

Rays from the ROSE CROSS



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

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IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI

WOMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPT

DOCTOR SUN

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY

OF A GLUTTON'S STOMACH

NOVEMBER

1918



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MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

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The Mystic Light

NOVEMBER 1918

* * * * *

The Place of the Vision

I could not find him in cathedral aisle;
He was not in my secret place of prayer;
Not all the preacher's pleadings could beguile
My weary soul from darkness and despair.
He would not show his blessed face to me,
Though I besought in tears and agony.

One day I had forgot my fruitless quest,
Intent another soul to help and rest.
I raised my eyes unthinking, and, behold,
Denied when I had sought it as pure gold,
The Master's smile! This was the Holy Place,
Where Jesus loved, and loves, to show His face.

—Philip Wendell Crannell

In the Land of the Living Dead

Prentiss Tucker

(Continued from October number)

OH, JIMMIE, the Elder Brother is coming. Oh! Oh! I'm so glad for it must be that he wants to talk to you Himself."
"Well, I wish He'd stay away. I want to talk to you—"
"Here He is—"

Jimmie turned in response to a gesture from Marjorie and saw standing before him a man, somewhat past middle age, tall, erect, and with nothing so prominent about him as the feeling which he inspired of being in the immediate presence of great power. The man bowed slightly and while Marjorie and Jimmie were rising, spoke—

"I know you very well Mr. Westman, especially through the help of our little friend here," and he touched Marjorie's curls gently and lovingly, "and I sent her to meet you first, but must not tax her too greatly and so I want you to come with me for a while, and later you can have a long talk with her."

The newcomer's manner and tone bore such an air of quiet authority that Jimmie never for an instant entertained a thought of appeal and merely

responded to Marjorie's little graceful gesture of adieu and turned to walk beside the man whom Marjorie had called the 'Elder Brother.'

They walked on for some distance in silence, a silence which Jimmie thought it best not to break himself for, in some way which he could not explain, he felt as though this man was quite a 'big bug' in this country, and so he walked on silently until the man himself might feel moved to begin the conversation.

Some rods had been passed in slow pacing before the silence was broken and in the meantime Jimmie had cast a furtive glance around to see how far Marjorie had gone, but to his surprise she was not in sight at all although he was sure he could see a couple of miles in any direction.

"You have had a good rest," his companion said at length, "and it will not be too great a tax upon you to map out, briefly, some of the duties which it will be your privilege to attend to in this new life upon which you have entered, but before that I will show you a little of what has happened and what is happening, and, as soon as you are ready for the

information, I shall show you just why this war was allowed to come upon the world and in just what manner your help will be needed."

"But things are somewhat different here than what you have been accustomed to and I want to call your attention to one thing which Marjorie hesitated to dwell upon, and that is the method of your locomotion. You do not need to walk in the old way, it is much more convenient and much quicker to progress by what Marjorie suggested to you at first—the glide. We all of us here move about in that way. It only requires a slight effort of the will and is as much superior to walking as walking is to crawling on the hands and knees. In fact there is hardly a limit to the speed of the glide, and without it we would find it impossible to do the work which has to be done in these strenuous times. Try it."

At the word he began to glide just as Jimmie had seen Marjorie do. Jimmie then made the effort himself and, to his surprise, found that he could move along as he had often done on ice when skating, only this movement was the result of an effort of the will and required no exertion of the body at all. He was as delighted as a child with this newly acquired power and glided around like an ice skater cutting the old familiar figure of eight and other patterns a number of times before he once more steadied down at the side of his new acquaintance.

There is a great deal of the boy in every man, just as there is a great deal of the man in every boy, and Jimmie was frankly more absorbed and interested in the possibilities of the glide and in the fact that he had resumed his place at the Elder Brother's side without being in the least out of breath or feeling any of the effects which usually follow such strenuous exercise, than he was in the tremendous fact that he had really and truly crossed over the "Great Divide" and was in the very act and article of learning what was on the "Other Side of Death."

Slowing down to the more dignified progress of his guide, he felt somewhat abashed at his exhibition of enthusiasm and began to apologize in an indirect manner.

"This gliding business is quite a novelty to me

and it seems to be just what I have always wanted to do. I've dreamed of just that very thing at times and when I once realized that I could actually glide it was like doing some old, familiar stunt over again."

"You were not mistaken. It is an old familiar 'stunt.'"

"It must be that my ice skating is what made it seem natural to me."

"No. It was familiar because you have often glided and you were really used to doing it. In your sleep you have always spent your time over on this side, and while on most nights you were not actually conscious, yet you were partially aware of what you were doing, though you were not able to take the memory back with you."

"Gee! Well, what do you know about that!"

"It's an improvement on walking, isn't it?"
 "Well! I should say so. I'll sure teach it to the boys when I get back—"

He stopped short, realizing that there was no "going back."

The man's face glowed with sympathy.

"No," he said, "there is no going back but I think that when I have shown you that which lies before you and which is so much grander and greater than what lies back of us, you won't want to go back, you will want with all your heart and soul to go forward."

"I am going to take you back to the trench where your company is, for one of your friends is going to pass over and as he will not go in the same way that you did, he will recover consciousness almost immediately and I want you to take charge of him. In this way you will learn a good deal about some phases of what your duties will be later on."

"And now," he continued, "before you begin actual work, I want to impress upon your mind that this war was necessary because in no other way could the human race be saved from an impending and overwhelming fate. This fact does not in the least excuse those who are responsible for bringing it on, but I speak of it because the great conflict and awful suffering have made some think that the powers of good were helpless before the powers of evil. This is not so. God rules over all and as the sparrow cannot fall without His knowledge and

will, so no war can be started without His knowledge and will, but, as said, this does not excuse those who bring it on." His face grew very stern but withal tender and his eyes had a far-away look in them as though his thoughts were far away over the centuries that are to come before the good which is to come out of the great struggle shall have formed its pattern on the loom of time.

"Now," he resumed, "we will travel a little faster and you may use that new-found power of yours, the glide."

He began to glide as he spoke and moved faster and faster. Jimmie kept gliding along by his side, occasionally forgetting and fixing his mind on something else and when he did this he found that he was apt to stop altogether. This he explained to himself by saying that walking had become so much a second nature to him that he could do it and still think of something else but that gliding was yet new and so he had to center his mind on it all the time.

The Elder Brother moved faster and Jimmie followed him as well as he could, though when the glide left the earth and moved through the air Jimmie was a little dubious as to his ability to follow so strenuous a leader. Soon, however, he became more and more accustomed to the new sensation and began to take a little interest in the landscape. Now he noticed that they were passing over a part of the country which was familiar to him and in another moment or two he saw that they were nearing the trenches. He heard the reports of the great guns and saw the planes flying far above, for he and his guide were again nearing the earth, and in another minute they had alighted on the edge of that section of the trench where his firing post had been.

There it was yet, with one of the men of the company in it, and Jimmie motioned to his friend that they had better jump down into the trench where they would be safe and it was not until the Elder Brother smiled at him in a quizzical way that he remembered the fact that the danger of bullets was over for him, that they would pass through his present ethereal body without causing discomfort.

The Elder Brother laid a hand on Jimmie's arm

and pointed to a man somewhat over forty, in the uniform of a sergeant, who was sitting quietly in a little dugout smoking a cigarette and looking at an old magazine. As they were looking, he threw away the stub of the cigarette, laid down the magazine, rose slowly and stepped into the trench, walked leisurely to the firing post, raised his head up to look through the little opening and was neatly drilled through the forehead by a rifle bullet. He stood still for a moment, then as the muscles lost their inspiration they slowly relaxed and the body as slowly leaned against the wall of the trench, quietly sinking down. That was what the horrified rifleman on duty saw, but what Jimmie saw was that the sergeant quietly stepped out of his body and stood there, looking at the rifleman with a puzzled expression on his face. Jimmie needed no guide to tell him what had happened and he called to sergeant Strew who looked up at him and said quietly,

"Hello, Jimmie, glad to see you. When did you blow in? I heard you'd gone west."

"Hello, old fellow," said Jimmie, "I just came out and brought a friend of mine."

He turned to the Elder Brother and said, "I'd introduce you to my friend, sergeant Strew, sir, if I knew your name."

Sergeant Strew seemed to evince no great surprise that Jimmie should have come out to the firing line in such a manner, bringing a friend with him, as though the front trench were a visiting place, nor did the unusual circumstance strike either of them as at all out of the way. It is often thus with those who have recently passed over and who have not had their powers of observation and reason trained. The sergeant knew as a matter of fact that Jimmie was dead, or at least he had been told so and had no reason to doubt the fact. Yet when Jimmie showed up, alive and well and apparently comfortable, the sergeant merely accepted the fact without any hesitation. Had he seen Jimmie, however, before the sniper's bullet severed the connection between his physical and vital bodies, the case would have been entirely different.

Jimmie's very respectful mode of addressing the Elder Brother, too, was indicative not only of the atmosphere or aura of dignity and power which

surrounded the Elder Brother, but showed the fact that these vibrations were not impeded by the physical body, hence were a thousand times more potent than would have been the case on the physical plane. Jimmie knew nothing of mental vibrations, and had not the very slightest idea that the cause of this restraint lay outside of himself, but of the fact he was aware, and he promptly set it down to his own good upbringing.

The name which was given I may not divulge, but in its place I will substitute and say that the Elder Brother gave the name of *Campion*.

The introduction over, the Elder Brother said:

“Jimmie, come to me in about an hour and bring your friend.”

“All right, sir, but my watch is stopped and I will have to guess the time. And where will I find you, sir?”

“I will send for you when the time comes.” The Elder Brother apparently made a step from the bottom to the top of the trench and moved off towards the rear. The sergeant yelled to him and gave a jump to interfere but Jimmie caught him by the arm and Strew turned on Jimmie—

“Stop him! Call him back!”

“Never mind him,” Jimmie shouted “listen to me—”

“All right, lieutenant, if you say so. But jiminy! I’m glad to see you again. Say! did you notice the way that friend of yours took the whole height of the trench in one step? Some man, that!”

“He certainly is.”

“This’ll be great news for the boys to find you’re all right again. We heard that you got killed three days ago. I’m darned glad to find it was a mistake. But where have you been all this time?”

Jimmie had come up at a time when there was a lull in the fighting and sergeant Strew was the only casualty at the time. The sergeant was so busy looking at and talking to Jimmie that he had not noticed the group of men gathered about his dead body and Jimmie was at a loss just how to break the news to the sergeant gently, He had never had such a job to do before—

“Well you see, sergeant, the funny part about it is what you heard was true.”

“What was true?”

“Why, that I’d got killed.”

“You got hit on the bean, that’s what’s the matter with you.”

“No, I didn’t either. I’m giving you the true dope. I got killed.”

“Jimmie, go back and tell the doc to fix your noodle. You’ve got a bad case of bats in your garet. I might have known it was like that or you’d never have brought that spry old gent out here with you which you very well know is against all the regulations, even if you are a lieutenant, and I don’t see how in thunder he ever got out so far, past all the officers.”

“Well, you see, it’s this way, sergeant, lots of men get killed and never know what’s happened to them.”

“Yes, an’ some think they’re killed when nothing has happened. Why if you’d been killed don’t you see you would be a ghost now, and then how in the dickens could I see you and talk to you? It can’t be done, Jimmie. You’re just as much alive as I am.”

“That’s true, too, sergeant, but if you’ll look behind you a moment you’ll see that you’re just as dead as I am.”

Jimmie pointed past him to the dead body which had been laid out on the boards at the bottom of the trench, ready to be taken to the rear if things kept quiet after dark, and the sergeant turned and looked. He looked long and quietly. He walked over and stood beside the body and looked at it carefully. He spoke to the sentry in the firing post, and when no answer was made he spoke again, more sharply, and then walked over and shook the man by the shoulder, or attempted to shake him, but finding that his hand went through the sentry he gave up the attempt, turned back to Jimmie and said in a matter of fact way:

“I guess you’re right, Jimmie. I’ve cashed in.”

Jimmie looked at sergeant Strew and sergeant Strew looked at Jimmie. Neither knew just what to say. The situation was a novel one, and though Jimmie might have found words with which to offer comfort to a friend who had lost some dear one, yet even that task would have been hard, and when it was the friend himself who had died and

the one who sought to offer comfort was himself dead, the situation began to assume something of the comical. Jimmie smiled a little. Things were too serious to laugh about, yet there was the element of humor, and that very fact of itself struck him as funny for humor and the life after death had seemed to him, before this, as being as far apart as the poles. No one had ever connected the two together to his knowledge. The sergeant, however, was very grave.

"So it's come at last," he said, partly to himself and partly to Jimmie. "It's come at last and it's not nearly anything like I thought it would be. "Say!" he looked at Jimmie. "You have been over here for three days now and you ought to be feeling at home kinda by this time; where are they?"

"Where are which?"

"Why heaven, though I guess us fellers wouldn't go there, just at first anyhow, but where's all the things the parsons talk about, hell and the devils an' the other things? This is just like where we were before an' I don't see much difference except that yap Milvane couldn't hear me when I spoke to him, but what does a feller do here? Do we go an' hunt for a harp to play on or do we go on fightin' or what? 'Spose a lot of German ghosts come along, what. are we to do?"

"Darned if I know," said Jimmie to whom the idea was new.

"Well, I don't know what we can do but I bet I can lick any blankety blank German ghost that ever lived."

Jimmie felt a peculiar sensation. He had never been a profane boy and his worst expletive had usually been the mild word "darn." Stronger than this he seldom spoke, but now that the sergeant used a few words of what the majority of the company would not have classed as swearing, that is as *real genuine* swearing, Jimmie felt a sensation almost akin to pain. It was a combined feeling, not physical pain and yet much like it, much more than mere repugnance to what he formerly would not even have noticed.

He remembered the Elder Brother's request and wondered if the hour were up and if it was whether he ought to take this friend of his into the some-

what austere presence of that strange man. His doubts were solved for him by the sudden appearance from nowhere of a laughing little child who came dancing up to him, singing in a semi-chant as children often do:

"Come along, Jimmie, the Elder Brother wants you."

Jimmie turned to the sergeant who was attempting to interfere with a soldier busily engaged in removing the ammunition belt from the sergeant's discarded body.

"Come on sergeant, Mr. Champion wants to see us."

"T 'ell with yer friend. Look at this guttersnipe here trying to rob me of all my cartridges, an' he knows blame well I got all my tobacco in one of them pockets an' I'm responsible fer that belt. Drop it, gol darn you!" This last was addressed to the soldier at whom and through whom the sergeant swung a right hand blow that would, under former circumstances, have almost felled an ox, but the soldier paid no attention to it. The sergeant was inarticulate with rage.

