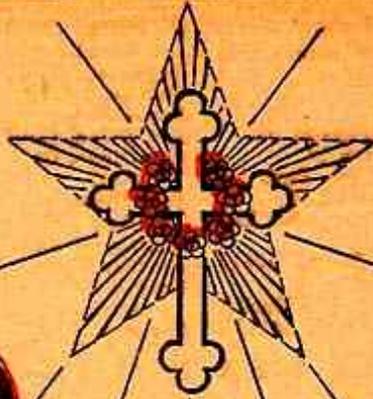


DECEMBER



# Rays from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH  
THE LEGEND OF POINSETTIA  
MOTHER SHIPTON'S  
PROPHECIES  
SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION  
THE KEY OF HEAVEN AND HELL  
THE CONQUEROR OF PAIN  
THE SAILORS OF THE INVISIBLE



Edited by Max Heindel

1917



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

VOL 8

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 8

## General Contents

### The Mystic Light

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

### The Question Department

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

### The Astral Ray

Astrology from an original angle, Cosmic light on Life's Problems.

### Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

### Nutrition and Health

Our body is 'A Living Temple', we build it without sound of hammer, by our food. In this Department articles on diet teach how to build wisely and well.

### The Healing Department

The Rose Cross Healing Circle, its meetings and their results.

### Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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# The Mystic Light

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DECEMBER 1917

## The Builder

*By James A. Edgerton*

This is the song of the builder;  
My hammer swings and rings  
In harmony with the vital key  
Of the song at the heart of things;  
The chord of the Master Builder  
That sounds when the worlds have birth  
Is the music sweet I seek to repeat  
As I rear the homes of earth.

From rock, from mine and from forest  
I shape the cities of man;  
The ships that flee down the ways of the sea  
I fashion, improve and plan;  
The jungle I make a garden;  
The distance I dwarf with steel  
Till a continent wide is a few hours' ride  
When spanned by the spinning wheel.

So busy am I with helping,  
Constructing the good of earth,  
That I cannot halt for finding fault,  
But have plenty of time for mirth.  
If there's joy, or cheer, or laughter,  
I am there with all my heart,  
For a right success spells happiness  
And that is the nobler part.

There is room for work and for gladness  
And making the good prevail,  
But there is no place for the carping race,  
For the spite and the weakling's wail,  
There is space for the life constructive  
And for helping the world along;  
To create is the sign of the power divine,  
This this is the builder's song.

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## The Legend of the Hainsettia

Corinne Dunklee

**I**N the years ago, when man walked on earth hand in hand with the angels, knowing only their stainless innocence and radiating only their perfect beauty. When never a thought of evil had tinged his consciousness to be reflected abroad in divers colors. Flowers that are reflections of consciousness all shone in purest white, making the world a veritable dream-garden of pure and fragrant beauty.

As ages passed and the vibration of a mighty star opened the portals of matter for the entrance of man, and the spirit became more firmly enmeshed in its material form, gradually the deli-

cately sensitive petals caught and held the colors given to them by the varied thoughts and emotions of men. Only the rarest and finest of the flower-souls were able to blossom in all their pristine purity.

For a long time still there grew a flower so white that it rivaled the breath of mountain snows, and the neck of the swan was pale beside it. Tradition holds that wherever a pure soul lived unspotted by the world these flowers blossomed in wondrous profusion. Along pathways steeped in meditations of Saints they shone as fair as the thought they reflected.

On that Holy Night, when the shepherds were watching upon the Judean hills, and the golden star guided them on their way to the sacred manger, their path was covered with these white, mystic blooms, and the rays from the Star of the East turned their petals into shimmering silver.

When the Holy One carried the cross up the steep ascents of Golgotha the ground was a white carpet of their beauty. They clustered lovingly about his bruised feet as though they would fain make amends for the cruel nails and the crown of thorns. Silently their white faces watched in mute appeal the enactment of the crucifixion. The fragile petals shivered in sympathy with the great cosmic thrill that trembled through worlds when the mighty spirit broke his bondage of flesh.

As the blood flowed from the cut of nails and the clasp of thorns, one sacred drop fell deep into the heart of a little white blossom and nestled there. Almost imperceptibly the petals bent low beneath the horror, then softly, gently flamed to blood-hued crimson. All through the heart of the earth this wave was carried until everywhere that these mystic flowers had blown in radiant white their color was changed into the crimson of blood.

The purest soul of all the flower-world through ages to come must bathe its heart in the blood of the Christ and give to the world its message through the beauty of flaming petals.

## II

The closing time of the flower-year is come. Each petal month has blown into fragrant sheaves of memory. The Weavers of Flower-land sit in council to decide what flower shall be held sacred to the Christmas time. What blossom is fair enough to represent the month of Cosmic Birth. On silken pinions of the wind messages have gone to the Guardian Deities of the months asking them to come and present their claims before the council of the Flower-world.

Crooning the slumber-song of winter in faint notes of flickering sunlight, comes pale January clad in sable garments. Her snowwhite arms are laden with fragile hyacinth bells, that tremble in soft music to the yearning song her soul must ever

sing of Silence and of Sleep.

Toward the short days' end, across the western edge of a low, grey sky, February draws a line of gold. While from the earth's grey heart she gathers tear-drops and transmutes them into golden daffodils of promise for the weary world. Miracles she tells to land and sky. For her name of names is Hope.

March wraps the world in veils of vague and tender greens, and stands with clasped and eager hands, while the world-soul plays the wonderful prelude of awakening. Violets spring from her thoughts as blue as the sky toward which they lift their eyes. For the inner name of March is Aspiration.

Virgin April, clad in shimmering tears, bends above the tired world. Gathering up its pain and sorrows she bends lily-lips upon them. When they are filled with a holy consciousness of peace, she fashions them into the Lily of Annunciation, to breathe upon humanity the secret of her soul-Attainment.

May, with lilting laughter, whispers deep to the heart of the woodland, causing him to open the doors or his treasure-house to her, where she wraps herself in fairy garlands to awaken the beautiful. For May is the soul-string of harmony, that must ever be sowed to bring to life the latent beauties of the world.

Young June, the Soul of Love, in ecstatic music of dreams dips her brush in the tones of the sky, to the crimson of dusk and the white mists of dawn, the rose-blush of sunrise and the amber gleam of gloaming, she adds the smooth luster of starlight, and the sweet breath of dreams from human hearts. When, lo, the world knows the birth of a rose.

Resting idly upon blue, hazy pillows of sky, with coverlets formed in white, fleecy clouds, breathing an incense distilled from the hearts of millions of soft-hued poppies, rests calm July, the Home of Repose.

Bearing aloft rank upon rank of stately blossoms, that have fashioned their petals from the gold of the sunlight, and woven their hearts with love for its God, stands, the month of shivering glory that is the very breath of the sun—stately

August—the Soul of Perfect Beauty.

September, the great cosmic mother, whose innermost name is Purity, shines across the sky. Building the treasures of her secret thoughts into rich boughs of waving goldenrod to caress the world, and to make it fairer while she holds it on her heart.

In the calm stillness, broken only by a fitful sighing through the trees, October, who is the Soul of Meditation, bends her head. All before and around, her magnificent forests of the world are shedding half-wistful, golden tears for the summer's ebbing beauty, and half fearful, crimson tears for the bleakness just ahead.

With majestic mien and stately tread comes the royal November. Crowned with garnered treasures and golden diadems. Bearing a cherished blossom of her heart. The queenly chrysanthemum, that flower born of consciousness of too great a pride. From November breathes Temptation, a breath so subtle that by it the brightest angels fell.

Cosmic bells are ringing throughout infinite space. A chorus of joy that first must be pain. A song of achievement that proclaims the coming of December, whose heart of hearts is Sacrifice. Her blossoms are wondrous tall and stately, with blood-crimson petals that enclose a golden heart.

Involuntarily the Weavers of Flower-land give homage to them, while the beauties of the other months lie half-forgotten. All during the long-years the sacred blood-drop has lived in the heart of the little blossom, whispering day by day the wondrous meaning of its message, until, with the joy of knowing, the flaming petals have grown and the golden heart expanded into perfection of stately beauty. For as the white petals shone with the crimson of blood this purest flower-soul awakened to the beauty of its cosmic mission, and knew that it must also take on the color of the flesh and go out into the flower world to bring its souls back into a realization of purity and love, that manifests only in petals of purest white.

So each year when the Christ-life is born into the earth at Christmas time comes the soul of the poinsettia in the gorgeous, sacrificial robes of red to bring its message to the world of flowers.

## CHRIST MASS

Blanche Cromartie

The Christ Mass had just been celebrated, the benediction bestowed; priests and people were kneeling in the solemn hush which followed. Outside icy rain, mingled with great snowflakes, was falling in blinding sheets and the choking fog of a great manufacturing city shrouded everything in its stifling pall and penetrated into the dimly lighted church, filling aisles and arches with murk and gloom.

Kneeling among the other communicants, the Dreamer became suddenly aware of a bright light emanating from her own brow and forthwith her whole person seemed to become a star, lusterful and fair.

"If I am a star all the others must be stars too," said the Dreamer within herself, and with that she raised her eyes to look at her fellow-worshippers.

What joy! Every one of them had a light, or rather, *were* lights; some of them just trembling flamelets, others mere sparks, some glowing with a steady radiance, others gleaming like tropic-seen stars. And while she gazed at this glad sight every single light was magnified in its shining till the dim church was filled with gleaming stars. Such gladsome lights they were, having a certain tender mellowness in their radiance which revealed its origin, for the Dreamer perceived that such harmony is in immortal souls, that there are some rare moments when this muddy vesture of decay can no longer avail to cloak it, and that all, even the most backward in heaven's way, are Christs in potential, none the less; so that under the hallowing gracious influence of the Christ Mass we can beam forth with that radiancy of light which some day it will be ours ever to wear.

And, as the Dreamer left the church to plunge into the winter cold without, her heart o'erflowed with warmth of thankfulness that so glorious an assurance had been granted her of our essential Christhood, our oneness with the Children of Light.

*CHRIST'S YEAR DAYS AND YEAR NIGHTS*

J. Casey

“Why is it,” asked my friend, “each year at this time, when the harvests have been gathered for the winter and the leaves begin to fall, there comes over me a desire to turn my mind to spiritual things? I read a chapter from my Bible each day and I really put my soul into practicing the beautiful, simple teachings of Christ. I take great pleasure in doing those things which I think will help others to live His teachings. As Christmas comes that feeling grows upon me. I cannot just explain it, but I think I must feel toward my fellowmen somewhat as Christ felt when he stood before Jerusalem and said, ‘How often I would have gathered you together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings.’ I want to share my fellow-man’s sorrows and troubles. But as winter passes and spring comes with its balmy days and April showers; when the trees are budding and the meadow larks calling in the fields, there comes over me the sense of a great loss. It is as if I had met a great disappointment; so much had been promised and so little realized. Something tells me I must turn my energies to the material side of life; I must now provide for the physical. I do not dislike that for I am a practical man, but why has that altruistic feeling left me?”

“Your question,” I answered, “is explained very logically in the Rosicrucian Teachings. As they are thoroughly Christian, their explanations are particularly helpful to the followers of Christ, and in perfect harmony with Christian ideals. They teach that Christ is the Earth Spirit. When He was crucified, the Bible says, ‘A great darkness came over the earth.’ But it wasn’t a darkness, it was a great light that blinded the people, and that light was the Christ Spirit entering the earth. Before the time of Christ, Jehovah was the Earth Spirit, but Jehovah influenced the earth and us *from without*, for He was the Lawgiver. Christ said, ‘I give you a new commandment, that you love one another.’ Love tends to lift us above the law and it comes from within. Hence Christ’s influence upon us and the earth comes *from within*.

“During the latter part of September, when the Sun enters Libra, which is Saturn’s exaltation

sign—Saturn’s influence being to destroy and obstruct—we find the rays of the Sun growing less powerful, the days becoming shorter and the material side of life upon the wane. But the night time of the body is the day time of the soul. While material activities are ebbing, spiritual activities are increasing. At this time it is said if we had spiritual sight we could see a great wave of golden light descending toward us from the Sun. That is the Christ, who has been with the Father during the physically active summer, returning again to give His life for us. At Christmas time, when the days are shortest, His uplifting and purifying influence is the strongest. As the Sun starts upon its journey northward and the days lengthen, He withdraws from the earth and at Easter ascends again to the Father. He says, ‘I came forth from my Father into the world; again, I leave the world and go to my Father.’ He has spent His year day with us.

“If He did not make His yearly visit to us during the Fall, there would be no more holiday feeling at Christmas time than there is during a mid-summer day. And, you, my friend, because you were trying to attune your life to His, felt His help and His presence during the Fall and Winter, and when He withdrew in the Spring, you sensed His absence.

“We maintain balance by focusing our energies for part of the year upon physical duties and the other part upon spiritual verities. We gain strength and learn to stand alone, as it gives us the opportunity to put into practice during the Summer those principles upon which we have been theorizing during the Winter. And as we are Christs in-the-making, there comes to us each year at this time great opportunity to work with Him and become like Him.”

