, and *we know Him not*," she whispered. "Love, O Love, dwell in the heart of Faith. I know who you are, and I love and worship you. Come back to me, and do not leave me any more."

Love, in the shining robes they had placed

around Him, raised His hands in benediction upon the kneeling girl and smiled. As the vision faded, Faith fell forward and lay unconscious of cold or pain on the floor of the palace vaults.

* * * * *

In the Temple of the Mind, Hope in her restless wandering to and fro noticed the lamps before "Sex-Love" flickering and ready to go out. She reached for the great vase where the oil for the lamps was always kept, and found for the first time in her memory it was empty. Bewildered, she took a little heart-shaped vessel in her hands and drew oil from the other lamps with which she filled these empty ones, and was startled on looking up to see that the god himself had changed. No longer did he seem a beautiful winged boy smiling down upon her, but a strange creature, a veritable god Pan, half human and half goat with sad eyes and a leering laugh, and the name above the altar read, "Lust and Vanity."

Horried, Hope sank down beside the altar. Despair came out from the shadows and sat crooning contentedly on the steps above her. The light before "Self-Respect" went out, and the last gleams before "Sex-Love" showed the strange eyes of Pan in deep understanding fixed upon her.

"I have done evil," whispered Hope. "I have plotted and schemed for my own ends, and so the light of my life is flickering out. What shall I do? To whom can I turn?"

A ringing blow sounded upon the great unused doors, which slowly opened letting in a flood of sunshine. Despair gave one shriek and turning fled away forever. Hope on her knees watched the tall, shining figure of a priest striding towards her.

"I am called Illumination," said his deep, kind voice. "I come to those in dire need when they repent of their mistakes."

He raised Hope gently and pointed to the winged "Sex-Love," once more smiling in his place, bathed in sunlight from the open door.

"Do you know just *why* 'Sex-Love' has wings?" he asked.

Hope shook her head.

"It is so that he can change and fly, for if he remained true and changeless in *this* aspect, the truth about Love would never be found out. Man's sharpest lessons have ever been learned this way." Reaching up his hand, Illumination unveiled the hidden altar, and its name shone brightly in letters of gold, "Service to humanity." The shrine held a crucifix, and under it the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Hope," said Illumination, "this is life's whole mission; all other experiences are held within this."

Into Hope's beautiful face a new look had come, a look of wisdom and peace.

"I begin to understand," she whispered. "I will atone for my wrongdoing, and if you will aid me, Illumination, I will play my true part in the scheme of life."

Illumination blessed her and then said quietly:

"Go now to the home of Beryl; you are needed there. I will abide here and cleanse and purify this Temple of the Mind so that never again shall you dwell in darkness."

Hope bent her head in silence, then picked up the little chain of Sex-Attraction where it lay on the altar, and turning, went out into the sunshine. Dwelling apart in her temple, absorbed in her own dreams, Hope knew nothing of the fate which had overtaken Juvenus during the last two days. Her resolve to return the stolen chain arose purely from the realization that her part in Beryl's life dealt with the high and holy phases of these things.

Entering the cottage, the scene which met her eyes showed her exactly what Illumination had meant when he told her she was needed there. Juvenus lay as though dead, and the old Master of Wisdom, his face furrowed with anxiety, counted the flickering pulse. Beryl stood with wide, tearless eyes of agony fixed on the still form, and Innocence knelt in prayer. Intuition had gone quietly away in the early morning and had not returned.

Hope went to Beryl's side, a wave of deep sisterly affection and pity stirring her soul for the first time. She gently laid the little chain of

Sex-Attraction in the girl's hand, whispering: "Beryl, forgive me if you can and take back this little gift of his, which belongs only to you. What has happened to him?"

"An accident. We fear he is dying," said Beryl in a dull, dead tone.

"Where is Faith?"

"No one knows. She is lost. If Juvenus dies, I shall surely die too, for I could never go on living without them," and Beryl lifted haggard eyes to Hope's face.

Hope put her arm round the slender figure and gazed long and fixedly at Juvenus, a deep, spiritual yearning in her look. Suddenly she bent forward, noting a slight change in the death-like face, a tiny wave of life and color rippling to the surface. The old man also looked up.

"The pulse is stronger," he said.

"Juvenus will live, Beryl, my dear," whispered Hope. "He has his work to do in the world, and you will help him do it. See, the life is coming back to him, thank God. Pray for the return of Faith, and out of all this tangle of trouble a wonderful blessing and wisdom will have come to us."

Juvenus moved very slightly, sighed, and turning a little, passed into natural sleep, his breathing faint but regular and stronger. The Master of Wisdom drew the covers up around the sleeping form with an air of quiet self-satisfaction.

"He will probably sleep many hours and should have fruit juices only when he first awakens. I thought my skill surely must prevail and bring him safely through."

Gathering up his belongings and stroking his beard with great dignity, the Master left the cottage.

Beryl, Hope, and Innocence crept softly to the window, and in whispered tones Beryl told of her fears concerning the fate of Faith. Holding in her hand the little chain, she also explained what Intuition had told her of its true use; Hope lifted and kissed the little hand that held the chain, a rush of humiliation and shame overwhelming her at the remembrance of her feeling concerning it. From now on her own part in Beryl's life was clear. She was to cheer and strengthen the little girl on her life path,

coming like an angel in all her darker moments to aid in the fulfillment of her visions of the future.

* * * * *

Early that morning the old keeper of the palace gate took his broom, and grumbling at the job he particularly disliked and avoided whenever possible, went to sweep out the guard room, vacant at this hour of the morning when the changes for the day were being made.

Piles of torn cards, ash, and every sort of muddle which men can accumulate in a small space lay about the floor, and the old man raised clouds of dust and puffed and blew angrily as he swept. Suddenly something jingled, and there at his feet lay two large keys tied together, *the keys of the palace vaults.*

He stooped and picked them up, his slow wits failing at first to realize the importance of the find. A shadow fell across the floor from the open door, and looking up he saw a slender gray-clad woman smiling at him.

"If you will take those keys at once to the Princess she will be very glad, gatekeeper, and will reward you. Tell her to *search the vaults quickly* or it will be too late," and the figure vanished.

The old man scratched his head, stared at the keys and at the open door, and then suddenly dropped his broom and hobbled out of the guard room, across the courtyard, and up the steps which led to the Princess' private apartments.

"Halt," cried the soldier on duty. "You can't come up here at this hour of the morning. What do you want?"

The gate keeper grumbled and explained but kept tight hold of the keys. An argument ensued which grew loud and angry. Presently a window above opened, and the sleepy head of a lady-in-waiting appeared, demanding to know what was wrong.

The old man shouted his news and waved the keys. The head was withdrawn, and presently he was admitted to an early and very informal audience with the Princess of Worldly Wisdom. He related how he had found the missing keys, and added: "The captain must have been in a great hurry, Madam, and have *thrown* the keys into the guardroom after he locked the doors, meaning to come back and get them later."

"But *Faith* had the keys," remarked the Princess thoughtfully, who started as a thought flashed through her mind. Could it be possible that Juvenus in a fit of mischief really shut the girl in there? "Quick, get me a heavy cloak and call the ladies-in-waiting; we will go ourselves and search the vaults."

So they descended the stone stairs; the light of their torches fell upon the chill and silent form of Faith, lying unconscious but still living, and they carried her back to life and sunshine.

Scene 4

Light

After a sleep lasting several hours Juvenus awoke to the consciousness of aching head and eyes and extreme exhaustion. He could hear soft whisperings in another part of the room, and with some difficulty turned his head in the direction of the sound. He saw the three girls still keeping their quiet vigil, and he puzzled awhile as to how and why he was here in Beryl's home, helpless and weak. Suddenly he saw Beryl start to her feet, her eyes wide and full of joy as she ran swiftly to the cottage door to be enfolded tenderly in the arms of Faith, who had returned, white and shaken, from her terrible enforced absence.

With a groan Juvenus suddenly remembered. How long had he lain here? Who could have released poor Faith?

A sense of intolerable shame overwhelmed him, and he closed his eyes as hot tears suddenly rose in them.

Intuition entered with the girls and came at once to his side. She signed to Faith that he was awake, and together the sisters bent over him. Juvenus opened his eyes once more, the tears of remorse and weakness still in them, and feebly reached out his hand.

"I deserve nothing but hatred and contempt, but oh, try to forgive me, Beryl, Faith. I'll do anything on earth to atone," he whispered with desperate, pleading eyes.

Faith took the outstretched hand.

"It is all over, Juvenus, and only good has come of it, thank God. I bear you no ill will. We will forget all this and begin over again, wise in the lessons we have learned," she said gravely.

(*To be continued*)

Letters from a Rosicrucian

Written to Karl von Eckartshausen, Munich, between 1792 and 1801

Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. N. W. Caswell.

