

SEPTEMBER



Rays from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM
 A SHORT-CUT TO HEAVEN
 THE FRUIT OF EVOLUTION
 GENESIS FROM THE OCCULT
 VIEWPOINT
 NEPTUNE, OCTAVE OF MERCURY



Edited by Max Heindel

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RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

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

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SEPTEMBER 1917

Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part IV

THEIR ROLE AND RULERS

AS the spiritual gifts of the *Sons of Sets* flowered in Solomon, the wisest of men, and enabled him to conceive and design a marvelous temple, according to the plan of his creator, Jehovah, so Hiram, the clever craftsman, embodied within himself the consummate skill of a long line of ancestor artificers. He possessed the concentrated quintessence of the material knowledge gained by the *Sons of Cain*, while they wrought from the wilderness of the world a concrete civilization, and in the execution of the wonderful Temple of Solomon this superlative skill found full fruition.

Thus this glorious edifice was the chef d'oeuvre of both lines, an embodiment of the sublime spirituality of the *churchmen*, the *Sons of Sets*, combined with the superlative skill of the *craftsmen*, the *Sons of Cain*. So far, the honors were even, the achievement equal. Solomon was contented; he had carried out the design transmitted to him, he had a place of worship worthy of the Lord he revered, but the soul of Hiram was not satisfied. Armed with the art of ages, he had constructed an incomparable masterpiece in architecture. *But the design had not been his own*, he had been merely the tool of an unseen architect, Jehovah, working through an intermediary, Solomon. This rankled in his heart, for it was as necessary for him to originate as to breathe.

In that ancient age when Cain and Abel first found themselves upon earth, Abel contentedly cared for the flocks, *created* like himself and his parents, Adam and Eve, by Jehovah; but in Cain,

semi-divine progeny of the Lucifer Spirit, Samael, and Eve, the creature of Jehovah, divine incentive to *original effort* burned; he tilled the field and made two blades of grass grow where one grew before; the creative instinct must have expression.

Hiram, being the focus and repository of all the *crafts of Cain*, was also invested with the Spirit of Samael intensified in commensurate ratio; therefore he was consumed by an overpowering urge to add something to the Temple that would eclipse the rest of the structure in beauty and importance. Out of the travail of his spirit was born the conception of THE MOLTEN SEA, and this great ideal he proceeded to carry into execution, though heaven and earth held their breath in awe at the audacity of his purpose.

The Bible gives very little information about the molten sea. In Second Chronicles, the fourth chapter, we learn that Hiram made such a vessel, that it was of considerable size, that it stood upon 12 oxen arranged so that their heads were at the periphery of this circular basin and their hind parts were towards its center. It was intended solely for use by the priests. Much is said of a nature to bewilder the reader, but the above salient points prove the signal importance of this instrument, as we shall see when we study and compare the Masonic account with this veiled word of the Bible. The Masonic story runs as follows:

When Hiram had about completed the Temple, he commenced to cast the various vessels required in the service, according to designs made by Solomon as agent of Jehovah. Chief among these was the great laver, intended to hold the bath of

purification, through which all priests must pass to enter upon the service of the Lord. This, and all the lesser vessels, were successfully cast by Hiram, as recorded in the Bible. But there is an important distinction between the vessel and the Molten Sea which it was designed by Hiram to contain, and until that had been successfully poured, the vessel was without virtue, so far as purifying properties were concerned; until then it could no more cleanse the sin-stained soul than could a dry basin be utilized to cleanse the body. Nor could Solomon speak the Word, the formula for this wonderful work. None but Hiram knew it. This work was to be his Masterpiece, and *if he succeeded, his art would have lifted him above the human*, and made him divine like the Elohim Jehovah. In the garden of Eden, his divine progenitor Samael, had assured his mother, Eve, that she might become “as the Elohim,” if she ate of the tree of knowledge. For ages his ancestors had wrought in the world; through the accumulated skill of the Sons of Cain, an edifice had been reared, wherein Jehovah hid himself “behind the veil” and communed only with his chosen priests, the Sons of Sets. *The Sons of Cain were thrust out of the Temple which they had built*, as their father, Cain, had been driven from the garden which he had tilled. This Hiram felt to be an outrage and an injustice; so he applied himself to prepare the means whereby the Sons of Cain might rend the veil” and open the way to God for “who soever will.”

To this end he sent messengers over the world to collect all the metals with which the Sons of Cain had ever wrought. With his hammer he pulverized them and placed them in a fiery furnace to extract by alchemy, from each particle, the quintessence of knowledge derived in the experience of working with it. Thus the combined quintessence of these various *base metals* would form a *spiritual sublimate of knowledge* incomparable in potency, valuable beyond all earthly things. Being of ultimate purity, it would contain no color, but resemble a “sea of glass.” Whoever should lave in it would find himself endowed with perpetual youth. No philosopher could compare with him in

wisdom; this “white stone” knowledge would even enable him to lift the veil of invisibility and meet the superhuman Hierarchs, who work in the world with a potency undreamt of by the masses.

Masonic traditions tell us that Hiram’s preparations were so perfect that success would have been assured, had not treachery triumphed. But the incompetent craftsmen whom Hiram had been unable to initiate into the higher degrees conspired to pour *Water* into the vessel cast to receive the Molten Sea; for they knew that the Son of Fire was unskilled in the manipulation of the watery element, and could not combine it with his wonderful alloy. Thus, by frustrating Hiram’s cherished plan and spoiling his Masterpiece, they aimed to revenge themselves upon the Master. Solomon had been privately informed of the nefarious plot, but jealousy on account of the Queen of Sheba bound his tongue and stayed his arm, for he hoped that when the ambitious plan of Hiram failed, the affections of the queen would turn from his humiliated rival to himself. He therefore closed eyes and ears to plot and plotters.

When Hiram confidently *pulled the plugs*, the liquid fire rushed out, was met by the water, and there was a roar that seemed to shake heaven and earth, while the elements boiled and battled. All but Hiram hid their faces at the awful havoc; then from the center of the raging fire he heard the call of Tubal Cain, bidding him jump into the Molten Sea. Full of faith in his ancestor, who had gone before him upon the path of fire, Hiram obeyed and plunged fearlessly into the flames. Sinking through the disintegrated bottom of the vessel, he was conducted successfully through *nine arch-like* layers of the earth to the Center, where he found himself in the presence of Cain, the founder of his family, who gave him instructions relative to blending Water and Fire, and who furnished him with A NEW HAMMER AND A NEW WORD, which would enable him to produce these results. Cain looked into the future and uttered a prophecy which has been partly fulfilled; what remains is in process of realization day by day, and as surely as time goes on all will come to pass.

(Continued on page 197)

Links of Destiny

An Occult Story

Eva G. Taylor

This article commenced in the August issue. Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers at 25¢ postpaid.

Chapter XVIII

THAT night Marozia had an experience which she never forgot. She had sat for a long time after Claude's departure, thinking it over—wondering what would be the end to their tangled destinies. He had given her a small Hindu coin that evening, divided, a half for each of them to keep, saying that it held a certain occult significance. She had taken it carelessly, thanking him for his interest in that phase of her development, although she cared little for occult phenomena. She had entered into the higher teachings with earnestness of purpose, but it was spiritual unfoldment which she sought.

When she should be able to contact the inner Planes she desired that it be the spiritual worlds, not merely the region close to the physical where phenomena abound. She knew that she must live the Christ-life and follow His teachings and develop all the beautiful spiritual graces of soul in order to be able to function safely in those invisible realms. So she tried daily to weave that beautiful "golden wedding garment" which her spirit must wear in order to soar to those glorious worlds of light and tone.

She still held the divided coin mechanically while she gave herself up to retrospection. All at once it occurred to her to examine the peculiar symbols upon its face and as she bent over it to study the strange characters, a sudden faintness seized her. She leaned back among the cushions of the divan when, with a whirling sensation, everything turned black before her eyes. Her soul seemed parting from her body with a violent wrench, accompanied by indescribable nausea. In the midst of it all Claude's face appeared and an expression of hideous triumph stamped it as with a demon leer. She tried to escape those terrible

eyes, but they seemed to draw her soul and compel it. It seemed ages—the torture was indescribable. She seemed to have no power to escape, until, in the anguish of despair she called upon Christ to help her. Suddenly the terrible thing which controlled her faded away and a radiant Presence enveloped her. It was felt rather than seen. As her soul re-entered her body with a sickening shock a silvery voice spoke these words: "This is the result of black magic! Beware!"

She did not sleep that night—she was thoroughly ill from the terrible experience, but her mind was vividly alert. She pondered long and deeply over the mysterious incident, but could not comprehend it. The Swami with whom Claude had formed an alliance could have enlightened her as to its meaning. Her aversion to Claude, however, became more intense as the hours wore away. She moaned softly again and again: "Oh, dear, dear Father, I would die for you—and I feel I shall. This will kill me, but I must go through with it for your sake."

When morning came she was too ill to arise. Seeing her father's anguish she tried to smile in her old bright manner, but almost lost consciousness against the attempt. Her father was thoroughly alarmed now. Marozia never had been ill, hence the experience brought untold dismay. Her fear was the greater because of what had caused the strange illness.

When Ralph Remington went to the store and post office later in the day, he returned with a letter from New York City. Upon opening and glancing at its contents a quick smothered cry of joy escaped him. "Oh, my darling child, I never expected this. Now my little girl will get well. Listen." He read aloud:

Dear Mr. Remington:

Some years ago you cast your bread upon the waters. It seemed a hopeless and foolish thing to do at that time, but your great heart got the better of your judgment and you risked it. The recipient of your favor made good and herewith encloses a bank draft covering the loan received from you with interest added. The scheme you financed in the goodness of your heart proved successful and now anything I can do for you in a material way I shall esteem a privilege, Please command me. Through Mrs. Morton, I learn that you have written a book which you would like to put on the market. I have some influence with a New York publisher and in addition to the financial end I shall be happy to aid you in any other way. Hoping to hear that I may serve you and thus repay to some extent the debt of gratitude owe, I am,

Sincerely Yours,

Lyman J. Armstrong

They were both silent through excess of joy. Finally she spoke, "Oh Father, now you can bring your book out at once! How happy I am. I feel well now."

"God is very good to us," he murmured, with softly glistening eyes. With a great bound of her heart Marozia suddenly remembered her relation to Claude Rathburn. All bonds seemed suddenly transcended—there was a quick, wild leap toward freedom.

"Oh, dear Father, I need not marry now. I may stay with you and you will realize your dream." The words escaped her involuntarily, in the stress of her wonderful release from the overwhelming misery of her bondage. She was sorry she had uttered them when she saw her father's look of startled agony.

"My little Girl—oh, my little Girl—it is not possible that you did this for me—that it was not your choice to enter into this union? Oh, Marozia, surely you would not have taken such a step for anything save your heart promptings. I cannot believe it." His words of sorrowful amazement were like a mirror held before her soul and she realized for the first time what she would have done.

"Forgive me, Father, but I couldn't see you suffer any longer. I thought I could learn to love him. I meant to try to be good to him. Don't think ill of me, dear Daddy! I love you so." He laid his hand in benediction upon her head.

"God bless you, my darling Child—my little Marozia!"

Mrs. Morton was coming up the flower-bordered walk with a stranger, and when Ralph Remington stepped forward to greet her, she presented Mr. Arlington.

The following days were full of wonderful experiences between these re-discovered friends of ages ago. During her year at school in Utica Marozia had only known Mr. Arlington as a teacher. Now she was learning to know him as a friend in all the deepest and richest meaning of that sacred word. She was startled at the mystical beauty of his great soul as it was revealed to her day by day in the growing intimacy of their friendship. In that soul before her there was a world of throbbing life, of complex thought-movements, of quick responsiveness to the subtle essence of etheric currents, and more than responsiveness—there was the power of a master to control and shape those currents and the forces behind them. His vision was so wide, his penetration so swift and keen, his impulses and ideals so high and lofty, that they seemed to belong to the cosmic life than the individual.

If Marozia was startled at the greatness and beauty of his soul, he was equally surprised at the revelation of hers. He had never thought to find in woman what he found in her and one day he suddenly realized that he ought to go away as quickly as possible—for he had learned of her betrothal to Claude.

He made arrangements for Ralph Remington to visit him in the near future to complete some business arrangements regarding the new work which was to be produced without further delay—and then returned to Utica.

Then the alternations of hope and fear, rapture and grief, ecstasy which was agony and agony which was a sublimated essence of joy, swept

through her soul like the rushing of mighty wings through infinite deeps. Marozia loved at last, with all her heart and soul—and knew it not. She knew that each time Claude's face appeared before her mental vision the repulsion grew more intense, more sickening.

One day Sarah came up the flower-bordered walk with a malicious purpose goading her into feverish activity. She was bent on revenge and with a desperation born of shattered hopes and a crushed heart she made known her evil errand. She had exulted in fiendish triumph, which momentarily subdued the pain as she half-ran, half-stumbled down the long winding hill over the dusty path which led to the little cottage near the mill.

"Now," she exclaimed under her breath, through set teeth, "her turn has come in earnest! If I can't have him, she shall not!"

Sarah was amazed at the finale. In place of the consternation and despair which she had pictured so vividly, a sudden, luminous light overspread the face of her fancied enemy. Sarah had intimated that he was her lover and Marozia's heart leapt into freedom. In her overwhelming relief she thought not of her own position, of her misplaced confidence, of her degrading alliance. She took Sarah's unwilling hands and exclaimed eagerly, "I am so glad, Sarah! You can marry him and the Villa will be your own home!" Sarah was ashamed—she knew that could not be and she had failed in her purpose of humiliating Marozia. She faltered lamely:

"Anyway, he won't marry me, but I just wanted you to know!"

"But he must if he has led you to believe that he would!"

A sudden gleam of fierce hope, of elemental passion, of wild daring darted through Sarah's stifled consciousness.

"Do you think he would?" Then as she remembered their last interview in the orchard path, a sickening shudder ran through her and hope died out. She turned listlessly away, then, as a sudden thought darted through her mind, she faced

Marozia and asked with an inward ferocity, which demanded some outlet, "Are you going to marry him?"

