



The "Crucible"



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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NO. 3

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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Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

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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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JULY 1916

Lost Moments

Thoughts appropriate for those who use the **Evening Retrospect** as a means of soul-growth

Not only what we've said and done,
Will grieve us, when the golden sun
Is sinking in the distant west,
And memory calls as evening guest,
While fancy wanders here and there,
And summons faces fond and fair.

In retrospect at close of day,
Not only what we've done,
I say, Or things we've said amiss,
That marred another's bliss,
Brings grief at setting of the sun,
But thoughts of what we've left undone.

The kindly word we left unsaid,
The hungry one we left unfed;
The letter that we failed to write
To one whose soul has taken flight;
The purposed gift we did not send,
The kindly cheer we failed to lend.

The pardon that we did not seek,
The word of praise we failed to speak.
We mourn the times we've been untrue,
No less for what we failed to do.
How like a dirge, that sad refrain,
"Lost moments ne'er return again."

—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.

Part III

THE EAST ROOM OF THE TEMPLE

General Description

HAVING mounted the first steps upon the path, the aspirant stands in front of the veil which hangs before the mystic temple. Drawing this aside, we enter into the East Room of the sanctuary, which was called *The Holy Place*. No window or opening of any sort was provided in the Tabernacle to let in the light of day, but this room was never dark. Night and day it was brightly illuminated by burning lamps. Its furniture was symbolical of the methods whereby the aspirant may make *Soul-growth by Service*.

This furniture consisted of three principle articles: *The Altar of Incense, the Table of Shewbread and the golden Candlestick*, from which the light proceeded.

It was not allowable, however, for the common Israelite to enter this sacred apartment and behold the furniture. No one but a priest might pass the outer veil

and go in even as far as this first room. The golden candlestick was placed on the South side of the Holy Place, so as to be to the left of any person who stood in the middle of the room. It was made entirely of pure gold, and consisted of a shaft, or principle stem, rising upright from a base, and six branches. These branches started at three different points in the stem and circled upwards in three circles of varying diameter, symbolizing the three Periods of development (Saturn, Sun and Moon Periods) which man has gone through before the Earth Period, which is now half spent. This latter was signified by the seventh light. Each of these seven branches terminated in a lamp and these lamps were supplied with the purest *olive oil* which was made by a special process. The priests were required to take care that the candlestick was never without a light. Every day the lamps were examined, dressed, and supplied with oil, so that they might burn perpetually.



The Holy Place

The Table of Shewbread was placed on the North side of the apartment so as to be *on the right* hand of the priest when he walked up towards the second veil. Twelve loaves of unleavened bread were continually kept upon this table. They were placed in two piles, one loaf *upon* the other, and on top of each pile there was a small quantity of frankincense. These loaves were called Shewbread or bread of the face, because they were set solemnly forth before the presence of the Lord, who dwelt in the Shekinah Glory behind the second veil. Every Sabbath day these loaves were changed by the priests, the old ones being taken away and new ones put in their place. The bread that was taken away was given to the priests to eat and no one else was allowed to taste it, neither were they suffered to eat it anywhere else except within the court of the Sanctuary, because it was most holy, and therefore might only be taken by sacred persons upon holy ground. *The incense that was upon the two piles of shewbread was burned* when the bread was changed as an offering by fire unto the Lord for a memorial instead of the bread.

The Altar of Incense, or the golden altar, was the third article of furniture in the East room of the Temple. It was situated in the center of the room, that is to say half way between the North and the South walls, in front of the Second Veil. No flesh was ever burned upon this altar, nor was it ever touched with blood except on the most solemn occasions, and then its horns alone were marked with the crimson stain. The smoke that arose from its top was never any other than the smoke of burning incense. This went up every morning and evening filling the sanctuary with a fragrant cloud and sending a refreshing odor out through all the courts and far over the country on every side for miles beyond. Because incense was thus burned every day, it was called "a *perpetual incense* before the Lord." It was not simple frankincense which was burned, but a compound of this with other sweet spices made according to the direction of Jehovah for this special purpose and so considered holy, such as no man was allowed

to make like unto for common use. *The priest was charged never to offer strange incense*; that is, any other than the sacred composition, on the golden altar. This altar was placed directly before the veil on the outside of that partition, but before the mercy seat, which was within the second veil, for though he that ministered at the altar of incense could not see the mercy seat because of the interposing veil, yet he must look towards it and direct his incense that way, and it was customary, when the cloud of fragrant incense rose above the temple, for all the people who were standing without in the court of the sanctuary to send up their prayers to God, each one silently by himself.