V

THE ADEPTS

IN THY ANSWER to my last letter thou hast expressed the opinion that to be the *exponent of the spirituality* (meaning intellectuality and morality combined) required by our system of philosophy is too high for man to reach, and thou dost doubt if anyone at any time hath done so. Permit me to tell thee that many of those whom the Christian church calls saints, and many others who have never been in that church and to whom the customary name of "pagan" has been given, have reached that state, and therefore have acquired spiritual powers which enabled them to do extraordinary things called miracles.

If thou wilt examine the history of the lives of the saints, thou wilt find in them a great number of grotesque cases, fabulous and false, because those who wrote the legends knew little or nothing concerning the mysterious laws of nature; they have recorded phenomena that took place, or at least which they believed had happened; but being unable to explain the causes which were their origin, they have invented such explanations as seemed most probable or credible to them according to their manner of thinking. But among all this debris thou wilt find a great deal of truth, which goes to show that even untaught intellects may be illuminated by divine wisdom if the person lives a pure and holy life.

Thou wilt see how on many occasions friars and monks, poor and ignorant and according to the world having no knowledge whatever, have reached such wisdom as to be consulted by popes and kings in important affairs, and how many of them have attained the power of leaving their physical bodies to visit distant places in their spiritual bodies, formed of the substance of thought, and have even appeared in material form at remote points. Occurrences of this kind have been so numerous that if we read their stories, they will cease to appear extraordinary, and it will be unnecessary to go into detail concerning such cases since they are already well known. In the life of "Santa Catalina" of

Sena, in that of "San Francisco Xavier," and in many other books thou wilt find a description of similar incidents. Profane history also abounds in stories referring to extraordinary men and women, but I limit myself to the mention of the history of Joan of Arc, who possessed spiritual gifts, and that of Jacob Boehme, the ignorant shoemaker whom the divine wisdom illumined.

We doubt if there could be anything more absurd than the attempt to argue or dispute concerning such things with the skeptic or materialist who denies their possibility. The attempt would be equivalent to disputing concerning the existence of light with one born blind; neither could a tribunal of blind men render judgment as to the existence or nonexistence of light. Nevertheless it has existed and still exists; we may give to the blind an idea of it, but we cannot prove it to him scientifically as long as he remains blind to reason and to logic.

In many parts of the world there are people degraded to such a point by "modern civilization" as to be utterly unable to comprehend a person's acting from any motive other than to gain money or obtain comfort or luxuries—the only motive of their own lives being to gain riches, to eat, drink, sleep, and return again to eat and to enjoy all the comforts of the outer life. Nevertheless such persons are not happy; they live in a state of feverishness and continual excitement, ever rushing after shadows which disappear as they draw near, or if attained and absorbed, then to the creation of more violent desires for other shadows.

But fortunately there still exist others in whom the divine spark of spirituality has not been veiled by the thick smoke of materialism; some there are in whom this spark has been converted into a flame, owing to the influence of the Holy Spirit, emitting a light which illumines their intellects and which even permeates their physical bodies in such a manner that a superficial observer can see these are persons of unusual character.

Such people exist in different parts of the

world and constitute a *Brotherhood* whose existence is known to very few, neither is it desired by them that any details concerning their Brotherhood should be made public, for this information would only excite the envy and anger of the ignorant and evil-disposed and put into activity a force which, though causing no harm to the Adepts, would react against those who had launched it toward them.

However, as thou desirest to know the truth, not through frivolous curiosity but through the desire to follow in its path, it is permitted me to give thee the following information: *

The Brothers of whom we speak live unknown by the world; history knows nothing of them, but nevertheless they are the greatest of humanity. The monuments which have been raised in honor of the conquerors of the world will be converted into dust, kingdoms and thrones will cease to exist, but these elect will still live. The time will come in which the world will be convinced of the worthlessness of external illusions, and will begin to esteem only that which is really worthy of appreciation; then the existence of the Brothers will be known and their wisdom appreciated. The names of the great ones of the earth are written in the sand; the names of these Sons of the Light are written in the temple of eternity. To these Brothers I will make thee known, and thou art able to become one of them.

These Brothers are initiates in the mysteries of religion; but do not misunderstand me by supposing that they belong to any outer secret societies such as those which are accustomed to proclaiming what is holy and given to the practice of external ceremonies, and whose members call themselves Initiates. No! Only the spirit of God can initiate man into divine wisdom and illumine his intelligence. A man can only direct another to the altar whereon burns the divine fire; the second must attain thereto by himself; if he desires to be initiated he must by this token make himself worthy to obtain spiritual gifts; he must drink from the fountain that flows for all and from which none are excluded except those who exclude themselves.

While the atheists, materialists, and skeptics

of our modern civilization falsify the word "philosophy" with the object of eulogizing as divine wisdom the lucubrations of their own brains, these Brothers live tranquilly under the influence of a light most high, and construct a temple for the eternal spirit, a temple which will continue to exist after more than one world shall have perished. Their work consists in cultivating the powers of the soul; neither the turbulence of the outer world nor its illusions affects them; they read the living letters of God in the mysterious book of nature; they recognize and enjoy the divine harmonies of the universe. While the wise men of the world try to reduce to their own intellectual and moral level whatever is sacred and exalted, these Brothers are raising themselves to the plane of divine light and encounter there all that is good, beautiful, and true in nature. They are not limited to mere belief, but know the truth through spiritual contemplation of Faith; their works are ever in harmony with their faith, because they do good for the love of the good and because they know what is good.

Do not think that a man can become a true Christian merely by professing a certain creed or by uniting with a Christian church in the literal sense of the word. To become a true Christian signifies to become a Christ, to elevate one's self above the sphere of personality, and to include and possess in the heart of one's own divine ego whatever exists in the heavens or upon the earth. This is a condition beyond the conception of him who has not reached it; it is a condition in which one is now and consciously the temple wherein the Divine Trinity with all its power resides. Only in this light or principle which we call Christ and which other peoples know by other names can we find the truth. Enter thou into that light and thou wilt learn to know the Brothers who live therein. In that sanctuary are all powers including those called supernatural, by whose means humanity may receive the strength necessary for re-establishing the bond, at present broken, which in remote epochs united man with the divine source from which he proceeds. If men could only know the dignity of their own souls and the possibilities of the powers lying latent in them, the desire to find their own proper egos would fill them with respectful awe.

(To be continued)

(*) *The original letter from which the following was extracted was written by Karl Von Eckhartshausen, in Munich, in the year 1792.*

Question Department

Acceptance of Occult Truths

QUESTION:

Why do some people have so much difficulty in accepting the statements of occult philosophy, and why do others apparently intuitively know these statements to be true without any evidence except their intuition?

ANSWER:

The statements of occult philosophy do not appeal to a person as being true until he has at least to some small degree, become sensitized to the vibrations of the superphysical world. Then he senses these vibrations and perceives the truth of their existence and the truth of the laws which govern on the invisible planes as stated in occult philosophy. Up to the point when he begins to sense these vibrations, they have no existence for him, and therefore any statements regarding them are considered as mere foolishness. In reply to inquiries of this sort we say that if occult philosophy appeals to a person, then it is for him. If it does not, then he will have to wait until such a time as he is ready for it. There is no use in trying to force the matter, because a person cannot sense a thing when he has not developed the faculties for sensing it.

MATTER AND THE ELECTRONIC THEORY

QUESTION:

What is matter, and how does the occult definition harmonize with the electronic theory?

ANSWER:

Max Heindel has stated in the "*Cosmo-Conception*" that matter is crystallized spirit. From the occult standpoint this is entirely correct.

Material scientists have progressed a long distance in the last few years towards finding out the true nature of matter, the electronic theory being the principal means by which this has been accomplished. They have demonstrated through the discovery of the electron that physical matter is a form of electrical energy. They have found that the atom is composed of a number of charges of negative electricity grouped about a nucleus which is probably composed of positive electricity. They have also discovered that

the various atoms which were formerly supposed to be the finest subdivision of matter are really nothing but an aggregation of electrons, and that an atom of lead, for instance, differs from an atom of carbon only in the number of electrons which go to compose it.

This discovery of material science is perhaps the greatest discovery that has been made in the present age, because if material science can prove that matter is a form of energy, it is only a step further to prove that energy is a spiritual quality and that therefore there is nothing in the universe except spirit. This is the claim of the occultist, and it is a great step forward when science and occultism arrive at the same point in their conclusions.

THE DENSITY OF THE ETHERS

QUESTION:

How is the word density used in the "*Cosmo-Conception*" in connection with the ethers?

ANSWER:

When it is stated in the "*Cosmo*" that the ethers are physical matter of less density than ordinary physical matter, the word "dense" is used in exactly the same sense as it is used by material science. Science, as noted in the preceding question, has demonstrated that an atom of matter is composed of a certain number of electrons. The grouping and arrangement of electrons which go to compose the ethers is different from that of ordinary physical matter. As a result the ethers are of a nature less dense than physical matter, but still of the same intrinsic quality. In any case the ethers are merely another form of electrical energy, and in this respect are exactly the same as physical matter.

