



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

The Mystic Light

A Department devoted to articles on Occultism, Mystic Masonry, Esoteric Christianity, and similar subjects.

The Question Department

Designed to give further light upon the various subjects dealt with in the different departments, where queries from students and other subscribers make this necessary.

The Astral Ray

Astrology from an original angle, Cosmic light on Life's Problems.

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

Nutrition and Health

Our body is 'A Living Temple', we build it without sound of hammer, by our food. In this Department articles on diet teach how to build wisely and well.

The Healing Department

The Rose Cross Healing Circle, its meetings and their results.

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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A Brief Resume of The
Rosicrucian Philosophy

The Rosicrucian Order was founded in the thirteenth century by Christian Rosenkruz, a messenger of the Divine Hierarchs who guide Humanity upon the path of evolution.

Its mission was to blend **Esoteric Christianity, Mystic Masonry, and Spiritual Alchemy** into one great system of Religious Philosophy, adequate to meet the advanced spiritual and intellectual needs of the Western World, during the Aquarian Age of two thousand years, when the Sun, by precession of the Equinox, passes through the constellation Aquarius.

This Western Wisdom School, like all earlier Esoteric Orders, is secret, but the **Rosicrucian Fellowship** is its **Herald of the Aquarian Age**, now at hand, promulgating this blended scientific soul science: **The Western Wisdom Religion for the Western World.**

Formerly, religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today, a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, like heredity and ether. They desire religion as much as their fathers but want the ancient truths in modern dress congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical and sequential teaching, concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, which is strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries, so that the heart may be allowed to believe what the intellect has sanctioned, and the solace of religion may speak peace to the troubled mind. The following is a brief resume of **Facts about Life here and hereafter.** A list of the lectures referred to is found in the back of this magazine.

Sooner or later there comes a time when the consciousness is forced to recognize the fact that life, as we see it, is but fleeting, and that amid all the uncertainties of our existence there is but one certainty—Death!

When the mind has thus become aroused by thought of the leap in the dark which must some time be taken by all, the question of questions—Whence have we come?—Why are we here?—Whither are we going?—must inevitably present itself. This is a basic problem with which all must sooner or later grapple, and it is of the greatest importance how we solve it, for the view we take will color our whole life.

Only three theories of note have been brought forward to solve this problem. To range ourselves in one of the three groups of mankind, segregated in their adherence to one theory or the other in an intelligent manner, it is necessary to know the three theories, to calmly weigh and compare them one with another with established facts. Lecture No. 1 does just that, and whether we agree with its conclusions or not, we shall surely have a more comprehensive grasp of the various viewpoints and be better able to form an intelligent opinion when we have read "**The Riddle of Life and Death.**"

If we have come to the conclusion that death does not end

our existence, it is but a natural question to ask: **Where are the dead?** This momentous question is dealt with in Lecture No. 2. The law of conservation of matter and energy precludes annihilation, yet we see that matter is constantly changing from the visible state and back again, as, for instance, water is evaporated by the sun, partially condensed into a cloud and then falls to earth again as rain.

Consciousness may also exist without being able to give us any sign, as in cases where people have been thought dead, but have awakened and told all that had been said and done in their presence.

So there must be an invisible World of force and matter, as independent of our cognition of it as light and color exist regardless of the fact they are not perceived by the blind.

In that invisible World the so-called dead are now living in full possession of all the mental and emotional faculties. They are living a life as real as existence here.

The invisible World is cognized by means of a sixth sense developed by some, but latent in most people. It may be developed in all, but different methods produce varying results.

This faculty compensates for distance in a manner far superior to the best telescopes and for the lack of size in a degree unreachable by the most powerful microscope. It penetrates where the X-ray cannot. A wall or a dozen walls are no denser to the spiritual sight than crystal to ordinary vision.

In Lecture No. 3 **Spiritual Sight and the Spiritual Worlds**, this faculty is described, and Lecture No. 11, **Spiritual Sight and Insight**, gives a safe method of development.

The Invisible World is divided into different realms: The **Etheric Region**, the **Desire World**, the **Region of Concrete Thought** and the **Region of Abstract Thought.**

These divisions are not arbitrary, but are necessary because the substance of which they are composed obeys different laws. For instance, physical matter is subject to the law of gravity, in the Desire World forms levitate as easily as they gravitate.

Man needs various vehicles to function in the different Worlds, as we need a carriage to ride on land, a boat at sea and an airship in the air.

We know that we must have a **dense body** to live in the visible World. Man also has a **vital body** composed of ether, which enables him to sense things around him. He has a **desire body** formed of the materials of the Desire World, which gives him a passionate nature and incites him to action. The **Mind** is formed of the substance of the Region of Concrete Thought and acts as a brake upon impulse. It gives purpose to action. The real man, **the Thinker or Ego**, functions in the Region of Abstract Thought, acting upon and through its various instruments.

Lecture No. 4 deals with the normal and abnormal conditions of life such as **Sleep, Dreams, Trance, Hypnotism, Mediumship and Insanity.** The previously mentioned finer vehicles are all concentric with the dense body in the waking state, when we are active in thought, word and deed, but the activities of the day cause the body to grow tired and sleepy.

When the wear and tear incident to use of a building has

The Mystic Light

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JUNE 1916

Mizpah

“The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another”. Gen. 31:49.

Go thou thy, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar.
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathway where we are.
And “**God** keeps watch ‘tween thee and me”—
This is my prayer.
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And we are near.

Should wealth and fame, perchance, be thine,
And my lot lowly be,
Or thou be sad and sorrowful,
And glory be for me,
Yet “**God** keeps watch ‘tween thee and me,”
Both be **His** care.
One arm ‘round thee and one ‘round me
Will keep us near.

I know not where thy path may lie,
Or which way mine will be;
If mine will lead through parching sands,
And thine beside the sea;
Yet “**God** keeps watch ‘tween thee and me.”
So never fear,
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

I sigh, sometimes, to see thy face.
But since this may not be,
I’ll leave thee to the care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.
“I’ll keep ye both beneath my wings,”
This comforts, dear.
One wing o’er thee and one o’er me;
So we are near.

And though our paths be separate,
And thy way is not mine,
Yet coming to the mercy seat,
My soul will meet with thine.
And “**God** keep watch ‘tween thee and me,”
I’ll whisper there.
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,
And we are near. —Selected

Symbols of Ancient and Modern Initiation

This article was started in the May issue. Back numbers may be had from the publishers at 10¢ each. It will be followed by an article on Freemasonry and Catholicism.

WHEN the candidate appears at the eastern gate he is “poor, naked and blind.” He is at that moment an object of charity, needing to be clothed and brought to the light, but this cannot be done at once in the mystic temple.

During the time of his progress from the condition of nakedness until he has been clothed in the gorgeous robes of the high priest there is a long and difficult path

to be traveled and the first lesson which he is taught is that man advances by sacrifices alone. In the Christian mystic initiation, when the Christ washes the feet of his disciples, the explanation is given that unless the minerals decomposed and were offered up as embodiments for the plant kingdom we should have no vegetation; did not the plant food furnish sustenance for the animals, these latter beings could not find expression, and so on. The

higher is always feeding on the lower; therefore he has a duty to them and so the Master washes the feet of his disciples, symbolically performing for them the menial service as a recognition of the fact that they have served him as stepping stones to something higher.

Similarly, when the candidate is brought to the brazen altar, he learns the lesson that the animal is sacrificed for his sake, giving its body for food and its skin for clothing. Moreover, he sees the dense cloud of smoke hovering over the altar and perceives within it a light, but that light is too dim, too much enshrouded in smoke to be of permanent guidance to him. His spiritual eyes are weak, however, and it would not do to expose them at once to the light of greater spiritual truths.