The sudden question recalled Marozia's relation to him to her consciousness, which had been focused upon Sarah's part in the situation. A wave of shame crimsoned her face and painful embarrassment seized her momentarily as the direct question so baldly, so rudely put recalled a flood of memories. She spoke with sudden passion:

"No, I shall not marry him, Sarah."

When she was left alone the sense of personal wrong became overwhelming. It assumed a magnitude proportioned to her fine and lofty soul. With shuddering horror she looked the whole situation in the face and a sudden wave of compassion for Sarah flooded her soul and she transcended her own sense of personal wrong. Her soul was momentarily glorified by the sacred chrism and her face shone with a sweetly tender light. Now her chief sorrow was for Sarah, but later, when she should have climbed still higher in her quest for the Absolute Truth and Beauty, she would see that Claude Rathburn was even more to be pitied than Sarah.

As we go farther on and higher toward the altitude of the absolute Ideal, the foolish pantomime of human experience, of its weakness and folly and sin, seems unreal and far away to the eager soul with its vision upon the stars. The evil—the hideous-visaged evil that clutches the weak, selfish heart, and the diabolical little imp of self that dwells within and cries incessantly, "I—I," appear the only enemies and the offender but the poor dupe. When at last the Light that never was seen on sea or land breaks across the soul weary with its climbing, the eternal verities alone stand out clear and exact in their ethereal splendor. The Flame which then sweeps over the deeps within consumes—not the soul, but the Pretender "self."

During that hour of retrospection she saw clearly that all her ties with Claude—her ties from long ago—were severed. She had paid her debt to the law and was now forever free from all obligations to him. She need not encounter him again in any

life, for she had wiped out with her sacrifice upon love's altar all her old obligations to him. It had cost her much for she lived upon a higher plane than the average entity and thus gave more from those finer regions.

While Marozia was going through her fiery experience, rendered doubly tormenting by the perpetual vision of Mr. Arlington's face in the heart of the crucible, Sarah was closeted with Mr. Morton at the rectory. As a result of that interview, a promise was extracted from Sarah that upon Claude Rathburn's return she would sever her connection with him and take up her abode at the rectory.

It was easy now for her to promise this knowing as she did that her position at the Villa was no longer tenable nor assured. It would be torture to her to stay there longer under the roof of the man who had spurned and humbled her. She would not return to Mrs. Gregory so this offer of a home from Mrs. Morton afforded an avenue of escape from her intolerable position.

After Marozia's inner conflict had subsided into the olden calm and the note to Claude Rathburn, which demanded her release from him had been written and posted, she returned to finish some copying for her father. The warm breeze blowing over the fragrant meadows came through the open window and stirred the loose papers upon the desk. As she rearranged them she noticed the gentle swaying of the maple leaves and felt a sudden desire to wander through the forest and feel a sense of being lost in the shadowed aisles. Like a true child of nature, she loved to feel the witchery of nodding, growing things above her, while whispering their secrets to earth and sky. Her father noticed her restlessness, and said:

"Little Girl, lay aside your work now and we will walk out into the woods. They seem to call one on a day like this."

As they passed out, they met Mrs. Morton. She had a bouquet of wood violets for Marozia; her hand trembled as she offered them. Her face was even paler than usual and marks of suffering were beneath her eyes in the little half-circles which

sleepless vigils with sorrow put upon a human countenance.

"I was coming to borrow you, my Dear, for a little while. Come to me later. Your father has a prior claim." Her smile was angelic in sweetness and tender sadness. Afterward, as Marozia and her father walked through the wood, she asked:

"Did you notice her face, Father?"

"Who could help it?" he answered fervently. "She has the face of an angel. Such faces are not so common among us as to excite no wonder!"

"But there was a difference today! Did you not notice an inexpressible sadness beneath the wonderful sweetness of her smile?"

"Yes, Dear, I noticed it. Life has touched her at many points. A soul like hers finds many 'Marahs' as it goes onward through earth's experiences. This of itself renders a face versatile in expression and sets upon it an inner mystical beauty."

"But, dear Father," Marozia persisted, "she seems serenely exempt from personal experience of this kind! All her sorrows are for others."

"Who knows?" he responded with feeling. "Ah, my Dear, no one can see into the heart of another. We all wear our masks and smile over our hidden graves—if we are wise. Pardon me, little Girl—that was another of my philosophical abstractions." His smile flashed out like a beam of light, half-humorous, half-deprecating, as he noticed the swift shadow cross her face.

"But the personal pronoun, Father—ah, I read deeper than you think I do!"

"No life can wholly escape its crown of sorrow, but a great soul wears it bravely and smiles over the pain-points. Her's is a royal soul—worthy a throne among the hierarchies of the stars."

"Ah, I see now." Marozia suddenly exclaimed. "Her singing of certain songs seemed to me the perfection of art, but it was too perfect to be art alone."

As they walked on in silence Marozia knew by the mystic light on his face that he was worshipping at an inner shrine; that in the deep silences of his life his soul had met the soul of his beloved.

When Marozia met Mrs. Morton later, she was

taken into a world of loving sympathy which afterward—when learning that the bonds with Claude Rathburn were severed—changed into a paean of thanksgiving.

“How much you have been to poor Sarah; a star of hope, truly,” Marozia said at the close of their talk. Mrs. Morton replied with a smile which seemed heavenly:

“Only a guide-post pointing starward, Dear.”

“Truly nothing is half so glorious as the lightning of darkness—of spiritual darkness! It comes to me with a new meaning,” Marozia added with deep lights in her eyes as she thought of the possibilities which her work opened out before her now that she was free to live her ideal life.

The withered rose-leaf had folded up and dropped from her life and the sweet fragrance gushed out from the heart of the flower. She no longer felt the narrowness of her horizon. She could see into two worlds and lived beyond them both. She could look out not only beyond the hills, beyond the Susquehanna, but *beyond the stars*.

Chapter XIX

Two years later Sarah Thomas was teaching a school not far from the one where Marozia had taught during that crisis in her life. Sarah’s poor stifled heart had been granted its desire and she had finished her interrupted school course under the private tutorage of her former teacher, Ralph Remington. She had begun to live again under the new uplifting influences, for she had loved much and love absolves and saves. She was extremely reserved and touched with a gentle sadness wholly pathetic. Her soul was reaching out into the light and she had taken several upward steps, for in her patient humility she accused no one but herself. She knew that there was a point where the intelligence recognizes the sophistry of evil and where conscience draws back with a shudder—remembering past purgatorial experiences. That point in this life’s experience came when she defied the Voice and exulted in her defiance. At first she set her love as the counter-balance against the wrong, but she now saw that not love, but self-

love and vanity are the deep, underlying—often unrecognized—forces and motives in all such crises.

Mrs. Morton had taught Sarah some of those truths which lie at the heart of things. She had taught them as she taught all truth, in her own beautiful, indirect way. She longed to lead this soul that had lost its way, back from the inferno of lurid glow, through the maze of hopeless night, where false lights lure into pitfall and quagmire, up—ever upward to the brightness and beauty and peace. She felt sure that Sarah would stand with radiant face in the white light and the violet sooner than now seemed possible. She recognized the sign upon her face now—it was penitent humility. It might be ages hence—for souls are not perfected in a day, or a lifetime.

Mrs. Morton realized that the majority of the human race arc wholly under a cloud. Their accumulated weaknesses brought over as it heritage from past lives of error, their pitiful environments, their undeveloped faculties, their warped lives, all must be taken into account in the final estimate. All have their proper place in the upward path of evolution.

All must pass a given point at some stage of their pilgrimage—all must experience life at every point in their progress unto the far heights where spirits stand in perfect light.

Tom Gregory had been thinking more about his appearance of late and often loitered about the school when it was time for Sarah to dismiss the last delinquents who were “kept.” There were always some poor little mischievous culprits on this black list; for Sarah was resolved to be a disciplinarian. Tom’s freckles began to worry him, while his clumsy feet and hands always would persist in finding the most awkward places for their awkward movements. In short, they were decidedly in the way. He began also to be a martyr to stiff collars and purchased one or two ready-made, flaming ties, which matched his face in color and expansiveness.

One day he ventured as far as the school house and when Sarah came forth alone he heroically

mustered all his courage and met her with the stammered declaration of love, couched in the elegant language characteristic of his type:

"I say, Sally—let's me an' you hitch!" She repressed her desire to smile, for she recognized his honest sincerity beneath the awkward rusticity. She looked at him with pity and regret in her sad, grey eyes as she replied in a low subdued voice:

"No Tom. Please never speak to me in this again! I shall never marry." He looked crestfallen.

"Do you mean it, Sally?"

"Yes, I mean it, Tom—for all time! I'm sorry, but don't think any more about me. It will be of no use."

She dismissed him as kindly as possible and sighed in her inmost heart as she thought, "Poor Tom, even though I could care for him (which is impossible), I would not do him that wrong! My heart is dead and it would be criminal to impose upon an honest love. I never could do that!"

That evening an item in a New York paper caught her eye. It read thus: "Among the recent London suicides is that of Claude Rathburn, formerly of this city. He was the only son of Horace Rathburn, a once prominent capitalist and promoter, now a charity patient in a city hospital. Desertion by his wife and financial troubles are said to be the cause of the suicide's rash act. His wife was formerly a Mrs. Wallace, a rich widow of Baltimore."

Soon after the crisis which came into the lives of Marozia and Sarah two years ago, Mrs. Morton was left alone in the world. The Rector had folded his hands over his unfinished life-work and she had taken hers up at a point where she laid it aside many years ago. She became a teacher in the Institute at Utica where Marozia had spent her last school year.

Ralph Remington's books had acquired a wide popularity, and life was full of sweetness for him—the sweetness of unremitting labors crowned by appreciative recognition. Mrs. Remington had passed out of their lives. She did not long survive the tragedy which her heartless cruelty and selfishness had precipitated. Marozia and her father now lived alone at the Villa, she

being his constant assistant in his work and his companion in recreation and study. Their lives were full of quiet peace and delightful friendships and the Villa was a center of interest for literary people. The brilliant salons which were frequently held there differed widely in character from the festivities of the other days when Mrs. Remington held court.

Ralph Remington and his daughter gathered about them a coterie of bright spirits whose culture extended beyond that of the intellect alone—where intellect was made to serve the highest interests of the spirit. Life meant much to them in those quiet days. It meant service to humanity through union of head and heart—intellect and spirit. It was not the ascetic's dream of service, but that of the trained seer, who recognizes and uses all powers, trained to their highest efficiency.

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It was Marozia's wedding day—one of those alluring days which gleam out of late autumn to tantalize by their soft promises. The ceremony was over, nearly all of the guests had departed and Mrs. Morton was assisting her young friend to change her bridal robes for traveling attire. The honeymoon was to be spent in the Catskills.

"I just wanted you for this last hour!" Marozia whispered as she was folded in her friend's arms.

"Dear Heart, I believe this is the happiest hour of my life," Mrs. Morton replied with a radiant smile. "There are so few ideal marriages in this topsy-turvy world—and this is one of them. I felt when I first saw Mr. Arlington that he was the one of all others for you." A wonderful light overspread Marozia's sweet face.

"To me he is *the one man*," she replied softly. My happiness is beyond words. I am almost afraid of it."

"You need not be, Dear. It all depends upon *how* we take our joy. If we take it as a part of the great Cosmic plan—our love as a part of the Infinite Love—we are not on doubtful ground. The beautiful human love is a necessary part of the plan: so is the pure joy, the bliss of loving."

Mrs. Morton's face was seraphic at this moment

and Marozia longed to express the wish that was in her heart, but forbore through delicacy of feeling. Her intuitions long ago divined the secret of her father's and Mrs. Morton's life and in her newfound joy she longed to have those dearest to her know the same sweet blessedness. With her delicate tactfulness she hinted at her father's lonely life—at her dread of leaving him alone. Mrs. Morton was most sympathetic and sought in her own inimitable way to allay Marozia's tender solicitude.

"Your father will possibly come to Utica to live, now that your home will be there. But, Dear," she quickly added, "even if he should not, you must not grieve. You know your father has resources within himself for all happiness and content. He is richer than most of us in that respect."

"Yes, but you know my old impatience when I think of him and his denied life! I want him to have the best there is in it!"

"He has the best in it all," Mrs. Morton replied softly, as she gave her a last embrace and led her down the stairway to her husband.

After the last goodbyes had been waved and the train which bore the happy young couple to their honeymoon in the mountains had thundered away into the distance, Mrs. Morton and Ralph Remington walked back toward the winding creek. As they strolled along its wooded banks a belated squirrel or an improvident one now and then scampered across their path with his late nut. Echoes from the woodman's axe reverberated among the hills, alternating with those mysterious sounds—those faint, crackling sounds which emerge from an October forest. Blue smoke curled lazily upward from openings in the woods and a faint Indian Summer haze settled over the valleys. They rested for a few moments upon a huge boulder near the creek and swept the soft landscape with their trained vision. The over-arching trees softly swayed their wealth of crimson and golden beauty—all that was left after their lavish shower over the brown turf. It was the rich loveliness of maturity, and they felt its divine pathos.

"It is beautiful to live—to truly *live!*" he said

musingly, as if thinking aloud. God alone knows the infinite correlations of our being. Perhaps in some future state, when our little planet and its struggles shall be deemed of no greater consequence than we now regard the volcanic disturbance which overthrew Pompeii, we shall find all our beautiful dreams and visions to be like finely spun cobwebs. As the noble Beings of other planes look down upon our human pantomime they may deem us as easily satisfied as a child with its toys, while they smile in divine compassion!" He had momentarily relapsed into his quaint musing—as he often did when with Marozia. It was a token of their perfect comradeship—it was as though he spoke to his own soul. She replied in the same vein:

"Yet our toys are compatible with our infantile development."

As she turned her glowing eyes upon his face he saw and felt the glory of her perfect womanhood as never before. The illusions of youth had vanished with its crude and hazy ideals, but now the full, perfect image of love stood forth in clear and distinct outlines. They both recognized its spell and potency, yet they had gone too far along the Path of Attainment to turn backward to personality. They loved as the angels love.

There was one moment when he hesitated as he looked into her luminous eyes. He felt the man's longing to fold her in his arms and quench his thirsting soul with the rich fullness of her glorious love. It was but a moment of struggle—then the love transcended the narrow limitations and blended with the Infinite Love.