INTERFERENCE WITH DESTINY

QUESTION:

Is it permissible to decline to help a person who is in trouble, from the standpoint that we may thus be interfering with his destiny?

ANSWER:

It certainly is not. We may be perfectly sure that if it is possible for us to render assistance to any person in his time of need, his destiny is

such that it will not be interfered with thereby. The mere fact that we are in a position to render assistance and that the other person is in a position to receive it proves that he has arrived at such a point in his evolution, and his destiny has arrived at such a state of maturity, that it is right for him to receive our assistance. If this were not the case, then something would interfere to prevent him from receiving it, for instance, something would develop to make it impossible for us to help him, or the help which we rendered would fail of accomplishing the desired result.

It is our duty in all cases to do our utmost for those who are in need of help, and leave it to the Lords of Destiny to decide how much is proper for them to receive. Unless we grasp our opportunities for helping others as those opportunities present themselves the time will come when we will be denied such opportunities for creating good destiny, and though we may desire to take part in the advancement of the race, we may find that circumstances are such as to prevent us from doing so. Therefore it is necessary that we let no opportunity slip by for work along these lines, as thereby we will be helping forward the cause of general evolution and our own individual evolution at the same time.

ROSICRUCIAN REPORTS IN INK

QUESTION:

Why do you require that the monthly reports of your students and also the weekly reports of patients be written in ink?

ANSWER:

The effluvium which is transmitted from the hand to the report has an affinity for fluids, and it is conducted through the ink which is transmitted to the paper. When the ink dries, the effluvium is thereby to a certain degree attached to the paper, and remains so attached for a certain length of time. A typewriter, on the other hand, does not use fluid, and therefore it is not a conductor for the effluvium and does not confine it to the paper as does the ink. This has two applications: First, the probationers' reports which are submitted monthly, and second, the patients' letters which are submitted weekly.

In the first case, the probationer as an invisible helper is guided in the healing activities

in which he takes part on the invisible planes at night by the Elder Brothers or their agents who have charge of the healing work. The effluvium which is transmitted with the monthly report is the means by which the Elder Brother guides the probationer in this work.

In the second case, the effluvium which is transmitted with the patient's report acts as a means of ingress for the invisible helpers, and gives a key to his system whereby they may direct the healing operations. Unless this key is furnished, the healing cannot be carried on.

MUNDANE ASPECTS

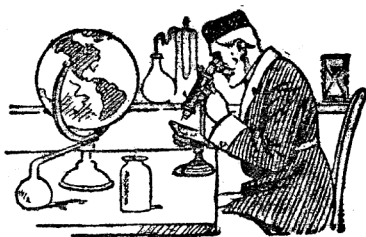
QUESTION:

What are mundane aspects, and how do they differ from the ordinary astrological aspects?

ANSWER:

Mundane aspects are based on the affinity or lack of affinity which exists between certain signs in the zodiac for certain other signs, for instance, those which are 60, 90, 120, or 180 degrees distant. One planet is said to be in mundane trine to another planet when the two are in adjacent signs of the same triplicity. For instance, Saturn in Taurus is in mundane trine to Jupiter in Virgo, without any regard to the degrees of these signs which the two planets in question may happen to occupy. Saturn might be in the fifth degree of Taurus and Jupiter in the twenty-fifth degree of Virgo; the aspect would then lack twenty degrees of being an exact trine. Under the ordinary rules of astrology this does not constitute an aspect, and therefore there would be no effect considered between the two planets. But since Taurus and Virgo are both earthy signs, there is a certain harmony between them, and that harmony is communicated to the planets which occupy them, regardless of the particular part of the sign in which those planets happen to be.

The effect of a mundane aspect is of course weak when the planets are separated from an exact aspect by a large number of degrees, as was the case in the example given above. At the same time a certain small effect will be observable. In the case noted above, Saturn and Jupiter will be found to work together with a certain degree of harmony, which would have been absent if Saturn had been in Aries instead of Taurus.



The Astral Ray

The Rosicrucian Conception of Astrology

Astrology is a phase of the Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals and not to be confused with fortune telling. As the tides are measured by the motion of sun and moon so also are the eventualities of life measured by the circling stars, which may therefore be called the "Clock of Destiny." A knowledge of their import is an immense power, for to the competent astrologer a horoscope reveals every secret of life.

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

To the medical man astrology is invaluable in diagnosing disease and prescribing a remedy, for it reveals the hidden cause of all ailments.

If you are a parent, the horoscope will aid you in detecting the evil latent in your child and teach you how to apply the ounce of prevention. It will show you the good points also, that you may assist the soul entrusted to your care in becoming a better man or woman.

The message of the marching orbs is so important that you cannot afford to remain in ignorance of it.

Notes on Practical Astrology

GLADYS M. ROBINSON

OF ALL THE GIFTS that we received upon our entrance into the world none is more wonderful than our individual horoscope—that symbolic circle enclosing the signatures of the seven mighty Powers of the Universe, and within which we may create, destroy, or preserve at will. For, whether we know it or not, we are each building an inner kingdom, and the forces which we use in our building are the same forces that sustain all things and beings in the visible universe.

Imagine at the commencement of world manifestation seven great centers of consciousness, the "Seven Spirits before the Throne of God," interpreting His life in seven different ways. Imagine that these seven great centers reveal themselves in vibrations, some of which we definitely translate into color. Now these vibrations, though constituting the essence of all things, have to pass through innumerable planes and conditions before they reach our physical

eyes, and so it is that here on earth we only see very faint and imperfect reflections of the divine archetypes. As a true mystic says:

" 'Tis we who do make errant all the rays
That stream upon us from the astral heights.
Love in our thickened air too redly burns,
And into vanity our beauty turns."

The position of the seven planets in our birth map shows the manner in which we have utilized the seven forces at our disposal. In them we most truly "live and move and have our being," since they are in and through all things. This is the firm basis upon which astrology rests. All life receives the same forces, but each form translates them according to its own stage of development. "All things are full of the gods," and it is impossible for us to regard our own special horoscope as an isolated center of consciousness once we realize that all the forces of the universe sweep through it, and that these forces are the great realities of existence.

Starting from the physical planets, their material representatives, we behold the dim adumbrations of their subtle inner essences, watching them shine forth in seven tremendous rays, the seven Fathers of all that has form. We trace, let us suppose, the Martian ray, and see its vibrations in harmony with the warrior and the pioneer, with the surgeon and the wolf, with the hawthorn tree and with iron, with the bloodstone and the note C upon our pianoforte, and with the color red from muddiest scarlet to loveliest rose. The planets' vibrations run through all things from the highest angel to the dust at our feet, and thus astrology takes its place as the most practical science ever revealed to mankind.

It was the grandeur of this astrological concept of the world that brought into existence the ancient star worship religion of Chaldea, that caused the erection of wonderful temples and the founding of many priesthoods. Though the rank and file of the worshipers may have tended to materialize teachings that were too high for them, there were always those who were able to see nearer to the heart of things, and it may be that the earnest astrological worker of today, beset as he is with so many difficulties and hindrances, received his first impulse to the study of stellar love beneath the skies of Chaldea.

Granting the truth of the omnipresence of planetary influence, let us now apply this true astrological science to our own horoscope, and let us see what help it can give us in the building up of our own special cosmos. This is individual work because each has his own particular angle of vision and his own individual goal. Some souls are younger than others, some strong enough to bear tremendous strain during the period of their cosmic building, but weak or strong each has the only work possible for him at the period of development at which he has arrived.

In our cosmos as in the great world outside we are conscious of the presence of four elements, and our first step in analysis is to discover what proportion our elements bear to one another. When we have decided this, we have decided upon which of the four planes we function normally, whether it be the fiery or spiritual, the airy or mental, the watery or emotional, the earthy or material, all of which are of equal use and importance. Perhaps we find that six out of

the nine planets are in the watery signs, an indication that the emotional element will be strongest in us. Many people take this to mean a weakness, something to be ashamed of; but this is a total misconception, since the "emotional" person is distinguished by his or her rapid emotional "response," as the psychologist would say, and this peculiarity raised and strengthened will produce that subtle power known somewhat vaguely as intuition, which seems at times to forestall the slowly gained conclusions of the mind.

Once we have discovered our normal plane of activity, we must find the quality of the element with which we have most to do, and here we find ourselves face to face with what Eastern philosophy calls the problem of the "Gunas" or modes of motion. We therefore next ask: Is my preponderating element active, stable, or rhythmic? If many planets are in fixed signs, for example, it is our duty to determine the virtues and vices of the fixed signs and to learn to manipulate our own to the best of our ability, not forgetting the sub-influences of the varying decanates.

We may next determine whether the positive or negative signs preponderate. Roughly speaking we may regard the former as the spiritual or active side of consciousness and the latter as the material or form side, thus discovering whether we incline more to creativeness or receptiveness.

In concluding this part of our subject it may be well to add that in some horoscopes we find the planets equally distributed in the three "qualities." In this case considerable care is needed to determine which quality acts through the strongest planets.

