

Echoes

FROM

Mount Ecclesia.

September 10th.

Oceanside, No. 4. California.

Virginia L. Kenney, Editor

We have had an anxious time of it for the last few months. Mr. Heindel has had water on the brain, and physicians say that that is a very dangerous disease, but don't be alarmed, the water is beginning to flow over Mt. Ecclesia at the rate of 100 gallons per minute, so we have great hopes that he will soon be in normal working condition and devote his energy to the spiritual side of the work.

Seriously, we have been confronted by a great problem, for Mt. Ecclesia is situated on a level with the city reservoir and as the number of students increased, more ground had to be put under cultivation. Then, it was discovered that the obtainable water supply was entirely inadequate, that the town trustees were hostile; and that it would cost a mint of money to obtain

sufficient water to supply our growing needs. There was just one way out; the bulk of the 40 acres owned by the Rosicrucian Fellowship are on a high tableland, but one little corner of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres is in the valley 235 feet below. There water might be found, we thought, and, if so, it could be pumped up on the hill to make us independent. Accordingly, Mr. Heindel had two wells sunk, these gave an abundant supply of water, an engine and pump were then installed and a large pipe is now being laid up the hill so that we shall soon have our own water supply; and we see in this another indication that the present Fellowship Center was located by the Elder Brothers as perfectly suited to our needs, for without that little piece of valley land whereon to locate our wells, Mt. Ecclesia could never have been made into the beautiful place which we contemplate. We reprint an article from one of the local newspapers which will give you a good idea of how things stand:

Substantial improvements are being made on the Rosicrucian Fellowship estate, situated at the eastern edge of Oceanside. Two new cottages are about completed, and the foundation for a third one is being laid. These houses are for use of members of the Fellowship, and are located on the edge of the bluff, overlooking San Luis Rey valley. The estate includes some forty acres, and in the course of time it will be the scene of a considerable popula-

tion, as there is a demand for home sites on the property by members of the Fellowship, and there are some large educational buildings in the prospective.

During the present summer several families have come to Oceanside with the intention of residing here, so as to be near the Rosicrucian headquarters, but not being able to secure houses to their liking, were obliged to abandon their plans and make other arrangements.

The work of ornamenting the grounds about the main building, up to the present, has been greatly handicapped by the lack of water. Even the large vegetable garden has suffered. For three months or more Max Heindel, trustee of the Fellowship, has been endeavoring to reach an equitable understanding with the Town Trustees regarding a supply of water. But as no satisfactory adjustment seemed possible, and the woeful lack of water was entailing loss and unbearable annoyance, he set about procuring water on the Fellowship property, and if possible become independent of the town. Two wells were sunk on a piece of valley land, and water encountered at a depth of forty feet. A pumping plant was installed and the work of lifting the water to the premises commenced. It has been demonstrated the supply is abundant. With the pump constantly at work the water in the wells can not be perceptibly lowered, though

some eighty gallons per minute are raised. A larger pump—with a capacity of one hundred gallons a minute—is about to be installed, as it has already arrived. This pump will be placed between the two wells, which are about sixty feet apart, and water raised from both shafts if it is deemed necessary. This supply of water for the present will be used for irrigation. It is quite possible the wells will be sunk deeper, in which event a still larger supply will be available, and made use of for domestic purposes. Thus will the town lose a large revenue.

“So our difficulties and wrangling with the town trustees have worked out to our own benefit,” remarked a member of the Fellowship, referring to the water mess. “We have found we have an ample supply of water on our own property, and we will be able to get along, we hope, very well without buying water from the town corporation. It will be money in our pocket and the town will be the loser.”

The next improvement to be made is the installing of an electric lighting plant. Mr. Heindel, being an expert electrician, has concluded he can generate electricity on the premises cheaper than he can buy it. So the Fellowship is gradually forging ahead. There is a call for more cottages, and these will be built as soon as possible. It is understood lumber from San Diego

has been ordered for two or three bungalows.