THE MYSTIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EAST ROOM AND ITS FURNITURE

The Golden Candlestick

As previously said, when the priest stood in the center of the East room of the Tabernacle the seven branched candlestick was *on his left* towards the *South*. This was symbolical of the fact that the seven light givers, or planets, which tread the mystic circle dance around the central orb, the Sun, travel in the narrow belt comprising eight degrees on either side of the Sun's path, which is called the Zodiac. 'God is Light', and the 'Seven Spirits before the Throne' are God's ministers; therefore *they also are messengers of light* to humanity. They have guided us on the path of evolution; furthermore, as the heavens are ablaze with light when the Moon in its septenary phases arrives at the 'full' in the eastern part of the heavens, so also the East room of the Tabernacle was filled with LIGHT indicating *visibly* the presence there of God and His seven ministers, *the Star-Angels*.

We may note in passing the difference between the light of the golden candlestick, which was clear and odorless, and compare it with the smoke-enveloped flame on the Altar of Burnt-offering, which in a certain sense generated darkness, rather than dispelling it. But there is a still deeper and more sublime meaning in this fire symbol which we will not take up for discussion until we come to the *Shekinah Glory*, whose dazzling brilliance hovered over the mercy seat in the *West Room*. Before we can enter into this subject we must understand all the symbols that lie between the golden candlestick and that sublime *father fire* which was the crowning glory of the Holy of Holies, the most sacred part of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

The Table of Shew bread

The East room of the Temple may be called the Hall of Service, for it corresponds to the three years ministry of Christ, and contains all the paraphernalia for soul growth, though as said, furnished by only three principal articles. Among the chief is the table of shewbread. Upon! this

table, as we have already seen, there were two piles of shewbread, each containing six shewbread, and upon the top of each pile there was a little heap of frankincense. The aspirant who came to the Temple door 'poor, naked, and blind', has since been clothed with a mantle of consecration. He has been brought to the light of the seven branched candlestick obtaining a certain amount of cosmic knowledge and *this he is required to use in the service of his fellow men*, and the table of shewbread represents this in symbol.

The grain from which this shewbread was made had been originally given by God, but then it was planted by mankind, who had previously plowed and tilled the soil. After planting their grain they must cultivate and water, then when the grain has borne fruit according to the nature of the soil and the care bestowed upon it, it had to be harvested, threshed, ground, and baked. Then the ancient *Servants of God* had to carry it into the Temple where it was placed before the Lord as bread to 'shew that they had performed their toil and rendered the necessary service.

The God-given grains of wheat in the twelve loaves represent the *opportunities for soul growth* given by God which come to all through the twelve departments of life, represented by the twelve houses of the horoscope, under the dominion of the twelve Divine Hierarchies known through the signs of the Zodiac. *But it is the task of the mystic mason, the true temple builder, to embrace these opportunities, to cultivate and nourish them so that he may reap therefrom THE LIVING BREAD which nurtures the soul.*

We do not, however, assimilate our physical food in toto, there is a residue, a large proportion of ashes left after we have amalgamated the quintessence into our system. Similarly, the shewbread were not burned, or consumed, before the Lord, but two small heaps of frankincense were placed on the two stacks of shewbread, one on each pile. This was conceived to be the aroma thereof and was later burned on the altar of incense. Likewise, the soul sustenance of service gathered daily by the ardent mystic mason is thrown into the mill of retrospection at eventide when he retires to his couch and performs there the scientific exercise given by the Elder Brothers of the Rose Cross. But there is a time each month which is particularly propitious for extracting the frankincense of soul growth and burning it before the Lord, so that it may be a sweet savor, *to be amalgamated with the soul body* and form part of that golden, radiant wedding garment; viz, at the time when the Moon is at the full. Then she is in the East, and the heavens are ablaze with light as was the East Room of the ancient Atlantean Mystery Temple where the priests garnered the pabulum of the soul, symbolized by the shewbread and the fragrant essence, which delighted

Our Father in Heaven then as now.