We are told by the Apostle Paul that the Tabernacle in the Wilderness was **a shadow of greater things to come**. It may therefore be of interest and profit to see what is the meaning of this brazen altar, with its sacrifices and burning flesh, to the candidate who comes to the temple in modern times, and in order that we may understand this mystery, we must first grasp the one great and absolute essential idea which underlies all true mysticism, viz., that these things are **within**, and not without. Angelus Silesus says about the Cross,

*Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born
And not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn,
The Cross on Golgotha thou lookest to in vain
Unless within thyself it be set up again.*

This idea must be applied to every symbol and phase of mystic experience. It is not the Christ without that saves, but **the Christ within**. The tabernacle was built at one time; it is clearly seen in the memory of nature, when the interior sight has been developed to a sufficient degree, but no one is ever helped by the outward symbol. **We must build the tabernacle within our own hearts and consciousness**. We must live through as an actual inner experience the whole ritual of service there. **We must become** both the altar of sacrifice and the sacrificial animals lying upon it. **We must become** both the priest that slays this animal and the animal that is slain. Later we must learn to identify ourselves with the mystic laver and we must learn to wash therein in spirit; then we must enter behind the first veil and minister in the East Room, and so on through the whole temple service, till we **become** the greatest of all these ancient symbols—the Shekinah Glory, or it will avail us nothing. In short, before this symbol can really help us, we must transfer it from the wilderness of space to a home in our hearts so that **when we have become everything that**

that symbol is we shall also have become that which it stands for spiritually. Let us then commence to build within ourselves first the altar of sacrifice that we may offer up upon it our wrongdoings and expiate them in the crucible of remorse.

This is done under the modern system of preparation for discipleship by an exercise performed in the evening and scientifically designed by the Hierophants of the Western Mystery School for the advancement of the aspirant on the path which leads to Discipleship.

Other schools have given a similar Exercise, but this one differs in one particular point from all the previous methods, and after explaining the exercise we shall also give the reason for this great and cardinal difference, for because of this special method it has such a far-reaching effect that it enables one to learn now not only the lessons which one should ordinarily learn in this life, but also to attain a development which otherwise could not be reached until future lives.

After retiring for the night **the body is relaxed**. This is very important, for when any part of the body is tense, the blood does not circulate unimpeded. Part of it is temporarily imprisoned under pressure, and all spiritual development depends upon the blood. **The maximum effort to attain soul-growth cannot be made when any part of the body is in tension**.

When perfect relaxation has been accomplished, the aspirant to the higher life begins to review the scenes of the day, but he does not start with the occurrences of the morning and finish with the events of the evening. **He views them in reverse order**—first the scenes of the evening, the events of the afternoon and lastly the occurrences of the morning. The reason for this is that from the moment of birth, when the child draws its first complete breath, the air which is thus inspired into the lungs carries with it a picture of the outside world, and as the blood courses through the left ventricle of the heart, each scene of life is pictured upon a minute atom located there. Every breath brings with it new pictures, and thus there is engraved upon that little seed atom a record of every scene and act in our whole life, from the first breath to the last dying gasp. After death these pictures form the basis of our purgatorial existence.

Under the conditions of the spirit world we suffer pangs of conscience so acute that they are unbelievable, for every evil deed we have done and we are thus discouraged from continuing on the path of wrongdoing. The intensity of the joys which we experience on account of our good deeds act as a goad to spur us on to the path of virtue in future lives. But in the post mortem existence this panorama of life is re-enacted in reverse

order for the purpose of showing first the effects and then the causes which generated them, that the Spirit may learn how the law of cause and effect operates in life. Therefore, the aspirant who is under the scientific guidance of the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucians is taught to perform his evening exercise also in the reverse order, to judge himself each day, that he may escape the purgatorial suffering after death. But let it be understood that no mere perfunctory review of the scenes of the day will avail.

It is not enough when we come to a scene where we have grievously wronged somebody that we just say "Well, I feel rather sorry that I did it. I wish I had not done it." At that time we are the sacrificial animals lying upon the altar of burnt offering, and **unless we can feel in our hearts the divinely enkindled fire of remorse burn to the very marrow of our bones because of our wrong doings during the day, we are not accomplishing anything.**

During that ancient dispensation all the sacrifices were rubbed with salt before being placed upon the altar of burnt offering. We all know how it smarts and burns when we accidentally rub salt into a fresh wound, and this rubbing with salt into the sacrifices in that ancient mystery temple symbolizes the intensity of the burning which we must feel when we, as living sacrifices, place ourselves upon the altar of burnt offering. It is **the feeling of remorse**, of deep and sincere sorrow for what we have done, **which eradicates the picture from the seed-atom** and leaves it clean and stainless, so that, as under the ancient dispensation, transgressors were justified when they brought to the altar of burnt offerings a sacrifice which was there burnt, so we, in modern times, by scientifically performing the evening exercise of retrospection, wipe away the record of our sins, and it is a foregone conclusion that we cannot continue evening after evening to perform this living sacrifice without becoming better in consequence and ceasing, little by little, to do the things for which we are forced to blame ourselves when we have retired for the day. Thus, in addition to cleansing us from our faults, this exercise elevates us to a higher level of spirituality than, we could otherwise reach in the present life.

It is also noteworthy that when anyone has committed a grievous crime and fled to the sanctuary, he found safety in the shadow in the altar of sacrifice; for there only the divinely enkindled fire could execute judgment. He escaped the hands of man by putting himself under the hand of God. Similarly, also, the aspirant who acknowledges his wrongdoing nightly, by fleeing to the altar of living judgment thereby obtains sanctuary from

the law of cause and effect, and "though his sins were as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

The Brazen Laver

The brazen laver was a large basin which was always kept full of water. It is said in the Bible that it was carried on the backs of twelve oxen, also made of brass, and we are told that their hind parts were toward the center of the vessel. It appears from the memory of nature, however, that these animals were not oxen but symbolical representations of the twelve signs of the Zodiac and humanity was at that time divided into twelve groups, one group for each Zodiacal sign. Each symbolic animal attracted a particular ray and as the holy water used today in Catholic Churches is magnetized by the priest during the ceremony of consecration, as also the water in this laver was magnetized by the Divine Hierarchs who guided humanity.

There can be no doubt concerning the power of holy water prepared by a strong and magnetic personality. It takes on, or absorbs, the effluvia from his vital body and the people who use it become amenable to his rule in a degree commensurate to their sensitiveness. Consequently the brazen lavers in the ancient Atlantean mystery temples, where the water was magnetized by Divine Hierarchs of immeasurable power, was a potent factor in guiding the people in accordance with the wishes of these ruling powers.

Thus both priests and people, or rather the priests, were in perfect subjection to the mandates and dictates of their unseen spiritual leaders and through them the people were made to follow blindly. It was required of the priests that they wash their hands and feet before going into the tabernacle proper. If this command were not obeyed death would follow immediately on the priest entering into the tabernacle, and we may therefore say that as the keyword of the brazen altar was "**justification**," so the central idea of the brazen laver is "**consecration**."

"Many are called but few are chosen," we have an example of the rich young man who came to Christ asking what he must do to be perfect. He asserted that he had kept the law, but when Christ gave the command "Follow me," he could not, for he had many riches which held him fast as in a vise. Like the great majority, he was content if he could only escape condemnation and like them he was too luke warm to strive for commendation, merited by service. The brazen laver is the symbol of sanctification and consecration of the life to service. As Christ entered upon his three years ministry through the baptismal waters, so the aspirant to service

in the ancient temples must sanctify himself in the sacred stream which flowed from the molten sea, and the mystic mason endeavoring to build a temple made “without sound of hammer” and to serve therein, must also consecrate himself and sanctify himself. He must be willing to give up all earthly possessions that he may follow **the Christ within**; though he may retain his material possessions, he must regard them as a sacred trust, to be used by him as a wise steward would use his master’s possessions. And he must be ready in every-

thing to obey this Christ within when He says “Follow me,” even though the shadow of the Cross looms darkly at the end; for without this utter abandonment of the Life to the Light, to the higher purposes, there can be no progress. Even as the Spirit descended upon Christ when He arose from the baptismal water of consecration, so also the mystic mason who bathes in the laver of the molten sea begins dimly to hear the voice of the Master within his own heart teaching him the secrets of the Craft that he may use them for the benefit of others.

