



# RAYS from the ROSE CROSS

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



Vol. 11 OCEANSIDE, CALIF., APRIL, 1920 No. 12

General



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**THE MYSTIC LIGHT—**

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

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

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Cosmic Light on Life's Problems. Your Child's Horoscope Delineated. This section is an invaluable aid to educators and to students of Astrology.

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Subscription in the U. S. and Canada, \$1.50 a year. Singles copies 15c. Back numbers 20c. England, 6s 3d a year.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS** must reach us before the 10th of the month preceding issue, or we cannot be responsible for loss of magazine. Be sure to give *OLD* as well as *NEW* address.

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

**Rosicrucian Fellowship**  
Oceanside, California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

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

# Prize Competition . . . .

## In Writing Articles for the "Rays"

THE EDITOR OF THE "RAYS" OFFERS THREE PRIZES AS NOTED  
BELOW FOR THE THREE BEST ARTICLES SUBMITTED  
BEFORE JUNE 1, 1920

### First Prize

Rosierucian Cosmo-Conception  
Rosierucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers  
Rosierucian Mysteries  
Freemasonry and Catholicism  
Message of the Stars  
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"Rays" for One Year

### Second Prize

Rosierucian Cosmo-Conception  
Freemasonry and Catholicism  
Message of the Stars  
"Rays" for One Year

### Third Prize

Rosierucian Cosmo-Conception  
Freemasonry and Catholicism  
"Rays" for One Year

*EXTRA—All other articles received in this competition which we can use for publication will be retained and one year's subscription to the "Rays" given to each of the writers.*

Substitutions may be made if desired in any of the above cases, equivalent value being given in other books, Ephemerides, Tables of Houses, etc.

### CONDITIONS:

Articles submitted must have between 1500 and 2500 words. Articles may be along any of the following lines:

- (1) Stories with a philosophical or mystical vein running through them.
  - (a) Suitable for adult reading.
  - (b) Adapted to children.
- (2) Philosophy, Religion and Astrology—articles in conformity with the Rosierucian Philosophy—practical applications of same.
- (3) Interesting personal experiences in the occult, mystical or philosophical fields.
- (4) Nutrition and Health—applications of philosophical principles to gaining and retaining health.

All manuscripts should, if possible, be typewritten and in double spacing. However, legibly written long-hand will do if typewriting facilities are not available.

We sometimes find it necessary to make slight modifications in articles in order to adapt them to our requirements. We accept literary contributions only subject to this provision.

*All manuscripts intended for this competition must be plainly marked "Prize Competition."*

*All articles submitted will be examined at as early a date as possible and the names of the prize-winners announced in the "Rays."*

This is a valuable opportunity to obtain a complete line of Rosierucian literature free, and also to bring out any dormant literary ability which you may possess, all of which may be the means of greatly furthering your development.

# The Mystic Light.

## The Lord's Prayer

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE

(*Done into verse by a Rosicrucian Student*)

Eternal Father who in Cosmos dwells,  
Hallow'd Thy Name, we reverently pray;  
Thy Kingdom come as wisdom's light dispels  
The darkness that beclouds Thy perfect day.

Into temptation lead us not, but guide  
Our falt'ring footsteps past the paths of sin;  
Deliver us from evil thoughts that hide  
Thy presence, help us find the good within.

Thy Will be done on earth as 'tis in Heav'n,  
May joys of Fellow-Service fill the soul;  
Give us this day our daily bread, as leav'n  
To feed, sustain and make the body whole.

Forgive our trespasses as we forgive  
The trespasses by others done to us;  
Attune our minds in sweet accord to live,  
May crimson Roses bloom upon our Cross!

Teach us to know the Beautiful and True,  
Choosing the Gift of Life Thou hast bestow'd;  
Learning to build our future lives anew,  
Walking in Love the straight and narrow  
road.

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## Good-Friday Magic

MARGARET WOLFF

**T**HE orthodox churches are shrouded in mourning on Good Friday. With them it is a day of gloom and sorrow; to us it is a day of infinite compassion, infinite tenderness, truly *Good Friday*.

The vibrations of Easter are triumph, victory; with majestic chords the sun rises and intones the song of the risen Master.

The rhythm of Good Friday which vibrates through every blossoming tree, every green blade in the fields, every note of the bird song, is *love!* Not the joyous love of Christmas time, but a sweet, quiet love; softened by pain; mel-  
lowed by sorrow; nurtured with tears.

On Good Friday nature smiles as on no other day of the year, the most beautiful smile of all,—the smile through tears. In Wagner's immortal Good Friday drama, Parsifal says to the redeemed Kundry who silently serves and gratefully weeps on Good Friday morning,

"Your falling tears become a blessed dew,—you weep, behold, all nature smiles with you."

On the morning of Good Friday Parsifal finds himself at the entrance gates to the Castle of the Grail, a returned pilgrim after many years of wandering and suffering in the wilderness of life. In the fierceness of struggle, the stupor of pain, he has lost count of time; the change of the seasons has been meaningless to him in the dark, dark forest from which he has just emerged; he does not know what day it is. But his sensitive heart soon responds to the rhythm of the Good Day and he exclaims in joyous wonderment, "I never saw the grasses, buds, and flowers so gently tender; . . . their fragrance is a childlike loveliness, their speech all trust and sweet, safe confidence."

"This is Good-Friday magic, Sir." Thus explains Gurnemanz, the aged guardian of the gate, who in his hermit's hut hidden at this

spring-time under a bower of blossoming trees has been waiting the coming of Parsifal.

“Good-Friday magic!” So mysterious, yet so simply understood, if our hearts respond to it.

Let us listen,—listen with our hearts, to the rhythm of Good Friday, because on that day the personal bond between us and our Saviour is established and re-established every year.

Good-Friday magic is of a peculiar kind. Its wondrous spell cannot penetrate the armor of intellect. When Parsifal returns he is clad in a black coat of mail and wears the winged helmet of Mercury; he carries shield and spear. These have served him well on his way to the cross; but when he arrives at the cross newly erected every Good Friday, Gurnemanz bids him “Take off thy weapons, they offend the Lord who, bare of armor, gave His sacred blood as a salvation for the sinful world.” Parsifal obeys; he lays his armor down at the foot of the cross,—he *kneels* at the foot of the cross. Not until then does Good-Friday magic work its wondrous spell; not until then does he see all nature smiling radiantly through tears; not until then does he hear the grasses and the flowers and the birds talking to him in sweet confidence. The voices of the Little Ones!—“What you do to one of the least amongst my brethren, you do unto me, and what you do not do to one of these Little Ones you do not do unto me.”

The sacred blood fell as a quickening dew upon our planet, the Earth; it was shed for the Little Ones, our brothers of the mineral, plant, and animal world just as well as for us. But *they* can only sense the greatness of the love, the glory of the sacrifice, whereas *we* can understand it.

By force of our minds *we* alone are able to grasp the magnitude of the fact that the great Sun spirit, the Christ, renounced his splendor amongst the creative hierarchies, his shining path through solar systems and zodiacs for our sakes, so that our sorrowful star whose vibrations had become dangerously low through our materialism, might be saved from the dreadful fate of crystallizing in gross matter and of losing its possibility of evolution in this cosmic cycle. *Our* faults, *our* sins had also endangered the guiltless Little Ones of the younger kingdoms who with us are bound to the planet; all creation groaned and travailed until the suffering Earth absorbed the cleansing blood,—

tears from the very heart of the solar system.

And the sacrifice of Golgotha is repeated every year. The blood purified the planet, the rate of vibration was raised to a normal speed, but this speed has to be kept up and increased in order to ensure the evolutionary progress of the earth. Therefore for a part of each year the Sun Spirit imprisons himself in our earth to the innermost depths of which he descends on Good Friday. For a part of each year He takes upon himself the cross of dense matter, the untold suffering connected for him with earthly conditions, and will continue his sacrifice until a sufficient number of our race have developed to such a degree of high vibrationed spirituality that the younger souls may be safely entrusted to our care, and the destiny of the Earth is secure.

Thus far we can follow the drama of Good Friday with our intellects: “This is what the Christ does for us!” But if we want Good-Friday magic to weave its spell around us, if we want to establish the *personal* bond between ourselves and our Saviour, we must enact the Good Friday Drama in our hearts: “What can we do for the Christ?”

We all know the picture of the Christ in prayer, “Awaiting the Day of Liberation.” If we feel what that picture symbolizes, can there be any closer personal tie than this, the Christ imprisoning himself for *us* and waiting for *us* to liberate Him! Though the great sacrifice is performed again and again in loving silence, yet He, our Saviour, longs for us to save Him. He gave us all His love,—how He waits, how He wishes for ours.

Our responsibility is overwhelming, we are keeping the Master imprisoned. We know it. Why cannot we feel it? Because our hearts, cramped in by the black armor of intellect, are too small to feel bigness. Oh, these proud, miserable, self-centered intellects of ours which talk so much of self-expression and self-development and of the power within us. *One* thing is needful, namely to kneel down at the foot of the cross, with Parsifal, amongst the Little Ones and to say: Master, Thou hast served and saved me; now I will serve and save Thee; and I will begin by loving all Thy Little Ones,—my younger brothers in the plant and animal world

(Continued on page 447)



# Reconstruction Letters

## Number 13

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

**S**OMETHING about man this time. . . . Woman is on the inner curve of things; man's sphere is the outer circle. It is easier for woman to make spiritual progress, because of her subtler nature. She is first to answer the call of the finer vibrations. For ages a few advanced men have tried to travel the path to the Center without crossing her orbit, as impossible a thing to do as for the planet Earth to coalesce with the Sun without crossing the path of Venus. These masculines, finding that woman held the inner sphere, have tried to veil their faces from her as they passed inward, or tried to hurry through while she was occupied on the other side of the Light. They have, or shall, come back to try again.

For ages man has had the run of this Place. He has sought to bring all government, all worship, all magic, all romance to the surface. Contemplate for a moment his works upon the crust of the earth. . . . Nothing that he has done is so utterly out, so far reaching in ruin, as the manhandling of Romance.

It now appears that a large proportion of women have surrendered their birth-right and have become man-made creatures. They have compromised so often under stress, lost the use of their own prerogatives so many times, that even their inner spiritual revolt seems stilled into something dangerously like death. And their plight now, after all compromise and surrender, is that men do not hold to them; that men find the hearts and ways of such women uninteresting and artificial at length, and look over their shoulders, staring into some inner darkness for something—somewhere—that ought to be there.

Other women down the long gray days of decadence have gone far in hatred. There is hatred in the hearts of all great women, put there by the cruelty and obliquity of man's prolonged desecration of their sacred things—put there by the thong and the brand, the shutter and the veil, the broken foot, the blackened mouth, and the stunted mind. These are little

things. Women can forget such as these, but man has done worse.

He has broken down motherhood and all but dissipated its dreams. Look into the faces of the passing throng and contemplate the race we belong to. If there is anything your eyes have missed in the way of violated body or disrupted mind, wait a moment longer and it will pass in the crowd. But man has done one thing still worse than this. From top to bottom, from high Himalaya to New England, from Europe to the Near East, Old Testament and New, soldier and tradesman, layman and priest,—he has committed the blasphemy that man has the monopoly of Soul.

I have been a man all this time. I have been on the job most of the way down. I am not here to arraign men. The point of this brief reminder of certain facts about man's management of this Place, is that he has failed, and that his long-enduring supremacy is being taken away. No one with even optic nerves left can deny that woman is now coming into her inevitable restoration of power. If it proves her will to retaliate, to treat man as he has treated her, this planet during the next few thousand years is not going to be a pleasant place for us. If there is no mitigation of the Law that hate comes back to the hater, that cruelty kicks back to the ignorant, and oppression reverts to the inquisitor—the ways of the masculines are as black ahead as for the drones of the hive in the slaughter season.

Up to this time only a proportionate few women have realized the hatred in their hearts—reservoirs of hatred sealed on the way down, to be opened again on the way out. No man who has come up even through the emotional areas of romance, has failed to blunder somewhat among these vaults. An evolved woman, even when her human emotions are touched, is weary of him when he becomes a mere male. Often she is startled at the power of her venom when the veil of glamour is thrust aside, and he whom she has dreamed of as a lover, loses himself in the ancient lures of the earth. It is not that

she denies even now, the joy of these attractions. The torrents of her hatred are loosed because she perceives that these are *all* he knows. Back of the hatred is the spiritual grief of her heart and the whisper throughout her being that this man whom she dreamed of as a lover, is merely one like the others. And by the others she does not mean the adventures of one girlhood, but the tragedies of the ages. Mostly she keeps this hatred to herself. How well she has learned to do this!

It would be simple for a man coming into these realizations to change his allegiance to the feminine side of the field; but that would still be partisanship. The new mysticism deals with the whole, not the part. All parts are scaffoldings to drop away; molds in which the forms are set. We live in the molds until the awakening spiritual nature begins to chafe against their restrictions; then we plunge into slightly freer forms, until at last we have ceased to need their rigid bindings. Through innumerable tentative laws, we emerge at last into the freedom of the Law. Any cast becomes a burden then; any cult a morgue. We are free from them, when we no longer have need of preliminary trainings, exactly as we become free from the national consciousness when we begin to think of the planet as the working unit in all concerns; just as we are free from the molecular body, just as soon as we have refined our cells to the point that they no longer answer to the gravitation of the earth. All classes of society are man-made.

The new mysticism does not call for partisan allegiance. Man and woman, like the masses and the martyrs arraigned against the masses, are parts of the same fabric—two entities who make up one identity. One cannot help to heal the causes of the world-war by fighting for one nation; one cannot help to end the still greater war—the war of the sexes—by changing sides. So it is, that while realizing woman's spiritual grievance and her intolerable tortures, the modern mystic is still for man equally, because he is a part of the same thing as a woman.

It is a marvelous thing between men and women, that their points of view are so different. Ultimately the whole shall be seen between them on this account, but here and now it makes for misunderstanding. If you, as women, had taken the outer sphere of things you would have

been like men. You were forced to use your head while he was using his hands. You of the subtler nature, hemmed and harried by his suspicious, possessive control, had nothing but the mysteries to play with, while he was out toiling among the materials. You were already entering the realm of the intuitional, while he was in the deeper toils of the intellectual. You are touching the spiritual now, while he is just crossing the zones of the emotional.

He has not listened to you. Men have been atrociously taught; they have taught one another. Especially have they repeated one to another that you were not reliable, not responsible. Denying you soul, how could they look to you for truth? The little things you tried to say from the inner regions of the spirit, they were able to confute to their entire satisfaction with the narrow but better ordered brains they had evolved through matching heavy materials. You had no gift in expression because your mind-power, through which your revelations had to pass, had been stunted and maimed by every domestic and social and religious artifice. Meanwhile men continued to be so lost in one another's arguments and decisions on all affairs that they did not even see that the men-children you bore were becoming disrupted because they had stunted and maimed you.

