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MAGAZINE**

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

June 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

April

1945

VOLUME 37

NO. 4



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Subscription in the United States, \$2.00 a year. All other countries, \$2.25. *Special Rate:* 2 years in United States, \$3.50; other countries \$4.00 U. S. money or equivalent. Single copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the act of August 24th, 1912. Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein.

Issued on the 5th of each month. *Change of Address* must reach us by the 1st of month preceding any issue. Address ALL correspondence and make ALL remittances payable to The Rosicrucian Fellowship.

PRINTED BY

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Easter Time



YOU sit on the porch and watch the sun go down; and see the afterglow tint the heavens like the heart of a shell. A crescent of silver gleams in the purpling skies.

A STAR shines below the full moon. The constellations flame out, and march in orderly battalions across the field of night.

THE SHADOWS of palm and pine whisper softly under the kisses of the winds. The incense of carnation, rose and heliotrope mingles with the odor of the ripening oranges.

THE SILENCE, the STARSHINE, the PERFUME, is a prayer; your soul bows at the shrine of perfect nature.

AND THEN an unseen chalice of melody is lilted somewhere in the upper darkness—a ripple of music, clear and sweet and flutelike runs down through the shadows and the fragrance—a mocking bird is singing his hymn to the starlight.

AND YOUR HEART overflows with the sense of beauty, and joy, and peace.

That is EASTER NIGHT on Mt. Ecclesia!



The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Adaptability in the Modern World

By JOSEPH DARROW

“**T**HOSE who do not improve by the formation of *new* characteristics are held back and immediately begin to *degenerate*. . . . Where Epigenesis is inactive in the individual, family, nation or race there evolution ceases and *degeneration* commences.”
—*Cosmo-Conception*.

That is what the Rosicrucians say about those who cease to add new vistas to their vision and new interests and skills to their life in general. Progression or retrogression is the law. There are no dead centers in evolution. We are either going forward or backward. And when we say evolution we do not mean the theory that man has come up through the present animal kingdom; man has never been a monkey or an ape, although in prehistoric times he once passed through an *animal-like* stage.

When we start to develop new powers or expand into new fields, adaptability comes into the picture. Adaptability consists in being sufficiently flexible so as to accommodate oneself to new conditions and make progress under them. Adaptability is the secret of all advancement. Lack of it causes retardation of the spirit and retrogression of the mind and body. Man was designed by God to become eventually a *creator*, not merely an *imitator*, and this can be accomplished only through adaptability and Epigenesis.

Epigenesis is a quality that is accentuated by the Rosicrucians. It means initiative, and the free will to inaugurate something entirely new independently of old causes or old karma generated in the past.

It is the *keystone of evolution*. Epigenesis hinges upon adaptability. Nonadaptability brings on the crystallization of the mind and other vehicles of man, and slows up or entirely blocks progress. The non-adaptable person is controlled, and frequently obsessed, by fixed ideas. He has already started on the backward path.

What has this to do with the modern world? The war has forced a great variety of new conditions upon us, and there will be many more after it is finished which will radically affect the world and every man and woman in it. We are going to meet with new personal problems, new community problems, and new national and international

EPIGENESIS,
THE KEYSTONE
OF EVOLUTION

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

problems. It will be a most important period in the world's history. And if we are to survive that period and go forward, we shall have to have a good degree of adaptability. Otherwise we shall start to *degenerate*, as the opening paragraph of this article indicates.

A survey of current literature shows that a great many people are already thinking in terms of the new conditions, and are developing the adaptability to meet them successfully. Exciting changes are taking place in the fields of invention, manufacturing, agriculture, politics, education, and even religion and philosophy.

Dorothy Thompson predicted recently in the *Ladies' Home Journal* that our education will grow much more exact and exacting. That in education our horizons will be widened—such subjects as anthropology and cultural history occupying a prominent place in every school and college curriculum. That the movies will change and become related to education instead of being pure entertainment.

Manufacturers are already meeting some of the new conditions by means of what is called market research, that is, finding out what people like and want, and then proceeding to give it to them. *This Week* magazine says: "The manufacturer of a new product used to sort of close his eyes and plunge. Now, thanks to research, he keeps those eyes open and knows the product will be accepted. How is the guesswork taken out of marketing? Interviews are one way of conducting surveys; questionnaires are another." The pollsters have thus found a new field for their activities, namely, finding out people's likes and dislikes and sampling public opinion.



Their researches indicate that before long, air conditioning is going to be extended to homes at a price which can be afforded by the average man. Plastics will be used for an almost infinite number of new purposes. Television sets will be reduced in price to meet the average budget. The family airplane is going to be very much in evidence within ten years. And Henry Ford has perfected a new high-quality wool from the soybean. The *Progress Guide* comments on this as follows:

"To prove the practicability of a new product Mr. Henry Ford, in addressing a convention, wore apparel every article of which with the exception of his shoes was made from soybeans. His clothing incorporated all the refinements of style, quality, and durability usually found in the attire of the well dressed man."

Henry Wallace, too, is in the public eye with some advanced ideas that don't seem to please certain of the congressmen. He promises more jobs, more foreign trade, a guaranteed annual wage, more houses and better roads, extended health insurance and social security—an economic program of abundance instead of one based on scarcity.

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

All of these new products and original ideas are manifestations of adaptability, working out through Epigenesis, the setting into operation of new causes. As long as the bulk of our people continue along this line we may be sure we are not starting to degenerate. In contrast, the Chinese are an example of nonadaptability. Until quite recently they have always thought that the old ways were the best, and this idea is enshrined in their ancestor worship. The deplorable material conditions under which the greater part of three hundred odd million Hindus live today is another illustration of the results of not being adaptable.

The hundreds of thousands of wounded soldiers who will come back from the war are going to be faced with an acute form of the problem of adaptability. They will have a harder time in adapting themselves to their environment than the rest of us. Still from the standpoint of evolution that is a blessing in disguise. The harder the problems with which we are faced and *which we overcome*, the faster we go ahead in the evolutionary race.

In the case of the average person adaptability in the coming years must be applied to a greater discipline of himself. He must also learn to take a larger part in community and national projects. He has got to begin to develop some degree of altruism. We must all generate a more sensitive social conscience so that comparatively soon there will be no more abjectly poor people anywhere in the world.



Adaptability is going to lead us to highly effective natural and mental means of improving the health of the nation. Politics must become more public-spirited and realize the Aquarian ideal of devotion to the common good. We must have more and better religion, and esoteric philosophy, such as that of the Rosicrucians, is going to be the means by which the world's religion will gradually expand and improve. We have got to learn to be more friendly, to expand our friendships, for we are definitely moving forward toward the Age of Universal Friendship. And finally, don't forget to do something *new*, start something *new*, periodically, for if you are entirely governed by the *old* routine, degeneration has already set in.

"There is no rest nor peace on the path of evolution," say the Rosicrucians. As long as we are tied to the wheel of rebirth as it rolls along the evolutionary highway, we need not expect to have an easy time of it. But we shall eventually reach the point where it will no longer be necessary to be reborn into physical bodies, and our work will be entirely on the higher planes. And adaptability is the factor that will speed us forward most swiftly toward that goal.



THE MYSTIC LIGHT



• • •

The Esoteric Meaning of Easter

The Easter festival celebrates the vital fact that at the Vernal Equinox the great Christ Spirit has completed the impregnation of the earth with His life force, which enables it to sustain life. Interestingly explained by a Rosicrucian Initiate.

By MAX HEINDEL



IF we were to enter one of the orthodox churches or attend the open air Easter morning services held in so many places all over the country, we should probably be told the story of the resurrection of an individual named Jesus, who died for our sins on Good Friday and rose from the dead on Easter Sunday. But while the life story of Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels, is practically true, and while we love and venerate Christ (who took the body of Jesus for the three years' ministry) for the noble work He has done and is doing for humanity, we look beyond for the significance and esoteric meaning of Easter.

If this were simply a feast to commemorate the death of an individual, it would on the face of it be foolishness to make it a movable feast. We do not fix the death of Lincoln by the sun, as we know is the case with Easter in relation to the Christ. Easter is always determined by the conjunction of the sun and moon in the sign Aries, the ram or lamb. First, the sun and moon must come to a conjunction; that is the new

moon. Then the moon must pursue her course half way around the circle of the zodiac until she is at the full, and the first Sunday following that event is Easter. This plainly shows that we are not celebrating the death of an individual, but that it is a solar festival.

We do not, however, worship the sun, moon, and stars. To do that would be idolatry. But we know that the sun is the physical vehicle of the Godhead, as the planets are the vehicles of the Seven Spirits before the Throne. And therefore we realize that the Christ Spirit which illuminated the body of Jesus and entered the earth on Golgotha did not then and there complete the sacrifice once and for all, any more than the sun by shining upon the surface of the earth can make the plants grow forever and cause warmth to surround the earth perpetually. But each year when the sun descends towards its western node at the fall equinox, the vitalizing Christ ray enters the earth and permeates our globe to the very center, which it reaches at the time when the Sun is at its lowest point of declination, the time

when we speak of the Savior as being born at Christmas.

Then as the sun begins to ascend towards the vernal equinox, this great vitalizing wave of dynamic force rises to the periphery of the earth, fertilizing the millions of seeds slumbering in the soil. It drives the sap up in the trees and causes them to bud, so that the forest becomes a bridal bower for the mating beasts and birds. This cosmic Christ force is liberated from the bondage of the earth at Easter, when it has spent itself and given its life for the world. Thus there is an inbreathing and outbreathing in nature, and the

world could not exist without it any more than we could exist without continually breathing the oxygenated air in which we live.

And so as a matter of fact the Christ annually gives us the bread of life, but not only in the physical sense; there is in addition a spiritual outpouring during the winter months, from which we may greatly benefit if we are minded to attune ourselves to its vibrations. That is the true bread of life in the highest sense of the word, and without it our souls must starve; hence our great gratitude to the Christ for His annual sacrifice.

Easter and the Risen Christ

By KITTIE S. COWEN



AVE you heard the Easter music in the air? Have you sensed the vital, living force round about you that is permeating all things of the earth and preparing to burst forth in a glory of animated life and color?

Have you heard the happy lilt in the songs of birds, the friendly murmur of the grass that is coming back, the rustling of the trees preparing to bedeck their bare branches with lacy patterns of emerald green?

Do you hear that tremulous undertone of melody coming from the earth which is opening tiny seed shells everywhere, that they may send their thread-like rootlets down into the mossy soil and their slender emerald banners floating gaily toward the sky?

Yes, there is Easter music in the air. The mighty Spirits before the Throne of God have changed their celestial theme song, and are now telling of renewed life in and on the earth—liberation in manifestation. Do you see the busy little gnomes pulverizing the

brown granules of the earth, the fairies assembling their quaint paint pots ready for the spring tinting of the flowers, the sylphs tempering the wind to the new-born life force, the salamanders modulating the temperature of the heat waves?

Whether or not you have sensed and heard, it is all here—spring, with its animating Christ vibration flowering forth in earth, plant, animal, and man. Spring and the liberated Christ who is leaving His divine life force with the earth to revivify all creation while He is absent from this material plane sojourning in the heavenly home of the Father, there to prepare Himself for His next yearly visit, at which time He will bear with Him a renewed life force to pour forth throughout the earth as His annual gift to all created things.

Spring, Easter, and the risen Christ! Each year we welcome this glorious season and rejoice that the great Archangel, the Christ, is one cycle nearer the day of His final liberation, when a

(Continued on page 156)

"Leave It to the Auroratone"

A Story of Rehabilitation

By EVERETT AUSTIN GOODSELL and HASMICK VEE

"TUCK the red in, leave the white out; that's what the nurse said." I anxiously turned the red "Medical Department" lettering in and hung the white part of the army towel outwards over the head of the bed for regular inspection.

"No, Sam, you're wrong!" insisted Pete, another psychoneurotic, pointing proudly at his neatly folded towel which displayed the red part out, the same as all the others in the Rehabilitation Ward of this army hospital.

"Go on, Sam, turn the white in, leave the red out," he urged. "Always ready, always right—that's me!"

"Never ready, never right—that's me, I suppose!" I retorted bitterly, smoothing out the wrinkles in my bath towel. "You and your fidgety efficiency!"

"All out of step but you, eh, Sam?" Pete mocked a lock step or two, his pajamas drooping loosely on his thin body, but suddenly became serious at the sound of voices.

"Oh-oh, look out! Here comes the Colonel and his stooges."

"At-ten-SHUN!" barked the wardmaster a moment later as he stuck his chest out and up toward the wooden rafters.

Pete gave me a look of infinite pity as he straightened up beside his bunk. I wrinkled my nose at him defiantly and then, too, stood quietly beside my bed, bracing myself for the ordeal of inspection.

"What's the matter with you ward boys and nurses?" snapped the Colonel commanding the hospital, feeling for dirt here and there on sills and rails.

"Dirt behind the radiators—that's

awful!" He moved down the line of bunks, followed by his coterie of medical service majors and lieutenant-colonels.

The ward captain, the major, and the head nurse stood by with the wardmaster, all looking somewhat abashed. But I figured they would take it out on us later for our poor cooperation in observing ward rules. Even now a staff sergeant taking notes cast a significant glance in our direction—which no doubt meant future "discipline" for us.

Halfway down the double row of beds, and directly across from me, the group paused just as Jimmie gave up and sat down.

"Can't you pull yourself together long enough for inspection?" the Colonel rebuked the embarrassed boy, who sat there plucking at the cords of his red bathrobe.

"No, sir—I mean, yes sir," gulped Jimmie, shaking his head.

"Hmmm, ha!" grunted the Colonel, lifting the tin cover of Jimmie's chart. "Fatigue exhaustion, eh?"

"That's right, sir!" came the echo at his elbow, the medical service major, in confirmation.

"Hmmm, ha!" grunted the Colonel again, and moved down the end of the ward, noting every detail. Coming presently back up our side, he stopped to look at Pete.

Besides recovering from a physical wound, Pete was afflicted with what we called the "jitter-twitches"—an aimless, incessant urge to restless activity. My ailment, however, was similar to Jimmie's, but more mental. I was sunk in despair; my outlook bleak and hopeless. The least exertion worried and wearied

me. Of course the entire ward was classified as severe exhaustion cases in general, with no two of them exactly alike. Such are the casualties of war.

I gazed straight into space as the C. O. talked to Pete a few moments and then by-passed me to my great but brief delight. For he stopped and came back as his eagle eye fell upon my oddly hung towel.

"What's the meaning of this?" he frowned, then personally rearranged the towel to conform with the others. "Do you think we're all fuss-happy, or is it just a little touch of rugged individuality on your part?"