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*MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES*

Half a century before America was discovered, “Mother Shipton,” the Yorkshire Seeress, prophesied the discovery of an unknown land in which gold would abound. She saw the automobiles and railroads of today with the many accidents they would cause, the telephone and the telegraph, divers submarines, airships and the great iron ships which have superseded vessels of wood. She

foresaw the great political upheavals in the world, notably in France, her alliance with England, and an amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon races which may yet come to pass, notwithstanding their present strife. She beheld the emancipation of the Jew and his preferment to positions of prominence and an unprecedented spread of knowledge among those of even the most lowly estate, ending with the prediction of certain upheavals of the earth's crust, whereby old lands will become submerged and new land appear, and in 1991 she foresees the end of the world.

The last-named prophesies will probably cause most of us to shake our heads in a skeptical manner, but if we give the matter a little thought the idea may not seem so farfetched. We know that upheavals of the earth have taken place in the past, and earthquakes and volcanic outbursts show us that the subterranean activities are not suspended by any means.

The writer has seen for a number of years great subterranean caverns filled with oil and gas, which run in a general direction from Maine across the American continent in a southwesterly direction, beneath Southern California and far out into the South Pacific Ocean. Their explosion would make a great gap in the earth. At the same time he sees an archetype in the process of construction which shows the shape the earth will take at that place when a cataclysm or series of cataclysms have broken up the present shape of this continent and the adjoining ocean.

Perhaps it is hazardous to set a time when this remodeling of the earth will begin, but the archetype or matrix molded in mindstuff, and representing the creative thought of the Grand Architect and His builders, seems so nearly complete that judging by the progress made during the years the writer has watched its construction it seems safe to say that by the middle of the present century (1950), if not before, the upheavals will have started, and it is not at all incredible that there may be one of such a magnitude in 1991 that the ancient Seeress was justified in judging it the end of the world.

Or perhaps the writer is premature in judging that the upheavals will start in the middle of the

century; they may be deferred to the end, only time can decide, but certain it is that preparations for a great change have been going on for centuries and are now nearing their completion in the invisible world. Therefore we may expect soon to see Mother Shipton's prophesy concerning this matter fulfilled, as the ones mentioned in the beginning of our note have been.

We append the prophesy so that our readers may judge for themselves.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe;  
Primrose Hill in London shall be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's See;  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye;  
Water shall great wonders do.  
How strange! yet shall be true,  
The world upside down shall be,  
And gold found at the root of trees;  
Through hills man shall ride,  
And no horse or ass by his side;  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black and in green.

A great man shall come and go!  
Iron in water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat,  
And gold shall be found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a Jew;  
The Jew that was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian be born.  
A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England, but alas!  
War will follow with the work  
In the land of the Pagan and Turk,  
And State and State in fierce strife  
Will seek each other's life.  
But when the North shall divide the South,  
An Eagle shall build in the Lion's mouth.  
Taxes for blood and for war  
Shall come to every door.  
Three times shall lovely France

Be led to play a bloody dance,  
 Before her people shall be free,  
 Three Tyrant Rulers shall she see—  
 Three Rulers in succession see,  
 Each sprung from different dynasty;  
 Then shall the worser fight be done,  
 England and France shall be as one;  
 The British Olive next shall twine  
 In marriage with the German Vine.  
 Men shall walk over rivers and under rivers.  
 All England's sons that plough the land  
 Shall be seen book in hand;  
 Learning shall so ebb and flow,  
 The poor shall most wisdom know.  
 Waters shall flow where corn doth grow.  
 Corn shall grow where waters doth flow;  
 Houses shall appear in the vales below.  
 And covered by hail and snow.  
 The world then to an end shall come,  
 Nineteen hundred and ninety-one.

---

“OUR FATHER”

Janie Morgan

How often we repeat these words, but how little we think of and understand them. At the present stage of evolution it is so much easier to realize “My Father,” and to feel the union between “My Father and me.” But to say “Our Father” a right is so enormously big, one trembles at the thought. “Our” being the plural of “my,” means that “my” is merged into “our”; that my personality no longer exists as a single unit separate from every other, but each and all are embraced in the word “our.” Therefore, when we address the Author of our being, in Whom we literally live and move, as “Our Father,” we tacitly express our belief that He is the Father of us all, as a united humanity; also of those we alas, too often, dislike or despise, showing that we are all brothers.

In this time of war, when passions are running wild, let us stop and remember that in “Our Father” are included our so-called enemies; that they are just as precious to Him as we are, and that they are His children as much as we.

While we denounce and abhor acts of cruelty and oppression in anyone, let us distinguish between the *Ego* and the *Personality*. It is this lat-

ter which is sinning, having gotten the upper hand. When this has been overcome, the Ego will shine out in all its radiance and we shall then be able to say from our hearts, as did the Christ, “Our Father.”

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“NO MAN’S LAND”

Janie Morgan

In the present war-terminology “No Man’s Land” means the tract of land lying between the most advanced line of trenches of the fighting armies, across which no man can pass from either side without being shot at; where the dead must lie, and from where, if possible, the wounded are taken away by stealth at night.

\* \* \* \*

She dreamed, yet she knew she was awake and out of her body. All around was brilliant light, and she was with her dearly loved mother, who had left her many years previously. The mother was clothed in a shining garment and her face was radiant. They were talking over certain points in the Rosicrucian Teachings, when the Dreamer began to read aloud a poem entitled “No Man’s Land,” and as she continued reading the exquisite description of this land, the most beautiful visions opened out, and the poem seemed gradually to change into reality. Her mother, taking her by the hand, led her on into a sphere of unspeakable light, where the most perfect bliss and happiness reigned. She said: “This is ‘No Man’s Land,’ and it is so called because it belongs to no one special man, race, or nation. All are brothers here.” They stood together at the threshold and looked in, and there the Dreamer saw myriads of beings, all clothed like her mother, with the same radiant love beaming from their faces, while a voice said to her, “We are all one here, although we have come from every nation and country on earth. There are no enemies here.”

As the Dreamer watched, she saw people who, like herself, were on the threshold, contemplating this glorious multitude, returning to earth to their daily work. As they got nearer to their bodies, they seemed to forget what they had seen. She asked her mother the reason, who replied, “It is because

(Continued on page 59)



# The Astral Ray

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## The Sailors of the Infinite

Compiled by Geo. Schindler

**F**URTIVE shadows flitting across the prairies in the twilight, the forest raising its silhouette bathed in purple gleams of the last rays of the vanishing sun, golden cloudlets sailing like illuminated little airships driven by zephyrs o'er the enchanting scene. Below, a belated bee humming by, a cigale chirping her evening song, and in the far distance on the other side of the moat spread like a black cloth behind which twinkles a scintillating little light trembling through the increasing darkness—this is the time the stars wake up.

Slowly are they coming, breaking through the twilight one after another, grouping themselves into those well known configurations we have seen as children, which the men, like the centenarian, still finds in the same place and form, just as though there were no passing of time. And we who stand awed at the thought of their infinitude see the chariot in the sky exactly as thousands of years ago it has been seen by our ancestors, the cavemen.

Reader, you may see the circle of Orion and the refulgent Sirius just as the oldest Egyptians saw them when they went down into their pyramids, the walls of whose vaults, the burial grounds of their dead, were directed towards Sirius. And when of those sarcophagi and pyramids not one stone is left one upon the other at the border of the desert, and all the modern magnificence has passed away with them and been forgotten, still

the eternal stars will be in their same relation as when first seen by infant man. And yet, they are not *eternal* from the cosmic viewpoint, they only seem so when we approach the problem from the finite human angle. Man is like a moth on an apple below, looking at the steeple of the village church, thinking it infinite light because the perspective is always the same if he looks at it from either pole of the apple. He is like the fly that lives only one night and looks at the morning purple as the blazing fire of its world's destruction, the annihilation of its whole generation. This short-lived creature perceives no change in its surroundings in the few hours of its existence, so us with the stars. The one-day fly certainly thinks the oak tree eternal, but we know that our great grandfather has planted it and that its large boughs are already beginning to wither and die; but still, our great grand children will be looking for little oak pipes and acorns in the shelter of its shady branches. Could you make thousands of years into seconds and millions of miles into yards, you could see how the stars whirl hither and thither, this way and that way, like fireflies in a summer night, like leaves of a tree in an orchard driven by the storm across field and prairie, like snowflakes before a whirlwind. Yet the distances from each other are so inconceivably great, the space from star to star so tremendous, that it takes dozens of years before you can, with the finest measuring instrument,

detect the approach or change of alignment one thickness of a spider's thread. With all this, the stars are moving with a velocity through space exceeding that of a cannon ball over one hundred times.

The Sun itself and the earth on which you now stand, looking towards the other sailors in the Sea of the Infinite, is steering our craft towards the constellation of Hercules at the rate of twelve and one-half miles per second. The beaming Sirius approaches you four and three-fourth miles every second; the beautiful Vega, the principal star in the constellation Lyra, comes eight miles closer to you with each of your pulse beats; and if you stood still to the end of your days, you could not perceive the slightest change. Think of it, yet there is no cause for apprehension when we consider the tremendous distances separating our Solar System from those of Sirius or Vega, etc.

The Sun is ninety-three million miles distant from us. How great a distance is this? A cannon ball would have to travel ten years and an electric spark, the quickest of all messengers, traveling 180,000 miles per second, would require five and one-half minutes to cross that distance by direct wire from the earth to the Sun. But infinitely farther away is our next sister Sun. Tremendous spaces stretch between those two fire balls, those beaming oases in the desert of space, and all those other eyes are suns like ours. The nearest neighbor of our Sun is in the constellation Centaurus, 275,000 times farther from us than the Sun is from the earth.

And this is our neighbor! Our telegrams would require three years to reach it, but we also have to consider stars in other constellations as our neighbors, though they are, like Sirius, five times, or Capella fifteen times, or as the North Star, twenty-five times farther away in space than *Alpha Centaurus*, because all that you can see with your terrestrial instruments for measurement lies just like the empire of our Sun in the same province of the universe. Astronomers classify the stars according to their brightness, from one to sixteen, but only those from one to six can be seen by the naked eye, and by moonshine even those of the

fifth and sixth magnitude disappear. Those different magnitudes are in principle quite clear and are in relation with distances from our Solar System.

We have grown to believe that their diameters do not differ much, at least those suns we have been able to measure and compare to date. The light of the stars is therefore our measuring stick for their distances. But what is the number of all visible stars you can see by your naked eye, compared with those uncountable millions of suns floating in those endless depths of the universe which appear in our most powerful telescopes like diamond splinters on the black robe of the Goddess Urania?

Look up, right over you stands the Swan; you scarcely see a dozen stars with the naked eye, but look through the latest glass of the astronomer and you discover those concealed from your imperfect natural vision. You are unable to count them all; a world of worlds appear before you; scintillant sparks in the infinite, glittering snowdust, and yet nothing else but giant suns, each one many millions bigger than our earth ball, whirling through space with a velocity thousands of times faster than our fastest express train. Here you have stars thousands of times farther away in space than those glittering ones in the constellations, stars of the eighth and tenth magnitude with a distance of 780 to 1,000 light years. Light travels in the form of waves, those waves run a distance of 197,000 miles per second, and patters through the distance from the Sun to the earth in eight and one-fourth minutes.

A light year is then the distance a light wave can travel in one year. You can easily figure that that distance is 588,282,047,500 miles long. Then the next neighbor sun, Alpha Centaurus, is four and three-fourths light years distant from us and even that is nothing compared with those little diamond splinters of the eighth and tenth magnitude, from which the light waves now perceived by your eye began to travel at the birth of Christ.

Those stars, however, are yet in that province of the universe in which our Solar System is a little village. But as you have found in your school atlas, the colored lines surrounding the province

marking its border, so you can see in the firmament the gigantic contour of the border of the state composed of milliards of suns, the Milky Way, spreading its arched ribbon before you, but mind you, you see only one-half of the ring. The inhabitants of the other half of our little earth see the other half, for the whole is a broad girdle encircling the firmament, appearing to us like a delicate picture Woven out of soft misty cloudlets; but look through the telescope and it dissolves into uncountable stars, like snowflakes in a snowstorm. A spot you can cover with your hand contains thousands of Solar Systems, side by side, over and under each other, an infinite sea of radiant sparks, each a sun accompanied by one or several planets, each probably populated by milliards of thinking beings, the great light that rules the day of its own Solar System.

Approximate estimates show that about five hundred million suns up to the sixteenth magnitude constitute the Milky Way girdle. The farthest stars in the Milky Way are the astounding distance of 3,000 to 3,500 light years. The diameter of that tremendous ring is estimated at from five to seven thousand light years. Here the intellect stops. What can such inconceivable numbers signify and mean to mortal man? Many of those stars have probably been extinct for thousands of years, but you can still see them radiating their light, the last wave of which is yet on its journey, may be for hundreds of years, until it finally reaches the distant point we call our Sun.

A conflagration, probably due to a collision between two heavenly bodies, was suddenly discovered in *Novo Persci* in 1901. It was calculated that this catastrophe had in reality taken place during the war of thirty years, only the messenger, the light, was so long underway that it was not seen by the dwellers on earth till that year.