II

The next step is to consider the condition of the seven planetary forces and to discover which are strongest and which weakest with us. The sun is the life-giving power, the moon the reflector and distributor, Mercury the power of reason, Venus of love, Mars of action, Jupiter of expansion, Saturn of contraction.

There is now an absorbing and intricate task before us. In the first place each of these forces operates in a sign, and each sign has its own appropriate "Word of Power." As an example, we may take Saturn in Scorpio. We have here the force of contraction operating in the sign of fixed water, the highest possibility of which is regeneration. It may act in one of two ways: it

may either conserve all the good that comes its way until such a time as it is needed in the attainment of the Scorpio resurrection, or by striving to lay hold of whatever seems most attractive to the lower self, develop a particularly intractable form of self-centeredness. But even this information is not enough, for no force can be considered active unless connected with that upon which it can act; we cannot discover at a glance whether a planet is operating upon a high or low level in the sign it occupies, but we can discover its relation to other planets by noting the aspects it receives.

Suppose our Saturn in Scorpio is square to the sun in Leo, and trine to the Moon in Cancer. This means that the power of contraction receives unfavorable rays from the life power placed in its own creative fire sign, which shows a tendency that if allowed to strengthen will create desires gravitating from regeneration to generation. This, however, is not the only influence at work. The moon, mother and reflector, is strong in her sign of reflection, and able if she is given the chance to reflect the mysteries of the Great Motherhood. A battle of some sort is inevitable, for a critical point in evolution has been reached.

In the same manner we examine the condition of each of the forces that work within and without our cosmos. We discover the relation between love and energy, reason and expansion, reflection and contraction. We find the conditions under which the planet of universal love is working; we notice if the will is helped or hindered. Thus slowly and patiently we proceed upon the difficult path of learning to recognize the conditions which exist within and are mirrored without. One can never "do" a horoscope once and for all, neither can one lay down hard and fast rules for future guidance. We must evolve much further before we shall readily comprehend the operations of the great power centers of our microcosms, but this we know that even as an invincible Power directs the whole of visible nature, so may our immortal ego rule the kingdom within us.

Let us suppose that we have analyzed our horoscope. We have felt intuitively our weaknesses and our virtues; we have detected the spots where storms are likely to arise and those where we may expect stagnation; we have felt the possibility of burning fevers, of chills, of agues, and

we have entered the lists as a spiritual warrior; but is there nothing more that we can do? There is, and if we fail to recognize that there is, we fail to justify our claim to the title of practical astrologer. We refer to the application of the age-old Doctrine of Correspondence, formulated by Hermes and amplified by countless sages. No writer has expressed this teaching with greater clarity than Paracelsus when he says, "If I have manna in my constitution, I can attract manna from heaven. Saturn is not only in the sky but deep in the ocean and earth also. What is Venus but the Artemisia that grows in your garden, and what is iron but the planet Mars? What is the human body but a constellation of the same powers that formed the stars in the sky?" Everything in nature from mineral to man belongs to one of the seven great Hierarchies whose dominant characteristics are represented by one of the seven planets. Everything has also its own rate of vibration, and as all colors blend into one white light, so do all tones and vibrations harmonize in the "music of the spheres."

For an example let us suppose that we have an irritable temper: the Mars center is over-emphasized because aspected by other planets from unfavorable angles, so we turn to the Venus center for equilibrium. But we can also apply the true material side of astrology. We do not of course wish to strengthen the Martian vibrations in this case, so as far as possible we banish from our daily life such things as the color red in its most vivid shades, the known Martian gems, the metal iron, the vibrations of martial music, the plants ruled by Mars, and the like until we feel that we have regained the mastery. In this way we carry the truth of planetary influence from the heavens to the very dust at our feet, remembering at all times that in astrology as in all the affairs of life to divorce earth from heaven is to fall into courses of action that degenerate into meaningless follies and superstitions.

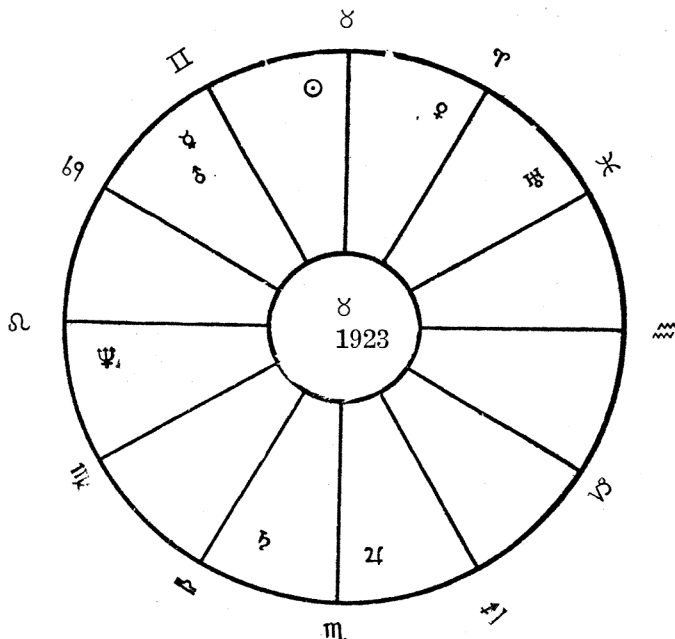
We have indicated some ways in which we may use the science of the stars on the various planes on which we function. It remains but to say a few words regarding the purely spiritual side of astrology. It is here that we touch the true inner essence of the stellar love, and draw near to those victories and defeats, waxings and wanings, that belong to the mysteries of life. It is the spiritual

(Continued on page 36)

The Children of Taurus, 1923

Born between April 21st and May 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 conveys no adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would be but 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 their positions in the signs 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 this year during the time that the Sun is passing through the amiable, artistic, and musical sign of Taurus will be endowed with exceptionally quick and active minds, for we find both Mars and Mercury in the Mercurial sign of Gemini which rules the mind. Their mentality should be directed into channels where they may express themselves through the pen or typewriter.

Mars will in May be in sextile aspect to the keen, serious, and tactful Saturn. This last named planet being in its exaltation in the sign of Libra will chain down and balance the impulsiveness of Mars and give greater tact in expression than if it were not so placed. Mars in Gemini may sometimes express himself severely and unkindly.

Venus, the planet of art and music, is in the martial sign of Aries. This planet will be in sextile aspect to Mars the greater part of the month. This will have a tendency to soften Mars and give the faculty of writing with ease and fluency, using exceptional rhythm and turn of phrase.

These Taurian children will have an interesting life, full of experience, for the planets are making many aspects during all the month, both good and bad. Especially will their lessons along

advanced lines be many, for we find Jupiter, the planet of opulence and benevolence, in the fixed sign of Scorpio, an occult sign. Jupiter is square to Neptune, which is in the fixed sign of Leo. These children's ideals regarding religious matters will waver between the more orthodox and conventional Jupiterian lines and the advanced and occult sciences represented by Neptune. The latter, being in the heart sign of Leo, is likely to win out, for it is supported by Saturn exalted in Libra in sextile aspect during all the month. This will give persistence and balance to the Neptunian tendencies.

The advanced and mystical Uranus is in the sign of Pisces, the natural home of Neptune and Jupiter. Uranus is trine to Jupiter, which strengthens the inclinations or desires of these Taurian children for following the path of occultism as they reach the years of understanding.

With the planets scattered in so many houses, these children are apt to be very versatile, Jacks-of-all-trades. They will be clever with the hands, and with Mars and Mercury in Gemini ruling the hands they should by all means be encouraged to write or to use the brush in art. The girls will be deft at needle work.

Your Child's Horoscope

Free delineations of the horoscopes of subscribers' children are given in this department each month to help parents in the training of their children. Vocational readings are also given to help young people to find their place in the world. Readings for children are given up to the age of 15 years; vocational readings for those between 15 and 25.

To be eligible for a child's reading the parent or applicant must be a YEARLY SUBSCRIBER to this magazine. Vocational readings may be applied for by the subscriber for himself or for another. The names for delineation are drawn by lot. Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either a new subscription or a renewal, is entitled to an application for a reading. If you wish to apply for a delineation, please state so plainly at the time of subscribing or renewing your subscription. The number of names submitted each month exceeds the number of readings to be given, hence we cannot guarantee a reading in every case.

We Neither Cast Nor Read Horoscopes for Money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science of astrology. We give astrological delineations only in this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. Please do not make requests for other readings, for they cannot be complied with.

When applying for a reading, be sure to give *Name, Sex, Birthplace, and Year, Month, and Day of Birth*; also hour and minute of birth if known. If these data are not given, the reading cannot be made.

HERBERT LEE S.

Born December 14th, 1920. 4:20 A. M.

Long. 90 W., Lat. 41 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Leo 25; 11th house, Virgo 27; 12th house, Libra, 24; Ascendant, Scorpio 14-59; 2nd house, Sagittarius 14; 3rd house, Capricorn 19.

