

potter's vessel. He made you and He gave His only Son to die for you, to save you from eternal damnation and you ask who He is?"

"Now list on to me, parson. I don't mean to be unkind and I don't mean to be irreverent, but I've been through that hell out' yonder and I saw my chum, the finest fellow that ever wore shoe leather and the bravest man—" here he glared around the little circle as though challenging anyone to deny the fact—"the bravest man that ever lived. I saw him hit with a shell and it took both his legs off and he died right there in my arms and he didn't have a chance. I saw him die and I've got to go back when this thing is over, if I'm alive, and tell his wife and his mother how he died. And you tell me that God made the world and rules the world and He allows things like this war to happen? Why didn't He stop it? If He is as great and holy as you say, why didn't He stop the men who began this thing?"

"My poor, poor, ignorant brother. God did not permit this war. It was the devil, that great Adversary, who brought this on."

"Then God don't rule the world! He made us but He made such a poor job that He had to send His only Son to die to save us, and even at that He only saves a few—by your own reckoning the great majority are going to hell. I heard you say so when you spoke of the broad, easy way that leads to destruction."

"Oh, but, my brother, that is all in the Bible. Do you mean to deny the Word of God?"

"I don't know just what I'm denying but I don't believe the Bible says that at all. I believe you go to the Bible and get out of it just what you happen to want to get out of it and not what the Bible wants to give you. Now you listen to me for a moment and tell me if I make a mistake. God is almighty. Is that so?"

"Yes, yes, it is indeed and—"

"Now just wait a minute, parson, if you'll excuse me, it's my innings right now and I'm after getting at the truth if I can. Now to start over again—God is almighty—that means He is able to do anything?"

"Yes indeed."

"And I heard a minister say once that He is omnipotent?"

"Yes."

, "That means that He is almighty, but it means a lot more too."

"Gee! You're a regular lawyer!" was the admiring interjection from another soldier in the group.

"Well, I studied law a lot and practiced a little, too, but I never trained for this kind of a fight."

"Now my brother let me give you some tracts to read—"

"No, parson, I don't want to read any tracts. They all shy away from the big questions. You began this thing and I want you to stand up like a man and see it through because I'm not trying to damage religion any. I'm really and honestly looking for light, but I want real light—sunlight—not any of your tallow candle variety. I want to get at the truth. I've been in hell out there past the trenches and I've walked face to face with death and so have all these boys here and we are looking for truth—facts—true truth, not any counterfeit. Now I am right here to tell you, parson, that my eternal happiness is worth just as much to me as yours is to you and I'm not trying to shock you—I want the truth—so do all these boys."

"But, brother, I have told you. Accept Christ—put on the Gospel armor and you can resist all the wiles of the enemy."

"There you go, parson, evading the issue. The questions are, Who is God, Why did He make us, Why did He allow this war to come on?"

"Oh but you are wrong. He didn't allow it. It is all against His will—"

"Against His will and He omnipotent? No, parson, you've got to try again."

"But I tell you, brother, you must come humbly to the throne of grace. Accept Christ with the right hand of fellowship and even now you may be saved."

The tall soldier looked at the secretary for a moment, gave a sigh and turned away.

"It always ends this way," he said to another of the group. "I never knew a parson who could hold up his end in a real discussion with anyone who wants to know the real truth, if there is such a thing to be known. They always shirk and dodge. So long, parson," he said pleasantly as he passed out of the building.

Jimmie hastily folded his letter, stuck it in his pocket and followed. Here, perhaps, was a chance

for him to begin on the great work. The Elder Brother had said that the work would not be forced on him but that he would be given chances to work if he was in earnest. Perhaps this was a chance. He overtook the two men who quietly saluted as he fell into step with them.

“I overheard part of your talk with the secretary” said Jimmie, “and I want to ask you, if I may, whether you were really in earnest when you said that you wanted to know the truth?”

“You bet I was, lieutenant, but I never can get a minister to answer the questions I want to ask, and yet they seem reasonable to me.”

“I think I can answer your questions, if you will let me take the parson’s place, and anyhow I think we would enjoy the discussion.”

“All right, sir.”

The tone was a resigned one and Jimmie sensed the situation. The tall soldier had told the truth when he said that he wanted light but was disgusted at the idea that a very youthful second lieutenant should take up the scanty leisure of two tired soldiers with a lot of useless discussion on a subject of which he must be completely ignorant. He (the soldier) had applied frequently for light to the regularly appointed light-bearers and had received darkness. For this second lieutenant to presume to have what none of the ministers had had was like a grammar school boy offering to teach a major-general the rudiments of strategy. However, the tall soldier was good-natured and decided to put up with the infliction for a few minutes to see what the lieutenant had to say.

Jimmie said, after a little awkward silence:

“You know, I felt sorry for that poor secretary back there, you put some hard questions to him.”

The tall soldier chuckled;

“They did kinda get his goat, didn’t they?”

“They sure did. Yet the answers are very simple.”

“I wish you’d give them.”

“Well—ask them.”

“Is there a life after death?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I’ve been there and come back.”

“Gosh! You scored that time, maybe. But here’s another—How do you know that you’ve been there and come back?”

“I thought you would ask that question. I know that I have been over there and come back because I have met and talked with people whom I knew in earth life and also because I have met and talked with a person whom I had never known before but who had not laid aside his physical body and by following his instructions I have met him in the physical body afterwards. Still, I fully recognize the fact that what is proof to me is no proof to you because you have only my word for it, and even if you knew me well and did not doubt my word yet there is a large margin for error of judgment, so that strictly speaking there can be no ‘proof’ for you except through your own experience. But, there may be a secondary proof, circumstantial evidence, as you might say, which would be ten times more convincing ‘proof’ than anything I might tell you, even if you did not doubt my word.”

“Just what do you mean?”

“I mean this—you have been told from your childhood that there is a God, that He is wisdom, knowledge, love etc. You see certain facts in the world around you which you find it hard to reconcile with such an idea of God. You see injustice, misery, war, pain, sorrow, parting; you see some who are lucky all their lives and some who are unlucky, through no fault of their own. You see all these things and you naturally want to know why they exist in a world which has been created by a Being Whose Name Is Love. Since they do exist and since they are not the evidences of love, you argue that God either does not exist at all or that He is lacking in some of the attributes you have always ascribed to Him, or that there is Rival Power of darkness almost, if not quite, as powerful as God. Is that not so?”