Jimmie had to stop a minute to get the situation clear in his own mind, and then with a laugh, he interposed between the fuming sergeant and the unconcerned robber who was not a robber at all but merely obeying his orders.

"Come out of it, sergeant! You're dead! Get me? You're dead! You can't hurt that guy. Come along with me. You're dead!"

The sergeant stepped back a pace, looked at Jimmie with a puzzled expression on his face for a moment and scratched his head.

"Danged if I aint," he said thoughtfully, "I forgot that."

"Sure," Jimmie smiled at him, "and what good would your tobacco do you anyhow? You can't smoke now."

The sergeant stopped short and straightened with a jerk, looking at Jimmie, his eyes growing wide with horror.

"Aint that hell?"

Again Jimmie felt that painful feeling surge over him at the sergeant's words and again he doubted the advisability of taking this profane soldier,

brave and honorable man though he knew him to be, before the Elder Brother, who was, as Jimmie had 'sized him up,' something of the nature of a 'Gospel Sharp' or 'Sky Pilot.' The army seldom used the word *minister* and Jimmie had fallen into the army vernacular. What would this friend of Marjorie's think if sergeant Strew should forget himself and casually utter an expletive?

Again the little child with the smiling face danced before his eyes and repeated the message. "Come along, Jimmie, the Elder Brother wants you."

This time Jimmie determined to obey.

"Come along, sergeant, it's orders that I've got to bring you with me."

The sergeant came along, pensively, muttering to himself something about tobacco and the utter uselessness of any locality or state of being where the solacing weed could not be smoked. Nevertheless, he followed, in a preoccupied manner, climbing out of the ditch after Jimmie and then nervously looking around as though just remembering that the sight of him might excite Fritz into starting a bombardment.

"Don't worry," Jimmie said, noticing the sergeant's apprehension, "Fritz can't see you and if he could he couldn't hurt you. You're just as dead as you can get."

"That's right, I never thought of that. I aint got used to the idea of being dead yet."

He drew his hand across his forehead wearily, then gave a gasp of dismay as he felt the hole in his head and took his hand away covered with blood. He felt, gingerly, of the place where the sniper had drilled him. "Say, I better go an' get this fixed up. This is a bad place to get hit. I might have got—it's a wonder it didn't—"

He stopped short and looked at Jimmie wistfully. The wound had evidently startled him in a way, for the fact was, that in spite of the evidence, he had not yet realized that he was dead. Often it takes a long time to realize a thing which we know and admit readily as a mere statement of fact, and while the sergeant knew that he was dead, yet he had not realized it nor had he learned to coordinate his thought with what he knew to be the truth, and the old impulse to get a wound 'fixed up' before

any complications could set in was too strong to be shaken off.

Jimmie did not know and so could not explain to the sergeant that the blood with which his hand was covered was merely the result of his own firmly fixed idea that there ought to be blood where such a large wound was. Subconsciously the sergeant felt that if he were dead and a ghost then it would follow that a ghost could not bleed. Yet he was bleeding for was not his hand covered with blood? So, partly by conscious and partly by subconscious methods he reached the point where he doubted whether he were really dead or not. Theories were thrown to the winds. The wound was a practical and compelling fact.

"Say, Jimmie, I've got to go an' get this fixed up. I'll come an' see your friend some other time. I gotta go before this gets worse."

It was, indeed, a ghastly wound, not only where the bullet had entered the forehead, but much more so where it had come out at the back of the head for there the wound was much larger: Jimmie realized the necessity of getting it 'fixed up' but then the thought flashed across his mind—*where?*

Grand, merciful and devoted as the Red Cross was there was yet no hospital he knew of where a man who could not be seen could be treated for a deadly wound of which he had already died.

"Where you goin' to sergeant?" he asked, "where do you think you can get that thing fixed up? Don't you know that's what killed you?"

"Don't they have no hospitals over here," demanded the sergeant, "when they get hurt?"

"They don't get hurt."

"The dickens they don't! I'm hurt, aint I? If I don't get this fixed up somehow I'm liable to—to—"

"To what, sergeant? Come to life again?"

"Darn you, Jimmie. This thing hurts like the dickens. It's a wonder you wouldn't flag a stretcher-bearer or an ambulance or somethin' instead of standin' there grinnin' like a durn fool. Of course they have ambulances over here. Naturally they would."

(The third installment of this story will appear next month.)

Some Women of Ancient Egypt

AGNES COOK

(From *South African Women in Council*)

IT has been said that the true lover of old forgotten things is a spectator of splendid pageants, a ministrant of strange rites, a witness to vast tragedies. He also has admittance to the magical kingdom, to which is added the freedom of the City of Remembrance.

It is in this spirit that I propose to open one of the Gates of the City of Remembrance by recalling some of the characteristics and the atmosphere in which they played such notable parts—of those great Queens of Egypt, whose achievements are written in stone and delineated on papyrus, never to be entirely obliterated while the world lasts—although, indeed, as has been the case for thousands of years, the sands of the desert may again overlay the records.

The Egyptians have a saying that he who has once drunk of the water of the Nile thirsts for it again, and although in the case of some of us long centuries have elapsed since that happy day when with cupped palm we stooped to drink, while we may not in our physical body slake that thirst, we can and do travel quickly and well in the mental state.

Such a journey I propose, and were we suddenly to drop down in the Khaf Khaluf Bazaar at Cairo, we should find the same forms of bargaining going on as took place in Abraham's time. A friend who wanted an amber mouthpiece for a pipe once had to go through the very dialogue which passed between Ephron and Abraham. He objected to the price. "Nay, then," replied the modern Hittite, "take it—I give it thee." At last the price was agreed upon, and he took the money.

The East, overrun by tourists, is yet changeless in its salient aspects. Indeed, one of the Arab proverbs warns us: "Meddle not with those who are given to change." A typical saying.

But we are now going to study for a little the characters and achievements of three notable Queens who lived long before Moses, and the latest of whom was playing a brilliant part at a bril-

liant Court more than a thousand years before Cleopatra—the Siren of the Nile. We shall not include her because we have Shakespeare's masterpiece to consult, or as an alternative, the play by G. Bernard Shaw.

The first lady who appears on the stone pages of Egyptian history is *Nitocris*, who has the unique distinction of being a woman who built a Pyramid. Naturally this fact is a matter of dispute today among archeologists, but Manetho (who wrote a history of Egypt in Greek 300 B. C.) avers that the third Pyramid, known as 'the Supreme,' was built by her. He describes her as the noblest and most beautiful woman of her age, fair in color.

Our story of Cinderella has its foundation in the love tale of Nitocris.

She was a maiden of lowly birth, and one day while bathing in the river an eagle swooped down and bore away one of her sandals. Far away, at the Capital (Memphis, at that time) a prince was dispensing justice in the open air, surrounded by his court, when an eagle began circling around him, and dropped a tiny sandal in his lap. You can fill in for yourselves what happened in those romantic days. A search was made for the maiden to whom such a dainty sandal could belong, for the Prince swore to marry her.

Fortunately, when found, she turned out to be beautiful, and not unwilling, and the marriage was celebrated.

The old King died soon after, and Menkaura succeeded. Thus, the country girl Nitocris became a great Queen.

I am sorry to be unable to tell you that Nitocris lived happy ever after, for as usually happened in such cases, the mesalliance led to intrigues at the Court, and her husband and brother were cruelly murdered.

She, however, had many more years of life, during which she found time to build the third Pyramid, which is inscribed with her husband's name, Menkaura (also her own throne name). It

may have been intended as a memorial by her, for no trace of a body was found in the beautiful blue sarcophagus of this pyramid, and the sarcophagus itself is at the bottom of the sea, the vessel which was bringing it to Europe being wrecked.

Nitocris was a woman of heroic character, and avenged her husband's death in a unique way. She constructed a magnificent subterranean building, and, on its completion, invited the aristocracy to a banquet at the opening ceremony, When the feasting was at its height, gaiety and music resounding, she silently withdrew and opened the sluice of a concealed canal, and then locked the doors. Facing her audience she told them what she had done, and we can imagine the whitening faces of those hereditary lords of Egypt and her own husband's enemies as the rushing of the waters pronounced their doom and hers.

One can imagine that round her pyramid many stories have been woven, and indeed the hieroglyphics tell "that there was a spirit appointed to serve it, which parted not from it." It was also guarded by a Small image of eagle stone (from the enchanted city of the Black Eagle, now engulfed in the sands of the Sahara). On the base of the sandstone a statue drew towards it the awestruck intruder till he stuck to it so that he could not move, and finally men mad or died.

The Arabs say that this pyramid is haunted by the form of a woman of extreme beauty. With an enchanting smile she draws men to her, and when they are distracted with love, laughs at them, so that their senses leave them, and they become mad with grief. Divers persons have seen her walking about the pyramid at noon and sunset. Poor *Nitocris*! An awful fate, if it be indeed she, which I'm inclined to doubt, because the description does not tally with that loving, faithful heart, or with the heroism necessary to fulfill her vengeance, wicked though it seems to us. That she was possessed, too, of considerable occult power is evident from her being able to invoke a guardian for her pyramid.

Although the period at which *Nitocris* lived is variously estimated as being between 4,000 and 3,000 years before Christ, or nearly 6,000 years ago, it was one of inexhaustible fertility and unparalleled achievement. In architecture their tireless

genius had created the column and originated the colonnade. In government they elaborated an enlightened state, with a body of wise laws, and they were the first men whose ethical intuition made happiness in the future life dependent upon character. They had serviceable sea-going ships which explored unknown waters, or pushed commercial enterprises far up the Nile into Africa, and it was the ancestors and contemporaries of *Nitocris* who evolved the most profound and wonderful scheme of religion ever presented to man in their Book of the Dead, and its embodiment in stone, the Pyramid of Light.

We make obeisance to these grand and spacious days!

* * *

And now you must imagine that at least 2,000 to 3,000 years have elapsed between the life story of *Nitocris* and *Queen Hatasu*, concerning whom much more definite information is available, for if *Nitocris* built a pyramid, *Hatasu* has left an exquisite temple, in which are recorded the main incidents of her life, from birth, indelibly on its walls, in colors almost as fresh today as when they were painted nearly 3,000 years ago—1500 B. C.

You will observe that the staging of Egyptian history implies *entr'actes* of immense periods.

Hatasu was a very similar character to our own Queen Elizabeth—nay, let us say a mixture of Elizabeth and that Sphinx-like personality, the late Dowager Empress of China, with a dash of Queen Victoria.

Hatasu came to the throne on account of being the sole survivor of the royal line, and although the feeling in Egypt was against being ruled by women, the Legitimate Party forced her father, Thutmose I to proclaim her his successor in the middle of his reign.

From that moment she dominated three reigns—her father's, her husband's, Thutmose II and her nephew's, Thutmose III. She was practically regent, although publicly only the honor "great or royal wife" was granted her. But her innate power so asserted itself that the word "majesty" was put into a feminine form, and the conventions of the Court completely altered to suit the rule of a woman.

Not only was Hatasu the builder of a beautiful temple against the western cliff of Thebes, but nine great obelisks and other handsome ornaments are attributed to her.

On the walls of her temple at Der el Bahari we have a series of reliefs. We see her expedition to the Kingdom of Punt described in fullest detail. There is the departure of the fleet of five vessels. Its arrival at the city; Prince Aty and his very portly wife and buxom daughter coming on board to welcome the expedition. Then there are pictures of the vessels being loaded with myrrh-trees, baboons, monkeys, a giraffe, panther, several panther skins, and some large vessels of cosmetics and eye-ointment. Hatasu was very coquettish, and divided the sweet-smelling unguents between the services of the temple and her own charming self. On the wall she is depicted as a little lady, with a long, straight nose, thick lips, and an expression rather determined than agreeable. Her husband, Thutmose II, has a weak and poor-spirited countenance, decidedly an accomplished performer on the 2nd violin.

Hatasu is best remembered by her achievements in architecture—her expeditions; her attention to military training, although she was no believer in war, and opposed and stopped all campaigns during her reign; and her development of the arts of peace, particularly mining industries of Syria which, left a beneficent mark on her country for many a long year. She died when her nephew, Thutmose III, was about 25 years old; and he—so long repressed by his clever aunt—revenged himself by erasing her name everywhere, even going so far as to hack out her figure from her own temple. Round her obelisks he built masonry to hide her name and the record of her erection of them. In one case, at least, this masonry has fallen down, exposing the gigantic shaft to proclaim to the modern world her greatness, while her temple will live for countless centuries and perpetuate the memory of a great Queen.

We must not be too hard on him.

That long nose and well-developed chin must have been trying to live with, and he doubtless suffered eclipse from her brilliance. After her death the military instincts of his race asserted them-

selves, and he became a great warrior, organizing no less than sixteen campaigns. He left several obelisks also, nine of which are in Europe and America, including the one misnamed Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment.

He was really a great king, who launched his armies upon Asia with one hand, and with the other crushed the extortionate tax-gatherer, a man of tireless energy, unknown in any Pharaoh before or since. Some exquisite vases, designed in a moment of leisure, stand to his credit.

Vale Hatasu and Thutmose!

* * *

We must now assume that a hundred years have passed, bringing us to about 1400 B. C., and the reign of Amenothos III, the Magnificent. And thereby hangs another love tale, which placed a maiden, not of royal birth, upon the proud throne of the Pharaohs.

This is the story of Queen Thii:

It would appear that her father and mother occupied some sort of official position at the Court. The father, whose face (his mummy is very well preserved) bears remarkable resemblance to Popo Leo XIII, was probably a priest, her mother was of Syrian birth, and no doubt imparted to her little daughter the beginnings of that great religious revolution from polytheism to monotheism which her husband, in turn, inaugurated in Egypt.

Amenothos, as a prince, fell in love and married Thii, but although as was usual with the Pharaohs, he contracted other alliances with princesses of his own rank, he never ceased to care for his original sweetheart, and never rested till she was acknowledged as the Queen. Her bust shows her to be North Syrian in type. Never before had a Queen been so freely represented on all the King's monuments, nor possessed such a series of titles.

Her figure stands beside the legs of the two great Colossi at Memnon, and there are huge statues of herself and her husband in the Cairo Museum.

She seems to have had a prominent mouth and an enormous chin, which will explain why it is that there is absolutely no trace of the King's other wives among the records.

Queen Thii relegated them all to the background almost before their marriage ceremonies were

over.