Positions of the Planets:

Mercury 4-31 Sagittarius; Sun 22-10 Sagittarius; Venus 2-20 Aquarius; Moon 5-46 Aquarius; Mars 13-01 Aquarius; Uranus 2-12 Pisces; Neptune 13-32, retrograde, Leo; Jupiter 18-16 Virgo; Saturn 24-24 Virgo.

This child has the sign of Scorpio rising, with the ruler, Mars, placed in the third house in Aquarius in conjunction with the Moon and opposition Neptune. Aquarius is a humanitarian, inventive sign, and Mars being the planet of energy here indicates that much of the energy of the native will find its outlet in humanitarian activities. This is emphasized by the fact that the Moon, giving the instinctual mind, is also placed in this sign, indicating that the instincts naturally turn to projects for developing the race and helping humanity. Venus placed in conjunction with the Moon indicates that the sympathies are universal in character rather than narrow or selfish.

Neptune in the ninth house in opposition to Mars indicates an excess in activities having to do with the investigation of the superphysical. It would therefore be well to restrict these, because this aspect gives a mediumistic trend to the mind and indicates that subjective influences might endeavor to gain the ascendancy,

which would be disastrous. The trine of the Sun to Neptune, however, gives capacity for leadership in occult movements.

The Sun, the planet of life, is placed in the sign of Sagittarius in the second house, sextile to Mars, square to Saturn, and square to Jupiter. These influences are somewhat conflicting in nature. The sextile of Mars gives a great deal of energy, and also a degree of executive ability in handling men. The square of Saturn is an aspect of obstruction due to the native's selfishness and crystallized ideas. It can be transmuted by realizing this fact and endeavoring to broaden his views and sympathies, and by considering the welfare of those with whom he associates rather than his own solely.

The square of Jupiter to the Sun is an aspect of excess. Jupiter is the planet of benevolence and optimism, but when it is unduly and excessively vitalized by the rays of the Sun, the native goes to excess along the lines indicated. This should be guarded against.

The Sun placed in Sagittarius, the sign of the higher mind, philosophy and law, indicates inner aspirations along these lines. Placed in the second house, it is a testimony of financial freedom.

The Moon in conjunction with Venus in the third house, the house of the lower mind, develops the social qualities and graces and enables the individual to express himself fluently and in a pleasing manner, but this is offset to a certain extent by the brusqueness and excessive frankness of Mars in the same house.

The sextile between the Moon and Mercury indicates a balance between the reason and the

imagination, the two principal qualities of the mind. Mercury, however, square Uranus, introduces an erratic tendency into the reasoning and tends to put the latter out of focus, with the result that the conclusions reached may at times be incorrect. To offset this, all decisions should be made deliberately and impulsiveness in action avoided. Mercury rising before the Sun helps the mind and gives it keenness and poise.

Saturn in conjunction with Jupiter limits the natural optimism of the latter and is a somewhat depressing influence. However, if the creative power of thought is employed to resist this tendency, it can be practically done away with. Saturn and Jupiter are both placed in the tenth house, the house of the profession, but Jupiter is elevated over Saturn and should prevail. It is quite likely that the native in his profession will occupy places of authority, signified by Leo on the tenth house.

VOCATIONAL

PHILIP MARTIN B.

Born Oct. 22, 1905.

5 A. M.

Long. 43 W., Lat. 86 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Cancer 18; 11th house, Leo 22; 12th house, Virgo 21; Ascendant, Libra 15-7; 2nd house, Scorpio 12; 3rd house, Sagittarius 13.

Positions of the Planets:

Sun 28-23 Libra; Mercury 5-5 Scorpio; Uranus 1-1 Capricorn; Mars 10-15 Capricorn; Saturn 26-16, retrograde, Aquarius; Jupiter 5-20, retrograde, Gemini; Neptune 10-24, retrograde, Cancer; Moon 9-34 Leo.

This young man has the artistic sign of Libra rising, with its ruler Venus placed in the twelfth house. The life ruler placed in this house has less scope for its activities than in the other houses, although in this case the good aspects which it has from the Moon and Jupiter give it a great deal of strength. This means that it will tend to find its expression in connection with institutional work of some sort, and in this it will be successful. It also gives a capacity for art. The square aspect of Uranus, the advanced humanitarian and inventive planet, tends to excessive love of pleasure and erratic conduct in the social life, but the trine aspect of Jupiter gives the power to hold these tendencies in check.

Cancer on the cusp of the tenth house governs the profession. Its ruler, the Moon, is also in the tenth house. The Moon is the planet of the imagination. It is here strongly placed and well aspected, which indicates that the creative power of the mind is strong and in correct focus. Therefore, a profession will probably be followed in which the imaginative power of the mind is brought into play and the creative instincts given full scope. This could take the direction of architectural designing, or one of the decorative arts. The Moon is here placed in Leo, with a sextile to Jupiter, which will give a capacity for leadership and the ability to succeed before the public. The sextile of Venus to the Moon will bring the social qualities to the aid of whatever projects are entered into along these lines, and will tend to make them successful.

Mercury, the planet of reason, is exceedingly well aspected, which indicates a strong, well balanced mind. It has the sextile of Uranus, which gives it an inventive quality, the sextile of Mars which gives it force, and the trine of Neptune which correlates it with the higher spiritual planes and the knowledge which is obtained without the aid of reason. This, together with the well aspected Moon governing the imaginative faculty, the other quality of the mind, indicates great aptitude for a mental profession, and therefore this is additional evidence that such will be followed.

Pisces is on the sixth house, employees, and its ruler, Jupiter, is placed in Gemini in the eighth house. Jupiter is the planet of benevolence and broad vision, and therefore it indicates that the relations of this young man with employees will be of a harmonious nature. In case he becomes an employer himself, he will take a broad-minded view of his relations with and responsibilities to his employees, which will make him successful in his dealings with them. Pisces is an inspirational and mystical sign, and the employment therefore might take the form of activities connected with occult philosophy and its dissemination.

The Sun placed in the sign of Libra and rising gives artistic abilities; also a capacity for successful partnerships.

The Sun, having the sextile aspect of Uranus, is an indication of inventive ability. The trine

(Continued on page 36)

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Pituitary Body and the Pineal Gland

KITTIE SKIDMORE COWEN

THE PITUITARY BODY

(Continued from April)

AT ONE stage in the life of the embryo there is an opening in the mouth directly connecting it with the pituitary body, and the spinal cavity is also connected therewith. Through these media the spirit about to take birth is still in close contact with "Mother Nature" and the spirit world outside, while the prison walls of flesh are being built around it. But certain other apertures of the body—notably the foramen ovale, the opening in the partition between the two auricles of the heart of the foetus—close at birth and divert the foetal blood stream from its former unimpeded channel through the auricles of the heart, sending it directly to the pituitary body and the pineal gland in the head. The blood is forced through the ventricles into the lungs, and then through the medium of the inspired air the pictures of the physical world in the air are mirrored in the blood. Gradually these spiritual sense centers in the head become clogged, the spiritual sight wanes, and the consciousness is focused in the physical world. The clogging material must be removed from our spiritual centers before we can again sense the spirit world.

The pituitary body is not atrophying; it is simply dormant at the present time. Hypophysis is a word of Greek derivation and means an undergrowth. We are now approaching the Aquarian Age; the sun is therefore beginning to transmit the highly intellectual vibrations of this sign, which accounts for the intuitions, premonitions, and telepathic transmissions now so prevalent. In the final analysis these phe-

nomena are due to the awakening of the pituitary body, ruled by Uranus, the Lord of Aquarius. Every passing year will make them more manifest.

The pituitary body is particularly correlated with the spiritual side of our nature. It is negative or feminine in expression.

* * * * *

THE PINEAL GLAND

The name is probably from the Latin word *pine*a, meaning a pine nut, a pine cone. It is also called a *conarium*. The root meaning seems to come from the Sanskrit *co*—to bring to a point. There is also the thought of the whorl or *spiral* formation of the branches of the tree, the cone, and its seeds, which may have an occult significance. In the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" there are many pictures of the priest standing before something that looks like a very large reproduction of a cone, making prayers and offerings of food. It is a puzzle to the interpreters as to what it is. May it not be an offering to the sun before an altar in the form of a cone, as typical of the life of the sun coming to us as spiritual sight through our *conarium*? The same thing might have been represented by the crowning of the victors in the Isthmian Games in Greece with a wreath of the *pine*. There it a story in mythology that the nymph *Pitys* (Greek for *pine*) lived in the mountains and was loved by Boreas (the north wind), but as she was also loved by Pan (Greek word meaning *all*), and as she loved Arcadia where Pan lived, Boreas blew her down off the mountain. She died from the fall, and Pan changed her into a *pine tree*. Pan was represented as the Lord of Hyle. Hyle means both *woods* and *primitive matter*. So this

may be a subtle reference to the spiritual eye or sight having left the upper regions of spirit (wind) and fallen in love with Pan, the procreative power of primitive matter. She fell so deeply into matter that she was changed into a tree, rooted in one place, and became the *pineal gland*.