And still you are the way to the Way, because you hold the Ring Pass Not—the inner orbit. A few men know this already and are hungering for Home—not to pass you on their way to the Light as before—but together to the Light. In this, a few men at last share the dream of great women. Because women were nearer the Light, they were first to know that they could not go to It alone. Because they were nearer the Light, they were first to learn of the efficacy of the love-thing as a force; that it alone casts out fear and hatred and fulfils the Law.

Because awakened women are learning the use of this incomparable force, a force as scientific as the push and pull of the planet, they are not minded, even in these initial days of their supremacy, to retaliate blow for blow, hate for hate, bond for bond. From man's material standpoint retaliation would be equitable, but as usual, the women have a standpoint of their own—theirs of the spirit. Nearer the Light, they perceived long before the first occultists

tried to avoid them on the way in, that they as women were incomplete; that it was useless for them to try to return to the Light without bringing in with them the masters of the outer sphere. From their present vantage, the great women of the world wait and watch for the return of their own.

This is the age of stern and rapid tests for all. Man is learning swiftly in the midst of the crash and crumble of his own institutions. He is learning that Labor and Capital, like night and day, are but opposite phases of the same thing. By the same token shall he learn, as the great Yearning closes upon him, that he cannot more become productive in the arts alone, nor in the spiritual activities of regeneration than he can bring forth a child of his solitary initiative.

In striving to reach his own feminine he shall find, one by one, the old avenues of approach closed to him now; he shall find that he strikes at the roots of his own vitality when he hurts her; that he darkens the half of his being when he puts her from him; that the very currents of the earth rise up to slay him when he tries, as of old, to take her by force. To his astonishment it appears that his *mere* passion invariably draws upon him the reservoirs of her ancient hatreds. At last in desperation he realizes that she possesses and can use a mightier magic of attraction than passion; that it drives and draws, whips and inspires, involves and maddens him, step by step, until it forces him into a full conquest of himself.

It may seem impossible as you regard him now across the table, but when he really begins to try, it will be easier for you to stay by and help him. When you see how hard the way is for him, with his vast material garnerings (which are for you, too, as all your magic-making of the lonely years is for him); when you see how mercilessly he has hurt himself trying to play the game of life out there where the Light is vague and treacherously refracted, it will become impossible, one by one, for awakened women to remember revenge—all that presently put away in the rising song of Deliverance, And when each woman perceives how the outpouring of her heart in this new and mighty magic flames upon him—searing and withering the old in its intense power; when she sees, in working activity, that to answer love for hatred is the keenest and most poignant retaliation—

she will cry aloud to Heaven long before he is healed, that her ancient enemy has suffered enough. (To be continued.)

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GOOD-FRIDAY MAGIC

(Continued from page 444)

which look up to me with trust and confidence, and all the younger souls amongst human kind who need me so much.

Our responsibility looms larger and larger. It is for us to liberate our Saviour, it is with us to save our younger brothers. The plant and the animal have not developed the consciousness by the light of which they might see the divine. They can only behold the reflection of the divine in the human. "My little god," so the dog in Mæterlinck's "Blue Bird" addressed his master. And Parsifal is told why grass and flower, bird and deer greet him so lovingly: "Our Saviour on the Cross they cannot see,—thus Man, redeemed one, they look up to thee."

In the tenderness of Good Friday there is foreshadowed that Great Day when in the fullness of love we shall realize that the sacred blood was diffused through *all* the earth, and has nurtured the so-called poisonous weed as well as the beautiful rose; the snake as well as the faithful dog; the lowly in mind as well as the genius. Let us love, love, love,—let us no longer hurt or betray or shun or fear the Little Ones nor feel superior to them, but answer their trust with infinite care, infinite protection. Let us hasten the "Day of Liberation," the last and perfect Good Friday when of all wonders the greatest will come to pass,—"Salvation for the Saviour."

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NATURE'S GOD

When the eastern sky grows crimson  
 With the rosy-fingered Dawn,  
 And the Angel of the Sunrise  
 Draws the curtain of the morn,  
 Then our hearts are thrilled with gladness  
 That a bright, new day is born.

When the western sun is sinking  
 In the white-capped western sea,  
 And the evening shadows lengthen  
 As the light dies, sullenly,  
 Then our spirits thrill with fervor  
 As we turn to worship Thee.

—Prentiss Tucker.

## The Transforming of a Personality

By H. K.

**WHEN** I paused on the threshold of Edith Judson's boudoir, where I had been summoned to meet the other girls who made up this week-end party at Larchwood, the country home of Mortimer Judson, I knew at once why a thrill of expectancy had in some way infused itself into my acceptance of this invitation and my anticipation of the visit. There had been something more than a desire to renew college day friendships, an intangible something that foretold excitement.

I was a late arrival and had been bidden to don kimona and slippers, then join my fellow guests by the cosy grate fire in our hostess's room, where, after the fashion of femininity, a before-retiring confab was in progress. The occupants of the room made a delightful picture: Edith, with her sweet graciousness; Frances of the ever-searching, expectant eyes, her Japanesey costume suiting her daintiness of figure; Dora, whose blond loveliness *was* a wonder and joy; and one other whom I did not recognize, the most interesting of all, a woman of vibrant poise whose atmosphere breathed controlled emotions and a sort of all-knowledge which it was impossible to conceal under an exterior of conventional calm.

In a flash I realized that this visit was planned by no other than my good fairy who sometimes rewards my never-ending search for "material"—something new to write about—by directing me to something particularly good. This fleeting summary was diffused by an avalanche of greetings, then I was introduced to the unknown.

"Don't you remember Marion Drew?" queried Edith. "She was in our dormitory during your last year at college. You must! She has traveled far and come back to us to make us glad that she has not forgotten us. Also, she is now Mrs. Billy Loudon and has changed more than any of us, though we would be happy to remark the same difference in ourselves."

I confessed that I did not remember her and could not believe we had met, as it would have been impossible to forget her charm and magnetism. "Oh, but I did not have them then," she responded. "That is a part of the change

in me that Edith is raving about. It is as great a surprise to me, I assure you. I remember you. I always admired and perhaps envied you because you were a distinctive type, and then your connection with the college paper seemed the very acme of achievement to a colorless personality as I was in those days."

Soon we were deep in reminiscences, and the talk turned to plans for the morrow and for the dance the following evening. "I have asked all the available men," said Edith, and fortunately there are plenty of acceptances, thanks to the nearness of the training camp. Men who have been busy in training appreciate their social privileges as they never did when they were simply devoted to business. Then it was difficult to get dancing men. Really, military training scores there as well as in our country's defense. Watch your laurels and fill your cards early; with Marion in the field it is wise to do so."

"The field is yours," said Marion, "I have had my last waltz." "Oh no, why? Tell us about it; does Billy object?" "Surely you love to dance!" "Come, we request the explanation as a good-night story," said Edith. Fate is kind to us this evening; make yourselves comfortable and listen."

"It *is* interesting, and strange too," responded our besieged companion, but I doubt that you will believe it to be a true tale. It all seems so unreal to anyone outside the experience, and never could have happened to me before I came to a realization of the forces beyond those recognized as natural.

"You remember, Edith, that we lived for a long time in a little suburb of Chicago; a small place that retained its village characteristics although it was within an hour's ride of a great city. There we found little social life and little companionship, but one family of our acquaintance was entertaining a guest who was a wonderful dancer and who had volunteered to teach us the new steps. For that purpose we gathered at her home in the evenings to receive the instruction.

"Billy was away and from sheer loneliness I plunged into this diversion, dancing morning,

noon and night to the playing of the Victrola and oftentimes with the housemaid for a partner. The village doctor and his wife often dropped in after office hours and joined our class, and he and I became quite proficient, waltzing especially well together.

“All this betokened expression and when the village Reserves gave a dance to replenish their treasury we at once decided to go, and in Billy’s absence it was arranged that I should be the Doctor’s guest. Our anticipation was great, as only those dependent on village activities for diversion can understand. All plans are apt to fail, though, and at the last moment my husband arrived, too tired to dance and needing comfort and cheer, so my part in the frolic was impossible.

This seemed to be the turning point. Soon the fast occurring events of the war took our associates away and we were called to the foreign office of Billy’s firm. Only the “Does,” as we called them, were left stranded on the social shoals of the little town.

“At parting the Doctor said to me, ‘Mrs. Loudon, we have never had that waltz, yet I am sure we will when we meet again for I still feel cheated,’ which remark I accepted as a graceful way of saying farewell, and soon forgot.

“The absorbing interest of life in a foreign city and the tenseness and excitement of war conditions soon erased the memory of the village and our invented pastimes. We met people of interest and I became possessed of a thirst for research,—for knowledge of the why of things; the reason for war, and the human development that permitted it. All these queries seemed to have been foreshadowed by the possibility of having them answered, as we soon came to know many who were students of the occult. I plunged into the theories of rebirth, the law of consequence, spirit return, and the whole curriculum of mysticism, out of which through a process called self-realization I evolved this new personality. Something that was latent in my being awakened and I became really ‘I’.

“Then followed a strange experience. I was asleep, but it was not at all like a dream. It seemed I beheld a wonderful ball-room. Approaching me from a wide distance, arms extended, came my friend the Doctor. He smiled

and said plainly, ‘Our waltz.’ The impossibility of arising from bed to enter a ball-room seemed plain to me, but that is just what I did, only when I had done so, I turned and saw myself lying in bed. Turning away, I saw in the mirror another self standing beside the bed. One self stood waiting for my partner while the other reposed in bed; one self sleeping, the other very much awake, garbed in filmy draperies, quite *au fait* for the ball-room. The Doctor was beside me repeating, ‘Our waltz.’ His arms encircled me and we moved away to exquisite music, smoothly, floatingly, feet scarcely touching the floor, dancing through unmeasured space and time to never-ending harmony.

“At last we approached my chamber. With a smile he relinquished me, remarking, ‘I told you we should have that waltz.’ Then he vanished. I looked at the self that was sleeping; questioned whether I should return to the uninviting atmosphere of earth to again inhabit a body that, beside the one I was wearing, seemed shop-worn and tarnished. But my companion was gone; I was alone in an unknown realm, and with a sigh I slipped into the sleeping sheath, while the more vibrant, ethereal me seemed to dissolve into the atmosphere. Morning found the memory undimmed. I had waltzed with my friend thousands of miles away. What did it mean, what the explanation?

“That came weeks later when news from home related how he had met his fate suddenly, without warning, his car wrecked at one of the crossings near his village home.

“Then I determined that the memory of that one beautiful waltz should be a memorial to this friend who had kept his promise, even though he had fled this earthly existence, and a memorial to my new understanding which had made it possible for him to reach me. Not even with Billy would I mar the recollection; so tomorrow, instead of deflecting your partners, I will contribute him to your quota.”

The rustle which accompanied relaxing tension bespoke the interest we felt. To our questionings she replied: “These powers and possibilities are all yours, my friends. The change you note in me is a living testimony to the forces of nature, for the most part beyond the ken of mankind, but always present and ready to do his will when he elects to call upon them.”

(Continued on page 456)

## Out of the Unseen

### A Mystic Sequence Under the Sacred Number 9

V. V. MCCOLLUM FRISBEE

(Book Rights Reserved)

(Continued from March)

#### VII.

#### A GLIMPSE OF THE INFERNAL OR NETHER REGIONS OF EARTH

**L**ET those who may *doubt* the truth of the following, venture for themselves with the same temerity as myself into the Unseen by forbidden paths, and, like the "fools who venture where angels fear to tread," they, too, may also have the *doubtful* "pleasure" of seeing what I have seen—perchance even more!

Having destroyed, or had destroyed for me by discarnate beings, Nature's protecting barrier against the evil unseen, when I rashly sought by means of the subjective, mediumistic process, to penetrate beyond the veil of the material, with the mistaken, infantile idea that were I good myself, no harm could befall me, I let hell itself loose upon my unsuspecting head and experienced in never-to-be-forgotten fashion, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, torture indescribable by means of any tongue known to man, since there are no equivalents in human language to describe such suffering as mine, being as they were outside of humanity's customary range of experience and knowledge. So does the uninstructed babe put its hands into the fire, and is burned thereby! With this warning, I shall proceed with my narrative.

In an hour when the merest film seemed to hang between myself and the "Unseen" spheres, with extended spiritual vision I beheld through far depths of thickest gloom, so thick, indeed, that it seemed tangible enough to have been cut into solid blocks of darkness, steps leading downward to a portal of the most massive description, apparently wrought of iron. The upper half of this great portal was fashioned in the form of a gate, through the bars of which flamed a crimson glow of light that but served to intensify the dense, inky blackness that reigned in these Stygian regions.

Beyond this ominous entrance-way, as my clearing vision traveled through the smoky pall, under overhanging, eternal skies of night, drifted over by snaky wreaths of jet-black cloud, slowly loomed an infernal, royal city, from whose imperial black marble palace windows and doors, as from countless eyes, a baleful stream of lurid, red light struggled forth into the heavy sable of the atmosphere without,—an abode of king-spirits of all evil known to this world or the next, a realm of horror, hellish passion, and despair, whose diabolical, dull-flaming gloom is naught but the creation, the reflection, of the spiritual conditions of those who dwell therein. Even so! For as thoughts are actual, creative building forces on the spiritual planes, high or low, divine or infernal alike, so do men here veritably build for themselves during their earthly existences, their future spiritual homes in the spheres for which they have fitted themselves by their corresponding lives on the physical plane. As ye sow, so shall ye reap!

In this terrible city not only evil ex-human beings have their habitation, but also beings of non-human persuasion as well, and all these are accompanied by a still more terrible throng of inconceivably hideous thought-forms,—demon shapes endowed by their creators, human and otherwise, with a vividly conscious life of their own,—life that shall never cease until those who thus created them out of their own evil natures and deeds, sickening of the ways of sin and death, revolt against such awful, self-made companionship, and turn once again to the LIGHT that shineth through the darkness; yea, even to the uttermost reaches of hell, reclaiming all therein! Lo, then, and not until then, shall Earth's sin-born, self-built hells, deprived of their reason for existence, be no more! Hence cometh the mystic battle of inspired Armageddon,—a final battle, a terrific conflict of psychic forces for the absolute sovereignty of GOD and RIGHT on all planes of life, material and spiritual, that even now, here and behind the Veil

of the Unseen, is being waged for our sakes, above, below, around us,—the destruction of the hells—while we like sleeping, unseeing babes, live on in the midst, neither conceiving nor understanding what is now actually taking place here and beyond! A warfare so appalling, of so terrible a character, unimaginable to mortal minds, that the great World War, itself a sympathetic reflex of the inexpressible struggle for supremacy between the forces of Light and Darkness that is rending Earth's many spheres from her nethermost hell to her highest heaven, is but mere child's play beside it!