The splendor and gaiety of the Court over which Queen Thii presided reminds one of *Arabian Nights*. It was an age similar to that of Louis XV, of France, and in the palace we see reflected the spirit of the age. Elegant chateaux and luxurious villas with charming gardens grouped about vast temples. The wealth and captive labor of Asia and Nubia were rapidly transmuted into noble architecture, and at Thebes a new and fundamental chapter in the history of architecture was daily written.

The elements of our basilica and cathedral are noticed now, while the colonnade is very much in evidence to give Greece her inspiration. The palace must have been very beautiful. Our museums are filled with objects of the most delicate beauty—vessels in gold and silver, exquisitely engraved, crystal goblets, glass vases, and grey porcelain vessels inlaid with pale blue adorned their feasts. The pavements were painted and walls ornamented with blue glazed tiles, whose rich colour shone through elaborate designs in gold leaf.

Queen Thii had her own exclusive quarters laid out—a present from her husband, which included an excavated lake, on which festival fantasias were held. Her orchestra included a harp as tall as a man, with 20 strings, a lyre, lute, and double pipes.

Her barge was called *Aton Gleams*. She also possessed a temple in which she was worshiped as a goddess.

After her husband's death she lived a great deal with her son, *Aknaton*, formerly Amenotes IV, in the beautiful town of Aton (Tell el Amarna), and Queen Thii, who ruled her husband, also ruled and influenced her gifted son, who has been described as the first individual in human history, because of the courage of his convictions, which enabled him to break away from the established cult of Amon to the worship of the Supreme Being, under the symbol of the Solar Disk. His first name, Amenotes, means *Peace of Amon*; his later name, Aknaton, *Glory of Aton* (the Solar Disk). There is little doubt that this great revolution in religion was directly due to the influence of Queen Thii.

One of the gems of the world's literature, *The*

Hymn to the Sun, was left by Aknaton. It is similar in composition to the 104th Psalm, composed in the atmosphere of a grand, rich civilization such as the world has not since seen.

Craftsmanship attained a high level in those days. Beautiful cedar doors of vast size, weighing some tons, were overlaid with sheets of bronze, and quaintly damascened in precious metals. In sculpture and relief the artists of Queen Thii's reign were masters. We find across 35 centuries a maturity in the contemplation of life which is unmatched anywhere.

Some years ago a family of mummies were discovered lying peacefully at rest surrounded by funerary equipment. It was the father and mother of Queen Thii, and, that she looked after her parents from her high estate, is evident from the magnificent objects found in their tomb.

Armchairs, decorated chests, beds, jewelled sandals, statuettes, cushions, etc., a collection which fills one room at the Museum at Cairo.

Later, the tomb of the Queen herself was found. It had been undisturbed for more than 3,000 years. When the entrance was forced, a wonderful sight presented itself, a treasure of Arabian Nights.

Gold on the ground, on the walls, urns overflowing with coins, plaques, vases and furniture. But on looking more closely, the coffin, which at first sight appeared to be of gold, inlaid with enamel and precious stones, turned out to be of wood, overlaid with gold leaf. The paste had evaporated, and the moment they came into contact with the outer air, the decorations, coming away in layers, crumbled into dust before the eyes of the artist who was copying them, and the fairyland disappeared.

So passes the glory of this world. This, I think, provides a fitting close to our brief hour with this great woman of antiquity. Life is a miracle which we all share, but where are the modern women who will leave behind them such miracles of art as did Nitocris, Builder of the Supreme Pyramid, Hatasu, the Temple Builder, or Queen Thii, whose achievement was greater than either, in the conversion of an alien race to her own creed, by the influence she wielded through husband and son. And so good-bye Egypt, the land that has a spell. Wonderful, beautiful Egypt.

Maria Mantellata

THE TRUE STORY OF PADRE SETTIMO'S LAST DAY ON EARTH

BY BLANCHE CROMARTIE

(Concluded)

THE mandate of the Cardinal Archbishop was brief and plain, conveying two definite orders. First: Padre Settimo was to set forth immediately without escort for His Eminence's palace. Second: Marzaccio and all the inhabitants were to repair to their houses at once and there abide until Padre Settimo had departed, nor were they to follow nor molest him in any way.

Marzaccio's eyes gleamed with suppressed malevolence as the dry authoritative voice of the Cardinal's messenger proclaimed the contents of his master's missive. The crowd, which would have exulted in priest-baiting, slunk away. Even Marzaccio himself, daunted at the thought of the Cardinal, vented his spite only in sanctimonious lamentations.

The Cardinal's representative imperiously ordered the peasants to their homes, and though curiosity made them long to stay and see the end of it, prudence carried the day. So obedient was their behavior that by the time Padre Settimo, attired in hat and cloak, came into the street, he found it completely deserted.

Neither ass nor mule had been offered him; the wind was rising again and it had begun to snow. No urchin was there to fling a stone, not even a dog barked after him; the Cardinal's men, haughty and unbending, remained on the portico steps for a few minutes, then they turned away to find refreshment and accommodation as their orders were to spend the night at Lucina.

The little priest got on quickly at first for the road, winding precipitously downward from Lucina, presented no difficulty, being narrow and hemmed in by rocky sides which afforded shelter and admitted no straying from the path. It was quite otherwise when, after some fifteen minutes of rapid descent, it debouched upon an open country over whose bleak expanse it led in a westerly direction to the feudal castle on the outskirts of the

city which was the Cardinal Archbishop's hereditary palace.

Here the snow flakes became thicker and faster, whirling dizzily, bewildering the eye and brain. Padre Settimo tapped his stick on the ground in an attempt to discover the path but all indications of the track were obliterated and before he had gone fifty paces he had completely lost his bearings. Guidance by ordinary means wholly failing, all he could do was to commend himself to the Virgin and walk on, so uttering his unvaried *Maria Vergine*, he struck out into the trackless space, walking without hesitation, seeming mysteriously to divine the course he should take.

He may have proceeded in this way for an hour or more when the exaltation of spirit which had so far sustained him began to flag; the body, faint for want of food and exhausted by conflicting emotions, began to assert its claims; his pace slackened, his steps began wavering; the icy wind blew through cloak and habit, piercing to the very bones.

He reached at length a piece of rising ground and here he respired with increasing difficulty; his heart beat irregularly and with painful violence; the snow flakes swarmed in his face like angry bees, and he gasped agonizingly for breath.

All at once, not through any advertisement of eye or ear but through an inward consciousness, he became aware that he was no longer a solitary traveler. Someone else was there walking close beside him—overtaking him. Side by side the priest and his unseen companion went forward over the snow-clad waste. Neither spoke.

Peering through the shifting whiteness, the paroco managed to get some impression of the stranger's appearance, tall and erect, unimpeded by the roughness of the footing, facing the wind with head unbowed. With the consciousness of companionship a gentle glow of warmth crept into the priest's shivering body; his pinched lips parted

with that habitual word of praise and prayer: "Maria Vergine."

Then came a brief lull in the gale, a momentary abatement of the falling flakes, enabling him to take a good look at the person who had so strangely overtaken him. What he saw was a woman, muffled apparently in a long shawl and carrying something enveloped in its folds. What her burden was he guessed at once, and a second look made him sure; the woman was not alone but held in her arms a child.

Padre Settimo halted abruptly; at this discovery all that had happened on the previous night flowed back upon his mind with extraordinary intensity, but coupled now with a new understanding, with a comprehension of a truth which in the emotional rapture of the morning he had failed to see; a truth to which the anguish of the succeeding hours had still more profoundly blinded him.

He knew now the meaning of what he had seen, and he knew that he knew it—

Every woman—Mary. Every child—Jesus. With this knowledge the impulse of love and sacrifice overtook him in a whelming flood and he obeyed it in the only fashion that occurred to him. Dropping his staff, the paroco tugged with stiffened hands at the collar of his cloak, burst its fastenings apart and flung its ample folds, without a word, around the shoulders of the mother—the act of moment.

To an earthly eye the scene was unchanged—the snow storm still drifted and swirled before the mountain blast, the paroco stumbled onward through the glimmering obscurity, the only human being on that pathless wild.

But within the man—that 'within' which is the 'Kingdom of God,' everything was transfigured, everything had become new.

With the transference of the cloak to the woman's shoulders Padre Settimo had laid aside once and for ever all the burdens oppressing him, or that had ever oppressed him; the menace of the snow-enshrouded plain was gone and with it his bodily pain and weariness, the monotony of his unmothered, unfriended life, the unmerited cruelty of Marzaccio, the ingratitude and persecution endured from his own people, even these hours of

unspeakable desolation when he had believed himself the sport of some diabolical delusion—all were effaced, annulled, and swallowed up forever. A new born sense of freedom, *jouissance* and contentedness pervaded the paroco's mind; all feeling of separateness had left him, his entire being rejoiced in union with the infinite; boundless love surged up in his heart as he entered into recognition of the great Cosmic Oneness where man is united with all creation, where nature in all her manifestations of insect, beast, and bird, of sea and sky, bleak wind or stinging snow, is seen as friend; where we no longer regard our fellow-men as traitors or persecutors but as our brothers and our teachers.

And Woman—what of her? Was she Satan's lure? A snare? Unclean? Fallen and the cause of falling?

A thousand times no! All these misteachings departed forever from his mind, leaving in their place only—Maria Vergine, at once a vision and a reality, eternal purity and eternal love, clad in the shape of woman. Every mother—Mary; every child—Jesus.

The snow had ceased to fall—so at least he thought; or were *these* snowflakes—these fragrant roses and pinks that showered on his path caressing him with their blossoms as they fell? How glorious it was! He must sit down upon that flowery bank yonder, just to muse upon it all.

* * * * *

It was high noon on the following day when the Cardinal Archbishop with a numerous retinue was proceeding on the road to Lucina, whence his messenger had returned, reporting the departure of the priest and the state of affairs in the pastorless village. As meantime nothing had been seen or heard of the paroco, His Eminence lost no time in ordering his coach and setting out thither in person, accompanied by chaplains, monks, postillions, footmen, some on horse or muleback, others on foot. The storm was over; the sun shining in a sky of faint electric blue, the snow sparkling in response.

Among those who went unmounted in the Cardinal's train was the monk Eugenio, a young ecclesiastic, already remarkable for his devotion

and austerity. Barefooted he walked, a sinewy, commanding figure, his dark eyes flashing from the shadow of his cowl, with an uncanny faraway look that seemed to perceive things beyond the purview of ordinary men. Ascetic, psychic, mystic; he walked somewhat apart from the others, shunned by the everyday commonplace men who marveled at him much and feared him more, as chattering, singing, praying, jesting, laughing, the cavalcade fared toward Lucina. One of their number, a portly canon, reining his mule alongside Eugenio, asked him what he thought had become of the erring paroco. Eugenio's emaciated finger directed his questioner's gaze ahead as he replied:

"Yonder we shall find him, at the next dip in the road."

Just then a shout was raised. The foremost members of the party had discovered the staff which had fallen from Padre Settimo's hand. All halted at the spot. Quickly they cleared away the snow where Eugenio indicated the body would be found. There it lay in the eye of the sun, blue and rigid yet bearing the imprint of an ecstatic joy which so irradiated its face that the bystanders could scarcely believe it was that of the despised Padre Settimo.

"He has no cloak!" was their surprised exclamation.

Some of the baser sort, acquainted with the facts of the accusation, were ready with unseasonable jests.

"O, he has lent it to the Virgin Mary."

The body was thrown across a mule, the Cardinal and his train resumed their journey; Eugenio walking beside the corpse, rosary in hand, his lips moving in prayer.

At the portico of Santa Maria Lucina, the sacristan was louting low, eager to curry favor with the powers that be; the villagers were assembled all agog with expectation, wide-eyed with excitement at sight of the dead priest. The Cardinal's suite and the contadini had this much in common; they all condemned heartily and unreservedly the departed paroco, many affirming ambiguously that they "had always known it," and everybody gratified to think that divine judgment had interposed to justify their opinion.

His Eminence had been escorted to the vestry and the great vestment chest opened before him.

Marzaccio began displaying the hangings and many were the head-shakings and horrified comments on the sacrilege that had been committed and on the damage the hangings were supposed to have sustained, as one by one he drew them from the coffer.

One of the chaplains, a business-like man, had been counting them. He made an observation to the Cardinal, whereupon that dignitary inquired whether Marzaccio had found the set complete when he replaced them.

"It seems that there is an odd number," said His Eminence; and so sure enough it was: they counted and recounted them but there was no gainsaying the fact—one of the treasured draperies was missing. Discussion and conjecture became animated; most of those present declaring their conviction that a curtain must have been stolen by one of the fugitives whose escape Marzaccio and his friends had been unable to prevent.

When the others entered the church, Eugenio had remained outside, watching over the deserted body of the paroco, deemed unworthy to be brought into the house of God where he had so faithfully ministered at the altar. A dozen servile fellows now ran to announce that the Cardinal was calling for Eugenio. When the monk stood before His Eminence, the others shrunk back a little, leaving a clear space around him as the Cardinal informed Eugenio that a curtain was missing and asked whether he could throw any light upon the matter.

A smile lighted up Eugenio's features, as in a sonorous voice he answered:

"Seek for it in the shrine of Our Lady."

So to the shrine they all betook themselves:

Marzaccio produced the key and the Cardinal, unlocking the door with his own jeweled hand, displayed to the eager, curious gaze of the crowd, the ancient image of Mary, her staring glass eyes and tiseled crown, with the infant Jesus in her arms, just as they had always seen them.

But—Madre di Dio!—what was this? The figure of the Blessed Mother from neck to knee was wrapped in a wide black cloak, none other than that formerly worn by Padre Settimo, while underneath it, in hooding her crown and trailing under

her feet, gleamed the crimson of the missing hanging.

* * * * *

His Eminence installed Eugenio in Padre Settimo's place and before long the villagers feared him as much or more than they did the Cardinal. The new paroco continued to practice prolonged fasts and vigils, and to be blessed by many visions and revelations.

Some of these, transcribed by him, can be read in the library of the Basilica at the present day; among them is the true story of the last twenty-four hours of Padre Settimo's life, revealed to the monk, when the paroco passed out of separatedness into the great at-one-ment.

Under Eugenio's sacerdotal regime the old Basilica entered upon a fresh era of wealth and popularity; adjoining it he founded the hospice called Maria Mantellata, where kind-eyed nuns garbed in spreading cloaks such as the clergy wear, minister to all the wayfaring mothers and children who need help and shelter.