As we lost the use of our spiritual eye by misuse and neglect, and it sank so far into matter (our head) as to cease to be a useful organ, so now it would seem to be our duty to learn how to awaken it to a new, intelligent, directed functioning. In the normal person there is a natural co-ordination between the sound and speech centers. This was destroyed in the brain of Helen Keller, and when she learned to talk, she had to *literally wear a new path in her brain to the speech center by continued repetitions, by sheer force of will*. This may give some clue as to what is necessary for us to do in regaining the use of this great but lost power of sight on the spiritual plane.

Some of the physiologists are beginning to suspect that the pineal gland is in some way connected with the mind because it contains certain crystals after death, the quantity of which is much less in those mentally defective than in people of normal mentality. This conclusion is right.

(To be continued)

NOTES ON PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY

(Continued from page 31)

factor that must in the end dominate mind, emotions, and body, and it is the spiritual factor which as the true radix supplies nourishment and power to every well ordered existence. With this fact as our basis, astrology will remain an ennobling science; without it, it becomes a meaningless jargon of unrelated symbols, a mere diversion for an idle hour.

Strong and unchanging, the great Star Angels have stood and will always stand the mighty sentinels of the universe, who at all times "do the will of their Father which is in heaven." There must at length come a time when the convictions of the few become the living certainties of all, and when the material planets will be universally regarded as the exterior symbols of eternal principles, the seven rays of the Spir-

itual Sun, verities among much that is unreal. And with this knowledge must come the inevitable sequel, namely, knowledge that all things, both in the universe without and the universe within, are ruled according to their inherent qualities by one or another of those mighty astrological forces that sustain both macrocosm and microcosm.

THE RISEN LORD OF THE WESTERN WISDOM TEACHING

(Continued from page 18)

liberation of the great Christ Spirit as well, who must continue annually to make His descent into our earth to give of His life without stint or measure until we by *giving of ourselves in loving service to others* have evolved our love nature—the Life Spirit, the Christ within—to such an extent that we shall be able to float, control, and fructify our earth and thereby release Him from the pain and suffering of further physical existence.

From the cosmic viewpoint a new era has opened up before us, and may it be the earnest endeavor of every one of us *to so live the life* that the great Sun Spirit, Christ, may know in deed and in truth that like the wise men of old, we too have seen His star and have come from afar to worship Him.

PHILIP MARTIN B.—VOCATIONAL

(Continued from page 34)

of Saturn to the Sun gives capacity for detail and the ability to succeed by patient application. Saturn here placed in the 5th house ruling education and publications would bring the above qualities to bear on occupations having to do with these matters and give eventual success in them, although temporary obstructions would be encountered. Saturn trine the Sun also gives the respect and confidence of the men with whom the native associates.

Altogether, this young man has remarkably good prospects for success in life. A point to note is that success may come so easily that he may become careless and not improve his opportunities, in which case the fate of the unfaithful and unprofitable steward would be his. Therefore, we would advise him to use his powers to their full limit, and "make hay while the sun shines."

Children's Department

Peter and His Pets

CORA COCHRANE GRAVES

PETER WAS A little boy four years old. Because he was a good, kind, little boy his parents let him keep many pets. He had two white rabbits, a little yellow canary, a gray kitten, a little brown dog, and a black pony. Oh, but Peter took good care of them! He fed them every day at the same time. The little white rabbits had all the milk and clover leaves they wanted; the yellow canary always had plenty of seed and water; the gray kitten had a nice big bowl of milk three times a day; and the little brown dog was given bones to his heart's content. The little black pony was round and fat because Peter kept his manger supplied with hay and oats. And, oh the jolly times they had together! They all loved and trusted Peter because he was always good and kind to them.

But one day a boy came whom they did not like. He was quite a big boy, and he wore ragged, dirty clothes, unlaced shoes, and a cap on one side of his head.

"Hullo, little kid," he said to Peter grinning, "what yu got here? Gosh! what's the good of these measly things?"

"They're my pets and they're as good as good can be," replied Peter, stoutly.

"Pets? Huh!" sneered the ragged one. "I don't see as they amount to anything. Why don't you bat'em around and get a little fun out of it?"

"It wouldn't be any fun," answered little Peter.

"Wouldn't it though? That shows you don't know anything about it—you've never tried. Just watch me," and before Peter could say a word, that dirty, ragged boy knocked over the bird cage, gave the little brown dog a wicked kick which sent him off yelping with pain, and threw a stone at the gray kitten, who said—"Me-Ow-Me-Ow," very pitifully.

"You *bad, bad* boy!" shouted Peter angrily; "you can just leave my things alone. And if you can't play right, you can just go home, so there!"

"Ho! ho! ho! But we're big, aren't we? All right, kid, I'll be movin' along cuz I'm sure scared o' you!" The boy-with-his-cap-on-one-side laughed unpleasantly and walked away.

Peter set the canary's cage upright, and the little bird was so happy that he began to sing a very pretty little song. "Come kitty, kitty, kitty!" called Peter. The little gray kitty came running eagerly, and the boy took her on his lap and stroked her fur gently, the right way. Then the kitty sang a little song, too, like this: "Purr-r, Purr-r." Then Peter whistled to the little brown dog: "Come Fido, Fido, Fido!" he called. The little brown dog came, limping. "Poor Fido, good Fido," said Peter, patting him. And Fido who could not sing wagged his tail instead.

A week passed. Then one morning a dreadful thing happened. Peter got up one morning feeling very cross and ugly. "Oho!" said Father in his jolly way; "our little man got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning." But Peter didn't say a word. No, sir, he didn't even smile, because he felt so unhappy.

"This isn't Peter. Our boy must have gone away. Peter never looks like that. Why, this is little Cross-Patch, to be sure. Where is our Peter, anyway?" And mother began looking everywhere—under the table and chairs and behind the door for her own little boy. Still Peter did not smile, but hurried through his breakfast and then went out-of-doors.

The two white rabbits came hoppety-hop toward him, the little gray kitten came trottery-trot, the brown dog came lippety-lippety, the black pony came gallop-a-gallop. The little yel-

low canary fluttered against the bars of his cage, for he, too, wanted to join the merry company. But, oh, dear me! Peter was so very cross this morning that he wasn't glad to see any of them. And he was so unhappy that he wanted to make some one else unhappy too. So he pulled the ears of the white rabbits and said roughly, "Go back to your nest where you belong." And he slapped the gray kitten and said, "Go back to your box where you belong." And he kicked the little brown dog and said, "Go back to your kennel where you belong." And he hit the black pony across the back with a long strap and said, "Go back to your stable where you belong." And he turned crossly to the little yellow canary and said, "Stay in your cage where you belong."

The little white rabbits went away sadly, hoppety-hop, hoppety-hop. The gray kitten went slowly, trottetty-trot, trottey-trot. There were tears in the eyes of the little brown dog as he went back to his kennel lippety-lippety, lippety-lippety. The black pony looked very unhappy as he went gallop-a-gallop, gallop-a-gallop into his stable. The yellow canary hung his head and did not sing all the morning long.

Peter was very cross indeed all the forenoon. He did not go near his pets nor give them anything to eat, and they were so hungry. He just sulked around out-of-doors by himself.

Then suddenly he heard his mother calling, "Pete-r, Pete-r! Din-ner!" Well, he *was* hungry. So he went into the house. Father and mother were both smiling, and there was the best dinner—tomato soup, parsnips, mashed potatoes and milk gravy, pink ice cream, and little nut-cakes with pink frosting on them—just the very things he liked best. The corners of Peter's mouth turned up farther and farther until he was actually smiling—a big, happy smile. "Peter's here," said mother; "I'm glad he's come back because I don't like to have little Cross-patch around at all."

When the yellow canary saw the big smile on Peter's face, he began to sing, and Peter thought he never had heard such a beautiful song. As soon as dinner was over, Peter gave the bird some seeds, then he rushed out-of-doors again. And what do you think? There by the doorstep were all his pets waiting for him—the two white rabbits, the little gray kitten, the brown dog,

and the little black pony. "Good, good pets," said Peter. Then he fed every one of them, and they had a very jolly time together.

FOUND

MARY-ABBY PROCTOR

The little bird went to its nest,
The little chick to mother's breast;
But little Pete could go nowhere—
No place for him in earth or air.

For Pete was just a puppy small,
And ne'er so far from boy or ball;
Was taught to always come as told;
Must never saucy be, nor bold.

Now, all alone, and cold and drear,
No master dear, or shelter near.
Lost! A baby dog. What could he do
But cry and cry "ki-ou, ki-ou!"

Hark! There's a step along the street!
A merry whistle loved by Pete.
" 'Tis my master, my kindly friend;
The cold, the dark, has now its end."

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES IN ASTROLOGY AND THE ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY

Astrology: To us astrology is a phase of religion. We teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain. There are two courses in astrology, the Junior and the Senior.