Aye, the Earth is in travail, but when she emerges from her age-long agony, out of her convulsed, torn body she shall have given birth to a NEW AGE, light-crowned, joy-radiant, wherein such regions as I have just described shall no more send forth their frightful emissaries, their satanic thought forms, servants of their creators' evil wills, seeking to rouse, to tempt, to penetrate to men's unsuspecting minds and weakly controlled passions,—inciting to unspeakable desires and still more unspeakable deeds! Yea, shall cease to be, for the life which sustains all such shall have been withdrawn with the withdrawal of all souls from the ways of Darkness, and these living shadow-fiends of Evil shall disappear as though by magic,—even the mighty White Magic of the resistless WILL OF GOD, Incarnate Love united to the irresistible MIGHT OF RIGHT, and there shall indeed be "a new heaven and a new earth"

VIII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

One night I had hardly touched the pillow, my eyes closing instantly in utter weariness, before something, I know not what, prompted me to open them again and glance towards my chamber door, and this is what I saw!

Stealthily, with lithe, feline grace, I beheld a white-garmented Hindu, slight and elegant of build, glide swiftly through the door and around to my bedside. As I met the black-gleaming, basilisk-like eyes of my ethereal visitor, set in a visage finely featured and stamped unmistakably with birth and culture, I realized that despite his attractive exterior, he was of extremely evil character, and his visit boded no good. Almost simultaneously I became aware

of other and still lower presences in the room—a group of Orientals, possessed neither of his personality nor in such degree of his magnetic, unlawfully wielded will power. To these beings who had followed him into the room single file and had surrounded my bed at a little distance in a semi-circle, he turned commandingly and made a gesture as of caution; then once more turned and bent towards me with a faint, evil smile upon his lips.

Having verified personally in my own life the truth of the Rosierucian teachings concerning the abnormality and danger attending the subjective condition of psychism induced by hypnotic and mediumistic control, I instantly determined that I would have none of these visitors, and to this end I exerted my will forces to close every channel of my being through which, mentally, morally, or physically, they could reach me and so do me harm through processes which they understood only too well. I succeeded, and these evil beings, together with their leader, disappeared from my view as into thin air, though I doubt not their presences were still there.

Once or twice after this I saw the persistent young Hindu, who came alone, when he disclosed only too perfectly the evil nature of his character and intentions. Then was he made to learn a lesson which cured him, at least, of ever further troubling one mortal. But that is another story whereof I may not speak. He who runs may read! Take heed by what gate you, who seek the invisible planes, enter therein; whether as puppets of another's will, or as self-controlling masters of your own spiritual being!

IX.

A VISION OF PURIFICATION

Resting upon the lounge one afternoon, still dreamily aware of my physical surroundings, my consciousness seemed to become dual as I floated away like a leaf, borne on some invisible current towards another and far loftier sphere, where, still conscious of earth and my earthly form, I yet, in some strange way, found myself at one and the same time lying amid the shimmering glory of an apple grove laden with a lambent wealth of luminous, transparent bloom.

Awakening as out of a death-sleep, I rose slowly to my feet, looking wonderingly about

(Continued on page 460)



## Our Baby

LIZZIE GRAHAM

**O**UR baby came sweet and fresh from the land of love and light. We prepared for his coming in every way of which we knew. We purified our vehicles by careful living, by curbing our desires, by thinking much of spiritual things, and by frequent prayer for guidance. We could not give him much of this world's goods, but we gave him our hearts' love, still he could not remain with us. Two short years he gladdened our home and drew the angels near us, and then he had to lay aside the little earthy dress we had helped to make for him, and go back in the care of one of the Shining Ones to the heaven world.

Having lived such a short time in our home, he had not soiled his finer garments so he went directly into the first heaven (Cosmo p. 117). There was nothing in his short life that had to be purified. In the first heaven he met many old friends and relatives of former times, and he is growing up under their care without one thought of regret for his earth home; for he knows that very soon he will be back here again, perhaps in one year, perhaps in twenty years. There, time does not exist; it is all one long, bright, happy day. This first heaven is a place of joy without one drop of bitterness (Cosmo p. 116). What lovelier surroundings could we desire for our boy? It is far beyond any advantages we could give him here, for there he is being taught lessons that we could not teach him, under the care of a sweet, loving soul who "mothers" him.

He has most exquisite living toys, impossible of construction here. His life is one beautiful play with colors which work upon his moral character, building exactly what is required for its purifying and strengthening. In that first heaven the effect of color play is much more intense than upon earth, and therefore in his color play he is unconsciously learning very valuable lessons. He is in classes with others who have attainments like unto his own, and he will stay there till he has finished his lessons, these lessons being imprinted on his sensitive desire body. We trust that when he comes to earth again he

may live a very noble life as the outcome of these instructions.

The reason for his leaving us so soon was that he passed out of his pervious life in the noise and turmoil of battle, and though he had lived a good and useful life, he had at the time of "crossing the bar" no opportunity to review his past life, and therefore was not able to make the etching on his desire body necessary to reap therefrom the fruits of the previous life (Cosmo p. 97).

The record that should be imprinted on the desire body at death is very valuable, because it forms the basis of our work in the desire world where we are purified by suffering for what we have done wrong in the past life, where we experience happiness commensurate with our good deeds.

As our boy had missed all this experience after his last life, the Compassionate Ones allowed him to come to birth again that he might after a few years pass again into the desire world and be taught in the first heaven those necessary lessons that he had missed, not through any fault of his own. This accomplished, he will be allowed to return. We do not know that he will come to us, but we know the Lords of Destiny, the Recording Angels, will place him where he will have the most opportunities for spiritual advancement.

Some years ago a weak little spirit was sent into our care. She was fragile and clinging, very lovable and gentle, but without courage "to dare" or will power "to do." Life would have been a hard struggle for her in meeting earth conditions. But the Compassionate Ones soon took her back again to the first heaven, and she too, is learning in that lovely land of joy. When she is allowed to return, she will be better fitted to cope with life's battles and problems.

We are filled with joy at having been allowed to be the parents of these children, and we hope that we did all that we should have done for them. We know they will not be away very long, because, having passed over before the

*(Continued on page 456)*



## The Open Road

By C. H. P.

(Continued from March)

### PART V.—Continued

**S**O WITH your life. What you are now experiencing you have built for yourself. What good you have sown is coming to you, pressed down and running over. What evil you have done is to be worked out, overcome, destroyed, by good thoughts and deeds.

How important then that every one of your thoughts—vibrations—be harmonious, in order that the future as it unfolds may be likewise. For your future is like the picture which unfolds upon the motion picture screen. Scene after scene is the depicting of those situations which you yourself have created. Are you thrown into association with people who are unkind and unloving—people who harass you or make life miserable for you? Then be sure that you yourself have been unloving to others, either in this life or in former lives, otherwise such a condition would never have come into your life.

Again, your future is like the picture which a Master Mind paints upon canvas or builds with mosaics. Did you ever look upon a wonderful piece of mosaic work and think of the thousands of tiny stones required for the picture? The Master Mind when creating that wonderful work of art did not cast aside a stone because it would not fit a particular place. He knew in time it would be required.

So with you. Why not make sure that each and every thought from now on and forever is as beautiful, harmonious, God-like, Christ-like, as it is possible for you to make it in order that you, yourself, may piece together a beautiful mosaic of that which is kind and loving, that will fit into the harmonious and beautiful whole? Each tiny thought (stone) is ready to fit somewhere into the picture which is to be your future. Each is equally valuable.

Were one to pause and look back into the past, perhaps he would recall words spoken to him when a child which he did not understand. They perhaps mystified him. But as the child

gained in knowledge and understanding, he found these ideas very necessary to have in order to express himself. So it is with all the human race; sooner or later, all will understand.

One thing comforts us: It is that earnest striving for perfection will eventually bring forth perfection. This is simply a matter of evolution. There are many things which you know—which you understand—which you do. You could not do them as a child. This is simply the rising of the tide. Have you ever stood upon the seashore and watched the in-coming tide? So it is with the human race; at each and every tide they rise, higher and higher.

What one terms perfection now, later one might regard as a very imperfect state of development. Just as you at times may have had moments of high vibration and rare inspiration when you reached to heights untouched before, so you can compare the condition of the human race as it is now and as it will be when it has reached a higher state of perfection. Highest, one can not say. Who knows to what heights the soul may reach?

The word "Evolution" means "Ever-upward." This ever-upward tendency is the fullness of the great tone to which you respond when you are "in vibration."

### PART VI.

#### PRAYER AND FASTING

Christ Jesus told his disciples that certain human diseases were only healed by "prayer and fasting" on the part of the one who wanted to help the sufferer. This leads one to ask: What are Prayer and Fasting?

Many have doubtless asked such a question. They might well ask themselves also: Who am I? Were they able to answer this question they would probably live their lives on this earth plane in a very different manner. Were they to ask themselves: Who am I? and if the answer came back: You are a part of the Great Divine! would they not build with greater care?

As there are never two leaves alike on a tree, so the wants of different men are never the same. To one, "fasting" may be the abstinence from material things. To the man who has allowed his business to make him its slave, giving it up would to him be a form of fasting. To the drunkard, the giving up of drink would also be fasting. So there are never two cases parallel.

Prayer and fasting means bringing yourself into higher vibrations where you can commune with God. And to the mind filled with material things, it is very hard to reach up and grasp this great truth. The answer, then, to one's natural questioning as to whether we may all aspire to and attain the life and works which He did is contained in this: Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you. Just to the height to which you can send your prayers, just to that height can you reach out and grasp this great truth.

Concerning prayer: Ours is a greater responsibility and privilege than merely asking something for ourselves and for those whom we love. We can ask for a blessing not only on our human friends on this plane but also on those who constitute the Ministering Angels, spoken of by David in the 91st Psalm, to whom has been given the charge of keeping us in all our ways. They are especially to be remembered.

Again, since no hostility or enmity can be done away with except it be worked out in love by ourselves, and since God's plan includes the inevitable result that we must learn to be loving to all, it is well to remember one's so-called enemies. When you are feeling particularly harmonious or joyous, why not sit down in some quiet place and specifically send your enemy—if you fancy you have one—those thoughts of joy and happiness. It cannot harm you, rather it will bless you and surely it will bless your enemy.

For our friends, the Ministering Angels, we need always to pray in deepest gratitude. Our vibrations help them even while they help us. Their particular problem, as guides, is to see that we grow spiritually and succeed materially. As we attune ourselves to them, even so can they better accomplish the mission whereunto God appointed them.

These angels in response to our prayers are able to help us in all ways, including the doing

of the works that Christ said we should do; in His words, "The works that I do shall ye do also." The angels draw near when we pray for healing for ourselves or for friends or enemies. And being free from the body, they can see and understand conditions better than we. When therefore you send out a call for help, material or spiritual, in faith believing, they respond.

Just as one dams up a creek in order to get more power, so these angels or guides draw near and give this. And just in proportion as your desire goes out, just in such strength do they respond. As in building a dam, the skilled mind can calculate the power of the water back of it, so as one progresses along the Road and reaches a point where the higher agencies can co-operate with him, one learns to measure the power he can demand.

Even from them, never ask for more than you feel you are capable of using. Know absolutely to what use you are going to put that power. Then ask freely for enough to supply your need, and know that it will never be withheld. These angels are the reserve supply. They are the extra battery. If a heavy load is to be drawn up a hill, the expert trainman calls for an extra engine. When one is not climbing or is wandering idly about in the valley, he does not need an extra engine. But begin to climb the mountain and soon one realizes that he must call for more power. They are the ones who answer that call. And *no mountain is too steep*, if you will but send out the call for aid. Some day, while on a heavy grade, your engine may not seem to have power enough. Then ask these angel friends, and you will suddenly realize how they will rush to your aid. This is a lesson that each and every soul must learn for himself.

You have heard that if one has faith as a grain of mustard seed, he might command a mountain to remove and it would be done. This is literally true. If the necessity for it arose, it could and would be done, for these higher agencies represent omnipotent power, and to them nothing is impossible. To most of us there are the mountains of self to be removed before we approach the greater problems. A realization that our prayers plus the aid of our Ministering Angels will remove those mountains of self, will surely prove beneficial.

Envy, jealousy, malice, hatred, revenge,—all kindred mountains or seeming mountains—will disappear. They may not be removed so that the Road appears level all at once. No sudden jump or undue growth is in keeping with the steady and harmonious development to be found in God's evolution. But the fact that these mountains will be removed and that the precipices of fear will be leveled is assured to the earnest student. The way will be made plain. The Road will be opened.

Whatsoever thing you ask, believing, you shall receive. But the heart that now beholds the omnipotence of the power within his grasp will first make sure that he asks aright. It would be fatuous for one to ask for the healing of himself and his friend, if by the very pain and suffering, lessons of incalculable value were to be learned. Might it not be better before asking to receive aid, if the gentle prayer were also voiced: "Nevertheless, Father, not my will but Thine"?

For one's success in business; for one's harmony in the home; for one's health; for one's gain in things spiritual; nothing is impossible. But first, before we pray, let us weigh carefully what we ask and why we ask it, remembering that what we pray for we will get, and that all things are possible to man through prayer and fasting.

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PART VII.

*LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE*

When the Christ told those who had gathered there with Him not to repeat what they had seen and heard, He unquestionably meant not to tell to those who were not ready to receive. He meant not to plant the seed in unprepared soil. Any broadcast sowing wastes seed. The wise farmer conserves energy and supply. So with those who wish to do good. This does not mean not to sow when opportunity permits, but to sow wisely.

One's best assurance that one is doing this is to let one's light shine, giving our innermost treasures to those only who are attracted to one's light through their spiritual yearnings and the radiance reflected. One has many privileges on this life journey. One of these is to shine—like a lighthouse. All mariners who come within the radiance of the light may see

and be guided. Ours is not the duty to make the mariner see—ours is the privilege of keeping the lamp burnished, steady, and well-trimmed.

The impersonal reflecting of the light—the constant realization that God made everything and made it good—the knowledge that all things material and spiritual were conceived by God for His good purpose—the consciousness that even the flagstones under our feet as well as the steel, wood, stone, brick and mortar of our buildings were created by Him and utilized by man for service—that earth, sky, water, and all the elements are the expression of Him, not to mention man himself—these thoughts will help us to realize Him and hence to shine.

Who knows but that some day or every day, when you are thinking these thoughts, some troubled soul in a far corner of the earth may catch this light from your thoughts and be rescued from inharmony or worse? Who knows but that your daily reflection concerning the things of God may guide a wayfarer whom you perhaps will never meet, to that goal which is his eventuality?

Who knows but that in your overcoming; in your realization of your nearness to the unseen powers of Good; in your safe protection under their loving direction; in your gratitude that God has appointed them to watch over you and all mankind; who knows that some others may not catch the same thoughts and be benefited? Those who are blessed by your impersonal thinking may or may not knowingly have within them the desire for things spiritual, and perhaps they are not consciously thirsting for knowledge. The seed may lie dormant for some time but it will eventually yield fruit. But those who have already the thirst for knowledge and light will come to you, and you will give them light and help.