“That’s the case exactly, lieutenant.”

“You ask for the reasons why such things are allowed in the world and you are met with evasions and platitudes which show you that the men who are supposed to know most about the things of God are really ignorant as yourself, but not honest enough to admit it. They believe certain things on what seems to you to be insufficient evidence and they wish you to believe just what they do but are wholly unable to answer any of your questions and even resent the asking of the questions. Yet the whole matter becomes plain as day when you real-

ize that we are all evolving spirits, parts of God, just as the Bible says, who are growing in experience and knowledge and power through living many lives on earth, one after another. We are subject to two great laws: that of rebirth, which brings us back again and again to life on the physical plane; and that of consequence, which decrees that we must reap just what we sow—again just as the Bible tells us. In between our earth lives we are in another state of consciousness in which the experience of the past life is incorporated into our spirit as conscience. Sin is the result of ignorance of God's laws, and the resultant suffering in time teaches us how to obey these laws just as a child that has burnt its finger learns to avoid a hot stove. But some are fortunate because they have been longer on the path of evolution than others and have learned more lessons and are able to live more nearly according to God's law. Others are unfortunate because in past lives they have done wrong and have laid up more of a debt, or rather because they have not been so long on the path of evolution and so have not paid off so many of their debts, for no one in all God's universe is called upon to suffer anything which he has not deserved by his actions in the past. But you must remember that the past extends over hundreds of lives. In the great scheme of human evolution there are great turning points where extra help is given and this war is one of those points and was allowed to come on because the race was becoming bogged in materialism and a great shock was needed to turn the thoughts of humanity back to the only real thing in the world, which is the study of the laws of God and the attempt to obey them. And the laws of God were never better summarized than by Christ when He said, 'Love God supremely and thy neighbor as thyself.' Do I make myself plain?"

"Y—e—s, but if I have lived before why don't I remember it?"

"Well, the causes which operate to prevent your remembering your past lives are complex and would take a long time to explain but the fact remains that it is a merciful provision of nature because if you *did* remember all your past lives you could not advance at all for the old loves and hates of the past would compel you to wrong actions. A boy in school uses a slate until he is past the primary grades and does not make so many mistakes in

figures. Later on he discards his slate and uses pencil and paper and still later he uses ink. So with us. When we learn to live right and not make so many mistakes, when we are freer from the passions of hatred and revenge, we shall remember all our past lives."

"It seems to be all right but I can't see why I don't remember if I have lived before."

"Think it over and maybe you will see." Jimmie judged it best to drop the subject here and left the two men to go on their way. He was disappointed, too, for to his enthusiasm the inability to see so plain a question was a little disheartening. He had not realized the fact that each one has his limitations and that the limitations of one are further from the center than those of another. A large circle can contain a smaller one and can understand it and the fact that there is space beyond the confines of the smaller circle, but the smaller one cannot comprehend the larger one until it has learned to reason from the existence of still smaller circles that there may be something beyond its own limitations. It is easy for us to see the limitations of others but hard to see our own until we learn to cast out first the beam which is in our own eye before we attempt to remove the moat which is in our brother's eye.

And now began for Jimmie a life in which he found little time for the particular work he was so anxious to do. His regiment was sent back to the trenches and the strenuous life and the little real privacy and quiet which he could command hindered his attempts to further his own advancement. He did, however, manage to perform, most of the time, the simple exercises which Mr. Champion had given him and managed to say a few words, now and then when the chance offered itself, but the excitement of the actual fighting—for his regiment was brigaded with a British army contingent and was holding back the German advance in the spring of 1918—focussed his attention almost wholly upon military affairs. The matter, though, was in stronger hands than his and one day, in a charge to retake a trench, he received a bullet in his right arm and was sent back to a hospital, fuming at his ill luck.

In this hospital there was no Louise and he had been there hardly long enough to get his wound well dressed, before he received orders to sail at once for America for instruction duty in one of the

big training camps. He tried in vain for leave enough to hunt up Miss Clayton, for the situation was urgent and his orders were peremptory. He wrote a despairing letter to Mr. Champion but received no reply and was forced to board a returning transport in charge of a small contingent of wounded men, his great work undone, Louise and Mr. Champion left behind in France, his comrades still fighting tooth and nail to hold the grey flood, and himself, in what he bitterly asserted to be perfect physical condition, forced to go home before the war was won.

Oh the bitterness of that embarkation. Leaving behind him in France the great war which he wished to continue in, the girl whom he had grown to love, the man to whom he looked for guidance in the great work which he had dimly sensed. Leaving behind all the great activities which had entered his life and had changed it so completely, leaving it all for what? A safety which he despised, a work which he felt others could do far better than he, a life of unwelcome ease, and that dreadful, gnawing sense of separation from those whom he wished to be near.

Jimmie went aboard the transport weighted down with a feeling of injustice and calamity. His arm gave him considerable trouble for it was encased in a sling most of the time and yet he knew that at the front he would have hardly noticed such pain as it caused. But now little things annoyed him and trifles seemed important and he grew, not peevish, for Jimmie had naturally too sunny a disposition for that, but less buoyantly joyful than he had generally been. He spent as little time out of his cabin as possible and was generally supposed to be suffering more from the shell shock than from the wound in his arm, and as shell shock is a most peculiar thing and acts in a thousand different ways, his little foibles were passed over without remark and he was humored in them to the greatest possible extent.

The ship had been two nights and two days at sea and it was late in the evening of the third day, long after dark, that he stood at the rail alone looking wistfully out over the water. The moon was rising, a brand new moon, giving a little light to dim the beauty of the friendly stars. The breeze was blowing gently from the southward and the great ship

drove through the darkness without even the glimmer of a light to mark her way, heaving slowly and gently to the long, easy swells and rolling with something of dignity in her motion as though in a dim way she sensed her separate existence and the value of the precious human freight she bore.

Jimmie leaned against the rail drinking deep breaths of the salty air which tasted so clean and fresh after the reek of No-Man's-Land fouled with human hatred and the wrecks of human war and watched each long, low roller brimming slowly to the vessel's side and raising her so easily, so quietly, as though the lifting of a score of thousand tons of weight were the merest play. The exhibition of such tremendous power slowly brought into Jimmie's mind, torn with grief and disappointment, a feeling of calmness and rest, and when he looked from the ocean to the sky and watched the great stars shining so quietly above him as they had shone above Columbus and the sailors of the Spanish Main, as they had shone above Rome and Carthage, above Babylon and Baalbec, above the builders of the pyramids and the armies and the navies or old Atlantis, he felt stealing over him a faint perception of that great Power whose Being they attested and whose majestic purpose could not he thwarted a hair's breadth, even by the great upheaval of all the peoples of the globe.