Let the mystic mason take particular note, however: the shewbread were not the musings of dreamers, they were not the product of speculation upon the nature of God or Light, *they were the product of actual toil*, of orderly systematic work, and it behooves us to follow the path of actual service if we would garner the treasure in heaven. Unless we really *work* and *serve* humanity we shall have nothing to bring, no bread to 'shew' at the feast of the Full Moon, and at the mystic marriage of the higher to the lower self, we shall find ourselves minus the radiant and golden soul body, the mystic wedding garment, without which the Union with Christ can never be consummated.

The Altar of Incense

At the altar of incense, as we saw in the general description of the Tabernacle and its furniture, incense was offered up before the Lord continually, and the priest who stood before the altar ministering was at that time looking towards the mercy seat over the ark, though it was impossible for him to see it because of *the second veil* which interposed between the first and second apartments of the Tabernacle, the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies. We have also seen in the consideration of the "shewbread" that *incense* symbolizes the extract, *the aroma of the service* we have rendered according to our opportunities, and just as the sacrificial animal upon the brazen altar represents the deeds of wrongdoing committed during the day, so the incense burned upon the altar, which is a sweet savor to the Lord, represents the virtuous deeds of our lives.

It is noteworthy and fraught with great mystic significance, when we consider that the aroma of *voluntary service* is represented as *sweet-smelling, fragrant incense*, while the odor of sin, selfishness, and transgression of the law, represented by *compulsory sacrifice* upon the altar of sacrifice, is a nauseating stench, for it needs no great imagination to understand that the cloud of smoke which went up continually from the burning carcasses of the sacrificial animals created a nauseating stench to show the exceeding loathsomeness of sin, while the perpetual incense offered upon the altar before the second veil showed, by antithesis, the beauty and sublimity of selfless service, thus exhorting the mystic mason, as a *child of light*, to shun one and cleave to the other.

Let it be understood also, that *service* does not mean in great things only. Some of the heroes, so called, were mean and small in their general lives, and rose only to the occasion upon one great and notable day. Martyrs have been put on the calender of Saints because they *died* for a cause, but it is a greater heroism, it is a greater martyrdom, sometimes to do the little things that no one notices, and sacrifice self *in simple service to others*,

*Let us not waste our lives in longing
For bright and impossible things.
Let us not sit supinely waiting
For the sprouting of Angel wings.
Let us not scorn to be rush light,
Everyone cannot be a star.
But let us brighten some of the darkness
By shining just where we are.*

There is need of the tiniest candle

*As well as the garish Sun,
And the humblest deed is ennobled,
When it is worthily done.
We may never be called on to brighten
Those darkened regions afar,
So let us fill day by day, our mission,
By shining just where we are.*

That is the surest way to soul growth.
(To be Continued)

Where Baby Went

By Lizzie Graham

Editors Note: There is no more difficult problem than that of teaching the children the mysteries of life in a manner intelligible to them. Their nascent awakening minds meet the facts of life with an eager interrogation as to their meaning, and they stand perplexed before the tragedies of existence with a keenness of feeling we little realize, because we have learned to accept sorrow, suffering, and death as part of life and have ceased to seek for a solution. Or, if we have been sufficiently exercised in the matter to attempt to solve the riddle of life, the explanations which satisfy our souls are too abstruse to settle the question in the minds of our children; so we shrink from the labor and responsibility of teaching them. Besides, most of us lack the ability to make the child understand. Therefore, articles like "Where Baby Went," are godsend to educators, and Miss Graham deserves more praise for this effort than writers of the most learned essays for adults.

But we feel sure there are others who have the gift. Please make an effort, there is no more fruitful field in the Master's vineyard than the children's corner.

MOTHER dear, what have you done with our baby?
It was my boy Billy who thus addressed me, and as he was nearing his fifth year he began to feel the right to protect the weaker and younger children. I was sitting in the rocking chair in my room sewing some little garments for him and his brother John and my knees served as a rest for his elbows while he spoke, searching my face at the same time with his eyes.

