



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

*Rays from
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES

Trouble—The Master Refiner

The Creative Word

The Kingdom of Pan

Astro-View of Heredity and Disease

JULY
1945

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By MAX HEINDEL



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The
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MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

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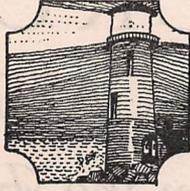
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Not Mine Alone

By DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

When I have been victorious
Against a strong temptation's power,
The conquering is not mine alone
But to the world I leave a dower.

For I am one with all, and I
Feel with my brothers in their strife;
In overcoming I send out
Vibrations for a better life.

It helps in places all unknown
To me; perhaps a harried soul
Receives the very strength he needs
To aid him toward a longed-for goal.

My overcoming may inspire
Some brother, weak, about to fall,
And though he knows not whence it came,
That power may be an answering call.

Dear Father, help me realize
I send thought force unceasingly;
May it reflect but love and truth,
A channel for Thyself through me!

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Trouble--The Master Refiner

By JOSEPH DARROW

THE DAY has come and gone. The cruel and disastrous war in Europe has been finished. The hates and passions generated in the course of that titanic conflict have begun to subside, and we are starting to recover from the trouble it brought us. To the modern seer this was first noticeable on the invisible plane, in the region called the Desire World, which is the realm of emotions, passions, and desires. Wars always start in the Desire World, before their material counterpart appears here below and, conversely, wars end on the invisible plane before the fighting stops in the physical world.

To be sure, there is the Japanese problem yet to be solved, but that will be accomplished in due time in accordance with the ruling of the Lords of Destiny, who determine the fate of nations as well as that of individuals, in accordance with the karma or "ripe destiny" involved in either case, which has been created by themselves.

Now that the world situation is improving and people have time for other things than fighting, it might be a good time to look into this matter of trouble in general, and analyze it in the light of philosophy to determine whether in reality it is a friend or a foe. If it is a friend, of course it is a friend in disguise, because no matter how philosophical we may think we are, it is rarely that we develop enough poise to recognize, at the time, the friendly aspect of trouble.

Elsie Robinson in a recent issue of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, in her column entitled "Listen, World!", demonstrated that she was a philosopher in her handling of the subject of trouble. We quote:

"In trouble? Some sudden, bitter blow?

"Lost your job . . . or your reputation . . . or cruelest of all, the one you loved? And you don't know how you can bear it? For it's so much worse than you thought it would be? You weren't prepared.

"Oh, of course, you'd seen plenty of trouble. Seen it come to other people. Tried to imagine how it would feel if it came to you. But you never imagined—*this!* For it isn't the pain and the shock—you expected that. It's something that demoralizes you worse than any pain. It's that feeling that you're out of the game—that the other fellow is holding all the face cards.

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“And what’s the sense of it? That’s the thing that bites deepest . . . the futility of it all. If only you could turn your suffering to some account. But you can’t. For what’s life worth when you’re stripped?”

“The futility of it all,” says the columnist, is the thing that bites deepest. Why was the world constructed with so many possibilities of things going wrong? What’s the real use, anyhow, of a world that’s filled with such things as war, crime, and trouble? Did the Creator actually do a good job when He made the archetype of this world, and later materialized it and peopled it with human beings? Questions of this sort can only be answered through a knowledge of the higher philosophy.

From esoteric sources we learn that the world was created by the God of our Universe for the purpose of bringing about *an expansion of His own consciousness*. This was to be done through a multitude of virgin spirits which He differentiated within Himself. These virgin spirits are ourselves and the beings on the other planets. Through the processes of evolution, the struggles and troubles of life, we expand our individual consciousness, and the collective effect of this becomes an expansion of God’s consciousness. In view of this explanation, would you say that a life saturated with trouble is worth while? Miss Robinson thinks it is. Here is what she says:



“Life’s worth plenty to those who have gone through the mill. It’s worth as much, if not more, than it is to untroubled folk, if you have the grit to go after its values. Grief can make your life richer, stronger, warmer, as surely as gladness. God can make the balance good. But remember this—He isn’t going to hand you all this enrichment automatically, as a consolation prize. People don’t get rewarded, by either God or man, just because they’ve had a run of bad luck.”

The phrase quoted above, “grief . . . and gladness,” is the key to the situation. A life that is built upon the contemplation of grief doesn’t amount to a great deal, but if we can transmute that grief to gladness, a gladness which is real and not imaginary, then we have done something. We have made a success of a life that otherwise would have been a failure. There are several factors involved in the transmutation of grief to gladness, working from the base material of trouble.

The first of these is the gradual recognition of the fact of the unity of all life. Trouble mastered makes the individual more compassionate toward the troubles of others because he instinctively feels his unity with them. Thus he becomes a better server in the universal work of helping humanity climb slowly upward to the heights. The person who

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

never has had any trouble lacks the common touch; he has little patience with the troubles of others.

Then there is the matter of the love of the world which is opposed to the higher development. The person who never has had any trouble is likely to be materialistic, to be quite satisfied with the material world as he finds it and the pleasures which it offers; and he becomes less and less interested in probing into the spiritual nature of the universe and developing some of the spiritual potentialities within himself. But trouble frequently causes a right-about face on this path which is going downward, and brings a reform that otherwise would never have been made.

The development of the will is one of the two chief objects of life, the other being the gaining of experience. The will is the executive power of the spirit, the power which enables us to go onward and upward in our evolutionary journey. Without will power a person becomes a jellyfish, a nonentity. And there is nothing like trouble, met and overcome, to develop the will.



Perhaps one of the greatest benefits from the conquest of trouble is the gradual building up of optimism. Optimism is one of the most important qualities for success. Optimism attunes the desire body to the major key of joy, which is the key of success. Its opposite, namely pessimism, attunes the desire body to grief and gloom, which are not

merely states of mind but rates of vibration in the desire body stimulated by the presence of fear elements that are created by pessimistic thoughts. Meeting trouble and not being intimidated or overcome by it gives one gradually the confidence that he can master any situation, and this creates the all-important quality of optimism as a by-product.

To avoid pessimism one must keep the mind free from thoughts and feelings of frustration and failure. The aspirant can do this by thought substitution, by replacing the lower with the higher. Then he gradually becomes able to *live in the mind* instead of in the emotions; to live upon the mental plane instead of on the physical. And then one day he suddenly discovers that he has acquired the capacity for being happy no matter what happens outside him. He has discovered the vital fact that happiness resides solely in the mind.

Finally, a sense of the satisfaction of the spirit, the Ego, will gradually seep into the consciousness from the knowledge of victories won over trouble: victories over the desire body with its emotions of discouragement, depression, and lethargy. Then we shall know that trouble is truly a friend in disguise; that trouble is the *Master Refiner*.



THE MYSTIC LIGHT



• • •

The Creative Word

By PERL WILLIAMS

A deeply illuminating treatise on the creation of a universe and the potential God powers within each human being, clarifying many statements made in the Bible that have heretofore been much misunderstood and misinterpreted.



WHEN the mystic or occult student meditates upon these sublime words: "In the beginning was the Word," he opens up to his consciousness an endless vista of infinite cosmic processes—of stupendous activities continuously enacted in the great body of God.

When we carefully analyze this statement, however, along with some of those which immediately follow it, we find much more than is usually understood, even by students of deeper truth. In the Greek original of St. John's Gospel we find the word "arche" used for our word "beginning," and it may be said to have that meaning. However, it also has another and more revealing meaning. It means an elementary condition, a chief source, a first principle, primordial matter. The following is stated in *The Rosicrucian Mysteries*:

"There was a time when science insisted that the elements were immutable, that is to say, that an atom of iron had been an atom of iron since the earth was formed and would so remain to the end of time. The Alchemists were

sneered at as fanciful dreamers or madmen, but since Professor J. J. Thomson's discovery of the electron, the atomic theory of matter is no longer tenable. The principle of radioactivity has later vindicated the Alchemists. Science and the Bible agree in teaching that all that is has been formed from one homogeneous substance.

"It is that basic principle which John called *arche*, primordial matter. The dictionary defines archeology as the science of the origin of things. Masons style God the Grand Architect, for the Greek word *tektos* means builder, and God is the Chief Builder (*tektos*) of *arche*, primordial virgin matter, which is the chief source of all things.

"Thus we see that when the opening sentence of St. John's Gospel is properly translated, our Christian religion teaches that once a virgin substance unfolded the Divine Thinker,—God.

"That is the identical condition which the earlier Greeks called Chaos. A little thought will make it evident that we are not arbitrary in finding fault with the translation of the Gospel, for it

is self-evident that a word cannot be the beginning; a thought must precede the word, and a thinker must originate thought before it can be expressed as a word. When properly translated the teaching of John fully embodies that idea, for the Greek term *logos* means both the reasonable thought (we also say logic) and the word which expresses this (logical) thought.

- “ (1) In the primordial substance was thought, and the thought was with God,
And God was the word,
(2) THAT (The Word) also was with God in the primal state.

“Later the divine WORD, the Creative Fiat, reverberates through space and segregates the homogeneous virgin substance into separate forms.

- “ (3) Everything has come into existence because of that prime fact (The Word of God), and no thing exists apart from that fact.
(4) In that was Life.”

The immense scale upon which this creative Word brought about its forms is indicated further by a passage from the *Cosmo-Conception*: “When we try to discover the origin of the Architect of our solar system, we find that 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. The Absolute is beyond comprehension. No expression nor 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. From the Root of Existence—the Absolute—proceeds the Supreme Being at the dawn of manifestation. This is *THE ONE*. In the first chapter of John this Great Being is called God. From this Supreme Being emanates the Word, the Creative Fiat ‘without whom was not anything made,’ and this Word is the alone-begotten Son, born of His Father (the Supreme Being) before all worlds. . . .

Truly ‘the Word was made flesh,’ but not in the limited sense of the flesh of one body, but the flesh of all that is, in this and millions of other solar systems.”

Now, we are taught in occult philosophy that man is made in the image of his Creator, God. That is, man is the microcosm, God the Macrocosm. Man has latent within him all the powers inherent in the great Being by whom he was created and sent into manifestation. In view of this fact, those who are interested in living, to a purpose, in harmony with the spiritual laws governing the universe, are concerned with the use to which they put the power of the Word, which they as gods-in-the-making possess. This power has been developed gradually through past ages of evolution, and has not yet come to its fullness.

Going back in our evolutionary journey as far as the third great Day of Manifestation, the Moon Period, we find that it was the Moon beings, or humanity of the Moon Period, that first began to utter sounds. As stated in the *Cosmo-Conception*:

“The Moon beings at this stage were capable of giving utterance to sounds or cries. These were cosmic sounds—not expressions of individual joy or sorrow, for as yet there was no individual. The development of the individual came later—in the Earth Period.”

Along with the development of the individual and his power of speech and thought we find the leaders of humanity frequently inspiring and encouraging their charges by means of the spoken and written word. During Biblical times prophets and teachers were numerous, and others have followed in succeeding years. We are reminded that, “the minstrels of Europe were the educators of the Middle Ages. They were wandering knights, gifted with the power of speech and song . . . they had a powerful influence in forming the ideas and ideals of the day.”

The Rosicrucian Philosophy emphasizes many times the vital importance of right thinking. In the lecture entitled *The Coming Force*, it is stated:

"When man has spiritualized his being under the influence of the scientific and artistic religion of a future day he will have learned self-control and have become unselfishly helpful to his fellow beings; he will then be a safe guardian of Thought Power, whereby he will be able to form accurate *ideas* which will be immediately fit to crystallize into useful *things*. This will be accomplished by means of the larynx, which will speak the Creative Word.

"All things in nature were (originally) spoken into existence by the Word which was made flesh. Sound or spoken *Thought* will be our next force in manifestation, a force which will make us creative God-men when through our present schooling we have fitted ourselves to use such an enormous power for the good of all, regardless of self-interest."

We are further taught that by living lives of purity and service we are forging a second spinal cord, at the top of which is a flowerlike organ that will enable us to speak the Word creatively. This will be as necessary a part of our equipment with which to function in the coming New Age as will the soul body or "golden wedding garment."

As we look about us in the field of the creative arts today, we find considerable expression of the growing power which man possesses within himself. In the fields of art, sculpture, architecture, literature, and music there are products of man's creative thought power, coupled with his imagination, which show specifically the trend of the times: spiritual progress through the development of the unifying principle which "doth all unite." This unifying principle, or Christ Power, is ever endeavoring to express itself in fuller measure, transcending form. Thus it is that we find form secondary, and a freer expression of the

spirit in all the creative arts. To illustrate this point in each of these various arts would take too long, but in the field of music, in particular, we find some developments too interesting to omit:

Occult investigators tell us that the master musicians have been instruments used by the Great Ones to inculcate in humanity certain definite qualities. For instance, it is pointed out that Handel's music taught us reverence and awe, and certainly this does not sound farfetched when we listen to the inspiring strains of "The Messiah." Bach is said to have encouraged mental reverence, or reverence combined with reasoning power. Beethoven stressed sympathy, and laid the foundation for modern psychoanalysis. His compositions were designed to bring greater unity between heart and mind, or to humanize humanity. Chopin's music is characterized by refinement, and it is said that his influence may be found in the work of the artist Burne-Jones, and in the literature of such writers as Rossetti and Maeterlinck. It is further pointed out that Beethoven portrayed or emphasized human love; Bach and Handel, love for God; and the Rosicrucian Initiate Wagner, the love which IS GOD. From the immortal music of Wagner came the prototype or principle of cooperation, which is to be seen working today as humanity struggles upward through the mire of selfishness, to the freedom of a Way made possible by a spiritualized or Christed mind.

To a considerable extent we can test the constructiveness with which we are making use of our individual power of thought and word by means of the horoscope. The chief indicator is the planet Mercury. If we find that Mercury is weak or unfavorably aspected by square or opposition, we should realize that we have not yet learned the lesson of using our thought and speaking power properly. As our goal of self-mastery can never be reached without gaining control of our mental faculties, we may well

give much time and effort to guiding them into the proper channels. If we have already learned to think and speak constructively, to some degree at least, then we should work all the more diligently to further the Cause of the Great Ones striving behind the scenes to guide humanity aright.

We have been admonished by the greatest Teacher who ever lived on earth to overcome evil with good, and that is the task confronting us today, individually and collectively. We are to learn to use our thoughts, feelings, and words so constructively that they will overcome whatever inharmony or evil there may be about us. As individual spiritual aspirants we shall progress only as we do this, individually. As co-workers in an organization designed to disseminate Esoteric Christianity, we shall succeed only as we ignore the barriers of personality and enter into the unity of spirit with a determination to cooperate in attaining a common ideal: **THE RESURRECTION OF ALL HUMANITY.**



Some time ago John D.