His mind ran back over history and he pictured to himself the wars and plagues and pestilences and famines and the myriad scenes of battle and murder and sudden death, of quiet lives of unknown peoples, of the loves and the hates of men and women dead a thousand or ten thousand years ago, upon all of which these same stars had gazed with the same quiet calm, waiting, unperturbed the working out of God's' great Plan .

It seemed to him as the pictures of these things flashed through his mind, as though, the world swung on its way through space, leaving swirling behind it like a dense cloud of smoke visible to spiritual eyes, the prayers and tears of all humanity, the screams of the wounded and the dying upon all the battlefields since human history began, the appeals for mercy, the agony of despair, the strife of nations, the rise of races and their fall, the cry of the starving—all united in this dense black cloud which must roll upward to the very Throne of God. And

through it all there sounded that same despairing appeal—Why! And then he thought of his own little part in this mighty Drama, how he had been protected and shown a little of the great Plot, how a corner of the dark Curtain had been lifted for a moment so that he might catch a glimpse of that which lay beyond in order that he might know how to help.

How had he fulfilled his mission? What had he done? In his talk with the soldier who had asked such pointed questions at the “Y” hut, what had he accomplished? Nothing!

His conscience troubled him, yet, after all, what could he have done by argument? This question, as he began to feel, was one too great to be solved by any burst of enthusiasm, however ardent. It must be the quiet, steady work of time, unremitting, unrelenting, seeking every opportunity, undaunted by failure, and satisfied if, here and there, one person could be helped, though ever so slightly. Then, perhaps, after the war, he might return to Paris and meet again that wise man, Mr. Campion, the “Elder Brother,” and learn of how to fit himself for the great work.

And as his thought steadied itself into that firm resolve to “carry on” no matter how hopeless the task might seem, the calm of the great stars filled his heart and he turned away to seek his cabin and perhaps write a few more words in a letter to Louise which he intended to mail to her as soon as he got ashore.

And so, as he carefully closed his cabin door, before turning on the light which he as an officer was allowed and which was so thoroughly screened that no glimmer could possibly escape to be seen by lurking submarines, his mind was filled with the magic of the stars of the sea and keyed with the resolve to prove himself worthy, in time, of the confidence which had been placed in him and to show Mr. Campion, if he could ever find that gentleman again, that he was not an utterly unworthy pupil.

But he was not prepared for the shock which met him as he turned away from the door. Sitting quietly in the one chair which the cabin boasted, as though his presence were the most natural thing in the world was the very man about whom Jimmie had just been thinking—Mr. Campion.

Jimmie started with surprise, gasped out “Wh-

wh-why!” and held out his hand to his unexpected visitor. Beyond that monosyllabic utterance he could not seem to think of another word to say for an instant, so completely was he taken aback. But Mr. Campion did not offer to shake hands, merely motioning Jimmie, with a smile, to sit on the edge of the berth.

“I am not here in my physical body, so I can’t shake hands with you, but I am delighted that you are able to see so plainly. I have come to take you on a little excursion, if you are not afraid to venture, and as our time is short if you will lie down on the berth and fall asleep we will start on our travels.”

Jimmie might have asked a few questions or have expressed some misgivings if Mr. Campion had not used that expression ‘If you are not afraid,’ but after that challenge he felt that it would not do for an officer in the American Army to hold back. So he quietly turned off the light, arranged himself comfortably on the berth and in what seemed to him almost no time at all found himself standing on the floor looking down on his recumbent body, the whole cabin as plainly visible as though filled with daylight and Mr. Campion, no longer avoiding physical contact, standing at his side with one hand on his shoulder.

This is your first conscious leaving of the body and you must not fear that we shall not find the ship again or that anything will happen to her while you are away. Take my hand and trust me implicitly and whatever you may see do not give way to fear. Come.”

They soared away right through the fabric of the ship, hovering for a moment above her masts looking down at her for she was a beautiful sight as she plunged ahead through the smooth, rolling swell, plainly visible to their etheric vision.

Despite the assurances Mr. Campion had given him, Jimmie was afraid. There was his body, lying down below in its bunk, safe enough perhaps, but going one way while he was going another. The weather was calm but it was not weather which caused the ship to sail at her full speed without a light. Suppose a sub—He checked himself. Often had Jimmie gone over the top and never had he done so without fear, but no one who watched him would ever know that Lieutenant Westman was afraid. Jimmie had the true courage of doing his

duty, whether or not he was afraid, of acting just as though he did not know what fear was, and he had heard too many brave men admit constant fear to be ashamed of being afraid. But he would have been ashamed to show that he was afraid and never had he done so, and he resolved that this experience should never drag from him any expression of the fear he really felt, so he turned away from the ship and looked his guide full in the face with a smile of readiness for anything that might come.

(To be Continued)

MY BABY

ELLA VAN GILDER

Why did you come, dear little Soul,
 Into this world of ours?
 Was it to gather tears and thorns,
 Or play among the flowers?

What lesson did you have to learn,
 What sin must purge away?
 Or did you plan to come to me
 To help me on the way?

There was some reason why you came
 Across the No Man's Land of night,
 Into this turbulent, restless land,
 With your life all spotless and white .

What e'er your purpose, precious Soul
 I know you came to me;
 And my one prayer to God is this
 That I may faithful be.

All through the years of infancy,
 In the part I have to play,
 May I not fail in anything
 But guide you day by day.

I know not what of life you'll have,
 Or what your mission or your lot;
 I only know you came to me,
 From out that land which I forgot.

To guide you for a few short years,
 That blessed privilege is mine;
 Until you know within you lies
 A spark of the Spirit Divine.

WHY WE SIT STILL TO THINK

It is best to sit still when you want to think. If you move your hands or feet or any other part of your body, some of the blood has to go there to operate the muscles, and there is less of it to send to the brain to help the thinking along.

