



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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### The Mystic Light

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

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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.

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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.

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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

made exhaustive repairs necessary, the tenants move out that the workmen may have full scope for restoration. So when wear and tear of the day has exhausted the body, it is necessary to restore its tone and rhythm. During the night the Ego hovers **outside the dense body** clothed in desire body and mind. Sometimes the Ego only withdraws partially, is half in the body and half out, then it sees both the Desire World and the Physical World, but confused as in a dream.

Hypnotism is mental assault. The unsuspecting victim is driven out of his body and the hypnotist obtains control.

The victims of the hypnotist are released at his death, however, but the medium is not so fortunate. Spirit-controls are really invisible hypnotists. Their invisibility gives great scope for deception and after death they may take possession of a medium's desire body, use it for ages, and keep their hapless victim from progressing along the pathway of evolution. This latter phase of Mediumship is elucidated in Lecture No. 5, which deals with **Death and Life in Purgatory**.

What we call death is in reality but a shifting of consciousness from one World to another. We have a **science of birth** with trained nurses, obstetricians, antiseptics and every other means of caring for the incoming Ego, but are sorely in need of a **science of death**, for when a friend is passing out of our concrete existence, we stand helplessly about, ignorant of how to assist, or worse, we do things which make the passing infinitely harder than if we merely stood idly by. Giving stimulants is one of our worst offenses against the dying, as it draws the passing spirit into the dense body again with the force of a catapult.

After the heart has stopped on account of the partial rupture of the **silver cord**, (which united the higher and lower vehicles of man during sleep and remains unsevered for a time varying from a few hours to three and a half days after death), there is still on that account a certain feeling if the body is embalmed, opened for post-mortem examination, or cremated. The body should therefore be left unmolested, for at that time the passing Ego is engaged in reviewing the pictures of its past life (which are seen in a flash by drowning persons.) These pictures are impressed daily and hourly upon the ether of the vital body as independently of our observation as a detailed picture is impressed upon the photographic plate by the ether regardless of whether the photographer observed details or not. They form an absolutely true record of our past life, which we may call the subconscious memory (or mind), far superior to the view we store in our conscious memory (or mind.)

Under the immutable **Law of Consequence**, which decrees that what we sow we reap, the deeds of life are the basis of our existence after death. The panorama of a past life is the book of the Recording Angels, who are adjusters of the score we make under the Law of Consequence.

Review of the life panorama just after death etches the pictures into the desire body, which is our normal vehicle in the Desire World, **where Purgatory** and the **First Heaven** are located.

The Panorama of life is the basis of purgation of evil in purgatory and assimilation of good deeds in the first heaven. It is of the highest importance that this panorama be deeply etched into the desire body, for if that impress is deep and clear the Ego

will suffer more sharply in purgatory and experience a keener joy in the first heaven. This feeling will remain as conscience in future lives to impel good action and discourage evil deeds.

If the passing spirit is left in peace and quiet to concentrate upon the life-panorama, the etching will be clear and sharp, but if the relatives distract his attention by loud hysterical lamentations during the first three and one half days when the silver cord is yet intact, a shallow or blurred impression will cause the spirit to lose much of the lessons which should have been learned. To correct this anomaly the Recording Angels are often forced to terminate the next Earth-life in early childhood before the desire body has come to birth, as described in **Birth a Four-fold Event** (Lecture No. 7), for that which has not been quickened cannot die, and so the child goes into the first heaven and learns the lessons it did not learn before, and is thus equipped to pass on in Life's School.

As such Egos retain the desire body and mind they had in life where they died as children, it often happens that they remember that life, for they only stay out of Earth life from one to twenty years.

Suffering in Purgatory arises from two causes: Desires which cannot be gratified or the reaction to the pictures of the life panorama—the drunkard suffers tortures of Tantalus because he has no means of obtaining or retaining drink. The miser suffers because he lacks the hand to restrain his heirs from squandering his cherished hoard. Thus the Law of Consequence purges evil habits until desire has burned itself out.