Rockefeller Jr. gave an address before a Protestant Council in which he made some arresting statements concerning the present need for a more truly spiritual religion. He said:

“There is a necessity for cooperation if the forces of righteousness are to triumph in the eternal warfare against the forces of evil. The forces of evil, united on the common ground of their nefarious interests, are ever ready for aggressive action. The forces of righteousness are frequently so preoccupied with their petty differences that their attack upon the common foe is scattered and ineffective.

“What the world craves today is a more spiritual and less formal religion. To the man or woman facing death, great conflict, the big problems of hu-

man life, the *forms* of religion are of minor concern, while the *spirit* of religion is a desperately needed source of comfort and strength.

“Today, as always, humanity craves the *substances* of religion while churches too often emphasize *form*. . . . To say that no progress has been made toward the resolving of denominational barriers during this quarter century would be unjust to various groups which have made definite advance along those lines. But no broadly conceived concerted movement to that end is under way which has a general participation.

“Yet the artificial nature of such barriers has been made apparent many times during this war. On February 3, 1943 the cargo transport **DORCHESTER** was torpedoed and sunk in iceberg

waters, 90 miles from Greenland. As the ship went down, four chaplains—one a Catholic, one a Jew, two Protestants—were on deck encouraging the men and passing out life belts. When there were no life belts left, they took off their own and gave them away. These chaplains were last seen

standing arm in arm praying. As they went to their death, united in the service of their common Lord, so let us, the living members of the great religious faiths they represent, go forward shoulder to shoulder as a united army, . . . establishing righteousness, brothers in service, sons of the *One God and Father of us all.*”

As serious students of the spiritual truths which are to form the basis of the religion of the future we cannot ignore the challenge given in these statements. We are aligned with a movement destined to dissolve denominational barriers and to promote the unifying spirit among all races, which will ultimately bring Universal Brotherhood into effect. Unity is the watchword of the day as a preparation for the fu-

ture, and manifestly, if we as a body are to fulfill our destiny, remain true to our trust, we cannot permit the Rosicrucian Fellowship, the Preparatory School for the Rosicrucian Order, to degenerate into a form-encrusted shadow of the reality. The outer forms of creed and ecclesiasticism have inherent in them the seeds of decay, and if we would promote the spirit, or life, of the movement, we will ardently strive to enable the *Spirit* to transcend the *Form*, in both our individual and our collective lives.

We are told in the Rosicrucian Teachings that Jesus is working with the churches, while Christian Rose Cross, the Head of the Rosicrucian Order, is working with the governments, and through the Rosicrucian Fellowship as the Preparatory School for the Order. The churches encourage the individual to live the spiritual life by means of *Faith*, but there are those for whom faith is not sufficient. They want to KNOW, and for this class the Rosicrucian Teachings have been given. After satisfying the inquiring mind they are able to live the spiritual life, unfolding their inner powers so that they can *know* through firsthand investigation something of the mysteries of the why and wherefore of existence. Only through the development of *both* the head and the heart qualities is it possible to reach Adeptship, and we should never forget that one is just as important as the other.

As the Rosicrucian Fellowship is an occult movement, based on an occult philosophy, we have been given a Ritual that utilizes the creative power of the spoken *WORD*, and which we use in our Sunday Devotional Service. It was designed to hasten the unfoldment of the unifying Christ Spirit in the individual spiritual aspirant. The repetition of this Ritual is most valuable in helping to develop the spiritual qualities per-

taining to the vital body, which is the chief vehicle through which the Christ Ray functions in the individual. In no sense can this Ritual be properly designated a creed. Rather, is it simply a means of "entering into the living temple of our own inner natures in spiritual conclave," so that we may liberate the unifying Christ Power to SERVE HUMANITY. The closing words sum up this purpose:

"The recognition of the fundamental unity of each with all, the fellowship of the spirit, is the realization of God. To reach that realization let us endeavor each day to forget the often unprepossessing exteriors of our brothers, and seek to serve the divine essence hidden within, which is the basis of fellowship."

To us of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, this is a time of rededication to the higher life—the life of humility, love, and service which will enable us some day to speak the creative word; to the emulation of the blessed Christ in our daily living so that the Resurrection may become an accomplished fact, not merely for a few, but for ALL humanity. In the words of the Founder of the Fellowship:

"This is a gigantic task; the contemplation of it may well daunt the bravest heart, and were we alone it could not be accomplished. But the Divine Hierarchies who have guided humanity upon the path of evolution from the beginning of our career are still active and working with us from their sidereal worlds, and with their help we shall eventually be able to accomplish this elevation of humanity as a whole and attain to an individual realization of glory, honor, and immortality. Having this great hope within ourselves, this great mission in the world, let us work as never before to make ourselves better men and women, so that by our example we may waken in others the desire to lead a life that brings *liberation*."

The Kingdom of Pan

By D. W. JENNINGS

Author's Note:

The incidents embodied in this strange tale are a record of fact. They were related to me by a girl who had read an article of mine on Pan published in a monthly Review, and my slight knowledge of the subject induced her to reveal this terrible side of her life.



WHEN I first met Joan Avery, I was struck with her appearance. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl of twenty-two or thereabouts, with a peculiar Mongolic slant to her eyes, and a length between the bridge of her small nose and the nostrils which gave her face a rather unusual expression. She reminded me of something I could not recall until I met her again, and then it came to me very forcibly. If only a pair of pointed ears were nestling high up in her black curls she would be a typical faun. There was a certain restlessness and grace of movement which also contributed to the illusion.

But one forgot this peculiarity in the wit and charm of her conversation, and I would often go out of my way to call at her home or visit houses where there was an opportunity of meeting her.

Chance threw us often together, although our interests were far from identical. She was an ultramodernist, snatching at all that life could give, living for sensation and action, while I stood aside from the throng and watched this summer day's dance of human gnats and pondered the whence and whither of the force which hurled them onwards. She whirled from dance to dance, from luncheon to dinner party, from swimming to tennis, from flirtation to flirtation, and each time I met her, her restlessness had increased and her dark eyes glowed with a more fiery light.

Then John Moore came into her life.

He was a thoughtful, scholarly type of man, not yet finished at Oxford—a man with strong religious views and an ardent Christian, whereas Joan openly boasted she was a pagan. What it was about him which so irresistibly attracted her I could never find out. Perhaps it is true that these things are fore-ordained and that the parties to such love affairs have no more chance of escaping from each other's attractions than the planets have from continuing in their orbit round the sun.

A brief tempestuous wooing, as one would have expected in Joan's case, and their engagement was announced. She was blissfully happy and, as I anticipated, I saw less and less of her bright restless personality. Then one summer's afternoon we happened to be mutual guests at a river party. As John was keeping his last term at Oxford, Joan had no counter-attraction, and she attached herself unreservedly to me. I was delighted and after our picnic tea we left the others and wandered off through the woods. She seemed pre-occupied and, if possible, even more restless than I had ever seen her before. We found a spot sheltered from the fierce heat of the sun and sat down.

"Now tell me, Joan," I said, "how can you so shamelessly desert all your old friends? We make a certain allowance for John when he is here, but there is a couple of months at a time when he is away. We do expect to see something of you then." I paused, expecting a bantering reply in her old

manner, but a pensive expression on her face and a certain remote look in her eyes gave me the impression that she had not heard me. She seemed to be gazing at an object which made her not only fail to hear me but even to forget my presence. I touched her elbow, and with a start her gaze returned to me.

"You never listened to a word I said," I began reproachfully. "You are changing from my erstwhile gay companion!"

She looked at me keenly, and I saw she was pondering whether to tell me something—the words were almost on her lips when she suddenly changed her mind and rose to her feet.

"Let's walk along to the lake," she said, "I want to show you the ground where John and I are going to build. There's a glorious view from the bluff."

I rose, wondering what was in her mind and together we sauntered through the wood. As we chatted, sudden gay flashes of wit from Joan reassured me that she had not changed so much as I had feared. When we reached the lake I pulled up, as I always did on emerging from the woods, to gaze at the sudden expanse of beauty which met the eye.

"You could not have chosen a better spot in the whole of England!" I exclaimed, "Have you bought the corner piece?"

Joan did not answer, and I turned to see her looking into the woods behind.

"What is it? Are the others coming?" I asked.

With an effort she turned and looked at the lake with me.

"No," she replied, and the strange dreamy look had returned to her eyes, "but the woods are always alive for me, rather more than for others."

I remembered Joan's Irish birth and the "vision" which the Gaelic race so often boasted. She had mentioned it before, but usually with some witty remark which had provoked a similar an-

swer. Now her thoughtful attitude invited questions.

"Was it something you saw," I asked, "back there in the woods, when you were not listening to me?"

"Yes," she brushed her hand across her eyes as if trying to see more clearly. "Yes, they were calling to me, Pan's people, the people of the woodland god. They say I belong to them and their power is always stronger in there."

I glanced back at the wood but to me there was absolute silence except for the humming of bees and the sudden flight of a bird.

"Tell me what you saw, Joan," I murmured, drawing her down on the grassy bank. I felt she was about to tell me that which she had hesitated to say earlier in the evening. And then came from her lips the most strange and to me the most terrible story to which I ever expect to listen.

"Ever since I was a child I have seen them," she began. "I have that sight which many of my countrymen have together with the Highlanders and the Welsh mountain folk. I have never met an Englishman or woman who had it—perhaps they have lost the vision. It may be well, for sometimes one sees things—strange things—which to many would seem horrible—yes, *are* horrible; but the call of Pan's people is so sweet, one forgets the horror and the terror"—she suddenly broke off. "I wonder why I am telling you this?"

I touched her hand lightly, affectionately. I could not speak, but a great pity for her was filling my heart.

"You will understand, I know—I hope—and I feel I must tell someone of this strange side of my life. I can talk to you as I can talk to no one else."

"Go on, Joan," I said, "I think I understand, although I have never shared your vision. That doesn't prevent me from realizing that some may have an extension of sight denied to the

majority. I am awfully interested—do tell me more.”

She went on more slowly as if choosing her words.

“Pan’s people never show any of the awful things to children, therefore I loved to meet and play with them. It was not until I was seventeen that I caught a glimpse of what I must call their unpleasant side. I was at school, and one January afternoon I ran down to the lake and climbed up the big willow which overhung it. From there I surveyed the wide glorious view which stretched for miles to the horizon. Breathing in the cold, keen air and revelling in the sense of freedom, I gradually became aware of Pan’s people swarming about the still countryside. I watched them, as I always loved to do, and as their influence grew upon me I began to realize they were calling me to join them more closely than ever before.

“With an effort I withdrew my eyes from them and looked down at the frozen lake below. I cannot explain what followed except to say that I was impelled through an ecstasy which had to find its vent in physical action—and which is a special power of Pan’s—to take off my clothes and plunge down into the frozen lake below. I had felt the keen east wind as I ran down to the lake ten minutes before, but now as I stripped I was unconscious of it. I felt nothing but a wild intoxicating joy as I broke the thin ice and swam through the icy water. I now know that only through cutting my thigh on a jagged corner of ice I was saved from death. The flow of blood recalled me to myself, and, frightened, I clambered on to the bank and dressed. Since then I have seen things”—she paused. “Well, strange things.”

I waited for her to continue, but after

hesitating she apparently decided not to tell me more of the dangerous influence of this strange race existing side by side with the human. Was it a sense of loyalty which urged her silence or some power exerted by one of Pan’s people, unseen by me?

Thoroughly interested, however, I plied her with questions.

“Have you seen Pan himself,” I asked, “or is it only these strange woodland folk who make themselves known to you?”

She looked thoughtfully away into the darkness of the woods. “Yes,” she said slowly, “I . . . have . . . seen . . . Pan.”

The steady flow of language of her earlier confession had ceased, and the words now seemed forced from her. I became aware in a dim subconscious way of some power acting as a deterrent upon her speech, striving to withhold the knowledge I sought from her.

“You have seen him?” I queried incredulously. “Does he *really* exist?”

She nodded. “But he sleeps;” she added in the same forced way, “they tell me . . . he is . . . bound . . . by a greater Power than himself and must—remain . . . bound . . . until that greater . . . Power has taken from this planet all who belong to . . . Him. Then . . . Pan will reign again.”

As I listened to her, a phrase “and Satan was bound a thousand years,” recurred to me. Where had I read it? Was it in Revelation? As the significance of Joan’s statement sank into me, I realized that the “greater Power” and “Pan” were only other names for the age-long adversaries—Christ and Satan. Perhaps mediaeval artists had not relied upon mere imagination in portraying the latter with horns and hoofs. Surely it was not by chance that pictures of Pan and the Devil were so



akin—someone, perhaps many, had seen him even as Joan. Her next words strengthened this theory:

“They have told me many things—these creatures of Pan. One day I . . .” she paused. Apparently she would not or could not continue what she had begun to say. Again I became conscious of some deterring power acting upon her.

“But who or what are these creatures of Pan, Joan?” I asked.

“As far as I can gather, most of them have been mortals. Some have more animal characteristics than the others—I mean while some have hoofs and hairy legs and horns, others look human, and there is a sort of intermediate faunlike stage. Look at me.” She suddenly turned her face and looked full into my eyes. Whether it was the effect of her strange story, I do not know, but to me she looked more like a faun than ever. “Yes—I see you recognize it; well, I looked even more like a faun when I left school than I do now.”

I began to feel distressed. “But, Joan,” I said, “it cannot be good to come so definitely under the power of such creatures.” She did not reply except with another question.

“Do you remember my book of verse?”

I did most clearly. I had been delighted over the fine reception given her small book by reviewers some four years earlier.

“Well—one gets inspiration from Pan and his people. That book was written under their influence. I have tried to write verse since, but it is labored and crude. Whenever I read poetry now, I recognize where Pan has been the inspirer.”

I thought of her verse and remembered that, brilliant as it was, the sensuous undercurrent running throughout the book had made me relegate it to the clever but unwholesome class of literature which seems on the increase. Yes,

I remembered it. Was Pan also at the back of all the clever but unsavory work which had won a temporary notoriety? Sex plays, novels, poems? What an insidious poisoning of the minds of humanity! I was appalled. My wandering attention was recalled by Joan’s voice emphasizing a sentence.

“*Pan always needs an altar for his greatest influence to reach his people, and at the time I wrote my book I had one in our woods which would please the most exacting god.*”

Instinctively I drew away from her as I realized that this was no mere tale of idle fancy but a recital of experience and worship of an alien deity. This creature of whom she spoke was no mythical being but a living, vital force, concentrated in one person, glimpsed by the *few* but felt by *all* throughout the ages—a being in whom was centralized that opposition which Christ had known would hinder His plan of salvation for the race, a being who sought with every glamor to strengthen the flesh in order to **frustrate the urge** of Christ: “Deny yourself. Take up your cross. Lose your life to gain eternal life.”