Rosicrucian Philosophy: We have a *Preliminary Course* in this of twelve lessons, using the *Cosmo-Conception* as text book. The completion of this course admits the student to the *Regular Student Course*. This includes a monthly lesson and letter by Mrs. Max Heindel devoted to a study of the practical aspects of the Philosophy.

These courses are conducted on the freewill offering plan. If you wish to be admitted to any of them, address,

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

—Ovid.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings advocate a SIMPLE, HARMLESS, and a PURE LIFE. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, including fish and fowl, also alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality.

As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of the animals and birds for food, and so far as lies in our power to refrain from the use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We hold that vivisection is diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery, and bring relief and clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces.

We endeavor at all times to live up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." We do not criticise, granting to others the right to heal with whatever method they may accomplish the greatest good, for we believe that there is good in all and that no school has the right to dictate to another. God alone is the judge, and the results are the witnesses.

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

A Private Still

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL (MRS. MAX HEINDEL)

IF THE OLD ADAGE, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" could be changed to read, "As a man feedeth his stomach, so is he," we would come nearer to solving the riddle of man and his future.

The first act of the little chick after it has picked its way out of the shell is to seek for food. The newborn calf as soon as able to stand upon its feet instinctively seeks its mother's udder; and the human infant, which is physically so helpless at birth, will immediately seek the mother's breast. So we find it all through life. With man his stomach is his first thought. He will work a lifetime, often from early morn till late at night, to earn the money wherewith to feed this ever craving, never satisfied organ which he calls his stomach.

The furnace is fed with coal, which must be ignited and burned before it emits heat. Shut off the air from the furnace and the fire will become choked and die out, or allow the soot or ashes to accumulate and the flame will quickly lose its heat. Likewise do we destroy the usefulness of the furnace when we constantly keep it at a red heat. Its grate and lining soon burn out, and the furnace must then be replaced.

There is a furnace within the body of man which is the generator of the mental and physical force which makes its possible for the spirit to func-

tion in the physical world. Food is the fuel which must be used to feed this furnace, giving this human engine its power of motion and keeping warmth in the blood stream. It is also the means through which the spirit, man, keeps his contact with physical matter.

Coal must first be broken up and destroyed by fire through the oxygen of the air before it emits its heat, which is then used to generate motive power. So must food be broken up before it can be used as motive power for the body.

The salivary glands, of which there are three pairs in the mouth, receive their nourishment from the blood. The material so received they convert into a liquid which, when mixed with and acting upon the food, causes chemical changes to take place immediately, leaving the food in proper shape for the action of the digestive fluids which are later supplied by the stomach. The moment the food enters the stomach, a peristaltic action is set up and another form of digestive juice is supplied by the glands with which this organ is lined. These glands in their turn have also received their material from the blood, which they change into gastric juice.

A healthy stomach produces about three quarts of gastric juice in twenty-four hours. When a normal amount of health-giving food is well masticated and mixed with saliva, it is then

worked by a downward motion through the gullet (the esophagus) and into the stomach. This organ has already been apprised of the presence of food from the moment the tongue contacted it. As a result the little glands in the stomach have prepared a liquid, which in its turn mixes with the food by the peristaltic action which starts immediately after the food reaches the stomach. After the food has been churned and worked into a soft mass, the trap door, the sphincter pylorus, relaxes and opens, and from time to time forces a small amount of partially digested food into the intestines.

When in normal health, the stomach should discharge all of its food from within four to five hours. After the stomach is cleared of food, there is required a short time of rest before it can be ready with a healthy hunger to welcome the next meal. The meals should be at a regular time each day, for the stomach and bowels form habits as well as the man, who when in normal health is hungry and desires food three times each day. This also encourages and sets up peristaltic action of the bowels, which will then evacuate the refuse left from the food digested at the previous meal.

Our forefathers, who enjoyed better health than we do today, arose with the sun. The breakfast hour was 6 A. M., dinner at 12, and supper at 6 P. M., allowing six hours between meals, assuring plenty of time for the stomach to discharge all food, and leaving a short time for rest before the system was set to work to digest the next meal. Does the average man follow these healthful habits of his progenitors? No. Only when necessity demands, and then grudgingly, does he arise before 9 or 10 A. M. After losing the very best part of the day in a poorly ventilated sleeping room, he awakens with a dull, listless, and negative feeling. To counteract this he insults the stomach with a cup of strong, black coffee or tea in order that he may have a stimulant. Water is absorbed into the system by filtering through the walls of the stomach; it needs no digesting. But coffee or tea sets the stomach to work to separate the caffeine and poison from the water. This poison has a stimulating effect upon the little cells of the stomach, causing them to waste the digestive juice, which instead should be stored up to be used for the digestion of the solid foods. After

this excitement and false stimulation, the little cells are left in a weakened and exhausted condition. They are covered with a brown coating and when they are later given solid food to digest, they have lost much of the digestive fluid and also their healthy impulse for work. The result is that the solid food is robbed of the gastric juice which is so necessary for its digestion.

The tongue is the organ of taste and also acts as a conductor, helping in mastication by rolling the food to be crushed between the teeth. This movement of the tongue with the corresponding movement of the jaws liberates the saliva, which then mixes with the food and converts the starches into sugars.

There is a strange intelligence in the wonderful system of communication between the various centers in the digestive system. The moment that food touches the tongue, the gastric juice and the intestinal and pancreatic juices are poured out. The communication which takes place between the various parts of this wonderful system was once thought to be accomplished through the nervous system, but by experiment the nerves have been entirely blocked between the mouth and the stomach and still the connection was not shut off. This wonderful human wireless system still remains a complete mystery to science.

Another great mystery lies in the fact that each kind of food calls forth the particular kind of juice which is best fitted for its digestion. We may here see why a meal consisting of a number of heavy and indigestible foods which require a long time for digestion, draw very heavily on the blood stream instead of stimulating and feeding the body. Consequently the heat of the body is then concentrated about the stomach and small intestines. Is it any wonder that the flatulent, overfed man or woman is usually dull and sleepy after meals, and that this type is lacking in strength and endurance?

What we are most concerned with at present, however, is not the gormandizer who makes a pig of himself by overeating at a French dinner, a banquet, or in his own home. We wish to sound a warning in this article to the one who has no appetite when he sits down to the table with his friends or family, and to the one who is following a vocation where he or she must pre-

pare the food, be it in the home or in a public eating house. This warning is also for the abnormal mincers who satisfy their depraved appetites by lunching all day long, those who carry sweets with them in a pocket or shopping bag, and who think they must have a box of chocolate creams on the dresser in their bedchamber. When such a one sits down at the table to a regular meal, is it at all surprising that he does not relish his food?

Now when the desires of a man cause him to constantly mince bits of sweets every hour or all day long, think what effect this must have upon the digestive organs. First, the blood is robbed of its vitality in order to feed the salivary glands, and when the normal three quarts of gastric juice are dissipated, the blood must supply more. When the blood has been robbed of its mineral matter and refuses to supply more, the various glands are then left without their supply of fluids, and this continuous stream of food must as a consequence pass through the stomach half digested. The tiny glands which line the intestinal tract must then do double duty. They, also having been robbed of much strength, shirk their work. As a consequence the half digested food is sent to the colon a dry and mucusless mass. Do we wonder that so many today are suffering from constipation?

The great danger, however, lies in the stoppage of food in the colon, which if not eliminated at stated periods three times each day decomposes, and the entire intestinal tract then fills with toxic poison. Fermentation takes place and the body then begins to manufacture its own spirits. This undigested mixture of food, which is lacking in the proper juices necessary to break it up into bits and assist in extracting the vitamins needed by the body to keep it in good health, must necessarily undergo a change. Its value as a food is lost, and it turns into a poison.

It is from fermentation of foods that alcohol and uric, carbonic, and other toxic acids are generated, which act as a poison to the system.

We read so much about the bootlegger and the man who is arrested and fined heavily or cast into prison for manufacturing liquor in a private still. National constitutional prohibition was adopted by the United States government during the war, which makes it a criminal act for a man to have in his possession or to manu-

facture intoxicating liquors. America is at present having a busy time laying nets to catch these lawbreakers. But there are millions who are guilty of breaking the laws of God by manufacturing spirits within a private still, which does not come under man-made laws. Auto-intoxication results from the usual practices at afternoon teas in my lady's boudoir, in clubs, at the soda fountains, and in places too numerous to mention.

The victims of the toxic poison which is generated in the body are filling the hospitals, insane asylums, and prisons. The schools are full of frail, poorly born, anaemic children, whose bodies are undersized, and who are early victims of tuberculosis, catarrhal troubles, rickets, etc. Our public schools and even colleges are surrounded by lunch stands and infested by ice cream soda and pie venders, who play upon the weaknesses and the desires of the young, thereby encouraging them at an early age to form the dangerous habit of mincing and eating between meals.