At this moment John burst in, and in his masterful way informed me, "Mother, we just peeped into the nursery as the door was open, and we did not see little sister in the crib —"

"Yes," continued Billy, taking up the narrative, "we went to the porch to see if she were in her wagon, but she's not there, either —" "Where is she, mother?" interposed John. "We saw nurse in the hall and told her and she said to ask mama—"

"And," continued Billy, whose heart was as tender as it was large, "mother, dear, I'm certain nurse had tears in her eyes! Why was it, mama?"

There were tears very near the brim of his own just then, but how was I to tell my precious boys where our baby was? How could I sadden two young lives with the thought of death? Little sister had stayed with us only two months, but those months had been filled with suffering. She had been in the charge of our own nurse as I had recently been ill myself and therefore unable to attend to her, and the children had been in the habit of tiptoeing up to the nursery door many times a day to inquire how she was.

"Mother, where is our baby?" persisted Billy. The maid entered the room at this juncture and announced that Mrs. Jones wished to see me.

"Ask her to step up here," I replied.

Mrs. Jones was a teacher in the Sunday school where our little ones attended. This particular school was undenominational, but drew members from all sources. I hailed her coming with delight, believing that she could help me in this perplexing situation. Both the boys loved her and as they ran to meet her they told their trouble, calling in unison: "Mrs. Jones, our baby is lost; we can't find her anywhere."

"Some one told me so," replied Mrs. Jones, "and that is why I came up."

"Mrs. Jones will find her," announced John, his face radiant with confidence.

"But do you know where she is?" queried the more thoughtful Billy.

"Yes, certainly I do," came the answer, and I thought you boys and mother would like to know."

I sent up a prayer of gratitude for this relief, as I

knew now that I had only to wait and listen.

“Oh, tell us quick, do!” urged John.

“Well, come and sit down quietly, for it is a long story. You want to know where she has gone, do you dears? Just where you go every night when you go to sleep.”

“I never go anywhere when I’m asleep,” asserted John.

But Billy added softly, “Oh, I often go to such nice gardens when I am asleep, and have so many children to play with; nurse once told me that it must be heaven.”

“That is a very good name for it,” rejoined Mrs. Jones, warmly, “every night when mother kisses you good night and you are tucked up so warm and cosy you just leave that little body made so comfortable and fly off to play with the other little children who have also left their bodies in bed. And if you have a headache or sore throat or anything that hurts you badly before you go to bed, the lovely part of it is that as soon as you get out there you leave it all with your body in bed, and you get so well and strong playing in the heaven land that when you come back to your bed in the morning and creep into your little bodies you find your headache gone or your sore throat much better.”

The boys were all ears and eyes, for to them this was better than a fairy story.

“I remember,” said Billy, “once I had a sore throat for two or three days and could not sleep, and then the doctor gave me some horrid stuff to take.”

“Yes,” agreed John, “I ‘member you were nearly as sick as little sister.”

“Oh, no,” answered Mrs. Jones, gravely, “little sister was much more sick than you have ever been. She was so ill that she could hardly stay with her little body and one day she did not return to it for she had not the strength to enter it —”

“Oh, won’t she come back again? Won’t we see her again?” they both interrupted in one voice which threatened to break from the tears that were springing into their eyes.

“Of course you will,” continued Mrs. Jones.

“Did I not say she has gone to the place where you go to every night. Maybe you play with her and don’t know her, for she “is not a sick, thin, crying baby there, but a joyous little girl, able to move about and play. And what do you think she has for toys? I know you will never guess, so I’ll tell you. Just the loveliest colors like the rainbow mother showed you in the sky this morning. All her flowers and books are painted with those beautiful hues and all the time sweet music is

ringing and teaching her how to do things far quicker than she would ever learn out of lesson books, and I don’t believe even mother can tell who is teaching her all these beautiful things.”

Mrs. Jones looked inquiringly at me, but I could only shake my head.

“It is your mother,” she said, looking kindly at me. “It is your grandma, boys, who went away one night last winter when the frost came. I remember the doctor said she had pneumonia—her body got so tired and worn out that she could not come back any more. We would all have liked her to be with us longer, but she could not remain. So when little sister stayed over there too she took care of her and is teaching her all those beautiful lessons.”

“And will little sister ever come back any more?” asked Billy, gently.