You have marveled, perhaps, at the light surrounding the Christ on the mount of transfiguration. Sometimes you say of yourself: My vibrations are very good. That is exactly what happened there. Two or three had gathered together in His name—in love, peace and harmony. And the vibrations were "good."

If your light is strong enough to draw others who are seeking the beautiful things of spirit, well and good. But there is one thing all can well take home to themselves: Do not seek eth-

ers. Christ did not seek either those whom He could help nor Moses nor Elias who appeared to Him. He is our pattern. By seeking, we might push someone too fast along the Road. We might unbalance his load. If one's light is bright enough, if it is steady enough, those whom it is right for him to help will be attracted to the light. Christ's remark, "Seek and ye shall find," manifestly did not apply to those whom one might find by seeking.

But as to the truths you have found, hold these high and steady, and others will wish your knowledge and understanding; will see the light and find the way. You are seeking and finding. They may do the same. So may others later who are not, perhaps, just now ready for the light. All truths must come from within. The longing, the desire, must be there.

We all need poise. This gives us, among other things, the ability to know when we are overdoing; also to know when we are not doing our full duty. It balances us, constantly. It enables us to partake of spiritual food, but not to take too much with consequent indigestion.

Distance, in heavenly realms, does not exist. Hence there is no length to which your light may not shine. Could you imagine yourself shining like a search-light, not only to your fellow men but also to those who have passed on, to whom your bright light is an assurance that God's will is being done on earth and His kingdom is coming to man?

Loving thoughts are never lost. Those to whom they are sent may not receive their full effulgence—but some waiting heart gets your light. Light—like Shakespeare's "mercy"—blesses those who give and those who receive.

The sun in the heavens gives forth sunshine, spreads glad tidings, warms the earth, brings forth vegetation. Do the same—let your light shine.

Burnish your lamp, then hold your light steady. Just as the sun throws its rays upon the earth, you too may send out your rays to those desiring light. Let us try to radiate our light to all mankind, not only to those living at the moment upon this earth, but to those who have passed on as well. Let us pray that our example may inspire some soul who is going through a purging process, to turn from his ignorance and start to travel the Open Road.

Let us likewise hope that our light may aid those who have risen high to progress higher.

*(To be continued)*

### THE TRANSFORMING OF A PERSONALITY

*(Continued from page 449)*

Good-nights were said while we were still enmeshed in the mystery of the story. Through the experience of our friend we shall all be led to give at least respectful consideration to what we have hitherto regarded as mere superstition.

### OUR BABY

*(Continued from page 452)*

birth of the finer vehicles, the desire body and mind, which occurs at fourteen and twenty-one years respectively, these will not have to be rebuilt before their next birth. These vehicles that they built before are waiting for them.

Fathers and mothers whose little ones are in the first heaven, we rejoice with you that you have been so blessed as to have had the care of them, for even a short time.

### CHRIST'S LOVE

Christ's love encircles you and me,

Around our path its warm light streams;

We feel the blessing of its rays

And bask in joy beneath its beams.

But what of those who know it not,

Who tread the way in dark and gloom?

Shall we take blessings freely giv'n

And in our hearts still find no room

To cherish thoughts and plans for them,

To give from out our store of good,

Forgetting self in higher aims

Of universal brotherhood?

Not so! not so! our hearts cry out,

Give us the work, show us the way,

Give us the vision clear and bright

That leads unto the perfect day.

Dear Lord, we want to do Thy work,

But we are often weak and worn,

Uphold us by Thy mighty arms,

When we are frail and tempest-torn.

Lead us, Great Heart of endless love,

Lead us to heights unknown before,

Until Christ's love is known to all,

And all hearts sing it o'er and o'er.

—*Julia B. Darrow.*

# Question Department.

## There Is No Death

*“There are bodies which are celestial and bodies which are earthly.—1st Cor. 15:40.*

### QUESTION:

Is it possible to establish direct communication with the departed ones and to convince ourselves that they live?

### ANSWER:

“And ever near us though unseen our dear immortal spirits tread.”—We do not need the trivial devices of materializing cabinet, slate or ouija board to attract those to us of whom we wrongly speak as the departed. Our loved ones who have laid aside their earthly bodies are not “dead and gone.” They have not been removed from our lives but merely from our limited physical vision which cannot respond to the high rate of vibration peculiar to the atoms composing their celestial bodies. They have not vanished from our space, for the celestial space inhabited by them is all around and within our terrestrial space; it is we who lack the finer senses, the four dimensional perception necessary to make us cognizant of the heavenly spheres that encompass and inter-penetrate our earthly spheres. There is no dark and sinister curtain shrouding the land of the dead from that of the living; the veil behind which our dear ones seem to have disappeared is only a deception formed by the incapability of our physical senses to be impressed by vibrations *beyond* a certain rate. This is the meaning of the Great Beyond into which our loved ones have passed! Not a poetical meaning at all, nay quite a matter-of-fact one, but oh, so comforting! They are not beyond nor above in some vast distances of the starry dome so cold, so far, so unapproachable,—they are right here, right near. The atoms of their heavenly bodies are only vibrating at a pitch beyond that of our physical bodies.

Matter is no more and no less than a rate of vibration. The difference between the lower and higher, the finer and denser form in which

the glory of life eternal manifests is a difference in the rate of speed at which the atoms spin. As the Apostle said, “All flesh is not the same, there is human flesh and flesh of cattle, of birds and of fishes. There are bodies which are celestial and there are bodies which are earthly, but the glory of the celestial ones is one thing and that of the earthly is another. There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars, for star differs from star in glory.”

The atoms of celestial matter vibrate with a rapidity far beyond that of physical matter, and the division of celestial matter into ethereal, desire and thought matter is a statement of the increasing rate of speed assumed by our celestial bodies as they rise from the preparatory regions of the heaven worlds into the first, and from the first into the second heaven. The higher planes to which our dead have risen are not higher in space, but a higher rate of vibration prevails and regulates the conditions of life upon them.

The old Latin hymn is literally true, “*Media vita in morte sumus*,” which Luther translates “In the midst of life we are encompassed by death.” The regions of the dead are within the regions of the living, only the dead function in celestial bodies, we in physical bodies.

Where the New Testament speaks of the resurrection of the dead it uses synonymously the expressions “they arise” or “are raised” or “are lifted up,” all three terms indicating not elevation in space but exaltation of being, and the Greek verb used by St. John whenever he reports that the women and Apostles *saw* the risen Christ is one denoting not the outer process of perception through the physical eye, but an exalted vision by means of a sublimated inner sense. The Bible has been given to the Western world by the Recording Angels. It

contains exhaustive information, convincing proof; it is *our* book, and we are blest and fortunate in the possession of the joyous Easter message delivered by the Gospels. Yet as if we were "heathen without hope" we turn for consolation to dreary and confused accounts of doubtful physical phenomena and waste our efforts on contrivances of mediumship which are futile as they are profane. Have we no reverence for the dignity of our dead nor for that of our Master, Christ Jesus? Are we a Christian nation,—is the Western world to which we belong a Christian world? Why then revert back to unwholesome practices which were rampant amongst the decadent nations of antiquity before the time when the pure Christ spirit in the pure body of Jesus came to purify the earth? The ignorance amongst us is amazing, or else we should know that Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome, in their last stages of decay, were practicing necromancy; that is, trying to conjure up and hold converse with the dead by means and devices quite similar to those which have become the fashion among many so-called Christians of today. Only on the grounds of ignorance can this craze be excused though it must not be tolerated,—this craze to imitate the dark and dangerous follies of a corrupt *pre-Christian* society. In an Egyptian tomb of the last century B. C. there was found a planchette. The tomb enshrined a lady of fashion, and in all the capitals of that time fashion decreed that society should gather around the sorceress, play at necromancy and court black magic. That was two thousand years ago and among "heathen without hope," but we have received the Easter message, "Christ is risen." If we will only find quiet from the din of the material world and listen to the meaning of the Easter news, gladder and grander than that of Christmas, we cannot help but respond in triumphant rejoicing, "He is risen indeed." And with Him arise all our dear ones! "Death, where is thy sting; grave, where is thy victory?"

Since the one reason which prevents us from consciously mingling with the celestial world of our dead lies in the inadequacy of physical matter to respond to the requirements of that world, it is obvious how ignorant and futile the attempts are to communicate with them through physical means. In order to reach them we

must *rise* into the celestial, and it is a sad confusion indeed that whirls so many of our contemporaries in the opposite direction, and rushes them into frantic endeavors to drag our dead down into the physical. Let us listen, not to the lying trivialities of the ouija board but to the solemn rhythms within us. The ouija board, as other appurtenances of mediumship, is of the physical, and all its spellings spell but one word, death. The rhythms *within* us are the Easter song of Life, for they indicate the quickly growing vibratory speed of our inner, celestial vehicles by means of which alone we can raise ourselves to the level of our *risen* dead.

"He is not here, He is risen; why do you seek the living amongst the dead?" Thus spoke the Angel to the women on Easter morning when they came to look for the beloved Master in the tomb. There is an atmosphere of death surrounding mediumistic seances repellant to one sensitive, and those who play at communication with the dead by physical means play in a tomb where the truly dead congregate, soulless elementals, vampirizing entities, galvanized shells. But our dear ones, our *living* dead are not there. They have risen above base, gross physical matter, the low vibrations of which are equivalent to death, into a state of being never to be contacted by groveling in the physical.

And behold, after the women had turned their faces from the darkness of the grave to the light of the rising sun, they saw the risen Master walking toward them and heard the voice loved above all greeting them as of old. The tomb, the dark house made of earthly matter, was empty; the physical form was relinquished, given to disintegration. The Ego which they loved was no longer connected with dense matter; the sublime individuality which they revered had risen above physical confines and clothed itself with the celestial raiment of a finer form. The Master's physical body had disappeared, yet the women on Easter morning, and later the Apostles, Disciples, and five hundred of his followers *saw* Him,—saw Him in a body resembling the dear familiar one but raised above it in glorious beauty. In this radiant, translucent, celestial form, free from the limitations of three-dimensional space, He appeared almost simultaneously in Judea and Galilee and entered the locked rooms where his faithful assembled.

The Christ arose by having his vehicle of con-

sciousness lifted up to or raised to a rate of vibration higher than that of the relinquished physical body, and it is after His manner that the resurrection (which means rising) of all the dead takes place.

The poet says "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." In fact, it lies about us all the time, but in infancy alone, when we have just returned from the heaven worlds, do we still possess the finer senses by which we contact it. Later in life our perceptions become so dulled that the forms of the heavenly playmates with whom our children hold converse are not visible nor their voices audible to us. To the child they are as real and natural as the inhabitants of the physical world, and it wonders why mother and father are not aware of its visitors. These come and go at will through locked doors and solid walls, since the atoms of their rarified bodies, owing to their enormous rate of speed, find no obstacle in those of dense matter, through which they easily pass. The apostles had secured their doors in fear of the Jews, yet they suddenly found the Master Jesus who had "died" on Golgotha sitting amongst them. If we had the pure, child-like vision of those pious men, we could also see the loved ones who apparently left us forever, smilingly sitting in our midst. When the risen Jesus appeared to the two apostles on their way to Emmaus, they had been quietly and lovingly talking of Him, and on other occasions when He showed himself to the Twelve, these were gathered in brotherly communion, single hearted in their devotion to the Master, ready to listen, not with excited eagerness but with a deep, strong yearning, their minds attuned to the benediction "Peace be with you." When He appeared to John and Peter and their companions at dawn on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, there was the silence of Nature about them, the hushed expectancy of early morning, the pure breath of the waters and the hills. The casting and raising of nets as reported in the Gospel according to St. John is entirely symbolical. Not in the depths of the lake but in the hidden recesses of their own souls were those patient fishermen searching for something—something wonderful, great and mysterious. They were waiting for something, working for something,—something new and triumphant which they felt *must* come if they but persevered. The Master had said,

"A little while and ye do not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." Not to hoist fishing nets filled with creatures of the water had they come to the silence of Lake Tiberias, but to collect and gather in the firm grasp of self-control the erratic emotions inclined to dart hither and thither as the fish of the uncertain deep, and to raise their own inner natures—raise them nearer to Him. The Christ had risen; if they wanted to meet Him they must raise themselves. Their self-discipline, their trust, their hope, were rewarded when they saw the Master standing on the shore. "My children," he said unto them.

If we are but quiet, calm and serene, if we neither give way to lamentations nor seek distraction in the turmoil of the world, nor stoop to the indignities of mediumistic devices,—if we just wait and work and trust, and love and listen, our dear ones will come to us. They will come with the tender light of the dawn or the soft after-glow of the sunset. They like the silent time of dawn and twilight. They like the gleam of the morning star and the mellow tints of the early evening when earth and heaven merge into one. If we are at home to them at those hours they will not fail to visit us. They like the fragrance of the hills, the pure faces of the flowers, the clear notes of the birds. They like the solemn sound of the sea, a child's voice, the strain of a sweet melody, the harmonies of great music. They like all that is in accord with their own heightened rate of vibration and all that has an uplifting effect upon us. They have been raised; if we wish to commune with them we can only do so by raising ourselves. To be at home for them means to attune our pitch to theirs, and the closer the approach of our vibratory rate to that of their supernal world the clearer will be our perception of their presence, until from a shadowy impression it rises to a glorious vision face to face.

What is meant by the assurance that our dear ones are ever near us is the comforting fact that they are not separated from us through miles of space never to be bridged, or to be traversed only by weary journeys. It would be erroneous, however, to suppose that they hover around us, as it were, anxiously waiting for our beck and call. They love us still with a love raised both in intensity and purity as be-



comes their raised state though they have their own lives to live, filled with the pursuits of their own peculiar spheres, their own progress to make, their own opportunities to seize. Raised above the necessity for rest and sleep, the Ego functioning in a celestial body is free to take its share in an activity which is as ceaseless as the effulgence of the never-waning heavenly light.

But when in my sleeping hours I go home to them, I may again take part in their lives. And all through the day the most marvelous wireless system, namely that of love, keeps me connected with them.

The scientist knows much about the great law of vibration, but the Christian knows more. He knows that pure Love is the highest vibration in the Universe. He knows that thoughts of this love are the most powerful transmitters of wireless messages into all planes of being. No matter how quickly ethereal matter or desire matter vibrates, the vibration of loving thought is more rapid still and reaches immediately the consciousness of my loved ones on their heavenly plane. In answer to the call in my heart they will stand with me by the ocean and walk with me over the hills; they will linger with me on the garden paths in the sweet company of my flowers, and with the cadences of inspired music they will glide to my side. They will join me in prayer at the place of worship; the sound of the organ will bring them, the master musician's symphony, or the simple song of childhood days sung in a home where harmony reigns. They come with the breeze that wafts in through the open window and mingle their fond whispers with those of the summer air, and when after the day's faithful work I rest by the fireside where once we used to sit hand in hand, the wonderful, the indescribable happens—

“I feel their touch a breath of balm,  
My spirit sees them and my heart  
Grows comforted and calm.”