Eugenio died at an advanced age in the odor of sanctity; his name has already been beatified and in due course he will be canonized.

Guide books call the attention of visitors to "the tomb of Blessed Eugenio with its fine modern mosaics."

"But where did they bury Padre Settimo?"

"Not a soul can remember."

THE END

Life, God's Training School

KITTIE SKIDMORE COWEN

(Second Installment)

IN THE light of the many foregoing quotations, it is clear that God is a Great Spirit and that He alone created mankind *within* Himself, and God being pure spirit, mankind must have, of necessity, been created in His likeness.

But Paul speaks of man as being composite—spirit, soul and body. And at the time when Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden (Lemurian Epoch), we read in the Bible: "Unto Adam also and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skin and clothed them." Had we neither biblical nor occult evidence relative to the existence of the physical body, its very dense construction alone would bear sufficient proof of its existence. But this is not true with the soul, for it, like the spirit, remains unseen. But to return to the original statement, that God created man in His likeness: If this be true, He must of necessity have created him pure spirit, and that is what the occult student knows to be true. But if man was created pure spirit, we must in some way account not only for the creation of his soul and body, but the reason for the creation of the same.

See *Lecture Series*, No. 13; "The occult teaching,

in harmony with the Bible (when correctly interpreted) and modern scientific theories, as explained in the chapter on the "Occult Analysis of Genesis" in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, is that that which is now the Earth has not always been as dense as it is now, but that it has gone through three periods of development previous to the one we are now in, and after the present "Earth-period" is over, there will be three more periods before our evolution has been completed.

At the beginning of evolution the threefold spirit, created by God, was naked and inexperienced. During the three previous periods just mentioned, the spirit through the process of Involution was building its threefold body. This work was accomplished unconsciously with the help and direction of higher powers. When the brain and cerebro-spinal system were sufficiently evolved, the link of mind was given and the threefold spirit, the Ego, began slowly to draw into its bodies and became an *indwelling* spirit and fully conscious of its outside environment. This occurred about the middle of the Atlantean Epoch. When the bodies have been built and the link of mind added and con-

sciousness acquired, evolution begins. Evolution involves soul-growth and must be accomplished by the individual efforts of the spirit while working in its threefold body.

Let us turn to the *Rosicrucian Mysteries*, page 36, for a clear and lucid explanation as to how this soul-growth is accomplished. "All things are in a state of vibration. Vibrations from objects in their surroundings are constantly impinging upon us and carry to our senses a cognition of the external world. The vibrations in the ether act upon our eyes so that we see, and vibrations in the air transmit sounds to the ear.

"We also breathe the air and ether which is thus charged with pictures of our surroundings and the sounds in our environment, so that by means of the breath we receive, at each moment of our life, *internally* an accurate picture of our surroundings.

"That is a scientific proposition. Science does not explain what becomes of these vibrations however, but according to the Rosicrucian Mystery teaching they are transmitted to the blood, and then etched upon a little atom in the heart as automatically as a moving picture is imprinted upon the sensitized film, and as a record of sounds is engraven upon the phonographic disc. This breath-record starts with the first breath of the newborn babe and ends only with the last gasp of the dying man, and 'soul' is a product of the breath. Genesis also shows the connection between breath and soul in the words: 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' (The same word, *nepesh*, is translated 'breath' and 'soul' in the above quotation.)

"In the *post mortem* existence the breath-record is disposed of. The good acts of life produce feelings of pleasure and the intensity of attraction incorporates them into the spirit as soul-power. *Thus the breath-records of our good acts are the soul which is saved*, for by the union with the spirit they become immortal. As they accumulate life after life, we become more soulful and they are thus also the basis of soul growth.

"The record of our evil acts is also derived from our breath in the moments when they are committed. The pain and suffering they bring cause the

spirit to expel the breath-record from its being in Purgatory. As that cannot exist independently of the life-giving spirit, the breath-record of our sins disintegrates upon expurgation, and thus we see that 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' The memory of the suffering incidental to expurgation, however, remains with the spirit as *conscience*, to deter from repetition of the same evil in later lives.

"Thus both our good and evil acts are recorded through the agency of the breath, which is therefore the basis of the soul, but while the breath-record of good acts amalgamates with the spirit and lives on forever as an immortal soul, the breath-record of evil deeds is disintegrated; it is the soul that sinneth and dies.

"While the Bible teaches that immortality of the soul is conditioned upon well-doing, it makes no distinction in respect of the spirit. The statement is clear and emphatic that when '...the silver cord be loosed...then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.'

"Thus the Bible teaches that the body is made of dust and returns thereto, that a part of the soul generated in the breath is perishable, but that the spirit survives bodily death and persists forever. Therefore a 'lost soul' in the common acceptance of that term is not a Bible teaching, for the spirit is uncreated and eternal as God Himself."

Now let us make a hasty review of the points brought out in the foregoing paragraphs and find how much or how little light has been thrown upon the real origin of the composite being of man.

The facts are as follows: The threefold spirit, born of God, during involution, under the direction and with the aid of various hierarchies, evolved a threefold body. Prior to this time the spirit was outside the body and did its work from *without*. When the threefold body was ready, the spirit drew within it and the link of mind was added. Then, and not until then, was the spirit ready to begin evolving its threefold soul, for the soul is evolved from the body through the process of experience, and the work is done from *within* through the agency of the breath.

From the experiences gained through the dense body the spirit builds its conscious soul; from those gained through the vital body it builds its intellec-

tual soul; and from those gained through the desire body it builds its emotional soul. The reason for this is obvious. It was through the acquirement of a dense body that the spirit became self-conscious. The vital body is the storehouse of the panorama of life and the seat of the memory, hence its particular fitness for furnishing the material wherewith to build the intellectual soul. While in the desire body we find the seat of all our emotions from which we construct the emotional soul.

How little or how much soul a man has depends entirely upon himself. Right action, external impacts, and experience while in the dense body promote the growth of the conscious soul. The emotional soul grows by the feelings and emotions generated by actions and experiences. The intellectual soul, as mediator between the other two, grows by the exercise of memory, by which it links together past and present experiences and the feelings engendered thereby.

The two chief qualities of the soul are conscience and virtue. Conscience is the spirit's memory of past sufferings occasioned by the mistakes made in previous lives, which will in the future guide the Ego aright and teach it how to avoid similar errors in the future. The soul gains this quality through that part of the "soul that sinneth," for as before stated it is the pain and suffering which these evil acts bring that cause the spirit to expel this part of the breath-record from its being in Purgatory. And so the soul quality of conscience is born of pain, and again is evil transmuted into good. The other soul quality, virtue, is the essence of all that was good in former lives; it is the "soul that is saved," and acts as an encouragement to keep the spirit ardently striving upon the path of aspiration.

Twelve kinds of opportunities come to mankind each month through which to gather experience for soul-growth. These opportunities for service come to us through the twelve departments of life represented by the twelve houses in the horoscope, and according to how much or how little we make of each opportunity when presented depends our progress in soul-growth. How much depends upon this soul-growth is readily comprehended when once we realize the fact that it is the threefold soul

which in turn enlarges the consciousness of the threefold spirit. The Conscious Soul increases the consciousness of the Divine Spirit. The Intellectual Soul gives added power to the Life Spirit and the Emotional Soul adds to the efficiency of the Human Spirit.

In the third heaven the threefold soul amalgamates thoroughly with the threefold spirit, and becomes a part thereof. Thus, in the course of his lives, a man becomes more soulful, and the soul qualities of conscience and virtue become more strongly operative as guiding principles of conduct.

Just so long as the mind coalesces with the lower self there can be very little soul-growth and consequently very little spiritual advancement, for during the spirit's passage through Purgatory "the soul that sinneth it shall die," and but little of benefit is left to unite with the spirit. It is only when the mind becomes the willing servant of the spirit, the higher self, that anything like real progress in soul-growth and spiritual advancement, which depends wholly on soul-growth, can be attained. But the mind is the instrument of the individual Ego, and not its director or dictator, and when the Ego, through the exercise of the *will*, learns to control the mind and direct its energies where it dictates, then, and not until then, will the real self, the Ego, become master and capable of conducting its activities in harmony with the laws of God. For the spirit of man is of God, and only unto His own has He or will He see fit to reveal all things.

Summary

The threefold spirit is born of God *within* Himself. It, with the aid of various Hierarchies, built its threefold body. The spirit was outside the body while this work was being done. When it was nearly completed the spirit began to draw into the threefold body and the link of mind was added. Up to this time the spirit had been guided and assisted in its work, but now when the link of mind was given to guide it, the spirit was left to "work out its own salvation."

The threefold spirit, born of God, now had a threefold body built by itself with the assistance of the Hierarchies and a link connecting the two—the link of mind. The spirit's work was now to build to

build its own threefold soul. The necessity of building a threefold soul was because the Ego must have such an instrument in order that it can gather experience from its outside environment, and this it could only get through the experiences incident to the threefold body and the only instrument it could use in gathering these experiences from the body was a soul.

The soul may be either good or bad, but usually it is composed of both qualities. It depends on the kind of experiences gathered. The evil, being foreign to the nature of the spirit, which is essentially good, is expelled from it in Purgatory, and as it cannot live independently of the spirit, which is life, it must of necessity die, for it is the "soul that sinneth." But the memory of the suffering it caused the spirit remains with it (the spirit) as conscience and warns it to deter when in a later life the same or a similar temptation assails it. The good extracted from the experience, being of the same nature of the spirit, forms a union with it and becomes, like the spirit, immortal. It is the "soul that is saved."

The threefold spirit is immortal because it is born of God.

The immortality of the soul is conditioned upon well-doing.

The body is of the earth and returns to the original elements of which it is composed after its death.

The soul and the body are the vehicles of the spirit, created by it for the purpose of gaining the needed experience, incorporated in its good and evil acts performed by it while in God's great school of life, which will in time expand its consciousness and advance it from impotence to Omnipotence, from nescience to Omniscience.

In the beginning the threefold spirit was endowed with the all-consciousness of God, but it lacked self-consciousness. Self-consciousness, dynamic power available for use any moment, and an independent will were the spirit's objects to be obtained in evolution. This could only be accomplished by first building bodies, then a soul with which to extract the experience gained through the bodies, and later amalgamate it with the spirit.

When the work of the spirit is finished, it will, in addition to the all-consciousness of God which it possessed in the beginning, have acquired self-consciousness, soul-power, a creative mind, and an independent will, whereby it can institute new and original departures—Epigenesis. Then the spirit's latent possibilities will have become dynamic powers and available functions.

It is then that the exhortation of the Christ will have become exemplified: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." For the Divine spark, the embryonic God within, will have in deed and in truth become like unto the Father in whose image he was conceived.

Astrology by Correspondence

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

HOW TO APPLY FOR ADMISSION

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will *upon request* receive an application blank from the General Secretary or the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is returned properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

THE COST OF THE COURSES

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

Question Department

* * * * *

QUESTION: How does the Rosicrucian teaching agree with the Bible in the following particulars. You say “Saviors” and speak of Jesus as a Savior, and class Him with Buddha and Mohammed. The Bible says Jesus is God’s only begotten son (John 3:16). The Bible also says there is *no other name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved (Acts 4:12). Jesus said “No man cometh to the Father *but by me*” (John 14:8).

Answer: If you will read the Rosicrucian teachings carefully you will find that a distinction is made between Jesus and Christ. Jesus was a man among men; when we look in the memory of nature we can find his previous lives just the same as other human beings, though he is probably the grandest and most noble soul that ever lived in a human body. But Christ is the highest initiate of the Sun period and had never lived in an earthy body before he took the body of Jesus at the baptism, to teach men directly the way to the kingdom of God. Thus both Jesus and Christ are vastly above other grand and noble world teachers such as Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and others.

You are right, the authorized version of the Bible says that Christ is God’s only begotten son, but to understand this it is not enough to rely upon the English translation. The word used in the Greek is *ton monogene* and it may be translated as “the *alone* begotten,” the same as in plants, where mono-genesis takes place; that is to say, many plants have both male and female flowers and are capable of fertilizing their own seed, so that these seeds will grow up into plants like the parent. We know from the Bible that in the beginning man was male-female, a hermaphrodite, and he was then capable of begetting from himself another being without the cooperation of another, as is now the case, because of the division of sexes. Therefore

the idea which the Bible wishes to convey is not that the Christ was the *sole* and *only* one begotten by the Father. That may be the case, or it may not, we have no knowledge concerning this matter, but what we do know from the Bible passage is that the Christ was begotten by the Father Himself without any other intermediary, by mono-genesis, the same process by which a plant possessing male and female flowers, as already said, can reproduce its kind. This does not apply to the physical body, however, for the dense garment Christ wore during His ministry among us was the body of Jesus, born in the usual way and referred back by the historians in the genealogy found in the Bible to David as the ancestor of his race.

It is also true what the Bible says, that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, and that Jesus said no man cometh unto the Father but by me, but we must also remember that both these sayings have regard to the indwelling Christ spirit whereby the body of Jesus was informed during the years of the ministry.

INVISIBLE HELPERS

Question: When one who has been working unconsciously as an Invisible Helper leaves the body at death, will he recognize those in the Spirit World with whom he has been working at night, or will those experiences leave no record?

Answer: The experiences of an invisible Helper who works unconsciously in the Invisible worlds during the time when the body is asleep may be likened to a dream which he does not remember upon awakening, but the experiences are nevertheless stored in the seed-atom and will form part of the panorama of life, so that when he leaves the body at death he will see all that has happened to him, awake or asleep, during the time when he lived in the body. Thus his recollection of what has happened will not be quite the same as if he had

gone through it consciously, but he will, nevertheless, obtain from the life-panorama a knowledge and an idea of what has been done, so that though he will not have the same feeling as if he had been going through the experiences *consciously*, he will soon adjust himself to believe and understand that what seemed a dream is nevertheless a perfectly true experience.

EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGERS

Question: Why did the ancient priests of Egypt study Astrology so thoroughly?