When Christ spoke of the division of the sheep from the goats at the final judgment, surely it was no mere figure of speech. To His own people He always referred as sheep and lambs—then who were the goats but the followers of Pan?

Suddenly, as though for the first time, I saw why the Son of God came to teach self-sacrifice in place of Pan’s call to self-indulgence; the denial of the senses instead of their predominance; love and compassion as against passion and lust; belief in the unseen as opposed to the lure of the senses; a spiritual in place of a carnal goal. As though echoing my thought came Joan’s next words:

“Then there is the intense love of all that is physical.”

Her manner suddenly changed from

pensive to gay, and she sprang to her feet with a smile.

"That might be a drawback sometimes," I suggested as I also rose to my feet.

"Perhaps," she admitted, "but I get a joy out of life, I feel more vividly, love more passionately, live more thoroughly than most of the people I know. And that's something, although," and she hesitated "they tell me there is no immortality except through Pan."

Her words recalled a passage in the Gospels: "No man hath eternal life except through the Son."

What mighty truth had Joan stumbled upon? The only immortality for man lay either in partaking of Christ's life or Pan's: the one the renunciation of the flesh, the other the renunciation of the spirit; the one the loss of human joys for spiritual, the other the loss of spiritual joys for bestial. In humanity, then lay the battlefield from which the highest and lowest Powers could recruit their kingdoms. Which kingdom was the stronger? I wondered. And when would come the fatal day when the Great Power which has temporarily bound Pan would decide that He could recruit no more for His planet from the children of the earth? I shuddered as the real significance of the judgment dawned upon me. A world ruled only by Pan! The self strengthened by self-indulgence until the mark of the beast became visible in hoofs and horns. The mark of the beast! Down in the isle of Patmos had St. John foreseen this thing?

II

John Moore's return from Oxford shortly after our river trip completely occupied Joan, and the summer slipped uneventfully away without our seeing much of each other. The early autumn was fixed for the wedding, and we were all looking forward to that gay event when, like a bombshell, came the news of his mother's madness. Quite sud-

denly, it seemed, this terrible affliction had overtaken her, and all who had known her were inexpressibly shocked. Mrs. Moore had been the center of the social life of the neighborhood—gay, worldly, a little hard, perhaps, and as unlike Joan as anyone could be, but a useful organizer and most energetic in attending and arranging social functions.

No hint of any mental trouble had ever been given, and her closest friends would as soon have doubted their own sanity as question hers.

A great shadow had fallen on John's happiness, and when I saw him a week later I realized something of the suffering he had endured, and was indeed still passing through. His thin face looked almost gaunt, and this was emphasized through the heaviness of his eyes. He seemed to shrink from his friends just then, and I had no opportunity of coming into contact with him, much as I longed to help.

I had not seen Joan for nearly a month, and I was thinking of making a special effort to find her when she sought me out herself.

"I'm in terrible trouble, D.," she cried, half sobbing, as she walked restlessly up and down my small study—"terrible, terrible trouble," she repeated, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves all the while. "John doesn't know I am responsible—I, alone, for his mother's madness."

"Sit down, Joan," I said firmly, "and pull yourself together or you'll be the next to go insane."

She stopped suddenly and looked at me.

"D., you remember our talk in the woods last summer? You have not forgotten what I said about Pan's people?"

"I remember perfectly," I replied. "But I shall not listen to another word until you sit down and try to calm yourself."

She obeyed and after a short silence

in which I could feel the effort she was making to regain self-control, she said:

"They (by which I understood she meant the creatures whom she called Pan's people) have never approved of John as a mate for me, and as they could not influence me to give him up, they have with devilish cunning chosen the only other way. *Pan's greatest power lies in being able to cause fear akin to madness*—the very word 'panic' comes from him, and indeed madness itself. I knew they could not affect John—he is too ardent a Christian and therefore protected from their influence—and so I defied them. I swore they should not take him from me. Oh D.—I love him so—I love him so!" Her voice broke and there were the tortures of the damned in her eyes—those bright, restless, daring eyes which had played their part in luring John to such a terrible pass.

She took up her tale again, but the fierce rebellion had vanished from her voice; she was vanquished in her ghastly fight, and the realization of defeat had broken her spirit.

"But I forgot they could reach him indirectly. I never thought of his mother—God forgive me! But I knew when I defied them that suffering would come; yet I was indifferent so long as John remained to me."

She suddenly struck the table with her clenched fist and her face was grim.

"And now they have conquered *through her!*"

"What do you mean, Joan?—If this is true—and I know you could never invent such an awful tale—John's love for you remains the same. Therefore they have not conquered."

"Why?" and she turned fiercely to me. "Because he will never marry now that he believes insanity to be in his family!" She sprang up and paced the floor.

"You may pity *her*," she exclaimed, "but remember it is John and I who are the real victims—Christ help him!"

How long I spent endeavoring to soothe and comfort her I do not know. Of power to guide her through the terrible storm which had overwhelmed her I felt utterly incapable. She was too self-willed and knew so much more than I—how could I help? Her suffering, I felt, would be the wisest and safest teacher.

Some weeks went by. Joan, after vain attempts to regain John, went abroad. John also left the town, but where he went we did not know. An occasional postcard from Spain and Italy kept me in touch with Joan's movements, and when she returned some months later I suppose I was the first to whom she came.

I was struck with the change in her. The restless, impetuous Joan had vanished, and in her bright, dark eyes there dwelt a peace which can only come to those who, passing through Gethsemane, glimpse afar off the gates of heaven.

"What has happened, Joan?" I questioned, as I drank in the sweet serenity of her presence. She smiled and I saw that the faunlike resemblance had completely vanished. Her face was human, nay, more than human. It bore in it the traces of a suffering which linked her with a kingdom as far above the human as she had once been linked to that kingdom far below.

"The Greater Power has won," she said.

She never went beyond that statement much as she knew I longed to hear what took place in that long sojourn abroad. What influence had been exerted to make the issue of her battle so glorious I never learned. One fact she disclosed during a talk on other matters some time later which gave me a clue, but no opportunity occurred to follow it up. I gathered she had been led in the course of her wanderings to a little convent in the lowlands of Campina, and there some gentle, saintly soul, it seemed,

(Continued on page 306)

Toward the Spirit

By KATHARINE HILLWOOD POOR

(CONCLUSION)



O all those who come within the Christic scope and jurisdiction it is said: study vibration (as yet but in its infancy in human understanding), strive to acquire and to live LOVE, and through your efforts at self-conquest learn wisdom; for remember, the attainment of the Love-Wisdom-Compassion consciousness is the goal of our evolution. No effort put forth with pure and unselfish motive for human upliftment upon any plane of life—whether individual or collective—is ever lost, and its results are twofold. It reacts upon the operator as a raised vibration, and is so built into his soul structure; it also goes to swell the uplifting currents impacting upon humanity as a whole, and therefore aids in spiritual stimulation wherever received and felt. All are methods of preparation leading to the Initiatory chambers whence, once man has set his foot therein, there is no going back, and wherein he finds his heart's desire fulfilled.

Strive to purify the motive back of all effort; work as those work who have worldly ambition but with the motive raised, concentrated, and consecrated. Then the results—visible and invisible—are sure. With them you as a personality have naught to do, you are unconcerned, for all is under divine law, and you build not alone for the present but for all time to come, and BEYOND time.

Again and again we repeat with the greatest possible emphasis: learn *love* in its dynamic meaning and force, far removed from the emotional and physical level and lifted to its true Christic level; learn to control and *use* the Christ cur-

rents which will ever vivify and vitalize, energize and construct. Can meat be fed to babes whose digestive organs are as yet developed sufficiently only to digest milk? Therefore *grow* that you may receive ever more greatly and assimilate to ever greater purpose.

Humble pupils of the Science of the Soul, the Ageless Wisdom, we are, but we seek to touch our brothers who also seek. This science-philosophy, born of the Supreme Intelligence, has been given to man for his redemption, and though he is so far a failure, yet if he will he may rise and unite himself with his Source.

A human being when awakened to a perception of his divinity has within his scope a power of unfoldment never yet fully glimpsed, and not to be understood by means of the intellectual faculty; only through the sense of intuition, the perceptive faculty pertaining to the consciousness of the Higher Self, can a knowledge of the purpose of all life be acquired. The Higher Self implants within the human mind the germ of an intuitive faculty, and if the human being endeavors to develop it, the indwelling Light enables him to approach nearer and nearer to his spiritual Source and to realize his mission in the deserts and morasses of earth life.

Godlike qualities are in the making in the hearts and minds of mankind; their gestation is slow, painful, and turbulent within the womb of the world mother, Time. Yet the hour of birth shall strike, and they shall emerge, grow, and expand until the God-man is fully evolved, and sets forth upon the next stage of his cosmic pilgrimage.

Seek to hold in your thought, concepts no less grand than these. Thus shall be engendered higher and higher

thinking; a focusing upon higher and finer planes; an expansion and intensification of consciousness which will distinctly mark the line of cleavage between the real and the unreal, the spiritual and the material.

Realize that earth conditions and problems are but evanescent and for disciplinary purposes; accept each in gratitude in order that it may be mastered. Forget not that ever and always there is the Father Spirit, the living spiritual Source, the Sun of the Soul, to rely upon and to draw from, and hesitate not to place your problems and difficulties before Him for solution, taking no care for the result.

Every moment of life may be a moment of service, even important and vital service. Think not it is necessary to start on a world crusade; each phase of service has its function. Curb all impatience; cultivate calm and poise. Know that all proceeds with its ordered rhythm, and that constant and unwavering aspiration and attention are all a part of your service to God. There are many ways to God. Some of the paths are almost unrecognizable even by the discerning eye.

No right have we to criticize a fellow traveler and brother. We may have developed vision which can see over or under or around a thing at times, but who as yet has vision adequate to see the trials of the soul of another? Until you possess such vision you cannot see truly; therefore withhold your judgment, especially if it be adverse. Even for purposes of self-defense censorious criticism cannot be rightly used.

Seek to know your brother as far as may be that you may aid him and that you may harmonize yourself with him. The call to service may come at any time. A service is not measured by its apparent magnitude upon the outer plane.

Evil can triumph only to that point where the score is balanced and the debt paid, the slate wiped clean, and preparation made for that which is to come.

Nought shall be that is not *just*, however inexplicable may seem the atrocities that are rampant. Let yourself not lose that balance which you have labored long lives to attain. Look on present-day events as inevitable in the age-old process of human development, leading toward a culmination of an old era and the beginning of a new. Maintain a wise equilibrium which will carry you far. Years, centuries, ages, are but as a day in the eternal sweep. Every nation, every race, creates its own destiny. Every nation, every race bears within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Truth remains forever the same; inexhaustible in its quantitative aspect, eternal in its duration. Changeless and formless, it yet projects change and form as aspects of itself to bring the seeker ever nearer the central fount. All that can penetrate the dense human mind of today, that can percolate through the imperfect human brain in its present state, is but fragments of truth. The most elaborate systems of thought, of philosophy, of higher teachings, deep and intricate though they may seem, are still but incomplete visions of truth. But within each man there is a spiritual tribunal which will enable him eventually to recognize truth wherever it is encountered. And the Truth shall make man free!

(The End)

THE KINGDOM OF PAN

(Continued from page 304)

had flashed like a star upon her darkened horizon.

After some months Mrs. Moore returned from the mental home which had sheltered her so long, and left shortly afterwards to rejoin her son. John did not come back, and as far as I know, Joan never saw him again. Nor would she make any attempt to do so, as one day I urged her.

"John will never seek me, and I of my own free will am debarred from ever seeking him. That is my atonement," she said.

The Wheel of Life

A Story of Destiny

By A. R. BOMAR

(3RD INSTALLMENT)



T the top of the steps was the entrance of an enormous reception hall, the sides studded with a series of magnificent pillars of alabaster. The walls were draped in Oriental splendor with rich fabrics of many colors—a riot of reds, purples, yellows, greens, and blues. At the end of the hall was a dais with a throne, where sat a man upon whose kingly head rested a crown of gold ablaze with jewels. Bearded and swarthy he was, and powerful. His physical proportions were on a par with his surroundings. Grouped around him were courtiers, obsequious, deferential. Seated about him or reclining on rich couches and rugs were dozens of beautiful women.

It seemed to be a gala day in celebration of some event out of the ordinary and an air of expectancy possessed the throng of court attendants. Suddenly there was a blare of trumpets, and a guard of soldiers led by their captain, a powerful man with brilliant helmet and enormous shield, marched into the hall and approached the throne. The personal guard of the captain was composed of black Nubians of a height of over six feet and armed with broad-bladed knives. After them came at least a hundred young women, each evidently having been picked for her physical charm.

Here, although I could not see him, I felt the presence of Raymond, and his voice came to me faintly as from a distance: "Look, Alf," he said, "look at the captain."

The captain came near the throne as

one favored, and made obeisance, and a wave from the scepter of the king gave him leave to speak. When I looked at this man I had a feeling that I was suddenly in two places at once. I seemed to know what he was saying—what he announced to the king—and it came to me that I was looking at myself as I was some four thousand years ago! As I looked he gave a wave of the hand toward the women who stood waiting, surrounded by guards. I knew who they were and how they came there. I remembered the campaign of pillage that I had conducted for two years and from which I had brought all these captives; also that these women were the pick of all the human loot that I had brought back with me and had saved for my king. I knew what slaughter had attended their collection. It all came back to me with a rush. I listened again, for my captain-self was speaking:

"Your majesty, I have brought to you among a hundred beauties, the queen of Nepal and the most lovely of all the royal household. She is my special gift to you, my king," and he bowed low. I looked at the woman he had indicated with a wave of the hand and saw a glorious specimen of female beauty. She was magnificent, with erect head and flashing eyes—queenly indeed, and a prize for any monarch. The king's eyes lighted up as he looked at her. He half rose in his chair and extended the scepter, giving her permission to approach. The Nubian guards stepped back, and she raised her glorious head, looked at the king in scorn. Taking a step toward the throne, with the quickness of lightning she drew a dirk then hurled herself toward the

monarch. A giant Nubian, ever watchful, with one powerful stroke severed her head from her body. I closed my eyes and groaned, saying to Raymond, "Take me back; I do not wish to see more."