The brain needs blood to furnish food for the little cells, for the little red corpuscles in the blood are the food carriers. Without food the little cells would quickly get tired, just as your body tires quickly when you have not eaten enough to keep it nourished.

The little corpuscles carry food all over our body, but they are so small it takes a great many, just as it takes a number of people to handle the food for our bodies and get it to us when we need it, and if some of them have to do other work, we cannot get our food so easily. So keep the little corpuscles at work on one job at a time, then they can do it *better*.

—Contributed

THE SILVER LINING

The silver lining to the cloud may not always be in sight, but if the sun is shining 'tis gilded by its light. So when your troubles thicken, and all looks drear and black, don't worry, fret and sicken, but find a little crack where sunny rays may filter through, and you can catch a glimpse of blue! The rain may fall, the thunder crash, the sky be black as night, but sunshine follows after all and floods the land with light.

Your life may feel the stress and storm, vain fears upset the heart, but after darkness comes the morn when all the ghosts depart! The silver lining is still there; our vision is but blinded, for we may find it everywhere if we will search to find it.

—The Bronxville Bard

DO IT TODAY

Are you a subscriber to our Magazine? If not, you are missing more than you can afford. It is the best Magazine on Occultism, Astrology, and kindred subjects of absorbing interest.

A Loaf of Bread

ALICE GURNEY

HERE is that today, in man, that is seeking, sometimes blindly, liberation from all that binds or impedes his evolution. This urge to "Come up Higher" is not quite understood by the outward seeking mind. But this Inner Urge, even though not understood, is a very potent factor in the activity of human lives today. The outgoing force is held in check by the urge within, and the urge within is not satisfied, and will not be until it has received recognition. The urge to come within may be said to be the magnetic phase and the outward going the electric.

We cannot think of electricity without also thinking of chemistry. We cannot think of leavening without knowing that it is chemical.

As all that is of nature and science has its body and soul, so have these two sciences. "As it is below, so is it above." With a close observation of what is apparent to the physical senses, and if duly weighed and measured, we can, if we are even faintly hearing the Inner Urge, arrive at a fairly good conclusion of what is the matter with our planet today.

A homely illustration may make this clearer. A good housewife looks in the bread box and sees that it is necessary to make a new loaf for the family's consumption tomorrow. A good cook never waits until the last crumb is gone; no, she provides before hand. She takes flour and water; but the bread made from these ingredient alone would not be very wholesome, and this cook knows it, so she has provided the leaven also. Now what takes place when this good Mother puts in the leaven? Chemical fury is immediately evident. What can we imagine may be the sensation of the flour and water when they find themselves in this great WAR?

Most likely they are condemning the cruel mother that caused so much suffering. And as it continues until the leaven has gone into the whole mass, they may be constantly asking "When will the War end?" Who among them can tell? What is the function of the leaven? The separating of the atoms of the flour and water that the Air may enter in and

make the separated particles so free that a Union of the mass is made possible. Chemical action always produces heat, so we may say this world of flour and water is on Fire.

If we would listen we might hear, on its scale, just such a cannonading as has been going on in Europe. Has the housewife any concern about this suffering? No, she has but one idea in mind, the feeding of the family. When that fury has lasted as long as she thinks necessary, she adds more torture by kneading. This to the suffering atoms must be like irritating a raw sore. Very often the cook sings during this painful operation, all unaware of this suffering. After this has been done, and *raised* again, it is put in the oven for complete combining, to *unite* separated particles into *one* perfect *whole*. The method followed was the only one satisfactory to this good mother.

Now that the *bread* is baked and each little entity has suffered and done its bit for the re-combining of the scattered particles, do they suffer any more? No, if we had the listening ear, we might hear this question: "Why didn't we do this sooner?" The Cosmic Mother is making a *new* loaf of *bread*, the bread of a *risen* and *more* abundant *life* for the children of earth and water, those who have not yet been through the *air* and *fire*. This Path is the *one* to the kingdom.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till *the whole* was leavened."

"I will come again in the *air*." The fire that is bringing a new and more vibrant Life to our dear Mother Earth is now "*in the air*... My own Shall hear my voice." When the leaven is working most furiously *all* shall *hear* his voice, and be eager to be caught up with Him in the *air*. This is the *day* that ushers in the Resurrection. How could there be raising without leaven?

Then the war on our planet was not for what it seemed to be. We must not judge by appearances but judge righteous judgment. This can only be done after right thinking. What is right thinking? Is

the process of thinking like all other temporal things or acts, subject to change? Then what was right thinking yesterday is not so today! We may learn a valuable lesson by noting the difference—in past and present day methods of farming. In the past, the top of the ground was merely scratched, and for a time results were obtained from this, but not so today. The farmer is compelled to dig deep into the soil, and having done so, he finds that much greater results are had from this method than he ever dreamed of in the old way. Intensive thinking will accomplish no less. We must learn to dig today to find the hidden ore in all things, our neighbor, no less than other things. When we dig into our fellow man's being we find what we only vaguely dreamed of before, this notwithstanding his outer coloring, garments, social status, or belief. We shall have gone deep into his being and resurrected his better half. If we have done this same for ourselves, we shall find them twins, yes, Siamese twins, one and inseparable, now and forever. Oh, if we could only open our eyes and ears and see deep enough we should all rejoice that our dear Mother is making that new Loaf of Bread and be more than willing to do our part to help raise it for the new vibrant Humanity only awaiting this process to be completed to appear in great glory.

All this is the true concentration, the active concentration. We are being brought closer together because of a common cause, and this too is concentration. And a united humanity is concentration, the divine concentration that the heaven is working for today.

What good is money if we don't win this spiritual war? This war that is going all within the breasts of us all. Money will lose its value rapidly, as it becomes cheaper. Today it has less value than a year ago. When money is lusted for and made a god, it can be had by those concentrating for it, but there is a price paid, for we get only nothing for nothing. If the present greed for money should continue, it would soon be necessary to work longer for a loaf of bread, a real necessity, than the time the loaf would nourish. Then what good would money be? If a loaf of bread cost a thousand dollars who could buy it? What human need does money supply? If every man and woman worked for men and

women instead of money what good would money be? Only a mill stone around our necks. Man has worshiped a false god, and when he is *raised* from his dead consciousness he will know this. Then what good will money be anyhow? When the work of earth is done because every child of earth loves to serve his brother, will the symbol of work done be necessary? Many are serving in various capacities because of a divine madness to *serve*. *Service* is that which shall replace the greed for money.

