

chant intelligible to all spirits. Neither does it matter that the child repeats like a parrot, without understanding, so long as it does repeat what is given it. The more the better, for **these occult vibrations are thereby incorporated in its vital body before it sets**, and remain with it through life. Every time the Mass is intoned by the servants of the church in any part of the world, the cumulative vibratory power of their effort stirs those who have its lines of force in their vital bodies in such a manner that they are drawn to the church with a, generally, irresistible force. This is on the same principle that when a tuning fork is struck, others of identical pitch commence to sing.

Some Catholics have turned against the Catholic Church, but subconsciously and at heart they have remained Catholics to their dying day, for the vital body is exceedingly difficult to change, and the lines of force built into it during its gestatory period are stronger than almost any individual will.

It follows, therefore, that if we would change the tendency of the world to pursue pleasure and sense gratification to the exclusion of religion, we would do well to begin with the small children. If we gather them at the altar and teach them to love God's house and incorporate certain universal prayers and parts of the ritual in their forming vital bodies, avoiding even the semblance of a "church supper," but cultivating in all who enter the ideal of reverence for a

holy place, then we shall by degrees build around the physical stone structure an invisible temple of Light and Life; (this is literally meant, for such temples are visible to the spiritual sight), as the one "Manson" the *Servant in the House* described in the following words:

"I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all . . . You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a LIVING THING. When you enter it you hear a sound, a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts. Of the nameless music of men's souls, that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder.

"Its pillars go up like the brawny trunks of heroes, the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding

light. Now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night time one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome, the comrades that have gone aloft.”

When we have built such a church, we shall find that there will be an overflowing audience, for they will be more than anxious to be “In Tune with the Infinite” and it is likely that then even Wall Street will be ruled by religion.

SOUNDING BRASS
Estella Schlarb

“Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity (Love) I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”—I Corinthians: XIII.

One who is endeavoring to live the life of the cross must strive to cultivate one attribute above all others. Its growth should be a little in advance of each step in the acquisition of knowledge, power, health; in fact, all of the things that make for evolution—and that is **Love**. For every step in intellectual advancement, one should take two in the advancement of the cultivation of love. Only in this way can the disciple climb the thorny path with safety. Yea, even flowers will spring along the pathway to ease his bleeding feet if the light of love burns unwaveringly on the altar of his heart.

As little by little one’s eyes are opened to the inner side of life and one sees that each man or woman is suffering because of his own prejudices, acts, or weaknesses and that one is helpless to aid him, that only through suffering is he willing to learn, there is apt to be a hardening in the heart of the aspirant which nothing can soften but the oil of love.

We do not attain wisdom on the first step of the path, nor yet on the second, nor third. What we think is wisdom is oftentimes only knowledge. **It is only by the continual linking of knowledge with love in our nature that we attain to wisdom.**

“Though I speak with the tongues of men;” though I may have attained to the mastery of all the languages of men—what power, what knowledge this implies, and yet, in the sight of the Great Heart I am but “sounding brass”—hollow and hard—brilliant and polished, perhaps, but with the false light of reflection. I have no true light of my own with which to light the path for the faltering footsteps of others.

The thirst for knowledge is never quenched and unless continued pressure is brought on the love nature—the pure compassionate love of the Higher Self—the love of knowledge will drown all else. And the disciple will awaken in shame some day to find that in his clamorous striving for knowledge he has been trampling on the flowers of love until they are hardly recognizable under his feet. Then does he have to tear down

his structure and build anew.

Repeatedly must he open his heart and let the flood gates of love wash over the hard-caked surface until once more it is like the soft earth in the springtime, where the tiniest footfall, the softest sigh will leave an impression and the heart will respond with compassion and love. One's heart is like a garden, the flowers will not grow to their full beauty if the earth is left to harden and cake around their roots. The soil must be continually stirred and softened, and our heart must be continually prodded with the fork of the spirit to break up the conceit of knowledge so that love may grow, strong and beautiful like its archetype in heaven.

And though I speak with the tongues "of angels"—yet am I not more than "a tinkling cymbal." Though I have even attained to the stage above man and have much knowledge of heaven and earth—yet am I hollow within and full of emptiness. Within me is darkness, for did not the Great Heart say that "God is Love?" Also did he not say that "God is Light," and in the terms of Algebra, "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other"; hence, "Love Is Light." And if there is no love in me, then there is no light. Not one step of the path can I see—perhaps I am not even in the path, so narrow and straight is it, one step aside and I am on the winding path of pleasure.