Eulogy of Love

A lecture delivered before the Los Angeles Fellowship Study Center by Eva J. Taylor

ST. PAUL, the great Initiate, wrote a wonderful thesis on love. Wonderful in its comprehensive brevity and its all-inclusive scope. It covers the whole gamut of love and its dominant chord of altruism. It was written for the Church at Corinth, a city in southern Greece noted for its abandonment to every form of luxury and sensuality. It applies to us in this age even more, for we are beginning to respond to the high spiritual vibrations and can more easily live out its deep teaching.

This wonderful chapter in the First Epistle to the Corinthians is an epitome of altruistic love. It is the ideal which we should strive to reach. We have wisely incorporated it into our Temple Service and its glorious summary reads thus: “And now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love.”

Faith is important—the faith which can remove mountains. Hope is necessary—hope which gilds the distant horizon with light, however dark the present environment. Both are great adjuncts to the higher life as to ordinary humanity, but love crowns all. Love is the power that moves the universe. It is not merely the power upon the throne but the power behind the throne.

In the preface to that wonderful epitome of love we are told that without it we are **nothing**—merely sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The brass may emit tuneful sounds, it may express the perfection of art, but it lacks something. It is not human. It does not sound the soul-tones—the vibrant quality of the life.

Without love we are expressionless. This is illustrated on all sides. Take art, for instance. Without the quality which we express as “soul,” it is merely what its name implies—“art.” But put love into it, let the warm, eager, glowing soul express through it and it **lives**.

Culture is of little value (save as an asset of good breeding) without the animating love which inspires it

and vivifies it. How hollow, how artificial are all the attempts at expression along any line without the eager soul-glow which springs from love! Much of our modern art bears pitiful testimony to the absence of this divine Fire.

Brought into the personality, how it thrills and charms! How it lights up a human face! How it draws and attracts! How painfully we are repelled by its antithesis and bored by its absence! The plainest face with this inner glow shining through the features becomes beautiful to us. The most beautiful face, according to the world’s standard of physical contour, becomes repulsive without this light of the soul, and we turn from it with an inward shudder.

This beautiful soul-light cannot be mistaken, but certain of its effects may be simulated for a while. Some of the modern beauty teaching may enable one to acquire a certain sounding brass effect. It may render it possible for one to become a very melodious tinkling cymbal, but this is all that it does without the beautiful spiritual love behind it—shining through and through it. That is what this love does for us on the plane of our personalities. It really makes the personality. Without it one has no charm, no power to attract or to please. No disguise avails. The inner quality shines through the thickest mask. We cannot simulate it without detection. Something goes forth from love, a force which makes itself known and felt. The imitation acquired through so-called culture may show certain tricks of vivacity, certain society graces, but one instinctively recognizes the pose, the sham, the pretense. We know the difference between that semblance of life and the real love that animates and quickens and inspires.

The love of which we speak is spirit—life—fire. It transmutes all the baser qualities into pure gold. It is a

living flame radiating from a pure center. It must radiate. It must ray out into other lives. That is its power and prerogative. We feel its presence instantly. Some are so full of this vibrant, this magical, power that we feel it the moment we come near them. That, dear friends, is what we all need to cultivate more and more. That alone will make our fellowship center grow and live. It must begin individually. It can and must manifest collectively. When we as an organization can express this beautiful divine love, we shall no longer lament the dearth of workers. We shall no longer need to advertise or try by any means to draw the people to us. They could not stay away from us if we radiated that Christ-love.

By the test given in the First Epistle to the Corinthians let us analyze this divine Love in manifestation. Let us see how our lives square with it!

Love Suffereth Long

If we imagine for a moment that love can drift along through gardens of roses, escaping the storms of life and its ills, we fail to realize its true nature. Love must suffer when enmeshed in form. Its very nature—radiant energy, seeking expression on the physical plane, amid all “sorts and conditions of servitude”—must necessitate pain and sorrow.

It finds in our organizations, like this Fellowship Center, a field for this expression. Our differing personalities—often inharmonious, and alas, sometimes discordant to the point of antagonism—our varying opinions and ideas, prejudices and desires, our several forms of vanity and selfishness, all furnish a rich field for love’s fullest fruitage through trial and sorrow. Love idealizes when expressed through the personality, and when it is, disillusioned pain results. This is exemplified not only in our individual loves but in the collective; in our unions for service and study and expression, for instance.

Now if love can endure this disillusioning process, it is love. The imitation, which is but a form of personal desire, fades away and dies under the stress and strain of experience. For instance, we are attracted to some Society or School of Thought. We have formed an ideal conception of the same and we enter into its activities with glowing enthusiasm. But nothing which finds a physical expression is ideal and so we soon meet with disappointment! In the expression of the varying personalities which are not yet fully dominated by the spirit we find much that wars with our ideals and in the sudden revulsion of feeling which follows we grow sick at heart and are prompted to draw away. But right here is the test of love. If it cannot stand a test so small, how can we expect to tread the Path of Initiation? Love suffereth

long. There is no time limit placed upon it. Love may imply many ages or lives of trial, of burden bearing, for we become victors as we stand all the tests. The Temple gates open only to those who have grown strong through love and suffering. Real greatness is shown by mastery of every situation and love proves itself by its power to endure.

Love Is Kind

Friends, there is a world of meaning in this little word, *kind*! It follows the suffering as a corollary, it completes the sentence. We can picture situations in which the so-called love might be proud in its suffering. It might draw apart in offended aloofness and refuse to be kind. But that, dear friends, would be the fictitious love! The real love suffereth long and is kind. More than anything else it dreads to give pain to another. It would suffer anything rather than hurt another, even though that other had wronged it grievously. It never retaliates when an injury is done. It never imagines an injury is done. It never is ungrateful when kindness is shown. It never is jealous. It never says spiteful stinging things. It is kind in the fullest meaning of the word. We hurt each other so when we do not truly love. But this love which we are considering now ministers in a thousand tender beautiful ways to the beloved, whether individual or collected in a body like our Fellowship. The love which is the ideal after which we are striving is kind.

Love Envieth Not

Another test. It sees too far to envy. It recognizes the real status of the personal self. It knows that these separate selves are an illusion and belong to the plane of illusion. It knows that in the real things we all share alike and all drink from the same spiritual fountain, according to our capacity to receive. Taking the cosmic view, it knows that your life in all its expressions and correlations belongs to me as mine belongs to you. We, differentiated for a time, are merely expressions along various lines of the One Life—the One Spirit. Your abilities, your talents, your gifts and graces, your charm of personality, your loveliness and nobility, are all mine and in my extended consciousness I embrace them and love them. They are a part of the cosmic life—an expression of Deity, and as such they belong to me as to you. Conversely, what I am at the present stage of unfoldment is a part of the One universal Life and as such belongs equally to you. Hence there is no room for envy, and Love envieth not.

Love Vaunteth Not Itself

It could not vaunt itself because it looks out upon the

world with eyes of tender compassion. It can find no room for self-pride because its center is not the personal self. Because it has unfolded something of beauty or of worth from the universal life, specialized in some spiritual graces; it sees no reason for pride or vainglorying. If the separate personal self has acquired some charm of its own, some beauty or virtue or grace, love knows that it must all be extracted, absorbed by the higher Self and carried on to enrich the universal life—for one as much as for another.

Love Is Not Puffed Up

Because it sees the personal self as it really is. It knows all the faults and foibles, all the weaknesses and follies of the limited self, and it recognizes them as part of the animal which it has to train and transmute and glorify by uniting it to the Divine. Hence, there is no room for foolish pride—for self-glorification. All that belongs to us individually, to our personal selves, is our limitation, our imperfection. It is the transient, the temporary part—that which will drop away at death, if not fused with the Spirit. It is nothing to be particularly proud of. The more of the real inner beauty and radiance that the personality absorbs, the less it becomes a distinct and separate personality. All that we unfold of that inner character which enriches life is merely a fuller expression of the Divinity within, which belongs equally to all; hence, love cannot be puffed up.