When we are completely risen we shall wonder why we were ever so childish as to put value on a scrap of paper or a bit of mineral, a value that is so false that it made men false to themselves, and so robbed them of the power to enjoy the great bounty of Nature. Striving to get and then striving to hold, and envious of the one who possessed the most strength to hold on. All the beauty of the landscape, the flowers, the birds, the sunset, and the stars, all lost to the mind that gave to these idols so much false value. It was not the result of intensive thinking but of superficial, diffusive thought. We have all been dissipators of that divine energy that was and is now our birthright.

Many are awakening and as the number increases. They will be as leaven to go to and fro through the earth, that all may *arise* and go to the Father which is none other than a state of *more abundant life*. This is dynamism.

* * * * *

“*SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.*”

Oh, that the nation had planted a rose instead of a shell in the path of its foes! That the fair daisy and sweet mignonette could whisper of hope instead of regret; that the wee modest violet and pansy so bright could tell to the world how Love o'ercame Might. “Say it with Flowers” is the language to use. The perfume of roses none can refuse, for the breath of the mayflower's delicate scent will stir in the heart a throb of content. The tulip and lily with proud marigold their story of life forever unfold, while the holly and mistletoe tell of Yuletide, of Peace and Goodwill on earth to abide.

“Say it with Flowers” when you speak to a friend; and o'er the wide world its benison send!

—*The Bronxville Bard*

Going West

MARGARET WEST

Greater love has no man than that he give his life for his brother.”

Mine is a very precious possession which I wish to share with as many understanding hearts as possible—it is the memory of my friends among the British soldiers.

While in England during the first two years of the war, I had the privilege of being in correspondence with twelve “Tommies” out in the firing line, and the close personal contact with these twelve dear boys gave me the key to the deeper understanding of what soldier life in the great war has meant and in its far-reaching consequences will mean to humanity.

My special friends were of the British forces, but theirs is a voice speaking for all the armies who, as crusaders, have fought for the liberation of the race.

Also, to this day, I have made a purpose of reading as many books as possible on life in the trenches by men who have lived it. The authors have fought either with the American, British, Anzac, or Canadian army, and their books are written in simple, matter-of-fact language by unassuming, matter-of-fact men. But just because of that they carry conviction, and convey a great, a special message to all who are waiting and watching for the coming of the New Age.

The writers of these books have done their “bit” in duty, learned their “bit” through suffering, and now know their “bit” of spiritual understanding which they give to the world. Of great new truths which will soon alter mankind’s aspect of Life and Death, they tell in such a simple, almost casual way, as if they were self-understood. Of course, they are self-understood, according to the laws of higher nature, and were revealed as such to the men out there face to face with the great Realities.

Precious gifts, to us, these tales from the trenches! And fortunate I, who had twelve dear special

interpreters!

For that is what the twelve friends stand for in my life—interpreters of the Spirit of the trenches, interpreters of the Blessings of the War.

Some of the twelve I only knew from their letters; with others who came home either wounded or on leave after battle, I had long talks. But whether letters or talks, the message was the same. The Spirit of the trenches rarified into its finest essence; the Spirit of the trenches expanded serenely over the horrors of the place, like a white dove on luminous, ethereal, transparent wings. The Spirit of the trenches revealed to me through my soldier friends, is the same with which we who follow the Rosicrucian Teachings, try to fill our lives. It is Cheerfulness, Service, Brotherhood, and the Conviction of Life in death.

To smile!—Every letter I had began about thus: “I hope this finds you as it leaves me, I am in the best of health and spirits”—“I am in the pink!”—“I am Al”—“just back from the front-line trenches, a bit muddy, but am in fine billets now.”—“I keep on smiling.”—“are we downhearted? no!”

To serve and to share!—“The welcome parcel received, my pals and I had a feast.”—“my pals and I had a real old English tea.”—“my pals and I had a spread in the trenches.”—“my pals and I stuffed our pockets with the good things before going out.”—“my pals wish to be remembered to you, a parcel for one is a parcel for all.”

To love and to know Life in death! “Old Billy has gone West. He was the finest pal a man ever had. Never mind, he is in a better place; the angels are taking care of him. Keep on smiling.”

The comrade has “gone West.” The soldier never says he died or was killed, it is simply, he—my mate—my pal—my comrade has “gone west.”

With the ancient Greeks the *Isles of the blessed* lay to the West, in the glory of the setting sun. The *Isles of the Blessed*, where, freed from the strain of

earth-life, the happy souls “played on meadows of asphodels.” The Egyptians believed the origin of their race to lie in a holy land towards the West, and after physical existence the freed soul returned to that Western homeland—the land of the gods.

When we worship in the Pro-Ecclesia, we turn our faces westward, towards our Emblem, the Cross, on the Western wall. And with eyes ever turned westward our race has spread over the globe. Westward, westward with the Sun! We see the Sun disappear in the Western Ocean and exclaim with Faust:

“...the glow retreats, done is the day of toil. He yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring.” Here on the shores of the Westernmost Sea the new race is to be evolved which will have the extended vision able to witness—the glories of the “new fields of life,” without going through death.

Our limited vision forms a veil. We are “East” of the veil. Those who have left the physical body are “West” of the veil. But the veil is growing very thin, almost transparent. Soon it will be rent altogether, and then there will be no East and West, no Here and There but a great, wonderful recognizing and merging.

The borderline is only imaginary, I know that at least six of my twelve friends have “gone West,” but it makes no difference, they are so near, so near; and at times, just when I think of them most intensely, I find it difficult to remember which of the twelve are “East,” which are “West.” And they out there in the trenches know that the fallen comrade had only for a time disappeared behind a veil, not dead, but just as fully alive as they themselves.

According to the testimony come to me, the men are few who have gone through trench life without experiencing the extended vision. With some it lasted a shorter, with others a longer time; to some it came only once, to others it was repeated. But when it came, it seemed perfectly self-understood and natural. For moments the veil was rent to most of them; none of those who had the experience were astonished at it.

But when they go back into their home lives they can never forget that they have learned a great fact in nature hitherto unknown to them.

To some it was revealed while they were waiting at early dawn, at “zero hour,” for the command to attack; to others while in the dark of the night they stood at listening post close to the enemy’s lines; to some while offering their life for that of the brother. They carried the wounded comrade in through shell-shower and bullet-hail. To some while they lay wounded, weak, exhausted, waiting through long hours for the stretcher-bearers; to some during a crisis on a hospital bed.