If we have been cruel, the panorama of life radiates back upon us the pictures of ourselves and our victims. Conditions are reversed in purgatory. We suffer as they suffered. Thus, in time, we are purged of sin. The coarse desire matter which forms the embodiment of evil has been expelled by the centrifugal force of Repulsion in purgatory and we retain but the pure and the good which is embodied in subtler desire stuff dominated by the centripetal force—attraction, which amalgamates good in the first heaven when the life panorama depicts scenes in our past life where we helped others, or where we felt grateful for favors, as described in Lecture No. 6, **Life in Heaven**, which also deals with our stay in the **Second Heaven**, located in the Region of Concrete Thought.

That is also the realm of **tone**, as the Desire World is of **color**, and the Physical World of **form**. Tone, or sound, is the builder of all that is on Earth, as John says: "In the beginning was the **Word**" (sound)—and the Word was made flesh," the flesh of all things, "without it was not anything made that was made." The mountain, the moss, the mouse and the man are all embodiments of this Great Creative Word, which came down from heaven.

There the man becomes one with the nature forces. Angels and Archangels teach him to build such an environment as he has deserved under the Law of Consequence. If he dallied his time away in metaphysical speculation, as do the Hindus, he neglects to build a good material environment, and is reborn in an arid land where flood and famine teach him to turn his attention to material things. When he focuses his mind on the Physical World, aspiring to wealth and material comforts, he will

(Continued in the Back of This Magazine.)

# The Mystic Light

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AUGUST 1916

## Go Into Your Own Cocoon

A weary youth at the roadside paused  
To rest 'neath the cooling shade.  
He saw in the dust a worm crawl by,  
And noted the path it made.

You loathsome thing, pass on, quoth he.  
Why do you cumber the earth,  
Why do such worthless things abound,  
And why are they given birth?

He stretched himself on the cooling grass.  
A cocoon fell by his side.  
O what a stupid thing, he mused,  
For a world so bright and wide!

He gazed at the fleecy clouds above;  
A butterfly flitted o'er  
With beauteous wings all marked with gold  
On which to soar and soar.

Thus musing and gazing he fell asleep,  
And he dreamed a wondrous dream.  
The butterfly spoke as fairies do,  
And thus did she voice her theme.

O Boy, you despised the crawling worm,  
And such a worm once was I!  
You called me stupid in my cocoon  
While forming my wings to fly.

But I see you as the loathsome worm  
Of what you were meant to be.  
An angel of light with god-like powers,  
So glorious, fair and free.

She waved her wand and a form appeared--  
O what a form and face!  
The essence of wisdom and love combined  
Into more than mortal grace.

But Self divine, the fairy said,  
Think not to gain it too soon;  
For you as I the price must pay,  
And go into your own cocoon.

The youth awoke, but the memory stayed  
Of another Self divine.  
He sought it in the busy world--  
In forest glade and shrine.

But one day he a hermit spied  
In meditation deep.  
Unto the outer world as one  
Locked in profoundest sleep.

A flash revealed the Way to the Light  
That is brighter than Sun or Moon.  
The youth bethought him and went his way  
To make ready his own cocoon.

—Ananga

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## Symbols of Ancient and Modern Initiation

### Part IV

This article was begun in the May issue.

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WE HAVE seen previously that the veil at the entrance to the outer court and the veil in front of the East Room of the tabernacle were both made in four colors, blue, red, purple and white. But the second veil which divided the East Room of the tabernacle from the West Room differed in respect of make up from the other two, it was

wrought with the figures of cherubim. We will not however consider the significance of this fact until we take up the subject of the New Moon and Initiation, but will now look into the second apartment of the tabernacle, the western room, called the Most Holy, or the Holy of Holies. Beyond this second veil, into this second apartment, no mortal might ever pass save the *High Priest*



and he was only allowed to enter on one occasion in the whole year (*Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement), and then only with the most solemn preparation and the most reverential care. The Holiest of all was clothed with the solemnity of another world, it was filled with an unearthly grandeur. The whole tabernacle was the sanctuary of God, but here in this place was the awful residence of his presence, the special dwelling place of the *Shekinah Glory*, and well might mortal man tremble to present himself within these sacred precincts, as the High Priest must do on the Day of Atonement.