They do not come in a physical body nor make their presence known by physical means, but we will feel their nearness with an intensity which is far more real than any experience in the physical world,—feel it as something so sweet, so tender, so wondrously glad some that the delight of it remains a sacred mystery never to be resolved in words. We do not know what

love is until we have lost the loved one and then experienced the immensity of feeling, the infinity of happiness, the beatitude of perfect peace in such moments of reunion. The mere memory of them leaves our soul filled with rhythms of transcendent beauty incomparable and unknown to us before,—the rhythms of a higher vibratory rate which, if we not only maintain but constantly increase it, will make the contact with our dead more and more conscious, the happy moments more frequent and of prolonged duration,—until the last illusion of the enemy called death has vanished in the triumphant certainty of daily resurrection.

### *OUT OF THE UNSEEN*

*(Continued from page 451)*

me, while all around the heavenly air quivered and burned with a dazzlingly soft, white, pure splendor.

As I stood thus, several luminous, white beings in flowing draperies approached me, and one of them, a regal, gravely lovely woman, stepped up to me, saying:

“Cast thine earth-rags from thee!”

Touching my garments as she spoke, which I now quickly observed were incongruously coarse and soiled, they dropped from me leaving my own form, likewise, clothed in spotless robes of beauteous purity.

Then consciousness seemed to desert me; the vision vanished, and again I found myself as before back upon the lounge.

But the lesson remains for all to learn who will.

Cast off the garments of earthly grossness of thought, word, and deed! Deck the soul's fine essence in the immaculate spiritual garments of fine thinking, grand striving, and aspiration, that we may be prepared as shining daughters and sons of God to enter those celestial spheres whither the Great Change shall take us! No easy task! yet,—a task worthy of a god!

### *FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM*

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# The Astral Ray.

## The Baptism of Fire

By J. H.

(Continued from March)

**T**HE esoteric wisdom of the ruler of the Piscean Age is symbolized by the celestial Virgin. "To fulfill all righteousness" Jesus submitted to a baptism administered by John. This lesser initiation is also symbolized by the Virgin, the opposite of Pisces, but under another form. As the greater contains the lesser, so the Virgin contains and conceals this lesser symbol of initiation. At the time of the crucifixion Jesus united the Virgin and the disciple *whom he loved*, as mother and son. We are not told the name of the disciple thus favored, but the Scriptures leave us no doubt that it was John or Jonah. Jonah is the Hebrew word for *dove*. The dove therefore is the symbol of esoteric Christianity.

If exoteric Christianity is represented by a fish or whale (Pisces), and esoteric Christianity by Jonah or a dove (Virgo), we have the sign of the Son of Man. As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights *in the heart of the earth*. The Son of Man corresponds to the sun in Aquarius. Before the sun enters Aquarius it has to pass through Pisces, and as Aquarius is the only sign the sun can enter after leaving Pisces, therefore "no other sign shall be given." Aquarius is the man bearing a pitcher of water, who will show us a large upper room furnished where we can make ready the passover. There the Lord will drink the fruit of the vine with us *new*. The messengers of Aquarius are already preparing for this *new* passover, and in the

*Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* we have a wonderful outline of the faith of the New Age, which properly belongs to the New World.

Jesus, the Son of the Virgin, was of course greater than Jonah, the dove. He was the Ruler of a New Age, while Jonah was confined within the whale. Therefore John would have hindered him from being baptized with water, but Jesus answering said unto him, "Suffer it now."

"And Jesus, when he was baptized went up straightway from the water, and lo, *the heavens were opened unto him*, and he saw the Spirit of God descending *as a dove* and coming upon him. And John bare witness, saying, I have beheld *the Spirit descending as a dove out of heaven*, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not; but he that sent me to baptize with *water*, he said unto me, Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and abiding upon him, the same is he that baptizeth with *fire*. And I have seen, and have borne witness that this is the Son of God."

The difference between the exoteric baptism of water (Pisces) and the esoteric baptism of fire (Virgo) is here clearly stated. It is further expressed in these words of John: "I indeed baptize you *with water* unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and *with fire*."

These are merely the words of John, but these words are confirmed by the Lord Himself. "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except one be born of water *and of fire*, he cannot enter into

the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, except one be born *from above*, he cannot see the kingdom of God. The Spirit worketh where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of fire."—John 3;6-9.

If no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born *anew from above*, the baptism of fire represented by the dove becomes a very important matter. We are taught by the highest authority that Christ came to baptize *with fire*. Shall we then believe that He sent His disciples to baptize all the nations *with water*?—Then we are going backward. And yet how very few of the millions of exoteric Christians seem to know anything about the baptism of fire. They are all baptized into John's baptism of water, and have need of some one to expound unto them the way of God more accurately. They are like those twelve disciples at Ephesus. "Paul said unto them, Did ye receive the baptism of fire? And they said unto him, Nay, we did not so much as hear that there is a baptism of fire. And he said, Into what then were ye baptized? And they said, Into John's baptism. Paul said, John baptized with the baptism of water unto repentance, saying unto the people that *they should believe on him that should come after him, that is, on Jesus*. And when they heard this they were baptized (with fire) into the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul laid his hands upon them, the Holy Spirit came on them (like as a dove) and they spake with tongues (like as of fire) and prophesied."—Acts 19:2-6.

*Priest* in English, or *Priester* in German, is the Greek *Peristera*, which means *a dove*, and the dove, as we have seen, is the symbol of one baptizing *with fire*, that is, one who is initiated into the mysteries of esoteric Christianity.

Shall we then discard the baptism of water in the Old Church because the baptism of fire is administered in the New Church? Shall we discard the literal sense of the Bible because the spiritual sense is so much more important? True, the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. Howbeit, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual." Jesus Himself came from Galilee

to the Jordan to be baptized of John, and we cannot fulfill all righteousness except by following His example. But the baptism of water *alone* is not sufficient to enter the kingdom of God. "Except one be born *of water and of fire*, he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Dear friend, if you are still among those baptized with water alone, if you need an Aquila to baptize you with fire and to expound unto you the way of God more accurately, continue the study of this article by a deeper study of Max Heindel's "*Freemasonry and Catholicism*." There you find:

"The statecraft exercised by the sons of Cain holds up the *male* ideal, Hiram Abiff, the Master craftsman, the Son of *Fire*, while the sons of Seth as the priestcraft uphold the *female* ideal in the Virgin Mary, the lady of *the Sea*.

"Thus fire and water, male and female, Church and State, are opposed to each other, with the inevitable result that a great war has been waged ever since, that sin, sorrow and death are rampant, and that humanity is praying for the day of redemption when the two streams shall be united in the Kingdom of Heaven, where there is *neither marrying nor giving in marriage*, and where reigns Christ, the King of Peace, exercising for the good of all, the *dual* office of King and Priest after the order of Melchisedek."

The two elements, water and fire, which are so antagonistic to each other, are *both* necessary in the economy of nature. When they are united, they form *a cloud*, which is the symbol of the soul-body. The Scriptures are full of references to clouds. Moses entered into a cloud on Mount Sinai. It was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, that led the Israelites. There was a cloud at the Transfiguration and at the Ascension. The Lord often said that they should see the Son of Man coming in the clouds. "Behold he cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see him."

Do not think, however, that one has to be a Freemason or a Catholic in order to enter the kingdom of God. Esoteric Christianity is for "whomsoever will." All that is required is *to live the life*; the rest will come in due time.

Remember also, that there is a great promise given to him who is twice born. "He that believeth and *is baptized* shall be saved, but he

(Continued on page 463)

## Experiences with Astrology

BESSIE BOYLE CAMPBELL

FOR the past few years I have noticed closely how the transiting moon and planets have affected my daily life. I have found among other things that when even the moon is in the degrees each month that Jupiter occupies in my natal chart, the details of that day are pleasant. Friends usually call unexpectedly or some other happy event occurs. On that day it is easy for me to keep in a happy frame of mind, my head saves my heels, and I manage to accomplish twice as much as I usually get done during the day. The house seems to put itself in order and the children play together with more harmony than at other times. I have a well aspected Jupiter trine to the Moon. Before I noticed the above effects I often wondered why it was that everything went so smoothly some days and everything so to the contrary at other times.

The daily transiting aspects of the planets, sun, and moon, certainly largely rule the details of life, together with the planetary hour rulers. If one has his horoscope progressed to the present time and notes the aspects of the transiting moon, he will perceive how justly the details as well as the big events of life work out. It is appalling to realize how our just deserts are meted out by God through His star agents, great and small.

I have proven to many visitors in my home the striking effect of a Mars hour on Tuesday and the subduing effect of Saturn's hour on a number of small children. I called recently upon a friend in the hospital who has never studied Astrology, although I have his natal chart. I was told how ill he became on a certain evening. The next day I looked in the ephemeris and found that Mars was square to the Moon at that time. The patient also had that aspect in his radical horoscope, so of course he felt worse when the transiting aspect was operating.

My brother had set up a friend's horoscope and one evening, in order to prove the science of Astrology to her (she has Mars and Venus in good aspect and well aspected), noted the years

when her progressed Mars and Venus formed parallels. He then said, "Did you fall in love at such and such a time?" naming the three different times in her life when the parallels were formed. She was astonished as she knew that we knew nothing of her youth, but admitted laughingly that she did fall in love on those dates.

These few incidents prove the reality and power of planetary influence.

### THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

(Continued from page 462)

that disbelieveth shall be condemned. And these signs shall accompany them that believe; in my name shall they cast out demons; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

These are words of power verified by the apostle Paul who wrote to the Corinthians:

"I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

If we will listen to these words, there are better things ahead for us.

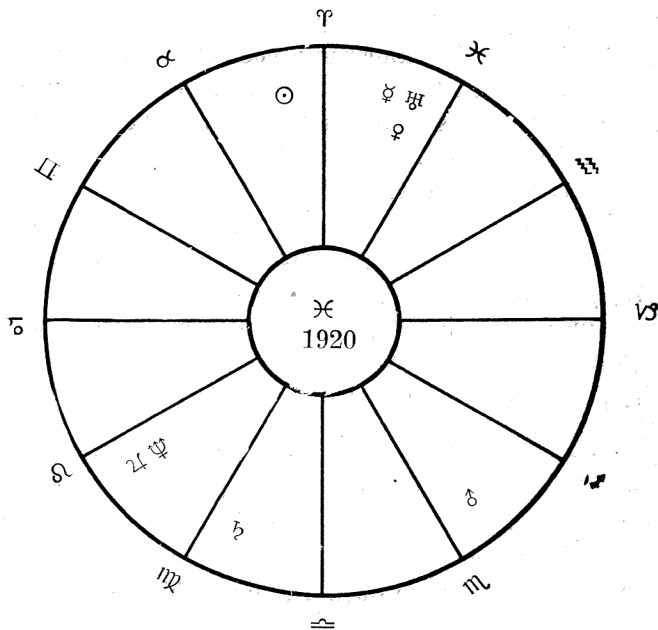
### YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE FREE!

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore we will give each month, in the Astral Ray department of this magazine, a short delineation of the character and tendencies of three or four children. However, we cannot guarantee a reading in every case, since the number of names received usually exceeds the number of readings to be given. *Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.*

## The Children of Aries, 1920

Born between March 21st and April 19th, 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 which the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. This should 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 20c each.



**T**HIS martial sign is one of the most energetic, vivacious, and active in the entire zodiac. Aries is the sign where the Sun crosses the celestial equator on the 21st of March, when nature begins to burst its cold wintry shell and all life begins to spring forth. We then look for our equinoctial storms, and the children born during this month are as full of energy as are the equinoctial storms; they go at everything with the same impulse. They are never happy unless they are leading others; they make unwilling followers.

This year, however, these children are not imbued with the same force and fire, for we find that Uranus, the mystic, Venus, the musical, and Mercury, the planet of reason, are all grouped in the occult 12th-House sign of Pisces. This will give these children a quieter, softer, and more dreamy nature than is usual with Aries, with a deep desire for mystical studies. They will also be very musical for Jupiter and Neptune are in the harmonious and musical sign of Leo, which will give them a deep love nature and desire for harmony in their surroundings. The parents will be wise if they help these children to develop persistence, for

with Jupiter, Neptune, Saturn, and Mars all retrograde, these musical talents which are latent can be brought to the surface and developed only by some urging. Much care and attention from the parents may be necessary to assist these little blossoms to expand and open up to their full possibilities.

With Saturn in the sign of Virgo and Uranus in opposition in the sign of Pisces, the assimilation of food in the small intestines may be sluggish. These children should be taught from infancy to eat slowly and masticate well. With the abundance of energy indicated by Mars in its own sign, Scorpio, and with the Aries nature, they are very apt to dissipate their vitality. And with Jupiter and Neptune in Leo, and Mars in the fixed sign of Scorpio, the heart action may suffer if too much strain is put upon the body.

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**COSMO—TWO DOLLARS**

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We regret to say that owing to the increased cost of paper, printing, etc., we find it necessary to raise the price of the *Cosmo-Conception* to Two Dollars.

## Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

*We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.*

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

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

ROSE BLOSSOM H.                      Seattle, Wash.  
Born December 23, 1916.              10:10 A. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Sagittarius 4; 11th House, Sagittarius 23; 12th House, Capricorn 12; Ascendant, Aquarius 8-6; Pisces intercepted; 2nd House, Aries 3; 3rd House, Taurus 10.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 17-10 Aquarius; Jupiter 25-26 Aries; Saturn 29-6 R. Cancer; Neptune 4-20 R. Leo; Venus 1-47 Sagittarius; Moon 16-33 Sagittarius; Sun 1-37 Capricorn; Mercury 17-44 Capricorn; Mars 16-55 Capricorn; Dragon's Head 20-49 Capricorn.

This child has a most interesting combination of planets. The humanitarian sign of Aquarius is on the Ascendant and the advanced, liberty-loving and restless Uranus is in its own sign and just below the Ascendant, also making a sextile to the magnetic, imaginative Moon which is posited in the Midheaven in the emotional and inspirational sign of Sagittarius. This will give Rose a very restless mind. She will want to be constantly on the move, never satisfied for any length of time in one place. She will be very unconventional and odd, different from other people, and will care little what is said about her. In style of dress and manners she will be original, and it will be her delight when others notice or admire her.

With the Moon and Venus in the sign of Sagittarius near the Midheaven, the Moon sextile to Uranus on the Ascendant, and Venus (the goddess of music) trine to Neptune in the 7th House and the fixed sign Leo, this girl will have a wonderfully magnetic personality. She will

be a social favorite, and her generous, humanitarian, jovial nature will attract many friends, especially women, who will be ready to assist her in her aspirations. She will be very fond of music and dancing, in fact she may some time come before the public in this line.

As a teacher and lecturer on philosophy or the science of occultism she would be most successful as her pleasing and magnetic ways would attract the public and many will become interested in the above studies through her should she ever attempt this as public work.

With the ruler of the 7th House, the Sun, in the 11th House, friends, and in trine to Jupiter, the ruler of the 10th House, posited in the 2nd House, money, she would be successful in finances through work dealing with the public.