The question has often been asked: How did they endure the physical torture of their wounded state? By being lifted out of their bodies! With a vague sense of ownership, a greater sense of detachment they saw their physical bodies lying on the bed or in the shell hole and mud pool, while they themselves as conscious entities were either expanded above it, or roamed at will amongst their dear ones at home or their comrades, or communed with the host of Ethereal Beings ministering on the battle fields.

But whether wounded or not, there is hardly a man who has not experienced the presence of these beings. Intent with stress during dangerous mission, intent with longing for a loved one at home, intent with the feeling of union while a comrade passes out—at any moment where the intensity of suffering or of concentration, or emotion rises beyond normal state, the veil is rent, and the Invisible Helpers, the Angels, the Comrades in White are seen.

In the minority of cases the Ethereal Beings ministering on the battlefield appear to the soldier’s extended vision as saints or angels, according to biblical descriptions. Mostly the Invisible—then visible—Helper who holds a drink of water to thirsting lips, or changes the wounded body from an exposed position into safety, or nods encouragement to a soldier under great stress, or greets the newcomer West of the veil, is seen as the “White Comrade,” that is, a being in appearance and garb like a soldier-comrade, but face and form self-luminous and radiant with a pure white light.

We must remember that most of the men, according to the tendency of their times, went into trench-life as happy-go-lucky materialists, neither

Question Department

RIPE DESTINY OR FATE

QUESTION: Is it right to interfere with ripe destiny? If a certain fate is shown in my horoscope, is it not useless to try and avoid it?

Answer: If you were out at sea on a ship in a storm and you were washed overboard, would you make an effort to save yourself, would you not try to reach the boat or struggle your utmost to find something by which you could drift to safety? Or if you saw a friend in the same predicament, would you not make an effort to reach them and help them to safety? The same holds good in life. Would we allow a friend or loved one to suffer, to see them day by day carrying a load; although self-inflicted in a previous life, had we the knowledge to see in their past and would know that they brought this upon themselves by wrong doing in previous lives, yet we could see where we might be able to assist them or relieve them of much of their burden, would we, or could we, look on and say this is their "karma"? Surely not, it would just be natural for us to do something to help them. We would not say "what's the use, if it is their fault, let them suffer." No indeed, if we did so we would lose a most valuable opportunity.

If we have made this ripe destiny, surely we have a right to change it. If we are on a muddy road and we see a way around it whereby we may save soiling our shoes, we would not deliberately walk through the mud, would we? Why do we study the clock of destiny, the horoscope? Why study life and its mysteries unless we can benefit by it? If knowledge is power, why not make use of the knowledge we gain?

If there were no possibility of changing our destiny, why then let us eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die. What would life be worth and why this struggle?

Affirmations also are a means of dodging ripe destiny. The only permanent method or overcoming errors of past lives is by right action, by our life here in this body. It is all right to claim that we are divine, Yes, we are a part of this great God that rules everything, as the Christ said in St. John, 14th chap-

ter, 20th verse, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

So let us back up this claim of divinity by actions of a divine nature, let us not only be so in words but let us make our life express that which we endeavor to teach.

HINTS TO THE HEALER IN THE SICK ROOM

Question: Is it possible to change the vibrations of a sick room or to destroy the thought forms or disease that are built into the aura of a patient? I find that after manipulation and osteopathic treatment of a patient, they respond and to all appearances are healed. The cause seems to be removed, but the patient cannot let go of the thought of disease. Also, frequently after leaving, I feel the same pain for which I have treated the patient,

Answer: Disease is first shown in the vital body before it is felt in the physical. Where osteopathic, chiropractic, massage or the laying on of hands is used, the healer must first with his own magnetism change, or disturb the vital body of the patient before healing can take place. Just as a muddy pool of water must first be disturbed and drained before the fresh water is put in.

During treatment there is an exchange of vitality. If the doctor is full of magnetism and loves his art, his thoughts are centered on the patient, giving out health and filling the sufferer's body with vitality. The patient, looking to this physician to be healed, also makes the body responsive and is willingly receiving the effluvia or magnetism that is exchanged with the doctor. The healer is giving out much of his own strength, yet in exchange, if his vital body is in good, healthy condition, he receives more of the good, pure, health-giving strength from nature than he gives out, and can keep himself in perfect physical condition. But one who is negative, lymphatic, and does not live right, whose thoughts are not clean and pure, who has taken up the art of healing merely as a means of livelihood, who does not love the work, nor cares if he helps to relieve suffering, a healer such as this kind will attract to himself the impurities that are set free from the one whom he is treating. Like attracts like, we can only

respond to those things which we have within ourselves. If we are unselfish, clean, and pure in thought, and keep our bodies in good condition, we make good healers. But if we have nothing to give, how can we expect to be successful in healing others? We only relieve them to a certain extent of their ailments and attract them to ourselves; therefore, we would advise all healers using the art of manipulating the patient or the laying on of hands, that they wash their hands in cold water before touching the patient and from time to time throw off the effluvia they receive from the patient into this basin of water, changing the water frequently. The moisture from the hands of the healer attracts the impurities; therefore he is more able to relieve the patient. Water not being handy, we would advise throwing the magnetism out of a window or into an open fireplace, lighting a piece of paper in the fireplace to burn it up. The effluvia of the suffering one when taken from the body by the hands, appears to the clairvoyant like a dark, jelly-like mass full of impurities, it is heavy and drops in a mass on the floor or into the fireplace and can be removed by burning. But if the patient who has been relieved, or a negative healer, pass over this jelly-like substance, it is very apt to be drawn back into the body and reabsorbed. This is the reason why patients frequently suffer with a spell of the same malady of which their doctor has cured them; they have attracted it from some part of the room where it has lain probably from the previous treatment.