"Beloved of my soul," he whispered, "shall we turn back to the transitory and mutable, or shall we keep our love perfect in the 'great God-light'?"

"We will keep it on the higher planes," she answered, with a faint quiver in her sweet voice.

"God bless you, my Love," he exclaimed with deep emotion. We will be true to our Ideal—true to the Vision, and thus we shall know the full blessedness of love! Transcending the physical it will hold our souls together in an indissoluble bond." As he noticed the solemn radiance on her

face, he wondered whether the youth of life could have held so much—even with *her*.

Life's discords truly had resolved into the harmony of life's grand counterpoint. Its sorrows

were glorified—its storm-flashes were merely electric radiance, for love—the true, the higher and greater love—glorifies all things.

THE END

Ideals

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the former things had passed away.”

—The *Revelation* of St. John

“Where are we?”

We have not moved, it is your eyes which see differently.

—Maeterlinck, *The Blue Bird*

It is difficult to realize perhaps, that while as individuals we appear to be mere atoms in a mighty whole, yet there are duties which must be done by each molecule if the Grand Scheme is to be perfected, and in the evolution of our present home, the earth, we should consciously bear a part.

Weavers of dreams we are, but much more, for every dream is materialized in the new earth now abuilding, the ethereal counterpart of the globe we inhabit and man's future home. Let us be builders therein, not destroyers, for by our thought we can make sweet homes of the spirit in beautiful color, tender line, and glorious harmony.

May we be architects of transcendent temples, where in the future—nay, even now—man may worship and receive spiritual benison.

Let us weave a tissue of living thought, healing and aspiring which shall link up Heaven to our waking consciousness.

Let our writings, our music, our pictures be so many visible signs of sacramental grace in the New Kingdom. Let us cast out the thoughts which break down and destroy, the carping criticism, the slander which builds afresh a sin into the personality of an individual and makes it so hard to overcome. If there be no truth in the statement, so much the worse for us, with our lying tongues.

Let us affirm and re-affirm all this is good, beautiful and true. “Rejoice in the Lord, always,

and again I say unto you rejoice” is the clarion call of a Master Builder of grand Spiritual Architecture.

How we love to wander in dim cathedrals of such mental building with their floriated pillars of lofty conceptions, where we inbreathe a living Christ as we bend before the altars created for us in the wilderness of thought.

It is our duty to clear the windows of materialism, and mentally draw aside the dark curtains which would veil the Immanent Presence. Avoiding needless discussion and argument, let us re-draw the features of an Ideal which criticism would blur with mocking words.

And at all times we may picture in the air fair landscapes and beflowered fields, still waters and green pastures, with a gentle Shepherd, so kind that none may fear to approach, and so loving that even the poor black sheep is borne on His shoulders.

And, like the Apostle in his lonely isle, let us figure to ourselves a New Heaven and a New Earth.

Wherein all tears shall be wiped from every eye, where is a tree whose leaves will heal the sorrows and sufferings of nations, and the Light is here which “lighteth every man who cometh into the world.”

Let us follow the example of this gentle seer, and lift our thoughts, daily bearing on our wings of prayer the sin-stricken to the feet of Him who dwells within the rainbow light, the Mystic Christ of many voices.

What grand activities are veiled by the silent hour of meditation! How the silver threads of Prayer leap forth and to in the loom of life in subtlest weaving, while sorrowful souls are enmeshed in its radiance!

Watch the sacred sparks fly upwards as dead to physical action, our souls gather together in bands and sally forth on Quests which cannot be named. For they are the marshalling of Hosts Eternal, and

we become ministering spirits in a great unseen hierarchy.

We may even engage in angelic battles, for there are powers of darkness to be met and conquered, and many kingdoms to be won for the good in these hours of stillness and quiet. There, selfishness has no place, and Love, the Star-Eyed, stands in His Revealing, and the two aspects of the altruistic life, contemplative and active, are one, not twain.

For in the temple of the body we eat the bread of initiation and each service rendered—

The cup of cold water,
The tear of sympathy,
The outstretched hand,
The given message,

and all blessed communions with sister-souls are the fruits of the spirit, and obediences of quiet hours.

Our daily activities, the bearings and dignities of our labors as we serve and are served in the physical state, testify to the unseen powers. For behind and beneath each outward serving runs the thread of an aspiration breathed into the twilight hour. A Hope and a Promise received when the worker meets his God in the inner shrine of his own being.

So, while seemingly twain, the threads of active and contemplative life form but one strand and are intertwined and interwoven till we scarce can tell them apart.

—*South African Women in Council*

“The Palace of Knowing”

Norine Welch

The Path, that leads to this Palace, is so straight an narrow, so precipitous and obstructed, and so long that it requires ages to reach it. During the soul's pilgrimage to this abode, it must necessarily experience every sensation, every feeling, every emotion, every thought known to the human being. Pain it must know, that taxes it to the extreme limit of endurance—the “cup of wormwood and gall” it must quaff to its bitterest dregs—it must “tread the wine-press alone,” until the rich purple juices flow forth by “pressure from above.” Pleasure and ecstasy it must know, that is so intense, that it is well nigh indistinguishable from pain. In its succeeding embodiments the personality must ultimately attain to that degree of quality, that it is *strong* and *positive*—every faculty and organ pulsing with life and power, yet absolutely under the control of the Spirit (Will)—so sensitive that it is *capable* of responding to an influence as subtle and evanescent as a summer's zephyr, yet remains *unmoved* before the most enticing allurements.

One who *loses* himself in pleasure or pain, blocks the way to the higher knowledge—cannot

enter the golden gateway to this Palace on the Mount. He, his personality, must stand aside, that he may receive the revelation of the *inner* nature of things. He must first be immersed in the deepest woes and highest joys, and then learn to *rise above* them, in order to know their cause—their *inner quality*. In a true development, the *personality does not disappear*—it remains preserved as personality at the *highest stage* of its perfection; it is not the *subjection* of the personality, but its *highest development* that takes place.

Only through one's own burdens, sufferings and heartaches is born that loving sympathy and Christlike compassion, that feels the woes of the whole world—feeling that response to the faintest cry of distress, from the tiniest animal to the mightiest of the “Lords of Creation,” as if the hurt were to his own body of flesh and blood. Having entered this Palace, every fiber of the Seeker's being becomes filled with an intense longing to lead others to the Light he has found—“to go forth and take his peace with him,” that they, too, may know the “peace that passeth all understanding.”

(Continued on page 179)

“Letter to a Friend Whose Courage Failed”

My Dear Friend:

YOUR letter just received, and I hasten to write you to raise your courage, in the name of Christ Our Savior.

A tired-faced little lady came to one of our meetings when Health and Nutrition was the subject of the lecture. She listened, questioned a little, and did not appear again for about three weeks.

When she came again, she approached me and said: “My daughter and I are very much interested in your work here, and I want to tell you what you did for us. I was very much impressed by the significance you attached to the performance of the ordinary duties of the household, in a spirit of loving service to our families and glory to God. I thought over what you said about the mental attitude while cooking for others, and how effluvia from the cook went into all the food prepared, and was a factor in the well-being of all who partook of it.

“My daughter and I are hungry for advanced thought and mental growth, but her husband is a little selfish and irritable. He refuses to go out after work, and will not let her go, There was unpleasantness and none of us were trying very hard to make the condition better. Now we are trying to make our light shine in the home, and there is such improvement that we hope for great results, and thank you.”

Such is the result of one little battle-cry against inharmony. “Let us do each thing to the Glory of God, and in a spirit of loving service.”

You will say, perhaps “I cannot do that when I fear!”

Fear is the step on the path to despair. Its effects are far-reaching. They congeal all efforts and attract gloom, which fastens on the thought-form you create until gradually your whole auric atmosphere is frozen stiff with depression.

Gloom is destroyed by joy, hope, faith. The repetition of those three words will stimulate you to another mood, if you repeat them feelingly and

convincingly.

Affirm to yourself “*God is just, but His mercy endureth forever.*” When you generate a little faith in our Heavenly Father, He becomes your friend and helper through all the agencies of love Divine.

Those who fear will not let God help them, as they surround themselves with the fear as with a shell.

Throw it off! You need to do some spring house-cleaning, my friend, in your body and mind, which form the Temple of the Living God. The Elder Brothers will not forsake you and faith in them invites their help. They will respond like lightning in the moment of need, but not till then, perhaps, will you be conscious of their sustaining strength. Before that you must fight the good fight to be worthy of help.

They helped me in the moment of my trial. All fear fell away as a garment laid aside, God bless them.

Have but a little faith, and they will come to you, sustain your fainting strength, and inspire zeal.

Words are sacred things and we lay spells upon ourselves for good or evil, failure or success, by our use of them. Do not talk or think failure, loss of power, disappointment, but think and talk victory—Victory, Power, Success.

Please hope! Affirm God! Love divine never faileth.

Repeat aloud convincingly “I am essentially divine.”

“I am an eternal spirit.”

“All joy and strength are mine, for I lay hold upon them for service to others, according to God’s will.”

Self-pity is one of the stumbling blocks to power. It is depressingly separative, and a reproach to God from you.

Self-contempt—fight it. Assert your divinity, your right to life success, happiness by the power within you, the power of the Creator. The personal

(Continued on page 193)

Question Department

* * * * *

A Short-Cut to Heaven?

QUESTION—Some writers seem to teach that it is possible to go straight from the physical world to the higher spiritual world without having to pass through the lower regions of the Desire World, thus escaping all the noisome sights which are peculiar to that region. You, on the other hand, always speak as if it is necessary to pass through every realm of Nature in succession.

Answer—We are well aware that some people make statements as above, relative to the transition from the physical to the higher spiritual realms by way of what they learnedly call the atomic subplanes, and for guidance as to who is right we can only refer you to the Law of Analogy, “As above so below,” which is the master-key to all mysteries, spiritual or physical, for the law is one, in whatever realm of Nature we investigate. You know that it is impossible for a diver to get to the bottom of the sea without starting at the surface and descending through the intervening water; it is also evident that it is impossible for an aeroplane to ascend above the clouds without first passing through the intervening space of air between the earth and the clouds.

The soul after death also gradually ascends through the various spiritual realms to the Third Heaven and at the time of rebirth it gradually descends through the Region of Concrete Thought, the Desire World and the Ether to physical rebirth. These are facts known to many who have investigated and beyond dispute or argument to the Occult Scientist as much as it is beyond argument to the material scientist that the earth moves on its axis, and anyone who contends otherwise is simply mistaken. Nor does the writer say this solely upon the basis of his own experience, for he is acquainted with hundreds of others who

possess the ability of functioning outside the body in the various spiritual realms. He has never expressly discussed this phase of superphysical experience with any of them, but their repeated references to things which happened to different ones when passing through the lower realms of the Desire World and the Ether make him feel certain that none of his acquaintances have ever mounted to the higher realms of the Desire World or the Region of Concrete Thought without first passing through the Ether and the lower strata of the Desire World, the Purgatorial Region.

Furthermore, even if there were such a short-cut as that mentioned from the physical world to the higher spiritual realms, do you think that one of God’s helpers would even make use of it, for the sake of escaping the noisome sights seen and the suffering to be found there? Most assuredly not! The Christ never turned in disgust from a leper or anyone else in sorrow and in affliction; He always sought them out in order that He might heal and help them.

What good do you think there is, and what work do you think an Invisible Helper can do, in the First Heaven and the Region of Concrete Thought, where there is no sorrow, suffering and misery, but where all is happiness and joy? There he is not needed by any means. His work lies in the very regions which these writers profess to be able to skip, and if there were such a short-cut as mentioned, no true Invisible Helper would ever want to make use of it, but as a matter of fact there is no such byway to Heaven.

WHY MOST INITIATES ARE MEN

Question—If woman, possessing the positive vital body, reaches the point in evolution where she can have choice of body and she selects the

positive physical body, where does the negative side come in as a balance?

Answer—To understand the point you wish to have cleared up you must first realize that *man* and *woman* are appellations only to be applied to the physical body, for sex is not expressed in the same manner in the higher vehicles. Fix also firmly in your mind that the spirit which manifests in the bodies of the the sexes which we call male and female is itself sexless, but two of the spirit's attributes are particularly in evidence when it creates its vehicle: *will* and *imagination*, positive and negative, and they manifest as male and female respectively when the spirit reaches the Physical World and builds the body in which it will function under the divine guidance of the Creative Hierarchies,.

The spirit expresses alternately, will and imagination so that it may be evenly developed, and therefore it manifests in male and female bodies, and being imperfect the balance is struck for it by giving it a positive physical body together with a negative vital body and vice versa. But when the time comes that the spirit has evolved through eons in the School of Life and learned its lessons to such an extent that it becomes fairly self-controlled or balanced, it is no longer necessary to secure the full equilibrium by means of opposite polarity in the body; therefore the spirit can and does take to itself both a positive vital and a positive physical body. This is the case with the great majority of Initiates, except where for special reasons they find it advantageous to make use of a negative physical body. *The vital body, however, in every Initiate is always positively polarized, as that makes it a better and more receptive instrument for the vibrations which come from the Life Spirit, whose counterpart the vital body is.*

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

Question—If we lovingly work with plants and animals to aid in their development and evolution will we have “bread to shew” in the temple, or is that only gained by service to humanity?

Answer—No, every kind act to another creature and every thought of love which we send out to

other beings, no matter to what kingdom they belong, reacts upon us in such a manner that it becomes a factor in our soul-growth. But it should be noted that if we bestow kindness and give our love to plants and to animals, while withholding it from human brothers and sisters, we are making a grave mistake, for true charity always begins at home. What would we think of a man who neglected his own family and bestowed his love and care upon the family of some one else? Surely we would not lack words to characterize such conduct and the same argument may be applied to anyone who devotes his love to animals or to a garden full of flowers, but who neglects to do the same for the children in his neighborhood.

We remember a case in point: There was a very wealthy man among our Probationers a few years ago, who was always complaining of his spiritual progress being so slow. He moved in society and took part in all their functions and at the same time he was aspiring to follow the meek and lowly Christ. When we showed him his inconsistency, he excused himself with the plea that he would have to do this on account of his wife's desire; he had married her and could not break up the relationship, which would be the result if he refused to accompany her to the social functions.