Doth Not Behave Itself Unseemly

It is unseemly to jest about sacred things, to have impure thoughts—to hold an unclean suggestion in the mind—to impart that suggestion to another. All the covert hints, the double entendres, the foolish jests which hint of sensuality, all that lowers life and drags the soul downward is unseemly and Love never can permit or endure them for a moment. Love is chastity, it is purity, it is brightness, beauty, serenity—yet radiant energy. Being pure, it cannot affiliate with impurity, but dear friends, here is a concealed truth which we sometimes, fail to discover: Love shines through and imparts its own mystic purity to the darkest blemishes upon the soul of another. It may by its absorbing power transform a life that it touches. Love never draws its skirts aside with a feeling of superiority over the Magdalene. Love never turns from the penitent sinner with a feeling of self-gratulation at its own virtues. It cannot behave itself in a manner contrary to its inner nature, but it can and must contact other lives—even those whom we call degraded in order to radiate its power to bless and help. Love's radiant energy destroys all evil.

Seeketh Not Her Own

Because the Christ-Love claims nothing for self. Its divine currents flow through the life, bearing blessing to all other lives it touches. It seeks not to keep or hoard or hold for self. When it does this, it ceases to be love—it is mingled with the alloy of desire. Desire is the longing to possess something for self or for some other self that we love. It is all right at a certain stage in our growth. We need the stimulus which it imparts. When manifested in its higher phases, it quickens and inspires and leads to the higher impulses. Refined to an essence, it manifests in the tenderest mother-love, which desires only for the child of its love. This love lies very close to the borderland of the divine, but it is still human and limited, for it is mingled with the alloy of self. Only when we love that which does not belong to us in any special sense—that which we have no claim upon and which will never benefit us in any way—do we really love with the divine love. Love is the radiant energy outpouring into all forms. Its constraining power is unselfish devotion. It seeks not its own, seeks not for any good or gain to itself. At some point along the scale the outgoing energy represented by desire may be directed inward and used as spiritual force. Then it merges into love. There are infinite degrees in love, but with the highest ideal held continually in the thought, the sublime stage of the perfect Christ-love may be attained. When that pure flame glows within, we shall send out a vivifying power, a warmth, a radiant energy that all will feel in the briefest contact. We have seen it shine forth from the eyes and have caught its fragrant breath now and again in some rare moments. It is earth's richest blessing—this power to love—and it is a power because it seeks not its own. It does not even ask that it be returned. It is like the sunshine scattering blessings and inspiring life—just because it is love!

Not Easily Provoked

It never takes offense—even when offense is meant. All the sharp-tongued attacks, the venomous slurs, the distorted meanings which the hard-hearted, the evil-minded, the jealous, and the cruel direct against the consecrated soul fall harmlessly. They fall harmlessly because it is consecrated to the highest ends and cannot stop by the way to take account of evil. It has no time to feel hurt. It has no inclination to feel aggrieved. It knows the Law—that all will rebound to the sender of the evil—and it pities the ignorant and the foolish soul that can lend itself to such crimes against love. Love is not easily provoked.

Thinketh No Evil

Because its own essence is pure. The Christ-Love

could not think evil of another because there is no evil within. When we speak ill of another we betray ourselves—the inner quality of our souls. We may be forced to recognize the evil or the fault but we instantly direct the stream of radiant love upon it and endeavor thus to transmute it or consume it. To merely criticize is thoroughly evil and has no place in an organization like this. The pure in heart—not merely the outwardly pure—never look for evil. When found they sorrow over it and try by their own greater strength to help the struggling heart of the brother or sister to overcome it. All the evil thoughts that we allow to drift through our brains come from a lower plane where all the foul accretions of ages have gathered. The stream drifts by us continually through the ethers, but remember that we only appropriate what we have an affinity with. So the quality of our thought betrays our inner nature. We stand self-convicted when we think evil of another and when we think evil in ourselves we reveal the inner quality of our natures.

Rejoices Not in Iniquity—but Rejoices in the Truth

It could not rejoice in iniquity because its purpose is development, unfoldment, manifestation of unity in diversity and its being is harmony, life. To rejoice in iniquity would be to rejoice in that which disrupts, disintegrates, destroys! It rejoices in the truth. It seeks the truth, continually. It leads to the truth—it is the truth, when given its ultimate and full expression.

Bearth All Things

It can carry heavy burdens and never falter. It can bear the burdens of others and never waver. Its glowing force absorbed by the soul gives greater strength.

Believeth All Things

Its faith is clear-eyed and with its vision on the stars, it knows no doubt. Its view is cosmic and with the sweep of sidereal systems before its eyes it is inspired with a faith which never wavers. This love creates the faith and includes it.

Hopeth All Things

Hope does indeed spring perennial in the human breast when this love of which we are speaking inspires it. Despair never can find a place where its noxious poison can lodge when this flame of divine Love burns steadily. The fire-damp of earth's gloomiest caves never can put out this light. It destroys the poisonous gases and hope shines on a beacon-light, for hope is included in love.

Endureth All Things

It learns through suffering to endure patiently. It

enables human hearts to endure. It is the inspiration of life. One can bear and suffer with this radiant energy animating the body. It can make the soul a great and lofty one, enabling it, as it has been so beautifully expressed, to "sail as with a fair wind through many tempests and in the midst of the waves to enjoy a white calm."

Love Never Faileth

When we fail in learning some of our life-lessons, it is because we do not yet know this Love in its fullness. When we grow weak and yield to some subtle temptation, it is because we have not yet made ourselves a channel for this exquisite force. When we falter in some duty, it is because the love-currents are diverted and do not sweep with their animating, life-giving power through our souls. When we turn aside and grow discouraged over the hopeless tasks, it is because we do not yet know this love of which we are speaking. We never can fail while that shines within and rays from us in streams of living force. It is life itself and without it we are mere shadows or mechanical automatons.

According to this standard we can see that much of our so-called love is desire. It may be desire refined to an essence, but still desire, in its last analysis.

Perhaps here the question arises: If desire is motion, as it is said to be, how can the greater love be separated from desire? When God, who is Love, begins to manifest, does He not desire expression? He flows out into all the universe and manifests through these countless forms. What is it that causes Him to manifest? Is it not desire? But there is one fundamental difference between the desire which bears Love Divine on its beneficent mission and that which prompts our human hearts to act. God's love circulates through the universe like the arterial currents in our microcosm, bearing life, vital energy, healing, and gathers up on its return through the other channels all the accretions and impurities and blemishes of our personalities and transmutes them, purifies and sends the current forth again to bless and rejuvenate. When we love with the divine Love we will not desire for ourselves but for the other humanity. When we desire for self we pollute the pure stream of love and send it forth poison-laden. There is a very beautiful work which some of our Elder Brothers are doing for humanity—in which we may all share if we will. At midnight they gather up an the evil thoughts and forces which have been sent out during the day and through love's divine alchemy transmute them into forces for good. Could any work be more beautiful? Let us see that none of this work has to be done for us. Rather let us make ourselves channels of blessing to humanity, using our thought-

force for the purest and highest ends. In our temple service we speak of being used as self-conscious channels in the service of our Elder Brothers to humanity. We also use Love as the theme of our meditation. This Love is the power which we are to use in our higher life. We have perverted it in our past development. We have used it to draw things to ourselves. Many of our cults, as well as our religious societies, are doing this now in an alarming degree. It may be material possessions or it may be emotional treasures, heart's desires and wishes. It may be used to attract human love or spiritual graces to ourselves. Whatever it is that we seek or desire to enrich our personal selves in any way is a perversion of the force which we call love. At a certain stage in our advancement it becomes evil. It all depends upon how far we have come.