Saturn, the obstructor, is in the sign of Cancer, ruling the stomach, and in the 6th House, health, in square to Jupiter, which has rule over the arterial blood and the liver. This girl should be taught to eat lightly and of very simple food. She should not be allowed to eat sweets and starches, which are the tendencies of many who have Saturn in Cancer. Excesses of this kind would in time restrict the circulation, enlarge the liver, and bring on other complications.

MARJORIE L.                              East Hampton, Conn.  
Born February 11, 1906.              7:50 A. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Sagittarius 21; 11th House, Capricorn 12; 12th House, Aquarius 6; Ascendant, Pisces 12-41; Aries intercepted; 2nd House, Taurus 0; 3rd House, Taurus 29.

Position of the Planets:

Mars 4-56 Aries; Jupiter 27-12 Taurus; Neptune 7-57 R. Cancer; Dragon's Head 20-56 Leo; Moon 20-23 Virgo; Uranus 6-59 Capricorn; Mercury 14-50 Aquarius; Venus 21-14 Aqua-

rius; Sun 21-54 Aquarius; Saturn 3-49 Pisces.

Here we have a young lady with the mystical sign of Pisces on the Ascendant, and the timid and serious Saturn just above the cusp of the 1st House. This will give Marjorie a small and delicate frame, will make her a little sensitive house plant, and she will prefer her own society. Saturn is in sextile to the romantic Uranus in the 10th House, and trine to the prophetic and occult planet Neptune. This last named planet is in the sign of Cancer, a mystical sign. This will give her a strong tendency towards the hidden, the unseen, and the mysterious side of life. She will be too sensitive and will shrink from the public, hence the parents are cautioned not to force her to meet strangers.

With Mars, the ruler of the 9th House, religion, in its own sign of Aries and in the 1st House, in square to both Uranus and Neptune, Marjorie will have a strong will and determination to follow her own religious ideals. She will not take readily to the orthodox church but will incline toward the hidden and deeper side of religion. Anything that is mysterious will attract her, but with Uranus in opposition to Neptune she should be warned against mediumistic circles or any forced development. With Saturn in good aspect to both the mystical planets she will develop psychically very quickly, but there is a danger in such development.

She will not take to mental work readily as Mercury and the Moon are unaspected, but she will acquire knowledge through her impressions and intuition; she will not need to study, she will *know*.

But there is another side to her nature, which we find in the 12th House, the House of secrets and ruling prisons and hospitals. The Sun and Venus are in conjunction in this House in the humanitarian sign of Aquarius. Marjorie will take a great interest in the healing of the sick, in nursing, and her heart will go out to all who are unhappy or in confinement. Therefore, hospital or prison work will bring out the strongest and the most beautiful side of this young woman.

As regards health, we find the same difficulty as in many others born during this period when Uranus and Neptune were in opposition from the signs of Capricorn and Cancer. Marjorie will have trouble with her digestion, especially

since Mars is square to both these planets. There is a tendency to inflammation of the stomach should she over-indulge in the wrong food.

GERALDINE B. Philadelphia, Pa.

Born May 20, 1906. 8:20 P. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Libra 3; 11th House, Scorpio 1; 12th House, Scorpio 25; Ascendant, Sagittarius 13-49; 2nd House, Capricorn 18; 3rd House, Aquarius 27, Pisces intercepted.

Positions of the Planets:

Uranus 7-55, R., Capricorn; Saturn 13-59 Pisces; Moon 4-13 Taurus; Mercury 9-55 Taurus; Sun 29-4 Taurus; Jupiter 14-11 Gemini; Mars 15-22 Gemini; Venus 23-6 Gemini; Neptune 8-39 Cancer; Dragon's Head 15-42 Leo.

Geraldine was born when the jovial and Jovian sign of Sagittarius was on the Ascendant, with the ruler, Jupiter, in conjunction with the energetic and constructive Mars. These planets are posited in the mercurial sign of Gemini in the 7th House. This gives nimbleness of the fingers, and indicates one who could do wonderful work with the needle, the typewriter, the pen; in fact this girl would be very clever with whatever she undertook to do with the hands. But with Saturn the ruler of the 2nd House, finances, intercepted in the 12th House sign of Pisces, the sign of self-undoing, and in square to Mars and Jupiter, also with Venus and the Sun unaspected, the young lady is apt not to make use of her talents as she will lack persistence and determination.

In regard to mentality, we find Mercury in the 5th House in conjunction with the Moon in Taurus, sextile to the occult planet Neptune, and sextile to Saturn in the dreamy and mystical sign of Pisces. Geraldine will be quick and keen mentally but is apt to be dreamy and visionary. She will want to spend her time in reading and poring over books, day-dreaming of what she will do. She will make many plans and have splendid ideas but often not accomplish them. It would be well for her to read the 18th Chapter of St. Matthew on the fate of the servant who while his master was away, wasted his talents, and the result of same. If this young girl will center all her ideas and aspirations in one direction, that of the teaching of domestic science, she may yet overcome

(Continued on page 468)

# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

### DEATH AND PURGATORY

(Pages 96 to 112 Cosmo-Conception)

(*Twenty-first Installment*)

- Q. What other fact is peculiar to this phase of post-mortem existence?
- A. Distance is almost annihilated in the Desire World.
- Q. How does this peculiarity affect man in the Desire World?
- A. When a man dies, he at once seems to swell out in his vital body; he appears to himself to grow to immense proportions.
- Q. To what is this feeling due?
- A. Not to the fact that the vital body really grows, but to the fact that the perceptive faculties receive so many impressions from various sources all seeming to be close at hand.
- Q. Can you mention one of the impressions that is thus produced?
- A. The man seems to be present with all the people on earth with whom he had relations of a nature which require correction. If he has injured a man in San Francisco and another in New York, he will feel as if a part of him were in each place. This gives him a peculiar feeling of being cut to pieces.
- Q. What is the importance of the panorama of the past life during the purgative existence?
- A. If this panorama lasted long and the man were undisturbed immediately after death, the full, deep, clear impression etched into the desire body would make life in the Desire World more vivid and conscious and the purgation more thorough.
- Q. Under adverse conditions, what would be the result?
- A. On account of distress at the loud outbursts of grief on the part of his relatives at the death bed and during the three-day period previously mentioned, the man would have only a vague impression of his past life on account of his attention being diverted by the grief around him.
- Q. What effect will distracted attention have on the panorama of his past life?
- A. The pictures will be blurred and less effective.
- Q. Of what value is a sharp, clear-cut feeling in future lives?
- A. It stamps upon the seed-atom of the desire body an ineffaceable impression of itself. The experiences will be forgotten in succeeding lives, but the "feeling" remains.
- Q. What will this "feeling" do for us in later lives?
- A. When opportunities occur to repeat the error, this "feeling" will speak to us clearly and unmistakably, advising against those errors.
- Q. What figure of speech is used sometimes to designate this feeling?
- A. The "still small voice" which warns us, though why we do not know; but the clearer and more definite the panoramas of past lives have been, the oftener, and the more strongly and clearly shall we hear this voice.

- Q. Then why is it important to leave the passing spirit in absolute quietness after death?
- A. To help it reap the greatest possible benefit from the life just ended and to avoid perpetuating the same mistakes in future lives.
- Q. What is the mission of purgatory?
- A. To eradicate injurious habits by making their gratification impossible.
- Q. What does man learn in purgatory?
- A. As before stated, he suffers exactly as he has made others suffer, and because of this suffering he learns to act kindly, honestly, and with forbearance toward others in the future.
- Q. From what does rebirth free man?
- A. When he is reborn, he is free from evil habits, and every evil act committed thereafter is one of free will.
- Q. What tendencies of past lives remain after rebirth and what must we learn from them?
- A. The tendencies to repeat the evil of past lives, for we must learn to do right consciously and of our own will.
- Q. Do the tendencies of past lives tempt us?
- A. Upon occasions these tendencies tempt us, thereby affording us an opportunity of ranging ourselves on the side of mercy and virtue as against evil and cruelty.

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**YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE**

*(Continued from page 466)*

this dreamy and visionary tendency, and with her mentality may make a success. We would advise her to learn to be a practical and economical housekeeper for an early marriage is shown, and with the fruitful sign of Taurus on the 5th House, the House indicating children, also with the Moon and Mercury in this House, she will have several children. This is a beautiful and useful life to look forward to, a happy marriage and a happy family.

As to health, we find Neptune in the sign of Cancer in opposition to Uranus, indicating trouble with the digestive organs; and with Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the sign of Gemini, the two former square to Saturn in Pisces—a watery sign—there is a tendency to coughs and colds and poor oxygenation in the lungs. Therefore, if Geraldine be taught to breathe deeply and to have plenty of air in her sleeping apartment, using caution in her food, she may pass through life with but very little illness.

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**Coming!**

A new Serial Story by Prentiss Tucker, the Author of “*The Land of the Living Dead*,” beginning in the May number. The new story will be entitled “*The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms*.” This is an occult story, written in a fascinating style, and will hold your interest throughout. Be sure to read it.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN THE “RAYS”:**

Vol. 12 of the “*Rays*,” beginning with the May number, will be printed on egg-shell paper (white). We are also preparing a new cover design in conformity with our book covers, and which we hope to have ready for the May number.



# Children's Department

## Jachin and Boaz

ELLA VAN GILDER

**W**HEN King Solomon was a little boy he had a very different home life from that which his father David had had; for David was a little country lad who ran bare-footed and bare-headed all day in the fields, tending his father's sheep.

But Solomon was born when David had become a great king, so he was reared in all the wealth and luxury of a magnificent court; and his mother, Bath-sheba, was a very beautiful woman and very ambitious for her little son. When King David promised her that Solomon should sit on the throne, without doubt she did everything possible to teach and train him to be a kingly little lad who would know how to rule the great nation that the Israelites had become.

King David's life had been a very eventful one, full of perils and hardships. When at last he had overcome his enemies, and the kingdom of Israel was established with peace between it and the surrounding nations, a great desire filled his heart to show in some material way his gratitude to God for all His goodness to him; and so he planned to build a temple, so beautiful and so complete that it would be God's dwelling place on earth.

However, God sent word to David by His prophet that he could not build the temple, but that his son Solomon should carry out his plans, for although God was pleased that David had wished to show his thankfulness, still, David had been a warrior and the house of God must be built by one who would be a prince of peace.

Solomon must have inherited much of his father's nature or he would not have been chosen to do this great work, and we know that he was a wonderful poet as his father had been before him.

No doubt from that time David had the little lad under his especial care, for to him he must

pass on his dreams and hopes of the great project he had in his heart. We can imagine the father and son planning together and discussing different questions, and it was from his father that Solomon learned that to love and worship God was the beginning of wisdom.

And probably sometimes David would tell his little son of what he, himself, did when he was a little boy; of how he made a flute out of reeds and learned to play so sweetly upon it that by and by they sent for him to play before King Saul when he was ill; of how he made a sling with which to shoot the wild animals that came to kill the sheep, and how one time when he had gone to see his brothers in the camps, he had slain a wicked giant with it.

And he would tell him of the lion he killed one day with his bare hands, and of the bear, but never in all his stories would he boast of what he had done; he would always say that he had done it by the strength of the Lord. Sometimes, perhaps, when the evening was hot, they would sit together on the roof of the house, and Solomon would hear the story of the stars, and hear his father's wonderful song, "The heavens declare the glory of God."

From his father he learned of the field flowers that grew in the sheep pasture, and the great trees, the birds and the beasts, so that during the early life of this little prince of Israel, the beauties and wonders of nature, the greatness and power of God, were indelibly stamped upon his character.

And we can well imagine that at David's death, when Solomon was really King, that he missed the counsel and confidence of his father, and felt the responsibility of governing a nation of such magnitude that the people could not be numbered; and also he felt the sacred charge laid upon him of carrying out the plans and ambitions of his father. So when God appeared

to him in a dream and asked what he most wished for, we can understand his cry, "Help me, I am as a little child; give me wisdom."

The temple when completed was to typify all of the attributes of God and his relation to man, and to stand as a symbol of the union of the heavenly and the earthly. It must therefore embody all strength, grandeur, beauty, and harmony. Only a man of Solomon's broad learning, his poetic nature, and his knowledge of the laws which govern the universe, would be capable of undertaking the building of such a temple.

All the rich treasures of the earth and of the forests, gold and precious stones, were built into this house; nothing of beauty or richness was spared, and Solomon lavished all his knowledge of art and skill in making the temple perfect in harmony and grandeur, a place where God might dwell as in a holy of holies.

And man might come into the temple to worship and be in the very presence of God; but first he must purify himself of all earthly desires, and to symbolize this he must cleanse himself physically in the great brazen laver which stood at the entrance of the temple.

Solomon had learned from his father and also from his own personal knowledge that God had

laid the foundations of the world by certain laws, and that everything was governed by these laws; and that God had always promised that whoever abided by his statutes would be blessed, and whoever did not abide by them would be cursed. Now, He did not mean the curse to be in the nature of vengeance because someone failed to keep His laws, but was only stating what would be the natural consequences and penalty of breaking them.

And man was left free to decide whether or not he would keep the statutes of God; the option was with him. But if man wished the peace and blessing that results from conscious union with God, he must keep the laws forever in his heart. He must will to do the will of God.

That the people might ever bear this in mind, Solomon placed two great columns before the entrance of the temple; they were in no way connected with it, they stood alone, but all who entered the temple must pass between these two pillars. One he called Jachin and the other Boaz, symbolizing the Law of God and the Will of Man. For Solomon knew that only by the personal will of man to fulfill the laws of God, the passing between Jachin and Boaz, was the peace of the inner temple assured.

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## Nursery Chats

NORMAN McCLEOD

### PART XII.

#### DADDY READS A STORY

(Continued from March)

HERE was much work to do on that morning, for Golden Locks and Dimples had to do most of it, as their poor mother was too weak to help much, although she was able to rake the freshly turned soil in each bed. The gardener, having had a call for flowers, was unable to help them except to tell them how to prepare the beds and the cross. So Dimples spaded the three-foot circular beds and made the three crosses, while Golden Locks and Mother raked and prepared the beds. It was noon, almost, before they knew it, and Golden Locks and Mother had to leave to prepare dinner. Dimples had only to set out his little slip of a

rosebush and then he would be ready for dinner. But it was a very hot spring morning and the sun was beaming down so hot on him that it seemed to coax him to sit down and rest awhile afterwards. And Dimples sat down and then lay down to rest and bask awhile in the sunbeams and admire his work. He did not hear his sister call him to dinner, for he was fast asleep. But he did hear something—a tiny pattering of tiny feet. Was he dreaming? No, that couldn't be; there was his flower bed with the cross and rose slip right in front of him. Yet he was positive he heard gentle footsteps right beside his ear. Dimples sat up and rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, for right in front of him on the outside edge of his rose bed he saw thirty of the tiniest, prettiest animals he had ever seen in his life. They all

looked alike as far as he could tell, with pearly horns, brown curly coats, deep blue eyes, and hoofs of ebony blackness. They looked like tiny young bulls. On the backs of seven were seven tiny Moonbeams, and as he gazed he saw another Moonbeam leap upon the back of the eighth, and then another and another until all the bulls had Moonbeams upon their backs. Around and around the circle they pranced, when suddenly one broke loose from the ring and dashed right up to his rose slip and sank into the earth, and the twenty-nine others followed in the twinkling of an eye. No sooner was the thirtieth Moonbeam on the thirtieth little bull out of sight in the earth than the rose slip started to grow taller and taller, and as it grew it circled and twined around the upright stick, then branching and twisting, it formed a circle upon the cross. As it circled a bud was started at the bottom, then another and another around the circle until seven buds were on it. Slowly but surely they began to swell, and then the lowest burst a little way open and gradually came out in full bloom. Dimples reached over to smell the beautiful blood-red rose that was blooming before his eyes. Oh, the perfume was so fragrant! And Dimples' head fairly reeled. He wanted to pluck the rose and wear it on his breast, but a voice cried out from the center of it, "Hold, young Dimples! I have a story to tell."