To change the thought of patients who insist on holding on to disease, we would advise: moving them into another room, giving them a new nurse, different surroundings or environment. Very often those near and dear to them, the family, are administering slow doses of poison by sympathy and too great a zeal as to their welfare. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine and bright surroundings are essential, and each time that the doctor visits his patient he can do much to change the thoughts. A smile, a joke, a little story of some kind, act as a stimulant. Some years ago the writer knew a family who had a number of cases of typhoid fever, four being down at the same time. The mother, who was the only one left to nurse, was on the verge of a break. The one ray of light every day was the old physician, who paid his visit. He gave no medicine, but

came in with his smile, made his round from one patient to another, told some joke, something to laugh about, went into the kitchen, slipped a piece of pie from the table and going back to the patients would joke with them, ask them if they did not want a bite of his pie, and telling them to hurry and get well so they could also have some. In this manner this old doctor came in as a bringer of sunshine, and went out leaving his patients better and more cheerful.

Never enter a sick room with a long, serious face. A smile, a laugh will radiate health and the physician himself will be benefitted. This is the secret of success of the healer. A bread pill may at times be necessary to the patient who thinks he must have medicine, but the suggestion of health and cheerfulness is the bread of life.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Question: I purchased your *Rosicrucian Philosophy* and *Rosicrucian Mysteries*—have been a subscriber to the Rays Cross.

Yet I am still unable to solve the Immaculate Conception. It has to be according to a law of “biological psychology” and I should think it would be lifting “desire for man” to the realm of ideal in mind. This would bring back to woman the long lost part of herself—hence an author’s pound of flesh etc.—in perfect balance. This renunciation of “flesh” would polarize her mind in the realm of *abstract thought*, of *unselfish love*. This done, the *idea* would project from the unconscious into the conscious the *cherubim image*.

Now as to *what follows*, by Law, I ask of Mr. Max Heindel, through *you*: Would the law then provide the ideal father to create by Natural methods a *physical form* or habitat of the already projected, through the “life principle,” child soul? If so, what would *such* a child mean to the race at this time? Or, putting it another way: If the “breath” would breathe upon a woman the cherubim image and she became conscious of the *child* but *knew not* the man what would it mean?

Of course, a psychologist would say, “Union in *emotional nature before* in the *physical*.”

Answer: The *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* is the textbook and the key to all the teachings. This, combined with the Bible, which has been given to us by the recording angels, is necessary for our

proper understanding of all problems.

First, we will take the word “immaculate,” which is defined as spotless, pure, without stain or taint. It would seem that a conception under ordinary surroundings could not fulfill these conditions, but it is possible for man and woman to so purify their desires that they may be without taint and make the act a sacrifice: a willingly giving their bodies as an avenue for an advanced ego to find rebirth, taking all the pain and responsibility that such an act entails as a privilege and joyfully giving their life, if such should be necessary, that a brother be supplied with a physical vehicle, which is explained in the *Cosmo-Conception* towards the end of the book.

The Bible, having been given to us for our enlightenment, is the book to which we must look for these higher truths. In Matthew 1:16 it reads, “Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.” Luke 3 :23 “Jesus.... the son of Joseph.” You will note that the words in that verse, “as was supposed,” are placed in brackets. The angel foretold to Mary that she should bring forth a son, and all generation takes place through the action of the Holy Ghost, the Jehovic principle, as you will find explained in the *Cosmo*.

Both Mary and Joseph, her husband, were very advanced beings, both had studied in the school of the Essenes and were supposed to lead a celibate life. Therefore the creative act, when performed by these two advanced beings, was one of pure sacrifice, each being impressed with the fact that a holy being was to find birth in the physical world through their vehicles. No thought of self-gratification of desire entered into their Union. They were the most advanced and pure man and woman who could be found at that period of evolution, and the being that was born of this union was named by the angels, Jesus. He was a Jewish boy, born of father and mother like any other child of earth. But if you have studied our Philosophy, you will find that he had behind him a wonderful record. In the previous life he was King Solomon, who built the temple, and tracing him back through the genealogies in Luke you find he came from Seth, whose children always represent those connected with the churches. Jesus, during his early years, received the highest possible instructions in the advance schools, and when, at the age of the beginning of serious life,

about 30, he came to be baptized of John in Jordan, he willingly left his dense and vital bodies and went into the heaven worlds, and from there he ever since is guiding the churches and the religions of humanity. At the moment he vacated his dense vehicle, it was taken possession of by the Christ ray who used this pure physical body during the three years of his ministry on earth.

There is nothing unnatural, nothing contrary to the laws of nature in this wonderful story of the immaculate conception. Through many lives of purity Jesus had prepared himself to build this body perfect enough to be used by the Christ, but the body was born in the usual manner, of two parents on the physical plane.

CAN THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND BE EDUCATED?

Question: Is it true one can talk to and educate the subconscious mind? If so, how should one proceed to train the subconscious so as to be able to do greater work for others?

Answer: To educate the subconscious mind, you can only do that through the conscious mind. If the desire is to train oneself to do greater work for others, well, of course we may use different methods. We can pray that we may have the eyes to see the light that is shining all around us and the heart to do all the things that come near us. But we don't need to hunt for any opportunities, they are right around us. You know the story of Sir Launfal, who was going to search for the Holy Grail—how he came out of the castle on a splendid charger with his shield and the cross on the breast plate, and as he was coming out of the castle gate he saw a leper, and that was the only blot and blur on the landscape. He didn't want to see the sordid things, he wanted to do great things for God, not little things like that leper. But of course that leper had to be helped and he tossed him a gold coin and rode on:

*The leper raised not the gold from the dust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn empty from his door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives from a slender mite,*

*And gives to that which is out of sight
That thread of all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.*

Then years pass, Sir Launfal returns, “An old bent man worn out and frail, he came back from seeking the Holy Grail,” and as he comes to his castle gate he is turned out, and again he sees the leper, and this time there is a different story—

*The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.*

Then a transformation takes place, the leper becomes, the Christ and he says,

*In many lands, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here!—This cup which thou
Did’st fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water the blood I shed on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.*

That is the great point we should always remember: we have the opportunities for service right here, and if we give ourselves in that spirit, give ourselves without regard to outward circumstances, to those who need it and are not glamoured by riches or power or glittering armor as it was in those days—and glittering gowns today, and glittering fortunes and glittering names today, all these snares are in the path of service, for we are always apt to want to help somebody who is somebody and forget that poor one who is sitting there. But that is no help, no, Christ always went to the poor and needy. We should look at nothing else save the human soul, regardless of its riches. If the person happens to be rich and regards himself as a steward for the Lord to do good with the things that have been given to him, then it is all right, then riches are all right. He is not rich but he is poor in spirit, he holds what he has in trust, then he is one of us. But if he comes full of ostentation as the rich man came to Christ and said “I have done all these things, I have kept the law, what shall I do?” Christ said, “sell everything you have and follow me.” He couldn’t do it, and therefore riches and such things that detract from the call of the Grail, they are really a hindrance and we should be thankful we have no riches. So the first thing we must do if we want to become Visible Helpers (that always goes before Invisible Helpers) then we must become poor in spirit, we must get away from the world’s goods. If we have anything we must try and get rid of it as these things are hindrances, as “when things are in the saddle they ride the man.”