"Nay," he said, "you must see what you did afterward. The scene will change, and you must realize what you felt. I will wait for you until it is ended." His voice trailed off in the distance until his last words were little better than a whisper. Then I realized that I was alone with my past, and a terrible fear came upon me that I would never be able to return to the world I had just left, a fear that in some way I would have to go over all the past that I had ever lived. While this paralyzing emotion gripped me, suddenly there came to me a line from an old philosophy: "The power of the will is supreme, even over death itself." I commenced to will that my fear should depart. I concentrated upon it, and not being burdened with a physical body it was easy to do. Soon I felt a change, a relaxing, a coming into another personality, and I opened my eyes at the sound of the captain's voice. With uncovered head, bare arms upon one of which rested the shield, voice vibrant and deep, he spoke:

"May it please your majesty, I wish to express my regret at what has just happened; it is deplorable. I hope you will extend your gracious pardon for this—accident."

The king readily regained his good humor. "Accident did you call it, Amel? By Moloch, it came near being worse, but it was no fault of yours. Where did you get all these she-devils anyway? Zounds, but she was a beauty! What a pity she had to die. Well, there are the others," and he ran his eye over them, but it was plain to be seen that he had been upset by the occurrence.

"Take them yourself, Amel. You have returned with much treasure and deserve a reward. You have a leaning

toward beauty, if I remember rightly. Have a high carnival tonight that will make even our sinful city of Sodom take notice." He stopped speaking and made as if to dismiss me, then extended the scepter and motioned me to come closer. When I was near he said in a low tone:

"Amel, somehow of late I have had a fear of coming disaster. Do you believe in the science of Astrology? Do you know the head of the cult whom we bring here sometimes to tell us about the stars and when to give battle? His name is Mondel." I nodded, and the King continued: "I know you are in love with Orma, his sister, and I don't blame you. Six days ago he was here with his charts, and he predicted disaster to the city within the month. He talked wisely of the stars and the moon. What do you think of it, Amel?"

"Your highness, it is as nothing. Did he not predict disaster for me before I left on my last raid, and didn't I have success everywhere? Heed him not. I go to his house to see the lovely Orma. Have I your consent to wed her some time shortly?"

"Yes, take her any time and any way you wish. And now leave me for I have important matters to attend to." I bowed low as he gave the signal to retire, and moved backward out of his presence. Once outside the palace I turned the captive women over to the eunuchs with a strict charge to guard them closely, then mounted my charger and rode at the head of my troops to the barracks where all but my personal followers were dismissed. My living quarters were nearby, and were very elaborate for a captain, but I was a favorite of the King. We arrived amid great rejoicing of my retainers both male and female.

I ordered a subaltern to make ready to celebrate our successful return in a manner that would surprise our worthy citizens. Then after arraying myself in my dress uniform, I clapped my hands and

there appeared before me from an ante-room Koto, my fool, a misshapen piece of humanity, with spider legs that were much too long, and deformed with stiff knees that give him the appearance of half sitting down as he walked. One hip had been broken, and to get along one leg always remained ahead of the other so he went by a series of hops. His body had been twisted until his head and shoulders remained sideways as though trying to turn around. His head was enormous, with no neck to speak of. The arms were long, and when we were out walking he kept them constantly in motion as though they were flails. He had been broken on the rack by some barbarian ruler as a joke, and I had captured him and kept him for my fool. He was devoted to me, and was the only one whom I allowed to take liberties with myself. He came in croaking like a frog with his arms flying about his head.

"Well, Koto, how are things?" I inquired. He paused and looked up at me with a squint.

"The devil is back, the devil is back," he croaked.

"What do you mean, fool? Who is the devil?"

"You are, Master, and you brought your angels. Many of them. White, red, yellow, and all the colors of hell. What will Orma say?"

"What about, fool?"

"Why, about the angels. The ones in the guardhouse to be loosed tonight. Ho, ho, ho, devils and angels, devils and angels, what a mixture!" And he started to sling his arms about again.

"Say, fool, does Orma know about the female slaves?"

"Yes."

"How did she find out?"

"Why everybody knows, Master. Even I know and I am nobody." He came closer and dropped his long arms.

"Master, you will not harm Orma will you?"

"Why do you ask, fool?"

"Because I love her—she is good to me. When you were away they beat me, the wenches and the eunuchs, and when I went to her she kept me and put salve on the lash cuts. She is good."

"No, fool, I love her too. I won't harm her."

"I am glad, but she is sad tonight about the slave women."

I took a small silver shield and a short javelin, and strode out at a private exit followed by Koto a short distance behind, slinging his arms and walking with a series of hops and springs.

The astrologer Mondel lived in a large house on top of a hill overlooking the city. He greeted me pleasantly. There was something about this man which attracted me as did his sister only in a different way—something that appealed to my better nature, and when in the mood I enjoyed his society, although we had little in common. This night I felt ill at ease—a vague restlessness encompassed me, and there being the question of his sister between us I thought it the time to speak and have it over.

"Greetings, Amel," he said with a smile. "We are glad to see you returned to us safely. We remember many pleasant visits in the past and hope for more."

"The same to you, Mondel, and while upon the subject of visits I will tell you why I have come tonight. You know, I suppose, that Orma and I love each other, and I would have her for a wife. I have come to you as her guardian to get your consent to the union."

He looked at me quickly with a trace of pain on his face. "Amel, it is a matter about which I have no say, that of giving you my sister to wed. Her body is her own as is her soul, and it is not for me to decide. Is she willing?"

"I know not but have come to ask her," I replied. "The king has given me permission to take her, but I want her consent because I love her. Not as I do other women for she is different."

"Well," said Mondel, "there is only

one thing, Amel, that can stand between you two, and that is your mode of life. I know how you are situated; as captain of the host you do not look at life as we do, nor can you. But women have their own thoughts on these things, and I sometimes regret that your life lies along the lines it does, for I am satisfied that Orma feels that where she has given her heart she cannot draw back; but I also feel that she will never mate with you in your present position."

As we talked it had grown dark, and we mounted the stairs leading up to Mondel's observatory, where a telescope occupied the center of an open circular platform. The telescope was on wheels and could be turned in any direction toward the heavens. As we stepped out upon this platform where nothing obstructed the view of the sky, a meteor suddenly shot from the east clear across the firmament and disappeared in the west, to be followed shortly by another and then by many more. Mondel laid his hand upon my arm.

"My boy, disaster approaches this fair city. I have long expected it, and the position of the planets mark the event as at hand. Listen, Amel, tomorrow my sister and I intend to leave for another city far to the south, in the land of Egypt, where as man and boy I studied the divine sciences of astronomy and astrology. Come with us—we both love you. Let us leave this wickedness that will eventually be the ruin of all who remain. I know many people there and have many kin in that wonderful land."

I shook my head mournfully, but he ignored it. "Go and find Orma who no doubt is waiting for you in the garden," he said, "and the two of you talk more about this plan. Come to us when you can; you will be very welcome." I went to the garden, where there was a riot of flowers and the air hung heavy with the scent of roses. The moon was full, and I saw the gleam of Orma's dress and hastened to her.

"Orma," I cried, "it is I. My first duty after my return was to my king, and the next is to my queen—which is you. Have you a welcome for me?" She looked startled as I took her hand and looked into her face longingly. It was troubled although serene. I spoke again: "Orma, do you welcome me or no?"

"You know that I welcome you," she said, "for my heart is already yours; it has gone from me beyond recall. But I am sad, Amel, sad that you are still lost to me, for I cannot follow my heart unless you change your course. Oh, don't you understand that I cannot give you my soul? That belongs to the one and only God and is not to be degraded. I have taken a vow for the Higher Life. Can you not follow me in it, or is there only lust in your heart? Oh, Amel, release your female slaves and send them home to their people who love them. If you love me don't carouse with them. Think, am I not enough for you, and will you not be satisfied with my love?" Her eyes held mine until I dropped my gaze to the ground and my head sank upon my breast.

"Orma," I cried, "do you want me to ruin myself? If I should send my captives away, the king would disgrace me and take away my rank. All the fame I have fought and striven for would go for naught, and I would have nothing left."

"You would have me and peace. Would that count for nothing? We could both worship the only true God and find happiness," she replied. I cried out in impatience:

"What are you talking of—the only true God? What mean you?"

"Amel, there is a new faith in the land, a God that is true and merciful and powerful. One that will give you peace instead of strife. To love Him is wonderful. Won't you follow me and worship as I do?"

"Where is His temple?" I cried, "and who teaches you this foolishness?"

"We have a neighbor, a wonderful old man—Lot is his name—who worships the true God. Lately there have been visiting him two angels—spirit men—and brother and I go there often to hear the wonderful story they tell of the new religion from Zion. They say that shortly this city is to be destroyed, and brother has also proved it by the stars. I am so frightened for you when you are away fighting!"

Such foolishness made me angry, and I cried out in impatience: "I have the king's consent to wed you, Orma, and I tell you that my patience is well near its end with such foolishness. I cannot change the order of things nor do I desire to. I want you for my wife. I will shortly send for you, and you must obey the summons. I have waited long and will not wait longer. Farewell," and I left her in tears.

When I returned to my living quarters I found them ablaze with lights. The reception hall where the feast was to be held was a very large one. Rows of tables were arranged from the outer entrance to within a short distance of the raised platform in front of which a space had been left clear for the contests that were to take place at once before the feast began. In the side alcoves between the marble pillars were spread rugs on which were lying or sitting a number of scantily clothed women of different types and colors, who were to be the prizes awarded to the victors in the contests. Black Nubians were serving wine to the guests and moved swiftly from place to place. I entered the hall and joined myself to the gay throng on the platform. My interview with Orma still rankled within me. I loved her more than all the world, and she was the only prize that I did not possess; so I drank deeply from the beginning, and soon the sensuous feeling that is the forerunner of intoxication began to run through my veins like quicksilver.

The contests were ready to commence

and were only waiting for a signal from me to start, which I gave. The master of ceremonies gave a blare from a trumpet, and from a side door of the hall came two magnificent specimens of humanity. One a coal-black Nubian fully seven feet tall, naked except for a loin cloth. The wonderful play of the muscles of his arms and shoulders caused the skin to ripple in the light of the flare torches. He carried in his hand a long broad-bladed knife. The other man was a Tartar from the upper reaches of Thibet, and both were captives. The Tartar was over six feet tall, and the yellow ivory of his skin seemed ready to burst as he moved, from the hardened bunches of sinews beneath. He was a wonderful specimen of a man with broad, square shoulders. He walked by the side of the Negro, and in his hand carried a slightly curved scimitar whose brilliant blade shot sparks of light as he turned it to and fro. Behind them, led by a eunuch and with a silken cord around her neck, was a Circassian girl, clothed only in her wonderful hair which fell to the floor and stood out around her like a halo. She was to be the prize in the fight between the two men, and freedom was to go to the victor.

When all was ready the trumpet sounded, and the battle commenced. The big Nubian suddenly stiffened, spread his legs apart like two columns of ebony, and whirling his flashing knife in a circle struck at the Tartar with all his power. But the blow was parried, the scimitar like a rapier of light intervened, and a shower of sparks shed itself over the yellow body. Then it was ended before I could realize what had happened. The Tartar with a quickness that the eye could scarcely follow whirled himself around to get momentum, and with the hilt of his scimitar in both hands cut the Negro's body in two at one stroke!

(To be continued)

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings

Immortality of the Soul



It is commonly assumed that each individual soul has had a beginning, but is nevertheless so constituted that it is imperishable. This idea is questioned by those who believe that death ends all.

While there are a number of ways in which it is possible to demonstrate that death does *not* end all, we are afraid that no amount of argument will convince one who is not willing to be shown. You remember the parable Christ told about the rich man and Lazarus who died: when the rich man desired that Lazarus be allowed to return from the dead to warn his brothers, Christ said: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." And that is the point. We have heard so-called scientists say that they would not be convinced of life after death even though they actually saw a ghost; for having settled by reason and logic to their own complete satisfaction that there are no ghosts, they would consider themselves suffering from hallucinations if they were actually to see an apparition.

Neither is it possible to give authoritative statements from the Bible. The word "immortal" is not found at all in the Old Testament. There it was said, "Dying, thou shalt die," and long life was held out as a reward for obedience. Nor is this word found in the four Gospels. In the epistles of Paul, however, it occurs six times. In one passage he

speaks of Christ having brought immortality to light through the Gospel. In another he tells us that "this mortal must put on immortality." In a third passage he makes clear that immortality is given to those who seek for it. In a fourth place he speaks of *our state* "when this mortal shall have put on immortality." In a fifth place he declares that "God only has immortality." And the sixth passage is an adoration of the King Eternal, immortal and invisible. Thus the Bible does not by any means teach that the soul is immortal; on the other hand, it says emphatically, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." Were the soul *inherently and intrinsically* imperishable, that would be an impossibility.

Nor can we prove immortality from the Bible by passages like John, 3:16: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have *everlasting* life." If we rely upon the word "everlasting" to prove that the soul is without end, possessed of interminable life, we must also accept the passages which state that some souls are doomed to *everlasting* torment as claimed by some of the orthodox sects. But as a matter of fact these passages do not prove a life of either unending bliss or torment. If you will take Liddel and Scott's Greek dictionary and look it up, you will find that the word translated *everlasting* in the Bible is the Greek word "aionian," which means "a

little while," "an age," "a short time," "a life-time." You will also readily see that in the case of the slave Onesimus concerning whom Paul wrote to Philemon, "For perhaps he therefore departed for a season that thou shouldst receive him forever," this word "forever" could only mean the few years of Onesimus' life on earth and not infinite duration.

What then is the solution? Is immortality only a figment of the fancy and incapable of proof? By no means, but we must differentiate sharply between the *soul* and the *spirit*. These two words are too often taken as synonymous, but they are not. We have in the Bible the Hebrew word *Kuach* and the Greek word *Pneuma*, both meaning spirit, while the Hebrew word *Neshamah* and the Greek word *Psuke* mean soul. In addition to these we have the Hebrew word *Nephesh*, which means *breath*, but has been translated *life* in some places and *soul* in others as suited the purpose of the translators of the Bible. And that is what creates confusion. For instance, we are told in Genesis that Jehovah formed man from the dust of the earth and blew into his nostrils the breath (*nephesh*) and man became (*nephesh chayim*) a breathing creature, *not* a living soul.

Regarding death we are told in Ecclesiastes 3:19-20, also in other places, that there is no difference between man and the animal: "As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they all have one *breath*" (*nephesh* again); so that man hath no preeminence above a beast. . . . All go unto one place." But there is a very definite distinction made between the *spirit* and the *body*, for we are told that when the silver cord is loosed, then shall the *body* return to the dust whence it was taken and the *spirit* to God who gave it. The word death is nowhere connected with the spirit; and the doctrine of the immortality of the spirit is taught definitely at least once in the Bible, Matt. 11:14, where the Christ said concerning John the Baptist, "This

is *Elias*." The spirit which has ensouled the body of Elias or Elijah was reborn as John the Baptist; it must therefore have survived bodily death and have been capable of continuity of life.