"Who are you?" "Where are you?" asked Dimples.

"I am the king of the fourth petal of the seventh rose which is now blooming before your eyes. Look closely and you shall see."

And there sure enough was a tiny Gnome sitting on a little throne near the center of the fourth petal. And all about him were countless numbers of tiny Brownies, so tiny that the ordinary eye could not see them.

"What is your name?" asked Dimples.

"Listen to my story first before asking any more questions," replied the king.

"The rose you are looking at is the World Rose, and this rose is divided into seven kingdoms. Each kingdom has a name, and the names of the people of each kingdom are one with the name of the kingdom. My kingdom is the Chemical Kingdom, and I am King Chemical and have two great armies to do my bidding. One army I call the Positive Chemical Forces,

and the other the Negative Chemical Forces. I send out my Positive Forces for food and building materials, and you should see how well trained they are in breaking up small grains of food or sand. Then after my people have feasted and built their buildings, I order the Negative Forces to clean up the rubbish we do not want any longer and throw it on the rubbish pile.

I have a cousin, King Undine, ruling over the Liquid Kingdom, and he uses two armies something like mine. He calls them both by the same name because they do about the same kind of work, only in different places in the different liquids. His sister is queen of the Gas Kingdom, and she has two armies of the same name because they do work of pretty much the same nature. The Gas Kingdom includes the air you breathe and move in. That fifth petal up there is the Kingdom of Life Forces. You will be able to see those forces work when you are a little older. King Life up there has two armies also for his work. If it were not for him and his armies we would not be able to raise any children, because they would be just like stone, and no one wants stones for children. The sixth petal is the Kingdom of Light Forces. And King Light has two armies called the Positive Light Forces and the Negative Light Forces. His Positive Forces work right in your blood and in the juice of the plants, keeping the circulation in order. His Negative Forces have a busy time cleaning off the scales before animals' and people's eyes in order that they may see. They help to build the eyes in man and animal, while in the plant they show as color.

Up there in the seventh petal you can see the first moving picture king. He is King Reflective of the Reflective Kingdom and has an army of Negative Forces who do nothing but take pictures of everything that goes on in the world. Every good thing a boy or girl tries to do is photographed by one of his Negative Forces. Each kingdom depends upon the one next to it for food and supplies."

"Dimples! Dimples!" cried a voice from a distance. And at the same time the rose and bush faded away and Dimples knew he had dreamed.

*(To be continued)*

## At Easter Time

LADY JANE

**T**HERE was great rejoicing. All the three children, Grace, Charles, and Ellen were home for the holidays, and no holidays are more delightful than those of Eastertide, when all life is bursting forth and a new world appears to our eyes every morning.

It was Good Friday morning, and as that day had always been kept as a holy, sacred day, the usual duties had been made as light as possible, and Grandma had leisure time to spend with the children who so loved her. They were full of questions, as usual, and Charles began:

"Grandma, do you know, some of the boys say we should fast today? I told them it was all nonsense." "What did they want to fast for?" asked Ellen, "were they so poor that they had nothing to eat?" "No, no, but somebody had told them that if they wanted to be good they should fast." "Oh! Charlie, what a funny idea. Grandma, what do folks want to fast for," said Ellen.

"People fast for many reasons, dear; sometimes they cannot get food, sometimes they are sick, but on Good Friday many fast or refrain from luxuries that they may be reminded of what our Elder Brother did for us." "Do you mean Christ who was put to death on Good Friday?" "Yes, Ellen. He lived among us for three years, and at last we all forsook Him when He was in trouble."

"I wouldn't have done that if I'd been there," said Charles. "Perhaps not, Charles, but you know you may have been there at that time, or at least lived about that time, for we come back about every 1000 years and it is nearly 2000 years since then."

"Oh! Grandma, do you really believe that?" said Grace. "I never thought of that before. I knew we came to rebirth again and again, but could it be that we were really alive when Christ was on earth? That is too splendid to be true. To think that we may have seen Him and perhaps have spoken to Him, Grandma dear, it makes Him seem so much closer and more real." "Yes," said little Ellen slowly, "and He blessed the little children."

What brutes those men must have been to kill Him," said Charles. "Did they *really* kill Him?" Ellen's voice was very earnest and tearful. "No, dear, but it was their intention to do so. They could not kill the Spirit because it lives forever; as soon as it left the body all suffering ceased. When they came to Him they found He had already gone back to our Father. That was a joyful time. His last words were a cry—"It is accomplished,"—for He had finished the work He came to do."

"What did He come for?" I can't quite understand that part," said Charles. "Don't you remember in the Sunday-school lessons," Grace interrupted, "that to take away the sins of the Jews they always killed some animal and burned it?" "Yes, but what has that to do with it? Grandma, do please explain."

"We had all been so disobedient to the laws of God that it seemed we would never be able to return to Him in Heaven, and even the very earth itself was so impure that it hindered us, so Christ came and shed His blood upon the cross, and that blood being so pure, cleansed the earth and made it possible for us to get back to God. That was the cause of Christ's joy, because He knew that now we could be saved."

"But why say *Good* Friday? It seems more like *Bad* Friday," said Charles. "It is good, dear, because Christ accomplished on that day what He came to earth for. It is good because He was then freed from the physical body and could return to the heaven world, and it is good because He opened up a path for 'Whosoever will' to come to the Father." "Then," said Grace, "we should be very glad today instead of sad, Grandma." "Certainly we should, both glad and thankful."

"Grace dear, please play that largo by Handel," Grandma continued; "it always makes me think of Christ walking slowly to His trials, so calm and dignified amid the shouting crowds." "Yes, Grandma dear, and then we children will sing "Christ, the Lord, is Risen Today" to remind us of His resurrection on Easter Day."

# Nutrition and Health.

## Healing in the Churches

**T**HE most wonderful step towards re-establishing and resurrecting one of the principal doctrines of the Christian Church, one which has been neglected and overlooked almost entirely and yet one of the phases of Christ's teaching which was most loved by Him, namely that of healing, is again being revived in the churches. Christ preached the gospel and healed the sick. He took special interest in healing, and one of His commands to His disciples was to *heal the sick*. The Christian churches have for many years neglected this part of the Master's work. They have given out only one-half of what was to be the true Christian teaching; but they have at last come to the realization and openly admit that a large number of their followers have left the church to affiliate with other movements which are embracing healing.

The Christian League of Healing which has recently been started in Los Angeles and surrounding towns is destined to restore the churches to their original position. The leader of this League, however, takes issue with other movements that are not affiliated with the Christian churches and which are also carrying out the commands of the Christ to preach the gospel and heal the sick. He classes all these new movements as un-christian, and claims that they deny the Godhead of our Lord.

We believe that this is a mistaken attitude and that the churches must eventually come to have the broader view and realize that all must preach the gospel as they see it; that there are many paths to Good, and that all lead to the one great goal—God.

May this good work go on, and may it also be the means of inculcating greater tolerance in the ministers of our churches.

It may be interesting to our readers to read clippings from the various newspapers of South-

ern California, giving an account of this new healing movement.

### *TO BRING BACK CHRIST'S HEALING*

The remarkable and epochal movement in Los Angeles to revive in this modern day the work and methods of Christ in healing the sick, as an apostolic movement, with scriptural authority, has taken the form of an organization of prominent ministers and laymen representing a large number of leading evangelical churches, and of a plan of operation providing for lectures or sermons, prayer meetings and, in some cases, of classes for the study of healing.

The movement does not conform to nor agree with Christian Science teachings. Neither is it intended to combat that or other organizations. Some of the members plainly state, however, that a large number of people have gone from the churches to healing organizations and express the belief that the churches can and should hold their members more firmly by definitely including bodily healing in their work. So far as it has been tried it is declared practical and successful.

The Christian League of Healing does not deny the existence of disease and sin, but affirms the power of God to triumph over them. It holds God's power to heal as transcending all earthly science, and expresses faith in the power of divinity when science has failed. It supports the work of the doctors and therapeutic agencies or methods used in conformity with natural laws. Its healing work is to be done without fee of any kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

A definite movement to take up the work of healing the sick in accordance with scriptural commands and doctrines has taken the form in Los Angeles of an organization of clergymen and laymen of evangelical churches of the city

under the name of the Christian League of Healing and Helpful Service. The plan and organization has been unanimously indorsed by the Los Angeles Ministerial Association.

This recognition of the function of the church in dealing with bodily ailments, as well as spiritual, is so widespread among evangelical churches in this city, and takes expression in such precise form that it has attracted attention and caused comment all over the country to such an extent that the belief is expressed by some that the movement will spread through Christendom until the Christian Church as a body will function as God's instrument in curing physical ailments.

The Christian League of Healing and Helpful Service has held three meetings, and at the third meeting, in January, a prayer service for specified persons who were ill was held. The objects of the League are to assist the pastor and the church to obey Christ's command to heal the sick, to disseminate spiritual and scientific healing truth, to help those in need physically, mentally and spiritually, to give healing treatments, advice and comfort, to emphasize scriptural principles of healing.

The League recognizes three planes of healing, physical, mental and spiritual. The adopted plan of operation is to organize classes in the churches, study what the Bible says about healing and to endeavor to learn how Christ's command to heal the sick can be effectively carried out in this, the twentieth century.

Declaring that God's power is limitless and transcends the boundaries of science, the League also proposes to use whatever therapeutic agents are in accord with natural laws. Local leaders in the movement believe God can and will heal through prayer when all else has failed, but it is proposed to work in conjunction with, rather than against, physicians and natural healing agencies. The healing work of the church, as represented by the League of Healing, will be without money and without price.

Some Los Angeles churches have put into operation a plan of healing along these lines—first to lay the foundation by study and lectures by the pastor; second, to hold regular meetings for the discussion and study of Christian healing and to minister, through prayer, to afflicted persons. Good success is reported in specific cases.

Clergymen who are active in the movement

make it clear and explicit that this is an apostolic movement strictly along scriptural lines; that it is not a new thing, but, rather, a resumption of church work that was dropped in the third century and which has only been continued sporadically by the church since. Physical healing is held as subordinate to spiritual healing.

Speakers at the Los Angeles meetings declared that, as Christ's ministry was threefold—preaching, teaching and healing—the church as the body of Christ should carry on the work of ministering to the physically sick as a duty, secondary and subordinate though it is to its mission of saving the souls of men.

The Christian healing movement here is in accord with that of the church of bygone centuries. It is not a surrender to nor agreement with Christian Science teachings. It is a resumption or revival of an original part of the Christian church.

Local ministers interested in the movement say they are actively interested in healing as a church work, not to combat other organizations whose teachings they regard as unscriptural, but because they believe it is a part of God's work. Some of them frankly state, however, that certain organizations which practice healing have drawn many persons from the church to seek help for physical ailments.

Even in those churches which have manifested keenest interest in the subject of healing, work will be undertaken conservatively and each step will be carefully and prayerfully considered. Few, if any, of the churches will for a time at least undertake more than to study through scripture and text books the object of divine healing and to hold prayer meetings for afflicted persons.

Notable in the Los Angeles movement is the absence of "claims," and no appearance of encouragement is offered to "healers" who may be insincere, mercenary or fanatical. It is an iteration of faith in the power of God to heal and the expressed desire to learn more of that portion of the church's ministry that applies to healing the sick.

The work of healing in the Christian church has been traced to the third century. From then on it seems to disappear except in sporadic cases. One explanation is that in the third century Christianity became under Constantine the

official religion of the Roman empire. Instead of being persecuted, Christians were under royal patronage. As the church began to rely on earthly power instead of depending solely on the strong arm of God, it became less spiritual and more materialistic.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I come not with a new gospel, but a message of the old," said James Moore Hickson, Episcopal layman and apostle of spiritual healing, yesterday afternoon to a gathering of clergymen of many denominations, that filled the Episcopal parish house. Spiritual healing is healing through Christ. There is only one Healer, our Lord, Jesus Christ."

Humble and unassuming in his attitude, yet Mr. Hickson's address in its simple directness was eloquent and held the close attention of his hearers. He was born in a Christian home, was taught to pray when a child and cannot remember a time when he did not pray.

Mr. Hickson expressed his conviction, at the outset, that healing is a part of the work of the church. "Whatever the Lord did was necessary to salvation," he said, "and He healed the sick during his ministry on earth. The body is a part of the tripartite nature. He came to heal and He gave to his disciples both the command and the power to go on with His work."

The early church, he said, included healing as a normal part of church ministry, even in the face of persecution. The church after four centuries, he said, lost its healing work, perhaps because it was unworthy because of loss of faith.

The question for the church today," said Mr. Hickson, "is what is God's will? If He came to us again now would He heal the sick?"

"What authority has the church of Christ today in not carrying out this work? asked Mr. Hickson. The work is scriptural and catholic, in its widest sense. If the world ever needed a saviour, it needs one today."

Mr. Hickson said he knows from his own experience, the sick and suffering of this country are yearning for help. Crowds have sought him in every city he has visited. In Boston 3500 people were turned away by letter. In Chicago, Baltimore and other cities the work of healing in the churches has been carried on since his visit, and he says the work has been successful.

In reply to a question concerning what diseases can be healed Mr. Hickson said "I cannot limit God's power." He denied that organic diseases are incurable. He told of a woman who was in a London hospital, so afflicted with cancer that the doctors said they could not operate and that she was beyond the help of medical science. The woman was healed through prayer.

Nothing has hindered his work so much, he said, as the belief that sickness is the will of God. There is no beatitude for the sick, he said, and no mention that bodily affliction is of divine origin. "If we believe God sends cancer," he said, "let us be consistent and not try to get rid of it by calling in doctors or mental healers."

Spiritual healing, said the speaker, finds its highest work and the most dangerous afflictions in soul diseases and the church must keep its work of soul healing above all else, but, he told the ministers, "Preach the full gospel; keep nothing back."