Answer: Why, the whole fate of humanity is bound up in the stars. It doesn't matter whether we go to our own Bible or the textbook of any other religion, everywhere we shall find that the stars are given a most prominent place. In our own Bible we know that they are called the Seven Spirits before the Throne; they are the Seven Star Angels as known particularly to the Catholic Church; the Seven Planetary Spirits that have had to do with our evolution ever since humanity began to evolve on this planet, and therefore, naturally, the course of the stars and their configurations are time markers in the history of humanity. We hear Pythagoras speak of the music of the spheres. Most people think that a poetical expression. It is not; it is a fact. Anywhere we go we shall find there is a sound distinct from the sounds of other places. The rustle of the trees when the wind is blowing, the babbling brook, all have peculiar sounds, no two brooks will give the same sound. Musicians who

have a trained ear can hear the difference. If we go into a city, there is a conglomerate noise, but all that noise blends and that is the tone of that city. And the composite of all the sounds all over the world, the rustle of the winds in the trees and all the noises are heard in space as a certain single tone, and that is the tone of the earth. These stellar orbs travel around, as is well known to astrologers, not in a circle, they don't stay in one order, but come into different configurations with one another. And the same with the seven tones in the octave, which are the replica of the Seven Planetary Spirits; just as they can be brought into different connections and make different chords, so also these different tones of the worlds that are moving through space make up the harmony of the spheres, and according to the change in these vibrations humanity is evolving. There is a different vibration every single moment of time, and as a new being comes into existence, these varying vibrations act upon him and make him different from all others, and therefore he has a certain fate. It is the same in the microcosm and the macrocosm, the little world and the big world, we all have to do with the stars, everyone is bound up with the stars, without them there is nothing done or made. That is why the ancient priests of Egypt who knew, took up that phase of religion, that is why they studied Astrology so thoroughly, and the day will come when a great many more people will study it, the science of Astrology will be revived when we grow wiser.

Expiation

Ella Van Gilder

One day a soul knocked at the door of heaven and asked to be let in; but an angel stood at the portal and said: "Nay, Soul; on earth you were a man of pleasure. You robbed the orphan, and lived for self alone; there is no place in heaven for you, for here only those may enter who love their fellow-men."

"Then may I never come inside?"

"Go back to earth and learn to love," the angel replied.

That night in a humble cottage a frail little girl was born. The years went by and life was hard; she

grew older and life was sad, and the price of sin was dear, and the pain of living was bitter-sweet.

But the sin and the pain and the sorrow were all for love; her heart ever listened for the cry of the weary, her hand was ever outstretched to the lowly, and so the years dragged by until at last an old woman lay on her bier, and a soul not daring to lift its eyes stood trembling at its side; then suddenly the air was filled with angels, and the Soul was borne in triumph through the gates of Paradise, and a smile of peace rested on the dead woman's face.



The Astral Ray

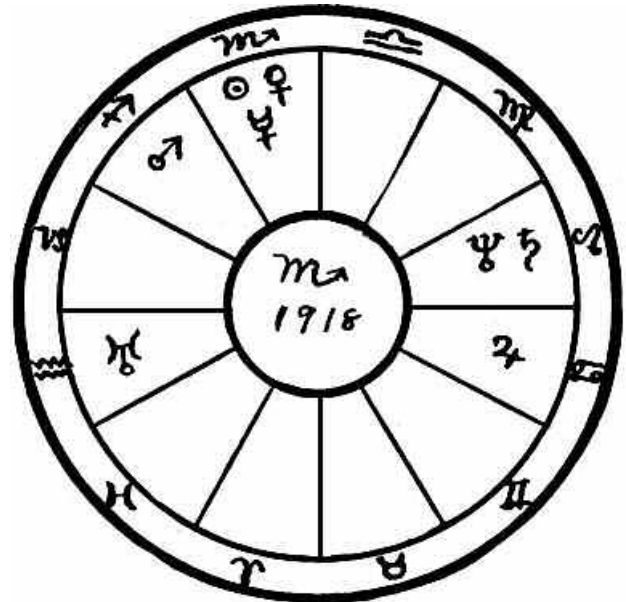
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The Children of Scorpio, 1918

BORN OCTOBER 24TH TO NOVEMBER 22ND, 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 his remarks to the characteristics given by the sign the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what these people are like, for if those were their sole characteristics there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We are going to improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. That should give a much more accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25¢ each.

SCORPIO is in a sense a dual sign; it is symbolized both by an eagle and a scorpion. The eagle may soar into the empyrean on its powerful wings till it is hid from the gaze of man, but its piercing eye is still able to watch in minutest detail what goes on beneath its lofty position. There is one small class of people born under this sign who resemble the eagle. Soaring aloft on the powerful pinions of a noble aspiration, gifted with the penetrating vision of seers, they live very near to God, though their feet may walk in the mire of misery that they may serve and save their brethren; some worship them as saints, others say they are mad; they are a class apart, a peculiar people, not to be judged by ordinary standards. But God knows them.



The majority are different, and well described by the scorpion symbol, martial and militant, ever ready to sting, because Scorpio is ruled by Mars, the god of blood, war, iron, and fire. They are always anxious for an argument or a fight, either in their own behalf, or to help some one else. They are very blunt and brusque in their manner and speech, hence they often offend those with whom they come in contact, even without meaning to do so.

But they are straightforward, honest, and above-board in their dealings with others. They scorn to do a low, mean, or underhanded trick, for there is no treachery in their nature; hence, they make the

very best and staunchest friends, or else the best, noblest and most magnanimous enemies. They never strike an adversary when he is down. When they take up any cause they soon become its most ardent and enthusiastic advocate and no sacrifice is too great to further it; on the other hand, when they are against anything, they are also thoroughly antagonistic and spare no pains to fight and vanquish it.

There are no half measures with them, when they love they love, and when they hate they hate. Furthermore, their fiery enthusiasm carries others with them, for good or ill; hence, they become leaders in their environment as pioneers of constructive enterprises, if the general tenor of their horoscope is good, or advocates of anarchy and similar destructive measures if ill.

The children of Scorpio are often of a very uncertain temper and temperament, as already said, they are usually blunt and brusque, but when they disapprove of anything or when anything annoys them, they are very sarcastic, biting and sneering. When they have an afflicted Mercury they are on occasion even vitriolic, and their tongue has the poison-sting of the scorpion or rattlesnake.

On that account parents ought to train these children very carefully to be kind; Scorpio is a fixed sign and its portents difficult to alter, still, in infancy the nature is plastic, at least to a certain degree, and more may be done then than at any time in later life. The child should have the idea thoroughly drilled into it that we cannot hurt another creature without also harming ourselves.

These children have a very vivid Imagination and a considerable personal magnetism, so they always make themselves felt in their environment. They thrive in the discipline of military occupations, as surgeons, machinists, and all vocations where fire and iron are used.

This year Mercury is in Scorpio until the 9th of November, when he enters Sagittarius. This will give the children born in the fore part of the month a very keen mind, but inclines them to be extremely headstrong and stubborn, very resourceful and dauntless in the face of danger.

Those born in the latter part of the month, when Mercury is in Sagittarius, will have a more philosophical turn of mind, though they are very keen for freedom of thought and speech. Still, they believe in law and order and are generally respected in the community.

Venus in Scorpio makes them very attractive from the sex point, they will be demonstrative, lovers of home and inclined to have a large family.

Saturn in Leo, well fortified, brings favor from people of influence and success in obtaining employment; it gives tact, diplomacy, system, and order, all of which are very valuable to their possessor. Should Saturn be afflicted, they will be cruel and very jealous.

Mars in Sagittarius will make the children born in the fore part of the month somewhat argumentative and fond of debate, also very anxious to appear well in the eyes of the community. Those who are born after the 10th of November, when Mars is in Capricorn, are likely to rise to responsible positions in life, for they will be both ambitious and enthusiastic, patient and persevering; so that they will overcome all obstacles and gain their goal.

Venus in Scorpio is the principal drawback to these children) for the love-ray of Venus does not blend well with the martial passion of Scorpio and sexual excesses are apt to undermine the constitution, unless they learn to bridle the lower desires.

It should therefore be the special care of parents whose children are born in this month to educate them properly in this matter and inculcate in them a sense of sanctity of the fount of life and imbue them with a reverence that will deter them from desecrating the altar of love by burning upon it the fire of lust.

With respect to health we find that Saturn in Leo, the sign which rules the heart, gives a tendency to heart trouble, and parents should be careful that these children do not over exert themselves during the growing years, later the danger is not so great.

Mars in Sagittarius gives a tendency to broken bones and accidents, the femur is especially threatened; this also can be avoided by care.

Your Child's Horoscope

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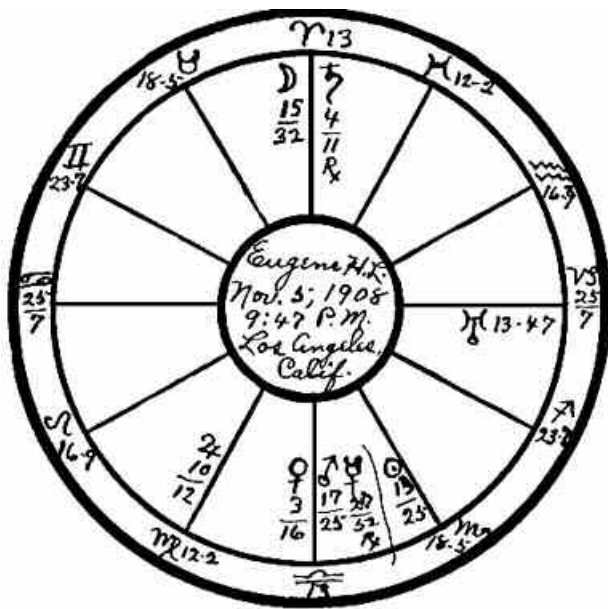
If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. for besides typewriting, typesetting, plating of the figure, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires at least one half day of the editor's time. **Please note that we do not promise anyone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

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

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

* * * * *

Eugene Howard L., born Nov. 5, 1908, 9:47 P. M., Los Angeles, Calif.



At the time of Eugene's birth we find four Cardinal signs on the angles, showing that his is likely to be a very active life. The opulent Jupiter is sextile to the vital, dignified, and authoritative Sun, and trine to the advanced, original, independent, liberty-loving and inventive Uranus. These are among the finest aspects in the whole gamut for they bring health, wealth, and happiness. He will have a sunny, jovial, humane, and kindly disposition, thus he will make many friends and be loved and esteemed by everybody with whom he comes in contact. These configurations also give him a good clear business head and a splendid executive ability so that he is sure to rise in life and gain assistance from influential friends; thus he

will amass a comfortable competence. He will also be drawn to the occult arts and probably become a member of some institution of learning. The Sun trine the occult, prophetic, inspirational, and spiritual Neptune also tells somewhat of the same story with respect to occult connections. The magnetic and imaginative Moon is placed in Aries close to the Midheaven, elevated above all the other planets. This will make him very independent, ambitious, and aggressive, but apt to be reckless at times and plunge into things without proper thought. Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Aries has somewhat of a quieting influence and the before-mentioned aspects between Jupiter and the Sun will help him as a rule, but even if he should fail, he has a dauntless courage and will immediately start to build up again what he may lose, so that in the end he is sure to succeed in life. These are all good testimonies but naturally where there is light, and strong light, there is also a strong shadow. This is shown by the hot tempered and passionate Mars placed in the Fourth House, which rules the home, and in opposition to the Moon. As the Moon is the marriage partner for a man it shows a tendency to be overbearing and tyrannical in the home, and if this is not overcome, it augurs unhappiness in the married life. Saturn, the planet of sorrow, in opposition to Venus, is also another indication that he may make life a burden for the marriage partner on account of a suspicious and jealous side to his nature. This is the one thing that will threaten success in life, and if there is any way that you can think of to educate him to place more faith and trust in the opposite sex, it will help him very materially. While he will be liberal in all other

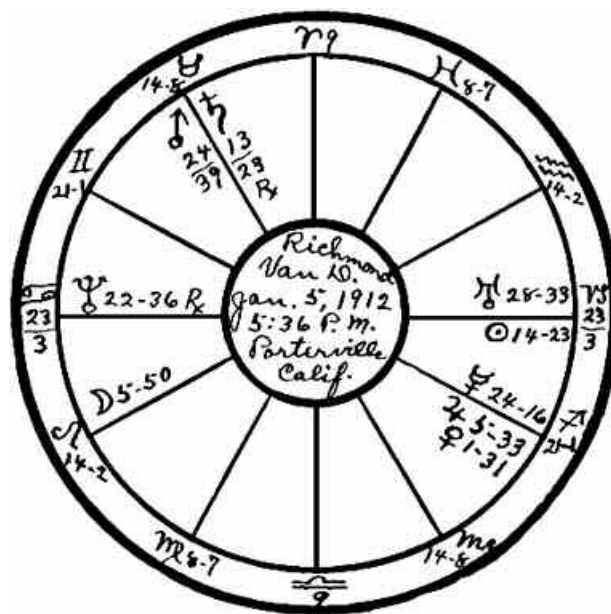
directions, this is the one point where he will show a stingy nature, so if you can encourage him to be free and generous with his girl friends, it may probably help matters and pave the way for a similar attitude later in life.

Jupiter trine to the original and inventive Uranus, placed in the Tenth House sign, Capricorn, is an indication of considerable inventive ability, which he should be encouraged to cultivate to the fullest extent, for it seems that will be his principal line of endeavor in life. With respect to health, we find that Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Aries, the sign which rules the head, and in opposition to Venus, ruling the venous circulation, will cause a congestion in the head. The Moon also in Aries and in opposition to the inflammatory Mars, strengthens the testimony that he is liable to suffer from violent headaches, also because of reflex action in Libra, kidney trouble may result. But if he is taught to live as right as you know how, and if he is taught exercises such as moving the head upon the atlas, similar to the way a spinning top moves on its pivot or point, thus limbering up the muscles of the throat and neck, it is probable that he can overcome these tendencies, for, it is an old saying and a true one that "a stitch in time saves nine." If he begins with this in youth, before the muscles have become tense and set, he has a much better chance of success than if he starts at a later age when perhaps the headaches have become chronic.

Richmond Van D. Born Jan. 5, 1912, 5:36 P. M., Porterville, Calif.

Someone wrote on this horoscope "fierce temper," and it seems as if this was taken from the letter asking for a reading of his horoscope. This is emphatically not so, if his birth time has been correctly given. The psychic sign Cancer on the Ascendant with the occult, prophetic, inspirational, and devotional Neptune, makes him a little mystic, a queer child, difficult to understand. The Sun in the saturnine sign Capricorn and trine to Saturn, the planet of sorrow, gives him a serious, thoughtful nature and at times it may appear to you as if he is sulky; you may then arouse the martial fire by prodding him, when you should rather try

to cheer him up in such spells; he needs all your sympathy, if you give him love you will find that he has a very good side to his nature, indicated by



the magnetic Moon trine the benevolent and optimistic Jupiter and the harmonious lovable Venus. You can draw him closely to you in a bond of deep affection. As it is he may feel like a caged animal that is being prodded with a stick. If he is irritated when he is in a serious mood you cannot blame Saturn and Mars in Taurus if they are then aroused to a manifestation of anger. Leave them alone and they will sleep.