"But sir, if the Colonel will consult the nurse who told me to put towels that way, he will understand how it is and the way it is," I protested.

"I don't care what the nurse told you—you put your towel like the others from now on! Understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! I understand. I'll be better!" I hastily assured him, though inwardly doubtful of ever overcoming the sense of futility that goes with extreme nervous exhaustion.

After a brief word to those in charge the Colonel stalked off toward the doorway, followed by the officers who had accompanied him. The ward staff stood around respectfully until the group of inspectors had left, and then gave us the "as you were" while they consulted with each other, reporting the results of the Colonel's visit.

It seemed that the Colonel's apparent harshness was really for the purpose of testing our need for more than routine treatment. We were not to be disciplined after all. They were going to use the Red Cross auditorium for a new experiment in mass color therapy.

"Line up as usual at 2 o'clock medicine time this afternoon and then go to the Red Cross quarters down the hall," directed the head nurse. "Sit wherever you wish in the auditorium, and follow instructions there."

So, after midday meal, we prepared for this new stunt and sat around talking, speculating on what it could possibly be like. One fellow we called Art was always scaring any gullible soul who would listen. Even now he began using those tactics on little moon-faced Ollie, with whom he was playing chess by the bedside.

"Yep, I heard all about it," he explained with an air of confidence. "They're gonna stick pins in us and use pigments and skin tests to see what colors will do to us."

Art touched his pawn, but decided to sacrifice one of his knights.

"Gee!" breathed Ollie. "How long does it take? Does it hurt?" He studied a moment, then moved his queen, declaring "Checkmate!"

"All right Ollie, you win," conceded Art. "You're a good chess player, I'll admit. But wait till they start working you over this afternoon. Think you can hold up your end of the gab with those smart psychiatrists?"

"I don't know, Art, but I don't care so long as they don't hurt me. I'm fed up on needlings and everything in general here. Bet I'd get well a lot faster if I could only get out of this hospital," finished Ollie with a long sigh of frustration.

"Oh-oh!" exclaimed jittery Pete. "It's almost two o'clock." He jumped up and sat down two or three times, making a few false starts to get going.

"Medicine time!" called the nurse from the office up by the diet kitchen. "All ambulant may go to the Red Cross auditorium, and be sure to sign the book out and in."

I tightened my bathrobe cord and moved up in line with the others as they all left their white hospital beds.

Art nagged and teased, Ollie looked as if he expected the worst, Pete fidgeted, while Jimmie and I moped our way with the others down the narrow passageway to the Red Cross quarters.

"I noticed a Red Cross officer talk-

ing to Lieutenant Quizzum, the psychiatrist, during inspection this morning." Art shook his head mournfully, clucking his tongue in his cheek. "I tell you, Ollie, he's out for no good."

"Well, I've been here three weeks, and I feel like I'm stuck here for keeps," said Ollie dejectedly, his round face puckered up into a self-pitying whimper.

"Aw, lay off Ollie, Art—wait until he's been here from three to several months like the rest of us, and then he can begin to worry about gettin' out." I paused for breath.

"Yes," agreed Jimmie, "looks like we'll never get out now, except maybe feet first or sump'n."

We maneuvered around to get past the M.P. into the hospital post-exchange for something to chew on while enduring the experiment in color therapy that awaited us.

"Well," spoke up Pete, "I'm sure whatever they're trying now won't hurt us. It might even help us, though I doubt it. But I know one thing—I know we're going to heaven when we die because we did our bit in hell over in the Islands."

"Yeah, but why can't we go to heaven somewhere without dying?" suggested Ollie.

"You guys are 'way off the beam making cracks like that," muttered the M.P.

Rounding another turn in the main hall we soon entered the lounge of the Red Cross section. This comprised offices, library, kitchen for parties, and the auditorium itself.

Men in their red robes were converging here from all parts of the hospital. Our group of five moved down to the front row near the stage where the movie screen was set up in the back wings. The fellows from our ward mingled at will with those from other wards. I noted that old "Floppy Phil," as we called him, was present. He had acquired that nickname because of occasional faint-

ing spells which keeled him over onto his head. Another case sat across the aisle from us; one who told us he was up for discharge soon. This young blond chap suffered periodically from severe painful spasms.

"I'm glad to be getting out of the hospital, all right," he remarked, "but I'm not happy about my future. They said my ailment is incurable."

All this depressed us more than ever.

"What's the use?" griped the restless Pete. "If we ain't nuts now, we will be!"

"Yeah, that's what I say," Jimmie remarked. We agreed with him. Our collective morale had hit bottom and was apparently there to stay.

"I guess that busy little corporal is getting ready for a show—he's pulling down curtains and shutting window shades," I observed as the confused jumble of male voices gradually subsided when the Red Cross officer we had seen visiting our ward doctors that morning, appeared on the stage.

He was introduced by the Red Cross hostess, who announced a treat in store for us.

"This is Mr. Kendrick who has brought Auratone equipment that has been tested for recreation as well as color therapy. If you enjoy Bing Crosby, you'll like what you are going to see and hear today. Mr. Kendrick would appreciate having you all report your reception of this show after you return to your wards. All right, Mr. Kendrick."

"Oh-oh, there go the house lights!" whispered Pete to Ollie. "But no pin-pricks yet."

We settled back in mingled anticipation and apprehension as darkness engulfed the auditorium. Soon the projection booth in the rear beamed its light upon the movie screen simultaneously with music. Then the voice of the supersoother, Crooner Crosby, was heard as he began to sing "Adeste Fidelis." To our great surprise, however, Bing himself did not appear on the

screen, but transformed into sensitively changing color patterns his "Auroratoned" voice.

The fellows never moved—so absorbed were they—but sat in awed silence, these war-bitten men. Some, restless, let Bing croon them to sleep. Others suffering from extreme depression were stimulated. I felt both vitalized and relaxed as the first Auroratone closed in a blended harmony of color and sound. Even the listless Jimmie and Ollie were energized to keen interest.

Next on the program came "The Lord's Prayer," set to music by Albert Hay Malotte and sung by John Charles Thomas. It, too, held us spellbound. As in "Adeste Fidelis," the radiant flowing colors wove in and out forming an infinite variety of plastic shapes—as if creation were being spoken or sung into existence before our very eyes.

"Intoned or Auroratoned into being!" I exclaimed involuntarily at the climax of "The Lord's Prayer." My hands were clasped in rapt ecstasy.

"Pipe down!" Pete nudged me with his elbow.

Strangely quiet was the auditorium during a short intermission before further Auroratone numbers were shown.

Presently there came the music of "Silent Night" sung by Bing Crosby, while color vistas of compelling beauty smoothed out the kinks in one's consciousness, gently removing the anxiety and strain left by war.

As that number ended, Ollie broke the spell by venturing to say to no one in particular: "Now I know what heaven must be like." He sighed blissfully.

"Yeah," nodded Art, "and just think, you didn't die to find out!"

The presentation continued. Pete and others were lulled to sleep again. Some, like me, felt thrilled and exhilarated in finding this new vision of hope, of wonder, of peace. Each person there, it seemed, was being benefited according to his specific need.

While the symphonic majesty of the "Lohengrin" Prelude stirred its subtle deep undertones into my receptive eye and ear, I made a mental note to see Mr. Kendrick afterwards. I wanted to know more about the Auroratone and its inventor, Mr. Cecil Stokes, and was resolved to write him about other possibilities in this field. For instance, why not a mechanism to reverse color into sound so that we might hear the dawn or sunset by its audible correspondences? Perhaps masterpieces of painting could then be exhibited in sound as well as color, their true sound tones creating a veritable nature symphony. Then composers, or on the other hand, artists, could produce matchless tapestries in sound-color ratio as desired.

Following this line of reasoning, it occurred to me that Kipling had no doubt heard the tympani of sunrise when his Mandalay "dawn" came "up like thunder." Oh, to hear the singing dawn; the song of sunset; the voice of blue sky! What is the emerald ocean saying? Maybe the morning stars DO sing together. Maybe dreams, too, can speak and be recorded in sound and color! Freed from the limits of mortality, my imagination took wings and soared.

Back in the ward that evening the night nurse sought in vain to find a reason for the unusual quiet prevailing. We retired to our bunks and rested quietly, not caring to whoop up the radio—which would have been a poor anticlimax to such a miraculous marvel as the Auroratone.

Most, if not all, of us felt touched by some mighty invisible hand of healing. Touched through our eyes and ears to new hope, new life, a renewed faith for the future.

"Almost touched by Mother Nature herself," I murmured softly as 9 p.m. lights-out time came. I soon dropped into relaxed, un-anxious slumber, pervaded with the floating colors of liquid

opal and rainbow-drenched waterfalls.

A tangible atmosphere of cheer prevailed in the ward the next morning. There was a complete absence of our usual fretting and fuming. Early that afternoon I busied myself in writing impressions of the Auroratone treatment in a letter to Cecil Stokes, its inventor, and also expressed my thanks to Mr. Kendrick of the Red Cross for bringing it to us. Besides reporting my own sensations I gave, as best I could observe, the reactions of the other men. Many of them summed it up in such words as "Wonderful!", "Relaxing!", "Stimulating!" All seemed to agree it was both restful and inspiring, and that they felt much happier than before.

We liked the Auroratone color therapy so well that we asked for more. So, three times a week—on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—we were exposed to the healing power of Auroratone. Many of us began to gain strength in body, to say nothing of recovering mental soundness and balance. Within a few weeks, my friends and pals were receiving their discharges from the hospital. Even the psychopathic ward was able to release certain inmates, one of whom had been a rank exhibitionist. This last mentioned patient told the nurse that through seeing the Auroratone he had been freed from all notion of the exhibitionism which had formerly obsessed him with such weird urges.

Then came the big day when Pete, Ollie, Jimmie, Art, and I all got our releases from the hospital.

"I don't know why they're letting you out, Sam," teased Art, glancing at me dubiously. "You still look like something the cat dragged in."

"Ah, g'wan," I hurled back at him. "If it hadn't been for Auroratone, you wouldn't have gotten out at all."

Little Ollie's voice trembled when the doctor finally pronounced him "O.K." and turned him over to the Red Cross for rehabilitation outside the hospital.

"Thanks, doc," he breathed. "You've been swell!"

"Well, goodbye Pete!" I said, shaking hands with him when we left the hospital grounds. He had been reassigned to another area.

"G'bye, Sam!" he replied warmly. "Don't forget to write me how you're getting along, and I'll do the same for you. Oh, yes, that reminds me," he added as an afterthought, "I just wrote my girl friend that we can get married any time she says, now. Won't she be glad to see I'm really cured of the jitters!" He smiled at the thought.

"Well, leave it to the Auroratone!" I chuckled after congratulating him. "It certainly gave us a new lease on life!"

EASTER AND THE RISEN CHRIST

(Continued from page 151)

purified brotherhood of man shall have taken over His work here on the material plane and left Him free to join permanently the heavenly choir whose celestial music built and still perpetuates our solar system and all that is therein.

Easter time! The glory of it all! The earthly manifestation of the great sacrifice of the Christ, the Lord of Love. Easter time, when the heavenly host draws very near to earth to greet the risen Lord, singing celestial symphonies of joy and thanksgiving as they bear Him upward on wings of light to the home of the Father, who joyfully waits to welcome Him again to that realm of celestial bliss.

Purple Lilacs

By MYRTLE BLASSING

The memories of countless vanished years—

*The love, the laughter and the tears
Of dim forgotten hours*

*Awaken when the purple lilac blooms,
And I catch the wistful fragrance of
its flowers.*

A Pattern for Human Life

By LEON PATRICK, D.O.,M.D.



IT is the destiny of each individual to begin life without any ability to do any particular thing well. The child kicks and squirms and rolls about. He cannot walk, cannot talk, cannot reach and grasp. He is a small bundle of nerves and muscles, all set to go places but not able yet to go.

The life process is one of mastering, one after another, certain abilities and the knowledge that is necessary in making them useful. If normal, the child soon develops from the squirming infant, helpless in everything, to the mature human being, able to run his own life and join with others in the running of their community life. It is the road of experience which every normal individual travels between the time when he comes into the world and the time he goes out of it.

Some, however, are not so fortunate. They learn to do what children can do, but are unable to do more. Their minds are fixed at the child age. As morons, they go through the years, but the years never carry them into full maturity. They die, without having lived.

Others move along the road of childhood and into youth. They learn the muscular skills and how to talk and read and write; they play games and go to parties; they recite from textbooks; they graduate from high school, sometimes from college. They are the promising young men and women who, all too often, keep on promising the rest of their lives.

Then comes a time when they have to achieve life's characteristic mastery—the mastery of a vocation. They have, in short, to learn to do something so well that through it they can be of use in the human enterprise of surviving.

They come to a place where the roads spread out in many directions: "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." They have to choose. Having chosen, they must go ahead on that particular road and not turn back. This, apparently, is the life necessity: Find a work to do and stick to the doing of it.

The ne'er-do-wells choose, but are forever turning back. Going a short distance on one road, they are certain they have made a mistake. They turn back, or they cut across fields. They get lost. They hit another road and try that. It turns out to be the wrong road. They cut across more fields, get lost again. And so on, many times, while the years pass and they get nowhere.

These unfortunates are usually neither imbeciles nor morons. They are the indecisive, the unable-to-make-up-their-minds. Something in their heredity, or in the conditions of their experience, has failed to give them the power to choose and to stick. They suffer the long defeat of doing nothing well. It is not a sharp, sudden defeat—one can recover from that—but a long-drawn-out defeat, of having nothing they can look back on with satisfaction, and nothing they can look forward to with hope.

People flounder where they have no real mastery. For two things are essential to life—self-respect and hope. Where there is no self-respect, the individual is battered by the superiorities of those around him. He has no self-assurance—nothing to give back for what he gets. He has no sense of worth, no sense that others need **him and that** he can be of use. Without a self-respecting satisfaction in something that one can do, the individual sinks to a zero.

Hope, too, is essential to life. For the human being can never completely

lose himself in the present. The days and the weeks ahead are forever peering in. Hope is the belief that the days and the weeks to come will have something in them to make them welcome. But where the individual has nothing to look backward to with satisfaction, there is little chance that he will have anything to look forward to with hope.

Self-respect and hope are made up of masteries. We may have a high opinion of our handsome face—for a time. But if our handsome face hides a brain that is useless, it is an opinion that does not last long. We may feel much satisfaction at our well formed body. But if our body is not able to do anything or make anything that people around us admire, the satisfaction turns into humiliation. We are then just "no good."

Life is a form of energy; and if we cannot energize, we get after a while the feeling that we are only partly alive.

