

brightly fair shades from under the right arm to the left shoulder. The blueness of that blue I shall never forget. I was so fascinated with the color and light and personality of the Vision that I heard not a word of what He must have said; for His lips moved in speech, although there was no sound. Yet His Presence was Peace and ineffable Love.

From that moment I found my faith

and myself. I was so improved physically the next day that I dismissed both my special nurses.

The Peace remained with me for months. Even now when troubled or at variance with my surroundings the recalling of the Vision suffices to restore harmony.

For His Peace He left with me.
I know what I know!

Mythology and the Bible

BY CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

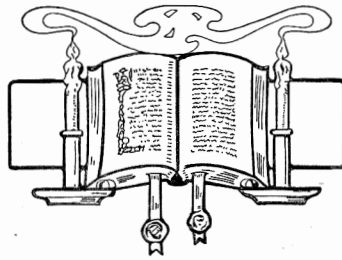
ARIADNE AND THESEUS

A YEARLY tribute of seven youths and maidens was exacted from the Athenians by the mythological Minos, King of Crete.

These Athenian captives were rowed over from Greece to Crete and confined in a labyrinth as a feast for a ferocious Minotaur. This labyrinth had been constructed by Daedalus, a most ingenious artificer, who had so perfected the intricate maze of passageways that neither Minotaur nor any of his victims could by any possible means escape.

Theseus, son of Aegeus, King of Athens, was deeply grieved at the fate of so many innocent sufferers, and thinking that he might be able to overcome the monster he bravely offered himself as one of the seven youths.

Upon his arrival in Crete he was seen by Ariadne, the lovely daughter of King Minos. As she saw the handsome prince among those who were to be sacrificed to the terrible monster, she was filled with a great love and compassion for him and began to make plans to save him. She risked her life by secretly furnishing him with a magic sword and



a long thread. Theseus then attacked the Minotaur with the magic sword which had been given him by Ariadne and slew him, after which he found his way out of the diffi-

cult windings of the labyrinth by following the thread. He and Ariadne then slipped down to his vessel, which had remained anchored in the harbor, and set sail for Athens under the guidance of the goddess Minerva.

In the account of Theseus we see the life and tests of the neophyte, one who brave and dauntless is willing to do and to dare all things for the sake of acquiring truth. Such a one is always the son of a king and a nobleman in his own right.

The labyrinth represents the tests confronting one who endeavors to walk the straight and narrow path which leads to the higher life.

Ariadne represents the higher nature, which always comes to the aid of the personality. The magic sword is the power of truth which the illumined one comes to find. With this sword of truth Theseus slew the Minotaur. Siegfried slew the dwarf, and David slew the giant

Goliath. All these stories represent the same principle, that of the higher nature overcoming the lower through the power of truth. Such a one can always find his way through the labyrinth or confusion of the transitory. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal," said Paul, the great Christian mystic who had found this same Ariadne's thread which guided him safely through the labyrinth of delusions and out into the light of a new and spiritual life.

As a reward for her bravery and constancy the wedding crown of Ariadne was suspended in the sky, where it still hangs. Its jewels have grown into stars. These stars are now called "Corona Borealis," the "Northern Crown," and have been referred to as "a brilliant sign of the lost Ariadne." Spenser refers to this lovely constellation in his "Faerie Queene" as the crown she wore upon her ivory brow.

Ariadne's "Crown" is about 20 degrees east of Arcturus. It is plainly visible in the east just after sunset during the early spring, but it is most clearly discernible during July.

Cosmic Intelligence

"Dear Fellows:—It seems to me that, intellectually, God is a necessity;—that it is impossible to conceive how the complex, but orderly, universe could have come into its present state by chance; that the unbelievable thing, the incomprehensible thing, is that all this plan and purpose manifesting everywhere are not the work, the manifestation, of mind—of intelligence. With me, the unthinkable thing is that there should be no intelligence somewhere that understands the meaning and the purpose of all things, that knows and planned the end toward which all things move. I cannot doubt that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs."—*Upper Room Bulletin.*

Hills of Heaven

By FRANCES NEWELL

I am so tired, and high adventure waits
Without the body's prison; the bright
gates
Of Death swing open on the fields of
peace,
Where sorrow, long and long endured,
shall cease;
Where none shall lonely be, and none
oppressed,
And all the weary souls of men shall rest.
Oft in the clear and golden hours of
sleep,
My wandering feet the paths of Heaven
keep,
And oft I breast that soundless starry
sea
Which breaks upon its shores eternally.
The towering hills of Heaven know my
feet,
And many dear companions do I greet.
But I can never stay. I dare not roam
Too far afield, for I must hasten home.
So many dusty fields there are to till,
And wars to fight, and hungry mouths to
fill,
And I can never shirk—I must be there—
But oh, the verdant hills of Heaven are
fair!

The Four Births of Man

WHAT ARE THEY?

Do you know that every adult passes through four complete births before attaining his majority?

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