We asked him what then he was doing to promote soul-growth, what interest he was taking in those not so well situated as he. Was he giving anything to charity, or better still, was he doing, something in a personal way to help those not so well placed and who needed his aid? He admitted that he was not, but then, evidently shamed at being unable to show that he was doing something for others and trying to *earn* the right to work in a larger sphere, he said apologetically: “Sometimes I see a dog that is hungry, it has happened once or twice that I have fed it, and I am very fond of my dog here and bestow quite a lot of time upon its training.” Now you will readily understand that whatever love this man may have shown toward his own dog and the expenditure of perhaps a few cents for scraps to feed a hungry dog once or twice while neglecting the opportunity to feed the hungry souls of his human brothers and sisters is not

going to give this man soul-growth and of course like so many others, when they discover that there is no royal road, that spiritual powers cannot be bought, he dropped his interest in the matter.

It will not promote soul-growth to pay for missionaries to go to China and convert the heathen there while your own immediate family is in darkness. It would not help you if you fed all the dogs and cats in your town and cared for all the gardens which are there neglected, while omitting to look after your human children. But if you have done all that you can to let your own immediate family see the light, then it is good to send missionaries to China also, if you have the means, if you have done all you can to bring love into the lives of the children in your own home, your own town, then it is also good to care for the cats and dogs and gardens. We can never do too much, but much or little, we should make sure first that we expend our efforts in the proper and legitimate sphere.

THE FRUIT OF EVOLUTION

Question—What is it we bring back after our evolutionary journey? If Spirit is perfect in the beginning, what can we add?

Answer—We are taught that in the beginning of manifestation God, the Great Spirit, differentiates *within* Himself (not from Himself, but within Himself), a number of Spirits which are as sparks from a flame, partakers of the divine nature; yet no one will contend that a spark is as good and as illuminating as the flame, though of the same substance. Before the differentiation, these Spirits

possessed and partook of the divine all-consciousness, omniscience and other attributes. These divine faculties are latent in them and the pilgrimage through matter, the evolutionary journey, is designed for the purpose of fanning these sparks into flames and unfolding the attributes which are in latency to potency, so that they may become dynamic powers, ready for use by each individual Spirit.

But there is something more attained. When the wind blows over a new-mown hay field it absorbs and carries with itself the fragrance of the myriad of flowers, it is laden with the incense peculiar to that field. In another place, where the wind blows through a garden of roses or of orange blossoms, it gathers a different scent. Similarly with the evolving Spirits: each one during the fanning process in the evolutionary field, gathers the aroma of its individual experience and at the end of evolution when, as Prodigal Sons, we return to the bosom of the Father, each one of us will carry with him or her the aroma of his particular and individual experience upon the evolutionary journey.

This composite essence, then, will be amalgamated with the great divine Spirit of the Father. We shall then all be partakers of one another's experience, and the Father will be partaker of all of our experience. Thus there will be a distinct gain to all concerned, for besides having evolved our own individuality, we shall learn and partake of the knowledge and experience gathered by all the other Spirits in our life wave.



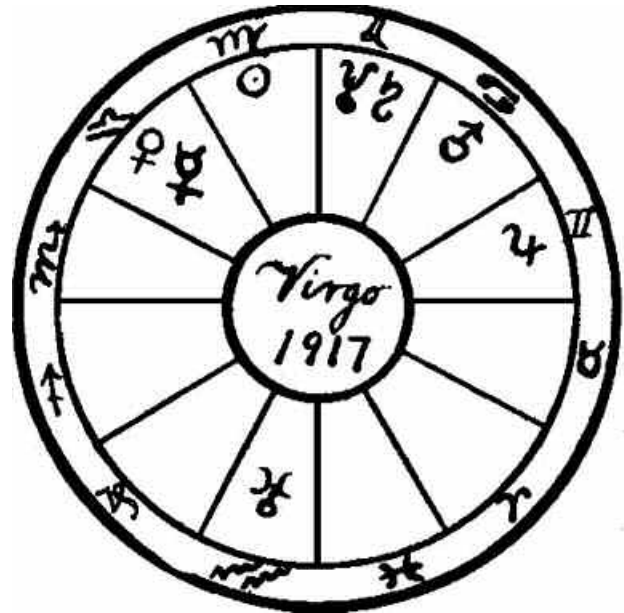
The Astral Ray

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The Children of Virgo---1917

Born from August 24th to September 23rd

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the custom of astrologer, 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



VIRGO, the Sixth Sign of the Zodiac, is ruled by Mercury, the planet of Reason and Expression and Dexterity. It is said, and with considerable truth, that love is blind, for were one to see faults in the beloved one, the master passion never could find expression. Therefore the children who are governed so much by the intellect are not sympathetic but inclined to be cynical, critical, and skeptical of anything that is not scientifically demonstrable to the senses. They are very quick mentally, though only too often inclined to strain at a gnat and get into a rut where they become narrow and bigoted.

They are not very active themselves, but fond of taking things easy, though they like to drive others and can be very masterful with subordinates. Usually they are also very even-tempered, but when once they are provoked or roused it is hard for them to get over their anger and forgive. They are very fond of the study of diet and hygiene and many among them become extreme food faddists. As Virgo is the Sixth Sign, these people take on Sixth House characteristics and are very sensitive to suggestions of ill health, and if they ever become enmeshed in the tentacles of disease, they lack the necessary will-power to extricate themselves, with the result that they then usually

become chronic invalids or perhaps, rather, they think themselves so. For it may be said that these people seem to resent any effort to cheer them up or to get them out of the clutches of their particular illness, real or fancied. They seem, in fact, to *enjoy* bad health and they are always looking for sympathy, though, as we noted in the beginning of this reading, they are very slow to grant the same to others.

The 1917 crop of Virgo children has the planets placed as shown in the accompanying figure—if they are born before September 15th; Saturn and Neptune in Leo, the sign which governs the heart and the affections, further stifles the sympathetic nature and makes it still colder than the usual Virgo child. Jupiter, the planet of Benevolence and Optimism, in the Mercurial sign Gemini, will make these children extremely fond of traveling and they will reap both benefit and pleasure by following this bent of their character. He will also increase their dexterity and make them more valuable members of society than otherwise. He is in mundane trine to Uranus, the planet of Intuition, which is placed in his own intellectual sign, Aquarius, and we may therefore judge that these children will be usually quick, original, and intuitive. He is also in mundane trine to Venus and Mercury, Venus being strong in her own sign Libra, thus giving to these children an unusual sense of beauty and an uncommon dexterity when under normal conditions. But the mundane square of Venus and Mercury to Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, shows that they will possess a violent temper when roused.

On the 15th of September Mercury, the planet of Reason, enters Virgo, and Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, enters Leo; thus the general Virgo characteristics mentioned in the beginning of this reading are intensified in the case of children born in the latter part of the month of September, and Venus enters Scorpio on September 17th. With respect to health, the placement of Neptune, Saturn, and Mars in the sign Leo, which rules the heart, is not a good omen, for it has a tendency to disturb the rhythm of the heart action; therefore parents of children born during

this whole month, and particularly parents of children born after September 12th, should be careful to see that their little ones are not subjected to too severe exercise during the years of childhood until that organ has had time to become firmly established. Venus in Scorpio and in mundane square to both Saturn and Mars, is a warning of impending trouble with respect to the menses of the girls. Be sure that you educate them to a proper understanding of this function so that they may not be unduly frightened when the period comes. Normal exercise and strengthening food will help much at the time of puberty.

NEPTUNE THE OCTAVE OF MERCURY

Occasionally Students ask why we call Neptune the octave of Mercury, and the following explanation may serve to elucidate:

Mercury is usually associated with reason and intelligence; to him is ascribed rule over the nervous system, which is the medium of transmission between the embodied spirit and the world without. Thus, as Neptune signifies the sub- and super-human intelligences who live and move in the spiritual realms of the universe, but who work with and upon us, so Mercury indicates the human intelligence focused upon the terrestrial physical world wherein we live from birth to death. Therefore it may be said that Neptune is the octave of Mercury, but there is a deeper sense.

Reference to a textbook of anatomy or physiology will show that lengthwise fissures in the spinal cord divide it into three parts, which enclose a hollow tube. Each of these columns is ruled by one of the Hierarchies in closest touch with us; the lunar, martial, and mercurial; one or the other predominating, according to the stage in evolution of the individual. In the spinal canal the rays of Neptune kindle the spinal spirit fire whereby the human spirit is enabled to pierce the veil of flesh and contact the worlds beyond; this vision is colored according to the column of the cord most actively excited. In the childhood days of mankind the creative force which is now turned outward to build ships, houses, railways, telephones, etc., was used inwardly to build the organs of our body, and

as the surrounding physical world is photographed upon the table of a camera obscura, so the spiritual world was reflected in the spinal canal. There man beheld first the lunar God, Jehovah, whose Angels were then his tutors. Later Angels who had fallen behind the standard of their compeers, and whose evolutionary requirements were therefore different, forced entrance to the spinal cord of man. The spiritual inner vision of mankind faded when "their eyes were opened and they saw they were naked." Then they lost touch with the higher self, they saw only the person, and the docile creature of Jehovah was soon transformed to a savage and a brute under the impulses of the Lucifer Spirits, the hierarchy of Mars. But by their promptings man has also learned to conquer material obstacles, to build outwardly and become architect of the world. To counteract the unmitigated selfishness bred by the Martial Angels, and to make mankind humane, our Elder Brothers from Mercury, human like ourselves, whose high

state of evolution required the high vibration generated and prevailing in close proximity to the sun, were required to invest the spinal cord of mankind also, and through their labors civilization has taken on a different form. Mankind is again beginning to look inward and when the mercurial ray meets the ray of Neptune in the spinal canal, man finds again his Higher Self; the Christ is born within.

Thus there is a connection between the Moon, Mercury, and Neptune. Those who come in touch with Neptune through the Moon become irresponsible mediums, victims of obsession, etc., but where Mercury is the gate, reason and understanding guide the aspiring spirit. An afflicted Mercury may sometimes tempt seekers to enter by the wrong door, and mental trouble may result; if aware of the danger, however, continual care and persistence usually unlock the door of the temple, for the good forces are in ascendancy now and grow stronger as time passes.

“THE PALACE OF KNOWING”

(Continued from page 172)

He has run the gamut of all tones, all colors, all numbers—has expressed all thoughts and all actions, hence vibrates to all keynotes from the lowest to the highest. From his spiritual “center” radiates the pure white light—a synthesis of the echo of every note in the “world’s great chorus—every color of the rainbow.”

This is the Palace of the knowledge, that knows it knows—where the Seeking Soul becomes One with the “Divine Magnet” that has drawn it since Creation’s morn. Realizing this Union, when attained, he consciously trusts in His Wisdom and Power—he “takes no thought of how or what he shall speak,” *knowing* that “it shall be given him in that same hour he shall speak”—caring not for its effects upon others or himself, resting all responsibility on Him.

Here one ceases to “see through a glass darkly” and “beholds his Father face to face.” The illusions of the world vanish as the sparkling snow-

bank under the warm rays of the sun and one is able to know *Truth*, for this Temple is build WITHIN and its interior is illuminated by the “Invisible Fire.” Abiding here, one acquires a conscious power of radiating upon others, an influence so filled with life, sunshine, and love that they involuntarily seek for its cause, for that invisible “something” which they *feel*. It creates within them a desire to know the *secret*, it inspires them with a longing to attain. Through this new Power, one is enabled to look beyond the weaknesses and shortcomings of every soul and see it in its Divine beauty, goodness, and truth.

Hence it is the work of these illuminated ones to open the door of the sickened and saddened hearts, and of those besmirched by sin and shame, and let the Great Healing Power of Light and Love, the only true balm, shine in. But only those who have sounded the deepest depths and soared to the loftiest heights can constitute an adequate channel for the expression of the “Spirit of the Divine,” only they become High Priests speaking God’s message.

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.

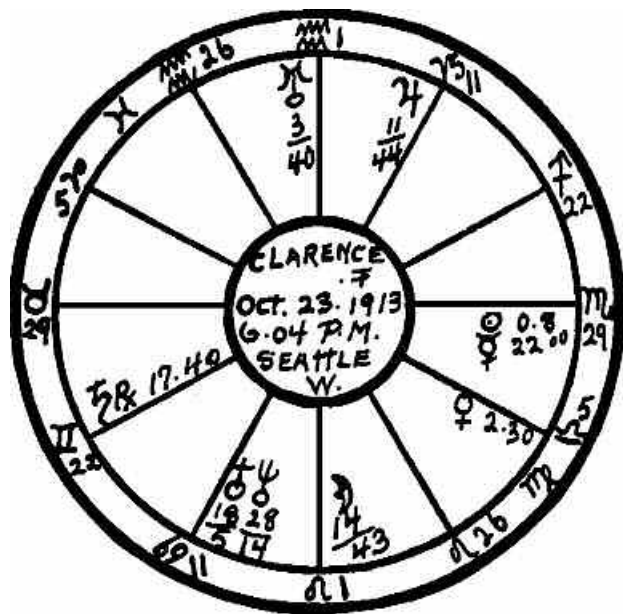
Clarence W. F., born October 23, 1913, at 6:04 p. m., Seattle, Wash.

Here we have a little youngster who is about as smart as they may be found, for we find Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, trine to Mercury, the planet of Reason, in the sign Scorpio. This will make him very quick mentally and give him a splendid and ready flow of language so that he will never be at a loss for an answer, no matter what the conditions that face him. Furthermore, Saturn, the planet of Obstruction, is in the Mercurial sign Gemini and sextile to the Moon,

octave, the planet of Intuition, which is placed in the intellectual sign Aquarius, and highly elevated in the Midheaven. This gives the crowning touch to make Clarence's mentality very unusual in every respect. There is, however, one flaw, that Uranus is square to the Sun, and while it helps to sharpen all the mental faculties, that also has the tendency of making him more subtle, so that if you wish to make a really splendid character out of him, you must endeavor to combat this in the earliest childhood's years. Teach him to always be straight-forward in every thing, and he will be a wonderful man.