Life, also, is a kind of contract with other people. We know well enough that we cannot possibly go it alone. We come into the world through the help of our parents. We remain in the world through the help of the innumerable acts and interests and products of our fellow men. If we enjoy life we must at least do something in return for what others have done for us.

This, no doubt, is one reason why men and women go to pieces and become neurotics, when by some accident of the business system they are out of work for any lengthy period. They are removed from sharing in the joint human enterprise. They are unable to do their bit. They see the eyes of the others regarding them, pityingly perhaps, but also scornfully. They shrink out of sight, avoid human contacts. Even though they are not to blame, even though in their hearts they know they want to do their part but are prevented by forces

beyond their control, they harbor a deep shame. They are failures, taking but not giving.

The most basic satisfaction is that of being useful. The idle person takes up more room than a dead one and is just as useless. Work is our salvation. A playboy is never a man—even though he be fifty. He is merely a hapless human parasite or, perhaps better, a peripatetic half-portion of pulpy protoplasm. The genuine human being is one who has learned the happiness that lies in useful effort and triumphing through that effort.

There is something vigorously sound about this feeling that in order to have self-respect we have to fit actively into the human enterprise. It shows how social we naturally are. Our energies

must be woven in with the energies of our fellows. We have to make our contribution, even though it may be so small that no one gives it even a passing thought. Small though it be, however, there is a glaring difference between making it and not making any at all. No one may notice the small contribution, but when our

hands are idle the whole world seems to turn reproaching eyes upon us.

Moreover, there is something steady-going about the ability to marshal our energies and concentrate them upon a piece of work. We then turn our attention away from ourselves, we lose ourselves in what we are doing. This is the healthy human way. The opposite is the sick, neurotic way. When we are forever fussing about our health or worrying about our emotions, we are on the road to the doctor's office. The healthy human way is to turn the attention away from ourselves, to get absorbed in something we can do, something that can take its place in the world, and thus be respected by our fellows. There is a psychological wisdom in the saying: "He that loses his



life shall find it." He that loses himself in a piece of work that is worth doing finds the kind of life that is wholesomely human.

I have read no end of discussions on why it is important for us to create things for ourselves. I do not know that any one of these has ever quite given the answer. I am sure I have never quite caught it myself. Yet I know from experience that life is more deeply exciting when I am trying to put pieces of it together in ways that fit than when I am simply satisfied to go my way among things as they are.

Also, I know this from experience: people who are creatively alert are much more interesting than those who are not. They seem almost to belong to a different species or perhaps to a higher level of evolution. They see not only what is but what might be; and the power to see what might be is one of the chief traits that distinguish Rosicrucian Initiates from orthodox religionists.

The Initiate's life is one of mutual understanding and service. We call for help, and we give help. The person who takes help without being willing to give it is a human parasite. The person who gives help without being willing to take it is a self-dramatizing egotist. Each of us has to be both a help-giver and a help-receiver. Life is not long enough nor strong enough for any one of us to stand aloof from his fellows and still be all that he has it in him to be. The evolution of social life points to an eventual togetherness of life, to what the biologists call a symbiosis—a living together, a mutuality of service and satisfaction, a fellowship in the real meaning of that word. This, no doubt, is the kind of social life we, as Rosicrucian students, are trying gradually to work out for ourselves.

Nevertheless, it still comes hard, for the urge is strong in us to be busy first about our own affairs, to take generously for ourselves and to give to others

only in niggardly dabs and at infrequent times. But as we note the amazing network of activities we have designed for mutual help and assistance, we see indications that we are bringing the two basic necessities of our life together—that of helping and being helped. Wherever the individual is both—a helper of someone, and willing to be helped by someone—he exhibits the genuine pattern of human life.

As confirmatory evidence that this is a desirable pattern of life, let us refer to Max Heindel's affirmation on the spirit's experience in the First Heaven (*Cosmo-Conception*, p. 114):

"Here the panorama of the past again unrolls itself backward, but this time it is the good acts of life that are the basis of feeling. When we come to scenes where we helped others we realize anew all the joy of helping which was ours at the time, and in addition we feel all the gratitude poured out on us by the recipient of our help. When we come to scenes where we were helped by others, we again feel all the gratitude that we then felt toward our benefactor. Thus we see the importance of appreciating the favors shown us by others, because gratitude makes for soul-growth. Our happiness in heaven depends upon the joy we gave others, and the valuation we placed upon what others did for us."

Since gratitude makes for soul-growth it follows as a natural corollary that ingratitude is one of the cardinal sins. The true defect is in ourselves; it is from within that the great amelioration must begin. As Thoreau points out: "There are a hundred men hacking at the branches of evil, to one who is striking at the root." Yet there is no vast mystery about what we must do to assure soul-growth and evolve. One need not be a Rosicrucian to realize that much of our present evil is rooted in our failure to practice the caritative virtues of simple kindness, brotherly love, mutual tenderness and tolerance—charity,

if you will. Next to bread, this is the food all mortals most hunger for; it is the one essential vitamin of the soul. In times of catastrophe and disaster it finds a natural expression, good to contemplate, in men's actions. Even romantic girls vote kindness first in their college polls when cataloguing the qualities they seek in a lover. Its absence makes all other prosperities valueless; its presence renders all hardships and privations endurable.

Soothing and effective as this lubricant of kindness is, how few of us pour it on the frictions of our daily lives! How few of us habitually show a kindly consideration toward the fellow humans who perform for us the hundred humble services of the day! Ask yourself frankly, what manner of humanity does *your* voice and mien indicate to the one with whom you speak? Are you, as a Rosicrucian aspirant, invariably tender and understanding, unflinching patient and long-suffering with your fellow man?

How few of us can say that in these daily contacts and inner conquests of self we are contributing our mite to a nobler generation of mankind! Yet until we begin, by individually scattering the immortal seed of kindness in the world, to make it a better place for our having lived here, we should not expect, *we should not get*, the "more abundant life" for which all men so ardently yearn.

It may sound absurd to speak of kindness in a world mad with strife, but it is significant that the greatest victim of all time—He who was crucified between two thieves—placed it first, even higher than faith, on the scroll of His teachings. This simple quality, emphasized in His Sermon on the Mount, and reiterated in His early action, has been singularly vital in the darkest periods of human grief and despair. It has pointed out the way, more eloquently than learning or statesmanship, to a more workable and less violent re-

lationship between human beings. Kindness is an eminently practical virtue, and there can be no evolution, no self-development, no soul-growth without it.

It therefore behooves us to link kindness with integrity; plant these deep in the human heart, and a new heaven and earth will blossom, not only for us but for the generations that follow after. Some of you will object that this plea is too naive, too fantastic for men to consider. Integrity, you say, is possible only to a few patrician souls, and kindness is too much to expect among common men who are struggling for food and security. I have heard all these objections before, and in moments of weakness I am tempted to listen. But in such times I gaze back at the long and winding ascent that my fellow men have already traversed out of darkness, and am filled with wonder at the panorama behind us.

If, through integrity and love, this much has been possible, what future impossibilities need be feared? If we have come thus far by reason of the strange divinity within us, may we not, impelled by the same spiritual force, generate an interest and sympathy for all mankind which shows itself in a wide and responsive sensitiveness to life?

This seems to be the point toward which all that is genuine in our experience is heading. We are not made merely to survive for our own sakes, but to survive for the better survival of our fellow men.

The images of ourselves live on. Whenever we see a person doing to another what he would like to have done to himself, we see the image of Christ. We see His image wide-flung over the world, where people gather in humble prayer or in sincere aspiration for human good.

A rational nature admits of nothing but what is serviceable to the rest of mankind.—*Antoninus*.

The Story of the Two Thieves

By GRACE EVELYN BROWN



HE thief thought continually of these words: "I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise"; these marvelous words of promise, uttered by the crucified One, as they hung on their crosses side by side; these words spoken by the soft suffering voice and accompanied by the loving sympathetic gaze of those deep eyes, which the thief had ever since felt were still looking into his.

He who had been crucified on the right of that mighty One, now stood on the brink of a softly flowing stream. He had been crucified and had died; *but here he was*, standing by the green banks and below lacy trees which formed lovely arches through which the azure sky dropped its beauty.

The landscape stretched away in undulating meadows on to the low hills of the distant horizon. Nodding blossoms were sprinkled through the grass, rare gems against their setting of waving leaves and green mosses. A beautiful light fell upon it all.

This was a strange country to the thief. He was familiar with the desert and the oasis with a clump of palm trees, but not with these strangely luxuriant trees which spread leafy branches high and low in all directions. He had heard of such trees from travelers, and had always wished to visit the distant places where they could be found, but he had never been able to do so, because he had always been so poor.

His life had been a hard one. He had never seemed to have even a chance. He had been born a slave, and when his master died it had been even worse, for then he had nothing upon which he could depend; so he had become a thief. It all passed rapidly through his mind as he stood there, carrying him along through his whole life to the time when

he had seized a loaf of bread in the market place because his child was starving. Then he had been taken prisoner and had been condemned to death on the cross.

He lived over again every vivid detail of that horrible experience. He could see again the hounding mob of men, women, and children running about the condemned trio, the sunlight falling on their clothing, their bright turbans and flowing scarves, their long loose garments or close tunics, their sun-tanned limbs, their sticks and staves. They were cheering, arguing, condemning with the ferocity of a Roman mob turning down their thumbs for the slaying of a fallen gladiator—the bloodthirsty, cruel mob.

He could recall with sharp pain the horror, terror, and anguish of it all; the climb up the steep hill under the great weight of the cross, where the mob pressed closely and hungrily to satisfy their bloodthirsty cravings as well as their curiosity. Then men nailed the three to the crosses. He could again feel the horrible pain as the nails were driven through the soft flesh. Then the torture of hanging there, growing more and more awful with the agonizing pain and the terrible thirst.

He recalled the two who had been crucified with him; the other thief at the left, whom he knew to be a desperado, avid to filch from mankind all that he desired, demanding the abundance that his avarice craved—the worst kind of a thief, knowing and heeding neither man's nor God's laws; while he himself had only demanded bread for his starving child.

And the One between the two thieves. Who was he? The words over his head said that he was "King of the Jews," but that was only a mockery, meant as

an insult to him, a taunt that he who had called himself the "Son of God" could not save his own life. Even as he hung there they taunted him with his weakness, his lack of power to prove what he had claimed, or to save the two condemned to die with him.

But in spite of all this, the thief knew that he was a mighty One, a Master, really a Son of God, really a King. Had the thief not met his gaze and suddenly been lifted high above it all? Had he not realized that this man in the center was much more than a suffering mortal body nailed to the cross? Those hours of torture had been in some mysterious way made bearable by that sublime Presence, which dominated the barren hill and the rabble that watched three men die on three crosses.

The thief recalled that the one on the left of the Master had called out to him after hearing the tauntings, and said, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us."

Then he on the right remembered that he had been filled with resentment that the other thief should ask for such a boon, and had said to him: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due rewards of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." Then he had said to Jesus: "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom." And Jesus said to him: "Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

That was the sixth hour, and darkness came upon them and upon those watching them die. There was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. Then came the earthquake with the veil of the temple rent in twain, and out of the blackness came the voice of Jesus crying: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The thief recalled that as they were released from the suffering bodies, he had remained in a state of mental agony where remorse was continually

with him, remorse that he had not been better and understood more. This continued until he emerged from a sort of "no-man's land" state of consciousness and found himself in this happy country. He did not know how much time had passed.

It was all over now—the suffering, the ignominy, the suspense, and the thief again recalled the mystic words of the Master. Paradise? What was Paradise? Was it the city of golden streets with the pearly gates, where angels with their harps sang praises to their Lord? This Beautiful Land with its flowing stream, its flowered meadows, and its marvelous sky above the lovely trees was more like what he would wish Paradise to be. There were peace and quiet here, balm for an anguished soul who had suffered much and needed time to recover, to meditate upon his past life and what its purpose could have been, and to hope for a future in which he could redeem his sins.

Where was he? How did he get here? He did not know. He had suddenly found himself here. There seemed to have been a lapse, a mysterious interim between the agonies of his death and his peaceful arrival at this beautiful place. He was himself apparently, and yet there was somehow a difference. He looked at his hands. The marks of his crucifixion were still in the palms; and yet they were not as apparent as they might have been. They were healing and would soon disappear.

This might be Paradise. He could easily believe that it was. If it were, he might be with the Master again soon. The thought was magic. He had loved the great One, and love is a magic thing. It makes a Paradise of earth, and Paradise could not be complete without it. He knew that the Master would understand that he had not intended to be evil. He had only lived a life that brought evil to him, and it had not seemed like evil but only necessity. Still he should have known what was right and what was wrong. Somehow his re-

cent experience on the cross and coming here had shown him a little clearer all that had formerly been vague and not understood. He would do better if he only had another chance. If he could only have this mercy, how he would live to show his gratitude and do so much better than he had done in the earlier life!

If only the Master could come to him in this lovely place and they could talk together as they strolled along the banks of the stream or sat beside it under these inspiring trees, the thief knew that he could understand life so much better. If he could only have known the Master when he was young—yes, at any time before the tragic end—he was sure he would have trusted God enough not to steal even the loaf of bread. He would have known that even as God feeds the sparrows, so He would feed all men. In the days before the crucifixion he had occasionally been one of those who followed the Master, and he had heard him say that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without the Father's notice. And the Master had added, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Again he thought of the Master and his teachings to the multitude—those wonderful sermons—and how the people had drunk it all in as hungry desert plants drink in refreshing rain, or as travelers drink water when they reach an oasis after long days across the desert. His life had been like that. Life is the same for all mankind, a long weary journey across a desert; but at last the traveler comes to an oasis and drinks of the Water of Life. The Master was the well in the desert, and thirsty humanity was drinking from it at last.

But what of those who seemed to have no thirst, those like the other thief who appeared to get all they wished for by stealing from others? He pondered over this. Men were so different. Some expressed so much more of the integrity and understanding that the

Master had exemplified, while others revealed so little of these qualities. The three who had hung upon the three crosses had seemed to be three types: the One in the center so glorious and powerful and understanding; the one upon the left side so lacking in all that the Master had revealed; and he, himself, perhaps much like the other thief, and yet he knew he could not have done the things that the other one was accused of doing. Why this great difference in men if they were all the sons of God?

* * * * *

Twenty years of earth time had elapsed since the thief who was crucified upon the right side of Christ Jesus had been meditating on the puzzling questions recorded above. He was still in the Beautiful Country amid the loveliest of surroundings. But his thoughts turned back to the time of the crucifixion and immediately thereafter, and he wondered where the Master now was and what had become of the other thief, the one who had been crucified on the left of Jesus, and who had railed at him on the cross.