In the westernmost end of this apartment, the western end of the whole tabernacle, rested the "ARK OF THE COVENANT." It was a hollow receptacle containing the *golden pot of manna*, *Aaron's rod that budded*, and the *tables of the law* which were given to Moses. While this ark of the covenant remained in the tabernacle in the wilderness, *two staves were always within the four rings of the ark* so that it could be picked up instantly and moved, but when the ark was finally taken to Solomon's temple, the staves were taken out. This is very important in its symbolical significance. Above the ark hovered the Cherubim and between them dwelt the uncreated glory of God; "there" said He to Moses, "I will meet with thee and I will commune with thee from above the Mercy seat, from between the two Cherubim which are upon the ark of the testimony."

The glory of the Lord seen above the Mercy seat was in the appearance of a cloud. The Lord said to Moses, "Speak unto Aaron thy brother that he come not at all times into the Holiest Place within the veil before the Mercy seat which is upon the ark, that he die not, for I will appear in the cloud upon the Mercy seat." This manifestation of the divine presence was called among the Jews, the *Shekinah Glory*, its appearance was attended, no doubt, with a wonderful spiritual glory of which it is impossible to form any proper conception. Out of this cloud the voice of God was heard with deep solemnity when He was consulted in behalf of the people.

When the aspirant has qualified to enter into this place behind the second veil, he finds everything dark to the physical eye, and it is necessary that he should have another light within. When he first came to the eastern temple-gate, he was "*poor, naked and blind*", asking for LIGHT. He was then shown the dim light which appeared in the smoke above the altar of sacrifice and told that in order to advance, he must kindle within himself that flame by remorse for wrongdoing. Later on he was shown the more excellent light in the East Room of the tabernacle which proceeded from the seven branched candlestick; in other words, he was given the light of knowledge and of reason, that by it he might advance further upon the path. But it was required that *by service* he should evolve within him-

self and around himself, another light, the golden wedding garment which is also the *Christ light of the soul-body*. By lives of service, this glorious soul-substance gradually pervades his whole aura until it is ablaze with a golden light. Not until he has evolved that inner illumination can he enter into the darkened precincts of the second tabernacle, as the Most Holy Place is also some times called. "*God is Light*, if we walk in the light as He is in the Light, we have Fellowship one with another." This is generally taken to indicate only the Fellowship of the Saints, but as a matter of fact, it applies also to the Fellowship which we have with God. When the disciple enters the second tabernacle, *the LIGHT within himself vibrates to the LIGHT of the Shekinah Glory* between the Cherubim and he realizes the Fellowship with his *Father Fire*.

As the Cherubim and the Father Fire which hover above the ark represent the Divine Hierarchies which overshadow mankind during its pilgrimage through the wilderness, so the *ark which is found there, represents man in his highest development*. There were, as already said, three things within the ark, the golden pot of manna, the budding rod and the tables of the law. When the aspirant stood at the eastern gate as a child of sin, *the law was without as a taskmaster* to bring him to Christ; it exacted with unrelenting severity, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, every transgression brought a just recompense and man was circumscribed on every hand by laws commanding him to do certain things and refrain from doing others. But when, *through sacrifice and service*, he has finally arrived at the stage of evolution represented by the ark in the Western room of the tabernacle, *the tables of the law are WITHIN*. He has then emancipated from all outside interference with his actions; not that he would break any laws, but because *he works with them*. Just as we have learned to respect the property rights of others and have therefore become emancipated from the commandment "Thou shalt not steal", so he who keeps all laws because he wants to do so has on that account no longer need of an exterior taskmaster, but renders glad obedience in all things because *he is a servant of the law and works with it, from choice and not through necessity*.

#### *The Golden Pot of Manna.*

*Manas, mensch, mens* or man, is readily associated with the manna that came down from heaven, it is *the human spirit* that descended from our Father above, for a pilgrimage through matter, and the golden pot wherein it was kept symbolizes the golden aura of the soul-body.