Just here I would I speak of a certain tendency among the schools of higher thought to ignore the so-called human love, or to refine it away until it is scarcely even an essence. It is difficult for us to draw the line between love—and love. How many of us when starting on the path of higher development have been extremely puzzled to know just how far we can keep or hold or cherish our human loves. Somehow, perhaps from reading superficially along those lines, we have acquired the notion that all love between man and woman, between parent and child, belongs to a lower plane and must be renounced. It must be transcended at some future stage but it is to be kept and cherished until it has served its fullest purpose. The point of view makes all the difference. If we hold and keep it for selfish purposes, it becomes wrong for us. If our love reaches forth to bless the other heart, if the joy we feel in being loved has its center in the beloved one, it is in accordance with the Good Law. And some day loving thus the consciousness will be extended to embrace the whole of humanity. Then we shall know the real meaning and value of love.

The reason why the aspirant for the higher life is taught that he must cherish only the universal love is because so much of our human love is mixed with selfish desire, with the baser alloy. Now even desire has its part in the great cosmic plan. Desire is the dynamic force which causes us to act. Mars represents dynamic energy and Mars rules the desire nature. This force sometimes acts in a very subtle way mingled with the accretions of our personality. Working through the Mars ray it desires and sends forth in outgoing energy, hither and thither, without purpose or reason or method. But Mercury, symbol of reason, is now stepping in to say how that desire force shall be used. Then the Venus ray enters and inspires us with purer love, with nobler impulses. It

draws together and binds with a golden girdle the hearts it touches. It quickens with its radiant energy the souls it unifies. The Venus ray at its best seeks not its own. It looks with its beautiful, tender love upon the other soul and blesses with its all-conquering power. It draws into itself all the warring forces and harmonizes, unites, and holds. It is the Venus ray that gives us our ideal human loves, our rich emotional music, our art life, our personal interests and ties, the charm of lovely personalities which win and attract all to themselves. It is a very beautiful, a very beneficent influence. It holds human lives together by a powerful bond. It gives life, color, and charm. Existence would seem very bare and dull without the Venus ray. It is not to be stifled or thrown aside, but to be taken and used as a great factor in our upward progress. The power to love and to attract love is a high gift and should be prized as such and used for the noblest ends. But the Venus ray, beautiful as it is, is not all. It too serves a purpose and must pass. There is a greater power, a higher force which is coming into our human evolution. It is that which began to touch humanity back among the Judean hills when the Master of masters trod them with His sacred feet. This we call the Uranian ray. It is this which the more advanced among humanity are beginning to come under now. This Love combines the Mars and Venus Influence. It is both outgoing and indrawing. It has all the sweetness and charm, all the beauty and harmony of the Venus ray. It has all the dynamic energy and force of the Mars ray. It is spirit, fire, life, light. It is all that love expresses—it is love. It is the Divinity within in manifestation. It is the God-Love. The personal self is not the center of this love. It flows through and transmutes all within the personal self into higher purposes, into purer ideals. It forms our ideals and lifts up from the lowlands and the valleys of life unto the heights where our vision can sweep the far horizons. We then see the meaning and the purpose of love. We know that it is a part of the universal Flame and in nowise to be confined within forms—limited, conditioned. When that love possesses, us we see all as one—we recognize the Divine essence hidden within. Our personalities are mere masks after all and when we worship the personality we worship a mere appearance—a chimera which serves a temporary purpose but will dissolve like the mist before the sun in the greater light into which we shall pass. All that is beautiful and true, all that is worth while in these personalities of ours will glow with immortal youth and will shine in the great God-light. All that is fair and sweet and pure in the mask which we wear in each earth-life will endure, for it is a part of the God within. That which is linked to the ani-

mal will perish, or dissolve, which is a more correct way of staying it. Nothing perishes, but certain manifestations disintegrate. They are resolved back into their component parts. Only that continues which is held together by Life—that which has coherency, unity. Life Is GOD and God is love. Hence love is the power, the force, which conquers death and which endows the soul with immortal life. This Christ-love is like radioactivity. It flows from its glowing center within the spirit and blesses all within the periphery of its magic power.

Let us apply the test to ourselves as a Fellowship Center—this test of the Uranian ray. Do we love? Are we interested solely in the great work to be carried on in uplifting, helping, and teaching humanity? Do we put aside our own individual feelings and interests for the sake of the greater life, the higher motive, the life of service? Are we consecrated to the higher life, to the Christ Ideal? Or do we magnify our personalities—either worshipping blindly at some shrine of fancied greatness, or ignobly criticizing our brothers? Do we allow our little personal animosities and prejudices to sway us to the retardation of the work we are pledged to do? Are we jealous of superior merit and do we seek to belittle or to destroy the influence of those who may have caught a clearer vision of truth than we? In other words, are we living up to Christ's definition of love? That Love is the pure Flame which lights all our little lamps. We are a part of the Flame, a part of the current which gives the light, yet we so often shut ourselves up within our little world and think that the light which we have belongs exclusively to ourselves. We do not consider the other selves. We turn on our current and draw our shades and fancy that we are shut away from the world. But down on the street is a powerful arc light and back of it is a current which comes through the boundless others where powerful forces exist. Yet it does not originate there. Still farther back—deeper within where passion ceases, where the elemental forces have their birth—the current begins and ends. Its circuit is complete in God.

Dear friends, our little personalities should shrink

away and fade into nothingness before that greater Light. We should not be mere collectors filling the mercurial office, but forces, powers, a very radiating center diffusing our light to all within our periphery. We would then express the Neptune octave of Mercury and the Uranian octave of Venus.

This is what we should do, dear friends, at our present stage of advancement. If we have come far enough along the Path to unite here as a center of work and study along these higher lines, we surely ought to be able to lay aside our self-love, our petty vanity, our conceit, our morbid sensitiveness, our back-biting, our unkind criticisms—everything in fact that is false and ugly and discordant. We ought to be able to unite in the one aim of the higher life—service to humanity, which is service to God. What difference does it make whether the divine essence expresses as you or I? The particular form through which it works really does not matter at all. It is the Essence within which we serve.

If we radiate love it matters little what else we lack. If we do not express in our heart and life that test which Christ gave, it matters little what other qualifications we have. Wealth, culture, brilliant mentality, intellectual attainments—all that the world bows before in servile homage—are as nothing without love.

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

“And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love I am nothing.

“And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned and have not love it profiteth me nothing.”

For, dear friends, love Is God, and without it we are mere shells—isolated units—without life—without purpose—atoms drifting in the cosmic sea.

With that love filling all our being and shining through us we become powerful forces working with the cosmic life.

Bluebells

By Blanche Cromartie

IT IS one of the mildest, sunniest days that ever dawned to redeem the reputation of an English February and I sit by the little wood—thinking. The ground is strewn with dead bracken, withered stalks, broken boughs and all the debris of winter. But beneath

the unsightly wreckage I seem to see an ambushed army. They “dug themselves in” months ago and there they lie, lance in hand, biding their hour. Once they break through with their green-tipped spears, they will hoist their banners and lo! all the wood will be paved with

bluebells, myriads of graceful sprays in changeful hues of sapphire, amethyst and rarest lavender, swaying before the breeze so that the tall beeches might take it that some azure lake lies swaying around their feet.

I seem to see them already and even to catch the faint elusive perfume of these wild hyacinths, so different from the languorous odor of their stiff-backed sisters in the hothouse.

Today is my sixtieth birthday, fitting both day and place for retrospect. Three score years! As I call them to mind they seem full of faces,—faces—faces. My mother's face, my sister's, and faces of friends past counting. How kind they were, how loyal, how patient. As child, as girl, as woman, how much they helped me! Sometimes, in my youthful insouciance, I did not appreciate their devotion, but today, looking at their dear faces, I make amends from my heart's deepest thoughts. I thank them.

But the friend faces are not the only ones. Next came the faces of what we call enemies, of those who tried to hurt me, to hinder me. I cannot see these very plainly (forgetting their deeds, I have forgotten their features), but some of them look sad, their lips quiver. So I smile to them and say "Dear souls, you never hurt me really, you only helped me to learn my lessons and today I am grateful."