“Yes, indeed, she will, but she must learn some lessons first. She was to learn how to build a better body—one which she can use for many years, and not have to leave it after a few months as she did this one. And grandma will come back after a time, too, without any rheumatism or cough.”

“Won’t that be fine?” interjected John, enthusiastically, “they will both come back as babies and have to look for a father and mother to take care of them.”

“How funny,” added the thoughtful Billy, “did we have to hunt for a mama and daddy when we were little babies?”

“Yes, indeed you did. One of the kind angels showed you some fathers and mothers and you chose your own daddy and mama.”

“I’m glad I chose this mama,” said Billy, hiding his face in my lap, “aren’t you, John?”

“Yes,” answered his little brother, “and I’m glad too that you chose the same mama as I did. Just suppose Bill, you had picked up old black Dan for your daddy—oh, how funny!”

Then as they scampered off for a game, and as Mrs. Jones took her leave, I urged her to call again and tell us some more about that heaven world.

And that night when I bid my children a fond good night, they told me that they were going to see little sister and grandma.

“And I’m going to try and ‘member ‘bout it when I wake up, said John.

Some people think that they have experienced religion when they have only had a bilious attack.

—Bishop Vincent

Fragments from Nature's Secrets

EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHOMETRY

By Elizabeth Denton

Introductory Remarks by the Editor

It is well known to all scientists that the history of the earth during the ages may be read by anyone trained in the art. Prehistoric animals and plants may be reconstructed from their fossil remains. The cataclysmic effects of great volcanic eruptions may be traced; the paths of glaciers melted many millennia ago are as plain as if they were now moving towards the sea; the erosion by water, of rocks now found in dry deserts tell their tale of changing topographical and climatic conditions as plainly or more so, than if the record were written on the pages of a book,

But there is a deeper record accessible to those who see with the *spirit eye*, which coincides with and completes the chain of facts revealed by geology. The marks left on the rocks, by the grinding glacier, and the rushing river are as the scars of strife on the soldier's body, from which a keen observer may draw conclusions concerning the conflict which caused them according to the pitch of his imagination. These deductions may fit the facts, but it is more than probable that errors will creep in. At any rate, if the soldier can be persuaded to tell the tale of how he received the scars we shall certainly secure a more complete and authentic account than if we rely entirely on deduction.

Similarly, if nature can be made to supply the story of past events, we shall have a true tale of the things that have taken place in the past periods with their varied flora and fauna.

That this is possible to one *gifted* with the so-called "second sight," like Mrs. Denton, is common knowledge among millions of people. By assuming a passive attitude, and taking a piece of lava thrown from a volcano in eruption, they see as on a film the cataclysm witnessed by that fragment from the fiery furnace. By taking a letter and pressing it to their foreheads they may see the writer, the room in which he wrote, and other details. But mark this, *without that letter or lava the psychometrist can see nothing*, and sometimes he sees things he would rather not; nor has he the power to shut such sights and scenes out. Therefore this faculty is of doubtful value, to say the least.

Another class has cultivated the faculty of reading the memory of nature at will by scientific exercises and an appropriate life calculated to augment the etheric aura surrounding each being or object. They hold the *master*

key to nature's mysteries.

Much has been given out in the Rosicrucian teachings concerning the memory of nature, and a great deal of our writings has been obtained from that source by the latter method of *positive investigation*. We now give for the benefit of our readers a series of fragments from Nature's Secrets which embody the results of *passive impressions* obtained by Mrs. Denton from fragments of rock etc., also a description of her method and ideas regarding her psychic gift.

We need hardly to warn our readers of the danger of attempting to awaken the passive phase of this faculty.

There are perhaps few persons by nature more thoroughly skeptical than I am, and though I cannot remember the time when I did not behold objects or their representatives by night as well as by day, in darkness as well as in the light, with closed as well as with open eyes, I was very far from believing such visions other than in every respect illusive. Instructed from infancy to accept nothing as true which failed to address itself to my reason, and which could not be substantiated by facts, I was by no means ready to accept any theory which should give to these illusive forms as I then regarded them, a character of reality, and it was not until some years after I had commenced to examine geologic specimens by means of this vision that I was prepared to acknowledge it the natural result of forces subject to law, and those laws deserving of investigation.