Even as he was thus thinking and asking this question, he saw two figures approaching, clothed in white and a great light shining round them. As they drew near the thief saw that one of them was indeed the Master Jesus. That explained the glorious golden light which held them both in its radiance.

But who was the other to be so blessed in this holy communion with the Master? Could he be the other thief? Would it be possible for such as he to enter Paradise? Then he suddenly knew that the man who walked with the Master was none other than the other thief who had died upon the cross.

As they came close he saw that the other thief was the same, and yet somehow he seemed different. His appearance was more revealing of what he really was, showing a little of what he would like to become, and indicating something of what he would be when

he had been in Paradise for a long time, and was able to learn from the Master and be privileged to walk and talk with him.

Then he who saw the two walking toward him together suddenly knew that all men, even though they express so much of the selfish and evil, are only building up the power of discrimination through their mistakes, which later on will be recognized as evil and will be abandoned for better ideals. He divined that each man is good in his essence, and knew that it must be so for each is a child of God, Who is the essence of Goodness; and that evil is only mistaken attempts to express the latent Divinity living in all men.

Seeing the Master walking in Paradise with the other thief, whom he had deemed to be so evil, recalled to him that it was said of the Master that he walked with publicans and sinners. But that was the way it was with the mighty. They were so great that they could walk with the lowest and not lose a whit by it, but on the contrary, lift up and glorify those with whom they associated.

When the two reached the place where he stood waiting to meet them, he suddenly sensed the glory that was around them. And as he felt it encompass him, it seemed to enter into his very being, and he suddenly knew a great many truths that he had never even thought about until then. He felt so keenly the holy privilege of being with the Master in Paradise that he fell on his knees before him.

Presently he felt the gentle touch of the Master's hand upon his head and his blessing descend upon him, and he heard Him say: "Rise, brother." Then he stood and looked again into those same wonderful eyes that had filled him with awe, joy and promise as he had seen them across the space between the crosses, and they were even more marvelous now that they were released from that prison of human flesh that

had perished on the cross.

"Brother!" He had called him brother, and somehow he knew, even while he marveled at the joy of the word, that they were indeed brothers.

"Yes, we are all truly brothers," the Master said, "all children of the one Father. Some are elder brothers and some are younger brothers; but all are equally dear to the Father, and the younger will grow to the stature of the elder in time."

"But our sins?" the thief asked. "Will we not have to endure long years of punishment? How is it that we have escaped hell or purgatory and are now in this lovely place?"

"But you did not escape purgatory," the Master replied. "This brother whom I have brought with me to this reunion and who was crucified with me on my left, has just completed his period of purgatory and has now come to join you in the Beautiful Land. He spent what was the equivalent of long earth years in that region of purification, and as the result of the soul cleansing which he gained there he is now eligible to enter the Beautiful Land, which some call Heaven. In these higher regions there is no time such as earth dwellers experience, hence you have not sensed the passage of the years since we three hung together on the cross. In consciousness it may seem to you to have been only a day. Moreover, you yourself did not entirely escape purgatory, because you will remember that you suffered a very acute and painful remorse immediately following your crucifixion. But your repentance on the cross as indicated by your saying, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,' together with the tremendous spiritual experience which you underwent by virtue of being crucified with the Christ, the Savior of the world, erased the ethereal record of your sins and made your purgatorial life very short."

"That explains most of the questions

which have perplexed me," said the thief. "But tell me, were you really 'King of the Jews,' as the inscription above your cross said? And were you the Christ?"

"No," said the Master. "And this may be a little puzzling to you. I am the man Jesus, the Master Jesus you have been pleased to call me. The Christ was a great Cosmic Being, infinitely farther advanced in spirituality than I, and to him I gave my physical body for His three years' ministry, during which time He ensouled it and I stepped aside. He it was who was crucified between you two, although I was present as a spectator from the invisible plane. This great Christ Spirit, after giving up His life on the cross, became the indwelling Earth Spirit, and He it was who became the Savior of the world, because He so purified its spiritual atmosphere that it has been possible for mankind to go forward in their evolution ever since, which would have been impossible had He not made this great sacrifice."

And then as an afterthought, he added, "The fact that our three bodies died together on the cross made an ethereal tie between us, and that is why I came to you today, bringing with me this brother who has just been released from the purification ordeal, in order that we might have this reunion in the Beautiful Land. You two will remain here and presently proceed to higher stages, but I shall leave you and return again to the earth plane where I still have work to do. You will remain and study and work until you go forth again to learn other lessons, to do a little better, to express a little more of your Divinity. Thus it shall ever be, a recurrent going forth and returning to Paradise, until you finally go home to the Father to remain, having mastered all of life's lessons. Some will have completed them before others; but all at last will return, like sheep to their shepherd, when life's troubled dream is finished."

"Even I?" asked the thief.

"Even you," the Master replied.

"Even I?" timidly asked the other thief, he who had been so evil.

And the Master hesitated not a moment. "Even you," he said. "You have had your season of repentance, else you would not be here, and you have had the suffering that is always the result of evil-doing. The consequent purification has made it possible for you to enter here."

"Yes, Master," the once evil thief replied. "I have suffered the remorse that has burnt the dross from my soul. It may have been that I suffered for a long time in purgatory, or it may have been short. I only know that I was put in the place where I had put others, and that I felt all that they had felt from my wrong-doing, until I was repentant and purified. I am no longer as I was, but a new man born from the ashes of my former unworthy self. How I loathe the man that I used to be, and I have turned my face away from the darkness of wrong-doing to the light of goodness and right. Thus I hope to redeem my sins by the life that I may now be privileged to lead."

"You will have your chance," the Master replied. "All men will have their opportunities for growth and the attainment of purity in the limitless future until all shall become more than men, holy, supermen. In the Father's house are many mansions. There are many states of being. Each one finds himself in the right place at the right time according to his spiritual needs."

The once wicked thief sank to his knees and buried his face in the folds of his Master's white robe. It was a spotless robe, even as his own was spotless; for the record of his sins had been erased, and he was now to have a new life and a chance to become what in his innermost heart he longed to be.

The Master placed his hand upon his head and said to him: "Rise, brother; go forth and sin no more."

(Continued on page 190)

Secrets of the Rose Cross

By ALBERT E. GEBERT

(CONCLUSION)



HE next feature of the Rose Cross Emblem to be considered is THE WHITE ROSE. When we think of the color "white," the idea of purity comes to our minds. The Rosicrucian teachings inform us that the White Rose corresponds to the "heart of the Invisible Helper," and it is evident that only a pure heart can qualify as such. Consider the saying of Christ in the Beatitudes, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." All the seven colors of the spectrum are contained and form a Unity in the white light. The White Rose is also a Unity. It is the concentrated product of the Seven Red Roses—the harvest of the soul's evolution.

Centuries ago there were students of higher philosophy known as Alchemists, because they were supposed to be seeking the method of transmuting base metals into gold. What they were really attempting to do was to transmute the baser material qualities of man into spiritual qualities or values. This in substance is what occurs when the Seven Red Roses are purified and brought to a Unity in the White Rose. Then follows in due time the gaining of the formula for making the Philosopher's Stone, so earnestly desired by the aspirant. Many have tried to find the royal road to this great accomplishment, but have discovered that the nearest approach to it is the path of consecrated service. Idle hands like idle brains are apt to get into mischief, and service is a positive antidote. Without giving service, body and soul must sicken, because if we take in and do not give out, we stagnate and become as dead-sea fruit. "Freely ye have received, freely give." *Saved by Serving* is a verity

which if accepted and followed will help each earnest soul to attain the perfection it seeks.

Following the Roses on the Cross we come to the five-pointed GOLDEN STAR—a Pentagram. This part of the Rose Cross Emblem has a multitude of meanings correlated within it. There is a distinct reason why it is five-pointed, and each separate point has a reason for its existence. Taken as a whole these five points represent five Creative Hierarchies which were formerly active in our evolution but which have now withdrawn to liberation. The other seven symbolized by the Seven Red Roses, remain with us, still active in man's behalf. Of the five Hierarchies shown by the points of the star, three worked upon and with man of their own free will and without any obligation whatsoever, says the *Cosmo*. These are symbolized by the three points in the Golden Star that point upward. The two points of the Star radiating downward from the center indicate two great Hierarchies which are on the point of withdrawing.

There are seven colors in our visible spectrum, but the occultist sees twelve, there being five between red and violet. All colors are made by a combination of the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, and all are synthesized in the white. The three primary colors may well refer to the threefold man—spirit, mind, and body.

As to tone, there are seven notes in the musical scale, and five intermediate ones denoted by the sharps and flats—twelve in all.

Thus in both color and tone we have fives, sevens, and twelves, which are correlated with the twelve signs of the zodiac, the Seven Red Roses, and the five-pointed Star.

The Star is the essence of the Cross, standing back of the latter, a vital but ethereal counterpart of it. We can picture this Star as a Cross of Crucifixion by visualizing the upper point as the head, the two center points as the arms, and the two lower points as corresponding to the lower limbs; the latter not bound together as on the earthly cross, but separate and free, signifying liberation. Another meaning given to the five-pointed Star is that of the five senses. It is these that man uses to guide himself on the physical plane.

Have we hitched our wagon to a Star of small or large magnitude? It lies with each of us what the answer shall be. It depends upon whether our Star has become a "Wedding Garment." The five-pointed Star has one transcendent meaning, the "Golden Wedding Garment," to the gaining of which we should all aspire. If our soul-essence can pass the double test of virgin purity and loving, self-forgetting service to others it can become the Golden Wedding Garment, which is composed of the golden spiritualized higher ethers of the vital body.

This soul-essence is likened to the oil in the lamps of the Wise Virgins mentioned in the 25th chapter of the Book of Matthew. The account states that there were ten Virgins; five wise and five foolish. The wise ones provided oil for their lamps, but the foolish ones did not, and they all slept while awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom. He came at midnight, unexpectedly, and while the foolish Virgins scurried here and there to procure oil for their lamps, the five Wise Virgins trimmed their lamps and accompanied the Bridegroom to the marriage. And when the foolish Virgins returned, the door was shut.

Another close illustration is shown in the parable of the "wedding garment," in the 22nd chapter of Matthew. It tells that a certain king made a marriage for his son, and brought guests from the highways and byways to attend it. And when the king came in to

see the guests, he noticed a man without a wedding garment; and when the man was questioned about it, he was speechless. Then the king ordered his servants to bind the man hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness, saying: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." This parable clearly indicates that one cannot enter the kingdom of heaven like a thief in the night, but must earn his right to such union or marriage.

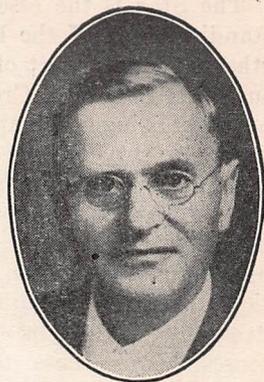
We can now see why the Seven Roses must bloom before the Wedding Garment can be worn, namely, we must become pure in heart before we can gain the spirituality necessary to weave that Golden Garment. Also, he who is thus approaching the Threshold of Heaven must fear to look back. Progress can never be made if we look back and dwell in the past, for this will keep us in old states of consciousness, Paul's advice was sound when he said: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

As we come to the last feature in the Rose Cross Emblem, the BLUE FIELD, we cannot fail to pause in silence. We seem to be entering the Great Beyond, the Glorious Forever: the unlimited field of evolution, the unfathomed domain of mystery. "The infinite Field of Blue is a symbol of pure spirit, as the blue sky is a symbol of chaos from which came forth manifestation. This is the First Aspect of Deity, the Father. Christ said that He must bring all things into subjection unto Himself and then He could hand the Kingdom over to the Father. We know little of what that Kingdom is to be or of its powers, and what little we do know comes to us through the teachings of the Son. Hence the blue is tinged with yellow and is not pure blue but more like turquoise, very translucent and full of life."

Blue is the highest of the primary
(Continued on page 191)

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings



Sex in Relation to Spirit

EACH spirit is complete in itself; it takes upon itself a male or a female body at different times in order to learn all the lessons of life, and it is only in the present stage of development that there is such a matter as sex at all.

During the stage of crystallization in the Hyperborean Epoch when man-in-the-making was plantlike the physical vehicle was like many plants in being able to fructify itself and create seed for a new body. But later on in the Lemurian Epoch when it became necessary in man's evolution that he should have an instrument of thought and another of speech wherewith to express himself, one-half of the sex force was diverted upward for the purpose of building the larynx and brain. Thus the physical body of one group of mankind retains the negative or female polarity for procreation, while another part has the positive or male polarity developed.

But it should be understood that it would have been impossible to divide humanity into sexes even for a time were not the creative energy of the spirit bipolar. This dual creative force is used in all magic, and it expresses itself as *Will* and *Imagination*, masculine and feminine, positive and negative. Whether set in motion by God the Architect of all the solar universe or by an Initiate of any degree, the process is the same and involves: *first*, the exercise of the feminine quality of *imagina-*

tion whereby the thing to be created is pictured and molded in mind stuff to the minutest detail, and forms an archetype for the thing to be created; *second*, when this work has been done it requires a powerful effort of the masculine creative force, namely the concentrated *will*, to gather and build into this archetype created by the imagination such material as is necessary for its manifestation in the world to which it belongs and wherein it is to function.

The same process takes place when an Initiate has to mold a vehicle for himself wherein he may operate and materialize when on some errand of mercy or service, or when a magician of the lower orders desires to create a flower or a similar article for demonstration. Each one must then be able to exercise the feminine function of imagination in order to mold in the invisible world the objects to be formed. The odor and everything else about it must be complete—color, shading, et cetera; then the powerful effort of will marshals the physical atoms into the places made for them in the etheric matrix, and the object is manifest in the physical world.

A similar process takes place in the creation of a new body under the present sex system. The powerful feminine imagination of the mother is necessary to mold the embryo into human shape during the period of gestation, and it is the concentrated will of the father dur-

(Continued on page 190)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

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The Power of Easter



Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.—Rom. 6:6, 4.

In the maze of life there are really only two paths, one winding among the flats and valleys where bodies rush about in a man-made world; the other strikes out for the heights where God abounds, where minds and souls may breathe, live, grow. On the heights we see the flowers and smell their fragrance, and we hear the birds sing. Is the sky bluer? Perhaps not, but the air is cleaner and our vision stronger to reach its azure depths. Here the light lingers long after the sun is set; the stars rush out, and here is the secret of Easter revealed, the resurrection made manifest. The Spirit of Love struggling anew in the heart of Nature; birds, brooks, flowers, every blade of grass is yielding gladly to Easter's gift of newness of life.