For the deeper and more definite information concerning this matter we must go to the mystic teaching. We learn from *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* that the Virgin Spirits sent out into the wilderness of the world as Light-rays from the Divine Flame which is Our Father in Heaven, first underwent a process of involution into matter; each ray crystallized itself into a threefold body. Then mind was given, and became the fulcrum upon which involution turns to evolution, and Epigenesis, the divine creative ability inherent in the indwelling spirit, became the lever. By evolution the threefold body is spiritualized into the threefold soul and amalgamated with the threefold spirit, *soul being the extract of experience on which the spirit is nourished from ignorance to omniscience, from impotence to omnipotence*, and thus finally becomes like its Father in Heaven.

It is impossible for us with our present limited capabilities even to conceive of the magnitude of this task, but we can understand that we are a long, long way from omniscience and omnipotence, so that this must require many lives, and therefore we go to the School of Life as the child goes to our schools here. And as there are nights of rest between the children's school days, so there are nights of death between our days in Life's School. The child takes up its studies each day where it left off the previous afternoon. So also we, when coming to rebirth, take up the lessons of life where we left off in our previous existence.

If the question is asked why we do not remember our previous existences if we have had them, the answer is easy. We do not now remember what we did

(Continued on page 318)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

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We Grow by Reaching



I can do all things
through Christ which
strengtheneth me.
(Phil. 4:13.)

An animal trainer relates the following about one of his largest elephants: When young the animal was tied to a stake for many months, his food being placed just inside the limit of his chain. Finally the keeper loosed him, but the chain of habit continued to restrict the powerful beast; he could not be induced to take one step beyond the boundary set by his imaginary tether. They placed his food outside this limit but instead of making an effort to reach it he alternately begged and raged for several days until extreme hunger and due prodding forced him to exert himself and reach.

How like many human beings! Possessed of Power, whose possibilities we cannot measure but can use by making the effort, we suffer needless privations because we refuse to REACH beyond the groove of habit. We chafe idly within imaginary limits, begging God to cater to our indolence or railing against Him for refusing. Experience with suffering humanity through our Healing Department proves the prevalence of this weakness to a pitiful degree. In our type of healing we make but one specific demand as being indispensable to the service of the Invisible Helpers, namely, that contact with them be maintained through a brief report in ink every seven days without fail. One step—not arbitrary but necessary—but the percentage who faithfully take that step are deplorably few. God, in His infinite Love, responds to our cry, but

in His infinite Wisdom He places the blessing just beyond our habitual effort so we may *grow* by *reaching* for it.

The elephant possessed might far greater than he realized, but this might, being physical, was finite. Man, through the avenue of mind, can tap Force which is infinite, the Christ Power of his own innate divinity, by means of which he can do all things anywhere. But he must REACH with his might for the thing he needs, with enduring enthusiasm of mind, soul, and body. The effort that can transform his life cannot be a halfhearted gesture or sporadic impulse which effervesces then dies. How many of our petitioners for healing do just this, enthusiastic in their first interest, sending in glowing reports for two weeks, sometimes three, then silence. Such effusions spring from the ebb and tide of the desire body only, and have no relation to the faith that can remove mountains of ill health, trouble, fear. Such faith endures, cheerfully hangs on and pushes on through day after trying day in the valley that leads to the promised Light.

Making the effort accomplishes far more than the mere performance of a specific feat. The doing throws into action the revolutionizing Force of Will, and galvanizes into obedience the dynamic wonders of FAITH, and these alchemically release the Spiritual Power that can do ALL things. Thus the Lord Christ required: Take up thy bed; come unto Me; thy faith hath made thee whole; go, sell that thou hast, etc. In this He pronounced a Cosmic Law which met the needs of those who obeyed it; but the rich young man who refused to conform went his way *sorrowing*.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

• • •

Involution--Evolution--Epigenesis

Q. What do we mean by "Involution?"

A. The period of time devoted to the attainment of self-consciousness and to the building of the vehicles through which the spirit in man manifests, is called "Involution."

Q. What is the meaning of "Evolution?"

A. The subsequent period of existence, during which the individual human being develops self-consciousness into divine omniscience, is called "Evolution."

Q. What makes the evolution of one individual differ from that of another?

A. The Force within the evolving being which makes evolution what it is and not a mere unfoldment of latent germinal possibilities, makes the evolution of each individual differ from that of every other; it provides the element of originality and gives scope to the creative ability which the being is to cultivate that he may become a god.

Q. What is that Force called?

A. That Force is called "Genius," and its manifestation is "Epigenesis."

Q. Does science recognize involution and evolution?

A. Many of the advanced philosophies of modern times recognize involution and evolution, but Science recognizes only the latter, because Science deals only with the Form side of manifestation. Involution belongs to the Life side.

Q. What is the attitude of Science toward Epigenesis?

A. The most advanced scientists regard Epigenesis as a demonstrable fact.

Q. How do the Rosicrucians regard Evolution, Involution, and Epigenesis?

A. The *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* combines all three as necessary to full understanding of the past, present, and future development of the System to which we belong.

Q. What is the specific relation of Epigenesis to evolving life?

A. All through the course of evolution—through Periods, Globes, Revolutions, and Races—those who do not improve by the formation of *new* characteristics are held back and immediately begin to degenerate. Only that which remains plastic and pliable and adaptable for molding into new Forms suitable for the expression of the expanding consciousness; only the Life which is capable of outgrowing the possibilities for improvement inhering in the forms it ensouls, can evolve with the pioneers of any life wave. All else must straggle behind.

Q. Is this according to occult teaching?

A. It is the kernel of occult teaching. Progress is not simply unfolding; not simply Involution and Evolution. There is a third indispensable factor, making a triad—Involution, Evolution, and—*Epigenesis*.

Q. What does this add to the general understanding of Life and Form?

A. While it is generally admitted that the involution of spirit into matter takes place in order that Form may be built, it is not so commonly recognized that *the Involution of Spirit runs side by side with the Evolution of Form*.

Astrology Department

Rising Planets

By MARIE HABERL

When the stellar rays are propitious to the development of certain potential powers of the spirit it is born into the physical world, and receives impulses from the planetary rays which will bring incentives to action; but no compulsion involved.



UCH has been written about the Rising Sign, or Ascendant, in a birth horoscope, and the influence it exerts in the person's character and disposition; however, there are influences that are nearly, if not quite, as important, one of these being the planet or planets that occupy the Ascendant at the time of birth, for they help to modify the characteristics indicated by the Ascendant. Indeed, it is seldom that a person is the true reflection of this sign rising because of the various modifications that are bound to be present in practically every chart. However, we are concerned chiefly in the Rising Planets here, and the part they play in being posited on the Ascendant, as well as the sign in which they are placed, which may or may not be the same as the Ascendant.

To illustrate: The native may have the last degrees of Sagittarius rising, with Saturn in Capricorn in the 1st house. Saturn in its own sign, Capricorn, would of course greatly modify the Sagittarius influence, which makes a person generous and candid as well as good humored and jovial. Sagittarians are very independent, with a strong desire for liberty and freedom. On the

other hand, a person with Saturn rising will tend to be discreet, prudent, diligent, and economical. He will often have many obstacles to contend with, and his success in life will depend more upon his own efforts than upon any help he may receive from the outside. The Capricorn influence makes him a deep thinker, grave in demeanor, with an inclination to be serious, cautious, suspicious, and sometimes discontented; quite different from the vibrations exerted by Sagittarius. If Saturn is unafflicted, he has a determination to work to the desired goal, no matter how long it may take or how many handicaps may beset him. If Saturn is afflicted, it will cause him to be gloomy and see life from a biased point of view, with a general sense of dissatisfaction.

Thus we see that the Saturnian influence greatly overshadowed the Sagittarian Ascendant, which is ruled by Jupiter, the great benefic. This is further accentuated in a case where the ruling planet is posited in an inharmonious sign; that is, where it is weak, or in the sign of its detriment, or fall. For instance, Jupiter is in its detriment in Gemini. Should it be placed in that sign, in direct opposition to the As-

endant, the benefits of Jupiter would be weakened from more than one standpoint, since at the same time it would also be in opposition to Saturn, especially weakened if within an orb of five degrees. All of this would have a very restricting influence upon the Ascendant and its ruler. The situation would be aggravated in the case of Jupiter in Capricorn, since that is the sign of its fall; furthermore, this would bring it into conjunction with Saturn, wide or otherwise, depending upon the degree of orb in which the two planets are placed.

Even though Jupiter should be posited in Cancer, where it is exalted, this position would be weakened by the fact that it is in opposition to Saturn in its own sign Capricorn.

A person with Saturn rising in Leo, with Leo's ruler, the Sun, in Aries, its sign of exaltation, would have the Leo build, with wide shoulders and narrow hips, but dark hair instead of the light hair of Leo, due to the presence of Saturn in the 1st house. This person also would be more reserved and quiet than would the pure Leo type, but with added fire when aroused, as the Sun is in Aries and both Aries and Leo are fiery signs.

Another point to be considered is when the first or the last five degrees of a sign are rising; then the person is a mixture of two signs, and reflects the tendencies of both signs, physically and mentally. If there are planets rising in either sign, the traits of this sign will predominate. If there are planets rising in both signs, the one having the most planets therein will predominate.

The Sun rising at the time of birth gives the native an independent, combative, defensive ambition that is coupled with a love of power and authority.

This position of the Sun is an indication of the possibility that the person will rise above the sphere of life into which he is born, into positions of trust, influence, and responsibility. Unless badly afflicted, it also has a tendency to bring honor, the good will of superiors, and general success in life. The Sun placed here, especially if posited in its own sign Leo, adds a certain appearance of dignity and strength that impresses others.

Should the Sun rise in Aries, which is ruled by the dynamic planet Mars, this would make the person quick-tempered and fiery in disposition, since Aries is a fiery sign; quick to resent imposition. Nevertheless, he would have the faculty of forgiving and forgetting quickly, since he is a lover of justice and freedom. He may have a tendency to be somewhat headstrong, impulsive, and determined. This position of the Sun adds to the vitality and augments the recuperative powers. If the Sun rises in an earthy sign, it makes one proud and haughty to excess, opinionated and headstrong. In an airy sign, he will be just, noble, aspiring, and given to the study of science and art.

The Sun rising in a watery sign gives the native a fondness for the opposite sex, and if in Scorpio, the possibility of making an excellent doctor or chemist.

If the Sun rising or in the 1st house is not afflicted, it promises financial prosperity and the love of power and authority.

If the Sun is afflicted here, it lowers the vitality, making one lack in courage and ambition, therefore lessening the chances of a successful life, unless there are many other aspects that are good enough to overbalance the affliction.

The Moon rising at the time of birth

HOW PLANETS AFFECT US

Astrological influence does not come from the *physical* planets. It is the *Life of God* diffused through the Rays of the Sun and mingled with the vibrations of the Indwelling Spirits of the planets and of the beings who live upon their surface. These composite vibrations, impinging upon the earth at the moment of a child's birth, stamp its finer vehicles with the pattern of its inherent character, and *Character is Destiny.*

makes the native a lover of change and novelty, and gives a temperament remarkable for its phases—at one moment he may be dark and gloomy and then in another, bright and optimistic. Since his mind is easily influenced, it is very important that he exercise great care in the selection of his companions and acquaintances, as he is easily influenced by them; he is very receptive to the vibrations of others as well as those of his surroundings. This position of the Moon tends to elevate one in life, bringing benefits and advantages from the public through social contacts in which domestic interests are foremost. This is especially so if the Moon is posited in Cancer, which it rules.

The Moon rising in Capricorn, the sign of its detriment, makes the native cautious and careful in money matters, with a tendency to be somewhat too cold and calculating; he is likely to have a disregard for other persons' feelings even though he himself may be quite sensitive to real or fancied slights. He also has a strong tendency to melancholy. If the Moon is afflicted here, it will have a detrimental effect upon the digestion; such a person will also experience difficulty in attaining success in occupation or financial affairs, often through slander, whether merited or not.

If the Moon rises in a fixed sign, especially in Taurus, where it is exalted, it will give the native more stability than would otherwise be the case, but nevertheless he will have a strong desire to spend at least a part of his time roving about. He has a receptive, intuitive, sensitive mind, with an inclination to public life, and therefore should achieve success in an occupation that brings him close to the public, especially one catering to their fancies or needs.

Mercury rising at the time of birth indicates a fine mentality with an inquiring mind, rapid comprehension and fertility of resource. It makes one

quick in speech, thought, and action. As he is shrewd and diplomatic, he is able to argue successfully for or against anything according to his inclination. He is fond of literature, writing or speaking, causing him to be always alert for new information. The native often has some literary ability, as well as excellent imitative talent. Like quicksilver, which Mercury represents, he is a barometer, rising and falling in spirits, this being governed by the environment.

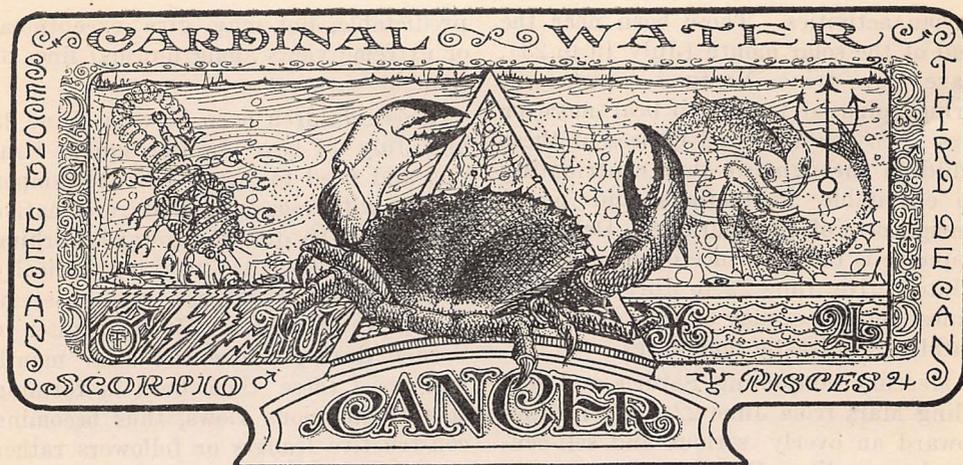
(To be continued)

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

(Continued from page 313)

exactly a month, a year, or seven years ago. How then could we expect to remember so much farther back? We then had a different brain attuned to the consciousness of the previous life. Nevertheless, there are people who remember their past existences, and more are cultivating the faculty every year, for it is latent within each human being.