To the minds of such as shall feel an interest in the perusal of these pages, and yet have never recognized in their own experience or observed in their intercourse with others any of the phenomena hereafter described, a long array of inquiries will no doubt present themselves and clamor for a hearing. Some of these inquiries I will here endeavor to answer.

How Objects are Seen

In the first place how are these objects seen, as we behold the flowers in the field, the stars in the sky, the lines, in the hand? Frequently, yet not as a general rule, in the same manner. In some instances they pass before the seer as a panorama moving with the velocity of lightning; in such instances, it is of course impossible to catch even the outline of the object, however strikingly peculiar. Partial outlines may indeed be traced, but the object has

passed from sight long before the outline is complete. For some time I regarded these views as merely fragmentary and it was not until I learned that by a powerful effort of the will these flying scenes could be made to pause, that I discovered that they were not fragmentary as I had heretofore supposed, but many, or perhaps all, of the objects or their representatives were entire in their outline, and as real, apparently, as are any with which we come in contact in this every day world.

At other times, everything around me seems immovably fixed. There is perhaps only a small area visible, but however protracted the observations, this area, its lights and shadows, its boundaries, the objects contained within it—in short all its features—remain precisely the same as when the eye of the psychometer first dwells upon it, while curtains of impenetrable darkness flow around all besides.

Again, there are times when the psychometrist is no longer a silent observer. Gravitation has lost its force, his own will is powerless or inactive, and he finds himself an inhabitant of space instead of a dweller upon earth. His surroundings are worlds and he cuts loose alike from earth and heaven, he is moving at a velocity that laughs the 'lagging wind to scorn.' On he flies, fetterless, tireless, and free, emphatically freed from all that in any respect would check his speed.

But in these instances we must regard the Psychometrist as being in a *state of utter passiveness*. Ignorant of the power in his possession, he spends hours, it may be, in gazing at the various forms of beauty or of power that flits before his vision, when all around him is quiet and his mind is at rest. Knowing nothing really of the nature of the result, he knows not where to look for the cause. Such was my own experience in childhood. Often I amused myself until a late hour of the night with the scenes which came sweeping past, not my fancy, *but my vision*, as clear and distinct as any which greeted my sight by day.

The cause of this phenomenon I then supposed to be the pressure of the lids upon the eyes, causing the humors so to arrange themselves as to present these numerous and changing views. My mother gave me this reply to my inquiries concerning them and I accepted it with the trust of childhood, very naturally supposing the eyes of all persons to have been arranged on a plan quite similar to that of my own and that consequently every individual must realize the same or similar experience. And thinking further that had there been anything of interest or value connected therewith, it would long since have been sought out and acknowledged. On approaching the years of discretion, I treated this phantasy as we naturally treat that to which we attach no value; occasionally, it is true, I was startled by some seemingly remarkable coinci-

dences between the appearance recognized by this, as Aristotle terms it, "*internal action of the sense of vision*," and the realities of the outer world, as I would afterwards find them to have existed at the time when I had observed them.

But life was of too much practical value to be wasted in idle dreaming, and hence I allowed myself only an occasional visit to this ethereal land of ethereal form, and today I have no doubt there are multitudes of persons who have known such experiences from infancy.

Are These Objects Seen in Daylight or in Darkness?

They may be seen in both, usually, however, and it seems to me for valid reasons, darkness is preferable. No one will need proof that to the human eye made weaker by the presence of a stronger light, a weaker light is rendered altogether imperceptible. Anyone who has in the dark drawn a common match over a rough surface has observed a line of bright light following in its path, *only visible however until the match becomes wholly ignited*, then the weaker light is apparently extinguished. That such however is only an apparent condition may be readily ascertained by extinguishing the match, then the former (light), which is a weaker and in some respects a different light, will at once reappear. So with that under consideration, usually the psychometrist sees by a weaker, and it may be a very differently derived light from that which renders visible the tangible objects which we are surrounded with; hence it seems reasonable to conclude that the more perfect the darkness, the more perfect will be this interior vision, if I may be permitted thus to designate it.