Now Ready—*The Message of the Stars*

By the time this magazine reaches you the *Message of the Stars* will be ready for distribution and if you have not already sent in your order you should do so at once, for this is a wonderful book, a mine of information, written in such a clear beautiful style that even Part II, the Medical Astrology, can be understood by any layman.

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The Astral Ray

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Helps By The Wayside

NORINE WELCH

ASTROLOGY is a perfect system of study, whereby we may obtain an understanding of the admonition "Man, know thyself." Its true purpose is to serve as a guide through this earth life, for it is the indicator of Divine Law in *action* and will help us in working out our destiny. One's horoscope is like a panoramic view of the life as a whole. In our past lives we have woven the web of our destiny by our own thoughts and acts—we have set *causes* in motion, and must later reap the *results*. Hence all testimonies in the birth chart will, each in its own time, become prominently active and much will depend upon one's self as to what influence will dominate the life. Where there are many cross aspects and contradictory inclinations, it is always for the purpose of soul growth—they give the opportunity for *choice*—for the stars only *impel*, they do not *compel*; it is "tendencies" that they show, not actual acts that *have* to be committed or traits or character that are *unchangeable*. "Tendencies" are the results of acts or sins in a former life and sin is the result of ignorance. Therefore, as "there is a *13th* factor—an unseen mystic star, with which no astrologer can reckon, which is more significant in the make-up of human destiny than all the twelve signs of the zodiac and the planets—the human Will"—it is through knowledge and the use of an indomitable will that we may "rule our stars." Every time we conquer an aspect we have lived up to our Divine nature. An

"evil" aspect *controlled* furnishes a reservoir of power with which no "good" one can compare. It is not the benefic or malefic aspects, as much as the *use* made of them, that marks the *strong soul*. If the chart has an unusual number of squares and oppositions, it would be fitting to make use of the following truth: "It is the strongest soul usually that has the most to fight, and from an occult standpoint the most adverse nativities are the most progressive, for such souls realize life's purpose and are ready to take up their cross and work off past accumulated debts." It would be well for "young" astrologers to ever remember that now and then they will meet a person who, if they know them well, they would find them strangely at variance with their horoscope and whose high social standing, and relations in all departments of life generally deny its validity. These may know they have met a *strong* soul who may never have succumbed to their evil aspects or has conquered them—through spiritual illumination "the slate may be wiped clean." So let it constitute a lesson to them never to form an unalterable adverse judgement, based wholly upon the natal chart, remembering that "man can change his horoscope to suit his will."

*There is no puny planet, sun, or moon,
Or Zodiacal sign which can control
The God in us! If we bring THAT to bear
Upon events, we mold them to our wish;
'Tis when the Infinite 'neath the finite gropes
That men are governed by their horoscopes.*

The Effect of Saturn In Aquarius and the Eleventh House

ISABEL CLAY

The combined significance of the Eleventh House and the celestial sign Aquarius may be summed up as expression of the most beautiful, ideal friendship, with intuitive sympathy and altruistic feelings of fellowship with and for all mankind. Under the influence of the Aquarian ruler, Uranus, whose keyword, Altruism, is one and the same with the eleventh sign, the person born under this planetary condition would live a beautiful life of service, and experience in his own soul something at least of the joy of the spirit. But the entrance of Saturn into this ideal state would (as I see it, intellectually) obstruct the expression (in outward acts at least) of all the beautiful altruistic promptings of the Christ spirit, causing the personality thus afflicted to *appear* in the eyes of the casual observer as cold and entirely lacking in human sympathy. This appearance of coldness and lack of sympathy would be aided by the very virtues of the person so born, because of the fact that the true Aquarian, having learned to hold his passions, appetites, and emotions absolutely under his control, and his ability to live more in the intuitional, inspirational mind, and working more in the regions of abstract thought than a person of less development could do, would tend to confirm the appearance of coldness, etc. Thus through the saturnine influences the pure joy of the spirit in expressing altruistic service to any and all humanity would be changed to a sorrow—deep in exact proportion to the height of joy—at the frustration of these altruistic schemes. Also, I think, that Saturn placed in this sign and house would exert an evil influence on the Fifth house and sign, Leo.

This is the conclusion that I have reached through my Reason—by analogy—but it does not satisfy my soul. *Something* within me rises in righteous warmth and seems to feel that a time has come when the Christ within shall reveal himself and say “Get thee behind me Satan.” Therefore to satisfy my soul, I will write what I feel ought to be the result of Saturn in the Eleventh sign and house.

Solution No. 2

After many lives, during which the Ego has

finally arrived at a stage where his passions, appetites and emotions are entirely under his control, and where he has also evolved to a stage where Altruism urges him to serve his brothers at all times, anywhere, in any way, expressing as far as may be, the Christ-like attitude of pure friendship—even to the laying down of life not necessarily the physical life but merging his personality in his feeling of At-one-ment with the whole family—then the Ego will incarnate in the Eleventh house and sign. Having overcome his desires and personality, he *should* be able spiritually, through the inspirational and intuitional faculties, to overcome outward things. Therefore (my soul seems to demand) this Ego *should* be able to bring forth into expression the Christ consciousness and say, “Get thee behind me Satan,” whether done by the spoken word made manifest, or, as Mr. Heindel says in the *Cosmo*, “Persistent looking for the good in evil will in time transmute the evil into good.” With the intuitional knowledge which such an Ego possesses, the right pathway would be shown. The final effect of Saturn in Aquarius would, then be the transmuting of the obstructing power of Saturn into the *overcoming* power of the Christ within, and what threatened to be a source of sorrow and misfortune would be transmuted into greater spiritual attainment, bringing with it the joy of hearing the voice within saying, “well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Spirit.”

RAYS FROM THE ROSE-CROSS

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, and \$1.25 in Canada and \$1.50 in Europe.