But as Paul says very properly in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, "If the dead rise not, then . . . your faith is vain; [and] . . . we are of all men most miserable." Therefore the neophyte who has passed the door of Initiation into the invisible world is always brought to the bedside of a dying child. He sees the spirit pass out and is told to watch that spirit in the invisible world until it seeks a new embodiment. For this purpose a child is generally selected who is destined to seek rebirth within a year or two; thus in a comparatively short time the neophyte sees for himself how a spirit passes out through the portal of death and enters physical life again through the womb. Then he has the proof. Reason and faith must suffice those who are not prepared to pay the price of firsthand knowledge, which is not to be bought for gold. The price is paid in one's lifeblood.



The Children of Cancer 1945

Birthdays: June 22nd to July 23rd.

SENSITIVE and retiring, those born with the Sun in Cancer have active, changeable feelings and may be introversive and subject to varying moods. While appearing outwardly to be impassive, even phlegmatic, their sensibilities and sympathies are to a degree all inclusive, due perhaps to their protective instincts and sense of kinship with all life. Unchecked, the yearning to share the feelings and cares of others may lead to unsatisfied desires which sometimes manifest as brooding discontent. Most Cancer people have an innate respect for culture, tradition, and the ties of home and family. Industry, appreciation of human needs, and a generous measure of prudence make these people excellent homemakers, innkeepers, managers, and social workers. Although reserved and fond of isolation, they are also hospitable and gracious. Ample rest and sleep are essential since the constitution is rarely vigorous and unless guarded much energy may be expended emotionally. Also necessary as safeguards against upset digestive and organic functions, are feelings of security, domestic harmony, and a rational diet.

All children born in Cancer this year will enjoy the enterprising and invigorating effect of the Sun sextile Mars which will manifest in life as firmness, courage, energy, and forcefulness. This aspect should largely counteract the additional emotionalism, hyper-sensitivity, and mediumistic tendencies of Sun square Neptune, (June 22 to July 3), which if not watched may develop later in life. A further aid towards the development and thoughtfulness and understanding is the conjunction of the Sun with Saturn from June 26 to July 16. However, this aspect is not good for the health, as it lowers the resistance. So care should be taken during this period not to overtax the strength.

Besides sextiling the Sun, Mars makes several harmonious aspects which should be of definite assistance to these children. Those born between June 22 to July 12 have him favorably supporting Saturn, an influence which should develop considerable self-control, practical ability, and stoic fortitude. All Cancer children born after June 28 have Mars trine Jupiter and should lead a useful and eventful life as a result of the blending of forceful desire and reason which in later life should express itself in good business and humani-

tarian activities. Those born near the end of the solar month (July 19 to 23), have Mars trine Neptune which will bring spiritual factors to bear more or less upon the aims and desires of these children through life thus contributing to charitable inclinations and moral unrightness of the character. Definitely opposite is the influence of Mars square Pluto active June 22 to July 4; which, unless retrained, may express as abrupt, ruthless, or drastic tendencies.

Mercury conjoining Saturn and sextiling Mars from June 22 to 28 inclines toward an overly serious and self-centered mentality. Benefits through concentration, sound judgment, and energetic, methodical application may be expected. Later (July 15 to 23), Mercury squares Mars. This difficult aspect quickens and sharpens the mind but tends toward the development of disputation, ill-temper, and rudeness.

Children born between June 22 and July 4 will be blessed in many ways. Mercury sextiles both Jupiter and Venus which may be expected to develop in an unusual number of social, moral, artistic, or intellectual attributes and bring much peace, love, and happiness in the life. Moreover, Venus trines Jupiter during the same period; one of the surest signs of success, good fortune, and health. The development of these many qualities should enable these children to enjoy much popularity and when the time comes, much happiness in marriage.

Mercury sextiles Neptune from July 1 to 10, and Uranus from July 8 to 19. The former aspect sensitizes the imagination and adds subtlety and delicacy to the mental processes. The latter is more direct and may develop original, independent, even brilliant capabilities. However, both are highly idealistic and tend to lift the mind above mundane vibrations, so that the person may respond more or less to mystical or occult trends. The conjunction of Mercury and Pluto (July 5 to 15) is quite un-

predictable, but may give exceptional or extreme views along unusual lines of thought.

Those children born between June 22 and July 14 have Jupiter square Uranus and need to learn how to temper genius with reason so that reformatory urges may be directed toward working for good rather than working critically or destructively against real or seeming evils. A wide sextile of Jupiter to Saturn during the entire solar month will assist those then born in forming steady, judicious views, thus becoming constructive leaders or followers rather than malcontented rebels.

Pluto sextiles both Uranus and Neptune all this solar month, an indication that these children will be part of a generation upon which immensely uplifting cosmic vibrations may be brought to bear resulting in work for the upliftment and spiritualization of all mankind. They may enjoy and take for granted many grand social conditions which seem hopelessly idealistic today.

Your Child's Horoscope

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR
A READING

Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either new or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to a chance for a reading of a child's horoscope in this department. Character and vocational delineations are made for applicants of any age up to 16. The names are drawn by lot each month, those not drawn losing their opportunity. Application for reading should be sent in when the subscription is made or renewed.

Data required are name, sex, birth-place, and year, month and date of birth, also hour and minute as nearly as possible. *If Daylight Saving Time was in effect this should be stated.*

We do not read horoscopes for money and we give astrological readings only in this magazine. We teach, however, the reading of horoscopes in our Correspondence Courses, notice of which appears elsewhere in this issue.

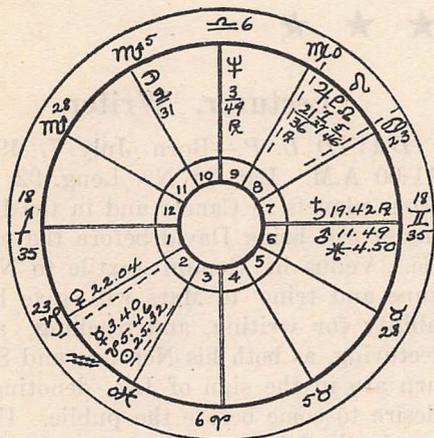
Reading for a Subscriber's Child

MAX A. H.

Born February 15, 1944, 3:16 A.M.

E.W.T.

Latitude 36 N. Longitude 83 W.



The Ascendant is the 18th degree of the intellectual sign of Sagittarius, and it is trine to the ruler of Sagittarius, Jupiter, in the sign Leo and in the 8th house, the home of the occult and regeneration, and in the material world of radio, secret service, and welfare work. This means that Max will have ample opportunities to work for the betterment of himself and others.

He has an opposition from Jupiter to the Sun, which means that the way will not always be easy for there will be a small war going on within himself, the lower self against the higher. But there is a trine from Saturn to the Sun and a sextile of Saturn to Jupiter and Saturn thus well fortified will give self-restraint and stability to the character.

The Moon is in the sign Scorpio and in the 10th house, the house which indicates business and social standing and honors received. Scorpio is the 8th sign and rules the 8th house where the Dragon's Head and Jupiter are posited. The Dragon's Head has a Jupiterian influence and this lad therefore has strong Jupiterian help indicated in his

chart, signifying a so-called lucky life which all occult students know is the result of one's own labors in the past. The Moon in the 10th house will bring this boy before the public and we should therefore like to call attention to the aspect of the Moon square the Dragon's Tail and Mercury in the sign Aquarius. This means that he will be quick at repartee—that he will never be at a loss for a word, but the tendency to talk out of turn is here indicated and should be curbed in early life.

Max will go far in this life with three planets in Gemini. He will travel and it will be for the benefit of his work. Note that his Neptune is in Libra, the ruler of his 7th house and trine to Uranus in Gemini and both Mercury and Dragon's Tail are in Aquarius. These aspects make it easy to analyze this lad's inner life and see that through his own ability he can and will develop many of his latent spiritual potentialities during this life cycle. His Neptune is also sextile to his Pluto and Dragon's Head in the 8th house in the sign Leo, the heart, which indicates that he will learn compassion, understanding, and wisdom by working with others, and he will learn this from observation due to his many fine aspects to Neptune, his most highly elevated planet.

The Sun in Aquarius will give Max many new and original ideas; but it will be best to check all tendencies to stretch a point in veracity, for Jupiter opposed to the Sun gives a desire to enlarge upon values, which could lead to much sorrow.

Venus standing alone in this chart shows that part of Max's work will be to develop the love nature; for it is through love, Venus, that he can and will find his greatest happiness. With three planets in Gemini, the sign of writing, paper, and pencils and two planets in Leo, the sign of publishing, he will be able to write and get his work published.

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.



Hospital. Pharmacist

MELVIN E.S.—Born March 4, 1917, 11:00 A.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 95 W. Three planets, Sun, Mars, Venus in Pisces give an unusual ability in the chemical field through pharmacy. Two planets in Cancer, is another indicator of ability to work with liquids. Three planets in Pisces and two in Aquarius, all in the 10th house, give a keen desire to work for the betterment of the world. The positions of these planets and the signs in which they are posited indicate that Melvin has two avenues through which to work, each of which will bring results valuable to humanity. Gemini rising, ruled by Mercury in the 10th house will bring Melvin before the public through his writing and speaking.

Dramatics. Music

DOROTHEA M. S.—Born November 30, 1928, 8:20 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. With three planets in Cancer, the sign of careers, and in the 7th house, the public, Dorothea will go into the artistic field—preferably dramatics due to a fine trine of her Jupiter in Taurus to Neptune in Virgo, the sign of work and service. Sagittarius is her rising sign with Saturn on the Ascendant; this will give her the necessary perseverance to work for success. Venus is in Capricorn, her path of honor and glory, and Venus ruling the arts, Dorothea should follow out the definite goal of dramatics not neglecting the kindred arts of music and painting.

Lecturer. Writer

DAVID L. P.—Born July 7, 1918, 11:00 A.M. Lat. 32 N. Long. 92 W. Four planets in Cancer and in the 10th house will bring David before the public. Venus in Gemini sextile to Neptune and trine to Mars will give him ability for writing, and teaching, also lecturing, as both his Neptune and Saturn are in the sign of Leo, denoting a desire to come before the public. Uranus in the 5th house, the home of printing and publishing, will augment the power of the planets in Leo. With Venus in the 9th house, the house of long journeys, David will travel to gather material for use in his work; and with four planets in Cancer he will be exceedingly devout and will delve deeply into occult fields.

Science. Linguist

ANNE S.—Born February 16, 1904, 3:00 A.M. Lat. 50 N. Long. 14 E. With four planets in Aquarius, the sign of advanced ideas, invention, and literary pursuits, Anne should work in the field of science and languages. Science would be best, due to the sextile of Uranus in Sagittarius to her Sun in Aquarius. Four planets in Aquarius, will cause Anne to be universal in her work and with Venus in Capricorn she will delve into archaeology as well as the study of ancient writings. Neptune in Cancer opposed to Uranus in Sagittarius will bring out the latent lessons to be learned, and the sextile of Jupiter to Venus in Capricorn will help her to master them.

Monthly News Interpreted

• • •

A Masonic Archbishop

The newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Bishop of London, is the second member of the Masonic Fraternity to be named to that high position. For five years he has been Bishop of London and has not had very much time to give to Masonic activities. While residing at Canterbury he will be in an earnest center of Masonry in the Province of Kent. There are four lodges there.

The other Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England who was a Mason was the late Rt. Rev. Dr. William Howley, Archbishop from 1828 to 1848.—*Scottish Rite News Bulletin*.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, is the first Mason to become an Archbishop of the Church of England for almost a century. As noted above, the last preceding Archbishop with Masonic affiliations completed his term of office in 1848. It is rather strange that so long a period should have elapsed with no Mason occupying this position. The Catholic Church takes care of the Sons of Seth, those who follow the Path of Faith. The Masons and the Rosicrucian Order represent the School of Knowledge. The appointment of Archbishop Fisher is really a sign of progress because the Protestant English Church is thereby linked up more definitely with the Masonic movement than it has been for a long time in the past.

Suicide

During the last twenty-four minutes somewhere in the United States a man has killed himself. It happens about sixty times a day, every day; 22,000 times a year. This is only in the United States; it is twice as frequent in some European countries. It is everywhere more frequent than murder.

In the popular mind suicide is the simple

and logical consequence of ill health, discouragement, financial reverses, humiliation, frustration, or unrequited love. What amazes one most, is not that these simple explanations are continually offered but that they are so readily and unquestioningly accepted.

This conception of self-destruction as a flight from reality, from ill-health, disgrace, poverty, or the like is seductive because of its simplicity. It parallels other escapes such as the taking of vacations or celebrating the holidays.

But there is an essential difference between these escapes which are all temporary, and suicide. The human mind cannot conceive of non-existence, and hence, the suicide's act betrays his belief in some kind of a future life more enduring than this present life.

The popular analysis would be more nearly correct, therefore, if it were phrased that suicide is an attempted escape from an intolerable life situation.—*Science Digest*.

According to the above extract, 22,000 or more misguided people each year labor under the misapprehension that they can with impunity destroy their physical body in an attempt to escape some painful or disagreeable experience. In the present war suicide is made use of as an escape from excessive pain or torture by the enemy, and we often hear it excused as at least partially permissible under such circumstances.

The Japs are particularly addicted to it. The ceremonial form of suicide in Japan is called hari kiri, and it is made use of by men in high position when they have "lost face" through failure in some mission. It is supposed to be a form of exit that preserves the honor of the person who employs it. In the current dispatches we often read of whole companies of Japanese soldiers committing suicide by holding grenades against their bodies and allowing them to explode. Only certain forms of suicide are a Japanese woman's privilege,

namely, drowning or leaping into a volcano.

The suicide has no conception of the terrible conditions into which he is precipitating himself by his act. He is actually jumping from the frying pan into the fire, and we are told on the highest authority that the fire is approximately one thousand times hotter than the frying pan. The pain of the suicide comes from the constant vibration of the archetype of the physical body in an attempt to draw to itself the material necessary to nourish and sustain the body. But as the latter has been destroyed, there is nothing to pull against, and the effect is analogous to the racing of the propeller of a ship when it is out of water. This tends to rack the ship to pieces. The pain is said to be similar to hunger several times as intense as any that is ever experienced in physical life, or a toothache over the entire surface of the body. In war, when a soldier is captured by a savage enemy who he knows will torture him, the temptation is great to commit suicide. But if he only knew that suicide would project him into torture infinitely more terrible than any which can be inflicted by a human enemy, he certainly would never take that way out. He would endure the present pain until death gave him natural release.