We have in the Milky Way an immense ring of suns which again encircles another great swarm of suns, these stars of the constellations to which our own Sun also belongs. Our Solar System is situated not far from the middle point of the Milky Way ring. If you could fly upward and upward for hundreds of thousands of years with the swiftness of

light, you would finally behold this tremendous system as a shimmering star island. There are probably as many such Milky Way systems as there are Solar Systems. Several such systems are known at the present day. From the sun of one of those systems, the Milky Way would appear to the spectator as a small gray spot, and the fire of those five hundred million suns would glimmer together to a disappearing spot in space and be lost to the eye of the astronomer at his telescope, even as a flash of a match.

The group of stars in the Andromeda consists of millions of suns crowding each other so that in the latest telescope they appear indistinguishable, and are seen as a spirally formed light spot. In other similar star clusters somewhat nearer to us, but smaller, astronomers are able to segregate the stars fairly well. Such an object is the swarm of stars in the constellation Hercules. How far those Milky Way Systems, those individual provinces of the state of *Urania* are separated from each other, who can say? Small parasite of the earth, your question is amiss, we do not know, we cannot know. Maybe 10,000, maybe 50,000 light years; what is that number to us, we one-day flies? Let us drop the inquiry into that labyrinth out of which there is no Ariadne's thread leading. We would sink in the stream of the infinite that has no shore. Here is where presentiment triumphs over knowledge, but what appeared to you so sure and true, what you took for eternity itself, sways before your eyes, whirls and breaks.

Those suns up there turn in the light of modern science to be comparatively short-lived pictures. Were you not a one-day fly you could see them lighted and extinguished as you do the coals in the poor man's grate across the street. The suns will cool down and extinguish, the congeries of suns will disappear as flowers and grass disappear before you, but they will also be resurrected in the eternal creation, in that economy of Nature in which not a grain is lost. Naturally, of this we know nothing, though many speculations and discoveries of new stars are entertained, and deductions made as if Nature were letting us have a glimpse in the workshop where suns are shaped.

In the last depth of the universe we see great gas-clouds, called nebulae, floating, their light leads the astrophysicists to suspect the existence of a certain fundamental matter. Such a nebula is in the constellation of Orion, which, like many others, shows a slow transformation by condensation—it is slowly beginning to move, to form nuclei, spirals and rings. These and the spiral nebulae in the constellation of the Dog, led to the belief that such places are the beginnings of a star, a sun, or perhaps many suns.

It is probable that the suns are created by condensation of such nebulae; it is probable, we don't know, but, with a good deal of courage we reach a point where we can add an inkling, a supposition, an inspiration, or presentiment to the probable, the probable to the discovered, and one thing after another has pieced together our conception of the great Sidereal structure, and thus we arrive at the knowledge of the physical world.

But do not believe that it ever will be finished, or that we will ever discover or reach the fundamentals of all things. As the dry leaves are blown by the morning wind to the land of uncertainty, so must we ever reject error and constantly add new-found knowledge to the proud structure.

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*BAD ASPECTS TO THE MYSTERY PLANETS*

By C. W. Stiles

A person should feel honored by having any kind of aspect to these planets, for it shows the Gods are aware of him and take an interest in his development.

Bad aspects to Neptune and Uranus are very much as if a person were a member of a family which contained one very Superior Member.

The subject in question seldom agrees with the Superior Member, generally refuses point blank to take his suggestions or listen to his advice.

The Superior Member never forces his counsel, nor insists that his advice be taken. He lets the subject go ahead, stub his toes and fall, and fall again, until he is so badly bruised he begins to wonder what is the matter. Then, just possibly, he may begin to listen.

The place where the cross currents of thought

between the subject and the Superior Member meet is marked by a bad aspect. Its special meaning can be read by the House in which it falls.

But bad aspects often bring good results. An examination of a good many horoscopes will show that the people with positive genius almost always have many bad aspects to the Mystery Planets.

People with many good aspects to the same planets have faith plus and then more faith, but they seldom show genius. Very likely the power of genius is latent, but it is not brought to expression.

It is as if the soul in fighting its way to light and peace, by the effort it makes, and the suffering it endures, lighted the spark which caused the flash of superiority which we call genius.

And it seems as if these people with the many cross aspects, especially to Neptune, cannot be helped. They have got to find their own way. As they are always unusually sensitive, and more conscious than ordinary humanity of every bruise, this makes a difficult situation for a friend who understands the case and stands ready to help. But advice will be thrown away. Give nothing but sympathy. Eventually they will work their own way to peace.

And while they are thus working and suffering, they are producing work in music and literature, which is helping all mankind. In the high moments of inspiration which come to them, they have their reward for much of the suffering they are undergoing. At such times they feel the call of the Divine, which they are inclined to deny in ordinary moments.

It will be found that many of the bad aspects in these people of genius are separating, so it is probable that in former lives they have been fighting against these same pricks. It is likely that the fires of genius were lighted in other times and other lives so they are old geniuses re-born and were ready in childhood to astonish their friends by their talents.

In time they will learn their lesson and overcome. Then they will be born with good aspects to the same planets, many of them separating, so we can see what they have had to conquer.

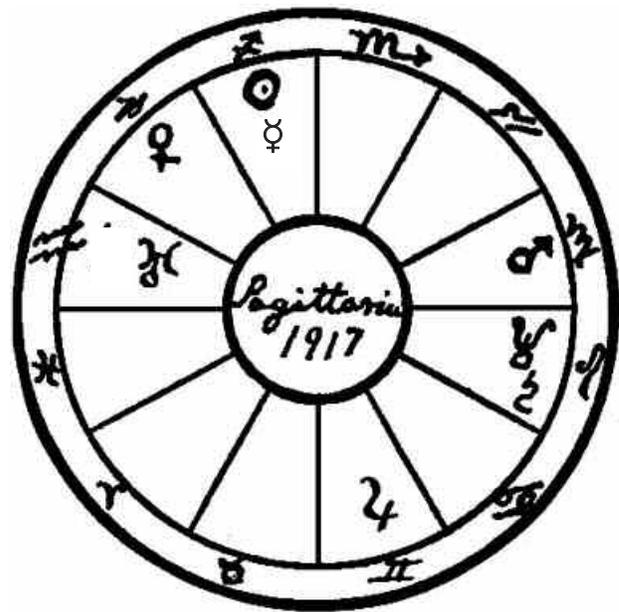
## The Children of Sagittarius--1917

November 23 to December 22

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

Sagittarius is ruled by Jupiter, the great benefic planet, and it may be said generally that those who are born while the Sun is in the sign from November 23rd to December 22nd, are well-liked among the set in society where they move. They are of a hearty and jovial disposition, princes among men, hail-fellows-well-met, and their acquaintances are usually always glad to see them. But there are two very distinct classes born under this sign. In the Pictorial Zodiac, Sagittarius is represented as a Centaur, half horse and half man, and one class of those who come to birth under its influence are well described by the animal part thereof, for they are of a sporty nature, ready to gamble on the speed of a horse at long odds or to stake their last dollar on a game of cards. They are fond of "a good time right straight through" and their moral nature is of a low grade, aptly described by the animal part of the symbol, so that they have no scruples with respect to the indulgence of their appetites, passions, and desires. They are lacking in respect for both the law and ordinary morals; hence, they are often found among the criminal class. But those children of Sagittarius who are symbolized by the human part of the Centaur, aiming the bow of aspiration at the

stars, are as different as day is from night, for they are extremely idealistic, moral and law-abiding, noble characters who win the respect of society in general and particularly all with whom they come in contact. Therefore they become in time the pillars of society and receive positions of honor and preferment in the State or Church as judges or divines. They are very orthodox and conservative in their opinions and punctilious to a fault in their observance of all customs and traditions of the times wherein they live; but they are not progressive, for they value the opinions of their contemporaries very highly and are seldom induced to espouse any progressive ideas which might jeopardize the respect of the community enjoyed by them. They are firm believers in the necessity of red tape.



Withal, however, they are very charitable and benevolent, tender and sympathetic; they can always be relied upon to aid any altruistic movement, and though they are of a kindly nature and endeavor to avoid quarrels with others in their own behalf. They sometimes fight with great zeal and courage for others who have been injured and in whose behalf their sympathies have been enlisted; hence, they make admirable lawyers.

The Sagittarians are usually excellent con-

versationalists and they have a quick and bright mind. This will apply with more than ordinary force to those born in 1917, for at the present time Mercury, the planet of speech and reason, is in Sagittarius the whole month, but they are also likely to have a more than usually restless nature, for Jupiter, the ruler of Sagittarius, is in the Mercurial sign Gemini, and Mercury in Sagittarius, thus they are in *mutual reception*, and those who are born under that combined influence will certainly have the wanderlust to a superlative degree.

The well-known Sagittarius mania for walking will be well exemplified in them and parents should hold them in restraint as much as possible, for at the present time Saturn, the planet of obstruction, is in Leo, the sign ruling the heart, and in opposition to Uranus, the planet of irregularity, and that means heart trouble in later life, unless the child can learn to moderate its roving tendencies and love of athletics.

Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, in the Mercurial sign Virgo, makes the 1917 Sagittarius children fond of science and invention and gives them original ideas and may serve considerably to bring down the conservatism of Sagittarius spoken of in the forepart of this reading. It will give them

a leaning towards Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, Healing, and Hygiene, and also incline them to the study of Dietetics. It is to be hoped that in a great number of them these studies will show them the necessity of husbanding their energies so that the tendency to heart trouble may not work itself out. The ounce of prevention is always better than the pound of cure.

Uranus in Aquarius gives these children the same stamp of originality and spiritual advancement as all others who are born in this generation preparatory to the opening of the Aquarian Age. Progress and advancement is in the air and it is very doubtful if even the conservatism and love of convention usually expressed by Sagittarius will be able to withstand it.

We mentioned in the beginning of this reading that Sagittarius is a double-bodied sign, half man and half horse, and it is like the other double-bodied signs with respect to marriage. It shows the tendency to more than one union, and one of them will have a disastrous termination. But forewarned is forearmed and by subduing the passions and letting care and foresight rule in the choice of a partner the unhappiness foreshown by Saturn in Leo may be at least minimized.

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## Your Child's Horoscope

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

### We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

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

**P**ORTER R. D., born Nov. 6, 1913, 6 p. m., San Francisco, California.

At the time of Porter's birth we find the Mercurial sign Gemini rising and Mercury, the planet of reason, sextile to Uranus, the planet of intuition. This will give him an open, original mind of an ingenious and scientific nature, it will make him scorn to follow the beaten paths of thought and give him what many will call very eccentric ideas. He will, however, escape much

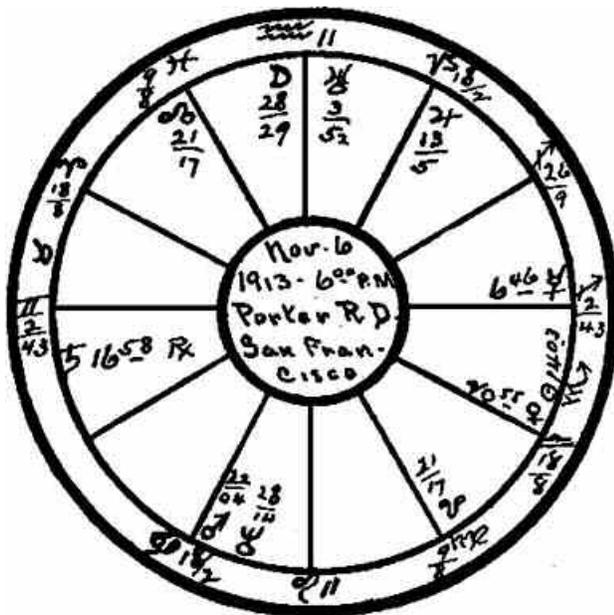
criticism because Saturn, the planet of obstruction, on the ascendant, will make him rather timid and slow to express himself. But he will be a very deep thinker of a scientific nature and the lines of original research which he will follow will eventually give him recognition in literature or science, and his life's work is destined to meet with success. We also find Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, sextile to the Sun, which is placed in the martial energetic sign, Scorpio. This also shows that

Porter will have an energetic, enterprising nature and that with all his eccentric but advanced ideas he will not go beyond bounds, for he will be very anxious to have the esteem and respect of others and fearful of doing anything whereby he might lose it. This would breed in him diplomacy, so that he will be very successful in gaining the friendship of people with influence, who will take sufficient interest in him to help him obtain good positions, where he may work out his ideas to the best advantage. And though Saturn on the ascendant makes him rather timid and slow to express himself he will, nevertheless, seek entrance into society, because, he is fond of company and a general good sociable time, and because he feels that by so doing he can best cultivate the acquaintance of those who may be of benefit to him.

But it must not be inferred that he is only seeking the society of people for what good they may do him. Saturn, the planet of sincerity, is trine to Venus in the seventh sign Libra, which indicates society, and thus it shows that he will be a very faithful friend who is also much attached to his family. A model member of any community and entirely worthy of the respect of his fellows which

traits, coupled with the assistance which he is bound to receive from influential friends, will make it possible for him to accumulate a comfortable competence and place him in easy financial circumstances all through life.