Again, who of us but has not been so blinded by the sunlight on the snow, for example, as to be quite incapable of discerning even the outlines of objects in a room we may have suddenly entered when that room was so full of daylight as a common window would make it? Yet to us, for the time being, even this daylight has been darkness and we have found ourselves incapable of using it until the organs of vision have become accustomed to the change. How materially would the difficulty be increased should we continue to stand in the sunlight thus reflected by the snow and examine minutely the contents of a room but dimly lighted by a taper of the olden times. Many of us would find ourselves physically incapable of such an examination, while perhaps there are none among us to whom the task would not be difficult.

(To be continued)

Hold your thoughts, your mind, your will, in principle and you will succeed.—Huling

Give up no science entirely, for science is but one.

—Seneca

Sidelights and Viewpoints

Part V

By "Vita"

ONE may be an inveterate reader yet be extremely ignorant. One's mind may be an encyclopedia of concrete and abstract facts yet the real Intelligence may be starving within. There is a wide difference between mere knowledge and wisdom. When books serve their true purpose they stimulate the Ego in its unfoldment. They should furnish the incentive to the inner consciousness and help intuition to stretch its wings. Failing in this they might as well be dispensed with.

The well-trained mind may seriously question the advisability of the flood of "literature (?)" with which the reading public is fairly deluged. A highly developed, scholarly, analytical young man recently put the question to a wide reader:

"What is the real reason for reading so many books? What purpose does this intellectual gourmandizing serve?" He argued that it tended to destroy the individuality and weaken the power of thought. The person addressed took the opposite side, yet in the deepest sense the young man was right in his summary of the results of intellectual "cramming." The defender of books was also right from a certain standpoint. It all depends upon the mental attitude and the motive in reading. If one reads with wide discrimination, with a desire for a wider outlook and reads with a definite aim and purpose—that purpose being to attain a higher degree of efficiency in the service of humanity—one cannot read too much. To be a mere mental gourmand is next in destructive tendency to being one on the physical plane. Greedy minds usually prefer fiction of the lightest order and it often constitutes the entire diet. It matters greatly what one reads. Emerson's choice was quite limited. Many other great minds have believed in few books well chosen. To assimilate is the important thing.

Philosophy is always useful. Like bread it affords a staple article of mental and moral diet. Yet, to carry our figure on, the menu should be as complete in supplying the elements of growth as upon the physical plane. A full, rounded development is the ideal. Anything that narrows and restricts, that prevents the mind from expanding in every direction, frustrates the higher plan and purpose.

In our physical diet we always exclude poison, if we can detect it. Some poisons are so subtly disguised, however, that we unconsciously absorb them with our food. The analogy holds good on the mental plane.

The chief object in reading should be to develop the individual consciousness—to give it a wider field of action by contact with other minds. True education includes the whole scheme of human life and destiny. The pseudo-form limits its scope to the "three R's," more or less elaborated and embellished. Unaspiring ignorance merely leaves off the tinsel and veneer. The truly wise develop from within. Unfolding their consciousness to the fullest degree, they widen their outlook, deepen their powers of comprehension, of reason and analysis. To them books serve as working materials. They help to give shape to the general plan and stimulate research. Books which do not serve this end are mere rubbish, and litter the mind with debris. They simply add to the idle drifting thoughts which float continually through the ethers. These useless driftwood fancies clog and choke the channels of intelligence. The greatest service would be rendered to mankind by cleansing the stream at its source and helping to keep it pure. To resolve all the thoughts that enter the mind into harmony and beauty.

*To keep my mental home a sacred place
Golden with gratitude, redolent with love,
White with purity, Cleansed from the flesh.
To send no thought into the world
That will not bless or cheer or purify or heal.*

This should be the ideal upon the mental plane. To think is to create. Whatever trains one in right thinking is best for that mind. Our reading should have that end in view. We may read for recreation, for amusement, but it should be sparingly—like condiments in food. A menu consisting merely of spices or bon bons would scarcely appear more absurd to a person needing sustenance and nutrition than the average "light reading" to a mind desiring to *think* and *create*.

If the mind is the mirror or lens which the governing Intelligence within must use in its work of evolution, let us effectively cooperate by keeping the mirror pure and clean. So shall we work with the good Law and our thoughts will be creations of living beauty and truth.

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When all the creed this sad world needs,
Is just the art of being kind.