Ahoy, You Physical Wrecks!

The war has turned the spotlight on you. According to Selective Service, you are apparently at your best at 18 years of age and you rapidly deteriorate thereafter.

Most of you don't get enough air, because you do not breathe properly, and do not get enough oxygen to keep your blood purified and your body rebuilt.

Many of you do not eat enough of our abundant natural iron-carrying foods, to do a good job of furnishing the iron which is a sort of "hod carrier" of the oxygen to the body-building jobs.

The "you" to whom this message applies is mostly city folk, but it includes far too many farmers.

It is not Nature's plan that there should

be so many weak eyes, weak stomachs, and weak hearts.

That's man's foolishness.

Too much sin and synthetics.

Too much over-refined foods.

Too many people listening to the food promoters, and too few to the scientists who suggest health by wise eating.

We have people going around beating their breasts and telling us how physically good they are who are actually slightly anemic or on the scurvy side, dietically speaking.

They lack that really vibrant good health and spark of life which wise eating could give in many cases.

If you doubt this, watch the faces in a crowd; the dull eyes, poor postures, draggy attitudes.

The principal ingredients of health are air, water, and good food.

Army leaders facing facts and realities, tell their people that the place to get vitamins and minerals is in food.

This is important to the economic health of farmers as well as to their own physical health.

We can eat our farm food surpluses after the war, and all be better for it.—*Pacific Rural Press*, May 12, 1945.

It is estimated that a quarter of a billion dollars a year is now being spent by the American people alone for vitamins they being prescribed for every ill to which the human body is subject. There seems to be no doubt but that vitamins are truly essential to health, but the proper place to get them is from the fresh foods produced by the soil and not from synthetic products prepared in a laboratory and sold over the counter. To obtain results vitamins should be taken as they exist in natural foods produced by the plant kingdom from which the most of man's food should be obtained.

Food taken internally is broken down and decomposed by heat inside of the body, and thus the chemical ether permeating each particle of food combines with the chemical ether of the vital body. The food magnetized by the sun working in the plant is thereby assimilated and remains with us until this magnetism is exhausted. The more directly food comes from the soil, the more solar magnetism it contains and the longer it "stays with the consumer."

READERS' QUESTIONS

• • •

Creative Thought vs. Black Magic

Question:

Please tell me how a person can use the power of thought and thought creations to better his conditions in life and obtain his desires without touching on black magic. Many metaphysical societies are teaching these things and I do not like to think they are doing that which is wrong. Will you please give me some light on this subject?

Answer:

The difference between creative thought and black magic is not difficult to understand. The Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches that nothing can exist on the physical plane until an archetype of it has first been created in the Region of Concrete Thought. This is the first point.

The second point is that thought forms are ensouled by the will of the thinker and the ideas he or she impresses upon them becomes the dominant itself to it owing to the law that like a thought form is a real creation, it floats around among people seeking to find a mind that can be impressed with the same idea which is ensouled by it. When it finds such a mind, it attaches itself to it owing to the law that like attracts like and becomes a compelling suggestion. It is thus easy to see what one's right line of action in the matter is.

First, it is perfectly right to create a mental archetype of any desired thing which is not evil in nature; and this can legitimately be done consciously through the power of imagination. The

majority of people, however, do not use this power consciously, and therefore their thought creations are without definite plan and accomplish comparatively little.

Second, one must absolutely avoid the element of demand or force in connection with his or her thought forms. If one does not impress the idea of demand or force upon them, they in turn will not impress such an idea upon others. Therefore they will not compel others to act against their will for the benefit of the one who first created the thought form.

If we leave all thought creations to be materialized by the Lords of Destiny without any demand or force, they will be brought to us in a materialized form just as soon as we have earned them through the operation of the Laws of Consequence and Attraction. As a general rule we must do work on all planes, including the physical, before we have the right to physical materializations.

It is a fallacy to think that one creates something which did not exist before, when he couples force with thought creations. The truth is that by so doing he compels its materialization through other persons without their knowledge or consent and without creating anything new at all.

Any individual is not entitled to a certain article constructed from the material of any plane until he has done the equivalent of the work upon the plane necessary to construct that article. Of course, if in one life a person does a great deal of physical work, in a succeeding life he may have plenty of material goods without doing much of

such work; but the balance must be maintained. Thus it is not right to sit down and visualize an automobile, for example, and demand its materialization, for two reasons: First, one cannot be certain that he is entitled to it, because he does not know whether he has done the necessary work to earn it. Second, his demand may coerce some person into giving him something to which he is not entitled and that would constitute what might be called "cosmic highway robbery." But if a person leaves the materialization of his thought creations to the Lords of Destiny, they will bring the things which he has earned to him at exactly the right time so as to maintain a balance on all points, working in perfect harmony with the laws which govern them. But, on the other hand, if one obtains things by means of mental assault and battery, he is using black magic, which always carries a very severe penalty with it.

MAN'S FREEDOM OF WILL

Question:

I would like to know to what extent do people in general have free will or choice in deciding what they will or will not do. It seems to me that there must be some deciding factor somewhere.

Answer:

The main events in the life of each individual are decided on in the Third Heaven between lives before the spirit starts back to earth for rebirth. The selection of these events is largely determined by the Lords of Destiny and these events are shown to the spirit in the form of pictures. But the panorama contains only the principal events. The spirit has free will as to detail. However, the life on earth must be lived so as to bring these special features into play. Max Heindel's favorite illustration was that of a person who had purchased a round-trip ticket with stop-over privileges at the main cities along the route. According to the previously

arranged terms he would be obliged to go through these cities and stop in them for the period during which the train remained there. But all the details connected with the journey—how he conducted himself in relation to his fellow travelers, his reaction to the scenery, and his various states of mind such as contentment and happiness or discontent and faultfinding would be matters of free will. There is another element of free will which comes into some lives and that is epigenesis. This is the power of the spirit to set into operation entirely new causes which are independent of all preceding causes or effects. By means of it one initiates a line of action entirely unhampered by past happenings. Be it noted, however, that only the more advanced individuals are able to practice epigenesis to any appreciable extent. The pioneers of the race, the inventors, master musicians, artists, and other progressives in general, are exercising some degree of it; but the rank and file, practically speaking, are very much tied down by destiny and exercise little epigenesis for the reason that they are not yet able to use it.

INITIATION IN THE WESTERN WISDOM SCHOOL

Question:

When a person takes one of the Initiations of the Rosicrucian school, does he do so by the aid of the Teacher, and is the Teacher seen clairvoyantly or physically?

Answer:

Initiation in the Western Wisdom School is always taken under the direction of a Teacher. Initiation is a wide-awake experience in which the everyday consciousness is retained. However, the experiences of Initiation are all on the inner planes. The Teacher who is to supervise the process may appear either in a physical body or in one of his higher vestures if he so desires.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

• • •

Astro-View of Heredity and Disease

By DR. A. J. HAWORTH

Each individual is equipped with a mental and moral nature which are entirely his own, taking from his parents only the material for the physical body. Naturally he is drawn to parents where he can get the kind of material for the expression of his life's work.



THE Bible tells us that the sins of the parents may be visited on their children for three or four generations. This is true not only from a physical standpoint but from a mental and moral point of view. The Ego is entitled to the sort of parents whose tendencies coincide closely with its own. Parents possessing negative characters, as a result of violating nature's laws, attract and are entitled to children of a similar nature. The body evolves along with the spirit and as people learn the penalty of violating these laws by neglect of duty or wilful opposition, the spirit becomes able to "build a more stately mansion" for itself. The spirit soon recognizes this through suffering, and thus we often see a great and kindly soul in a weak and deformed body, who has started on the long journey of building a better temple for the god within.

The dictionary says that heredity from a biological standpoint is the transmission of physical and psychical characteristics from the parents to their offspring. Metaphysicians freely admit that this is true from a physical point of view, for the embryo must use or draw on the chemicals of the mother for physical growth. However, many advanced Egos are able to draw from

the ethers that which the mother may lack in proper material, and thus from sickly parents may come a sound body for the child.

The inheritance of psychical traits in the same way as physical transmission cannot hold true on account of the Law of Karma and natural evolution. There are usually psychical resemblances on account of the law of attraction and just deserts. But often an Ego who has evolved to where it has a wide choice of parents and early environment may choose to pay off an old debt to other spirits, and as a result a healthy genius or a highly spiritual person will come from sickly parents of mediocre calibre; or conversely, a horse thief may come from a minister's home. These examples refute the idea of mental inheritance. But to get down to the physical factors as they affect health, diagnosis, and therapy:

When the pediatrician looks to parental weakness to diagnose the child's disease, he may be easily led astray for the reasons outlined above unless he uses astrology and studies the mother's ductless glands, which are the prime factor in forming the foetus. For the blood stream of the mother does not intermingle with the foetus. So by osmosis the chemical particles are transmitted

to the child's body via the ductless glands. Thus if the adrenals are out of order in the mother, the liver of the infant will be affected. This holds true for the masses; but where an Ego is so advanced that it can build a good body by transmuting poor material and drawing on cosmic forces, it will not need a doctor's attention anyway.

The reason the pediatrician is apt to make a mistake or be confused is that while the parent has not yet developed liver trouble from adrenalin pathology because the planetary progressions have not brought it to a head, the child will have a diseased liver, because the embryo had insufficient material from the mother's glands. Something similar applies of course to any ailment.

We will take a recent example which came to our attention to further elucidate this. The mother has Uranus adversely aspected in Aries. She is young, has some very good aspects to mitigate the Uranian affliction, and has had no serious physical complaints as yet. But lacking the proper balance of hormones from the adrenals during gestation and having little to offset this influence, the child is very backward; has spasmodic headaches, nervousness, is underweight as well as having weak eyes. All this results from the influence of his mother's Uranus at odds in Aries, ruler of the head. Uranus rules the eyes through the ethers and the nerves, and also governs the pituitary body.

Now the pituitary gland is also the gland of growth and assimilation, and is the indicator of abnormal as well as normal growths. We can trace everything from warts, tumors and cysts to dwarfs, giants, and malformed limbs to the disfunction of this gland. When the child reaches puberty in another year, much of this trouble will be automatically corrected by the fact that the thymus, which now carries on the work of growth and assimilation, will atrophy, his pituitary will take over this

work, and he will manufacture his own red corpuscles. He will no longer be dependent upon the essence he was able to store in the thymus from his mother's pituitary gland, but will be "on his own." With the well aspected Uranus which he has, we are able to safely predict a great change for the better. He will at that time, so to speak, have paid off the "sin" of his mother, and will reap some benefit from his own chart.

This explains clearly why children "outgrow" pathology and cease to have what is known as children's diseases, which in the final analysis are the sins of the parents visited upon the offspring. We do not say, however, that puberty is "cure all" for children's disorders. This particular case is typical, and explains why the lack of a metaphysical and astrological understanding of the body is such a handicap in pediatrics as well as in adult diseases.

Such understanding indicates why the mother before pregnancy may be sickly and then become more robust after childbirth. The fact is that the lack of certain elements in her body caused the Ego of the child to demand proper material to build into its body. So-called abnormal appetites ensued with the mother, with the result that her own body profited by supplying the needs of the unborn child. The alchemical and chemical changes in her body also affected her mental outlook, at least temporarily. We have in mind a woman who was quite a gloomy soul, given to scolding those around her. But during the flush of pregnancy she became an entirely different person—cheerful and tolerant, even sweet and lovely of face. And much of this change for the better remained with her after the baby was born. Her pride and joy in caring for and loving the infant was truly a wonderful example of the divine blessings of motherhood. It also saved a marriage that threatened to go on the rocks of

(Continued on page 330)



HEALING

Founded on the Admonition of the Christ to Heal the Sick.

HEALTH NOTES

The moment we allow thoughts of fear, of worry, of anger, the body endeavors, as it were, to close the gates against an outside foe, fancied or real. Then also the spleen closes up and ceases to specialize the vital fluid in sufficient quantities for the necessities of the body. When the thought of fear forces the partial closure of the spleen, the solar fluid does not go through the body with the same speed as before. It does not radiate from the periphery in straight lines, but these lines become crumpled and thus they allow easy access to the little deleterious organisms which may then feed unobstructed upon our tissues and cause disease.

* * *

So long as we live a common-sense life, feeding our bodies upon the pure foods which come from the vegetable kingdom, taking a sufficient amount of exercise, and keeping mentally active, we may rest secure in the promise that the Lord is our refuge. There shall no evil befall us so long as we thus show our faith by our works. On the other hand, if we belie our faith in God by disregard of His laws, our expectations of health are in vain.—*Occult Principles of Health and Healing*, by Max Heindel.

* * *

We shall be grateful for the aid of our friends and patients in sending out healing power, for there is a very great

need of this at the present time. At Mt. Ecclesia every evening a healing service is held in the Healing Temple pictured above, at 6:30. Also on the the healing dates given below, when the Moon is in a cardinal sign, healing services are held in the Pro-Ecclesia. You may join in these services, and thus make of yourself a living channel for the Divine Healing Power that comes direct from the Father. At 6:30 P.M. *by your own clock*, 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*.

June 5—11—18—25

July 2— 8—15—22—29

August 4—11—19—25

* * *

New York, April, 1945.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Dear Friends:

I failed to write several days ago as I intended, and tell you I am all right. I am still marveling at and thanking you all for the immediate assistance I received—removal of pain, mental relief, and spiritual uplift. And, in addition, I feel I have been guided in meeting other problems that have come along at this period.

With a grateful heart I remain,

Ever lovingly and sincerely,

—L.M.

Michigan, April, 1945.

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Words are inadequate to express my joy and happiness in the fact that my health has showed such remarkable improvement, my strength has returned, and my endur-

ance is greater now than it has been for years. You will never know how gratifying it is to me to be able to re-assume my responsibilities.

My husband is very grateful to your band of Invisible Helpers.

Sincerely yours,
—Mrs. R.E.E.

HEREDITY AND DISEASE

(Continued from page 328)

misunderstanding. And a happier father than the one in this home would be hard to find.

What a pity that doctors and parents have so little knowledge of what astrology can do for happiness in the home. Pregnant mothers having a knowledge of astrology can design their diet to suit their own mineral affinity or mineral lack as shown in the horoscope, and when the baby is born they can feed it intelligently and give it every chance to have a sound physical body and avoid laying the foundation for future adult diseases.

Only the surface of this profound and gripping subject has been scratched by the average doctor who uses astrology. May God hasten the day when doctors and parents will begin to cooperate in learning the wonderful workings of the laws of life as disclosed by metaphysics and astrology.