With respect to health, we find that Jupiter, the great magnetic planet, is sextile to the Sun, the life giver. This is one of the best signs of radiant health which can be found in any horoscope and it will enable him to throw off almost any inimical influence and maintain health throughout life. There are, nevertheless, slight indications of possible trouble with two weak points, which we deem it best to mention in order that you may apply the ounce of prevention to make it doubly sure that there will be no need of the pound of cure. Saturn, the planet of obstruction, is placed on the ascendant in the sign Gemini, which rules the lungs, This shows a tendency toward trouble with these organs and it would be well to instruct him in deep breathing during childhood so that he may overcome. Mars, the planet of fire, in conjunction with the watery Neptune in Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach, shows the tendency towards trouble with that organ also; a tendency to indiscretion in diet, and you should therefore be careful to teach Porter simplicity of diet and frugality.

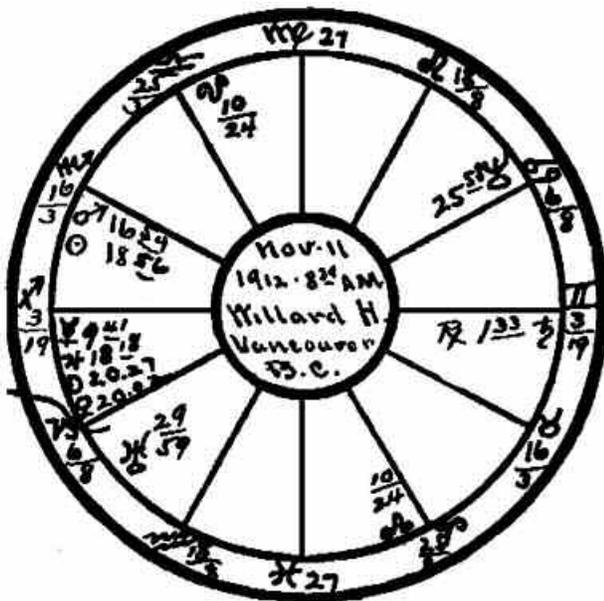


he seeks and values. This configuration of Saturn and Venus will also make him economical, conservative, and shrewd in his investments. It will give him a first-class business ability and these

Willard H., born Nov. 11, 1912, at 8:30 a. m., Vancouver, B. C.

When Willard was born the four common signs were on the angles, Sagittarius rising, and this at the first glance would give us the impression that he is of a vacillating, flexible nature, lacking in energy and ambition. But fortunately the life-giving Sun and Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, are conjoined in the martial sign Scorpio. And although this configuration occurs in the Twelfth House, it will give him a great fund of vitality and enterprise. Moreover, the restless Moon is in the First House, conjoined with Jupiter, the great benefic, and Venus, so that there is no fear that he will be a shirker or a dreamer. He will take hold in due time and do his part of the world's work. It is somewhat of a disappointment to see Mercury, the planet of reason, unaspected, though well placed

in the mental sign Sagittarius, but the Moon, the planet of imagination, is well aspected by Jupiter and Venus, showing a cheerful, gentle and affectionate disposition; generous, honest and benevolent and Willard will gain a great deal in life on account of the confidence which will be placed in him because of these sterling qualities. It is not to be imagined, either, that he will be a fool because of his lack of reasoning power. Saturn in the mercurial sign Gemini with Uranus, which is just on the cusp of the intellectual sign Aquarius, and sextile with Neptune in the psychic sign Cancer, will give him an intuitional ability, a spiritual insight that will solve his problems beyond all that could ever be accomplished by reason. And it is this faculty which will give him the ability to advise others and in such a manner that the outcome will almost always justify the confidence placed in him.



But beneath this gentle exterior which is so good and noble that will make him much sought after by all who come in contact with him, there is another nature indicated by the Sun conjunction Mars in Scorpio and in the Twelfth House, which is the department of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing. He will have some splendid qualities and faculties from that aspect; it will give him courage and energy as already said, but in addition it will make him headstrong, overbearing, egotistical and

inclined to quarrel with others. The splendid First House conditions which we have already noticed, will probably push this other side of his nature into the background so that it will only very seldom come to the front, and perhaps not at all if he learns how to control himself under trying circumstances. But it is always well for parents to know the faults which are latent so that they may be able to take steps to counteract them in the years of childhood when the nature is still plastic and before these tendencies have come to an expression. Therefore you should be careful to foster the good side of his nature and frown very hard on the evil and you will probably be able to eradicate this tendency entirely.

On account of the First House conditions, already mentioned, Willard will be very fond of a good, sociable time. He will have an open eye for all that is beautiful and gain by his dealings with women, who will be very much attracted to him. That would be a danger for most people, but fortunately the conjunction of the Moon and Jupiter will make Willard value the opinion of the community very much and he is not likely to do anything that may bring him into disgrace. He will succeed very well in any business connection with ladies wear or kindred lines. The Moon conjunction Jupiter and Venus will bring him prosperity and happiness through marriage to a woman of a very sweet disposition. This configuration also gives him wonderful fund of health and vitality, though it is possible, because of the Twelfth House conjunction of the Sun and Mars, that he may meet accidents, fever, and danger from fire.

Alice E., born Jan. 15, 1913, at 2 pm., Puerto Rico.

The first aspect which we note in this figure is that the Moon is placed in the Twelfth House of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing, square to the life-giving Sun. This is the one note which is entirely out of keeping with the rest of the horoscope, for it indicates a vacillating mind, disappointment, financial difficulties, and general misfortune in life, mostly because of an egotistical, forbidding personality. As the aspect comes from





the stomach. Attention to the diet is required from the earliest childhood and if she is brought up on a very simple selection of food, with as much exercise in the open air as possible, it will probably prevent this tendency from working itself out.

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*Vocational Reading*

Carl F., born March 28, 1901, 10:45 a. m., San Francisco, California.

At the time of your birth we find Cancer rising. This is a sign of weak vitality and gives rather an indolent nature. Therefore, in order to assure success in life, you must try to overcome this fault. You have an excellent mentality because we find Mercury, the planet of reason, trine to Uranus, the planet of intuition, sextile to Saturn, the planet of forethought and deep concentration, and also sextile to Jupiter, the planet of aspiration and idealism. This will enable you to plan your life and plan it right. You cannot help but make a success if you will only carry out your plans and not simply let them lie idle in your brain, because you dread the expenditure of energy it will involve to work them out.

Saturn, the planet of thrift, economy, and acquisitiveness, in conjunction with Jupiter, the planet of opulence and sextile to the mental planet Mercury, will also make you acquisitive, thrifty and economical. This will give you an advantage over many who have good earning power, but spend their money as quickly as they earn it, and sometimes a great deal faster. It will give you success in agriculture, should you wish to take up that vocation. But if not, there is another way equally sure which is indicated by the life-giving Sun in conjunction to Venus, the planet of pleasure, both in the Tenth House, indicating the social standing, and both of them trine to the Moon, placed in the Second House, which governs finance. This House is held by Cancer, the sign which rules the stomach and food, showing that catering to the appetites of the public, particularly in foods and drinks which tickle the palate, will be another good vocation for you. In which ever vocation you take up you will find that you will have trouble while you are working for others, for Uranus, the

planet of originality and independence, is in the Sixth House, which governs employment, and this always brings a clash between the ideas of workers and employers. But you should strive to overcome any feelings of that kind during the time when you are learning so that you may be well equipped to take up the work for yourself when you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the business.

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Francis W., born March 24, 1901, at 1:42 p. m., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

It is curious to note that you were born a few days before Carl F., who has been given the other vocational reading in this month's magazine. On that account, your horoscope and his are very much alike except as regards the ascendent and the Moon's place. The weak sign Cancer is on his ascendent, while your rising sign is the fiery, energetic solar sign Leo. Your ruler, the Sun, is trine to the ascendent, and Mars, the planet of dynamic energy is there, giving you a great fund of vitality. There is also the mixture of cardinal and fixed signs on your horoscope, which will give you vim and persistence to help you through the battle of life. And even though the planets are in the same zodiacal position, yours are differently placed in the houses from his. For Mercury, the mental planet, is ruler of the Second House, which governs finance, and it is sextile to Saturn, the planet of patience and persistence, which is the ruler of your Sixth House, indicating service. It is conjoined to Jupiter, the planet of opulence, showing that you will have no difficulty in obtaining positions of trust at a good salary.

You will be best off while working in an executive capacity for others, for we find that Venus, the ruler of Taurus, which occupies the Tenth House, is square to Neptune, the planet denoting fraud and deception. Should you attempt business for yourself you will be almost certain to meet disaster, and we would, therefore, advise you to take up such work as will fit you for an executive position in a manufacturing concern. Make your employer's interests your own, and work with a view of rising to the top in that way.

*THE SUN PERIOD*

(Continued from page 65)

not shine through the mist, there was light during the second creative day, or the Sun Period of the Earth, a light produced by the Earth itself, which was then a sun, in more or less nebulous condition.

Science now holds that in the evolution of nebulous matter, there is first a dark heat, corresponding to the Saturn state, when, as the Bible states it, "darkness was upon the face of the deep." This condition is followed by a luminous nebulous condition, which was the light that manifested on the second, or Sun Period of the Earth. On the upper portion of the Sun Round, it was the light of the Life Spirit; on the lowest portion, it densified into the desire world state, much more rarified than the chemical light that now radiates from the Sun, the center of our solar system.

Hot, luminous, and rarified as was the Earth at that time, elements and conditions that did not manifest to the sentient nature, the Earth was nevertheless inhabited by "Life Spirits" with three

sheaths or bodies, the innermost being the vehicle of Abstract Thought, the one next outward being the sheath of Concrete Thought, and the most outward, or densest, being the sheath of Desire. So rarified were the bodies of Earth's inhabitants at that time that they were not affected by either heat or cold, and so were salamanders, or fiery beings. They were not objective beings, not even when densified to the plane of desire, but lived wholly within themselves.

Desire with them was for the highest spiritual of which they were capable, that of the Life Spirit state. So highly attenuated were they that they were radiant beings, possessing a glory far beyond that of our Sun today. Truly this was the "Golden Era" of our world's history, the period of infantile innocence and blessedness, when, as the Christ tells us, referring to the state of infantile innocence, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." It was the state of the highest heavens earth has to do with, and of the highest angelic beings, nay, of the Logos, or Sun of God, on the descending scale.

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*"NO MAN'S LAND"*

(Continued from page 47)

they have not yet learned what is necessary in order to stay here." Then the Dreamer began to feel herself drawn down towards her own body, though it was against her will. She said, "Tell me, mother, what must I do to stay here; I don't want to leave." The mother answered, "You must go back and do your daily duty, it is not yet time for you to stay here, but take the Christ down with

you and live in and for Him, then you will always have free access to this glorious sphere where all is love and peace and calm."

As the Dreamer descended into her body, her mother gave her a radiant parting smile, and passed on into that glorious region. But the Dreamer, on opening her eyes to this world, knew it was no dream, but the great privilege had been given her of seeing beyond the veil and bringing back the remembrance with her.

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When writing to Headquarters

**DO NOT FORGET**

that letters require 3¢ postage under the present war tax provision

# Question Department

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## Spirit Materialization

Puerto Rico, Sept. 7, 1917

Dear Editor:

**D**O you remember I wrote you a letter some months ago about a friend who died in the hospital in San Juan Jan. 1, 1916. You published that letter in the June number of the *Rays*. Well, I have just returned from a visit to his home, and, if anything were needed to make me believe in the continuance of life after death, this friend's doings, would certainly make a believer of me.

He is seen constantly around his plantation. Not by one or two, but by many. I counted five of the most reliable workmen who had each seen him from two to five times. These people are all psychic and do not seem to be afraid of "spirits," as the ignorant classes in the North are. They all agree that he always appears dressed in white, which was his custom in life. They unite in saying that he looks exactly as he always did except that he seems lighter on his feet.

Some weeks ago his wife and children came to see me one afternoon. She was trying out a new chauffeur, and while she was here, my son went in to the village with the new chauffeur to have some slight repairs made. After Mrs. P. had started home, my son told me she ought not to trust that man, for he considered him both ignorant and unreliable. I felt uneasy because there are some very dangerous curves on the road she had to pass.

When she reached home, there was a strange woman on the porch waiting for her. The woman was strange in the neighborhood, knew nobody, and nobody knew her. As the car entered the drive this woman, who turned out to be a medium, began to shiver and asked a servant standing near if anybody had died in that house lately. The servant said "no," nobody had for over a year. "That

is strange," said the woman, "for I feel exactly as I always do when some one who has passed over is near me." Presently, she continued, "Who is that man running after the automobile? He seems greatly excited and is worried about something." The servant asked what the man looked like, and the woman said, "He is a tall man, with a heavy mop of gray hair." Then the servant said: "That must be Mr. P." By this time the party in the car had alighted and the woman said: "The man is now satisfied and calm. He is going away by the back door."