And then I glimpse some other enemy faces, with hard-set mouths and hostile looks. And to these most of

all my heart goes out in compassion, for they have not yet come to the place where the memory of how we injured others becomes so keen a pang. Dear souls, these too. They tried, it is true, to hinder me, but they, too, only helped me to learn my lessons.

And to friend and foe alike my grateful thoughts spring up, just as the bluebells in the wood, covering the past with gladness, fragrance, and beauty. Friends, enemies, dear faces all! How much I owe to you.

And then my thought flew to where a vast audience was applauding a world renowned artist, who, triumphing over age and pain, was impersonating Strassburg Cathedral, and exhorting her countrymen to nurture hatred, undying, deadly, implacable. For thus it had pleased them to interpret the voice of the Cathedrals,

But to me the Cathedrals had spoken a very different message, of how long and faithfully they had striven to arouse men's souls from slumber, of how few harkened to them, but how, today, men whose ears had been deaf to the Angelus, now were awakening to a sterner call and amid the din and smoke of battle beginning to discern a higher world. "We are grateful to the war for it is achieving our aim." Such was the note from these ancient bell-towers.

And gazing at the shell-cratered plains, the ruined homesteads, the countless grave mounds, I saw a faint blue cloud stealing over them and all at once, with one great wave of loveliness, the bluebells covered all.

A Symphony of Lilies

By Corinne Smith

The breath of twilight fell softly on the garden like some haunting half-forgotten melody of fragrance. A symphony in white and gold the garden lay, all sweet and quiet beneath the opal-tinted, sunset sky. Lilies, lilies, there were lilies everywhere, From rare exotics steeped in their own wonderful perfume, to the tiny white blossoms with the kisses of the woodland on their lips.

To the woman with the heart of tears they brought a message of peace from their fragrant depths. In their pure, white beauty with golden hearts, she likened them to her own Lily-child, a little girl who had been wont to play there in the long ago. But that was when the woman held the light of summer in her heart.

One night, when the stars were shining and the lilies bowed their heads beneath a grief of pearly dewdrops, the soul of the Lily-child was borne to God's keeping as

softly as the sweetness of her garden wafted upward on the wings of night. It was over the little heart that loved them so well the lilies grew fairest, the blossoms were sweetest. When the woman with the heart of tears rumbled them in her grief, they shed a perfume that was like a benediction over her. Some times she even fancied the soul of her Lily-child breathed again in their beauty. That the aroma of her love welled up from their perfect heart!

One autumn evening, when the winds were playing little minor melodies with the wrinkled leaves, and the lilies, like haunting memories, stood white and tall and still, the woman with the heart of tears saw, as she knelt among them, a sleeping child, half hidden in their dreamy, perfumed shadows. A little waif perhaps, yet akin by her wondrous fairness to the Lily-child of the

long ago. The gold head was tangled amid the soft, white petals. The baby hands clutched a mass of wilted blossoms to its breast. She had wandered into the sanctuary guarded only by the sentinel lilies. But they knew no difference and clustered as lovingly about this pretty head as they nestled over the tender heart which, for so long, had lain cold and still.

In some strange way in which sadness blended with a sort of minor sweetness, and tenderness was half woven into pain, the little one smiled the essence of her dreams deep into the woman's heart of tears. The breath of the drowsy lilies stole over her in cadences of unwritten music, while these words, in lilting measures of fragrance, awoke into insistent melody in her heart, "Who so shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

The smiles that played across the little face, were, to the woman with the heart of tears, like the caresses of a sunbeam on delicately chiseled marble. The eyes that suddenly opened and looked into her own were stars that had drifted down, still stained with the blue of the sky.

With all a child's intuitiveness she felt the yearning mother-love bent above her. Reaching out her little hands with the careless, happy abandon of childhood, her baby laughter awakened an echo in the woman's heart of tears, which had been locked with sorrow since the little grave was made like a scar on the fair face of the garden. As she gathered the little child close into her lonely life her tears fell softly on the crushed lilies and brightened them, and a new love awakened in her heart.

With the birth of this love came the light of a great

understanding. The understanding that is inevitably found as the shadow of a love that is tinged with the divine. There, beside the little bed where the sweet dreams of the Lily-child had taken tangible form in the lily blooms bent above her, the woman with the heart of tears learned that **love is the magic key of life and its infinite mysteries.**

The wonderful law of the rhythm of compensation was invested with a power and beauty she had never known before. She realized how infinitely good it is to know there is no cloud too dark for the sunlight to dissolve. No face so fair but that it may be stained with tears—and yet be fairer for them.

It is only love that purifies sin, and makes of sorrow a sacred thing, and sets resignation like a star on the brow of pain. The incense of buried hopes came to her revived in the glorious theme that shall be sung forever—"And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

In the vista of coming years, filled with possibilities, stretching away before her, the tint of pain which had shadowed all things fell away. The world was golden hued. She knew the love chords were striking deep into her heart the knowledge of the brotherhood of all mankind. Breathing through her soul the exquisite harmony of her oneness with Infinity. This is the divine conception of love.

When the night winds bowed the lilies low upon their slender stems, the little mound beneath them was covered with the tender green of heartsease. And the fragrance of the garden seemed to melt into song, a symphony of lilies.

FRAGMENTS FROM NATURE'S SECRETS

A series of interesting articles embodying experiments in psychometry by Elizabeth Denton, the writer, will commence in the July number. Mrs. Denton has found by independent use of this faculty many of the facts taught by the Rosicrucians concerning the **memory of nature**, where all that has ever happened is indelibly engraved, and can be read and seen by anyone who cares to cultivate the vision.

We must not omit to mention, however, that "Psychometry," as usually found, is a **passive faculty**, widely different from the positive spiritual sight which the Rosicrucians teach their disciples to cultivate. In ordinary psychometry it requires a letter to get in touch with the writer, or a stone from a city to see it, etc. This,

pressed against her forehead, enables her to read whatever pictures and scenes are connected therewith. Without such a clue she can call up nothing. But the man who has command over his spiritual sight can call up whatever scenes he wishes—past, present, near or far—by the mere exercise of his spiritual power.

We are pleased to learn that the translation of the *Cosmo* into French is progressing satisfactorily, despite the war conditions, and we hope it will be completed in the course of a few months and then comes the work of publication, which will also take time. But in due season the French people will also benefit by the transcendental teachings of our Elder Brothers. May it meet the spiritual needs of many hungry, seeking souls among them.

Question Department

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Prayer, Concentration and Meditation

QUESTION: What is prayer? Is it equivalent to concentration and meditation, or is it only petition to God?

Answer: Unfortunately, as it is commonly practiced, it is too often a petition to God to interfere on behalf of the supplicant and enable him to attain a selfish object. It is certainly a disgrace that people engaged in violating the commandments of God, "Thou shalt not kill," pray for victory over their enemies, and if we measure the majority of prayers offered up today by the standard set by Christ in the Lord's Prayer, they certainly do not deserve the name "prayer." They are blasphemies, and it were a thousand times better they were never uttered,

The Lord's Prayer, having been given us as a pattern, we shall do well to analyze that if we would arrive at an adequate conclusion. If we do so, we shall find that three of the seven prayers of which it consists are concerned with adoration of the Divine: "**Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.**" Then comes the petition for the daily bread necessary to keep our organism alive, and the remaining three prayers are for deliverance from evil and forgiveness of our shortcomings. From these facts it is evident that every worthy prayer must contain an overwhelming measure of adoration, praise, and a recognition of our unworthiness, together with a firm resolution to strive to be more pleasing to our Father in Heaven. The main object, therefore, of prayer is to get into as close a communion with God as possible, in order that the Divine Life and Light may flow into and illumine ourselves so that we may grow in His image and His likeness.

This is a view diametrically opposite from the common idea of prayer which takes the view that as God is our Father we may go to Him in prayer and He is bound to give us our heart's desire. If we do not get it the first time, we need only keep praying, and because of our very importunity, our wish is to be granted. Such a view is repellent to the enlightened Mystic, and if we bring the matter down to a practical basis it is evident that a wise father having a son able to provide for himself

would naturally resent it if this son should appear before him several times a day with importunate requests for this, that, and the other thing, which he could easily obtain by going to work and earning the wherewithal.