The business relations between the Fellowship and the town trustees are still in an unsettled condition. At the last meeting of the board a representative of the Fellowship was present, and at the conclusion of an interview gave notice that the town's water main that crosses the Fellowship's property must be removed. If this is insisted upon the taxpayers will be called upon to foot a considerable bill. It would look like business acumen for the trustees to get busy and reach some sort of a satisfactory settlement of this whole matter. The town owns its water system, and it has water to sell. When it fails to supply a customer it is out just that much money. The town is not so opulent that it can afford to throw away any business that is offered it.

On the first of September, the school took a recess until Sept. 16. On that day classes will be commenced in all the branches, so that those who were not able to come at the beginning of last term, may begin with the preliminary instruction. It is intended to carry that class on for three months, until December 15th, and to start another new class on Jan. 1st, 1914; thus, students may be accommodated in new classes started every three months. The rates are \$6.00 per week or \$25.00 per month for those who are content to dwell in tents; but if room in a cotage is desired the rate is \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month. This is for

board and room only. Students are expected to support the school by voluntary contribution. As accommodations are limited, application must be made in advance. We are also prepared to receive patients at the Sanitarium; whether members or not, the rate being \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month for the physical accommodation, there is no charge for healing, but patients are also expected to give as they have received. The rule about application for admission applies to patients also and the reason is the same. At the Oceanside garage we have a rate of 50c each where two passengers come together from the depot to Mt. Ecclesia and return. When anyone comes alone they charge 60c for the round trip. This includes a reasonable amount of baggage and it is cheaper than the expressman's charge, so call up Main 25 on arrival in Oceanside and they will call for you at the depot.

Our General Secretary, Chas. H. Swigart, is in Reno, attending the congress of the Government's Irrigation Engineers. Mrs. Swigart and their daughter, Lucille, are here, and we expect him to come down also for a little while. He will probably be able to help us solve some of our irrigation difficulties as he is an expert in that line, and very devoted to service in the Fellowship.

Extracts from a paper by Mrs. Fannie D. Rockwell, of Springfield, Ill., now a student at Mt. Ecclesia.

With my new-gained strength I know I dare not tarry only to dream

and smile, but I must turn, and touch and point. With my senses steeped in recollections sure and sweet, can I see aught of evil? Yes, else there's no work to do; seeming evil only, waiting to be transmuted; wraiths and imps of ill, eluding, yet beckoning me to tear them limb from limb.

While I am waiting, broken, but still brave, I hear, "They that are whole need not a physician," "Ye must be born again," and other truths of new import.

Another fact I seem to feel, that fighting does not fell my foe. When I use weapons to inflict, I create an opponent to master me. But when I face around and put this flimsy giant back of me, and let, just let the over-powering Love that is Life, victorious Life, and Life that willingly succumbs, flow into me and glorify and fill each part, so that the whole is full of light, and I am single to its potent spell, then I forget the menace, and forgetting long enough, I do not know it any more. Now if I know it not in me, shall I ascribe it to my friend, or even to my foe? No! evil shall not exist for me. For what I know is this: Christ, the picture of this principle in me, is living, strong, a power that overcomes and cures my blind consciousness. And this I know: that every day I fail to see that Christ has liberated me, I crucify Him once again. Shall I admit his work was vain, his effort lost? No!

not on me. I'll take his help, and make it change my life, and lives of those I know. I'll not look forward many days and dread that I may not be sustained. What are these days? A thousand years? How do I know the end of one? There is no time with God. Enough for my small sense of things to live in Him just for this moment, just while I think. To be—that's all, and be in Him. He'll tell me how to move. And living, being, moving, this moment blends into the next. The Life flows on, unmixed with dragging sense of Time that limits, of space that cramps, of dross that only seems to be.

Now what I want to know is this: That Christ is helped, as he's helped me. And so I work and wait, and look away from all that gives a sense of gratitude to self, and turn it all to Christ's account. Then I know my Christ has come, and God will bless the work I do while Christ still lives—in me. If channels are procurable, the power will manifest. No power is higher to prevent. The Love that blessed has never ceased to be. If sometimes the confusion is too great, and I can scarcely distinguish the seeming from the real, I forget for a season, the evidence of faulty eyes and ears, and cease to think, and only rest. Then I grow more keen and open to the guiding power, and find that all is God, and in His knowledge, vast, illimitable, I'll grow and know. Further than this the Finite does not heed, so I gladly merge myself and all I know in Him, the Infinite.