According to the horoscope he is a fine little youngster. There are four Cardinal signs on the angles, promising an active life, and the gallant, enterprising and energetic Mars is trine to the advanced, original, independent, and liberty-loving Uranus, showing that he has an inexhaustible fund of energy and enthusiasm wherewith to hew his way in life and achieve success. He is resourceful and full of ideas, so he is able to cope with whatever difficulties he may meet and thus bring his ideas and inventive ability to successful accomplishment. You will find that he is going to make his mark in the world. With respect to finances, we note that the magnetic Moon is placed on the Second House, which governs this matter, trine to Jupiter, the planet of opulence, who is strong in his own sign, Sagittarius. The Moon is also trine to Venus, the planet of attraction, and this

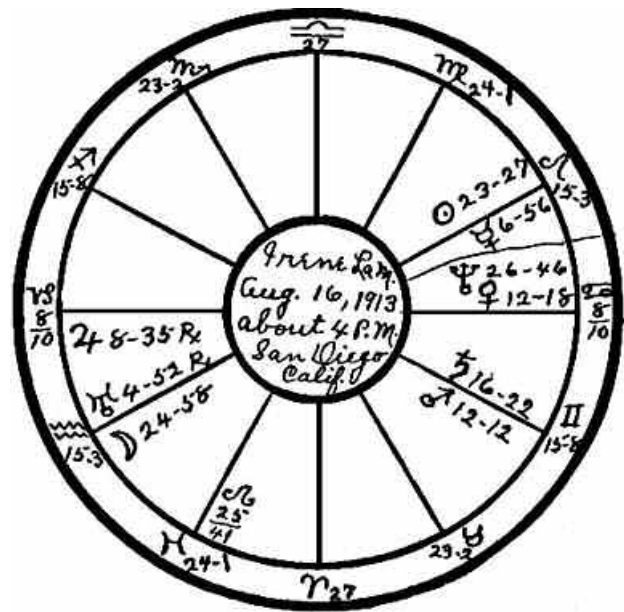
shows that he will have a very comfortable financial income. The harmonious, artistic, and suave Venus in conjunction with the law-abiding, charitable, conservative, reverent, and optimistic Jupiter, shows that he will have all the finer qualities that make life and social intercourse agreeable, as already said, it favors the accumulation of wealth and enjoyment of all the luxuries of life. It is a good indication, occurring as it does in the Fifth House, for a successful and happy courtship, which will terminate in a harmonious marriage. It gives social prestige and the respect of all with whom he is likely to come in contact, and it counteracts in a great measure the morose tendencies of the Sun trine Saturn; at times it will imbue him with an optimistic, generous, and large-hearted view of life. He will be very hospitable and active in philanthropic measures, fond of pleasure and traveling, and capable of enjoying life to the fullest extent. This aspect will also probably give him some musical talent and ability.

The only thing that really bothers us about this horoscope is that with the exception of the opposition of Neptune and Uranus, there are no afflictions; both Saturn and Mars are well aspected, they are of course placed in Taurus and at times when he is severely tried or aroused and cannot get away from annoyance they will cause him to show that temper which you are complaining of, but it will not come to the surface save under provocation.

With respect to health, we find that Saturn, the planet of obstruction, and Mars, the planet of heat and inflammation, are both placed in Taurus, the sign which rules the throat, and it also has government, by reflex action, over the sign Scorpio, which is connected with the organs of generation and elimination. Both Saturn and Mars are well aspected, nevertheless, their very presence shows there is a tendency to some trouble with the organs situated in the region named, and we would particularly advise you to be careful not to have operations performed for tonsils or adenoids. If trouble develops with these parts, it is possible to find means of tiding over the period of puberty when that is most likely to show itself. After that it will give him no trouble, and it will save him from difficulties experienced by all who have had these

operations. Neptune in the sign Cancer, which rules the stomach, shows that that is another weak point, perhaps the weakest in the chain, and it would therefore be well to educate him thoroughly to take care of the digestive organs, not to over eat or eat such things as do not agree with his system and will not mix. If you teach him right in these matters, without a doubt he will be able to enjoy fairly good health all through life.

Irene La M., born August 16, 1913, about 4:00 P. M., San Diego, California.



At the birth of Irene we find four Cardinal signs on the angles, promising an active life for this little girl, and Jupiter, the great benefic and benevolent planet, is rising in the saturnine sign Capricorn, blending the Jupiterian and Saturnine qualities. This will give her an ambitious nature, it will make her very self-reliant and aspiring to rise to the highest position in life possible to her. Unfortunately, Jupiter is in opposition to Venus, the planet of love, showing that she will be prone to put on airs and create enemies among her associates, so that there is likely to be considerable friction if this tendency is indulged. She will also be too luxurious in her tastes and too great love of pleasure are apt to frighten away her suitors. If you can possibly teach her to be simple, straightforward, and economical in her dress, in her desire for pleasures, and in other expenditures,

you may save her a great deal of trouble in life.

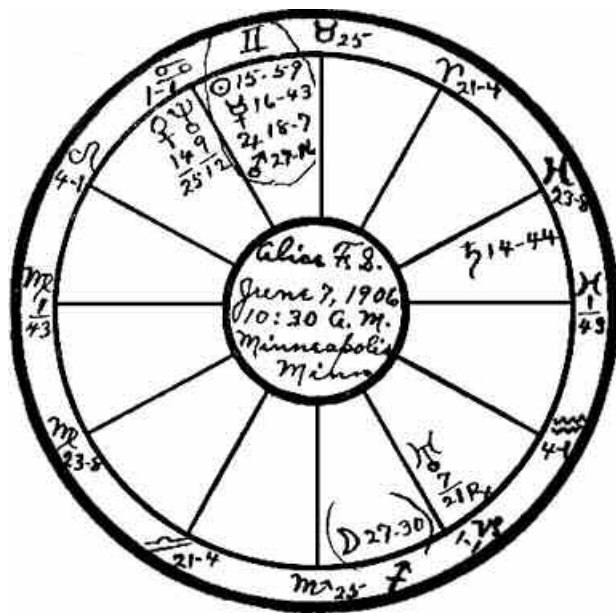
The Moon is significator of the instinctual mind, she gives imagination and vision; Uranus, the planet of intuition, originality, independence, and invention, is together with the Moon in the intellectual sign, Aquarius; the position of these two planets will make Irene very bright and intuitional, quick as a flash to grasp a point without the necessity of reasoning it out. But Uranus is in opposition to Mercury, the planet of reason, and the Moon is in opposition to the Sun; this shows that care is needed with regard to her education, for she is apt to form unusual and unconventional ideas, thereby she may incur a great deal of dislike among her associates. This may also make her too quick and free in her speech; she is also likely to be very unsettled and vacillating, too apt to change her attitude with respect to any subject without due deliberation, and inclined to fly from one thing to another without finishing what she has started. You should therefore try above everything to instill continuity into her character by insisting that she finish whatever task you may give her before she is allowed to, do anything else.

Her occupation should be mainly mental, that is where she will shine, because Mercury, the planet of mind, reason, and expression, is sextile to Mars, the planet of dynamic energy; besides, Mars is placed in the mercurial sign, Gemini, adding force and power. This configuration will make her very enthusiastic in whatever she does; for the time being that will prove of all-absorbing interest to her and she will put the energy of her whole nature into it. It will also make her a very magnetic speaker and she is most likely to come prominently before the public, because the Seventh House, governing publicity, is well fortified with four planets therein; among them we find the occult, prophetic, inspirational Neptune, and he is placed in the psychic sign Cancer. This shows that she will be strongly attracted to the occult and will probably follow that line in her public work.

With respect to health, we find that the cold and obstructive Saturn is conjoined with the hot and inflammatory Mars in Gemini, the sign that rules the lungs. This indicates that the lungs are the weakest spot in the whole anatomy, and that it

would therefore be well for you to take good care of her in that respect. She is living in the best and most beautiful, healthful climate on the face of the earth. So far, so good; but Venus is in Cancer, and in opposition to Jupiter, Neptune also being there, shows that she is rather too fond of the pleasures of the table and that in time if her appetite is too much indulged it is bound to bring digestive troubles; then, as most colds come from a clogged system, the lungs may become congested with phlegm and other complications may arise; therefore it will be best to be very careful in the selection of food for Irene, and also as regards the quantity. If she is taught to live right there is no doubt that the tendencies in the horoscope may be altogether averted.

Alice F. S., born June 7, 1906, 10:30 A. M., Minneapolis, Minn.



Alice was surely born under "lucky" stars, with the life-giving Sun, the benevolent Jupiter, and the versatile Mercury in the Tenth House, for these are among the surest signs of general success in life. Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, is there also in the mercurial sign, Gemini. This will give her a good memory, a quick wit, and a ready answer on the tip of her tongue so that she is not easily taken aback or nonplussed. It will give her more than average financial success, an honest, upright,

straight-forward, and outspoken disposition, which will secure for her the favor of people above her in the social scale who will help her to rise in life and obtain a position of trust in the government, municipal or federal, or lucrative employment in a large corporation.

This is the good side and we have not stated half the possibilities for one so capable and versatile as Alice, but there is also another side to her nature that is rather ugly. These traits are indicated by the malicious, destructive, and stubborn Saturn square the bombastic, indolent Jupiter, the dishonest, untruthful Mercury, and the lazy, ambitionless Sun. The hot-tempered, reckless, and egotistical Mars is also in opposition to the vacillating, emotional Moon. These configurations give her a bad temper with an unfortunate tendency to hold spite and aim to get even with anyone she fancies has done her an injury. There are spells of melancholy and stubbornness when she feels as if the whole world is against her, and again a rage and rebellion, anything but beautiful to behold. These tendencies must have shown themselves already and Alice is now old enough to be reasoned with. Show her this reading and tell her it is written in the stars that if she allows this ugly side of her nature to rule, it will rob her of friends and fortune, it will break down her health, and make her a wreck on the sea of life; everybody will want to get

away from her because of her ugly disposition; therefore she must strive, and you must help her, to cultivate the many good qualities latent in the configuration first mentioned in this reading. Also remember all the good planets were high up in the heavens at the time of her birth, so they are much more powerful for love and life and joy than Saturn, the planet of sorrow, who is the principal mischief-maker. So with your help and a real good will on the part of Alice she can overcome the evil and reap all the good there is in her horoscope.

With respect to health we find that the hot, inflammatory Mars is in the sign Gemini which rules the lungs; the life-giving Sun and Jupiter are also there but they are all square to Saturn, the planet of obstruction. This shows that the lungs are the weakest link in Alice's system, and it will be necessary for her to be careful of catching cold. When that does happen, be sure that you take all necessary steps to get her over it as quickly as possible; do not let it hang or think that it will get better of itself. You are living in a very strenuous and severe climate. If possible, Alice ought to be taken to a place such as Southern California, where she will not be subject to extreme cold. But there are no indications to be particularly afraid of, and if you use good ordinary care there is no doubt that Alice will come through all right and enjoy good health.

Now Ready—*The Message of the Stars*

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Studies

in

The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

* * * * *

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Fourth Installment)

THE DESIRE WORLD

(Pages 38 to 48 Cosmo-Conception)

Continued from October Number

- Q. What comparison can you make between the law of matter in the Chemical Region and matter in the Desire World?
- A. In the Chemical Region the law of matter is inertia, inactivity, while in the Desire World matter is in unceasing motion, fluidic and seen in a thousand ever-changing shades of color.
- Q. Then what is the Desire World?
- A. A world of ever-changing light and color, in which the forces of animal and man intermingle with the forces of innumerable spiritual beings which do not appear in our Physical World, and which are as active in the Desire World as we are here.
(Some of these will be dealt with later.)
- Q. What do the forces sent out by this vast and varied host of beings accomplish?
- A. They mold the ever-changing matter of the Desire World into forms of more or less durability, according to the kinetic energy of the impulse which gave them birth.
- Q. Is it easy for a neophyte to find his balance in the Desire World?
- A. It is not.
- Q. What can you say about the trained clairvoyant in the Desire World?
- A. The trained clairvoyant soon ceases to wonder at the impossible descriptions sometimes brought through by mediums.
- Q. When the inner organs of perception have been vivified, is it necessary to be trained in the use of the newly acquired faculty, and why?
- A. It is necessary. Just as all of us had to learn to see correctly and intelligently in our infancy, and as the blind man, who has gained his sight, will at first close his eyes to walk from one place to another, so the neophyte will at first try to apply his knowledge of the Physical World to the laws of the world into which he is entering. Before he can understand, he must become as a little child and imbibe knowledge, without reference to previous experience.
- Q. What else is necessary to arrive at a correct understanding of the Desire World?
- A. It is necessary to realize that it is the world of feelings, desires, and emotions.
- Q. What forces dominate feelings, desires, and emotions?
- A. Attraction and Repulsion.
- Q. Do these forces act in the same way in all the Regions of the Desire World?
- A. Their action in the three lower regions differs from that in the three upper regions.
- Q. What is the central region called?
- A. Neutral ground, or the region of feeling.