So from the very beginning, when one first decides that one will "Live the

Life," the first thing to be done is to **cultivate the Devotional Mood.**

Plant the tiny seed of true love in your heart and tend it and nurture it, oh so carefully, with loving deeds and kind thoughts and words, and every day and every hour let it grow in the sunshine of love for Christ, Him of the Great Heart. When the heart is weary with striving and the apparent small success, open your heart wide, hold the feeling that heart is bared to the sunshine of His Love, His Divine Love, which is always there ready to pour down upon you, if you will only open your heart to it. **Do not think**, just feel the sweet balm of His love pouring down and healing all the sore spots in your heart. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." And you will arise refreshed in mind and spirit and able with renewed energy to take up your cross.

DOES HE HANDLE IT?

If your News Dealer's name does not appear on the inside cover of this magazine, and he does not sell it from his news stand, something must be wrong. If you are too busy to interest him, kindly send his name to the Circulation Department, Rosicrucian Fellowship. We have something for him.

You can help to spread knowledge by introducing this Magazine among your friends and acquaintances.

Question Department

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Question: From the Occult point of view, is it right or wrong to let a defective infant die, as was done in the Bolinger case? Please let us have your view on the matter while it is yet hot and the discussion is country wide.

Answer: Our correspondent evidently does not realize that it is impossible to give a review of current topics in a monthly magazine. The articles which appear in any monthly have been written at least two or three months before they are published. We start to print the February magazine on the first of January and the typesetting had to be done previous to that time, in December, so you will understand that the writing is quite cold before it gets into your hand. But as articles which appear in periodicals like *Rays From the Rose Cross* have a more permanent value than the evanescent news articles, it does not usually matter, and in the present case, if we deal with principles instead of dealing with a single particular case, we shall find quite a lot of food for thought, for there are a number of aspects that have not been touched upon in the newspapers which have an all-important bearing upon this subject.

When we consider the defectives as a

class, it is first necessary to realize that the spirit is not defective, it has had innumerable past lives during which it has sown certain seeds and reaped appropriate experiences therefrom. Experiences which could not be reaped in one life have been held over until the next life or later lives, and have there attained their fruition. None of us, however, are capable of expressing, in one body, all of the attainments that we have acquired in our many previous lives; therefore, we have many seeming anomalies brought to light in the investigation of psychical researchers who have found that ignorant people in the peasant class in this life, have been able under the spell of Hypnosis or in trance to speak Greek and Hebrew, also to discourse learnedly on abstruse subjects. Thus it is evident that the Spirit may be likened to a diamond in the rough which is being gradually ground upon the grindstone of experience. In each life a new facet permits the light to enter and adds that light to the light already obtained through facets ground in many previous lives, and by this process we shall eventually attain to the perfect light which makes us divine.

Because of our limited perception, we call certain actions evil and certain other

actions good; whereas, from the larger point of view, it is simply a question of experience. Some characters or facets of the spiritual diamond seem to be fairly perfect in this life, at least they do not seem out of the ordinary to be sufficiently marked; therefore we call them perfect. Others are different from the rest and we therefore, in our ignorance, call them defective.

Similarly with bodies. Although, as a matter of fact, none of us possess a perfect body, nevertheless we take an average as a standard and anything that does not come up to that mark we call defective, and to allow those who are not mentally very different from the general run of us to go about unmolested, but imprison those who seem to have a decidedly different turn of mind. We pay no attention to the ordinary deformities of body, but designate those which are materially different from our standard as defective. Some think that they have a right to destroy anything, anybody that is not up to the standard which they think ought to be normal.

As a matter of fact the normal body is the result of a certain mode of life in previous existences which was then standard. But the so-called defective minds and defective bodies are the result of the efforts of spirits to be free to move along what we would call unconventional lines of thought or action; therefore genius and idiocy have always been twin brothers, and any doctor who attempts to cut short the life of what he may think a

defective, is just as liable to deprive the world of a great genius as he is to rid it of a poor creature that would be a burden to himself and others during his miserable existence.

Thus, even from that point of view, it would be absolutely contrary to the interest of society to allow anyone to arbitrarily decide whether a child should live or die. It is the duty of every doctor to do all in his or her power to prolong life in the body so that the Spirit may gain the experience it has come for. If that life is to be cut off, nature will take care to do that herself.