Taurus, the sign of Venus, is rising and Venus, the planet of Beauty, is in her other sign, Libra, trine to Uranus highly elevated in Aquarius. On this account he will have an extremely attractive personality and draw a great many friends to himself, particularly from the opposite sex. But there is a great danger connected with this which is shown in the horoscope as a tendency, namely, scandal. Uranus, the planet of clandestine and illicit unions, is highly elevated in the Midheaven, and square to the Sun in the sign Scorpio, which governs the generative organs.

From all the signs in this horoscope, Venus trine Uranus, Mercury trine Mars, etc., it is evident that Clarence will sometime go on the stage and take up the career of an artist, with all that implies with respect to Bohemian life, and it should therefore be your duty to warn him of the tendencies that are foreshown in the horoscope so that he may guard himself the more against such possibilities. With respect to health, we find that Clarence has a very exceptional vitality and a strong constitution, but Saturn is placed in Gemini, the sign which rules the lungs, and though he is not afflicted but well aspected with the Moon, this nevertheless shows



which also has a significance in the matter of mind. A good aspect of Saturn is always extremely beneficial to the mind, for he curbs its flightiness and confers the ability to concentrate upon any problem in hand, especially when, as here, he is placed in a Mercurial sign. Therefore we may judge that Clarence will also have the ability of concentration and forethought.

Finally, Venus is trine to Uranus, her higher

that there is a weak link in the chain of live and it will be well to look out for it in respect of these organs.

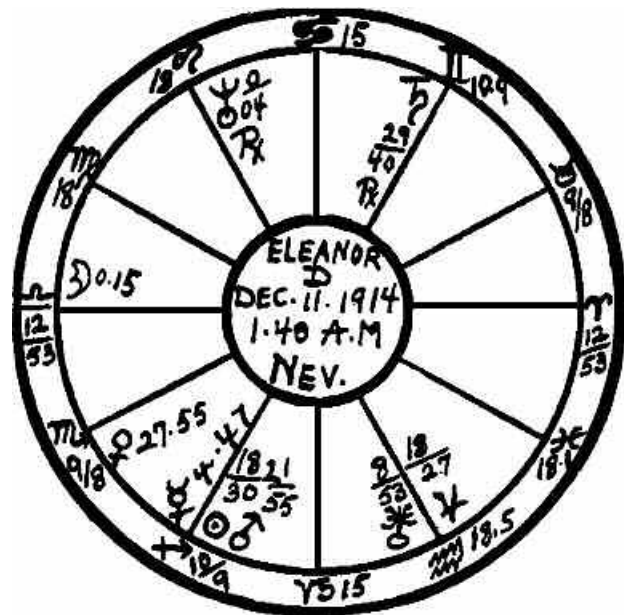
Eleanor D., born December 11, 1914, at 1:40 a. m., Nevada.

Here we have another bright and versatile little youngster, for we find that Mercury, the planet of Reason, is sextile to the Moon, the planet of Imagination, and Uranus, the planet of Intuition, also is in conjunction with Venus, the planet of Love and Beauty. This shows that Eleanor will have a very quick and intuitive mind; it will be exceptionally so, and besides that, she will have the ability to express herself in beautiful language conferred by the conjunction of Venus and Mercury. Thus she will attract a host of friends and be much sought after by all who know her, particularly by those of the opposite sex. And we find that in that respect she is also indeed born under a lucky star, for Jupiter, the planet of Benevolence, Cordiality, and Joviality, is in the Fifth House, which governs courtships, and he is sextile to the Sun and Mars, which are the signifiers of marriage for a woman.

Mars rules the Seventh House, governing marriage, and the Second House, governing finances, and by his conjunction with the vitalizing Sun and their Sextile to Jupiter, the planet of Benevolence and Opulence, it is certainly very evident that Eleanor will benefit greatly by marriage, both as regards happiness and in financial circumstances. Thus her's would seem to be a life singularly full of the good things, and blessed by an absence of the evil things, but there is one sinister point that merits your attention, namely, the Moon square Saturn.

The Moon is the planet of fecundation; she, so to say, fructifies the seeds of events which are sown in our lives and brings them to pass, and Saturn is the planet of Obstruction, who always hold back whatever he comes in contact with. Thus the square aspect makes for disappointments in life; the things that we naturally have a reason to expect would come true seem to be frustrated by circumstances beyond our control. And the

Moon is placed in the House of sorrow, trouble, and self-undoing, the Twelfth, showing that from this cause will come the sorrows of Eleanor. There is, however, so much in the horoscope that it is doubtful if this will have the full effect the same as in a horoscope where there are many other squares and oppositions. But there is no doubt that as the Sun and Mars in conjunction give her a great deal of energy, vitality, and impulsive ambition, so this aspect between Saturn and the Moon has been set as a sort of a balance-wheel to curb her impatience and teach her to her patient. We also find Neptune, the planet of Inspiration, in Leo, the sign of the heart and feeling, and Venus is just about entering



Sagittarius, and is in conjunction with Mercury. This makes a trine with Neptune, and will give Eleanor a talent which will express itself in inspirational music, with an unusual ability to perform. This talent should be cultivated from the earliest years, for it will be a source of great pleasure to both Eleanor and all with whom she comes in contact.

With respect to the health, we find that there is a great deal of fire in the nature given by the sun and Mars, but Saturn is about to enter the sign Cancer, which rules the stomach, and he is square to the Moon. This will undoubtedly cause trouble with the digestion unless Eleanor is taught to be careful in her habits of eating. The Moon is Libra,

in square to Saturn, the planet of obstruction, will also give a tendency to obstruction of the urine, for Libra, the sign where the Moon is placed, governs the kidneys. Thus there is a tendency to cold in the stomach and in the kidneys, which should have your careful attention, that it may be avoided while the child is growing, and the constitution strengthened.

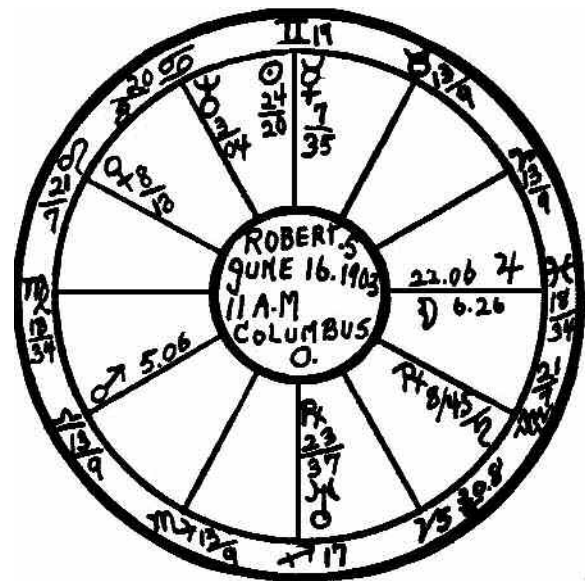
Robert Schwartz, born June 16, 1903, 11:00 a. m., Columbus, Ohio

At the first sight, this would appear to be a weak horoscope, because there are four common signs on the angles; Virgo is rising. But upon closer inspection it becomes clear that Robert has an extra fine mind. Mercury, the planet of Reason, is in his own sign, Gemini, highly elevated in the Midheaven. He is trine to Saturn, the planet of Forethought and Concentration, which is placed in the intellectual sign, Aquarius, and also to Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, which is the cardinal sign Libra, in the Second House. Thus Robert has both the necessary energy to make a success in life and the ability of exercising reason and forethought with regard to the problems which confront one in everyday life, so that he is bound to make a success in whatever vocation he may choose.

But one thing you ought to warn him about is that no matter what he undertakes, he should do it alone and never under any circumstances entertain the idea of partnership with someone else, for we find that Jupiter, the planet of Benevolence, opulence, and general Good Fellowship, is placed in the Seventh House, which rules Partnerships, but square with the Sun and the treacherous Uranus. This means that so long as Robert operates on his own account he is likely to be fairly successful, but the moment he takes someone in with him, the treachery and unaccountable duplicity of that person will bring him into trouble. Unfortunately, this position is also a bad indication of a successful marriage, and we find that Venus, the planet of Love, is opposite Saturn, the planet of Obstruction, placed in the Fifth House, governing courtships, so that it will be difficult if not impos-

sible for Robert to find a life partner, and should he succeed in that, against all unlikely signs, when the marriage has been consummated he will find himself worse off, and the union will probably be dissolved in the divorce court, indicated by the square of Jupiter to Uranus.

The life-giving Sun and Mercury, the planet of Dexterity, are highly elevated in Gemini, the sign which governs the hands. This insures Robert a rise in life by the favor of those in authority. The sextile of Venus, the planet of Beauty, to Mercury will, in addition to the dexterity, give him a pleasing mode of expression and address, and will win much favor for him, and also give him financial comforts, for Venus is also Ruler of Libra, the sign



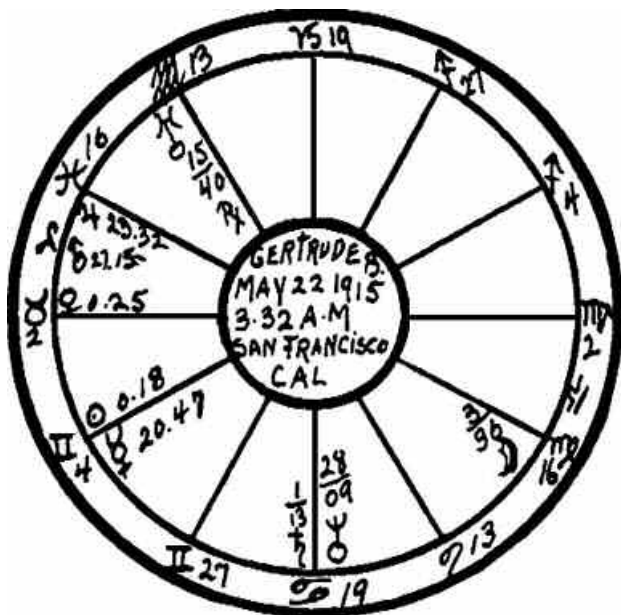
on the second cusp, which governs the financial affairs.

With respect to health, we find that Venus, the Ruler of the venous circulation, is in Leo, the sign which governs the heart, and in opposition to Saturn, the planet of Obstruction. We may therefore judge that Robert is liable to some heart trouble, unless it is made plain to him that it is necessary to conserve his energy and not subject his body to too violent exercise. If that is done, there is all probability that the difficulty will not be so great. We also find Mars, the planet of fever and excessive heat, in Libra, the sign which rules the kidneys, and square to Neptune, which is in Cancer, the sign ruling the stomach. This shows that there

is a tendency to stomach trouble and urinary trouble; but here also a stitch in time or an ounce of prevention will prove worth many pounds of cure. By taking proper care of him and teaching him to eat non-stimulating foods, these tendencies may be minimized, if not entirely overcome.

Gertrude B., born May 22, 1915, 3:32 a. m., San Francisco, California.

Here is another little lady with an unusual mentality, for we find that Uranus, the planet of Intuition, is placed in its own intellectual sign, Aquarius, and trine to Mercury, the planet of Reason, which is also essentially dignified in its own sign, Gemini. This will make her very original in thought, speech, and action, besides giving her an unusual faculty for expression. We also find Saturn, the planet of Obstruction, sextile to the Moon, the planet of Imagination, so that Gertrude will have a splendid imagination, but it will be



always held within bounds, and she will never become visionary. Finally, we find Jupiter, the planet of Altruism, Benevolence, and Cordiality, in trine with Neptune, the higher octave of Mercury. Jupiter is well placed in his own sign, Pisces, and Neptune is in the psychic sign Cancer, which will bring Gertrude in touch with the Occult World at some time and give a wider scope for her mentality than this present sphere of action

affords. She will also have a very attractive and interesting personality, for Venus, the planet of Beauty, is rising in her own sign, Taurus, sextile to Saturn and trine to the Moon. This will make her much sought, but particularly by people older than herself. There is, however, a side to her nature which is not very desirable; it is indicted by Mars, the planet of Impulse and Ill-temper, in conjunction with Venus and square to Neptune, also by the Sun squaring the Moon. The Sun in the Individuality and the Moon the Personality. Plainly there is going to be a struggle between the higher and the lower nature, and she will have a bad temper if allowed to go on without restrictions. This will bring her much trouble, as indicated by Mars in the Twelfth House of Sorrow and Self-Undoing. It should therefore be your duty to carefully guide her during the years of childhood and never allow a show of temper to pass without a fitting rebuke, not necessarily in the form of punishment always, but in such a manner that she will gain self-control and mental poise.

With respect to health, we find that Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, is essentially dignified in its own sign, Aries, and in close conjunction with the planet Venus on the cusp of the Ascendant. Taurus, which rises, is a sign of great vitality, and Venus and Mars are most splendidly fortified by a trine to the Moon, which is the particular signifier of health in a woman's horoscope. We may therefore judge that Gertrude will have splendid health all through life, but the square of Mars from Aries, which governs the head, to Neptune, gives her a liability to headache. And Saturn in Cancer may bring stomach trouble unless looked after. Teach her to eat to live and avoid gourmandizing and gluttony.

Vocational Readings

CATHERINE T., born August 24, 1893, at 6:00 p. m., Spokane, Washington.

The three Houses in your horoscope which determine the service you are to render in the world, the financial recompense you receive therefor, and the social standing this will give you, are the Sixth, Tenth, and the Second Houses. We find

that the Ruler of the Tenth, which is occupied by Sagittarius, is placed in the Fourth House, indicating the home; Mars, which is ruler of the Second House, indicating the financial source, is placed in the Seventh House, governing marriage; and the Moon, Ruler of the Sixth House, showing the nature and condition of the service, is placed on the Ascendant, which means yourself.

We also find that the Sun, which is the prime significator of the marriage partner for a woman, and Mars, which also governs in this matter, are placed in the Seventh House, together with Venus, the planet of Love, and Mercury, the planet of Reason. Thus all signs indicate that marriage is really your proper vocation and that when that is consummated you will benefit thereby in various ways and that the union will be a happy one.