The individual who breaks the laws of the state or country and is fined or imprisoned is not the only criminal. He may steal his neighbor's gold or rob a bank, or he may distill false spirits which may cause another man to become drunken; but the food criminal who breaks the laws of nature, polluting the temple which houses the living God, must pay his debt by having a broken-down body in this life, and he will also return in a future existence with a body in which he will find little health and comfort. Man in this life is building the archetype for the body which he will use in the earth life which follows. Do we wonder why we meet with so many deformed, misshapen, and idiotic people who have come into this life with these deformities? What will these auto-intoxicated people bring back with them in the future? Truly it is said, "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

Let us realize that the real aristocracy of this world is an aristocracy of service, and let us do what we can by word and by example to hasten the days when an aristocracy that scorns to serve will be universally despised. Let us recognize that only those who labor, in the sense of performing some useful service, are possessed of real worth.—Selected.

Vegetarian Menus

—BREAKFAST—

Stewed Rhubarb
Browned Rice
Prune Roll
Cereal Coffee or Milk

—DINNER—

Lentil Soup
New Potatoes and Green Peas
Entire Wheat Bread—Cream Cheese
Milk

—SUPPER—

Strawberry Layer Cake
Pineapple and Orange Salad
Corn Bread
Milk

Recipes

Prune Roll

Mix one cup of entire wheat flour with one of white flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and half a teaspoon of salt; work in two tablespoons of butter with the dry ingredients. Moisten with sufficient milk to form a soft dough. Roll out half an inch thick. Wash and remove stones from prunes. Cover the rolled dough thickly with prune pulp and sprinkle very lightly with sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll, and press dough together at the two ends. Bake for thirty minutes.

Browned Rice

Wash unpolished rice, place in a flat baking dish, and brown in oven, turning from time to time to prevent burning. To one cup of rice add two cups of water. Boil in double boiler until tender and flaky. Season with salt, and serve while hot.

Lentil Soup

Boil one cup of lentils with one clove of garlic, one small onion, and a few sticks of celery until tender. Press through colander. Add one cup of tomato juice and enough water to make soup for six. Season with salt, and two tablespoons of butter. Let come to a boil, and serve with croutons.

New Potatoes and Green Peas

Boil two cups of shelled peas for twenty minutes in enough water to cover. Scrape small new potatoes, allowing them to stand in cold water for ten minutes. Pour off water and place potatoes on top of peas, adding one-half teaspoon of salt. Cover with tight lid and steam until tender. Add two tablespoons of browned butter, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Strawberry Layer Cake

Mix one and one-half cups of flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder. In separate pan mix the yolks of two eggs with four

tablespoons of butter and three-fourths cup of sugar, slowly adding one half cup of milk. Stir into this the flour and baking powder. Bake in three layer pans. When cold, spread the top of the layers with the white of eggs well beaten, cover with fresh strawberries, and place the layers on top of one another.

A NEW VEGETARIAN CAFETERIA AND CENTER FOR LOS ANGELES

Vegetarianism and humanitarianism have taken a new lease in Los Angeles with the opening the first week of April of the new L. A. Vegetarian Cafeteria at 504 West Fourth Street. This is to be more than an eating place. It will be the centering point for all sorts of humanitarian and liberal propaganda.

Those lending their energies for the establishment of this vegetarian center include Murray Schloss, founder of the Hill-Top movement and head of the Heart-o'-the-Hills ranch; Otto Carque (synonym for American pure food); Dr. F. Skene Reinhold, just returned from a professorship at Lindlahr's in Chicago; Dr. Guy Bogart, Dr. Maurice Eldridge, and Dr. Grace Eldridge of the Eclectic Chiropractic College; Dr. Charles James and Dr. P. M. Lovell of the L. A. Chiropractic College; Hubert Wills, expert manager of vegetarian restaurants; Richard Mayer of Boston, Dr. Levinia Price, Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley, and others.

This group is planning the formation of a Humanitarian Society with headquarters at the Vegetarian Cafeteria. For evening lectures there is both the large dining room and a smaller room where there is no disturbance from traffic.

Visitors to Los Angeles are invited to make this cafeteria their headquarters while in the city. Sociability and individual attention will be key notes of the service.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19, 1923.

Dear Friends:

Your letter of the 10th has just been forwarded to me from home, and I thank the Invisible Helpers more than I can tell for all they have done for me and mine.

The very day that I sent the telegram my brother began to improve and is now on the road to recovery. I know that the work of the Invisible Helpers was effective in his case.

I have recovered from my attack of mumps and am feeling very much better.

Gratefully yours,

C. D. W.

Butte, Montana, Oct. 24, 1922.

Dear Friends:

I want to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure that was performed on my little niece Dorothy. She had St. Vitus' Dance, but shortly after applying for help from the Fellowship the disease disappeared.

We are so thankful to the Heavenly Father, whose love the Elder Brothers and the Fellowship are so beautifully reflecting. I, too, am the recipient of many blessings through the Fellowship, especially during battles between my lower nature and the higher self. It seems sometimes that I must sink, but in such crises help comes every time. Oh wonderful Brotherhood! God bless you all in the great service you are performing for struggling humanity through Christ Jesus, our Lord.

W. J.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6th, 1922.

Dear Friends:

It is my pleasure to report that I am now healed and will discontinue the weekly report. Truly I have cause to be very grateful to the Invisible Helpers. Three doctors whom I consulted advised that an operation was the only remedy that would cure a fistula permanently, and yet I am cured without their help. This miracle I shall always remember, and it gives

more than ever a determination to help others, knowing what real suffering means.

With best wishes to all the dear workers on Mt. Ecclesia.

R. A. L.

HEALING DATES

April 1—7—14—22—28
May 4—11—19—26
June 5—12—19—25

Healing meetings are held in the 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 Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

CO-OPERATION WANTED

All who write to Headquarters will lighten our work decidedly if they will kindly observe the following:

- 1st.—Please be sure to write BOTH your name and address on every letter and order.
- 2nd.—Please write orders on a separate sheet, and do not combine with lessons or reports.

ROSICRUCIAN EMBLEMS

The price of these has been increased to \$3.00 owing to the addition of a motto card cover and a white rose.

These emblems, made by a member at Headquarters are 13x16, painted in blue and gold, with raised cross and silk roses.

Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

Easter at Headquarters

CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

EASTER MORN on Mt. Ecclesia! The very words are fraught with magic visionings. They hold memories of a never-to-be-forgotten picture for all those who were so fortunate as to celebrate this holy festival of the Rosicrucian School at Headquarters.

As the first faint line of light above the eastern hills proclaimed the coming of the morning sun, the friends and guests gathered around the white cross in front of the Library.

The subject of Mrs. Heindel's address was, "The Christ Is Risen." She spoke briefly but with such eagerness and such spiritual intensity that it thrilled her hearers immeasurably. She said in part: It is the entrance of the Christ Spirit into the earth at Christmas time which causes the seeds to sprout and the grain to grow; which causes the fructifications and the resurrections that we know as spring. Now when the Great Spirit has finished His work in the earth, He ascends to the Father for rest and recuperation before undertaking another yearly sacrifice. Mrs. Heindel also expressed pleasure in the fact that every year the Sunrise Services are being more and more observed to commemorate the Resurrection. She ended her talk with a beautiful plea that in the hearts and lives of each one present the Christ Spirit might indeed abide in renewed strength and works.

The service closed with a silent meditation before that holy symbol of the spirit, the seven red roses wreathed about the white cross which rises from the center of a golden star of marigolds, giving in beautiful symbolism man's past, present, and future evolution.

As we stood feasting our eyes upon the glory of blossoms which make Mt. Ecclesia at this season a veritable fairyland of flowers, and listening to the soft caroling of feathered warblers thrilled with the joy of the morning, from every

heart there echoed that mystic greeting and every soul responded to that gladsome cry, "He is risen, He is risen indeed."

At the eleven o'clock service in the Pro-Ecclesia, Dr. Franziska Lash spoke with much feeling and beauty upon "Easter Morn," bringing out the thought that Easter must always be preceded by the Last Supper and the Passion; that only by the way of suffering, consecration, and crucifixion may the resurrection be attained.

At the evening service Mr. S. R. Parchment gave an address upon that interesting subject, "How Shall We Know Christ at His Coming?" Mr. Parchment stressed the point that while many societies are preparing for the second coming of the Christ, the Rosicrucian philosophy teaches that He will never come again in a physical body, and that we must prepare our "golden wedding garments," our soul bodies, to "*meet Him in the air*" as St. Paul has told us; also that to build the etheric soul body similar to His, there must be experienced the birth of the Christ Spirit within the heart of each individual.

Beautiful and appropriate music was furnished for all of these services by Madame Louise D'Artell and Mr. Ion Wolfe, vocalists, Mr. Svein Shudshift, violinist, and Miss Beth Schroeder, organist.

On Good Friday evening Mrs. Heindel gave an illustrated lecture on the music drama, Parsifal, which was very instructive and much enjoyed. On the evening preceding Easter Madame D'Artell gave a healing concert, in which she demonstrated the correlation of the twelve keys in music, the color spectrum, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. This was much appreciated by the resident members and guests.