Investigation of the Bolinger case shows that that spirit had lived its previous life as a nun, and was burned at the stake, with the result that it lost the fruit of that life and under the law of infant mortality. It was therefore necessary for the new body to die soon after birth. Thus no operation could have saved the life in this instance, but that does not do away with the fact that the doctor was negligent of duty in not endeavoring to preserve the life.

It would not do to speak in a public magazine of the causes in that previous existence which led to the tragedy which terminated it and had a bearing upon the present birth as a so-called defective. Sufficient to say that the spirit has now gone into the first heaven and will there receive the moral training which will restore to it the fruits of experience garnered during that past unhappy life, so that when it is reborn in the

course of a few years it will probably have a perfectly normal body.

Question: At present time so many deplorable casualties are occurring daily and hourly, people are hurled into the next world in a hideously maimed and disfigured condition. Do the people who change their world under the ordinary peaceable deathbed condition, have to face these horrible sights on the other side.

Answer: Conditions on the other side are not quite so bad now as they were in the beginning of the war. At that time the spirits who passed over thought of themselves as maimed and they had no way of correcting their impression; therefore they carried about with them the wounds on the various parts of their body and appeared minus limbs, etc. Often they suffered very acutely, believing themselves to be still afflicted with the physical pain. But the Invisible Helpers have not been idle. A system of education has been inaugurated and has been systematized so that nearly everybody is now aware of the fact that their physical disabilities are not necessarily permanent on the other side. They have learned that a hand that has been shot off may be replaced in the desire body by the mere thought of having a hand and being complete. This word has gone from one to the other, so that now everyone that comes to the other side with a

gunshot wound or minus arms or legs or even head, is at once instructed in the fact that the desire stuff is so readily molded by thought and will that everyone almost is perfect in body. In fact, those who have passed from this life, halt, lame, hunchbacked, or in any other way physically disfigured, have taken a leaf out of the book of the others. And whereas in years before the war one would find as many hunchbacked and halt people there as in the physical world, you will now find nearly everyone with a perfect vehicle.

It is also amusing, to say the least, to see people who were vain in this life, molding their faces and bodies there in harmony with their conceptions of beauty by a mere effort of will, and this makes it a little more difficult than it used to be, to find people there, for those who were tall and skinny and who had a keen desire to be more fleshy have changed their appearance in accord with their wish. Likewise, those who were fleshy and suffered from a superabundance of avoirdupois have often made themselves slender as sylphs.

Thus this knowledge which was before the war principally confined to the Occultist has now become general property in the other world and caused the inhabitants to change their shapes insofar as they have not been prevented by the purgatorial experience. And the great majority of recent arrivals have nothing of that nature to divert their attention during their present stay in the desire

world, but are intently watching developments here in our present state of existence; for having been taken out of the physical world in the very prime of manhood, their whole life before them, so to speak, these people are very much attached to the physical conditions and will probably be earthbound for a considerable number of years, during which time they will form an unseen but very potent factor in shaping the world's destiny.

They upon their side will endeavor by all means to establish communications with this world and their combined efforts will be felt as a powerful force by an increasing number of sensitive people. We may therefore expect to see Spiritualism flourish as it never did before in the world's history. This also involves the development of mediumship, which is a very dangerous phase of psychic unfoldment, for Neptune, the planet of Psychism, is now entering Leo, the sign of the heart, and the heartstrings of love and desire for intercommunication will pull the people in the two worlds together. This will establish the spiritual verities beyond cavil.

But we should prepare ourselves to go there consciously and not allow them to come back here, much less draw them on, for that is retrogression for them. But if we cultivate our latent sixth sense, we shall be able to see them and speak with all who have passed over just as well as we did when they were with us in the flesh.

HEARS DEAD MOTHER'S VOICE; WRITES PLAY

Boston, Mass., Jan. 3—David Belasco, describing his new play, *The Return of Peter Grimm*, which has had its initial appearance here, says: "It is a strange theme, but it is a great theme. I am the first to use it. One night, five years ago, I was suddenly awakened as if someone had touched me. There above me in the darkness my mother's face glowed. She was bending over me, and I heard her say: 'Davie, Davie, I wanted to see you again,' and slowly disappeared. The next morning I received a telegram saying she was dead in California.

"No one believed my story," Mr. Belasco went on. "The thought of it remained dormant in my mind. Two years later Cecil de Mille came to me in New York with what he thought was an idea for a play. The idea was the one I had had in my mind so long about my mother, but which sentiment had prevented me from using. I bought his initial idea and set to work on it. I chose a young man to represent the return to life, though; as I thought it would make the play stronger than if the character was a woman."

