

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

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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 postmortem 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.