One of the peons who saw him in the grove one evening said he went up to a tree and lifted a grape fruit in his hand. He seems only to have spoken once, and then to one of the most reliable of his men. He stood under a tree as usual and when this man looked at him he said: "Luciano, I want you to tell Mrs P. that she must not walk over this plantation straining her ankle all the time. Tell her to get a horse and go about on that." "Very well," said the man, "I will tell her. But I don't think she has ever sprained her ankle but once." "Oh, yes she has," was the answer, "she has done it several times." And the fact was as stated. She had sprained her ankle four or five times in a few months. As was to be supposed, these visits are getting scarcer and farther between. The oldest child (aged eight) declares she frequently hears him calling out in front of the house. He calls them separately and sometimes all together by a pet name he was accustomed to use for them. It does not seem to be a call for them to come, but simply a sort of "hail." He is very much "there" still to everybody on that plantation.

Now I know all this sounds simply impossible, and I do not know how to account for such appearances, but the evidence seems incontrovertible.

Can you explain it?

I found upon inquiry that Mr. P. never performed the evening exercise. He always fell asleep the minute his head touched the pillow. He tried and found he could not do it. This probably accounts for the fact that he has continued to appear for so long. But during the last six months he has only been seen twice, and those appearances were some time back.

The man to whom he spoke looks like an anemic subject, but he is very intelligent, so much so that he is used exclusively for a tree doctor.

How could my friend have materialized so frequently? He always stood in the twilight under the trees. But none of the peons to whom he has appeared are known as mediums. I am puzzled.

Very sincerely yours,

C.W.S.

*Answer*—From what we know of Mr. Parker's study during life, it is evident that he was familiar with the laws governing spirit materialization, for they have been very thoroughly elucidated in our literature, and being taken out in the prime of life when his interest was thoroughly centered in his family and plantations, he was like the unripe seed which clings to the flesh of the fruit with all its might. It is therefore no wonder that he has stayed around his plantation as long as he has. You say that none of the peons who have spoken to him are known to be mediumistic, but they are, to some extent, with a very few exceptions, and you will also note that *Mr. Parker usually appeared in the twilight*. That is for the same reason that the spy, in our story, "Facing the Firing Squad," which appeared in our November magazine, saw the Rosicrucian in a dusky corner of the room where he was waiting, and for the same reason later, when he was a freed spirit, the Rosicrucian directed him to go into a darkened corner of the room where his sister was sitting so that she might there see him. It is for the same reason also that mediums insist upon having the rooms wherein they perform materializations darkened; namely, that light sets the ether into violent vibrations much higher than those which a materializing spirit is generally capable of imparting to the ether where-

in it materializes, and whereby it is seen. For that reason twilight, dusk, or even pale moonlight are ideal conditions for spirit materialization, and Mr. Parker wisely followed the line of least resistance when he wanted to show himself to people around his plantation. Naturally, however, the work in the other world which lies before every spirit is gradually drawing him away so that the appearances are becoming less frequent.

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*THE KEYS OF HEAVEN AND HELL*

*Question*—Did Christ really give Peter the keys of Heaven and Hell, or what does that passage mean?

*Answer*—Undoubtedly Christ gave them to Peter, and to others as well, but they were not keys such as we use to unlock doors; yet no man can enter either place unless he has these keys. They are musical "keys" or incantations, such as are used in all Occult orders and for all Occult purposes. The modern Masons have something similar, for they furnish the lodge differently for each degree; they use different passwords and different grips, so that a Mason, though he may be initiated in some degrees, is as effectually barred from all others as a stranger, because he has not the "keys" that unlock the doors. In the Occult orders, like the Rosicrucians, the keynote of the incantation intoned at each degree is of a different vibratory measure from the keynote of all the other degrees, and one who has not the key, and is able to attune himself to it, is halted as it were by an invisible wall of vibration which surrounds the Temple. There is a different vibration in the ether of the lower desire world, surrounding the earth, which constitutes Hell, from that which prevails in the part of our atmosphere which constitutes the upper desire world and the region of concrete thought. This rate of vibration again differs from the pitch of these states of matter which is inside the earth, in each of the nine subterranean strata; therefore each of these divisions of the invisible world also requires a different keynote, which is gradually taught Initiates as they progress upon the path towards Adeptship. It was the "key"-note to one or more of these various realms that was given to

Peter and others by Christ, who was the Initiator in their case. The same “keys” are now given to His followers by His successors, who initiate worthy ones into the mysteries, that they may serve their fellow men better in a larger sphere of endeavor. Thus music has a greater mission than simply to provide enjoyment for us; in fact, the harmony of the spheres is the basis of all evolution. Without that, there could be no progress, and when once our ears have become attuned to that, we have the “key” to all advancement.

### GHOSTS OF THE LIVING

*Question*—I was in our talking shop a few days ago when the granting of a lapsed scholarship was being urged by our most radical member to a poor boy who had won one when legally too young to receive it, and who, being sick at this particular examination, was beaten by another boy. Still, he was pronounced by the examiners in England as morally entitled to this scholarship.

While listening to the debate, some one sitting by my side touched me and said, “Look, Mr. Mac F!” I looked in the direction pointed out to me and there was one of the College Masters, Mr. Mac, standing behind the Government Secretary, listening intently to the debate. I told the person that Mr. Mac and I were schoolmates and that I had not seen him for years, yet he did not seem to grow old.

After the Government Secretary had spoken, Mr. Mac went out. I remarked that perhaps the youngster was one of his favorites, which caused him to leave his college duties to come and hear the debate.

A few days later I went to see a friend a little out of town and in the course of our conversation I told her of the debate. Judge of my surprise then, when she said that Mr. Mac was dying at the moment when I thought that I had seen him. I told her she must be misinformed because some one pointed him out to me and I knew him too well to be deceived. “Well,” she said, “go into the next chamber and you will see him.” I went. There on the bed lay my school-fellow, Mr. Mac, nothing but skin and bones, waiting for the end. He had heard my conversation and was interested, but I

did not consider him in a fit state to gratify his desire for a repetition. This was on a Saturday afternoon. I promised to go next day, Sunday, and tell him what happened, but was prevented. He died on Monday.

How could such an emaciated person appear as being in the full vigor of manhood? Can one see ghosts of the living?

*Answer*—Yes, indeed, there are a considerable number of cases of phantasms of the living. All that is required is that the body should be in a very deep state of sleep or unconsciousness, such as usually occurs when the person is near the door of death. It may be in the act of drowning or when induced by the fall from a horse, automobile, or similar conditions, or after receiving a blow on the head, or on the sickbed, when the physical body is very emaciated and frail and close to dissolution, as in the case mentioned by our correspondent. Then most of the ether constituting the vital body may be drawn out of the physical vehicle, which is left in a trance-like condition that may last only a few minutes. But as space is no barrier in the invisible worlds, the desire of the person thus momentarily liberated may carry him to the ends of the world and cause him to appear to some loved one many thousand miles from the place where his body is lying. And it is much easier for such a spirit to materialize than for those who have left the body at death, because with these phantasms of the living the silver cord is still intact; connection with the seed atom in the heart has not been broken. Thus, it is quite possible that the youngster whose scholarship was under discussion was a favorite of Mr. Mac F., as supposed by our correspondent, and when he felt himself liberated by a *sinking spell* on that afternoon, his desire to be well and about his work in the college took him to his familiar haunts and made him listen to the debate concerning the boy’s title to receive the benefit.

With regard to the question how a man who is so emaciated could appear in full vigor, we may state that it is a law in the Desire World that as a man thinketh, so is he, literally and without qualification. Should he think of himself as aged, worn

(Continued on page 73)

# Studies

in

## The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

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Geo. T. Weaver

### The Sun Period, or Second Creative Day

Part IX

As has been previously stated, this has nothing to do with the Sun, the center of our solar system, but refers exclusively to the Earth, the planet on which we abide. It refers to the "Sun Period of the Earth," as the Saturn Period, already presented, referred to the "Saturn Period of the Earth." It simply states a stage of evolution of our planet, a period when it was a Sun, corresponding, in every particular, to that of the Sun except that of size. It was called the Sun Period because of this correspondence. These stages are not named after the planets, but after the days of the week, which itself indicates a progression. The only reference allowable to the planets is that of sameness of condition, the Saturn Period referring to the condition of the Earth when it was as Saturn now is; the Sun Period referring to the condition of the Earth when in the unfoldment, it was as the Sun now is—But in a much more rarified state than either.

As the microcosm is an exact correspondence to the macrocosm, referring to man in the former instance and to the Earth in the latter, and as man has had his Saturn Period, his Sun Period, his Moon Period, and now is passing through his Earth Period, each of these periods indicating a definite stage in the process of his involution and evolution; so the Earth has had its periods corresponding, and is, at the present time, in its fourth

period, or rather the second half of the Earth, called the Mercurial Period. In this paper we are treating of the second, called the Sun Period, or the Sun's day of the Earth. We have seen that the Saturn Period introduced Time, the beginning of the dual process of involution and evolution; and as Saturn is the "God of this world," he is the god that projected the Earth, as, in the broader sense, he projected Time. And being the projector of Time and of this world, he will be the ruling spirit of both, so long as time continues; that is, until the angel referred to in Revelation shall proclaim that "Time shall be no more." We have seen also that the Saturn Period of the Earth, as of everything else, was and is the germinal period, the period during which the sheath dies in order that the germ may sprout and bring forth. Following up this beginning of life, we enter the second stage, the Sun Period, indicating the gestative period, during which chaos, in every sphere is being, transformed into cosmos.

By referring to the diagram on page 197 of the *Cosmo-Conception*, we will see that the Saturn Period extended through the World of Divine Spirit, the World of Life Spirit, the Region of Abstract Thought and the Region of Concrete Thought. It began with the first and highest of these spheres, and as it involved it took on the various other spheres referred to as sheaths, so that

when the Saturn Period, technically considered, closed, its outermost sheath was that of concrete thought, which is the mortal thought, the personality, the highest plane of Time, so far as Mind is concerned. Thus partaking of the quintessence of Divine Spirit, by involution it introduced Time, and timely limitations. Having run its course and accomplished its purpose, the Saturn Period merged into the Sun Period; not immediately, but after a long intermediate period of rest, corresponding in length to the day portion.

By referring to the same diagram, we will see that the Sun Period of the Earth embraced the World of Life Spirit, the world of Abstract Thought, the Region of Concrete Thought, and the Desire World. It began, therefore, with the innermost sheath of the Saturn Period, and awakened a sheath of denser substance for its outermost sheath than was manifest in the Saturn Period. Thus does it appear that the Virgin Spirit had descended farther into gross matter in the Sun Period than it had in the Saturn Period. In its incipiency, its innermost being, that of "Life Spirit," was the all-embracing essence. But as it continued to involve, it formed for itself, as its innermost sheath, the Region of Abstract Thought, which may be called its Spiritual Body. Later on it added an outer sheath of Concrete mind stuff, and still later a vehicle of Desire Body substance.

While the Sun, as we know it today, is much more complex in its organism, possessing, in addition to the above, an etheric and a chemical body, descending, therefore, as low as the region of the Vital Body, it reaches up to the highest of the Sun planes of the Earth, and extends downward as low as the Vital Body of the Earth and of man. The two lower are not strictly solar, but belong to the Moon and Earth; but this it does as the all-synthesizing Deity of our system. There is a Lunar and an Earthy element in the Sun as there is a "humanity in Deity," or the Sun could not assist the Moon and Earth by its radiations on these lower planes. If it be true these two lower planes have been added because of the Fall, then the Sun has accommodated itself to the fallen condition of Moon and Earth. But the Earth was in its Sun

Stage before the Fall, and did not then need these two outermost vehicles. In consequence of the Fall the Earth has taken upon itself a gross material body, a crust of crystallized matter, corresponding to the gross physical of the human organism, which is but the essence of crystallized matter transmuted into flesh and blood, as the result of the evolution process.

The microcosmic beings have inhabited the Earth from its incipiency, for these are the Virgin Spirits that came out from God, the Supreme One, and in the involution and evolution processes, began their long journey through matter for the purpose of manifestation and experience. In the Saturn Period the outermost body that is as awakened was that of the Concrete Mind. In the Sun Period, man in the making awakened as his outermost vehicle the Desire Body. As the Sun Period, called the Hyperborean Epoch, drew toward its close, beings with desire bodies awakened came upon the stage of action. But it should be known that a merely awakened life form is practically no form at all, it is the merest essence of form; so really it cannot be said that beings with desire bodies then existed. At most they were archetypal. The mineral plane, as we know it, is the lowest of all the planes, for it is in its crystallized state; during the Sun Period of the Earth, mineral was in its state of highest attenuation, the merest essence of mineral, in the undifferentiated state, which was the pure essence of Gold, for gold is the primal mineral, all baser metals are the results of the involution process of gold. Gold is the metal of the Sun; and as it descended to the plane of Lead, the mineral of Saturn, it will reascend through plane after plane until it eventually is restored to gold, but at that time, to the quintessence of gold. Our Earth, like that of the Sun, is founded upon the gold standard. This is its foundation in the ideal sense, and all standards are idealistic. Vegetation did not then exist, for on a ball of fire vegetation, as we know it, could not grow. Vegetation possesses a vital body, which mineral does not. But at that time even vegetation was in its sub-archetypal state. And, as we have seen, beings with desire bodies, which is the chief characteristic of the ani-

mal creation, existed then as secondary thought forms; they were salamandric in nature, capable of enduring heat in its most intense state. Forms, properly, as we understand the term, did not belong to the Sun Period of the Earth. It was late in the Moon Period before Etheric forms were awakened, and not until the closing portion of the Martian half of the Earth Period that chemical bodies, embracing the gross physical, appeared in manifestation.