But you also have certain abilities which will make for success in a vocation until that happy event takes place. We find Jupiter, the great benefic planet, the giver of optimism, joviality, and all other similar good qualities, is in Gemini, the sign ruling the hands, conferring upon you a certain good taste and dexterity. He is trine to Venus, the planet of Beauty, well placed and strong in her sign Libra; this gives you an eye for the artistic and fitting things, particularly pertaining to woman's apparel, and Neptune trine Saturn from the sign of the hands to the Venus sign gives you the constructive ability necessary to make artistic designs and execute them.

If you have not already cultivated these faculties and they are still latent, we would advise you to take up this study in order that you may find expression for your artistic tastes, as this will later add considerably to your value as a homemaker and a housekeeper.

Vocational Readings

E. J. L., born August 11, 1892, 5:30 a. m., Ohio
At the time of your birth four fixed signs were

on the angles and Leo, the royal sign, was rising with the Sun in it. This gives you a great deal of persistence and perseverance, with the ability to overcome obstacles such as is an essential factor in making a success of life. We find also that Mercury, the planet of Science, is exalted in his own sign Virgo, on the cusp of the Second House and sextile to Venus, the planet of Beauty, which is in the watery sign Cancer. This configuration would give you success in chemistry or some scientific research work, but we also notice that the Sun is close to the Ascelli in Leo 6. He is afflicted by an opposition to Mars, the planet of Dynamic Energy, and Saturn is in opposition to the Moon. These configurations will make it dangerous for you to take up any inside work, for the Ascelli is a nebulous spot in the zodiac which, when the Sun or Moon are afflicted therein, gives a predisposition to trouble with the eyes.

You should therefore take some outdoor employment and as the three earthy signs are on the cusps of your Second, Sixth, and Tenth Houses, which indicate the financial recompense you gain by service, the service expected to be rendered, and the social standing which that service will give you, it is evident that that should have something to do with the earth.

Now we find that the configuration which we spoke of between Mercury and Venus also applies to the scientific propagation of plants on either a large or a small scale and we would therefore advise you to take up the study and the practice of horticulture. This will undoubtedly give you a successful outlet for your energy.

But we reiterate by all means avoid any occupation where it becomes necessary to strain your eyes in the slightest degree, and when you are out of doors in the glare of the sun, be sure that your eyes are properly protected. For otherwise, sooner or later, you will feel the effect of the planetary influence we have named.

The Purpose of Life

W. J. Darrow

THE relation which man bears to God is analogous to that occupied by the cells of the physical body with reference to man himself. The one Life of God flows through and sustains every separate human unit in the same manner that the life specialized by the man flows through and sustains every cell of his physical body. Man is an integral part of God, and hence we actually “live and move and have our being in God.” Therefore the “fundamental unity of each with all” is an absolute fact in nature.

Since all men are a part of the same Cosmic Being, the welfare of one becomes the welfare of all and what affects one, affects all.

In view of the foregoing, the mission of life may be stated as follows: First, through involution, to build a self which comprises and includes the various bodies or vehicles; viz., the physical, etheric and desire bodies, and the mind. By encasing itself in these vehicles, the Ego gains self-consciousness and self-hood to replace the all-consciousness which it alone possessed previous to taking its sojourn in matter. The next step is to turn this individual self over to the service of the All-self; viz., all selves outside of the individual, which together form the composite entity known as humanity. In Nature’s scheme humanity is the all important object. Hence the individual is of comparatively little consequence, except by virtue of such service as it is able to render to the whole.

Self-surrender is the chief factor in the process of turning the self and its faculties over to the service of the All-self. Yielding the personal will to the cosmic will is the vital element here involved. And the cosmic will is that we shall cease to separate ourselves in thought from the rest of humanity and that we shall cease to place the interests of the separate self above those of other selves. In short, that we shall stop working exclusively for self and dedicate our services to the interests of the whole.

This process of yielding the personal will to the cosmic will makes possible the assimilation ulti-

mately of the individual into the cosmic body, otherwise known as union with Deity. This is in a manner analogous to the assimilation of food into the physical body, which is possible only when its atomic or cell will has been broken down and become subservient to the will of the central intelligence, viz., the Ego.

Helpfulness is the practical expression of surrender to the cosmic will. The cultivation of sympathy for and interest in others are essential features. Overt acts must be the medium used since they involve the will and thus build the essence of the act into the character. Mere thought and wishes accomplish but little on any plane.

By giving up the self, the individual gains a greater good than can be gained by any other method. For by so doing he opens himself up to an influx of the life of the whole universe, which works out on all planes—spiritual, mental and material.

Whereas, by working for self alone, he shuts out all but the small measure of life generated or specialized by himself. Working for the all-self induces the vibration of love which attracts ultimately all good, where working for the personal self induces to greater or lesser degree the vibration of hate, which ultimately repels all good. Every act of service makes it possible for those above to extend equivalent aid to us.

Self-surrender and helpfulness produce an effect upon the finer vehicles which is of great importance. Upon the vital or etheric body the effect of altruism and asceticism is to build in the two higher ethers which constitute the soul-body. The proportion of these becomes a gauge of the degree of soul-growth attained.

Upon the desire body, the giving up of the lower self has the effect of freeing it from the vibrations of the baser emotions and passions. These vibrations are those of repulsion, hence their effect is destructive of harmony and destructive of the desire body itself.

Fear, anger, sensuality, and vanity are some of these, all having self as their object. Abandoning

the lower self as a separate entity breaks the hold which these emotions previously had because there is nothing left to feel emotion for. Refusing to work for the interests of the separate self or to feel concern for its personal tribulations frees one from its attendant worries, sorrows, and mortifications. Soul-growth is then, and then only, possible to any marked degree.

The necessity of giving up the personal self favor of the All-self is seen from a consideration of the nature of selfishness. Selfishness is cancerous in character, after the analogy of a cancer in the physical body. The latter is a group of cells starting to work exclusively for their individual interests, without regard to the welfare of the surrounding cells. They thereby cause the death of the physical body together with themselves. In like manner selfishness among men unchecked would ultimately destroy the Cosmic Body of which they are a part. Of all forms of selfishness, pride or vanity is the most deadly for it is the supreme height of self-exaltation. It is the sin for which Satan was cast down from heaven.

In general, man will learn mainly only through

A VISION FROM THE UNSEEN

“The time will come when people will not need any form of physical phenomena to convince them of the reality of another life. There will be people who will have perfect faith in their mental communion or impression received from those nearest them on the unseen side. There will be the most perfect blending of the minds of those with the material bodies and those without. This blending will result in a ripening of spirit which will bridge for some the present chasm between the two worlds or conditions of existence.”—Prentice Mulford

“An officer ‘somewhere in Flanders’ was overwhelmingly busy one morning with papers and plans, and told his orderly on no account was he to be disturbed, nor was anyone to be admitted to his tent. He was proportionately annoyed and surprised when he glanced up half an hour later and saw a nun standing before him. He concluded it was one of the nuns from the convent in the neigh-

the lessons of pain.

The present world war is an effect which man has brought upon himself as the climax of the illusion of race separateness. The war at the same time is being utilized by the leaders of humanity to teach man the necessity of a new doctrine, viz., the doctrine of universal brotherhood. And this doctrine will usher in and form the foundations of the new race, the advance guard of which is even now beginning to appear.

The principles here stated are in effect the principles of the Christian religion. Occult philosophy alone gives the scientific explanation of them. They constitute an ideal toward which we can work. This ideal may appear difficult of attainment, but this will be less and less true as we progress. In the beginning, we may be able to apply the principles here stated only from a sense of duty, but if we persist, this will ultimately be replaced by a spirit of love which makes service a pleasure rather than a duty.

In general, the race must ultimately largely attain to the principles and ideals here set forth if it is to continue its evolution.

borhood. Before he could ask her business she said to him: ‘These papers, and all this business you are doing for your King and country may be very important, but *far more important* is it that prayer should ascend to the King of Kings.’ Still feeling annoyed, he remarked only that he was extremely busy and could not attend to other matters just then. The nun left the tent without saying more.

Later, he called his orderly and asked him how it was that he had let anyone into his tent, after such strict orders to the contrary. The orderly denied that anyone had passed the door of the tent, where he had been on guard all the time, and said he was perfectly certain no one had been there.

Feeling puzzled, when he had leisure, the officer called on the Mother Superior and told her how he had been bothered by one of her nuns at a very inconvenient time, by her entering his tent without permission. She replied that she could not account for it, as it was a cloistered convent, and none of

(Continued on page 235)

Nutrition and Health

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The Cost of a Skin

OCTOBER is here again, urging us with its cooler weather to make preparations for the Winter season, and among other articles for the colder weather furs are being displayed in the various store windows to catch the eyes of intending shoppers and make them want to buy. Reader, did you ever stop to think of the cost of a skin? We do not mean in dollars and cents, but in agony and suffering of the animals, and in degradation of those who hunt them to the state or unfeeling savagery. Has it ever occurred to you that when you purchase a piece of clothing made from furs you are responsible for the atrocities which are committed in pandering to this unnecessary desire for such finery? It is worthy of note that when man kills cattle in slaughterhouses or similar places he at least takes care to do it quickly and with as little suffering as possible to the animal, but when hunting the fur-bearing animals man shows an absolute indifference to the feelings and the sufferings of his victims. Nay, he seems even to glory in them. A story is told, for instance, of a number of men and boys who pursued an otter for four hours, when she gave birth to two little ones, and she was then pursued two hours after, before she was finally killed. Most of the skins tanned for use as furs are obtained by catching the animals in traps and death does not then usually occur for many hours or perhaps several days of the most excruciating suffering and pain.

The steel trap is the favorite device used by professional trappers and the power of this dreadful instrument is so great that often it amputates the leg of the captive at one single stroke. It is in fact complained of by trappers that a great many animals escape thus, for a time at least, and it is said that on an average every fifth animal caught has only three legs; sometimes they have only two or one leg, and case is on record where a muskrat

with only one leg was caught by the tail. Just think of what an intense amount of suffering was caused that poor animal before its fur finally fell into the hands of the savage human hunter. Modern inventors have turned their ingenuity to the task of preventing the animals from escaping captivity by amputation or by gnawing a leg off or twisting it off, as some animals do in their agony, and the latest traps are therefore furnished with a device so that the limb of the captive coming directly in the center of the trap will be clutched close up to the body. When that happens, no amount of twisting or gnawing will free the captive.

The springpole is another device which the trappers use to prevent the escape of their prey, once it has been caught in the steel trap. It consists of a flexible pole set in the ground close to the trap, with the upper end bent down and fastened in such a way that it will be released by any slight wrench. The chain of the steel trap is fastened to the pole, and when the poor animal is caught and struggles to escape it breaks the cord which releases the pole and the trap with its victim are jerked into the air where the poor victim hangs and starves to death, or freezes, struggling and suffering until death releases it, or the cruel hunter comes along and gives it the last blow which puts an end to its misery.

But of all the atrocious methods used by trappers for catching their prey, the one employed in the hunt for ermine is perhaps the superlative. It consists in taking a piece of iron too heavy for the ermine to drag away and coating it with grease and placing it where the ermine will find it; the ermine then licks at the grease, and the intense cold of the iron causes the tongue to instantly freeze fast to the iron, as if it had been put into a vice. There is no possibility of escape then except by pulling the tongue out by the roots, and the frantic struggles of the poor animal cause a larger and larger area of the tongue to adhere to the iron so that the whole

inside of the mouth may become solidified and frozen by prolonged exposure to the bitter Arctic cold. This method is used in preference to "the steel trap or the bullet in order not to injure the skin which is to adorn some high and noble personage. Ermine is costly indeed, not only in money but particularly in the superlative atrocity which is used in order to secure that poor little animal's fur.

No tongue can tell or pen portray, nor can we ever realize, what the poor victims of human vanity must endure during the long hours and days of awful sufferings up there among the silences of the great white North. Just think of it, it is estimated that thirty million animals are being put to death annually for the sake of their furs alone. If all these millions could be gathered together with their broken and mangled bodies, what a mountain of death, what an evidence of our brutality and cruelty they would make! And remember, everyone who wears this furry finery is partly responsible for the cruelty and the suffering inflicted upon these poor victims of human greed, for if people refused to wear such things, the demand would cease and the poor animals would be left in peace to live their lives in their appointed ways.

It is sometimes or frequently objected by people that if we did not kill these animals or even our own cattle and eat them the earth would be overrun by them. But such is not the case! we do not eat dogs or cats, coyotes or skunks, neither are they extensively hunted for their fur or flesh. The horses are in the same category, yet these animals do not multiply beyond bound, and occultism offers the explanation that each species of animals is the expression in the physical world of a Group-Spirit which is itself in the invisible world and guides its charges from thence. Hence the remarkable instinct with which they are endowed. When these animals are prematurely killed, the seed atom which forms the Group Spirit's nucleus is released from the dying animal and used by the Group-Spirit to quickly fertilize another of its tribe. Thus the more we kill, within certain bounds of course, the quicker the tribe multiplies, but if we refrain from killing it will not be necessary for

the Group-Spirit to fertilize the animals so often. Birth will decrease in the same proportion as death.

But returning to the question of furs used for clothing, we maintain that furs are luxuries, and it cannot be said in extenuation of the crime involved in getting them that they are essential to human life, which is the claim concerning flesh as food. Those in particular who aspire to live the higher life and attain to the higher powers cannot afford to wear these costly things. Sometime ago a lady came to Mt Ecclesia professing to be bored by society and desirous of nothing save spiritual advancement, but when it was pointed out to her that no one would follow Christ in a fur coat, she admitted that she had a thousand dollar fur coat which she would not give up under any consideration, and she left the following day, angered at the idea that such a great sacrifice should be demanded of her, and placed herself under a teacher who was more complacent in his views of life and luxuries. Besides, as a matter of fact, clothing fully as warm as furs can be obtained, and the writer knows whereof he is speaking, having traveled far and lived in high latitudes, North and South, even in Siberia and the Land of the Midnight Sun.