Although the bible story is not in strict accordance with the events, it gives the main facts of the mystic manna which fell from heaven, and when we want to learn what is the nature of this so called bread we may turn to the sixth chapter of the Gospel of John, which relates how Christ

fed the multitudes with *loaves and fishes*, the Mystic Doctrine of the 2000 years which He was then ushering in, for during that time, the Sun *by precession of the equinox* has been passing through the sign of the fishes, Pisces, and the people have been taught to abstain from the flesh pots which belong to Egypt or ancient Atlantis; at least one day during the week (Friday) and at a certain time of the year. They have been given the Piscean water at the temple door and the Virginian Wafers at the communion table, at the altar when they worshiped the Immaculate Virgin, representing the celestial sign Virgo (which is opposite the sign Pisces) and entered communion with the Sun begotten by her. Christ also, explained at that time in mystic but unmistakable language, what that *living bread*, that manna is; namely, the Ego. this explanation will be found in verses thirty-three and thirty-five, where we read: "For the bread of God is he which descends from heaven and is giving light to the world, I am [*Ego sum*] *that bread of life*." This then is the symbol of the golden pot of manna which was found in the ark, this manna is the Ego or human spirit which gives life to the organism which we behold in the physical world; it is hidden within the ark of each human being, and the golden pot or soul body, or wedding garment, is also latent within every one. It is made more massive, lustrous, and resplendent by the spiritual alchemy whereby service is transmuted to soul growth. It is the *house made without hands*, eternal in the heavens, where with Paul longed to be clothed, as said in the sixth chapter of first Cor. Every one who is striving to aid his fellowmen thereby garners within himself that golden treasure laid up in heaven where neither moth nor rust can destroy it.

#### *Aaron's Rod*

An ancient legend which we considered in the *Echoes* some time in the spring of 1914, relates that when Adam was expelled from the Garden of Eden he took with him three slips of the *Tree of Life*, which were then planted by Seth. We cannot again give a full elucidation of this legend just now, but may do so in the coming article on *Free Masonry and Catholicism*. Suffice it to say that Seth, the second son of Adam, is, according to the Masonic Legend, Father of the Spiritual Hierarchy of *Churchmen* working with humanity through Catholicism, while the Sons of Cain are the *Craftsmen* of the world. They are active in Freemasonry, for material and industrial progress, as builders of the temple of Solomon, the universe, should be. The three sprouts planted by Seth have had important missions in the spiritual development of humanity, and one of them is said to be the Rod of Aaron.

In the beginning of concrete existence, generation was carried on under the wise guidance of the Angels, who saw to it that the creative act was accomplished at such times as the inter-planetary rays of force were propitious, and

man was forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge. The nature of that tree is readily determined from such sentences as: "Adam *knew* his wife and she bore Cain"; "Adam *knew* his wife and she bore Seth"; "How shall I bear a child, seeing that I *know* not a man?" as said by Mary to the Angel Gabriel; and in the light of this interpretation, the *statement* of the Angel, (it was not a curse), when he discovered that his precepts had been disobeyed, "dying thou shalt die" is also intelligible, for the bodies generated regardless of Cosmic influences, could not be expected to persist. Hence man was exiled from the etheric realms of spiritual force (Eden), where grows the tree of vital power, to concrete existence in the dense physical bodies which he has made for himself by generation. This was surely a blessing, for who has a body sufficiently good and perfect in his own estimation that he would like to live in it forever. Death then is a boon and a blessing insofar as it enables us to return to the spiritual realms for a season, and build better vehicles each time we return to earth life. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll.  
Leave thy low vaulted past  
Let each new temple nobler than the last  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast  
Till thou at length are free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell  
By life's unresting sea."

In the course of time when we learn to shun the pride of life and the lust of the flesh, generation ceases to sap our vitality. The vital energy is then used for regeneration, and the spiritual powers symbolized by Aaron's Rod, are developed.