The Sun Period was the era of the introduction of Light upon the Earth, "And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." Just as Life was introduced during the Saturn Period, at first on the archetypal plane, but wakening into dynamic condition in the Sun Period; so in the Sun Period Light was first awakened as pure mind radiations, but later densifying into the light of the Desire World. In opposition to the position taken here it has been said by self-styled scientists, there could have been no light during the second creative day, since the luminaries were not created until the fourth day.

Scientists who accept the Bible statements, have attempted to meet this apparent discrepancy by holding that the light here referred to was of a different nature to that radiating from the Sun, even on the desire plane; they have contended that it was likely phosphorescent light. Both classes of scientists miss the mark. The Bible does not say that on the fourth day the Elohim created the luminaries, but the statement is, "Let there be light," or let the luminaries manifest. Light previously existed before the fiat went forth, "Let there be light," just as the Sun, Moon, and stars existed before they were commanded to shine forth. "God is Light," so the Word declares; and just so He synthetically embodied the solar system. Just as Light was not created, but only first manifested on the day, so the Solar system was not operated on the fourth day, but simply brought into expression. At that time a certain condition was produced by which the light of the luminaries could become manifest. Previous to this fourth day, when sunlight first made its appearance to the inhabitants of the earth, it is generally believed, not only by mys-

tics, but also by many scientists, that the Saturn state of the Earth had not wholly subsided, but its rings continued, intercepting the light of the Sun. This accords with the Bible statement as seen in Gen. 2:6, where it is said that "There went up a mist from the Earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." This mist was produced by the condition of the Earth at that time, which had not yet wholly freed itself from the Sun Period state. It should be kept in mind that each period, or new creative day, emerges out of the preceding night. The Earth Period, or fourth day, came out of the preceding Moon night, or long intervening rest period. That is, when the fourth day came, the Earth passed through the various periods preceding—Saturn, Sun and Moon—being reborn, as it were, on a round higher. The first revolution of the Earth during the Earth Period corresponds to the condition of the Saturn Period, which was that of a new conception; the second round corresponded to the condition during the Sun Period; the third round, to that of the Moon. The Moon Period, immediately preceding that of the Earth Period, is described as the time when there was an expanse created, dividing the waters from the waters. At that time the heat of the glowing firemist arising from the Earth, coming in contact with the surrounding cold of space, and descending, formed a body of water on the surface. The contact of the water thus formed with the fiery core of the Earth, generated steam, and as a mist it surrounded the Earth, forming an atmosphere of "fire-fog." This condition continued during the fourth round of the Sun Period, and the Earth, as we have said, intercepting the view of the Sun and the planets.

It was not until after this condition, at the time of the great flood, referred to in the Bible as the Noahitic flood, but really the flood that destroyed the Atlantean continent and race, that this misty state was dissipated and the Sun, Moon, and stars first made their appearance. The flood is referred to as the breaking up of the "fountains of the great deep," and the opening of the "windows of heaven," which latter expressed the dissipation of the previous mist. But while the light of the Sun did

(Continued on page 59)

# Nutrition and Health

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## Disease Held Greatest Foe by Daniels

**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY for September 22, 1917, published the story of how Gordon Edwards, a young engineer, discovered a wonderful anesthetic and of his struggle for several years against red tape and tradition to induce the entente allies to use it in the field hospitals for the alleviation of pain and as an antiseptic. Some of our readers may have read it there, and they will surely be glad to read it again because the spirit of noble humanitarianism, dauntless courage, and unselfishness which it breathes, and those who have not read it will be glad to learn of another angel of mercy in human shape, a great benefactor to all humankind, This war has brought out the demoniacal nature in many, it has made us shed scalding tears at the depth of depravity it has revealed, but thank God! it has also brought out the nobility of character, unselfishness, and capacity for self-sacrifice hidden in the most unlooked-for places and we cannot fail to rejoice at the recital.—Editor

“War has always meant pain. We can do nothing to silence it,” say the doctors. All in Europe and almost all in America have accepted this, impotently thrusting their fingers into their spiritual ears, lest they be unnerved utterly. But they have not been able to shut out the consciousness of the suffering—often unvoiced—on a thousand battle fields and on a million beds.

But one American has refused to fold his hands and listen. “Pain,” he declared, “is man’s enemy. It must be conquered like a disease. For it is the most terrible of diseases, and no one shall count the toll it takes of human lives.”

His name is Gordon Edwards, and he was born in Milwaukee some thirty-odd years ago. His

father, a railroad contractor, was an old-school, hard-headed frontier type of American who had shot Indians. In 1905 Edwards was graduated from Stanford University as an electrical engineer. For some years he stuck to his trade, beginning at the bottom, sharing dinner pail and overalls with his fellow mechanics and laborers. But he went slowly.

Finally, he decided to leave power plant and shop, and began to sell bonds for a San Francisco house. The first month he made five hundred dollars. But he had no liking for business.

### *He Finds His Mission*

One day he heard some young doctors lamenting that there existed no perfect anesthetic for dentistry. There would be fame and a fortune, they said, for whoever could discover what was needed. Their words, or rather the possibilities their words disclosed, set the ex-engineer bond salesman thinking very hard. Like all the world outside the profession, Edwards had unconsciously assumed, without precisely thinking it, that there must be three or four good anesthetics. The lack of any was certainly worth investigating. So he read a little medicine and listened to doctors, gathering the rudiments of physiology and anatomy, picking up the general terms quickly, and then neglecting everything in those fat leather bound medical books which did not treat the special problem of local anesthesia. There was not a great deal to read. He learned what anyone else might have done—that there existed at the disposal of the medical profession, for purposes of local injection, practically nothing but cocaine. And cocaine, injected in the smallest quantities, is always dangerous. It is a poison and may cause sudden death; it is “dope,” a narcotic drug, and may breed an

appetite worse than death. Most surgeons wisely refrain from using it.

Edwards began diligent work in a laboratory. Many known substances have analgesic or pain-allaying properties. But for certain other reasons they may not be used. Edwards chose the most likely of these (which, for obvious reasons, I do not name) and set to work to eliminate the disagreeable properties, working for something to be injected with a hypodermic syringe.

After a year of research, Edwards gave up bond selling and went to New York. By the beginning of 1914, after eighteen months' search, he had developed a satisfactory injection. But a few months more taught him the fatuity of supposing he could get it adopted immediately or even within a short term of years.

Local anesthetics demand a new and slow technique. Older physicians, used to ether and chloroform, prefer the quicker methods of complete anesthesia and will not learn a new method. So Edwards abandoned his search for a general anesthetic and returned to that phase of the problem which had first attracted his attention. "I am through," he said. "I have wasted two years, and I have debts. Now I shall go in seriously for dental anesthesia and get back some of my money." Just then war descended over the face of half the earth. Almost immediately Edwards began to hear the sound of pain.

A few days later he was talking with his medical friends about the need for a local anesthetic—something you can spray on a raw surface," he explained.

"Nonsense," they answered, "you can obtain anesthesia only by injection because part of the effect is obtained by pressure on the nerves."

He protested. "How are you going to anesthetize a wound twice the size of a beefsteak by injection? What the wounded soldiers in Europe want is something you can slosh on by the bucketful."

The doctors shrugged their shoulders.

One September day, when Edwards was sitting in the Red Cross office in New York among the bustle of those preparing to leave for the field of war, wondering what he had better do, it came to

him in a flash of insight just how he could modify his injection solution to make it applicable to external wounds.

He hurried home, trembling with excitement, but exalted by an inexplicable certainty of success. The course of his life during the two years previous, since the day he heard about the need for a local anesthetic, seemed to have been mysteriously shaped to this moment's revelation. For there in his laboratory in the first September of the war he knew exactly how the drugs should be prepared, and already half saw himself working among Europe's wounded.

When the new solution was complete, however, his confidence had subsided. He wanted actual proof of what he believed. One after the other, he telephoned to the big New York hospitals and he found at Vanderbilt Clinic an old woman with leg ulcers and persuaded the reluctant physician to try out his solution. Leg ulcers, it seems, are common among old women and are extremely painful.

#### *Nikalgin*

When he next saw the physician at Vanderbilt, the man was no longer skeptical. "Edwards," he cried, "leg ulcers are a scandal to the profession. We have never been able to do anything with them. But I have treated successfully twenty-five cases with your solution. The patients do not suffer at all, and they get well in no time."

It was enough. Cases vary, but pain is always much the same. Gordon Edwards possessed the secret of relieving pain in all external wounds. Thousands of men ill. Europe were suffering agonies from external wounds, and only he could help them. It was clear that he had but one course before him.

He hurriedly named his solution "nikalgin"—victory over pain—choosing Greek as a concession to the profession. Then he gathered his belongings together, made up as much concentrated solution as he could carry, and took ship for Europe. In November, 1914, he landed in England.

#### *What Might Have Been*

If I were a writer of popular fiction, I should

now be nearing the end of my story. From this point on it should read something like this:

“Gordon Edwards, presenting his discovery to the War Office in London, was received with open arms. The surgeon general introduced him immediately to the more important members of the Cabinet, who declared themselves honored to meet so true a friend of mankind. The principal surgeons of the United Kingdom assembled to view a demonstration of nikalgin at the Crystal Palace. There, in the presence of the most eminent doctors of the day, Edwards scored a complete triumph, news of which was rapidly diffused over the waiting world by wireless telegraphy. Bells were rung and salutes fired. The King appointed a day of thanksgiving. The War Office immediately ordered a large supply of the solution and had it sent to every hospital in Britain. Requests for more arrived from the colonies. Money and honors poured in upon the discoverer. He rose high in society. As soon as the British hospital force was supplied with nikalgin, he was taken to France on the royal yacht. Upon his arrival in Boulogne-sur-Mer, he was met by a troop of little girls, who strewed his path with flowers. Everywhere it was the same story of triumph. Men opened their doors, their hearts, and their pocketbooks to him who had found a means of robbing war of its most bitter sting. After Boulogne, Paris. The great city flew the Stars and Stripes beside the sacred tricolor in honor of America. The Ministry of War ordered a million gallons of nikalgin to be supplied at the earliest possible moment. A large chemical laboratory was placed at Edward’s disposal. Orders came in from Belgium, Serbia, Russia, and far-away Japan. The Red Cross in Switzerland took up the discovery and passed it on to the Central Empires. The name of Gordon Edwards passed from lip to lip, and soon the entire world was ringing with the fame of him who had conquered the suffering of wounded soldiers.

Sweet, is it not? But exaggerated. A trifle! But, keeping in mind that something like this ought to have resulted in an ideal world, let us return to London in November of 1914, and more specifically to a world of officialdom, surgeons, hospi-

tals, soldiers and suffering, whereof confusion was king.

The surgeon general in the British War Office listened politely to what Edwards had to say, and then suggested that the discoverer go home and return to England after the war.

“But my solution is meant to relieve the suffering of soldiers!”

“Try the civil hospitals.” “They have no wounded.”

“And we have no time. For the present we cannot undertake to investigate your solution, whatever its merits.”

Edwards stayed a week in London without opportunity even for demonstrating the value of his solution. Everything was against him, but chiefly two facts: he was not a doctor and he was an American. “Patent-medicine faker” was the least of the epithets applied. And indeed, during the eighteen succeeding months he remained, for many a surgeon, the “nickel-gin fellow, that mad American engineer.” In London no one took the slightest interest in him or in his solution. Finally he secured a letter from the surgeon general and crossed the channel to France. The battle of the Yser was on, and train after train of British wounded was returning from Ypres. But that made no difference to the surgeons, who turned him out of Abbeville and later out of Boulogne.

December found him in Paris, alone and ignorant of the city, the French language, and what he had better do. A lucky encounter permitted him to give a demonstration of his solution at the large Hospital Buffon, before some thirty surgeons, one of whom was a very great surgeon indeed.

When Edwards entered the operating room and found his august spectators waiting for him he suddenly remembered with horror that leg ulcers were not war wounds and that he had really never tested his solution at all. But he turned his attention to the case. A soldier’s hip and thigh had been scooped out by an exploding shell.

*“It Shall Be Used!”*

The nurses bared the enormous wound. The American rapidly soaked a great piece of cotton

with nikalgin and applied it to the raw flesh. A kindly old surgeon drew the patient's attention to another matter. After a few minutes the engineer removed the cotton.

"Is anesthesia complete?" the very great surgeon asked.

"I believe so."

In a flash the Frenchman had jabbed a bit of glass tubing into the very heart of the wound, probing vigorously into the live flesh. The doctors gasped. Edwards went white, then quickly flushed with pleasure, for the patient had not moved a muscle, tranquilly going on with the story of how he had come by his wounds. He felt nothing at all. The very great surgeon, visibly disturbed, tried another case. The result was absolutely conclusive. Anesthesia through nikalgin was established. The very great surgeon withdrew hastily, muttering "Extraordinary, extraordinary!" with great rapidity.

Edwards will always remember that day, December 11, 1914, for it gave him confidence in himself, without which he could never have held up under what was to come.