What has been said about furs applies also to feathers, both as regards their cost in cruelty and the lack of necessity for their use. Beautiful, artistic, and warm clothing can be made without the use of either furs or feathers, to the economical and spiritual welfare of whoever abstains from the use thereof. Unfortunately, we are forced to use leather shoes and other articles of leather because we cannot obtain a satisfactory substitute in the market of today. But sometime when the world has awakened to the Gospel of Compassion and it is considered a crime to take the life of an animal, just as it is now considered in the case of a human being, then also these articles of clothing will be substituted for other products of industry which will serve the purpose fully as well or better. This is where the readers of our magazine may assist in molding the world's thoughts, both by their actions in refraining from the use of furs and

feathers and by advocating the idea that they are unnecessary, also by calling the attention of others to the atrocities committed in order to obtain these

things. Thus the reader may help to hasten the day of peace on earth and good will among men, and animals too.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

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: 7 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

October 6—14—21—27

November 3—10—17—24—30

December 7—14—21—27

Lincoln Place, Meridian, Conn.

August 16, 1917

Dear Friends:

I am coming along so wonderfully and feel remarkably well even though I don't gain in weight. I can feel the help so much in the quietness with which I can do so many things, and the gradual losing of so many motions.

Sincerely, B. C.

Salmon Arm, B. C. Aug. 15, 1917

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California

Dear Friends:

I was feeling so good today that I almost forgot to write my usual Wednesday letter, not from any ingratitude, but sheer buoyancy and well-being. The dishes were let go and I sat under a fir tree enjoying life all afternoon.

Very truly yours,

M. V. D.

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

Breakfast

Poached Egg in Tomato Sauce

Toast

Rolled Oat Mush

Milk, Coffee, Honey

Dinner

Vegetable Loaf and Browned Potatoes

Fried Cauliflower

Whole Wheat Bread, Butter

Milk Honey

Supper

Lettuce, Tomatoes, and Egg Salad

Dutch Peach Cake

Olives

Bread, Butter Milk or Tea

Recipes

POACHED EGG IN TOMATO SAUCE

Boil one pint of tomato juice for fifteen minutes; season and flavor the same as for soup; break one egg at a time in a separate dish; heat the sauce to the point of bubbling: drop one egg at a time into this tomato sauce, allowing it to remain until the white has become set. Remove with spoon and serve on buttered toast.

VEGETABLE LOAF AND BROWN POTATOES

Use the boiled vegetables left over from the day before, such as beets, cabbage, potatoes, and whatever more are left in the pantry. Brown some bread in the oven till crisp, then grind with the vegetables through the vegetable grinder; grate one large raw onion (never grind onions or garlic as it destroys their flavor), add one-half cup of nut meat. In order to have the loaf firm, so that it will slice well, put it through the grinder a second and even a third time; then season with celery-salt, pepper, or whatever spice the taste desires. Mix in two well-beaten eggs and form the whole into a loaf. Place this in an oiled baking pan. Peel and boil for fifteen minutes in salt water, medium-sized potatoes. Rub them with oil on the outside, and place around the vegetable loaf. Bake this in the oven for forty-five minutes, basting it with tomato sauce, until well browned.

LETTUCE, TOMATO AND EGG SALAD

Garnish individual salad dishes with lettuce, quartered tomatoes, and hard boiled eggs, placing them on the lettuce in the form of a star, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and place a teaspoon of mayonnaise dressing in the center of each.

DUTCH PEACH CAKE

Sift two cups of flour with one-half teaspoon of salt and three teaspoons of baking powder; work in one well-beaten egg, one cup of milk, a tablespoon of butter and pour this into a shallow oiled baking pan. Peel firm, ripe peaches, quarter and place these quarters in rows, pressing them lightly into the batter, Bake for fifteen minutes, then take out of the oven and sprinkle well with sugar and

cinnamon, then put them back into the oven for fifteen minutes and serve either hot or cold.

FRIED CAULIFLOWER

Separate cauliflower into sections, allow these to stand in cold water for two hours; boil in hot water for fifteen minutes: let them cool and drain. Beat one egg, roll cauliflower therein; sprinkle them with cracker crumbs; then fry in hot oil till well browned.

FRIED APPLES

Cut the apples in half from top to stem; remove flower, stem and core, but do not pare. Have butter in skillet very hot; place cut side down. Cover. Fry gently till tender. Serve with brown cut side up.

SUMMER SQUASH

Have the squash not too ripe; pare and remove seeds. Stew with finely chopped onion and chili pepper. Use very little water, Drain. Beat in some thick sweet cream and serve very hot.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

- Too many dishes should not be served nor too great a variety at one meal, but the diet should be varied from day to day, as the appetite requires. One or two carefully and well-chosen dishes of vegetables at one meal is sufficient. The stomach can more easily digest this and the body will assimilate the food much better than where a great variety is taken at one meal.

- To keep turnips or potatoes from turning dark when boiling, add a tablespoonful of sweet milk to the water.

- Do not mix dressing with the salad until just ready to serve.

- Lemon juice should always be used instead of vinegar by the vegetarian cook.

- Be careful never to over-eat, or to partake too freely of rich pie, cake, cream and sugar.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

* * * * *

How to Conduct Classes

ONE of our student-members writes to ask us to recommend a method of conducting classes. He has tried in his home town a number of times to get people together for the purpose of instructing them in the Rosicrucian teachings and they have become quite interested because of the talks he has had with them individually before the classes started. But on every occasion he has found that after a short time the attendance begins to dwindle and that it is difficult to keep up the interest.

We can give no set rules for making a class successful. Individual circumstances would always govern, so that what might prove a good plan in one city and with one class might be an absolute failure with others, but there are certain general rules which apply in all cases and if they are followed some measure of success is bound to attend.

In the first place, take note that in every class there are generally a few who are from the beginning enthusiastic and seemingly apt pupils; when questions are asked they are most free in their expressions and the discussion then narrows itself down to an exchange of ideas between them and the teacher, while the rest, who are not so ready to express themselves, sit mutely by. After a while they become discouraged and leave, and the precocious ones, having the floor all to themselves, then begin to lose interest.

The way to prevent this termination of affairs is by always calling upon the backward ones for an answer to questions, by coaxing them to respond, and even if they give a poor answer, refrain from squashing them or showing disgust. They are there to be taught, and they are doing their best to find out; they need encouragement and if the teacher uses diplomacy and tells them that their answer

was good, he paves the way for a desire to express an opinion on a later occasion. He may then turn to someone else with the remark that the subject is far from exhausted and get more light on the subject from them. He may even go to the precocious ones privately and ask for their co-operation by keeping silent until the last, and when the backward students have had a chance to express themselves, then to bring out the real points by the better informed ones.

The teacher should always bear in mind that the secret of success in teaching a class is to bring up the backward ones. The brighter pupils will always take care of themselves, and if that policy is followed, the classes will grow more interested as time goes on.

The class leader should also avoid making use of the personal pronoun "I." He should sink his own personality as much as possible and allow for the personal equation in all others, giving them credit for knowing something. One should foster the feeling of self-respect, which makes them want to really and truly know.

It should also be remembered that education does not consist in drumming something *into* others, but in bringing something *out* of them. The skillful teacher leads his students into paths where they make new discoveries for themselves, and as we are always most interested in things that we have an intimate personal relationship with, these discoveries will be all-absorbing and continue to hold the interest in the class.

Besides, there is the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and there is such a thing as wringing victory from defeat. In this connection there comes to our mind the story of a man who had a cucumber vine and one day saw it had been severed from the root by a worm. Thus the

worm had frustrated his hope of gain from the sale of the cucumbers. He found the worm that had done the damage and eaten the vine. With it he went fishing and caught a trout that sold for much more than the cucumbers would have brought.

While we do not sympathize with his piscatorial prowess, the story has a good point; he caught the worm that was the cause of his loss and used it

to attain success. Similarly, if you fail in your classes, seek diligently for the cause of your failure; examine *yourself* and see where you have fallen short as the teacher, strive to remedy the matter, then form a new class. By pursuing that method you are bound to succeed and your success will have been not only in helping others, but you will have helped yourself most of all.

Continuity of Life

Adele Oakdale

“I came that Ye might have life and that Ye might have it more abundantly.”

Life is the one desire of souls—*life abundant*—for want of this, weary and spent, the spirit of man sometimes seeks escape to some freer, larger world, always desiring life; it is the drudgery, the pains, the sorrow, of this muddled world that men flee from in self-inflicted death, hoping to find a better, larger life some other place. The Courage that steels men in health and vigor to face the cannon’s mouth and risk sudden exit from all they hold dear, is the subconscious faith that they will find just beyond the border new life and the peace that all men desire.

Ruskin well spoke for us all in his words: “The best proof of eternal life is that here we only commence our work before it is interrupted by the incident called death.”

Yet religion nor science can offer proof of immortality, of a continuance of life, a conscious individual existence. It remains then for the Seer to find evidence strong enough to convince himself of the fact of a continuity of life, but it will ever remain for each soul to demonstrate the fact anew, since no one may satisfy another.

The psychics of so-called Spiritualists, really spirits having a natural clairvoyance embracing the planes adjacent to earth, are carried away with what they see that proves post-mortem existence and ask no more evidence of immortality, and unaware of the dangers of imposition practiced upon them by evil and mischievous spirits, they

are in far worse case than the wholly skeptical whose very ignorance is a sort of protection against malign influences.

The sincerely eager and intelligent, not caring for phenomena but hunger for truth and some substantial evidence of life after death, ask in vain of sciences or religion, and must either fulfill certain conditions open to all and qualify for the first-hand knowledge open to trained clairvoyants, or receive the testimony of reliable persons, who have received some evidence. The writer has, on two occasions, experienced what to her appeared indisputable proof of life—conscious life after death.

In both cases there was no chance whatever of any fraud, perfect strangers only being present and the mind entirely free from any thought or expectation of what happened.

It is true some subconscious activity may have set up the vibrations connecting me with the other end of a wire of communication, but if so it was involuntary and unsought.

Briefly then: I sat for pastime with a family in whose house I rented a room—a few days after the announcement by telegram of the death of a man who had broken a sacred promise made to me a year before. It was a disappointment but did not in the remotest degree occupy my mind at the moment. The whole episode was closed by death and there was no grief connected with the affair. Imagine then my surprise to receive by the usual means during that sitting among strangers, who

had no knowledge of my life or interests, a message of regret for the broken promise—involving money and the custody of a child, also an entreaty that I try to undo the wrong, and only when I saw the full name of the recently deceased did I understand to what the message referred.

The other case occurred many years later; across a continent, again with a stranger. In the quiet afternoon I called upon a lady recently met, who had come to me through an interest in mutual work, thirteen years after the death of my mother and other relatives, who spoke to me through this strange woman. She sat sewing but was inattentive to her task, and seemed strangely preoccupied with something.

Presently, in a whisper, she told me to lock the door, and to keep silent. Never having heard or thought of psychic gifts at that time I waited with bated breath, for I knew not what.

It came as a question: "Are any of your people Catholics?"

"No, not one," I promptly answered.

"Are you sure? because your aunt wants to assure you that she is happy, although at the time she was very miserable about her daughter." Then I remembered my little cousin who had become a Catholic and later a nun through the influence of a trusted servant. The lady asked, "was your aunt fond of dancing?" And I had to admit that love of the terpsichorean art had spoiled her beautiful youth, led her into a foolish marriage and a life of disappointment.

The lady said, "I see five beautiful women, all your own people, hand in hand dancing on a green; they are garlanded with flowers, and your aunt is glad of this chance to tell you that they are happy and doing just the things they enjoy."

These two instances may not be convincing to others, but are to me, although I never needed any such proof, as faith and reason have always accepted the theory of Rebirth as a cosmic necessity.

As Christ said: "Ye must be born again."

A VISION FROM THE UNSEEN

(Continued from page 228)

the nuns ever left the grounds with her knowledge

and consent. However, as she wished to discover the culprit, she asked him to call the next day when she would assemble all the nuns so that he could point out the one who came to his tent. He agreed to this, but as he turned to go his eye fell on a large painted portrait on the wall. 'I need not trouble you to assemble your nuns,' he said, 'for,' pointing to the picture, 'I can tell you now who it was, it was that nun.' 'But that cannot be,' replied the Lady Superior, 'that is the portrait of the Mother Superior who was here before I came, fifteen years ago, and she passed away many years since.' However he was perfectly positive as to her identity and one can only conclude that she was still watching over the district which she had known and loved, and where she had been beloved in a life of prayer, and wished to emphasize to this eager, zealous, officer the mighty power of prayer, even in material warfare."

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE

FREE!

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore *we will give each month a short delineation of character and tendencies of four children under 14 years in the Astral Ray department of this magazine. Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.*

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.

Two Souls

Corinne Dunklee

TWO Souls who oft together walk the highways of Life. One is clothed in the light of the morning, the beauty of the sunrise. He radiates the gladness of spring, the joy of creation. His breath is the perfume of half-opened flowers, and his voice the music of new formed hopes in the heart of youth. The love of the great world-soul encircles him with radiant glory.

As he draws his bow of shimmering light across a magic violin, vibrant with exquisite harmony, the music is a song of gladness eternal that transfigures the face of all Nature and is re-echoed through infinite spaces. A wonderful light mellows the landscape. The sea shimmers in a softer cadence. Flowers bend beneath the quivering radiance of a new beauty.

The Sun, in harmony with the music, rides exultant through the glory of the day, to find its bed in flaming clouds that fling their banners of light across the rose-hued sky. Everything is transformed. The whole world sings in a paean of joy.

The youthful musician flourishes his bow amid peals of joyous laughter: "See how earth and sky obey me? Where e'er I go all is mine. The beautiful becomes more beautiful at my touch. The fair infinitely fairer. I am the soul of all things for I am the Soul of Joy."

Another has drawn near, attracted by the wondrous power of the musician; and now approaches him with outstretched arms. The companion of the Soul of Joy has remained motionless during the spell cast by the entrancing music. His gaze holds the mysteries of far visions; and his face the sorrows of deep knowledge. There is a perfume of strange flowers about him. Flowers that have grown in solitudes, on wind-swept heights, amid eternal snows.

In the deepening silence he gathers his violin close to his heart and begins to play. First there is a note of tender wailing that seems drawn from the

very heart strings, gradually merging into a plaintive, sobbing chant. Finally it changes to a wild tempest of agony that eventually quivers into a tremolo of resignation, and means the end.