The wand of the Magician, the holy spear of Parsifal, the Grail King, and the budding rod of Aaron are emblems of this divine creative force which works wonders of such a nature that we call them miracles. But let it be clearly understood that no one who has evolved to the point where he is symbolized by the ark of the covenant in the West Room of the tabernacle ever uses this power for selfish ends. When Parsifal, the hero of the Soul-Myth by that name, had withstood the temptations of Kundry and proved himself to be emancipated from the greatest sin of all, the sin of lust and unchastity, he recovered the sacred spear, taken by the black Magician Klingsor from the fallen and unchaste Grail King *Amfortas*. Then for many years he traveled in the world seeking again the Castle of the Grail, and as he said: "Often was I sorely beset by enemies, and tempted to use the spear in self-defense, but I knew that *the sacred spear must never be used to hurt, only to heal*." And

that is the attitude of everyone who develops within him the budding rod of Aaron; though he may turn this spiritual faculty to good account in order to provide bread for a multitude, he would never think of turning a single stone to bread *for himself* that his hunger might be appeased. Though he were nailed to the cross to die, he would not free himself by spiritual power which he had readily exercised to save others from the grave. Though he were

reviled every day of his life as fraud or charlatan, he would never misuse his spiritual power to show a sign whereby the world might know without a shadow of a doubt, that he was regenerate or heaven born. This was the attitude of Christ Jesus, and it has been, and is, imitated by everyone who is a Christ in the making.

(To be continued.)

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## Links of Destiny

### An Occult Story

Eva G. Taylor

THE YELLOW tones of a golden sunset lighted up the western sky and bathed in momentary splendor the homely village street. The modest little dwellings beamed in the glory of transformation while the soft amber glow rested upon them. In passing it threw one shaft of quivering light upon the windows of the old red schoolhouse on the "turnpike"—then faded slowly over the beech and maple clad hills crowning the horizon. The worn wooden dais caught the burst of splendor and Ralph Remington at his desk lifted tired eyes to meet the golden glow. A halo of light rested upon his head and brought a certain peace to his lonely spirit. Listening to Nature's twilight music and its slow-dying pianissimo, he almost forgot the burdens resting upon him which had seemed so heavy a few moments before. The aromatic balm of the hemlocks wafted in through the open windows mingled soothingly with the scent of wild rose and sweetbrier. With the gurgling sound of the limpid stream which bubbled over the smooth white stones came delightful odors from the fern-dell where Nature unfolded some of her wondrous secrets to the listening ear.

The school master drew in long full breaths of the fragrant air and was momentarily refreshed. Then he turned again to his papers upon his desk and focused his consciousness upon the problems of his pupils. He worked on, oblivious to his surroundings, while the long summer day drew to a close. The birds ceased to flutter and the busy hum of the bees melted into a drowsy indistinct whirr. The innumerable forms of quivering forest life instinctively ceased their restless stirring. Peace brooded over the landscape: The day was done. Weird fantastic shapes gradually crept out from the deepening twilight, massing in the corners and among the rude wooden benches. Still Ralph Remington sat at his desk with bowed head, apparently oblivious to the gathering darkness. In retrospection he was living over the past years, outwardly serene, unimportant, conventional, but within, moving amid tempest and conflict unto the finality. His trials were

beginning to assume concrete shape and a crisis seemed approaching.

Suddenly a figure stood silhouetted in the doorway and a metallic voice sent discordant vibrations through the evening stillness.

"Still here are you? I've been up to the Villa to see you! Dreaming, Ralph? Well, dreams don't get anyone anywhere! Ugh—this is a ghostly place!"

Roused suddenly from his reverie, Ralph Remington rose to his feet and approached the intruder with outstretched hand:

"Good evening, Horace!"

A moment they stood silently regarding each other, then Horace Rathburn asked in a tone which grated upon the ears of the gentle-hearted man before him:

"Well, have you considered my proposition?"

"That would have been unnecessary expenditure of mental force, Horace! My answer to you that other night was final."

"Am I then to infer that you will not even use the influence you possess to secure the end proposed? That is a small thing to ask—yet it would bring results highly beneficial to all parties!"

"That is not a matter for us to decide. The principals in the case are the only ones concerned."

"A foolish stand to take, Ralph Remington! You influence your daughter in all else—her nature is a replica of yours—you are her model, in short; yet when it comes to the most important step of her life—yours as well—you step out and allow her to drift upon a mere caprice, a whim! You had better reconsider this matter!"