The other surgeons were warm in their expressions of appreciation. But they would not urge that nikalgin be adopted elsewhere or do anything to aid in making it known. Later the very great surgeon said privately to Edwards that war, after all, means pain and that an analgesic is too great a luxury for days of suffering and confusion. It is incredible but true that nothing permanent came from this demonstration.

The American Ambulance at Neuilly was not even interested in Edwards.

Early in 1915, on the advice of friends, he sent some solution to various hospitals at the British front. It was not acknowledged, and when in April he finally managed to reach the headquarters at Saint-Omer he found that it had not even been tried. He returned to London and tried new tactics.

Establishing a producing laboratory, he sent out letters to nearly every hospital in England. To such as replied he sent samples and instructions for the use of nikalgin. A few surgeons tried it; all who did wrote for more. Edwards did not remain long

in anyone spot, but went from town to town, talking with anyone whom he could interest, infinitely patient and untiring. He went repeatedly to Boulogne and, now that he was a little better known, succeeded in persuading a few military surgeons to listen to him. He began to receive orders for varying quantities of solution and filled them out of his own slender resources and, when these were exhausted, from the pockets of various Americans who had faith in him. Sometimes he did not know where his next dollar was coming from, but always it put in an appearance at the opportune moment. Then, in July, so many physicians had recommended nikalgin and asked to be supplied with it that the War Office officially adopted it for the British army. This marked the second date in Edwards' long struggle.

Back in Paris the same month, the engineer continued his exertions. Poor though he was, he perceived that he had made a mistake in trying to *sell* his solution to the British. Though it had finally been adopted by the War Office, already it was being refused to army surgeons. Nikalgin is chiefly composed of two not uncommon substances. Edwards made no secret of the composition, withholding only the manner of preparation.

To British surgeons who asked for nikalgin the War Office supplied raw materials and suggested that these be made up in the various hospitals as a substitute. The substitute once made did not anesthetize, and it cost the War Office six shillings a gallon more than Edwards' price. But that did not prevent—to this day does not prevent—the War Office from declaring to many surgeons that nikalgin was too expensive to be generally used!

It seemed hopeless. But during those long months one thought was uppermost in Edwards' mind: *My solution will relieve suffering, which apparently nothing else can allay; hence, it must—MUST—eventually commend itself to the doctors. Meantime, for the soldiers' sake, it shall be used.* Accordingly he filled all British orders direct and sent the bills to the War Office. This was sheer presumption, and he waited a long time. But the bills were always paid. In Paris, however, he decided on a radical step; *he offered to supply*

*the entire French army with nikalgin for nothing.* How this engagement, if accepted, could be fulfilled had no notion; he relied on his star, the power which seemed to have guided him to the discovery of his wonderful solution and led him from California to war-stricken Europe. Never has his faith been misplaced. He has never had to refuse a single request for nikalgin. Private individuals, Americans, have always furnished the funds.

#### *Miss Morgan to the Rescue*

Edwards ceased, however, dealing with officers, and officials. In the Paris hospitals he became friends with several surgeons. A famous Japanese bacteriologist tried nikalgin and liked it. He was specially interested in the treatment of gas gangrene. In September he wrote to Edwards: "I beg to inform you that after a number of experiments conducted by me I have verified the antiseptic power of your nikalgin solution. The experiments have been made with streptococci, staphylococci, and the lockjaw germ." Four days later a Russian wrote: "I never noticed any poisonous cases when nikalgin had been used." These words revealed possibilities unguessed by the discoverer, but as they did not seem practical, Edwards sighed and forgot the double testimony.

One person shares the glory of Edwards' mission. Miss Anne Morgan went to Paris to aid the French. She has supplied the money for hundreds of gallons of nikalgin. He has never called on her in vain. When they first met in March, 1916, he told her of the blank wall which seemed to encompass him.

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Edwards. It is unbelievable that the French refuse to accept nikalgin as a gift. These surgeons are open-minded and intelligent. Either you have not presented the matter in the right way to them or your solution is not all you claim."

"Nikalgin does all I claim for it. Suppose you try, Miss Morgan."

She tried. Three months later the remarkable woman confessed that she had knocked unheard at fifty doors. No one cared enough to investigate. In July, 1916, Edwards received an invitation to give

a demonstration at the Belgian front. In the operating room at La Panne, Edwards saw in five minutes the need for a new technique. A year previous he had ceased the old unscientific and extravagant application to wounds of cotton soaked in solution, and adopted an atomizer. This was a mistake. Too little nikalgin reached the wound through layers of gauze and pus. What was needed, evidently, was a pressure jet which would throw a small but steady stream of liquid with force enough to penetrate through bandages and infection to the raw flesh. When he returned to Paris, he invented such a jet, solving thereby the last technical problem.

Meantime, Miss Morgan had been busy. A sudden invitation from General Nivelles, then commanding the Second Army, to visit the Verdun front, drove all other thoughts from the engineer's head.

#### *A Terrible Test*

In the Verdun hospital Edwards revolutionized wound dressing for the surgeons of the Second Army. He reached the building late one evening. After dinner he said to the staff: "Tomorrow bring all your worst cases of external wounds into the operating room. I'll treat them each once, and after that you can take the pressure jets and the solution and do it yourself."

Never was brought together a more terrible collection of maimed, charred and mangled living bodies than the one in the operating room the following morning. The surgeons, used to the worst, grew pale at the sight of some of the cases. Edwards, the layman, had never imagined anything so awful. Twice during the morning's work he nearly fainted; but he did not faint.

After a few comparatively simple cases, the attendants wheeled forward a closely swathed figure half upright in a chair. It was a victim of liquid fire. The head was almost entirely enveloped in gauze. One hand and arm had been burned black, and they, too, were partly covered with white bandages. But there was worse. The victim had been struck in the chest by the fluid, and the result surpassed Dante's imaginings. A sheet of gauze eighteen inches square covered a burn on the body that

stretched from neck to navel. The outlines of the gaping hole wherein the flesh had been burned away showed through the stuff, which in places was stuck to the flesh beneath. What one could see of the face, black, spotted with flaming red holes, gray where the flesh had been reduced to a cinder, shocked the spectators almost to nausea. For from out this frightful ruin stared two living eyes! Chance had saved them for the owner, perhaps at the expense of hand and arm.

Within that roasted heap of flesh life stirred sluggishly. Suffering had been so intense, shock so unsettling, that the man had been reduced to a half-bestial organism capable of no sensation but pain. The expression was as vacant as that of an idiot, hiding nothing but fear. For in a dozen places large nerves were completely exposed. The doctors had not dared to put the patient to bed when he arrived the day before. When brought into the operating room he sat propped up on cushions, oblivious to everything but sensation, heedless of everything but the pain that was slowly driving consciousness from the devastated dwelling.

“Now I ask you, Monsieur Edwards,” the chief surgeon said slowly, “what can you do with a case like that? That breast must be dressed or the man will die of poisoning. Yet, with the nerves exposed as they are, if I attempt to remove that apron of gauze stuck to the cooked flesh, he will die of the pain. Can you do anything for him?”

“I’ll try,” Edwards answered, already doubtful of the task.

Gently he began to spray the chest, and for fully ten minutes moistened the gauze, until it dripped with solution. Then, while a nurse gently lifted the bandaged chin until the eyes were fixed on the ceiling, the chief surgeon began at the neck to peel down the gauze, while Edwards never ceased playing a stream of anesthetic on to the raw flesh.

An inch!

The surgeon, perspiring, looked quickly at the patient. He had not moved. Another inch! The surgeon, emboldened and fearful lest the momentary effect should pass, stripped away the gauze from the burn in a single movement. And those strange, frightened eyes never left the ceiling. The patient

did not even realize that his wounds were being treated. He felt nothing. There was no sound in the operating room while the dressing proceeded. When it was over the attendants slowly wheeled away the rebandaged figure—back to life from the very vale of agony that slopes down into death. For if his wounds could be dressed and the pain obviated, he was saved. There is no need to describe the enthusiasm of the surgeons, many of whom had had their nights turned to hell through brooding on the suffering they daily inflicted. Another soldier, with a suppurating hole through his thigh a foot long, which necessitated the passing of strips of gauze through the tunnel, usually suffered agonies. On this day he announced that he would rather die than undergo dressing another time.

“I promise you it will not hurt a bit,” Edwards said earnestly.

The man looked up, and in his eyes the American read the infinite hostility of the long-deceived sufferer against those hale and hearty persons who take the name of others’ pain in vain. Yet such was the effect of nikalgin that he permitted the surgeons to cleanse the wound by sawing fresh gauze back and forth through it, and this without a quiver. Until he saw the fresh bandages in position, he refused to believe that the old ones had been removed.

Leaving with the doctors of the Verdun front all the solution he had on hand, Edwards returned to England. It was at Manchester a month later that a letter reached him from the chief surgeon of the Second Army asking him to return with more solution at once. The letter continued in what to Edwards seemed immortal words: “*Wounds have healed normally without suppuration and with a total absence of all secretion.*”

It was a bombshell. Why, wondered the engineer, had he never followed up the information contained in the first letters from the Russian and the Japanese? If nikalgin was good against gas gangrene, if applied in time, it would naturally serve splendidly against ordinary pus!

Once more he met the surgeon inspector. “How much solution have you brought?” “Twenty-five

gallons—about a hundred liters.”

The Frenchman tossed his hands in dismay. “A hundred liters will last one hospital only ten days. What shall we do when they are gone? What about the other hospitals? We must have enough nikalgin to keep the entire army flooded. Whatever is useful in one military hospital is needed in all of them.”

Edwards nearly choked with emotion. “I have been waiting two years for some one to say just that. You are the first. I’ll not fail you. How much solution do you require for immediate needs?”

“A minimum of five hundred liters and as much more regularly.”

“You shall have it as soon as I can get it made up. And from now on I shall keep you supplied.”

He stayed long enough in Paris to cable Miss Morgan for funds; then, certain of her reply, went on to London. Before the solution was ready the money was in his hands.

By December, 1916, his solution was in use on the Somme front as well. Aside from the futile attempts of the British War Office to substitute, difficulties disappeared one by one. Nikalgin won admission into the great military hospital of Paris, Val de Grace, where an eminent Russian surgeon, a woman, took it up eagerly. During a short visit to the Italian front in May of this year, Edwards gave demonstrations of his discovery in several hospitals, and the product, new to the surgeons, excited their wonder and admiration. Italy’s medical men, seemingly less sluggish than those of France and England, are adopting it today. The Italian Minister of War has only to ask for it and nikalgin will be sent to Italy free of charge for the duration of the war, as a “gift from the United States.”

Every day testimonials reach him from the most varied sources. Most of them were written by surgeons, some of whom are world-famous. Some of the letters are from soldiers, and their letters are like tangible prayers, seeming withal to cry out at all who blocked Gordon Edwards.

#### *Edwards’ Reward*

Edwards today, having accepted the burden of furnishing free of charge two immense armies, is

no richer—in fact, he is poorer—than he was when he first began his hunt for an anesthetic. He has never made one cent. He is at the present moment filling the demands of five of the largest Paris hospitals, and twenty smaller hospitals at Nice, Lyons and other points. Only the Russian and the new American armies remain to be supplied.

Nikalgin can be used for temporary relief and to permit painless dressing of all external wounds. As an antiseptic it has apparently no rival. Tom Foster, a little English soldier, was dying. His leg, amputated at the thigh, was wasting away slowly under an inch of loathsome green pus. A new operation higher up already tempted the surgeons. But Tom preferred to die.

Yet once the pain was quelled, his cure was so marvelous that Edwards, entering the operating room the third day, found the boy laughingly raising his stump in both hands while the nurse stripped away the bandages. When the flesh finally appeared it was red and clean as a new cut. All infection had disappeared. In a week Tom Foster no longer interested the surgeons. How much of this strange healing power of nikalgin is due to its direct antiseptic powers, how much to natural action marvelously quickened by the suppression of pain, Edwards does not know.

Corporal Lespinasse’s foot had been carried away by a projectile. Gangrene set in, and his life was despaired of, and dressing his wound had been intolerable for patient and operators alike until Edwards came. During the first painless dressing his eyes sought the American’s in mute gratitude, while the nurse, awed by silence when she expected shrieks, had murmured softly over and over: “Ah, doctor, don’t you remember how horrible this was yesterday?”

The fourth day Lespinasse walked from the operating room on his own crutches. As Edwards was leaving a few minutes later, the nurse whispered: “Go out this way, monsieur; I think somebody is waiting for you.” It was Lespinasse. Seizing Edwards’ hand, he kissed it passionately, then in confusion drew himself up with a stiff military salute. When Edwards visited the hospital next day the news had spread, and not a soldier but

saluted as reverently as though he were a general.

*Light in Darkness*

In the preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Bernard Shaw has rather more than said his say concerning modern doctors. The story of Gordon Edwards speaks more eloquently than any commentary. Yet there is little ground for resentment, and Edwards feels none.