So also to the soul that is willing to surrender. Easter brings a rush of Cosmic Power that can burst asunder the bonds of boredom and human suffering. If man now through self-denial crucifies the body of sin and resolves to take the higher path, this Easter outpouring of Christ Force can literally bear him up to heights of conquest he could not have reached with his own power alone.

It may be a Jacob who, practicing cunning and deceit which prosper him in body and fortune, learns that it

robs him of rest of mind and soul. When the din of the world is hushed, when Spirit calls unto Spirit, his starved soul may make itself heard and be fed. He may, if he *will*, feel the intensified love of the resurrecting Christ uplifting him, and so rise into the greatness for which he was destined.

Or perhaps a Magdalene, disillusioned and penitent, crawls away from the pitiless world to crucify herself in solitude. Where is it? For where the stillness is most profound there it is the most eloquent. Deep calls unto deep and is heard, and the heart bowed in hopeless despair is lifted. How she is given the Word her being craves no other soul will ever know, but with tears of joy washing clean her vision she goes confidently forth again, murmuring, "A new life! Go and sin no more!" Her forgiving Lord has risen in her consciousness.

It may be a Joseph abused and struggling to forgive, incessantly conscious of the undertow of misery in his soul which resentment always creates. Or a Thomas who, while longing for life abundant, clings to the husks of doubt and skepticism, robbing himself of the sweet power and riches of redeeming FAITH.

To whom-so-ever WILL, *everywhere*, at Easter, are outstretched the Universal Arms of Spiritual Increase, ready to lift from the bogs of earth all who will to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. We cannot follow both paths. We must choose one and forsake the other. When we make the right choice the angels in heaven rejoice, and at Eastertime in particular, legions of these celestial beings reach down to help us up.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

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The Relation of Man to God

Q. Beyond consideration of man's relation to the worlds which form the field of his evolution, what must be studied in connection with his progress?

A. It is necessary to study his relation to the Grand Architect of the Universe—to God and to the Hierarchies of Celestial Beings.

Q. Are these Beings all of one grade?

A. No, they stand upon the many different rungs of the Jacob's ladder of attainment that stretches from man to God and beyond.

Q. How may we explain man's relation to God?

A. This is a task of the utmost difficulty, rendered still more so by the indefinite conceptions of God which exist in the minds of the majority of the readers of literature dealing with this subject.

Q. What meanings may be attached to the name "God"?

A. When the name "God" is used it is always uncertain whether the Absolute, the One Existence, is meant; or the Supreme Being, who is the Great Architect of the Universe; or God, who is the Architect of our Solar System.

Q. Is not the division of God into the Holy Trinity difficult to explain?

A. The division of the Godhead into "Father," "Son," and "Holy Ghost" is confusing. Although the Beings designated by these names are immeasurably above man and worthy of all the reverence and worship he is capable of rendering to his highest conceptions of Divinity, yet they are different from one another in actual fact.

Q. What is man's relation to these exalted Beings?

A. The great Cosmic Planes, scene of their activity, are states of spirit-matter which interpenetrate one another and also our own worlds, so that God and the other Beings who are mentioned pervade every part of their own realms and ours also. It is a literal truth when we say "in Him we live, move, and have our being," for none of us could exist outside these great Intelligences who pervade and sustain our world with their life.

Q. Where is the abode of the God of our Solar System?

A. Proceeding from our physical world to the finer worlds and up through the Cosmic Planes, we find that God, the Architect of our Solar System, the Source and Goal of our existence, is found in the highest division of the lowest of the Cosmic Planes. This is His world. Of the six Cosmic Planes above our own we know nothing, save that we are told they are the fields of activity of great Hierarchies of Beings of indescribable splendor.

Q. What is the origin of our Creator?

A. When we try to discover the origin of the Architect of our Solar System, we must pass to the highest of the seven Cosmic Planes. We are then in the realm of the Supreme Being, who emanated from the Absolute.

Q. Can we understand the Absolute?

A. The Absolute is beyond comprehension. No expression or simile which we are capable of conceiving can possibly convey any adequate idea. Manifestation implies limitation. Therefore we may at best characterize the Absolute as Boundless Being; as the Root of Existence.

Astrology Department

Horoscopes of Abnormality

By JESSICA STEVENS

This article shows that judging a horoscope is no cut-and-dried affair, but requires the correct balancing of many factors. Aspects that produce abnormalities in one case may entirely fail to do so in another, being offset by other elements in the chart.



THE pathology of the horoscope has always been of particular interest to me since my college days when I found myself domiciled with a roommate of subnormal mentality. At that time I tried but without success to discover in this girl's horoscope the aspect, or configuration of aspects, which indicated her mental deficiencies. Such aspects I had no trouble in finding, but whereas they produced active disabilities in her chart, I found other horoscopes with equally pronounced malefic aspects in which the outward effect was very much less severe. I asked myself, what natal astrological influences produce pathological tendencies? And I set myself to discover the reason, if it could be discerned, why such tendencies appear in actual fact in some and lie dormant in others; what the stimuli are which bring these tendencies to light.

I discovered that since physical ills have both a physical and a spiritual aspect, it is well to study the spiritual conditions in an individual's life along with the physical. It should, for example, be noted whether that which is called "living the higher life" lessens the tendency to disease shown in the natal chart, or even minimizes it;

whether the power of will is often exerted in overcoming a weakness indicated in the natal chart; and whether an individual is bound to go through with whatever suffering is indicated, and if not, what determines this in the horoscope.

I have the horoscopes of a number of abnormal people, cripples both mentally and physically, and also of people who, while normal, have eccentricities of behavior which differentiate them from the ordinary run of folk. Then there are also the horoscopes of people who from some mysterious cause have had peculiar and extraordinary experiences in life. To account for these things it is not enough to consider single aspects, either in the natal chart or by progression. There is generally a combination of aspects, a *complex*, to use the psychological term, which accounts for the condition. Thus the aspects taken alone and separately hold vastly different meanings from the same ones when found in combination with other aspects.

It is all too evident that the ideal conditions for research in this field lie in hospitals and asylums; but for the layman there is the alternative of a cooperative study with students who can

share their horoscopes having to do with pathological cases.

To the spiritual student excessive materialism and lack of spiritual belief constitute a pathological condition, and this should be shown in the horoscope. In this respect the horoscope of a certain agnostic college professor shows Aries rising, with the materialistic Mars in the 9th house on the cusp of Sagittarius, afflicting the Sun on the cusp of Gemini. Physically this teacher was slightly under medium height, with a large head having the contour of a ram's head with its curled horns, and when he walked he thrust his head forward. His whole attitude was challenging.

In another horoscope where a student had Mars in the 9th house but with Neptune on the Ascendant, the challenge of Mars occasioned a lack of faith in organized religion, but an interest in the occult. The chart of still another student with Neptune strong in the 10th house and Jupiter in the 9th indicated a very devout nature and pleasant associations in an orthodox church, also an interest shown in the occult.

Mars square Uranus in a woman's horoscope is often discussed as a sign of immoral conduct; but cases are known where the only outward effect discernible was a complex against the entire subject of marriage and friendships with men, resulting usually after years, but sometimes very early in the life, in a state of psychic disorder. In the horoscope of a young girl of madonna-like appearance, Mars being square Uranus and the Ascendant being on the cusp of Virgo-Libra, great psychic disturbance was early evidenced in the life. She became involved with a pseudo-occult order teaching

negative psychism, with the result that she became mentally unbalanced for a short period, although not seriously so. Still another individual, under the progressed square of Mars and Uranus took up the study of hypnotism. It is evident, therefore, that this aspect alone does not necessarily indicate moral misconduct. It must be considered in its relationship to combinations of other aspects to determine whether the erratic tendencies will be psychic or moral.

In the case of the mentally subnormal girl previously mentioned, her horoscope is a very striking instance of a superficially brilliant chart which in the days before the discovery of the mystery planets lying beyond Saturn would certainly have been the Waterloo of the astrologer. This girl had a twelve-year-old mentality, and when the college authorities at last discovered her condition, they were amazed that she had managed to graduate from high school. Her fine memory—for like many children her memory was very good—must have been responsible, as shown by a bril-

THE ROSICRUCIAN BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY

How can a ball of mud and mineral up in the sky affect my destiny? asks the skeptic. It *doesn't*, says the Rosicrucian; but the *indwelling Planetary Spirit* of that ball, that planet, *does* have an effect upon you. The planetary arrangement at birth is a photograph of your character, and character is destiny.

liantly aspected Mercury, conjoining Venus and Jupiter, trine Uranus and sextile Neptune. One source of the trouble is shown in Mars in Scorpio, retrograde and squaring Saturn. This college freshman had the body and the mentality of a bright twelve-year-old. She chattered incessantly. Venus retrograde in Taurus would suggest trouble with the thymus gland, with consequent prolongation of childhood conditions. In view of the fine aspects of Mercury it would seem that this case was curable, but we have no further data on the subject. Uranus opposition Neptune might indicate retardation of the activities of the pituitary and pineal glands. Probably glandular treatment could have

restored this girl to normal, but we do not know if that was ever done.

The important point about this horoscope is that a cursory study would not indicate anything of the girl's pathological condition. This was not merely a case of retarded mental development but of actual subnormality. Yet the horoscope as it stands does not indicate it. It does, however, hold out promise for the ultimate cure of the condition if the right steps are taken. Astrologers must therefore be very cautious in judging even the most brilliantly aspected horoscope. In the above case, due to well aspected planets in the 11th house, this girl was able to deceive both friends and teachers, and she must have had much help in her high school studies.

The case of the great master of the short story, Guy de Maupassant, illustrates what is generally called "insanity," but which the occultist would recognize as being something different despite physical factors involved. Mars, Venus, and Jupiter on the Ascendant gave him robust health, and in his youth he was a great athlete; but finally his health broke down and he became insane. His stories written during the period of his mental collapse prove that he had developed a low form of clairvoyance, and had become sensitive to the presence of the Dweller on the Threshold, although no records of his "visions" have been published except for what is contained in his stories. There is a type of psychism which accompanies ill health, but de Maupassant, due to his active and disciplined imagination, had evidently awakened an elementary clairvoyance early in life. When this happened he became frightened, and suffered from a terror of being alone—a common experience when the "Threshold" is approached. Without any adequate instruction in occult phenomena he accepted insanity as inevitable, and since his condition was

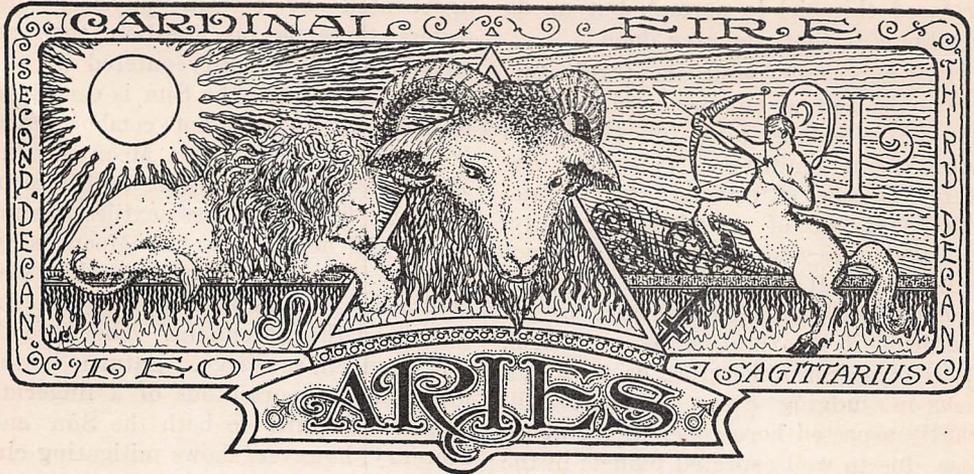
aggravated by certain physical disorders, there is no question that an element of abnormality entered in.

In his horoscope the Sun is conjoined Mercury in Leo but not combust, and both trine Saturn; the Moon in the 10th house trines Neptune in Pisces in the 6th. The Moon also sextiles Uranus in the 8th house. As the Moon is in Cancer, it shows a highly psychic susceptibility. Mars and Venus are conjoined on the Ascendant. The Ascendant is given as Virgo. Saturn in the 8th house is portentous of a lingering death. Its trine to both the Sun and Mercury, however, shows mitigating circumstances.

Like the case of the subnormal girl, this horoscope does not show at a glance any great deviation from the normal such as might be expected. No doubt the key to the mystery must be further sought in various astronomical phenomena such as the occultations of fixed stars by the Moon; the slow-moving Pluto, whose transits are important; or even meteoric showers, comets, new stars, etc., which appearing in one horoscope would be likely to miss most others, and thus signify something very special. Research along these lines is already going forward among progressive modern astrologers.

We have had one other horoscope in which psychic aspects, combined with a sensitive, highly-strung body as shown by the Ascendant, have occasioned a mental or nervous lapse. In this case the Sun was trine Neptune; but again, the planets Venus and Mars were conjoined, indicating possible emotional repressions or complexes. It is significant that Scorpio frequently is indicated in cases of psychism combined with nervous disorders, where the moral character is in general perfectly respectable.

These are only a few of the cases studied; but they serve to point a new approach to a baffling subject.



The Children of Aries, 1945

Birthdays: March 20th to April 20th.



THROUGH the sign of Aries surges the third or Activity Principle of the Creator. The urgency of this God-given power gives those with the Sun in Aries the feeling of having great possibilities in many directions. These individuals usually exhibit boldness in action, coming from a deep conviction of innate ability and strength. They are somewhat inclined to diffuse their energy over a number of objectives in life rather than confine it to one supreme object.

"I can and I dare!" might be their motto; and initiative is their dominant trait. Endowed with dynamic energy and enthusiasm, they generally possess some qualifications for leadership. Out of their abundance they infuse enthusiasm into others so that they succeed in getting things done, although their self-assertiveness and aggressiveness tend to irritate others.

Children born from March 21st to April 1st will have the Sun opposition Neptune and square Saturn. The first of these aspects tends to confer spiritual perception and bestows vision, but it is likely to create dissatisfaction with anything short of the unique or extra-

ordinary. This subtle influence combined with the obstructing effect of Saturn opposition Sun will put difficulties in the way of these children acting and living at all times as they might wish to. Much of this will be the working out in the present life of destiny created in a past incarnation. They should strive to develop the ability to evaluate justly and correctly all matters which bring them into contact with others, not allowing self interest to blind them to the common good. Neptune in unfavorable aspect to Saturn sometimes makes one the victim of fraud, so the natives of Aries born this year should exercise reasonable caution in all their undertakings. Dabbling in psychic phenomena is not desirable for them.