- Q. What is accomplished in this region?
- A. It sways the balance in favor of interest in or indifference to an object, thereby relegating the object or idea to the three higher or the three lower regions of the Desire World, or else they will expel it altogether.
- Q. Where does the force of Attraction alone hold sway?
- A. In the finest and rarest substance of the three higher regions of the Desire World.
- Q. Is it also present in any of the other regions of the Desire World?
- A. It is in some degree also present in the denser matter of the three lower regions.
- Q. What does it do in these three lower regions?
- A. It works against the force of Repulsion, which is dominant there.
- Q. What would be the result if this counterbalancing force were not present?
- A. The force of Repulsion would soon destroy and disintegrate every form coming into these three lower regions.
- Q. Where is the force of Repulsion strongest?
- A. In the densest or lower region, where it tears and shatters the forms in a way dreadful to see.
- Q. Is the force of Repulsion vandalistic?
- A. No. Nothing is vandalistic in nature. All that appears so is but working towards good.
- Q. What can you say of the forms in the lowest region of the Desire World?
- A. The forms here are demoniac creations, built by the coarsest passions of man and beast.
- Q. What is the tendency of every form in the Desire World?
- A. To attract to itself all it can of a like nature and grow thereby.
- Q. If Attraction were to predominate in the lowest regions, what would result?
- A. Evil would grow like a weed. There would be anarchy instead of order in the cosmos.
- Q. How is this tendency prevented?
- A. By the preponderating power of the force of Repulsion.
- Q. When a coarse desire form is being attracted to another of the same nature, what is the result?
- A. There is a disharmony in their vibrations, whereby one has a disintegrating effect upon the other. They act with mutual destructiveness and in that way the evil of the world is kept within bounds.
- Q. What is said in relation to a lie in the Desire World?
- A. "A lie is both murder and suicide in the Desire World."
- Q. Where are all the happenings in the Physical World reflected?
- A. They are reflected in all the other realms of nature, and, as we have seen, each builds its own appropriate form in the Desire World.
- Q. When a true account of an occurrence is given, what happens?
- A. Another form is built exactly like the first. They are then drawn together and strengthen each other.
- Q. And when an untrue account is given, what happens?
- A. A form different from and antagonistic to the first, or true one, is created. They are drawn together, but as their vibrations are different, they act upon each other with mutual destructiveness.
- Q. What is the ultimate result of evil and malicious lies?
- A. They can kill anything that is good, if they are strong enough and are repeated often enough. But, conversely, seeking for the good in evil will, in time, transmute the evil into good.
- Q. If the form that is built to minimize the evil is weak, what will result?
- A. It will have no effect and will be destroyed by the evil form.
- Q. Why does the occult scientist practice the principle of looking for good in all things?
- A. Because he knows what a power it possesses in keeping down evil.
- Q. What saying of Christ to his disciples, as they passed the decaying carcass of a dog, illustrates the above point?
- A. He said, "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth." He knew the beneficial effect which would result in the Desire World from giving it expression.

Nutrition and Health

* * * * *

To the slaughter I condemn;
No flock that roam the valley free,
Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

Goldsmith

The Continuity of Life

SLEEP—A PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT

BY W. STUART LEECH, M.D.

SLEEP is a miniature cosmic night. It is the period between two days, whether it be measured by plant, animal, time, or by zodiacal periods. As all the dimensions of space are concentric, and as the superphysical planes of existence are in our immediate presence, "sleep" conveys to us the condition of the dense body after the soul has withdrawn from same but the connection is still unsevered.

Cicero says in chapters 49, 51, and 57 on divination: When the soul of man is disengaged from corporeal impediments, and set at freedom—in sleep—it beholds wonders which, when entangled beneath the veil of flesh it is unable to see."

Rogers says that sleep is the temporary withdrawal of the ego from the physical body, which then rests and recuperates. Its depleted energy is then restored for the morrow's activity.

Theosophical writers claim, as a result of numerous recent tests or experiments, that the ego leaves the body and hovers near during sleep, be it natural or that produced by anesthetic agents.

The Rosicrucian teaching, which is esoteric Christianity, is that the ego, clothed with the mind and desire body, draws outside the dense body and remains close while the vital body and dense (physical) body are resting upon the bed, all being connected by a silver-like thread; and that in disturbed sleep the ego is not wholly withdrawn. This

with them is not theory or speculation but is demonstrated to the initiate step by step as the mind and sympathetic ganglia of his organism is made to unfold under the practice of well-tried acts and formula.

Stoddart, of the Bethlehem Royal Hospital of London, says in one of his valuable editions that "Sleep is the condition of partial or complete unconsciousness which normally recurs once in twenty-four hours and occupies one-third of that time. Sleep abolishes fatigue; in other words, it helps to rid the organism of fatigue products."

We all sleep, and most of us dream and travel in the Desire World, whether it is remembered or not. Digestion can and does take place without your knowledge, and your failure to take cognizance of the event is no argument against it: Huntington, of the National Academy, is indebted to the Desire World for the arrangement of his famous picture, "Mercy's Dream." Giovanni Dupré, the French sculptor, confessed that the ideas of his beautiful *pieta* came to him in a dream. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell published two poems he composed while asleep. Prof. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, deciphered certain characters by the aid of a prehistoric "helper" in the dream state. Daniel and Ezekiel knew life as it is, and Joseph, the great oneiroscopist of historical times, thoroughly understood the physiological act of sleep and the

relationship of the human ego to the Desire World, or the next plane above the dense, and thus saved Egypt. Dreams and dreamers have saved and ruled the world.

It has been demonstrated by the brass ball dropping experiments that sleep is deeper about one and a half hours after its onset and from that time it drops to its lightest point between the seventh and eighth hour. At that period the dense body has been repaired and the vibrations of its recuperated atoms are at their maximum point, thus often enabling the waiting ego to stamp the brain with the impressions of higher planes. The heavier the food the lower the vibration of the dense body's atoms, and the vibratory action of the food taken may be so low that it actually has a toxic effect, not only from the excessive excretion of urea and carbon dioxide, but may be toxic from the very torpid action of the elemental substance itself. High vibratory atoms brought suddenly in contact with a lower set have a centrifugal or explosive effect.

Going to sleep is normally a physiological process brought on by auto-suggestion. While a lack of oxygen, an excessive amount of carbon dioxide, and the absence of various other stimuli may predispose towards or invite sleep, the process of falling to sleep is not pathological. Hallucinations, absurdities, and distorted dreams, a condition known as the hypnogogic state, takes place in very slight sleep when the subject is not fully awake but the real ego is partly in the dense body and partly out. The dream under such conditions contains a mixture of Desire World, dense world, and mental substance.

I will here state as a positive fact, capable of personal demonstration, that in the process of going to sleep the ego with the desire body actually withdraws from the dense (physical body) and also that this is accomplished by three distinct movements, viz: first, a subtle but gradual withdrawal from the lower extremities; second, a slight hesitation with a continued withdrawal to the shoulders and head; and last, with the final leap from the shoulders and head into the realm of the next plane. I would venture to estimate that not more than two persons out of a million are normally able to perceive this natural everyday process, although any intelligent

person can be trained step by step until he is able to observe this natural phenomena. I knew one highly educated, common-sense person who was so startled when he first beheld the act that he cried out in substance, "Oh, Lord, my God, is there no help for the widow's son?"

For the readers rapid perusal, I will omit as much as possible psychological and Rosicrucian technical terms. Two words familiar to all readers of medicine and current literature are the subliminal and the supraliminal consciousness, one means the ego clothed with all its vehicles, and in the wide-awake consciousness; and the other, the ego denuded of its dense body. In the act of going to sleep, the ordinary person first hits a dark point or node, when he leaves consciousness for unconsciousness. Between a vivid dream and wakefulness the node or dark spot is so brief that it becomes a mere line or only a point. As the predisposing factors, such as muscular fatigue and dissimulatory changes force themselves to the attention of the presiding soul or ego, the ego then commences the anabolic or constructive process. To repair a residence thoroughly, the owner must temporarily move out; so it is with the human dense body—the ego proceeds to move out, with the higher vehicles first by an auto-suggestion to the harmonic whole that the body be placed in a comfortable position; eyes are then closed and a few thoughts of going to sleep takes place; then, as the process continues, the heart beat becomes slower, with a tendency to become periodic, the expirations are more audible and shorter, the excretions and the secretions of the mucous membrane diminished, the eyeballs roll upward and inward, the pupils contract, the knee-flex is lost, blood vessels dilate, the cerebrum is anemic, and there is complete cessation of brain activity as the ego makes its complete exit. It is well to be thoroughly acquainted with these natural changes when administering an anesthetic in parturition or for a capital operation. To drive the ego completely out during labor may cause death from postpartum hemorrhage, and not to drive him out during a major operation may produce a fatality from fright, or what we choose to call surgical shock. In sleep from drug anesthesia or from natural causes the

ego re-enters over the same path of exit, ordinarily with gentleness, as the vibrations of the desire body are an octave higher than that of the dense body. For the ego to re-enter with alarm, an electric shock, or with the force of a catapult, the very shock of the desire body's higher vibrations might wreck the anatomical mechanism of the dense body and thereby become the main etiological factor in producing functional and organic changes, such as chorea, catalepsy, epilepsy, and a long list of phobias, most of which are due to a disharmony of the various vehicles of the ego.

Some may object to the statement concerning the higher vibratory action of the ego and desire body and deny its harmony with the atomic theory. In the study of any of the processes of nature we are not limited to the atomic theory, which is attributed to Democritus four hundred years before Christ. It is at present well and good, however, I will refer you to the many recent articles on colloidal chemistry; also to Holland's 1908 Edition of Chemistry, in which he says: "Recent study of radioactivity of metal (p. 247 *Medical Chemistry*) has established certain facts of wide range that do not fit into the atomic theory unless the intellectual conception of the atom be elaborated. The new conception symbolizes the new fact by giving a mechanical inner structure to the atom;" making of it a miniature cosmos. He says further that "There is no escape from the conclusion that the cathode electric rays of a Crookes's tube are disembodied charges of negative electricity or electrons in which the subdivision is carried much further than in the ordinary molecules, or even the atom. The atoms of different chemical elements seem to be aggregations of the same primordial electrons." I claim and maintain that some of the rays, such as the alpha (ionic), the emanation (beta), and the ethereal (gamma), are not entirely subject to the laws of the physical, but partly to the natural laws of the next higher plane. This readily explains the ability of certain bodies levitating and not gravitat-

ing alone.

The ego and the desire body are subject to the laws of levitation, and often in sleep the dense body will by force of habit attempt to follow them after they have withdrawn to travel in foreign countries, giving rise to that state bordering on the pathological, called somnambulism or sleep-walking. Thus the dense body may incidentally be following the ego across a roof and suffer from an accident when the correlated relationship is interfered with by an outside influence. The accident takes place simultaneously with the node or dark spot of the ego as it enters the dense body.

It is a self-demonstrable truth that the dense body can be brought to such a high state of atomic vibration by a system of right living, coupled with proper diet, certain physical and beneficial mental exercises, that the ego can remain conscious even while the dense body sleeps; and furthermore, that the ego can impress the brain as it re-enters the dense body of all the happenings to it during the preceding eight hours of slumber. This may seem to those who have not given the subject thought mere twaddle and preposterous; but do you think an economical nature is going to permit the real ego to waste one hour of every three? Can you find anything in nature at a dead standstill? The higher the quality of a thing, the greater the radioactivity. To attain this state of self-consciousness is a state of normality within the reach of all healthy persons, and is directly in opposition to that dangerous counterfeit, hypnosis.

Sleep can no longer be considered a solution of continuity of consciousness, for real life is continuous. Here is the portal of sublimity, and how quickly the counterfeiters and the quacks in their "absent treatment" seize the idea; but there are physicians in every part of this land of intrepid courage who have silently entered the gateway of the Desire World and have added to their therapeutics a method of healing heretofore undreamed of by our forefathers.



Act only on that maxim whereby thou
canst at the same time will that it should
become a universal law.—*Kant*

Thanksgiving Menu

BREAKFAST

Baked Winter Nellie Pears
Puffed Rice
Poached Eggs on Toast

DINNER

Salsify Soup
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Fried Cauliflower Breaded
Chestnut Pie and Cranberry Sauce
Whole Wheat Bread and Milk

SUPPER

Celery, Apple, and Nut Salad
Vegetable Mince Pie
Cottage Cheese and Pimento Sandwiches
Tea or Coffee

Recipes

Salsify Soup

Wash, scrape and cut very fine twelve stalks of salsify, fry in enough butter, or half oil and butter to brown, cover with water and allow to boil until tender, adding enough milk to make the amount of soup desired, season with salt, and serve with croutons or crackers.

Baked Stuffed Potatoes

Wash large, smooth potatoes of even size, cut in halves, rub with oil, and bake until almost done (they should feel hard when tried with a fork), remove insides with spoon. Grind dry toast or bread (that has been browned in the oven), peanut and walnut kernels, small clove garlic, one onion, cold boiled beans, fry this dressing until well browned, adding salt, pepper, parsley, etc., and yolk of two eggs. Put dressing back into the shells, and garnish with the inside of the potatoes and white of eggs that have been worked with a spoon until creamed. Return to oven and brown. Serve with brown gravy or mushroom sauce.

Fried cauliflower Breaded

Cut fresh crisp cauliflower into sprigs, if too large split lengthwise, boil for a few minutes in

hot salt water, drain, and roll in egg and bread crumbs. Fry in oil until a rich brown, serve while hot.

Chestnut Pie

One cup of cold boiled and blanched chestnut kernels, one cup of cold boiled lima beans, and three medium-sized, diced potatoes. Place in shallow, oiled baking dish. Cover with sauce made of vegetable stock, or brown gravy diluted with water, place a layer of pie crust on top and bake until done in a moderate oven.

Celery, Apple, and Nut Salad

Remove the centers of mellow ripe apples. Chop fine with crisp celery leaves and replace in shells, sprinkled with chopped almonds and mayonnaise dressing. Serve on plate garnished with lettuce leaf.

Vegetable Mince Pie-Filling

Peel and slice six apples, eight dried figs, one fourth dried citron, one half cup each of seeded raisins, and prunes, English walnuts, and almonds chopped fine, mix well together, adding two cups of grape and one of lemon juice, honey and spice to taste. Boil until the apples are well cooked, adding two tablespoons of butter.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

* * * * *

The Fishing Party

LIZZIE GRAHAM

IN JOHN, 21st Chapter, there is an account of a fishing party and its sequel, which is at least interesting, even if we do not perceive any deeper meaning.

The little inland lake or sea is about eight miles long, and walking near it are a few lonely men; they have just been through a terrible trial, and have a feeling that they failed when the test came—they denied and forsook the Rabbi when He was in trouble.

It is evening in early springtime, the resurrection is everywhere in the air; the birds are singing their good-night songs full of thankfulness for the experiences of the day now past; darkness is deepening, for the Moon has not yet arisen; you can feel that wonderful peace that often creeps over the land just after sundown; the little waves lap gently on the silver sands, and Mother Nature quietly puts her children to sleep one after another; soon there seems to creep up from the lake a lonely feeling, and there is a hush all around.

As already said, there are some men walking along the road, and in the stillness you can hear that they are quietly talking together. One of the oldest says, "I'll go a-fishing"; the others agree to accompany him. They leave the path and come to the sands where the fishing boats are lying. We can see that there are seven men of various ages, but they all seem to be depressed and lonely; they appear like sheep who have lost their shepherd and are uncertain what to do. So when the speaker suggested taking up an occupation with which they were all more or less familiar, they immediately assented, and felt stronger for the united effort.