As the violin shrieks and cries, the face of Nature changes in unison with its moods. Winds sob through the trees. Banks of flying clouds obscure the moon. The agony of the sea is like the beating of some great wounded heart. As the music slips into the silence a strange, unearthly beauty envelops the night. White stars gleam with unwonted brilliancy against the blue-black sky.

Over rough, stony ways spring flowers not planted by human hands. The sea croons a slumber song wrapped in a moonlight fairer than any mortals know. Everywhere flowers are blooming in a tender, yearning beauty that is lustrous with the sheen of tears.

As this strange music slips into other Realms the unearthly beauty of the night envelops the musician. He stands a living flame that echoes unutterable longings, unexpressed desires, great unuttered truths. He turns to the Soul of Joy who stands transfixed with wonderment.

"You say you make the beautiful more beautiful. The fair infinitely fairer. You ever create, build anew. While I resurrect, I transmute. The barren I make fruitful. The hideous, the ill-formed, I translate into a new life. A new beauty. I find beauty where before it was not. I wring peace from the depths and cause it to live upon the heights. I bring perfection, completion. Even you, oh Soul of Joy, can never be known in your innermost heart without me, for I am the Soul of Pain."

The one who had stood so close to the Soul of Joy now turns and eagerly goes forward to meet this strange Being, while a wonderful new light dawns in his eyes, The Soul of Pain reaches out his hands in tender benediction, saying:

"Oh, soul of Man, I bless you."

The Romance of Rectitude

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

Con Shearsmith

HE had lived a blameless life, the devoted servant of one master, the faithful husband of one wife, the consistent worshipper of one God. But in one of those moments of rare communicativeness which come at times to all of us, those occasions when we feel impelled to discover to some near friend the inner springs of our characters and the hidden longings of our hearts, he laid bare before me the dreadful secret of his life.

“I have often felt that I should like to be a villain,” he said. “Here am I tramping day after day a dull round of existence like a mill-horse circling a post. I rise at eight o’clock all the year round, am at business by nine-thirty. There I meet the same men that I have met for thirty years past; carry through the same transactions, it seems to me. I go home to my wife at six every night, have dinner as usual, smoke, read, or talk the same kind of talk evening after evening, and retire to bed almost at the same time. I balance my books to a penny every month-end. It’s the humdrum quality of my own existence which appalls me when I think about it. My life is clear and open to everyone’s gaze, so blameless that I do not care who knows its whole working. I’m one of a pattern, turned out of a mold; absolutely regular and unutterably dull. And yet, I cannot take up a single book without seeing how much more exciting my life might be if I only cared to take the trouble and risk. Why should my wife, for instance, monopolize all my spare time in aimless pursuits of boredom as she does? Why should I not put a little color into my existence by entering upon a life within a life—to my wife and my old friends still seem a staid married man, but to another circle be known as a gay Bohemian, with a pretty taste for good wine and women’s kisses? That would be romance if you like. I’ve never faced the matter out before, but it’s that that I have been wanting all my life—

Romance.”

“Putting aside the fact that you are not such a sweep as that,” I answered sententiously, you are laboring under the strangest of misconceptions. You know a little about boating; have you ever tried to sail a boat in a perfectly straight line when the wind has been dead astern? Of course you have, and you know that it kept your steering-powers on the strain all the time to keep that boat from yawing all over the river. Again, good cyclist as you are, have you ever tried to ride your machine for any distance along a straight chalkline? You know that it requires almost superhuman skill to do it. Well, these things are a parable of the life of man. Any fool can go crooked and call it Romance; it requires a very clever man, a very strong man, to go straight. For just as the wind seems to try all it knows to blow your boat out of its true course, however much you try to keep her steady, so the winds of life are trying to make you swerve from your path of rectitude.

“No, my friend, you’ve been reading too much fiction, and, as usual, reading it all wrong. For most fiction that is worth the paper it is written on is the portrayal of the efforts of a fallible mortal to steer his frail vessel through the storms of life upon a straight course, and therein lies the Romance. For to do anything but steer straightly means the speedy end to all adventure. The mud-banks of life are piled with vessels whose helmsmen failed to grasp that point. You may call running your boat high and dry upon land romance; I should be inclined to call it sheer foolishness. The most difficult course in life is the straightest one; the true path to Romance is the Path of Rectitude.”

So, perceiving that I was growing altogether too rhetorical and wondering somewhat whether I was not also becoming too fantastic, I stopped, and the conversation took another turn. Of course, I had been evolving an argument for the sake of com-

bating my friend's dangerous mood; but on thinking the matter over, I wondered whether I had not spoken truer than I thought. For it seems to me that there has been a lot of nonsense talked about this matter of Romance. It is assumed that wrongdoing is necessarily romantic, whereas, I believe, it is often the most dull and dreary method of spending one's life; at first a sneaking sin, degenerating into a monotonous and almost mechanical routine. Whether it be due to "Man's first disobedience" and the primal curse or not, it is always easier to take the left-hand road through life. The psychologist tells us that the mental life of a civilized man is characterized by a number of exhibitions of reflex actions. In simpler language, our first impulse on being confronted with any set of circumstances is to act the beast, to let outside forces mold our actions as they will. This is the life of the savage—tossed about at the will of things outside himself, the sport of every wind that blows. But the life of a civilized man consists in refusing these impulses from without, or in shaping them to a definite end, desired and approved by his own mind. The former life can have but one result; man becomes an automaton and is finally broken on the wheel of things. The other life may be broken, may end in failure; but it will be a splendid failure, a romantic calamity, and it may just as likely be a romantic success.

Romance, like pleasure, is not to be gained by seeking; its essence is that it is a by-product of the pursuit of other aims. Go out to seek for pleasure with no other object, and you will find an aching weariness, if not a harvest of bitter memories. Seeking but the things of time and sense, you will find the scriptural promise reversed with woeful effect: "Knock and it shall not be opened to you; seek and ye shall not find." But set yourself a definite aim in life, something that is not being done by your fellows, but that you believe should be done, and strive with all the power of your soul to do that thing. It may be that you will not win success, it may be that you will not find pleasure as your fellow men count pleasure, but I can promise you that you will find the true Romance. For example, if you were a member of Parliament

(which I hope you are not) the path to Romance might seem to you to lie among the intrigues and jobberies of political life, in the scheming and chicanery, the place-hunting and influence-seeking which are sometimes associated with a parliamentarian's career. But that is the well-charted path of wrongdoing, whose every stage has been travelled and mapped out over and over again. Romance will not meet you on that road, depend upon it; it is too well frequented. But if you choose the right-hand way, the path of rectitude, your journey may be short, surprisingly short and solitary, but it will be romantic. If you set your face against their arrangements and agreements, their compromises and discretions, their tactics and diplomacies, you will meet with adventures which will surprise you. You will have no easy time of it; at the best, a life hardly plucked out of the midst of peril; at the worst, the final extinction of your political career. Still there will be adventure, the taking of risks, the setting of your fate upon the cast of the die, the pitting of your single strength against that of the giant machine of party politics. You can never know what will happen if you steer your boat out to meet the angry sea; you can be pretty certain what will ensue if you let her drift.

Similarly, if you have a besetting temptation, it is not at all romantic to give way to it. That is the easy way, the well-worn groove of all habit, and monotonous, as are all grooves. But to conquer that temptation, to get out of the crooked rut of evil habits on the straight path of rectitude, that is an adventure in itself. You will need to devise all kinds of expedients and experiments; you will have thrills of hopes and fears and splendid successes that your old routine of vice could never give you. Moreover—though this is an adventure that hardly enters into our present consideration—you will be on the path that leads to enduring life. Drifting in matters of morality can lead only to shipwreck; steering may lead to the desired haven. "To be in Heaven," it has been said, is to steer; to be in Hell is to drift." And the true Romance, with all the other verities of life, finds its consummation in the celestial, not the infernal, regions.

—S. A. *Women in Council*

A Story

Lizzie Graham

HISTORY? You want a real, true story, boys, about school days? Well, I will try to tell one. It shall be about school boys, teachers and friends. Just think of a lovely country, with hills and valleys and shady roads, and gardens full of tempting fruits. The school house is large and beautiful and children of all ages are there, and of course many teachers also, who endeavor to train the children to be true and honest, and to love each other. But in spite of their best endeavors there were a great many naughty deeds, lessons were unlearned, books were destroyed, rules were not obeyed and even the fruit was stolen from the gardens of the neighboring farmer. The boys were punished, but that did not bring back the fruit. Again and again they broke into the gardens. The farmer, who though very patient, was also very just, said: "Every boy must pay me the value of what he has stolen or destroyed." This seemed rather hard at first, because the boys had no money to pay with, but the farmer was kind and said: "The boys may repay me by working in my garden and thus wipe out their debt to me." You would think no doubt that the boys would be very glad to get rid of their indebtedness and start afresh. A few accepted the farmer's offer and were thus freed from disgrace, and gained a great deal of experience in gardening, besides receiving gifts of fruit and flowers from the farmer, who appreciated good work. But most of the boys refused to work, and some even went on stealing the fruit and breaking the fences, notwithstanding all the efforts of the teachers. The farmer was very grieved about it and still insisted that he must be paid; in fact, the school was getting so unruly that it was said that it was hard for any boy to be good there. It seemed for a time as if it would have to be broken up and the children sent elsewhere.

About this time, a young man, the son of the farmer, came forward and said: "Father, I will pay for the wrong those boys have done. I will work to repair their damage, that they may be forgiven and that the school may be kept open and every boy

have a chance of learning what is right to do." His father accepted his offer and he worked and worked to pay off the debt. But what do you think of the boys who let him do it? Some of the boys even today break into that garden again, and will say: "Oh, well, let us have a jolly time, the son is taking all our sins on his shoulders. If we only go and ask him, he will work it out for us."

Boys, dear, and girls, too, do you want to put more burdens on our Elder Brother, Christ Jesus, or will you try to do right?

HER RECREATION

The following "story," clipped from a newspaper, is exaggerated, of course, yet it is not all "poetry"; there is some "truth" in it, and one does well to watch lest one's statements fall on ears unable to appreciate them and make our teachings appeal ridiculous.—Ed.

She was a short, fat woman, with a round, fat face, and childish blue eyes. The Woman Who Saw met her waddling down the corridor of the public library, her arms piled high with books. In fact, she was carrying so many books that when she took a hasty step forward, three huge volumes spilled out of her arms and thudded on the floor. She bent over to pick them up, when down dropped two more.

"Good Gracious!" she wailed, and the woman who Saw fled to her assistance. "I'll wager \$10 she's getting literature on how to reduce her flesh; well, she needs it," the Woman Who Saw thought, and with a smile she bent over to pick up the books. The titles that met her eyes almost made her gasp; there was no "Eat and Grow Thin" here, no indeed! Instead there was "Occultism." There was "The Astral Body" and "The Secret Doctrine," "Isis Unveiled," "Karma," "Reincarnation," "Planetary Influence" "My soul!" exclaimed the Woman Who Saw, "you don't mean to read all these, I hope?"

"I certainly do," answered the fat woman emphatically. "I mean to read everything of the sort in the library. My husband says I'm crazy, but I'll just tell you why I do it. I have five children,

five noisy, troublesome children. My cook's given notice, and my nursemaid is no good. My husband's been sick and is as cross as the dickens. Everything in the world in the line of troubles happened to me; everything always does happen to me; I'm fated."

"So you're going to take your mind off your troubles?" smiled the Woman Who Saw, much amused.

"Indeed, I am," said the fat woman. "I find my outlet in reading. It gives me lots of pleasure. I can sit and read philosophies of the East by the hour, while the children fight, and not mind them at all. Do you know why I have so many troubles?"—she fixed the Woman Who Saw with her mild blue eyes. "Because in my last incarnation I was a wicked person. My planetary influence is very bad, indeed. I've got to work out a hard Karma. I've got to pay up for a lot of things. I know that. So when things go wrong I just say to myself, instead of crying, 'This is my destiny; I have made my own fate and I shall overcome it.' It works very well."

FACING THE FIRING SQUAD

Next month we will print a story by Mr. Heindel called "*Facing the Firing Squad—Before and After.*" This is a true story in so far as it contains facts relating to the post-mortem existence, which the writer has witnessed times out of number. It will therefore prove of absorbing interest, particularly in these days when such great multitudes fall upon the battle fields.

WHY YOU OUGHT TO STUDY ASTROLOGY

There is a side of the Moon which we never see, but that hidden half is as potent a factor in creating the ebb and flow, as the part of the Moon which is visible. Similarly, there is an invisible part of man which exerts a powerful influence in life, and as the tides are measured by the motion of Sun and Moon, so also the eventualities of existence are measured by the circling stars, which may therefore be called "the Clock of Destiny," and knowledge of their import is an immense power, for to the competent Astrologer a horo-

scope reveals every secret of life.

Thus, when you have given an Astrologer the data of your birth, you have given him the key to your innermost soul, and there is no secret that he may not ferret out. This knowledge may be used for good or ill, to help or hurt, according to the nature of the man. Only a tried friend should be trusted with this key to your soul, and it should never be given to anyone base enough to prostitute a spiritual science for material gain.

To the medical man Astrology is invaluable in diagnosing diseases and prescribing a remedy, for it reveals the hidden cause of all ailments.

If you are a parent, the horoscope will aid you to detect the evil latent in your child and teach you how to apply the ounce of prevention. It will show you the good points also, that you may make a better man or woman of the soul entrusted to your care. It will reveal systemic weakness and enable you to guard the health of your child. It will show what talents are there, and how the life may be lived to a maximum of usefulness. Therefore, the message of the marching orbs is so important that you cannot afford to remain ignorant thereof.

In order to aid those who are willing to help themselves, we maintain a Correspondence Class in Astrology, but make no mistake, we do not teach fortune telling. If that is what you are looking for, we have nothing for you.

OUR LESSONS ARE SERMONS

They embody the highest moral and spiritual principles, together with the loftiest system of ethics, for Astrology is, to us, a phase of religion. We never look at a horoscope without feeling that we are in a holy presence, face to face with an immortal soul, and our attitude is one of prayer for light to guide that soul aright.

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.