The children born between March 24th and April 6th will have the Sun sextile Uranus and trine Pluto. The Uranus aspect confers originality in thought and planning; it also gives an inventive trend to the mind and a deep desire to ferret out nature's secrets. Therefore many of these children will develop ability in connection with such things as electricity and the ether waves utilized in radio and similar devices, and take up a profession which follows along these lines. This aspect also gives

a liking for occult philosophy and a tendency to investigate. The trine of Sun to Pluto is favorable for group work, since cooperation is the keyword of Pluto. These children will expand along this line, and some will take part in community or national planning.

The Sun is conjunction Mercury in the case of children born between April 9th and 17th. They will have an active or even brilliant mentality, but tending to be too diffusive and lacking concentration.

From the 29th of March to the 20th of April Mercury and Venus will travel along together. The children born in this period will be endowed with a graceful expression both in writing and speaking. This aspect will also give them an instinctive understanding of what is right and fitting.

Venus sextiles Mars and Saturn from March 20th until April 4th and 10th respectively. The first of these aspects will make these children very affectionate, but there is a danger of its being carried too far and developing into license. Forewarned is forearmed. They will have good business ability and earning capacity, but they are likely to spend too freely. Venus sextile Saturn is one of the most fortunate aspects in the whole planetary range. It confers qualities of sterling honesty and diplomacy, and is favorable for success in all departments of life.

The trine of Mars to Saturn operates from March 21st until April 8th. It will make the children then born capable and efficient, possessing executive ability, endurance and forcefulness of character. It tends, however, to create a strain of hardness and lack of feeling, appearing as justice without generosity. This will work against real success in life if not overcome.

Mars opposes Jupiter from April 10th to 20th. This introduces a somewhat reckless element in the nature in connection with financial matters. The children then born should carefully

avoid alcoholic liquors, drugs, etc., as they are less able than others to cope with these things. Religious activities will afford a safe outlet for the excess energy contained in this aspect.

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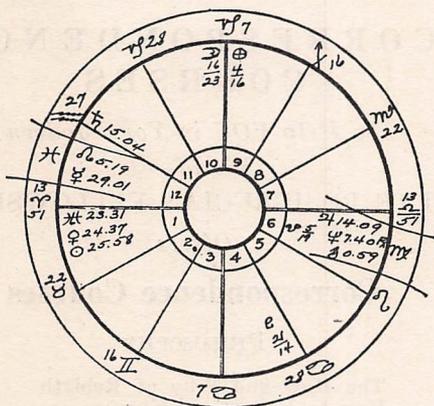
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Reading for a Subscriber's Child

CONSTANCE B. S.
Born April 16, 1933, 4:30 A.M.
Latitude 43 N. Longitude 84 W.



We notice first that Constance has the fiery and progressive sign of Aries rising, with Uranus, Venus, and the Sun all conjunct and in the 1st house. What an opportunity Constance has for the wiping out of her karmic debts by work, mental alertness, and the exercise of all her energy. Her most important lessons in life will come through this powerful configuration in Aries. Moral and religious training and adequate outlets for her vital and emotional energy **MUST** be given to her in early life, especially during the years of puberty when the desire body is coming to birth. Constance can be a fine example of the high side of Aries or she can, by lack of guidance, become wilful and lose the true beauty of her Sun sign.

We cannot stress too strongly her great inner power and the grave responsibility of her care. Under kind, just, and firm guidance she can use the power of her Sun, Venus, and Uranus to bring to the world new visions of truth, or she can be quick-tempered to the point where she will allow her Mercury, intercepted in the 12th house, the house of self-undoing, to cause trouble and confinement. We are sure that a **word to the wise will be sufficient.**

Constance has three planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune, in Virgo, the sign of service, and in the 6th house, the house of health, work, and service. It is easy to see therefore that her field of service is the medical field, where she can bring into play all the latent ability given to her by these planets in Virgo. Note that the Moon, sitting in the Midheaven, is trine to Jupiter and Neptune, which points the way to public health work with new methods involving light, color, and heat.

Saturn is in the house of friends, hopes, and wishes, which means that she must be tactful, patient, and steady to bring out the real and true qualities of this planet. Thus handled Saturn can be one of her good planets for he gives diplomacy. Saturn is co-ruler with Uranus of Aquarius. This will make her sensitive to the thoughts, moods, and feelings of others, and she will get many ideas from this Uranian influence—from the air, as it were.

Mercury in Pisces in the 12th house will make her inclined at times to be moody and want to be alone. Bright companions, pleasant surroundings, the wearing of bright, almost flamboyant colors, good music, and good books read aloud by her to others will overcome this tendency to retreat within herself when the winds of adversity blow too strongly. Proper early guidance will develop in her the will to overcome this vague Mercury influence.

In conclusion, Constance's progressed Moon is now going through the 3rd house, of which Mercury is the ruler, and it will presently be making a sextile to the three planets in Aries. This will mark a most benefic period, which should start her definitely toward the path of service, success, and also health, with a keen appreciation of all the beauties of our world, to which she will add others of her own with her advanced ideas of the New Age.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THIS PAGE is a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex,

place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 16 to 45 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.



Clerical. Social Work

RAYMOND J. C.—Born March 1, 1904, 6:00 A.M. Lat. 37 N. Long. 77 W. The majority of the planets being in airy and fiery signs indicates, first, that the native possesses clerical and literary ability, and second, that work with metals, machinery etc., would be agreeable and bring satisfactory financial results. The co-ruler of the Ascendant, Saturn, in conjunction with Venus and Mercury in the 12th house, indicates social or institutional work, directed to the helping of the unfortunate portion of humanity. Uranus, ruler of the Ascendant, in the Midheaven in Sagittarius shows an interest in and ability for psychology and mental healing. Mars conjunction Jupiter in Aries in the 1st house shows a predisposition for business management and finance, but the square of Uranus would indicate that some other field would be more successful in the end.

Art. Teaching. Decorating

JACQUELINE S.—Born July 24, 1904, 5:00 P.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. The artistic sign of Libra rules the Midheaven, and Venus its ruler is placed in Leo, giving ability in connection with the arts, music, poetry, singing and acting. Jupiter ruling the Ascendant and placed in Aries in the 4th house should give success as a home builder in the capacity of designer or decorator. Libra on the Midheaven shows ability as a dealer in connection with art goods, things that harmonize and give pleasure. Venus and Mercury placed in Leo give strong evidence of interest in and ability to teach or work with children. Jupiter trine Uranus gives executive

ability and success in connection with institutions of learning. It also gives an interest in the occult sciences.

Catering. Florist

MAE A. L.—Born May 15, 1903, 3:00 P.M. Lat. 30 N. Long. 82 W. Since Cancer the natural ruler of the 4th house, representing the home, is on the Midheaven and the Moon is at home in the 4th house, the influence of the home will be a strong factor in this person's occupation. Venus rules the Ascendant and is placed in the 10th house in Cancer, indicating exceptional artistic ability in the preparation of foods. The Sun in Taurus gives further evidence in this direction. This is all favorable for success in catering or restaurant management, also in connection with markets. The 4th house also represents land, and Venus and the Moon in the positions noted above would bring success in dealing in products of the land, for example flowers. This indicates possibilities in the florist business.

Institutional. Horticulture

PHYLLIS A. J.—Born January 1, 1929, 11:17 A.M. Lat. 47 N. Long. 12 W. Jupiter, the strongest planet in the chart, rules the Midheaven and is co-ruler of the Ascendant. It is placed in Taurus in the 1st house, trine the Sun and Saturn. This should give success in government positions, also in clerical or administrative work in banks. It gives good earning power. Venus in the 12th house in Aquarius trine Mars and sextile Saturn favors institutional and public welfare work. Cancer ruling the 5th house, the Moon in Virgo, and Mars in Gemini show ability for teaching and care of children.

Monthly News Interpreted

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Synthetic Substitute for Plasma

A successful substitute for blood plasma—known as oxypolygelatin—has been developed from gelatin by California Institute of Technology scientists, Dr. Linus Pauling, and Dr. Dan H. Campbell.

The result of three years' research, the new solution has proved successful in experiments with volunteer clinical patients, Dr. Campbell said.

It has no toxic effects and can be retained in the blood stream long enough to produce the desired effects in transfusions, he added.

Dr. Campbell does not expect oxypolygelatin immediately to replace blood plasma. He said that it would probably be six months before supplies in any quantity would be available for civilian use. Moreover, he said, there is no immediate prospect that it is likely to be substituted for blood plasma for the armed services as long as sufficient plasma is available from donors at blood banks.

Its chief function, Dr. Campbell explained, is to maintain blood pressure and volume in the same way that plasma does. Its effects are those of serum albumen, the chief protein constituent of blood serum.—*Los Angeles Times*.

If the recent laboratory discovery which has been called *oxypolygelatin* proves to be permanently satisfactory as a substitute for blood plasma in transfusions to wounded soldiers, it will eventually do away with the blood banks now used extensively for furnishing plasma. From the occult standpoint this would be a decided advantage because the Ego functions in the blood, or the heat of the blood, and can do so with complete effectiveness only in blood which it itself has manufactured. It works at a distinct disadvantage when it is required to function in blood furnished by other human beings. This, however, can be made use of in emergencies for a short time to save life.

The blood of each human being is different from that of every other individual. This is due to the fact that the crystals formed in the blood are differ-

ent with different people. The Ego forms these crystals according to its own individuality. They will have an important function later in evolution. To mix crystals from different people in the same blood stream causes a conflict which the Ego has to overcome.

Women vs. Alcohol and Drugs

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (I.N.S.)—Male alcoholics are more amenable to treatment than their feminine counterparts, Dr. E. M. Jellinek, director of the Yale plan clinics reports on the basis of a six-month experimental study.

His diagnosis of chronic inebriates showed the percentage of success was 54 percent with men and only 45 percent with women. Married patients responded better than single ones, too, he added.—*San Diego Tribune-Sun*.

The above clipping illustrates the fact, known to esoteric students and occultists, that women are more adversely affected by alcohol than men. This is also true in the case of drugs and tobacco. The chances of a woman who is addicted to any of these habits overcoming them is considerably less than in similar cases with men. The finer bodies of the human being have polarity, and that polarity in the case of men is the opposite of that of women. The use of alcohol, drugs, and tobacco has a habit-forming effect upon the desire body. Man's desire body is positive, whereas woman's is negative. Therefore she does not have as much control over the desire nature as a man does when that nature has been violently aroused by the articles mentioned above. As a result, when a woman becomes a confirmed inebriate, the chances of her rehabilitation are not nearly so good as in the case of a man. This same principle also shows the great danger which women are running in the pres-

ent age through the use of cigarettes. Bad as they are for men, for women they are much worse, and women become much more hopeless cigarette addicts than men.

A Case of Guilty Conscience

An elderly, unshaven man with narrow eyes and thin lips over tightly clamped jaws stepped off the curb at Seventh and Main Sts., Los Angeles, yesterday and touched Radio Patrol Officer W. L. Carr on the arm.

"I want to go to jail," he said.

"What for?" countered the officer.

"I killed a man, years ago, and I must tell someone about it or I'll go crazy."

At the Georgia St. psychopathy detail office the man identified himself as Mark Pappas, 60, farm worker.

Pappas said he killed S. Suffanich, another Greek, in a suburb of Charleston, W. Va., on July 21, 1919, and escaped by coming west.

"I'm getting to be an old man," Pappas said at Central Jail, "and I want to get straight with the law and everything. I felt I was in the right at the time, but the strain of keeping my secret is too much to bear any longer."—*Los Angeles Times*.

Here is a man whose conscience caused him so much suffering that he finally decided to confess to a murder committed years ago in order to obtain emotional relief because, as he said, he felt he'd go crazy if he didn't. The commission of a crime of any kind always creates thought forms which are ensouled with the emotional desire stuff of fear, hate, and other destructive vibrations. These thought forms inhere in the aura of the person who created them, and are usually added to by similar thoughts which they stimulate. Thus in time they become so prominent in his mind that they dominate his thinking and cause him acute emotional distress.

A large degree of relief can be obtained by confession because this releases the emotional force in the thought forms and allows it to escape so that it no longer produces mental suffering, or at least the suffering is greatly reduced. This shows the value of confession, and is in accord with the doctrine of the

church that "confession is good for the soul." Confession is also the foundation of psychoanalysis, which aims to release emotional tension by this means.

An Evolutionary Reversion

One out of every five cases of mental deficiency is Mongolism or Mongolian idiocy. The condition takes its name from the facial resemblance of the patients to the Mongolian race.

Mongolism cannot be foreseen or prevented. It just happens here and there, now and then, in any family. So far as we know, circumstances and influences during the course of pregnancy have nothing to do with it. Nor has the treatment of mother and child during and immediately after childbirth.

The skull of the Mongolian ament (mentally deficient individual, idiot, imbecile, moron) is round and small, the face and back of the head both somewhat flattened. The eyes slant downward and inward toward the nose.

Mongolian aments grow and develop more slowly than normal infants and never attain full normal size, though some become obese. They acquire speech late and speech is thick, guttural, hoarse. Their disposition is generally even-tempered and good-natured, but they have periods of stubbornness. They show affection, are fond of simple music, very inquisitive and imitative. They may be taught to read and write and perform simple work under supervision.—*Los Angeles Times*.

By William Brady, M.D.

The above extract from an article on Mongolian idiocy or Mongolism shows what happens when a person fails to keep up with his evolutionary class, or when he begins to straggle backward rather than go ahead in evolution. It is significant that the victims of Mongolism have a facial resemblance to people of the Mongolian race. The Mongolians, the yellow-skinned people of Asia, are in the main stragglers from the sixth and seventh subraces of Atlantis. We are in the Aryan Epoch; when a person born in an Aryan race demonstrates some of the characteristics of these Mongolian stragglers, it indicates that he is either reverting to or has never advanced beyond the Atlantean stage, and it is not merely a case of mental backwardness.

READERS' QUESTIONS

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The Dog That Killed a Child

Question:

I have just read in the paper an account of a pet dog suddenly becoming ferocious and killing a little child in Los Angeles, for which it has been condemned to die. Is this right, and are animals amenable to the Law of Cause and Effect?

Answer:

In the sense of being *morally* responsible for their acts animals are not under the Law mentioned. Should an animal jump off a high cliff, that act would produce injury to its physical body according to the severity of the fall; but there would be only the *physical* effect. The reason why the animal has no moral responsibility is that it has no reasoning power, but ordinarily acts under the direction of its Group Spirit, which direction we call instinct. That instinct sometimes instils a fear into the animal which causes it to commit acts that to the reasoning mind seem most cruel.