May We Aid You to Solve Your Health Problem?

The Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order carry out the second admonition of The Christ, to heal the sick, through a band of Invisible Helpers who work on the vital body of the patient while he is asleep. If you have a health problem, you may contact the Invisible Helpers by writing to the address given below, and asking to be put on the Healing List. This contact is maintained by a weekly letter to the Healing Department. Suggestions on diet, exercise, etc. in harmony with their work will also be given you. This department is supported by free-will offerings.

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Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

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Children's Department



The Secret of the Rock

By ALICE CHALMERS



SUMMER melted into early autumn, and the blue haze which hung over the clean little city nestled in the foothills below Pike's Peak already bore a hint of frost, forerunner of an early winter.

The highway wound around the shoulder of the town, taking its way past suburban dwellings, on to the consciously picturesque abodes of the art colony. Here behind a boulder large enough to shut it from the sight of passers-by was the Pittman Studio of Art, embowered in evergreens. A Sherlock Holmes would have deduced at once that it housed a family as well as a school of art even if he had not spied a small blonde head mysteriously appearing and disappearing over the top of the huge rock.

The boulder was precipitous and smooth; one would have said it was impossible to climb it, yet somehow that head had got up there. Sherlock, in the guise of a tall boy of eleven or twelve years, found no clue to the mystery, even after circling the rock and examining it from base to summit with minute care. There *was* no way up! Perhaps there was no head there, either! Perhaps he was imagining things again!

He was on the point of beating a retreat when a voice called him, and the head was definitely visible with its eyes looking down at him. "Who are you

and what do you want?" it said.

The boy expelled his breath on a deep sigh of relief. "I'm Charles Barrett, and I live with my cousins over there," he indicated the direction with a backward motion of his head. "And who are you and how did you get up on that rock? I've walked all around it, and it's smooth and straight everywhere. I began to think maybe you were a ghost!"

"Oh," said the head, "I'm Mari-gold—my name is Mary really, but everybody calls me Marigold. That's Daddy's fault, he started it." She added apologetically, "You know how parents are. They have such odd ideas. I can't think where they pick them up."

Charles looked faintly shocked, digesting this bit of wisdom.

"You're the refugee boy from England, aren't you?" she went on. "Well, seeing as you are a refugee I will tell you the secret about this rock. Go right around there"—she pointed—"and I'll show you."

She walked across the rock as the boy circled its base, and pointed out to him a heap of stones piled loosely against the base at a certain place. "Just move those rocks," she said, "and you find an opening into a chimney."

"A chimney?" The boy looked around, puzzled.

"Yes, just look. It's a real mountain

chimney, and you can scrootch right up to the top of it. Go ahead, you, do as I say!"

Charles flushed, but obediently moved the stones and crawled into the opening thus revealed. A voice came down the shaft hollowly, "Now pull the rocks back into place as well as you can, and then you climb right up here."

"You just *scrootch* up," she added, when he stood upright and looked up at her questioningly. "You lean your back against one side, and use your hands and feet on the other side and then scrootch up!"

Charles got the idea, and after a few minutes scuffling and scraping he scrambled aboard the rock beside the little girl. He looked somewhat ruefully at his now torn shirt and slacks, but Marigold assured him that the first time was the hardest, and that it would become quite easy with practice and he would practically never tear his clothes after awhile.

"I just hope Aunt Susan won't mind too much about these, though," the boy worried. Charles said *Ahnt*, Marigold noticed, not *Ant* the way she did when she meant *Aunt*.

"Maybe my mother would call her up and explain it," said Marigold, "then she wouldn't be mad, would she?"

"No, I don't suppose so."

"Well, then, let's just go right ahead and have fun now and not worry about it any more."

Charles looked about him in unspoken astonishment. An only child, he had been sent to a boys' school at an early age according to the English custom, and consequently knew nothing about girls and their ways. If he had thought about it at all, he would have been firmly convinced that girls had no fun. How could they? So Marigold's eyrie atop this huge boulder was something of a surprise. There was an uneven edge which formed a kind of natural parapet, behind which one could hide from the view of those on the ground

below, and which accounted for the apparently bodyless head he had seen floating about. At one side the rock was higher than the other, forming a platform, which Marigold explained was a stage for theatrical performances. In another corner were stored a few choice toys, among them doll dishes and a small iron cookstove, which would burn logs two inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter. There was even an oven that would bake loaves or cakes an inch or so long, and you could heat water for tea in a kettle which held several tablespoonfuls of water.

A swift glance around showed the boy that he was safe from discovery, and he entered into Marigold's domestic economy with zest. He was frankly delighted with the cookstove. "It used to be my mother's when she was a little girl," Marigold told him.

"I say, that's really super!" he said, opening the firebox to put in another two-inch log.

"We'll have some tea," said Marigold, "and while we're waiting for the water to boil you can tell me all about yourself. I know you're a refugee."

Charles interrupted gruffly. "Please don't call me a refugee. It sounds as if I'd run away, and I didn't, they sent me away! They said I was imagining things too much and I had to get out of it. Anyway, I saw things that everybody said weren't there. And I could have sworn they were! Like . . . like your head . . . floating around over this rock. . . . I thought maybe I was imagining it. I saw things like that . . . that's why they sent me here."

"Oh, is *that* all?" said Marigold calmly. "You were just psychic."

"What's psychic?" he wanted to know.

Marigold, with a fine air of authority, replied, "*Psychic* is having *true* imaginations."

"But I did see things!" the boy repeated.

"Oh, pooh," said Marigold. "We can

just keep it all a secret between us, just you and me. I'll tell you about my imaginations, and you tell me about yours, and we'll sign an X in blood here on this slab; that means we'll never, never tell anybody else except just us two, and here on top of our rock. This is our Secret Castle of Imaginations."

Charles stared. "Do you have imaginations, too?"

"Certainly," said Marigold. "I always have since I was born."

"But don't people think you're queer?"

"No, because I keep my imaginations secret, and I only tell them to my friend, and he's a secret too. But now I will tell my secrets to you also after we make our bloody X on this rock here. Have you got a knife?"

Charles took a knife out of his pocket and made a small cut on Marigold's thumb, then on his own, and both drew an X in blood on the flat slab of rock.

"Now then," said Marigold, "my friend says imaginations must be kept secret because they are a treasure trove, just like buried treasure; and you have to lift them in silence and secrecy or robbers will plunder you."

She leaned forward. "Have you ever seen fairies?"

"Yes," he breathed, "hundreds of times!"

"Tell me, tell me!"

"Well, my favorite was a little elf. At least I suppose he was an elf. He was about a foot high, dressed in green, and he'd a wide grin and pointed ears and a pointed cap—that was green too. He used to sit on my window sill. Sometimes I didn't see him at first, and then he would just send up a fountain of gold stars, and then I knew he was there. And then," his voice wavered, "I was afraid of the elf. And when he came into my room one night I—I—wanted him to go away—I—hated him because I was so afraid; and a grey mist went out from me, and the little fellow staggered and fell back. His face

went all blurry and puzzled, and his grin stopped off right in the middle, and then he was gone—and I haven't seen him since. I guess," he added huskily, "I must've killed him."

"But," said Marigold cheerfully, "I'm sure you didn't kill him. Where did he live?"

"Why, in the tree outside my window, I suppose."

"Well then, as long as the tree lives, he will stay there, and he'll be waiting for you when you are back home again. Fairies don't die just because they melt away! And besides, we have lots of elves here for you to know; and after the war you can go back to England and make friends with a new lot over there. Just think of all the new gardens there will be after the war! The most wonderful gardens in the world! Why I have an imagination of one right now! It's your garden, and it is just full of elves!"

In spite of himself Charles brightened. For the first time in months his heart felt light, his shoulders straightened, and he was not afraid to look a fellow being eye to eye. Marigold now—others later.

He stood up. How bright the sun was! A multitude of little woolly clouds, like sheep, had been gradually rolling over the sky. Now in their midst was the sun like a good shepherd anointing them with golden oil.

And feel the wind! It was a cool, clear river flowing through the air from the snow of the mountains. He felt clean through and through, as if something dark and bad had been washed away from his heart.

"I say," he repeated. "This is super! May I come any time I like?"

"Course! Haven't we signed it in our heart's blood? This is *our* Secret Castle of Imaginations, remember?"

And a ray of sunlight fell across the slab where two red X's bore witness of an ancient blood brotherhood renewed after a thousand years.

MT. ECCLESIA NEWS

LETTERS written in her own inimitable style are being received by various workers here from Henrietta Hale, probationer, who left recently to accept a position in a state institution for subnormal children, at Coldwater, Michigan. The qualities Rosierucian students strive for, and possessed by our friend,—equipoise, the willingness to “sacrifice self upon the altar of humanity”—will prove a blessing, we believe, to Mrs. Hale’s young charges.

Dr. Leon Patrick sent back greetings from Ashland, Oregon, where he is spending his vacation, having been with his mother there on Mother’s Day. Mrs. Patrick is in Long Beach, California, and will be joined later by her husband.

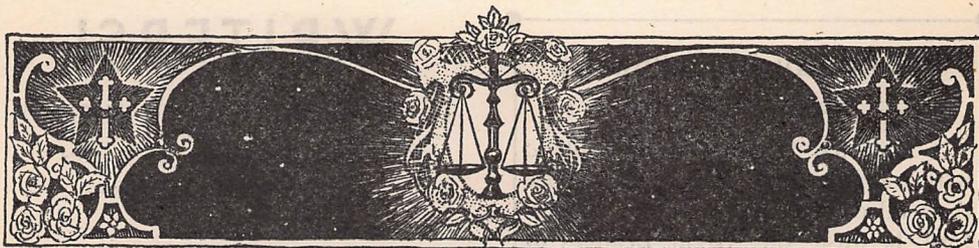
A newsy letter comes also from Miss Mildred Hansbrough, who was a secretary for several years in our Healing Department. Having joined the WAC’s, Mildred is “seeing the world”—Australia, New Guinea, and is at present in Manila. Weather is warm in Manila, she said, and water scarce, as all public utilities were destroyed, and only one small reservoir to furnish water for the entire city. The once “Pearl of the Orient,” she stated, is now a mass of debris, but constructive progress is already started. The city is being planned and laid out, “streamlined,” a “definite pattern for beauty, no patchwork affair.” Mildred closed her letter with the hope that “the war will soon be through all over the world, and everyone can come home.”

Early one morning recently a secretary of the Healing Department heard the staccato beat of small hoofs on the walk. She opened the door and stepped out, and there before her astonished eyes stood an equally astonished fawn,

about three feet high, with hide a soft warm buff color. Not every one has the rare privilege of looking long into the limpid brown eyes of a young deer, and Miss Rees took advantage of her opportunity. She spoke reassuringly, and the fawn, after having made a few mental notes of its own, finally turned and trotted leisurely across the grounds toward the sanitarium. Miss Rees reluctantly watched the lovely creature go and finally, at the sound of an automobile horn, she saw it disappear down toward the canyon in high bounding leaps, indescribably graceful.

While on the subject of our younger brothers, Miss Rees told a charming story of her select clientele of birds who followed them when she and her mother moved to Temple Cottage. Seems that the birds had come to expect their food as a matter of course; in fact, as so often happens when a favor or blessing occurs with dependable regularity, its abrupt withholding is taken as a downright injury. Scarcely had Mrs. Clem and Miss Rees settled in their new cottage than the birds were making their presence known with noisy insistence. A platform was built for them outside the window. Each morning when the bell rings, the birds arrive promptly, spread their tails, flap their wings impatiently against the window pane, some even treading air while they peer through the window to ascertain why their service isn’t immediate. The flock and variety of birds increase from time to time. Towhees are most numerous, and a few Oregon towhees, mahogany colored, with black and white wings, are visiting their southern relatives. Recently a pair of soft grey mourning doves have joined the bread line.

NOTE: When you’ve finished reading your magazine, please pass it along to a friend!



Center and Study Group Activities Of The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ROBSON, B. C., CANADA

Congratulations this month to our "prize" study group, Mr. and Mrs. Burt (Jack and Paula), Probationers who have for years conducted Temple and Healing services faithfully. Mr. Burt, a high-school teacher, prepares a lecture for each Sunday evening Service as meticulously as though he were to talk before an auditorium full of people. Although our friends do not have the benefit of a large study group, Mr. Burt talks with his more serious-minded high school students, answering their questions concerning the mysteries of existence, and explaining, when requested, points of our Philosophy. To be permitted thus to sow seeds of the Rosicrucian teachings in young, fertile minds is a rare opportunity; our friends are keenly aware of this, and are doing fine work.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Miss Marian Coles, Secretary since the resignation of Mrs. Veronica Johansen, reports for this Center, showing at least one class or service at the Center for every day during the month.

Our New York friends are combining their study of the Rosicrucian teachings with creative efforts along various artistic and musical lines. On Thursday afternoons a class in art is held. In their very attractive program for April it is stated: "We plan to have an art exhibit at our birthday party on June

16th. Do come and develop your creative talents and have your art on display this day."

Everyone knows the refining and cultural influence of the arts upon the personality and character, and this step is a highly commendable one. Imagine for a moment the effect of an art exhibit by Rosicrucian students who are capable of contacting the higher realms at will; the great operas and epic poems yet to be written by students after they have earned for themselves the right to first-hand investigation!

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Mr. H. O. Kirchner writes: "Attendance past month rather small, but those who do attend are sincere followers of the Rosicrucian Philosophy." We are glad to hear from these friends, and sincerely hope their faithfulness during difficult times will be rewarded with a new spiritual impulse.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Mr. Louie Whittle's report is full of optimism for the future growth of their Center, and now that hostilities have ceased, he believes a new spiritual impetus is bound to be felt all over Europe. People the world over must be taught the workings of the Law of Cause and Effect, to hasten their own evolution and to help them establish world conditions in harmony with divine Law.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

A spiritual Religion cannot blend with a materialistic Science any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore, because the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency toward ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill budding Science as Science had earlier strangled Religion, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced Science has again become a co-worker with Religion.

Centuries have rolled by since a high spiritual teacher having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—*Christian Rose Cross*—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian Religion, and to explain the mystery of Life and Being from the scientific standpoint, *in harmony with Religion.*

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Lists of Dealers and Centers

We publish in alternate issues of this Magazine complete lists of dealers carrying The Rosicrucian Fellowship publications; also lists of the Study Groups and Chartered Centers of the Fellowship, both in the United States and abroad. These lists are omitted in the intervening issue in order to make the space available for our articles and notices. This applies to the present issue. Anyone wishing to obtain the name and address of any Dealer or the address of any Center or Study Group will find these in the June issue. They will also be printed in the August number.

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