They gathered together their nets and fishing tackle and pushed their boat out into the darkening shadows on the lake. After some time the Moon

arose and shed her soft light over the little craft and its crew. All was calm and beautiful, scarcely a sound was heard, yet they were unable to bring up any fish in their nets. Had they forgotten all their skill in the three short years that had passed since they gave up their work to follow the new leader? It was a sad night for them; they toiled and cast their net again and again during those dark hours; and at length the morning light crept over the hills, the moon grew pale, but as yet, there was nothing in their nets.

Three years ago, when they first left their calling to follow a wonderful man, a teacher, men had called them fools. But something had held them close to Him all the time, even until that dreadful night when the soldiers stepped in and took Him from among them; then terror seized them and most of them forsook Him while He was tried by the authorities, condemned, and finally crucified. Now He was gone from them and they knew not which way to turn. True, some claimed to have seen Him and touched Him, but they knew not where He was now. Conditions were unpropitious—even the fish seemed to shun their nets! Tired and discouraged, they turn their boat towards the shore. Just as the sun is rising over the hills of Galilee a voice rings out clear from the sands, "Children, have you any meat?" Not a single fish they had to show for their labors, so reluctantly they return the call, and answer "No." The strong voice rings out again with no uncertainty in its tones—"Cast your net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find." The tone was convincing and inspired their waning hopes. They did not hesitate but dropped the net on the right side of their craft, and immediately fish flocked to it. It became so full of fish that they could not draw it. Then they

recognized the man with the sweet, strong voice standing alone on the beach. He was the Lord, their Master, during whose absence they had been so disconsolately mourning. Now, joyfully, they busied themselves pulling this wonderful draught of fishes to the shore, and although the net was so full, it did not break, nor was one fish lost while drawing it to land.

The number of the fish when counted was 153.

The story is given by John at the end of his Gospel; he is also the writer of the Revelation, and we may look for a mystical meaning in all that he has written.

Looking back over the life of Christ we remember that there were twelve disciples, Christ himself being the thirteenth. In this story of the fishing party we find only seven, the other five were employed elsewhere, but the Christ is present with those who are fishing and makes Himself known to them when they bring to land all the fish: 1+5+3 equals 9. Nine is the number of humanity, as John gives it also in the Revelation that 144 shall be saved, which also equals 9. All the souls are drawn to the feet of the Christ by the net of truth, which has been spread for them many times through the dark night of materialism which was dimly illumined by the

forces from the Moon, under Jehovah, who has given to us many religions or paths by which we may find the truth.

But the seven fishers, we find them everywhere around us. It is the fishers who in great love surround us with that net of truth which draws us nearer to the waiting Christ. Who are they? They are seen in the seven creative Hierarchies who are now working with us and helping us with the greater initiations. Seven is a number with which we are closely connected; 7 roses on our cross; 7 openings in our head; 7 notes in the natural scale; 7 days in the week, etc. We are surrounded by groups of sevens, that are all necessary for our progress, or as a means of bringing us back to our Father.

Some object to the *net*, saying, when caught in it we are dragged to land and deprived of our life. Not so, we are led by a path which will help us to discard our physical bodies, but the life goes on, leaving behind it all that tied it down to an existence under the waters; to come into manifestation again as beings higher in the scale of evolution. The net was cast on the *right* side of the ship when the fish entered it; that is, the positive, self-conscious path, the path of initiation, to which the seven great fishers, the Hierarchies, are leading us.

A Talk in the Pro-Ecclesia

HAPPINESS

ALFRED ADAMS

SHAKESPEARE says, "How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes."

And Byron says:

*....All who joy would win
Must share it; happiness was born a twin.*

Pope describes happiness in this way:

*O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die.*

The Bible, too, is full of maxims, of pithy sayings,

giving a rule or guide to happiness, such as, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

"He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."

"He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

Happiness appears to be the one thing that we are all striving for. Some of us look for it in material things and others seek for it in a spiritual way. We are so constituted that we do not all see things in the same light. It all depends from what angle we look at the subject.

If we have been close observers of humanity, we

have very naturally discovered that all classes of people are seeking happiness and pleasure in one way or another—something that will make them truly happy, and the various ways and means by which each finds this goal is a very interesting study. Some people find felicity and pleasure in one direction and some in another. It depends largely on what we mean by “happiness.”

From childhood to the grave the subject of contentment and pleasure engrosses everyone to a certain extent. Little children amuse themselves in various ways; one prefers out-of-door games and pranks; another is contented with dolls and toys, and others will spend hours chatting, talking, asking, and answering questions with an imaginary playmate. The amount of happiness derived being evidenced, usually, by the length of time and earnestness devoted to the amusement.

Then we come to the young man and maiden who naturally drift into other lines of amusement, athletic, literary or social, serious or frivolous, all induced by their desires, wishes, and emotions and depending on what is being sought, but all having for their ultimate object the universal goal of happiness.

Next we come to the more advanced in years, the middle-aged class, with their various activities and pursuits, such as the accumulation of property; the rearing and educating of families and all the other duties pertaining thereto, in all of which they derive more or less happiness, depending on how devoted they are to the matter in hand.

Finally we come to those who have passed through these earlier activities, who are no longer interested in the things that formerly occupied their time and gave them pleasure; those who have retired from worldly pursuits and who are calmly and serenely drifting down the stream of life, feeling happy and contented with what they have accomplished in this world's work and happy in the consciousness of what they are to meet when they have passed beyond.

And right here lies one of the fundamental and satisfying doctrines of the Rosicrucians; that is, the knowledge that makes one conscious of what is to come, of what to expect, on the long journey of man's evolution. This may be compared with one

who is about to travel around the world—to a wise traveler who has prepared a complete itinerary of his proposed trip; to one who has made a study of locations and conditions in other countries, regarding the best places to stop for pleasure and health. Such a person knows in advance which boat he is going to sail on; which railroads will take him to the various cities and places of amusement; which hotels will give him the best accommodations; the people he wishes to meet at the different stopping places, and the probable cost of the trip.

The wise and careful traveler attends to all these details before starting on his journey. We cannot but admire the man or woman about to make an extended journey, who is so thoughtful for his or her future movements. It not only shows a high degree of forethought and wisdom that is conducive to happiness and pleasure to one's self and those about him, but it also portrays the good breeding and polished manners of one who has made a study of his movements and knows beforehand what he is going to do next. It is a pleasure to observe such a person.

Those of us who have traveled about much also have observed the unpleasant and almost disgusting gyrations and maneuvers of the man or woman who leaves everything to the last minute when about to start on a journey—forgetting this, that, and the other thing and winding up by missing the train or boat on which he or she expected to journey. Such people not only make themselves unhappy, but also those who are with them, and generally to the amusement or disgust of those who are looking on.

Observe the two characters and judge as to which one is creating the most pleasure, not only for himself, but for others. We can readily see that happiness is not a haphazard quality, but a condition that is created by the individual from within from one's own self. Yet there are great numbers of people constantly seeking for someone else to create happiness for them. And as quoted above, “How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.”

When we look into the subject from the right angle, from the standpoint of brotherly love, the altruistic side, we find many ways of making our-

selves and others happy—not always in the little things that are all about us—in the little kindnesses that we all can do, such as a pleasant smile, a kind word, or a helping hand. These are the things that should and do make for real happiness. But alas! the Jupiterian influences of kindheartedness, love, and service are not fully developed in all of us and we need to practice them daily in order to bring them up to the standard of perfection. We recently had a splendid lesson in the story of Pollyanna, and we should cultivate the habit of looking for the good in everything. Every cloud has a silver lining and that is the side we should look for.

If we create around ourselves an atmosphere of peace, we shall find in other people the very same qualities. The whole world is colored by our own aura, and we view the world around us through our own auric atmosphere. So, if we create happiness, we will see these same qualities reflected in others. It is the same old law of nature that “like begets like.”

We do not have to search far for examples for they are all about us in nature, From the tiniest insect to the most ferocious beast, in their natural state, we may observe a degree of happiness that is not possessed by man. It is only when outside influences are brought to bear upon animals that they show signs of unhappiness. When they are diverted from the path in which the group-spirit is leading them—from their natural course—we may notice the change.

But how different with man in his present stage of evolution—man, who is endowed with reason, who is master of his own destiny. In him we find very few examples of perfect happiness. Yet, as before stated, he is always seeking for something different—some diversion, whatever it may be. This would appear to be a penalty on the possession of the faculty of mind and reason, which are denied to the lower kingdoms. Therefore, let us bear in mind that opportunities for creating happiness are all about us; we do not have to search for them; they may be found in any direction at any time—opportunities for real happiness that creates the Christ spirit, not only within ourselves, but in those about us.

The whole subject has been very aptly covered

in the following verses:

*When days are dark and gloomy
And things seem all askew,
Just manufacture sunshine,
Just think of skies all blue,*

*Scatter the sunshine where'er you go,
Then love and joy and peace you'll know;
A happy heart for yourself you'll find,
By being loving and true and kind."*

THE “COSMO” IN DEMAND

Dear Friends:

My sister, who once visited Mt. Ecclesia and who is now on a trip North, wrote me recently from Portland, Ore. I thought you would be interested in reading the following extract from her letter:

“It is interesting in visiting new libraries to look up the *Cosmo* and *Rays*. Here in Portland I can't get my hands on a *Cosmo*. It is always out. And the *Rays* seem to be handled and read over a great deal. I've taken out the *Field Book of the Stars*, by Olcott. The stars seem so bright here, and from my bed by two open windows, I can see a few clear constellations, and I became curious about them.”

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely, K J. McM

RAYS FROM THE ROSE-CROSS

The magazine is now sent gratis to 330 Libraries. Part of these subscriptions have been paid for by members and the rest are supplied by the Headquarters fund. The price to Libraries will not be raised, so that members wishing to subscribe for one or more may do so at the former price: One Dollar a year in the United States, \$1.25 in Canada, and \$1.50 foreign.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the deeper degrees depends upon merit.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

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Helpful Letters From the Students

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 thing or 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.

Healing Meetings

November 8-15-21-28

December 5-12-18-25

January 2-8-14-21-29

Boston, Mass., Sept. 8, 1918

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

I am improving every day and hope to be able soon to say that I am in perfect health and am going to stay so. I am now feeling fine. Thanking you all for the help received, I remain, as ever,

A. J. F.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 7, 1918

Secretary Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friend: Your very encouraging communication to hand. I am always pleased to get a few lines from headquarters as they seem to bring something very desirable with them. My physical trouble seems to have departed fully and I am only waiting an opportunity, which I think is near, to show my appreciation in something more than words. Physicians say it is the first case of the kind which they know of as having been cured without an operation.

With my very best wishes to you all, I remain,
Sincerely, _____ C. L.

Dear Friends:

This week I have made wonderful improvement. I have been feeling fine this last five days. I have had no further trouble with my bowels or stomach, it not being even necessary to take the usual injection. I am indeed very grateful for your help, and trust you will still keep me under your care until I am perfectly cured. Will write next week again. With many thanks,

Gratefully yours, _____ MRS. R. M.

Sept. 8, 1918

Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California

Dear Friends:

Enclosed please find my answers to Astrology Lesson No. 6. These lessons are getting so very interesting, especially the letters with regard to the different planets, though I like the calculations, too, as I have quite a fondness for figures.

The letter in *Rays From the Rose Cross* written by D. B. J. of Vancouver, B. C., reminds me so of my experiences in the spring that I feel moved to write you of them.

In my efforts to learn linotype operating I suffered a broken finger when the heavy head

dropped six inches after a "hang" and bent back the finger end, snapping the bone almost in two and tearing the flesh, through the fingernail and almost three-fourths of the way round the finger.

At first I couldn't realize I was hurt, but when I saw the blood I examined the finger and saw that some stitches would be needed, so as I was alone in the printing office, I telephoned for a physician. Then while I waited for his arrival I tried to think what to do. As I began to feel a little giddy from the pain, I sat down and realized my oneness with God. I felt my brain clear, and when the doctor came he found me sitting quietly, waiting.

Our printing office does not boast a wash basin, the running water answering all our needs, so it was decided to dress the finger at the hospital where all was in shape for such work. Throughout the ordeal, which was at times quite painful, my sense of being upheld by the God forces never left me, and the doctor and nurse complimented me greatly on my fortitude while the mangled finger end was *cleansed with a flesh brush* and while the stitches were being put in place.

All day the dull pains in my arm never left me, but they had no effect except to cause a nervous excitement and a cessation of appetite. My mother told me I was likely not to rest well that night and extracted a promise that I should call her in case I was unable to sleep.

However, I insisted on sleeping alone in a room and had hardly been in bed ten minutes when I felt the peace of perfect faith in the power and goodness of God and I knew the Invisible Helpers had me in their care. I slept well, and suffered very little next day. Nor did I have trouble at any future time from the finger. The doctor was delighted upon seeing the finger again to find it in such good condition. As he said, "It healed by first intention." There was not the least infection, though at the time of the accident my hands were very dirty, as they could not help but be from the printing work. He attributed it to the fact that he had so thoroughly cleansed and sterilized it. Of course I knew, and I told him God had healed my finger. He agreed, as he is a Christian, and I believe his faith in prayer is stronger than ever before. My finger is now almost perfectly straight and as supple in that joint as it

was before.

The more I study and read your wonderful philosophy, the more I am filled with a desire to know more, and to become as well advanced in the Fellowship as I am capable of doing.

Very sincerely,

Louise B. W.

—————
Somewhere in France, July 2, 1918

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California

Dear Friends:

Yours of May 31st at hand. Have been here three months and find the work interesting. The Huns have left their calling cards from one to three times a night for the last eight nights. Yesterday they started shelling two nearby towns some distance from the front where we are, so we are wondering when they will commence throwing bouquets our way. Was so tired Sunday afternoon after finishing work that I slept for 5 1/2 hours and as the next raid was then about due made up a party to view it from a hill back of the town instead of the cellar.

Saturday night spent at one of our front canteens and went up in the front line trenches, to an old knocked down farm house, only the lower walls standing. It was about sunset, the soldiers smoking, cleaning guns, etc., all around destruction and desolation, reminded me of many a ruined castle theatrical scene; went up in the observation place and got a good view of the Hun lines 1-2 mile away, and a camouflaged tree where they tried to snipe the French.

While very interesting here, it is extremely hard to concentrate on anything. I feel like a chip tossed about on a sea of emotion, although I keep up the exercises, it is more a matter of habit and am barely holding my own there. Other developments are taking place which will probably make up for loss of concentration exercises. When one has lost considerable sleep and never knows what the next hour will bring forth, it is hard to put one's mind on anything except the duties to be accomplished.

Mrs. Ogden is well and working hard, has had some interesting experiences, and is making good. With best wishes to all,

E. W. OGDEN