Mr. Hickson took issue with Spiritualism, Christian Science and New Thought, saying their teachings are un-christian in that "they deny the godhead of our Lord."

Mr. Hickson's faith is in a living Christ. His healing, he says, is not for physical ills alone, but for troubled souls.

He describes his healing powers as follows: "The gift of healing is a charsimatic gift—miraculously given—which the Holy Spirit divides severally as He will to priest or layman, but the gift is inherent in the Church of Christ, and when spiritual healing is fully recognized it will open the way for those in the ministry who do possess the gift to use and develop it in their visitation of the sick.

"The possession of the gift does not give any man or woman a power to heal of themselves, but it makes them special channels through which our Lord can reach and heal His suffering ones."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hundred people, crippled, infirm or afflicted with grievous bodily ailments, yesterday sought the help of divine power through the ministrations of James Moore Hickson, Episcopal layman and apostle of spiritual healing, at All Saints' church, Pasadena.

There were no spectacular cases of instantan-

(Concluded on page 476)

## Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

### —BREAKFAST—

Apple Sauce    Browned Rice  
Sour-milk Cornbread & Honey  
Cereal Coffee    Milk

### —DINNER—

Cream of Celery Soup  
Hashed Potatoes  
Stewed Cabbage  
Wholewheat Bread and Butter  
Milk

### —SUPPER—

Rye Bread & Date Sandwiches  
Ground Combination Salad  
Baked Apple Dumplings  
Milk

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## Recipes

### *Browned Rice*

Bake the rice in an oven until a light brown before boiling. This will give a delicious and appetizing taste to the rice.

### *Sour-milk Cornbread*

Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cornmeal with two teaspoons each of baking-soda and salt. Add two well-beaten eggs, two cups of sour milk, and two tablespoons of melted butter. Pour into hot oiled pan and bake twenty minutes.

### *Cream of Celery Soup*

Wash the coarse large stalks and green leaves, which are not usable for salads, of two bunches of celery. Cover with water and boil until tender. Rub through a colander. Make a sauce by heating one tablespoon of butter and two teaspoons of cornstarch, gradually adding  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk. Then add the celery broth and season with salt.

### *Hashed Potatoes*

Melt one tablespoon of butter in a frying pan, add one tablespoon of flour, mix until creamed, adding  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk. Season with salt and celery-salt, and allow to come to a boil. Spread a layer of this on the bottom of an oiled baking pan, then a layer of diced raw potatoes seasoned with onion-salt and chopped parsley, another layer of sauce, finishing with a layer of potatoes, and sprinkle with salt and cracker crumbs. Bake until well browned on the top.

### *Stewed Cabbage*

Allow the cabbage to stand in water until crisp, then slice a trifle coarser than used for cold-slaw. Heat two tablespoons of butter or cooking oil in a stewpan, pour cabbage on top of this; cover tightly, keeping in all the steam. Allow the cabbage to fry but not to burn, gradually adding a little water sufficient to keep

from scorching. Just before serving add a little salt.

Cabbage when steamed is much more wholesome and digestible than when boiled. It should never be boiled in water which covers the cabbage; it should always be steamed. If used in a stew, place the cabbage on top of the potatoes and other vegetables and allow it to steam; this will bring out the flavor.

### *Baked Apple Dumplings*

Peel and core as many apples as dumplings are required. Sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Roll the apple in pie-crust. Place in oiled baking pan. Turn into this pan  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, one cup hot water, and place in oven. Baste from time to time until dumplings are baked a rich brown.

### *Ground Combination Salad*

Grind one cucumber, the white part and bleached leaves of one celery stalk, five carrots, and two medium-sized onions, several sprigs of parsley, and one cold boiled potato through a vegetable grinder. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

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## HEALING IN THE CHURCHES

(Continued from page 475)

ous healing, no sudden transformation from helpless infirmity to vigorous activity, yet those who watched marked plainly a real change in many of those who came forth. Pain-racked countenances had lost lines of suffering. Some, at least, there were who had gained some measure of peace of soul, a strengthening of faith and a hope of surcease from bodily pain. One woman who came into the church hobbling on a crutch was able to walk out without it, the ushers noticed. Those who have followed Mr. Hickson's remarkable work say that instant cures are rare.



## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

January 29, 1920.

Rosierucian Fellowship.

Dear Friends: Your kind letter received, and I hardly know how to thank you for your sincere interest in me.

I know that I have received a great deal of help from the Invisible Helpers. On one occasion upon awakening early in the morning I saw them in the room. One was standing beside the bed, stooping over me, and two others were at the foot of the bed, watching. I saw them so distinctly I could describe them.

It would have been impossible for me to endure the present mental strain in quiet hopefulness were it not for the help I have received from these spiritual forces. I am always conscious of their influence.

My thoughts are always turning back to you with gratitude and appreciation. I will do as you request in your letter and will send a little note each week. I did not feel that I should ask so much when there are so many who probably need help more than I do.

Thanking you for all your kindness to me, which is deeply appreciated.

Sincerely yours, L. P. H.

January 21, 1920.

Rosierucian Fellowship.

My Dear Friends: I am so very happy to tell you that I am conscious of a most satisfactory improvement in my entire being. My increase in physical strength is almost miraculous, and spiritually I feel my growth and advancement almost beyond anything I could have hoped for. Every day brings experiences whereby I am being well tested. I find myself deficient in courage to go forward, and am doing some earnest work in striving to grow that virtue; I am satisfied that it is coming. I not only feel this, but friends, *several*, have remarked about it. The old pain in back of neck comes and goes, but more as an ache than pain, and I feel sure it will soon be permanently well. I certainly pray for the good people at Mt. Ecclesia.

Most sincerely yours,

MRS. H. A.

February 11, 1920.

Dear Friend: I believe my week is up to write. I am so thankful for the help received during these trying times.

The schools are closed here on account of "flu." My little girls said they saw little red and black sprites or devils about the height of one's hand all over my son when he had the chicken-pox. Were they Saturn and Mars imps, causing fever and skin trouble? He said it was not the itching so much as the loathsome feeling that he objected to that accompanied the chicken-pox.

With all my love and gratitude for help received,  
Sincerely, B. C.

### HEALING DATES

April	.....	2—9—17—23—29
May	.....	7—14—20—27
June	.....	3—10—17—23—30

### HEALING MEETINGS

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p. m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs is dynamic energy which they infuse into every enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 p. m.. meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

By R. T. O.

“HELLO!” . . . back it comes again, “Hello!” and once more, “Hello!” How we all love echoes, what wonderful things they are! Let us listen to some for a few minutes.

We are standing midway up the canyon, and as we glance around an exclamation of surprise escapes us as we view the “taming of the wild” under operation. The brush is cleared, grubbed, and burnt; and oh, those roots and that tough sod! None know the work involved but those who have done it. Some land ready for corn, some for grapevines, and about sixty berry bushes have already been set out. The work has been, indeed, well done by one of our members who has the true pioneer spirit, and who has much patience, perseverance, and forethought.

On the morning of February fifteenth the sun shining with its usual splendor, after service and breakfast we, visitors and workers, hurried into our hiking clothes and with good things to eat boarded the two automobiles and away we went. Arriving at Torrey Pines, we all immediately started to explore. Some climbed hills, —yes even trees, while others were content to gaze on the wonderful scenery, breathe the fine air, and bask in the sun; and of course the camera had a busy time. Then came lunch. Oh, what appetites and what good things to eat and how we all did them justice! After that some more roving, then a trip to La Jolla with ice cream, etc., and finally home, all having had a specially good time; eyes sparkling, cheeks rosy, hearts contented, all well fortified to take up our various duties and studies on the morrow.

The night of the twenty-first saw the guests and workers, under the capable management of Mr. Rufert, producing a big programme of “stunts.” The entertainment opened with “America,” which all joined in singing, followed by an instructive stereopticon lecture by Mrs. Heindel, illustrating man’s invisible bod-

ies. Mrs. Kirmond gave a pretty exhibition of a country dance. “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep” by Mr. Rufert met with much applause. “They Were All Out of Step but Jim,” by Mrs. Dunton, brought the house down, while a description and a poem of the Canadian Northwest by another member were eloquent. Mrs. Molyneaux put on a humorous skit which was simply great, while Mr. Rufert’s “Laska” was excellent. A splendid selection by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Molyneaux, Miss Scheider, Mr. Hoheisel and Mr. Rufert was the last item on the list. The above constitutes only about half of the programme, and while the remainder were equally good and deserving, lack of space is responsible for their not being given special mention. After the entertainment, refreshments made their sudden appearance, the product of guests and workers, secret meetings, whispermings and smugglings.

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Mr. O. Rufert, from Richmond, Calif., a real “jolly good fellow,” spent three weeks with us recently. Mr. Rufert was an inspiration to us all, and his efforts for our entertainment were much appreciated.

Mrs. and Miss McQueen of Bishop, Calif., were recent guests at Mt. Ecclesia. Mrs. McQueen stayed only a few days but Miss McQueen is still with us. We have another bright and jolly guest in Mrs. W. E. Bundy of Springfield, Ohio.

Miss Anderson of Los Angeles favored us with another week-end visit, bringing smiles and good fellowship for all.

Mr. and Mrs. Akers of Pendleton, Ore., were among the guests of the month.

Miss Esther Hawley supplied us with lots of fun and life while she was here.

Mrs. and Miss Euwer of Newcastle, Pa., are guests of the month and have developed a special partiality for tennis.

*Editor's Note:—We publish in this department from time to time interesting letters from our students, also letters of appreciation from those who have been helped by our Philosophy and our various activities.*

ROSICRUCIAN NOTES HERE  
AND ABROAD

Definite arrangements have now been made for the publication of the French Cosmo-Conception, which has been translated by our friend Armand Baer. The Swedish translations of the Cosmo-Conception, Questions and Answers, and Mysteries, are also under way. Request has been received from Bulgaria for permission to translate and publish our books in that language. From Germany we have received request for a copy of Simplified Scientific Astrology and permission to translate and publish it.

Our friends in India are also active and have just organized a Study Center in Colombo, Ceylon, where the first services were held on Holy Night, 1919, with 12 members present.

Prentiss Tucker has given several very successful lectures recently in Victoria, B. C., and will as time permits visit Vancouver, Edmonton, and Calgary. Later as his private business affairs permit, he will start on an extended tour through the South and East. We hope that more of our Probationers will feel the call to prepare for public work, for the world is eagerly seeking for what we have to give.

A STUDENT'S DESIRE FOR  
DEVELOPMENT

November 9, 1919.

Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside.

Dear Mrs. Heindel: I have received your letter of the 23rd ult. It is necessary for me to be more cautious this time before applying for probationership. I frankly think I possess all the elements ready within to pass successfully through esoteric training, but at the same time I do not wish to butt into the same wall as before. I previously failed for lack of caution, principally. It was and remains incomprehensible to me how a sincere pupil could display such persistent effort for years as I displayed, without the faintest result, not the slightest vis-

ion, not a single vivid dream, not a notion of anything going on around me, except "darkness there and nothing more."

The "spirit of helpfulness" is still about me now as ever, although I am much changed mentally, morally and physically. It is not that I expect great things, no; but a person cannot go on a great length of time without a glimpse of true first-hand knowledge, especially in France or Belgium, the former being the most materialistic country in the world. A pupil of an esoteric school cannot stand up and remain on his feet over here without eventually coming to that point where he must support his ideas by an "inner something," by a little realization. That is the trouble all the way through.

Referring to that article, "Facing the Firing Squad," and looking back into former years, I cannot say that I ever met an individual who by his manner, sayings, or life, was an initiate; at least not to my knowledge. You know, it would improve matters if someone like that could be met. And why not! Needless to say it remains a sore spot in my heart that I never met Mr. Heindel, but there is no good in coming back to that.

In view of what precedes, may I ask you a straight question: Suppose I do become a probationer and endeavor hard to follow the Path as previously, shall I in five years' time grope in the same darkness as before? That is the point. If you say "No," I shall at once join. If you say "It is doubtful," it will be wiser for me to leave the whole matter alone; since in case of no spiritual awakening whatever, the disappointment would be so great that the whole of my nature would sink right down forever, besides disturbing my friends and acquaintances who may stand a better chance than I.

Of course, it ought not to be necessary for me to write like this. I sometimes think you do not know how things are over here, but I suppose you do.

Before replying as to probationership, I shall first wait to hear from you. Do you think I am all wrong in my statements, or partly right? At all events it is apparent that I am frightfully attracted toward the movement.

With my best wishes for a happy Xmas, believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

H.

REPLY:

February 19, 1920.

Dear Friend: I have been very much delayed in answering your last two letters, as I have very little time to answer personal letters.

You said in your previous letter that you could not understand why you failed, that it was incomprehensible to you how a sincere pupil could display such persistent effort for years as you displayed, without the faintest result, not the slightest vision, not a single vivid dream.

You understand that the invisible worlds can only be contacted under certain physical, mental, moral, also planetary, conditions; that no one has the power to do the work for you. Others can point the way but you must walk the Path yourself. Neither Mr. Heindel, the Teacher, nor the Elder Brothers have the right nor the power to push you into a world or condition for which you have not prepared yourself. Eagerness, impatience, and a sincere desire alone are not sufficient to open the door, but pure, unselfish, loving service to others is the only key that unlocks. If you have not succeeded in unlocking this door, just sit down quietly and analyze your life. You know, and we know, that there are things in your past before the outbreak of the war that have put very great stumbling blocks in your way of development. You have perhaps unconsciously caused much sorrow.

You also say that you cannot remember of ever having met an individual who by his manner of life was an initiate. No, nor will you ever meet a real initiate, a true one, who will acknowledge it openly. You will find many would-be initiates who claim to be such, but a truly enlightened lay-brother or initiate will never advertise himself, unless he has been chosen by the Elder Brothers for public work such as Mr. Heindel had been destined for. It was requested of him that he openly acknowledge his initiation in order to start the work in the world, but other lay-brothers and initiates of the Rosicrucian Order never make themselves known; they work silently and lovingly, sometimes in the most modest positions.

As we have told you in many letters in past years, your very eagerness, your impatience, have been your greatest stumbling blocks. If you will only forget your initiation and your own development in your service to humanity,

the door will open before you realize it. You may be standing very close to the entrance but your own impatience is barring the way. You again ask that if you become a probationer would you, at the end of five years, grope in the same darkness as before. This depends upon yourself. That is a question you alone can answer. We make no promises. Your future depends upon your own life, and if you are taking up probationership in the hope that we will promise initiation for you within five years, then we would advise you not to take the step. Mr. Heindel never promised this definitely nor will we do so.

We can, however, give you the good news that the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception translations are now in the hands of a publisher through one of our French students who is now in New York City, and you may hear from this later. We cannot say how soon the edition will be out, but all the arrangements are being made.

Hoping that this letter finds you and your wife in good health, we are,

Sincerely yours,

ESOTERIC SECRETARY.

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## Astrology by Correspondence

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

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

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

*Address,*

ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, - - -

California