Prayer, no matter how earnest and sincere, can never take the place of work.

If we work for a good purpose with our whole heart, soul, and body and at the same time pray God to bless our work, there is no doubt but that the petition will be granted every time, but unless we put our shoulders to the wheel we have no right to call on the Deity for assistance.

As said previously, the burden of our prayers should be praise to God from whom "all blessings flow," for our desire bodies are formed from materials of all the seven regions of the Desire World in proportion to our requirements as determined by the nature of our thoughts. Every thought clothes itself in desire stuff congruous to its nature. This applies also to the thoughts formed and expressed in prayer. If selfish, they attract to themselves an envelope composed of the lower regions of the Desire World, but if they are noble, unselfish, and altruistic, they vibrate to the higher pitch of the regions of soul-light, soul-life, and soul-power. They clothe themselves in this material, giving added life and light to our spiritual nature. Even when we pray for others it is detrimental to ask for anything material or worldly; it is permissible to ask for health, but not for economic prosperity. "**Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness**" is the commandment. When we comply with that command we may rest assured that "**All these things**" will also be given. Therefore, when we pray for a friend, let us put our whole heart and soul into the petition, that he may permanently seek the way, the truth and the life, for having once found that greatest of all treasures no real necessity will ever be denied.

Nor is this theory at all. Thousands of people, the writer included, have found that "Our Father in Heaven" will take care of our material needs when we endeavor to live the spiritual life. But in the final analysis, it is not the spoken prayer that helps. There are people who can

lead a congregation in a prayer that is perfection both in language and in poetical sentiment. They may even conform their prayers to the principles laid down by the Lord as enunciated in our opening paragraphs, and yet that prayer may be an abomination because it lacks the one essential requirement. **Unless our whole life is a prayer we cannot be pleasing to God**, no matter how beautiful our petitions may be. On the other hand, if we strive from day to day and from year to year to live according to His will, then even though we ourselves know that we fall far short of our ideal, and even though we, like the publican in the Temple, are of halting speech and can only smite our breast saying "God be merciful to me a sinner," we shall find that the Spirit itself, knowing our needs, makes intercession for us with unutterable groanings, and that our modest supplication before the throne of grace will avail more than all the flowery speeches we could possibly make.

You also ask: Is prayer equivalent to concentration and meditation?

Concentration consists of focussing thought upon a single point, as the sun's rays are focussed by means of a glass. When diffused over the surface of the whole earth it gives but a moderate warmth, but even a few sun-rays focussed through an ordinary reading glass will set inflammable material on which it is focused afire. Similarly thought flitting through the brain as water runs through a sieve is of no value, but when concentrated upon a certain object it increases in intensity and will achieve the purpose involved for good or ill. Members of a certain order have practiced concentration on their enemies for centuries and it was found that misfortune or death always overtook the object of their disfavor. And we hear among Christian Scientists of "**malicious magnetism**" applied by concentration of thought. On the other hand, concentration of thought power may also be used to heal and help. Nor are examples wanting to substantiate this statement. We may therefore say that concentration is the **direct application** of thought power to the attainment of a certain definite object, which may be good or evil, according to the character of the person who practices it and the purpose for which he desires to use it.

Prayer is similar to concentration in certain points but differs radically in other respects. While the efficacy of prayer depends on the intensity of concentration attained by the devotee, **it is accompanied by feelings of love and devotion of equal intensity to the depth of consecration**, which renders prayer far more efficacious than cold concentration can ever be. Furthermore, it is exceedingly difficult for the great majority of people to

coolly, calmly, and without the slightest emotion concentrate their thoughts and exclude all other considerations from their consciousness. But the devotional attitude is more easily cultivated for the mind is then centered in Deity.

Meditation is the method of gathering knowledge by spiritual power of things with which we are not ordinarily familiar. There is in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception* a chapter which deals very thoroughly with the method of acquiring first-hand knowledge which elucidates these points at length. It is also dealt with in the Rosicrucian Philosophy and, we would advise a thorough study of these articles as the scope of this magazine does not allow a detailed explanation of intricate subjects.

HEALING THE SICK

Question. How does an Initiate heal the sick, by invocation of a higher power or concentration of his own? Is there any difference between the first and the last method; if so, what is it?

Answer. As the question stands it is difficult to answer. While we know certain methods of healing we also believe that the choice is a matter of temperament, and the different methods of healing are probably used at different times by all Initiates as the occasion demands. We know that on certain occasions the Christ addressed Himself to the Father when performing a cure. At other times when He was in a crowd and someone touched Him, He observed that the virtue had gone out from Him and doubtless healed the one who had drawn the force from Him. And all who have followed in His step have no doubt varied their methods to suit the occasion. **But in the final analysis the healing power is the same**, for it emanates from Our Father in Heaven, who is the Great Physician, and each Initiate or healer absorbs as much of His divine power as he is capable of containing, giving it out as required to each suffering one that comes before him.

If you look up the article "**How we heal the sick**," in the Healing Department of *Rays from the Rose Cross* for September, 1915, you will there find a description of **our method** which will throw considerable light upon the subject, and there is also in the same magazine an article by Stuart Leech, M. D. , showing how he saved himself the necessity of performing a surgical operation by visiting the patient at night, when he was out of his body, materializing hands within the body of the patient, and straightening out the trouble, so that the next morning the patient was cured beyond the necessity of having the knife applied. This will probably make it clear that

there is considerable scope and latitude given to the Initiate and Invisible Helper in dealing with the morbid conditions of the body, As said before, the healing balm comes from Our Father in Heaven and no matter who does the work or what method he uses to bring health to the ailing, the glory and honor belongs to God alone ..

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

Question. Can you explain the precise way in which Astrological influence acts? It seems extraordinary that because a man's horoscope contains no evidence of a violent death he can have such miraculous escapes; for example, in the present European war there are scores of instances of men exposing themselves most recklessly in the midst of a perfect hail of bullets and coming through unscathed. There was was a French general who was so fat that he could scarcely walk, who would perch himself on a camp stool outside the trench and be potted at for quite long periods. He was never hurt. Again, a British aviator descended quite low over the German trenches and competent observers say that although for ten minutes thousands of shells were fired at him he was untouched. In what mysterious way is such protection as this afforded by stellar influences?

Answer. Astrologers who have investigated the horoscopes of a number of victims of accidents like those of the "Eastland" and the "General Slocum" have always been able to find serious afflictions in the victims' horoscope, and one of the European astrologers, we believe it was "Sepharial," recently compared the horoscopes of forty people slain on the battlefield in the same engagement. The result showed severe afflictions in every case, and it is equally certain that anyone who has a miraculous escape must be under good directions at the time.

A study of nativities reveals the fact that while certain people are immune from accidents all their lives, other people are subject to them at every turn, while a third class have many hairbreadth escapes from the cradle to the grave. In the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* we cite the case of a man belonging to the class which is always meeting with accidents. He was not by any means a reckless or careless man. On one occasion he was hurt while climbing into a buggy. On the occasion cited in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* he was riding on a street car and could not be blamed for the misfortune which overtook him. But both of these accidents and others were foreshown very clearly in his horoscope and it was further seen that this was the result of an inexorable fate, for the writer had warned him and predicted

the exact date of the railway accidents months before. Tho poor man was anxious to escape and had stayed at home on the day preceding the accident under the impression that that was the fateful day. But afterwards it was found that he had become confused on the date and therefore fell a victim.

On another occasion the writer predicted an accident for a man of the class who always escapes. If memory serves us right, this man had Leo rising and the Sun, which ruled the Ascendant, in the eighth house, square to Saturn. Jupiter was trine to the Sun or the Ascendant, or both. Thus it was evident that this man would come within a hairbreadth of losing his life many times, but would always escape. However, in the year 1906 or 1907 there was an eclipse of the Sun within one or two degrees of his radical Sun, also some minor afflictions. This we firmly believed would be the *terminus vitae*, but it was not. On the day when the direction fell he stumbled in the middle of the street and a heavy touring car bore down upon him, but it was stopped about one inch from his body, so that the benefic ray of Jupiter had again overridden the sinister Saturn, and so far as known to the writer the man still lives and has probably escaped death a number of times since then.