The medical profession in this war has done its best, and none shall tally its obscure acts of devotion and self-sacrifice. That it had seemed impregnated with prejudice and intolerance lies on ourselves. The doctors are merely a branch of the great tree which is ourselves, at once in our collectivity and in our essence. If they were intolerant

toward a great discoverer, "an American and not a physician," it is because humanity lacks tolerance. The war resembles a fever—when it does not kill it purifies. And it reveals like a flash of lightning in a dark night. It has shown beyond possibility of doubt that we who were meant to "go dancing through the earth like stars" labor under no luminous comet coma, but dully under a burden of ignorance, prejudice, and ill will.

Yet a little light can illuminate much darkness. The nobility of a great individual glorifies the race as much as the limitations of an entire nation can abase it.

America, entering the war, must not allow the music of the drums, the fifes, and the bugles to drown the sound of the sufferers.

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(Continued from page 62)

and decrepit, he would shape his vehicle along those lines and appear so to all others, but the gentleman in question was evidently thinking of regaining his health and vigor so that he might take up his work anew, and consequently he appeared in perfect health when seen by our correspondent, and the person who pointed him out.

*RESPONSIBILITY OF RULERS*

*Question*—In a recent lesson we were told that the Race Spirit influenced different persons to take a part in great world movements. If the part was unjust, is the person responsible for it? Would he suffer for it?

*Answer*—The statement was made in the Students' Lesson for September, "Our Invisible Government," that the divine hierarchs who guide evolution from the invisible worlds always find a soul who is strong, either for good or evil, and use that one when progress demands the fall of an old nation or the raising of a new.

But it would be impossible to induce a spirit of a brutal and tyrannical nation to play a self-sacrificing and noble part; he cannot change his character overnight any more than the leopard can change his spots, and vice versa, a spirit of a noble nature will not consent to play the part of tyrant

and autocrat. Each one will act in harmony with his basic nature, and therefore the divine hierarchs always choose some one who is of a character fitted to the part they want him to play in the coming crises, and place him in such a position that he has the power to carry out his designs, either for good or for ill, and on that account he becomes at least partly responsible for his acts and the consequences thereof. If he does well, and by his acts of nobility, justice, and altruism aids a nation to rise, guiding it through the rocks and shoals of its infancy, as did George Washington, for instance, then great honor and glory will naturally be his in some future life, where he will be given dominion over others whom he may help.

On the other hand, if he plays the part of a Nero in breaking up a great Empire, doing as it is said of one of the kings of Israel, "evil with both hands greedily," naturally sorrow and suffering will result. He probably cannot be made to feel all the pain which he inflicted, any more than a George Washington can receive all the joy which has come to the millions who have benefited through his wisdom and altruism, but each will certainly receive as much as it is possible to give him, or, at any rate, as much as is required to make one a good man and the other a better.

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## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

### On the Witness Stand

The following letters are similar to many others received at Headquarters. They bear witness to the verities of the invisible world and the doings of the people who live there.—Editor

October 9, 1917

The Esoteric Secretary  
Dear Friend:

Your kind and interesting letter was handed me just as I was starting for Atlantic City with my patient, who is blind. I have had a week's rest, which was absolutely necessary; for after being with her all summer she had taken nearly every ounce of my vitality.

I am greatly interested in the little booklet on healing and can see how enormously it must increase a person's usefulness, but it does seem so *weird and uncanny!* I have taken the *Rays* for nearly a year and I think it and Mr. Heindel's writings the most intensely interesting things I have ever read, and I've been a pretty omnivorous reader. I never understood the things that happened when I was a tiny child until I read the *Cosmo*.

There were three kinds of "people" living in our house. One kind in the cellar, another in the attic and still another in mother's dress closet. They used to come out at night. There were crowds that came up from the cellar and, if I were tired and fell asleep before I could "go out" (yes, that is what I called it), and touch my bare foot to the bare ground and go up over their heads they would crowd me so that I'd wake up and simply *howl*, and father would get up and give me valerian. I can see (in imagination) now, how I used to go right up over their heads and lie flat in the air and they'd reach up for me, but! knew they could not do anything to me after that and I could go contentedly back and go to sleep.

The ones in mother's closet never did anything but I was afraid of the ones in the attic. They wore

long black gowns and high pointed black hoods, and would come down and walk around my crib. One night they each and everyone stuck a short knife (dagger I suppose) into my right side! Never shall I forget the sensation of mortal terror and you can imagine there was howling and valerian that night. I remember my parents had the doctor to see me several times and I remember the "grown ups" used to call me a "queer child."

I never "saw" any more "people" after my father was drowned when I was seven, *until* I read Mr. Heindel's *Cosmo* and followed the directions in the chapter on Concentration, but *that* was a wonderful and delightful experience, but too long to tell now, only I never dared to repeat it because I did not want to come back.

I fear I have bored you with all this, only I think I must have had some queer experiences in a previous life which holds me back now. May I send you the horoscope which I have cast?

Sincerely yours,

E. H. P.

October 10, 1917

The Esoteric Secretary  
Dear Friend:

I have improved greatly this last week. Last Saturday night the Invisible Helpers gave me the most wonderful treatment and the most strenuous one I have had. There were evidently pupils with them being taught. He who stood at my head called "Reese," and some one standing in the corner came to the head of my bed also and watched. Then the bones in the upper part of my back were changed with whirlwind speed. I wakened smiling to think of such changes being made with no suffering.

There is a man in this city who is said to be very clever at bone setting and his name is "Reese." Does it do any harm to put two and two together,

even if it does come out three, so long as one keeps it a secret?

I really cannot understand how I can be so stupid as to remember much of what takes place and still not recollect seeing them.

The change in Mr. S. is almost unbelievable. He has had no pain in the past month, for the first time in years. All of the swelling has left his limbs and he is wearing shoes. But the point that impressed me was that he is thinking of getting well now so that his poor old wife can have a rest from wage earning. He is thinking of her. He is sure of getting well now and is no longer dependent upon us for encouragement, but we will continue seeing him every little while.

But Mrs. R. needs me. It is hard for her to be cheerful sometimes, although she knows there is a wonderful cleansing going on in her body.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. E. M. T.

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p.m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs

is dynamic energy, which they infuse into every thing or enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

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

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

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

Dates of Healing Meetings

December 7—14—21—27

January 4—11—17—24—31

February 8—14—20—28

**Freemasonry and Catholicism  
was crowded out this month,  
but the next installment will  
appear in January**

## Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

### CHRISTMAS

#### *Breakfast*

Sliced Oranges  
Boiled Rice  
Egg Omelette  
Toast  
Milk or Coffee

#### *Dinner*

Okra Soup  
Mixed Nut Loaf with Mushroom Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Creamed Peas and Carrots  
Whole Wheat Bread, Butter and Honey  
Milk

#### *Supper*

Pear, Pineapple and Almond Salad  
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce  
Date and Nut Sandwich  
Milk or Tea

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## Recipes

### OKRA SOUP

To one quart of strained tomato juice add one can of Okra; boil for twenty minutes; strain; add tablespoon of browned butter and salt to taste; one teaspoon of sugar.

### MIXED NUT LOAF

Blanch and boil one pound of chestnuts until tender; grind in vegetable grinder with one-half cup each of English walnuts and peanut meats; one cup cold boiled lentils; two cold boiled potatoes; one pimento; one small stalk celery; one clove garlic and one onion sliced and fried in oil until brown. Grind the second time to make mixture smooth and fine; add two eggs and seasoning to taste. Bake in loaf and serve with mushroom sauce.

### MUSHROOM SAUCE

Wash one pint of fresh mushrooms, chop fine and stew in two tablespoons of oil or butter, one tablespoon of minced olives and onions until well browned, adding one tablespoon of flour. Season and add one cup water and boil until it is of consistency of thick gravy.

### MASHED POTATOES

Peel and boil six large potatoes, adding a little salt while boiling; when tender, drain and allow to stand fifteen minutes to steam. Mash or press

through a colander; slowly add a cup of milk and a tablespoon of butter; whip with spoon until light and fluffy. After placing on plate to serve, allow it to reheat in oven, placing a small lump of butter in centre.

### CREAMED PEAS AND CARROTS

Wash, scrape and cut into small squares six carrots, boil in hot water until almost tender; add one small can of green peas; boil for ten minutes, adding salt, a little sugar and chopped parsley; drain and add a cream dressing.

### PLUM PUDDING

Beat three eggs, gradually add one cup of cream, three-fourths cup whole wheat bread crumbs, one and one-half cups flour and one cup butter. Beat well while adding one cup sugar, one cup seeded and chopped raisins, one cup currants and a small piece of chopped citron. Pour into buttered baking dish with tight fitting top, and steam several hours.

### PEAR, PINEAPPLE AND ALMOND SALAD

Peel and cut into squares six winter nelly pears, and one can of pineapples; blanch and chop fine one-half pound almonds. Garnish plates with parsley sprigs; mix pears and pineapple; sprinkle nuts over top and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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## A Talk in the Pro-Ecclesia

Lizzie Graham

Anyone who has been accustomed to meet the students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy must often have been asked this question: "How Shall I Serve?" And from the frequency of the questioning you might conclude that every opportunity had been eagerly filled; but I confess with regret that it is not so.

Do you remember in that favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," there is a line, "I loved to choose my path"? That is the way with most of us. There are only some things that we care to do, and the old childish cry of "I don't want to" comes to our lips or our hearts, when a line of service is suggested to us that does not meet with our approval. Or sometimes the cry is, out of fear, "Oh, I cannot do that," forgetting our motto text that "if we walk in the Light, as God is in the Light, we have fellowship one with another." We have much greater power than if working alone; and back of all is the strength of Our Father.

If we are to follow the command of our master, Christ, we must be the servant, or server of all. Observe, *Servant*, not *Slave*. The slave is driven to his work by the lash of the whip, the true servant serves through love, as an honor and a privilege. Sometimes we are eager to get the opportunity of serving a great personage, or teacher or a writer, but the soul of the meanest being on earth is just as dear to Our Father, and the honor of serving him just as great and the opportunities to do so are many every day.

But back to the question "How Shall I Serve?" The parable of the Talents, in Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter, teaches us that service must be with *all the talents* that Our Master has given us. Not one talent, or gift may be laid away, all must be used.

We read in *Genesis* that God gave us bodies—

*Gift One*. Then into those he breathed the breath of Life—*Gift Two*. Then the *Gift of motion*, and of *hearing*, and of *seeing*, and of *smelling*, and *tasting*, and *feeling*, and many, many other gifts, or talents, to use in service. But the greatest gift of all is Eternal Life, through His son, Christ Jesus.

If we will take these gifts, or talents, one by one, and use each to its fullest extent in the service of Christ, we will have no occasion to ask the question with which we started. Opportunities will so crowd upon us that hours, and days, and even life itself will be all too short.

To return to the parable. He who used all his ten talents received more—so shall we—sight, hearing and all other faculties will be extended beyond belief. And also new gifts will be added. But, do not forget how to use the talents, the service must be for *others*, "We lose what on ourselves we spend."

Just suppose that during the next week, every one of us endeavors to use on each day one talent to its fullest extent in service to others. It may be our singing or our playing. It may be our sewing or our digging. Our quickness of sight, our accuracy of hearing, our talent for neatness, or for love, or for harmony in the home. Each one will surely bring joyful service.

The answer to the question, "How Shall I Serve?" cannot be given by anyone but yourself. You alone know what you can do, and how far you can make your "Living Temple" respond to the desire of the spirit within. Others may give you suggestions, but only yourself can say at the end of the day to the tired body, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Let us serve with every part of the temple.

The brain, the voice, hands and feet. Service out-

side of the temple, money service, counts, not for so much as the giving of one's own self. We may be allowed to change the words of Lowell in Sir Launfal and say "The service without the server is bare."

Perhaps you may ask. To whom are we to render service? We find the answer in the Rosicrucian Temple Service. "Loving, self-forgetting service to *others*," that is *Humanity*, but Humanity has two sides, the physical and the spiritual. Which shall we serve? We do a great deal of service on the physical side of life. Providing food, clothing, shelter, amusements and so forth. We read that we should "seek and serve the Divine Essence hidden within" the physical temple; but we can only serve *through* the physical temple because the Divine Essence, the spiritual side of man, is hidden within. Therefore we must reach it through our thoughts, the motive behind the act of service.

It seems as though Frances Havergal had this thought of service when she wrote that song beginning, "Take my life and let it be, Consecrated

Lord to Thee." If our lives are so consecrated we shall attract opportunities as a magnet draws iron filings.

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#### FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Many motor parties are now visiting Mount Ecclesia from San Francisco and different points in Southern California, and as the number of workers is also increasing, due to our extended activities in both the publishing and correspondence departments, accommodations are gradually becoming scarce. Lately, a number of cars arrived on a Saturday and almost doubled our usual number, with the result that we had to place beds in the library and extra beds in some of the rooms to take care of the overflow.

That Sunday evening Mr. Heindel—by request—gave Wagner's famous mystic Music Drama, *Parsifal*, illustrated with stereopticon, which was much appreciated by all, as it shows the soul's progress upon the path in a most graphic and inspiring manner.

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#### ASTROLOGY BY CORRESPONDENCE

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

##### *How to Apply for Admission*

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

##### *The Cost of the Courses*

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

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#### LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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#### CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM BY CORRESPONDENCE

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