Ideals are like stars: You may never succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert waters, you follow them as your guides and thereby you reach your destiny.

The Astral Ray

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ASTROLOGICAL ANECDOTES

A Good Guesser

While lecturing in Portland, Oregon, a number of years ago, the writer was a guest of Mr. George Kyle, who was then vice president of the Oregon and Northern Railway. The family had caught the astrological germ, and were badly infected with the disease, but Mr. Kyle, as behooved a hardheaded business man, stood aloof, until one night when we were seated around the table in the dining-room, and the horoscope of a young lady came up for dissection. It was very evident that she was more than unconventional, but the writer took her part, saying, she never had a chance, she was taken advantage of in childhood by the very one who should have protected her, meaning the father. The circumstances were known to some of those present, and they agreed that the step-father was responsible.

This test struck home in Mr. Kyle's mind. He saw that there must be something in Astrology or that intimate assertion could never have been made by anyone who did not know the circumstances, and he began to ask questions,

seeming rather disappointed when told that it was necessary to know the hour and if possible the exact minute of birth in order to cast a correct horoscope, because he said that that barred him, seeing that he did not know either. It was then explained to him that there is a method of setting a horoscope, like setting a clock: If you set it an hour fast, the clock will continue to be that much ahead of the real time. If you set the horoscope a sign or two fast it will continue to be that many signs, or the corresponding number of months, ahead in predictions.

But, the writer said, "I am a pretty good guesser, and usually able to place people where they belong." You are, in my estimation, under Sagittarius and we can cast a trial horoscope for the middle of that sign and then figure to some events in your life and also see if that fits in the general characteristics. This was accordingly done, and we commenced telling Mr. Kyle what were his habits, his weak and his strong points. To all this he agreed. We then figured to the exact day when he had been given the vice-presidency of the railroad he then served. That also figured out to the very day, so that there was not in this ease the

necessity of casting two or three horoscopes before the right one was struck.

But while we were reading, Mr. Kyle, who is very keen, pointed to the symbol of Neptune, and said, "But what is that, Mr. Heindel? I can see you are getting away from that all the time, and don't seem to want to say anything about it." This showed his penetration, for it was actually true. Neptune was placed in such a position and so aspected that it seemed to imply that the subject would commit treason at some time in his life, and be liable to imprisonment and public scandal on that account.

This seemed such a far-fetched idea that we did not care to express it. In other words, to our shame, **we doubted the stars**, but when caught, we laughingly admitted that such and such was the case; the indications showed treason and probable imprisonment. Then everybody laughed, for, of course, the idea seemed to them as ridiculous as to the writer.

But all of a sudden a change seemed to come first over one face, then another, until all were very serious. They looked at each other dumb with wonder and astonishment. Finally, Mr. Kyle said, "Well, after all, that too is right." He then told the writer that a number of years ago he had been called to Transvaal, South Africa, to build a railroad there. This was at the time the Jamieson raid was undertaken. Mr. Kyle was implicated in that affair, and only a hurried flight from Transvaal saved him

from being imprisoned. Moreover, he also admitted that a number of years ago, while he was engaged in building a section of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the Canadian government alleged that there was a conspiracy on his part to hire American labor to the exclusion and detriment of the Canadians. There was at that time considerable discussion in the newspapers, he told us, and finally he was forced to leave the neighboring country and return to the U. S.