There must be similar configurations in the cases of those mentioned by our friend. Such persons bear a charmed life, and there is no other explanation that will give a satisfactory solution of the problem except that the stellar rays are potent powers in our lives.

Nor should this surprise us when we consider that the stars are living, pulsating bodies of great Intelligences which are the ministers of God, and if a puny wireless plant made with human hands can send wireless waves thousands of miles into space and there move a lever, light a lamp or operate a telegraph key, according to the will of the sender, why should it be impossible for the dynamic energy of such great Spirits to send abroad in the Universe rays of force of potency capable of operating many millions of miles away from them. Whether we realize it, or whether we believe it, the fact remains nevertheless, and all the skeptic needs to do to find evidence is to watch the movements of the Moon and Mars.

These two planets play a very considerable part at the present time, for people have allowed themselves to yield to their impulses for the last two years. It is true that we strengthen our character by ruling our stars and fortifying ourselves against these impelling influences, but **it is also a fact that the more readily we yield to them at one time, the more potent we shall feel their influence the next.**



The Astral Ray

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Cosmic Theology

Part IV By George T. Weaver

IN THE preceding article we gave an analysis of that marvelously complex organism MAN, septenary in its complexity, and subdivided into almost infinite subdivisions, built up during cycles of vast duration called creation days, by various classes of the heavenly hierarchy, at almost infinite labor and painstaking. It was shown that the substance composing the various departments of the human organism is one in essence, but differing the one from the other in tenuosity and vibratory coarseness or fineness as the case may be, all springing from the one primal spirit substance. It was shown also that the electron, which is really spirit essence, is the basis of all organic life on the various planes of manifestation. Finally it was shown that consciousness exists in these various departments, from dormant to self-consciousness.

The question now to be answered is "What is the source of the electrons or spirit substance, and of the various planes of consciousness?" It is universally admitted that the Sun is the source of light and heat, that it is on the chemical plane, or the plane of the vital body. Now scientists universally admit today that the electron, or ether, on the higher planes, which is the food of our higher spiritual being, is a radiation from the Sun. In short that all phenomena, all light, all heat, all life on all planes emanates from the great central orb of our solar system. Again, if consciousness exists in substance, more or less awakened, according to the plane attained, then, logically, consciousness on all planes exists in the Sun. The Sun, then, unquestionably,

is a living, conscious being, the source of all life and consciousness, and as such, it is the Deity of our solar system.

What is true of the Sun is also true of all planetary orbs, for the various planets and asteroids composing our solar system came out from the Sun through the nebular process, which in the macrocosmic department corresponds to the gestative process in the microcosmic department of nature. All cosmic spheres were born of the Sun, as a babe is born of its mother. Planets are children of the Sun, as all human beings indeed are the parents. It is not a mere poetical fancy to call our Earth mother, for on the lower planes of our being she is. The life inherent in her produces all the vegetation that in endless variety grows upon her surface, and that is so essential for animal and human food. The various gases constitute her aura, and produce the water and atmosphere so essential also for the continued existence of all beings that imbibe and breathe.

What is true of the Sun and Earth in this respect is also true of each of the seven planets, and of the sub-planets and asteroids—each is a living, breathing, conscious personality, on various planes of tenuosity, and with varying degrees of spirituality. The Sun, the parent of all, synthetically embraces all, and the planets and asteroids constitute the analysis of the Sun's being. The Sun itself, in relation to our system, is the Father-Mother God, possessing the polarity of a dual being. From the innermost being of this great center we receive the highest spirituality of which we are capable, as from its outermost sheath we receive our vital body.

The planet Mercury, hugging up very close to the Sun, and therefore said to dwell in the bosom of the Father, is the medium through whom the various other planets or deities receive their various characteristics, and through whom they may be said to approach the Father. This little planet, then, is in a cosmic sense the mediator between the great Father and his planetary children, the logos of our solar system, the cosmic Christhood. For this reason he has ever been regarded as the Messenger of the Gods, and his radiations awaken and feed the Christ consciousness within us, at least on the plane of the mind. He is therefore the god of the intellect.

To undeveloped souls, whose consciousness does not ascend above the concrete mind, he is the god of concrete knowledge, the ordinary knowledge pertaining to this perishing world alone; but to souls well developed, in whom the Christ consciousness has been awakened, he is the god of divine wisdom. While this wisdom is synthesized in the Sun, it does not come to us directly from the Sun, for as a fiery element it would consume us. God is consuming fire. "No man can approach the Father, only through the Son." God is not only a sun, but a shield also, that is he shields his great glory, all-consuming, through the planets.

The next planetary Deity lying out from the Sun is the goddess Venus, the beautiful morning and evening star. She represents the Love element of the Sun. The rays of the Sun, focalized in her, and radiated to our world, awaken in us the emotion of affection, so that with Mars she is a co-ruler of the Desire Body, both in its lower and higher manifestations. Love is the great unifier both in Nature and in human nature. In the creative process the positive, or centrifugal force, is the great disintegrator, Ishmael-like, with every man's hand against every other man; but love, Christ-like, draws everything toward everything else. The influence of Venus' rays unites electron to electron composing the atom; and atom to atom, composing molecules; and molecule to molecule, composing cells; and cells to cells, composing organs; and organs to organs, composing organisms.

Carrying this principle farther, it breaks up the tendency of microbes to oppose each other and thus causes them to be deadly, and unites them into a loving, life-giving brotherhood. Entering the plane of human life, it causes people to compare notes, to sink differences and to gravitate together into one united whole. It awakens that most sacred and divine-like affection of parents for their offspring, which causes them to make any and every sacrifice for their well being; and it awakens in

all sentient life—birds and beasts—a love and care for progeny that is a close imitation of parental love. Wherever posited in a horoscope, the Venus ray tends to smother out difficulties and to create and maintain harmony. Without the Venus influence all Nature and all human nature and all sentient nature would fall apart and give place to universal chaos.

With souls that are yet on the plane of the mortal consciousness only, the influence of this love Goddess deadens the sense of harmony and beauty, so that the person become slothful, disorderly and lacking in self-respect, incapable of feeling true love, and becoming a licentious pervert. But within souls well advanced, indicated both by their birth conditions and their lives, Venus awakens and feeds the higher emotions and altruistic love.

The planet or God lying next out from the Sun is the Earth, the planet at present our home, the theatre of our activities, the school in which we receive our education, theoretical and practical, the sphere of our evolution and unfoldment. This world constitutes the plane of all that is of the earth, earthy, the outward sheath of the world itself and of all organic beings upon the face of the globe. Thus Earth expresses the earthy element of the Sun. In her the Sun, focalizing his rays, awakens in us and feeds the perishable portion of our complex nature. Like the Sun, each of the planets possesses polarity, the positive and negative, and both expressions of the earth life are thus expressed here. She is our Father-Mother Goddess, lifting this dual relation towards us. The gross physical, even upon the plane of crystallization, both macrocosmically and microcosmically, is essential to the process of evolution. We begin to grow at the very bottom level, and the quintessence of this plane, expressed in terms of spirit, is necessary as a constituent element in that pure spiritual state toward which we are all tending. Undeveloped souls on the earth plane are intensely earthy, crude, ignorant, unsightly in form and character, needing many rebirths to bring them up to the standard of sainthood. But souls well along the path are esoteric in thought, consciousness, and life, and present much of the divinity of being toward which the whole planetary system strives to carry us.

The Moon, the satellite of the Earth, is usually classed among the influencing planets in its relation to the Earth. The negative element dominates the Moon so that she is regarded, as is the Earth, a mother planet or Goddess. In the relation of the Earth to the Sun, the Moon is a medium, and on the earth plane is the Sun's spouse or goddess. As the spouse of the Sun, receiving