In the case of the dog mentioned in the inquiry, the fear instinct took the form of jealousy. This pet of five years' standing, instinctively sensed that the baby was taking its former place in the affections and attention of the parents, and momentarily reverting to its wild state, it sought to remove the child in the only way it knew how to do it. It was the old law of self-preservation that really actuated the deed. Animals have no sense of crime as they are not self-governing.

Man who has a mind with which to direct his actions thinks nothing of deliberately killing a defenseless animal for the simple reason that either he dis-

likes it or else desires to gorge on its flesh. It certainly behooves us to think twice before we condemn the acts of animals and hastily wreak vengeance on them. Guard against their ferocity and ensure self-protection, yes, but be not hasty in taking the life which God alone can give. In the case of the dog in Los Angeles, it would be wrong to kill it unless there is evidence that as a result of killing the child it has developed the "killer instinct," and might some time kill another child if its jealousy were again aroused. Something similar happens occasionally in sheep-raising sections, where a dog after once killing a sheep, develops a mania for killing which cannot be cured.

THE ORIGIN OF PHYSICAL DISABILITIES

Question:

I do not understand why there is so much sickness in the world. Almost no one seems to be free from some sort of ailment. What is your explanation of this condition?

Answer:

The following is the teaching given out by the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order on this subject: If a person lives a clean life, endeavoring to obey the laws of God, and striving earnestly for truth and righteousness, he will create about him thought forms of a corresponding nature. His mind will run in grooves that harmonize with truth, and later, in the Second Heaven, when the time comes to create the archetype for the physical body which he will use in his coming earth life, he will readily, intuitively, by force of habit from his past life, align himself with the forces of right and truth, and these lines of force, being built into his body,

will create harmony in his new vehicles; health will therefore be his normal portion in the coming life.

Those, on the other hand, who have in the past life taken a distorted view of things, displayed a disregard for truth, exercised cunning, extreme selfishness, and disregard for the welfare of others, are bound in the Second Heaven to see things in a distorted manner also, because of their habitual perverted line of thought. Therefore the archetype built by them there will be quite sure to embody lines of error and falsity, in consequence of which, when the physical body is brought to birth, it will exhibit a weakness in various organs, if not in the entire bodily organization; and sooner or later this weakness is bound to manifest in some sort of disease.

The above has to do with the health or disease tendencies which we have brought over from the preceding incarnation. In addition, right now in the present life we are either obeying the laws of God and nature, which results in health, or we are disobeying these laws and thereby setting up inharmony in our various vehicles, which manifests in disease.

When mankind learns to see right, think right, and act right, all in harmony with truth as it really is, then disease and sickness will cease to manifest in the physical body.

THOSE TROUBLESOME SUNSPOTS

Question:

A student asks if there is any connection between sunspot activity and troublous times in the world's history; the inquirer having noted that unusually disturbing conditions seem to occur whenever that activity is greatest.

Answer:

Although we have answered a similar question in our Magazine once or twice before, we will again give a brief answer, as several interesting facts are involved:

Sunspot activity is caused by the inbreathing and outbreathing of the Crea-

tor of our solar system, whose physical vehicle we designate as the sun. When the outbreathing of this great Being occurs it carries with it the life of God, which imparts His vitalizing, fructifying qualities to all that exists within our solar system. On our mundane sphere we see it manifest in pleasant, sunny weather, in good crops which the revitalized earth is able to produce, and in healthier, happier people, who are inclined to be more amiable and kind.

This outbreathing, lasting approximately five and one-half years, is followed by an inbreathing requiring an equal length of time. When this great cosmic breath returns to its source, it is laden with the miasma of the sorrow, suffering, failure, hatred, and despair of the various beings who are struggling through the process of evolution on the planets and moons.

While the inbreathing is going on and this specialized life of God is being gradually withdrawn from the various parts of the solar system, we may notice failure of crops, extreme cold, and all manner of added discomforts, which generate in humanity ill feeling, brooding, and general discontent. Feeling these distressing conditions and not knowing the cause, people begin to criticize, blame, distrust, and actually hate one another; and after a time the feeling engendered begins to crystallize into a definite thought form, animated by a desire for revolt which may force changes.

During the five and one-half years of inbreathing the sun alchemically transmutes the poison of passion, envy, pride, lust, hate, et cetera, into pure love and life force, and later returns these to the various planets of our solar system. It is while this alchemical transmutation is taking place that the sunspot activity occurs, the spots being the physical manifestation of the alchemical process. We are now in a period of outbreathing which started about January 1, 1940 and will end approximately July 1, 1945.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

• • •

What Is Basic to Health?

By JAMES FRANK, A.B., N.D.

The following article brings out the important information that health depends primarily upon ridding the mind and desire nature of sensuality, hatred, fear, and similar discordant vibrations. Only then can physical methods produce lasting health.



IN the minds of most Americans the welfare of the human body is surrounded with large question marks. Why does man succumb to illness? is a question on the lips of everyone.

The writer has heard it expressed *ad nauseam* by those who should know better that all one need do to restore himself to normal health is to change to a natural dietary (preferably raw food), behave himself externally with decorum in matters sexual, with ambition in matters calisthenic, and with moderation in following all natural habits, and the body of this sick one will, presto, by the inherent laws of the human body itself return to full health and strength. But this is not even a half-truth.

These fixated minds (there are many in every field of knowledge) give the general public the further impression that food reform is basic to all other reform on the face of this earth. They claim that if we can only get enough people to follow a certain (usually the raw, vegetarian) dietary, wars will cease, financial depressions will stop recurring, men will refrain from beating their wives!

Now, let's keep the record straight.

The writer himself is not only a vegetarian (and has been for many years) but is a firm believer in the wholesomeness of unfired, unrefined, natural food. However, he does not believe that food reform is *basic* to all other reforms on the face of the earth. He has yet to see any man or woman become more humane or kindly through the adoption of a more natural dietary. Men become more humane, gentle, and kindly only through a sincere heart searching and mental purification brought about through years of quiet suffering. The fiery furnace of mental and physical suffering consequent upon and necessary to wrong moral behavior (for this is a moral universe) must alone be credited with bringing about the change of heart and purification of the individual.

Briefly the procedure is this: first, a man suffers; then he thinks and reasons; then comes a change of heart; then comes the adoption of better habits of living, including a more sensible dietary. The wisdom of the ages proclaims loudly down through the corridors of time that men do not adopt a pure dietary until they themselves have become at least partly purified through suffering, until they have been com-

pelled by the moral power of Nature to cleanse and empty their minds and hearts of evil.

No man *once and forever* changes his dietary until he has changed the condition of his soul. Does this sound like moral preachment? It is! Among others, James Allen makes it very clear that "change of diet will not help a man who will not change his thoughts. When a man makes his thoughts pure, he no longer desires impure food." He also says, "Clean thoughts make clean habits." Can you, dear reader, create clean habits out of any other "stuff"? If not, how do you expect a natural dietary (from which you will deviate time and again) to reform your life?

This is merely a *caution against expecting miracles* in your life from a change of dietary alone. It is also a warning that each and every one, especially those afflicted with severe pathology, do some real heart searching and thought cleansing if they expect to get well and *remain so*. A change in dietary is all right if it is accompanied by a change of thought. Without a change of thought-habits the patient will find that time and again his body will revert to its old tricks and ailments.

Not food reform but what is basic to food reform will reclaim this troubled world. Food reform is only another of the many changes which are logically destined to follow in the wake of mental, moral, and heart reform.

The experience of the writer has revealed to him that very few remain on a natural dietary after they have left his care. Those who continue to live hygienically are usually the better thinkers among the "patient-mass." In their cases there has been the *requisite change of heart* necessary to thoroughgoing reform.

The better world to come will be peopled only by such!

Deprive the mind of its malice, hatred, envy, and sensuality and you are *bound to gravitate by the pure inner law of*

your natural being to all that is pure in the social, political, religious, and *hygienic* departments of human life.

There is a law of Nature which makes it impossible for the clean thinker to go downward or the sensual thinker to go upward. "The universe does not favor the greedy, the dishonest, the vicious, although on the mere surface it may sometimes appear to do so; it helps the honest, the magnanimous, the virtuous." "Man has but to persist in making himself more and more virtuous by lifting up his thoughts" to find himself gradually gravitating to food reform and a more humane and sensible dietary.

The law still holds that all reformation must start from within. Health and growth are always from within outward. Nothing can change this eternal order of things!

WRITERS!

(BOTH EXPERIENCED AND AMATEUR)

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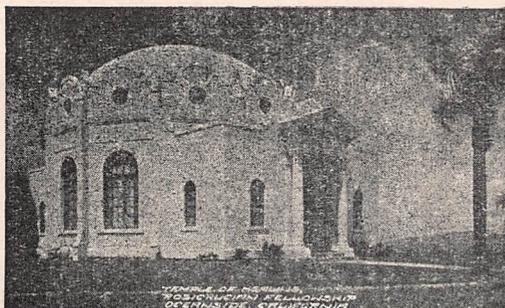
Astrology—articles and fiction from a scientific and constructive viewpoint. Not prediction.

Philosophy—technical, occult or mystic slant—both articles and stories. Must not conflict with Rosicrucian philosophy.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.



HEALING

Founded on the Admonition of the Christ to Heal the Sick

BUILDING A PERFECT BODY

To the enlightened ones Easter brings a keen realization of the fact that all humanity are pilgrims on the earth, that the real home of the Spirit is in the heaven realm, and that to reach that realm *all should endeavor to learn the lessons in life's school as quickly as possible* so they may be able to look for the dawn of a day that will permanently release them from the bondage of earth. To the illumined ones Easter symbolizes the dawning of a glad day when all mankind as well as the Christ will be permanently freed from the cramping confines of materiality, and will ascend to heavenly realms to become pillars of strength in the Father's house, from which they shall no more go out.—*Mystical Interpretation of Easter.*

One of the lessons in life's school is to learn the proper care of the physical body so that the Spirit, or Ego, may have a vehicle that will not hamper its self-expression. Those who apply for spiritual healing *with this in mind* will obtain the aid of the Invisible Helpers to restore their bodies to a condition of health. Having received this, if they will in the future live according to the laws of God and of Nature both on the physical and the mental plane, they will go on steadily toward the goal of having a perfect physical body that will be the ideal expression of the Ego.

There is a great need at the present

time for prayer and concentration to go out as a healing power. Therefore we enlist the aid of our friends and patients in joining us in concentration every evening at 6:30 (by their own clock) when we hold our Healing Service in the Temple pictured above. When doing this relax, close your eyes, and make a mental picture of the pure white Rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Temple, and concentrate on *Divine Love* and *Healing.*

In addition, on the healing dates given below, when the moon is in a cardinal sign, healing services are held in the Pro-Ecclesia.

March	8—14—21—28
April	4—11—17—24
May	2— 8—14—21—29

* * *

Michigan, December, 1944.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Healing Dept.
My dear Friends:

This is Susan's healing letter which she usually writes herself, but I am doing it today as I want to tell you how much we appreciate your great kindness. She is so well and healthy that she is actually getting *fat*—right in the middle of a Michigan winter! She has had one cold which cleared up almost at once and one stomach upset which cleared up in a day or so. *Only these two little illnesses instead of weeks in bed at a time.* Furthermore she and I are so happy to have found someone she can turn to all her life no matter where she is or what her circumstances. Although she is only eight, she has learned a

wonderful lesson and so have I. Thank you again and again.

Sincerely,
—Mrs. B.H.L.

Texas, January, 1945.

Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Department of Healing,
Dear Friends:

I must say that I haven't had a bad spell of asthma since I wrote you. Thank God and your staff and the Invisible Helpers.
—Mrs. C.E.

Do You Want to Regain Your Health?

HEALING THE SICK is one of the departments in which the Rosicrucians specialize through their system of healing by the ministrations of the Invisible Helpers. The Helpers work on the etheric body of the patient, principally at night while he is out of the body in sleep. We shall be very glad to give anyone who is sick the benefit of the assistance which we can render along this line. The patient establishes connection with the Invisible Helpers by writing a weekly letter to Headquarters. He is also given supplementary advice on diet, exercise, etc. This department is supported by free-will offerings. If you are sick, and if you are interested, address,

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

Horoscopes for Subscribers' Children

If you would like to avail yourself of a possible opportunity to have your child's HOROSCOPE delineated in this department, subscribe to this Magazine for one year, and accompany your subscription with an application for a reading. RENEWALS count the same as a subscription. Readings are given for children up to 16 YEARS of age. They include a general character, health, and vocational analysis.

ONE name only is drawn each month, but this gives you twelve opportunities a year for a reading. Note particularly, however, in order to AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, that due to the large number of applications, the chance of any particular name being drawn is unavoidably quite small. Be sure to give: Name, Sex, Birthplace; Date Hour, and Minute of birth, as nearly as possible. Also particularly state if *Daylight Saving Time* was in effect.

NOTE: We neither set up nor read horoscopes anywhere EXCEPT in this Magazine.

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

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Children's Department



"China Pig"

By LILLIAN CRONE



THE curly yellow head of three-year old Faith was bending over the box in which she had put a tiny crippled chicken to bed on the back porch. She was covering it with a doll quilt, and was softly singing a nursery song to it when she heard her name spoken. She stopped singing to listen.

It was Mother, saying something about her to Father while they lingered at the kitchen table after lunch.

"I really am worried about the way Faith wanders away so much after the squirrels," Mother was saying. "I missed her and hunted for her in the woods a long time yesterday. She may get lost some time or meet with some animal which is not as friendly as the the squirrels and chickens." Then Mother sighed deeply.

"But I am sure nothing would attack her," replied Father. "Animals never are unfriendly unless they fear someone. And who would fear such a harmless baby as Faith?"

"You surely don't think I will let her go into the woods alone to prove that notion of yours, do you?" asked Mother.

When first the Stewart family came to their summer cabin in the mountains, Faith was busy with the chickens Mother raised, and spent most of her time mothering them while they were tiny and fluffy. But now they were feathering out and let her know they

were quite eager to live their own lives in their own way. It was impossible for her, or even the old hen, to keep them together any longer as a family except when a little cripple needed special nursing.

It was then that Faith decided there were other interesting animals all about in the woods. Chipmunks and squirrels called at the chicken yard at feeding time, and frisked about on the grass in the yard or chased each other from tree to tree.

Faith tried to feed them as she had done with the chickens, and in time they learned to take food from her hand; but they ran off with it to hide it or eat it at a safe distance. She wondered where they lived; so she often followed them far from the cabin and away among the trees into the forest.

That night there was quite a noise in the chicken house, and in the morning Mother reported there were scattered feathers lying about and a very strong odor.