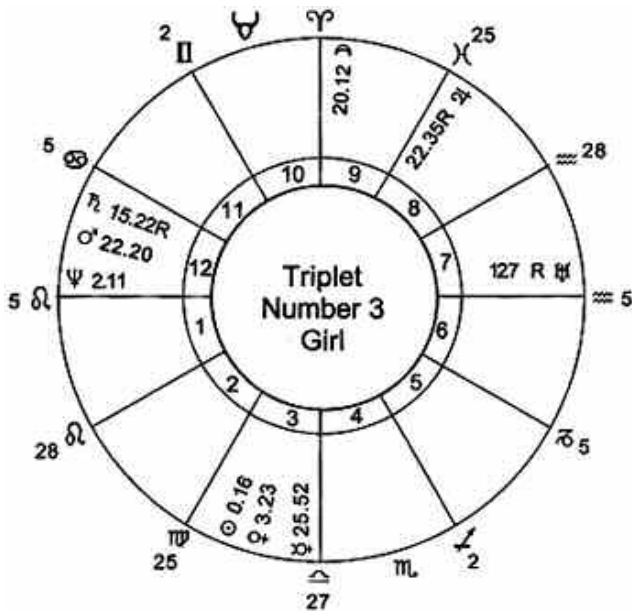
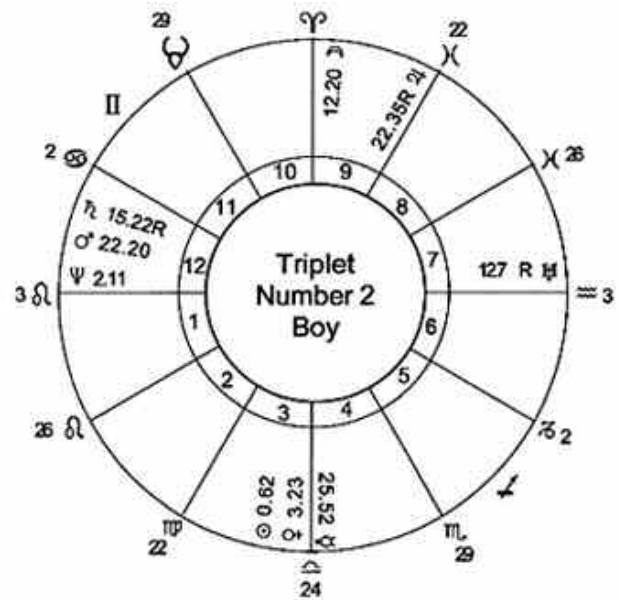
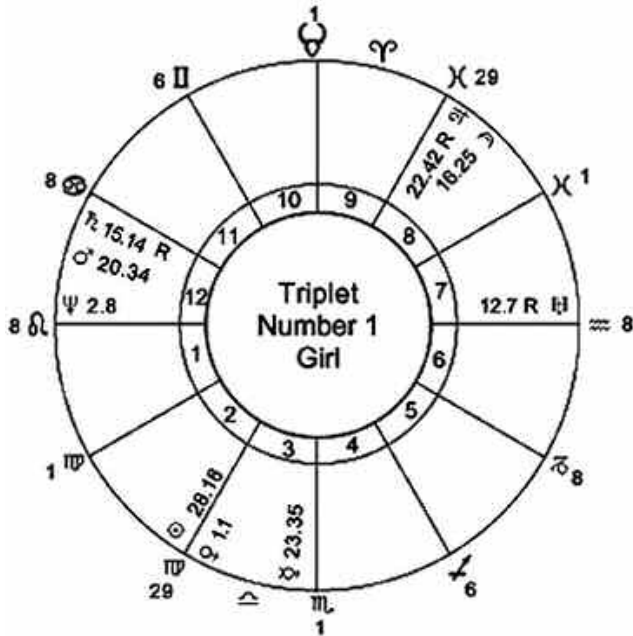
Thus, as usual, the Stars had told the actual truth and the writer was shamed to a confession that, in spite of his boasted faith in them, he had not had sufficient courage to give their message when it seemed to him to be out of all probability.

There is, in this, a lesson for the young Astrologer, as well as for the old. You may be absolutely certain that the message of the Stars is true to the core. Believe in the stars, and you will always find your faith justified.

TARDY TRIPLETS

Occult Reason of Human Misfits

At the very first glance at these horoscopes it is evident that there is something wrong, or something strange about these Triplets; for one would naturally expect to see the lowest degree of a sign rising at the time when the first was born, and then the other two ought to be



born with gradually ascending degrees; but here it is different. Leo 8 is rising when the first one is born and then Leo 3 for the second, and Leo 5 for the third. This gives a first impression that whoever calculated these figures must have made a serious mistake, for if they are right, the first triplet must have been

born about twenty-four hours in advance of the other two, which would be rather an unusual occurrence, to say the least.

The mystery deepens when we look at the Moon in the horoscope of Triplet No. 1, and compare it with the place of the Moon in the horoscopes of Triplets Nos. 2 and 3. In the two latter figures the Moon is 26 degrees in advance of its place in No. 1, and it would require at least two days to travel that distance.

Thus, it is evident that if the figure of Triplet No. 1 is correct, it must have been born about two days previous to Triplets Nos. 2 and 3; an almost unbelievable condition. Nevertheless, such is the fact. Triplet No. 1 was born on September 22nd, 1915, at 1:50 a. m. Triplet No. 2 was born September 24, 1915, at 1:15 a. m., and Triplet No. 3 was born ten minutes later.

Thus, the figures as they are here shown are astronomically correct and as