"I fear a very unwelcome guest has been helping himself to our chickens," hinted Mother, giving Father a knowing look.

"Perhaps a tight wire fence around the lot would be a good thing for two reasons: to keep out unwelcome visitors, and also to keep our little girl in more closely," suggested Mother to Father.

"I'll attend to it as soon as I can get

the wire in town," promised Father.

The next morning while Faith was playing on the porch, she heard noisy squawking among the chickens running about at the edge of the woods. Mother was busy baking bread and raspberry pie, and Faith decided not to disturb her.

Brother Ted had gone with Father to the deep woods to cut posts for the new fence, so there was no one else to see about the noise among the chickens. That is why Faith decided to do it herself.

She crept off in the direction of the sound very softly. As she got to the place from which the startled chickens had run, she saw a furry animal, glossy black with a wide white strip along its back, running away with a squawking chicken in its mouth.

Faith hurried after the thief as fast as her feet would carry her, along the path through the woods, down to the creek and onward, calling as she went, "Kitty, bring back my chicky! Don't you hear me? Bring it back!"

But the animal did not seem to want to hear the little girl, and Faith followed it farther and farther. As she pushed her way through the bushes, she saw a broad, sandy beach without shrubs or brush on the opposite side of the creek. Behind the beach rose a cliff of stony soil, covered with shrubs and blooming flowers. And at the base of the cliff was an opening about two feet square.

The furry animal Faith was following skipped across the creek, then ran straight toward the hole in the cliff and disappeared into its darkness, still with the chick in its mouth.

Without hesitation Faith waded across the shallow creek after the animal. She peered into the cave, but it was quite dark inside, except for several shining eyes that seemed to be peering back at her. "Kitty!" she called into the cave, "bring out my chicky!"

(Concluded next month)

WORKERS WANTED at Mt. Ecclesia

PRESSMAN

To operate cylinder and job presses. A man with a fair degree of experience is desired. A member or student of the Fellowship preferred, but all applicants will be considered.

ASSISTANT TO MANAGING EDITOR

To help in editing copy for the Rosicrucian Magazine and other publications, writing magazine and advertising copy, and proofreading. Applicants must have a good general education and be particularly well qualified in English composition. Thorough familiarity with the Rosicrucian Philosophy and Astrology required, as all the work deals with these subjects. Only a Probationer, or one about to become a Probationer, can effectively qualify.

SPANISH SECRETARY

Must be capable of handling Spanish correspondence, including typing and the ability to translate from English to Spanish and Spanish to English. A working knowledge of the Rosicrucian Philosophy is essential; some knowledge of Astrology desirable but not required. Probationers preferred, but others will be considered if they are earnest Christian students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

NOTE:

Compensation in above cases includes room at beautiful Mt. Ecclesia, meals in Cafeteria, and a small salary. Many community activities, including evening classes, are among the advantages of a position at Headquarters. In replying please state age, past experience, and qualifications in general.

Address:

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

MT. ECCLESIA NEWS



HE speaker before the Rotary Club of Oceanside, California, on February 16th, was Dr. Leon Patrick, physician in charge of Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium. "A Better Day's Work" was the topic of his address, which was devoted to giving what he called "the formula of the good life." He ended his address with the following inspiring message, which we quote from the *Oceanside Blade-Tribune*:

"Abandon yourself and your daily life and its small comforts and amusements to what you really want—and you will get it. Lose yourself in your heart's desire—and it will come to you. And when you get it, move on to something better. Fix your heart and your life on something still higher, and that too shall be yours through a better day's work."

The great demand of students and of those seeking the light of the Western Wisdom Teachings recently exhausted the stock on hand of the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. Since then, however, we have received from the printer 11,000 new copies, 19th edition, and are now able to fill all back and present orders.

Six new lessons were recently added to the Supplementary Philosophy Course. These deal with Max Heindel's occult interpretation of the opera *Faust*. Since January 1st they have also been available as a short separate course. These lessons are meeting with unprecedented popularity, for to date (January 25th) almost 100 students have been enrolled for this fascinating series.

Anyone visiting Mt. Ecclesia will freely admit that the Front Office is a center of specialized information and activity. This very necessary department is efficiently managed by the Receptionist, who is the willing and cheerful dispenser of eagerly sought information about the various departments and

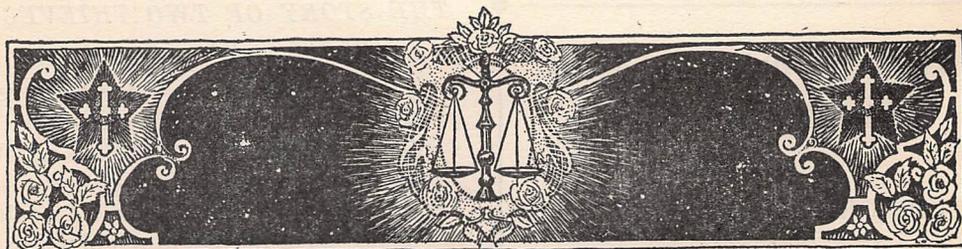
details of Headquarters. Every day she receives letters from grateful friends who once upon a time were "just visitors" at Mt. Ecclesia.

A glance through the 1945 edition of our catalogue will cause one to realize how far-reaching is the work of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. Many of our publications are printed in Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish; also the Philosophy and Astrology Courses are issued in Dutch, Spanish, and French. Not listed in the catalogue, but loaned free and always at the service of the blind, is the Braille edition of the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*.

Visitors to our Sanitarium must not fail to ask for a color demonstration in the Color Room. Witnesses will be convinced beyond doubt that there is vibration in color.

The Circulation Department of this Magazine reports the addition of 164 new names to its list of subscribers during the 30-day period between December 25, 1944 and January 25, 1945. We are glad to note this evidence of the increased usefulness and popularity of our Magazine.

The unexpected passing of the son of one of our Headquarters workers, Mrs. Edna P. Walling, occurred recently. After many months of active service in the South Pacific he had returned safely to these shores for a brief rest, only to be whisked away into the Great Beyond through the medium of a fatal automobile accident. Some days later Mrs. Walling was again called, this time to the bedside of her brother, whom shortly afterwards she had to bid a last farewell. Our deep sympathy goes out to our sister in this double trial, but we realize that she has the great consolation of knowing about the Divine Plan behind all destiny as that Plan is revealed through the Teachings of the Rosicrucians.



Center and Study Group Activities Of The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

"I am very pleased to be able to report," writes Viola M. Cooper, secretary, "that a number of Probationers have been able to arrange a meeting early in the evening on the nights on which we hold our Philosophy meetings. We ask your prayers that this may be the foundation of regular meetings for this purpose. . . . Interest in the Teachings is still keen, as evidenced by the steady demand for Fellowship literature. The interest is particularly keen in Christchurch, and students there have expressed a desire for a visit if I can arrange it. So I hope to manage a trip down, at which time the possibility of commencing a Study Group will be gone into."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Miss Edna Schnell reports for this Center that a member, Mrs. Maloney, writes an article during the week on various topics in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, and reads it at the Sunday evening service. The articles are *very good*, the secretary reports. Recent subjects were the Desire Region, Purgatory, and First Heaven.

CALGARY, CANADA

Our latest report from the secretary here is filled with the glow of Christmas. The annual Christmas tree was much enjoyed. This Center's schedule of meetings is a full one, with weekly ses-

sions for Philosophy, Astrology, and Healing, in addition to the regular Probationers' meetings. Sunday evening attendance continues to be good.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Considering the outside activities of our friends, we are glad to maintain our present average attendance," writes our correspondent. The members gathered together on January 6th [the anniversary of Max Heindel's passing] to join "in fellowship and friendliness."

NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C.

"Steady interest shown," writes R. D. Golman. "We are now reviewing the *Cosmo* by means of questions contained in the Correspondence Course [Philosophy], and we find this an excellent way to encourage all the students to give their own interpretation of the lessons and clarify any difficulties they may have. This class has been through the *Cosmo* three or four times, and is now beginning to put the pieces together. We now have an astrology class also."

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Miss Charlotte Huber writes: "We have managed to maintain our room and meet every week, when not forced to be absent because of working conditions, hoping that others would be attracted to our study group. We have been giving particular attention to healing meditation, and sending out thoughts of Love, Light, and Peace."

You Are Invited to Attend

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Calgary, Alta., Can.—1536 15th Ave. W.
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Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220
 Huron Road, Room 916.
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 163 Glenholme Ave.,
West Hill, Ont., Canada.—Next to Bowling
 Green.
Vancouver, B. C.—Rm. 112, Williams Bldg.,
 Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship World Headquarters

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

THE STORY OF TWO THIEVES

(Continued from page 165)

"I do not wish to sin," the thief replied. "I did not understand, or I would have known that the things which I took from others were not of any real value. They were but dross. I could not bring them here, nor would I have wished to do so, had I had even a glimpse of this beautiful country. I only brought to that grey and terrible purgatorial place where I lingered before coming here the loss, the grief, and the suffering of all those whom I had wronged and all that they had had to bear because of my sins."

"When you return to earth," the Master said, "your soul will remember all these experiences even if your mind does not recall them. And so when you are again tempted, you will not fail as you did the last time. All is good, even the crucifixion or it would not have been permitted; no evil exists but to teach a lesson. Death takes us out of our sinful lives, out of earthly turmoil and limitation, to free us and give us a new start. Thus the world grows gradually toward God and holiness."

As he ceased speaking he placed his arms around the shoulders of the two, and they all entered into a holy union of each one's spirit with that which is Divine. The glory of Paradise surrounded them, that hidden glory in the hearts of all men, budding in some and blossoming in others, the light of the Divine Spirit of God.

SEX IN RELATION TO SPIRIT

(Continued from page 168)

ing the moment of sex union which gives the needed impulse and furnishes the motive power required until the Ego is able to begin its own work. It should not be forgotten either that humanity is still bisexual so far as the physical body is concerned, for though one sex is developed to completion, the other remains latent.

SECRETS OF THE ROSE CROSS

(Continued from page 167)

colors, and we often hear the expression "true blue" in denoting sincerity in all relations of life. The blue sapphire typifies wisdom, and the turquoise, fidelity. A pale blue aura surrounding a person denotes a nature that is aspirational and gentle. Blue is the universal sedative, and has a beneficial effect in cases of overexcitement. To look into the blue sky is indeed restful. We think of it often as the place of heaven where the soul will finally rest; and although we may realize that heaven is a state of consciousness, we visualize it as a state of rest and peace.

Followers of the Rosicrucian teachings should give the Rose Cross Emblem their earnest and sincere consideration in order to get the full advantage of its uplifting power. It should be placed on the wall in a quiet place, preferably one where the aspirant usually goes for meditation and prayer. In time the vibrations around that place will make it virtually a "holy of holies." Sit in a relaxed position and gaze upon the Emblem, mentally considering each of its features, starting with the Cross, then the Roses, the Golden Star, and the Blue Field. Consider the meaning of each of these elements, leading up to the final height of meditation—the Blue Field, wherein lies the Ultimate. And let us keep in mind Max Heindel's words in referring to this most wonderful Emblem: "*It Contains the Key to Man's Past Evolution, His Present Constitution and Future Development, together with the Method of Attainment.*"

Erratum:

In the February issue of this magazine, page 75, it was stated that the angle between the Ecliptic and the Earth's Equator is 23° 37'. This should have been 23° 27'.

Groups in Other Countries

AFRICA

Kumasi, G. C.—Ben T. Vormawah, Box 69.
Kaduna, Nigeria.—c/o P. A. Fragoso,
 P. & T. Wireless Station.
Lagos, Nigeria.—P. O. Box 202.
Obuasi, G. C.—P. O. Box 43.
Sekondi, G. C.—P. O. Box 224.
Takoradi, G. C.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

ARGENTINA

Buenos Aires—Carabobo 836
Buenos Aires—San Nicolas 267.
Rosario—Calle Santa Fe, N. 2450.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N.S.W.—2 Cronulla St., Carlton.

BELGIUM

Brussels—74 rue Stevens Delannoy.

BRAZIL

Porto Alegre.—Rio Grande del Sur, Rua Santa Ana 303.
Rio de Janeiro.—Flamengo Rua Senador, Correa 62, Apto. 301.
Rio de Janeiro—Rua Costa Bastos, 74. Sta. Teresa.
Sao Paulo.—Rua 24 de Maio, 534° Andar.
Sao Paulo.—Caixa Postel 2994.
Sao Paulo.—Caixa 3551.
Sao Paulo.—Rua Sena Madureira 472.

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Antofagasta.—Casilla 365.
Santiago.—Calle Dominica 25.
Valparaiso.—Casilla No. 3100.
Vina del Mar.—Acon., Arlegui 1124.

CUBA

Havana.—San Francisco 473, Vibora.

ENGLAND

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London.—39 Cleveland Sq., Bayswater W. 2.

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Mérida, Yu.—Calla 41 No. 496.
Mexico City.—Apdo No. 1680.
Mexico City.—San Luis 192-B.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—3 City Rd., Auckland C. 1.

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Asunción.—Louis Alberto de Herrera, Republica Francesa.
Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon.—Sr. Francisco Marquez Rodriguez, Rua Alves Correia 39-1°.
Lisbon.—Villa Nova de Gaia, Aven. da Republica No. 1222.

URUGUAY

Montevideo.—Galicia, 2133.

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- Bellingham, Wash.—W. C. Orrill, 1237 State St.
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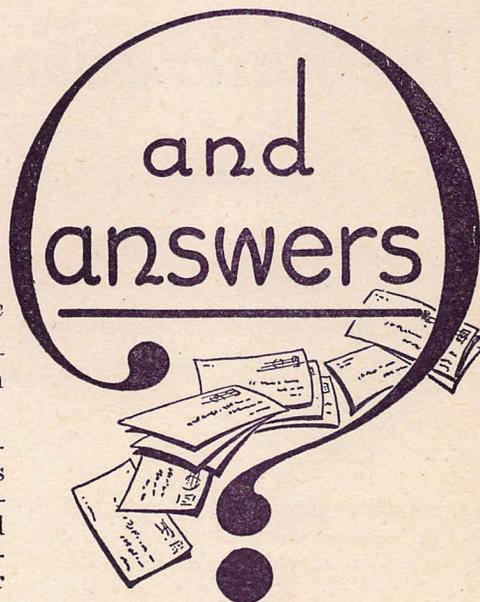
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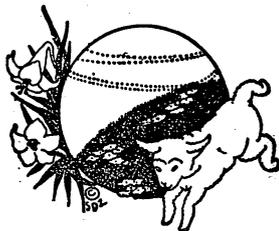
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