"The day is past for parents to arbitrate their children's destinies. Marozia is gifted to an unusual degree with woman's fine, keen intuitions. Her judgment will be the deciding voice in this as in other matters which concern her!" There was a quiet finality in Ralph Remington's voice which Horace Rathburn well understood. Persistence, however, was his most dominant characteristic.

"Mark this, Ralph! I am not in a mood to be longer trifled with! My son's happiness is at stake and it will be war to the death now unless you yield!" Ralph Remington was silent. The crunching of the gravel beneath their feet as they walked beneath the pines and hemlocks, the chirp of crickets and katydids and the croaking of frogs in the distant swamp were the only sounds to break the evening stillness. Horace Rathburn could not endure silence. He was a man of action and something must be said or done in each waking moment, no matter what the nature of the saying or doing. Dreams—as he called the soul's silences—were wholly superfluous.

"Do you hear, Ralph? War to the death! Unless you yield."

"Did you ever know me to yield where a principle was at stake?" Horace Rathburn instantly recalled several occasions in the past where Ralph Remington's inflexible will used on the side of right had thwarted his evil designs and the memory was not a pleasant one. He winced and squirmed slightly under the direct penetrating gaze bent upon him in the semi-light. Then he changed his method of attack.

"A pretty subterfuge that—of sending your daughter off to Utica to school, with a preparatory school here in Unadilla, and my distinguished colleague, Ralph Remington, the—a—hm—Principal!"

"Spare your sarcasm, Horace Rathburn! The occasion scarcely justifies the effort."

"Once more then, do you refuse my request? Dare you refuse it when you know what it means to your daughter in the way of a brilliant future?"

"I refuse to interfere in any manner whatsoever with my daughter's rights and prerogatives. Furthermore, I do not wish her to be disturbed in the least by any suggestions upon her return home. That is a matter too sacred to be ruthlessly intruded into—especially after the mercenary note which you have just sounded."

"Then I understand you to say that you will allow her to have her own way even if it leads to pauperism?"

"Your language is exaggerated, Horace. People of intelligence and education rarely become paupers! They can earn their daily bread."

"Modify it then if you like. How would you like to have the fair Marozia Remington work for her daily bread?" A sudden beautiful light radiated from Ralph Remington's speaking face as he lifted his hand in the solemn forensic manner which characterized him when his soul was in the arena battling for the right against visible or invisible forces.

"That would not be the worst ills! Better a thousands

times that she were a pauper even, than an unwilling and unhappy bride. No yoke is so galling as the matrimonial yoke when it binds two who live upon different planes. Your son is a materialist, my daughter an idealist. It would only be another case of mis-mating and it is always the idealist who suffers. Claude would not feel the disparity but it would kill Marozia. Only the true mating of souls can bring happiness to such a union."

"H—m!! A sentiment somewhat out at the elbows and rather threadbare, it strikes me! A hanged-sight more suited to the age of chivalry than this one! I tell you Ralph"—his tone quickly changed to that of the quasi-solicitous promoter whose sympathies are suddenly expanded in direct ratio to his proposed victim's flagging interest—"you and I are on the downward slope of the hill and it doesn't matter so much to us, but I can see the finger-marks on the wall! Let me tell you something as an old-time friend. Money is the coming power. Within less than a decade you will find it the ruling god. Brains won't count; in fact they will be in the way! Culture, breeding, blood will be at a discount. Love will be proven to be what all sensible people consider it to be now—mere madness, or sentimental folly fit only for callow youths and silly girls. Marozia is too sensible a girl to throw away all her chances for advancement for such a foolish sentiment as you have just uttered. I know something of her mental caliber and her ambition to distinguish herself through mental efforts. You know this can't be done without money...or its equivalent, influence!"

"Horace, I decline further discussion of the noble sentiment, and see no reason for prolonging this interview."

"Well, there might be one or two reasons upon my side!" He drew from an inner pocket a package. The gravel path beneath the hemlocks merged into the village street at this point and in the half-light Ralph Remington saw the baleful gleam in the eyes turned full upon him. A frog filled up the pause with his guttural croaking. He shivered as he glanced up at the serene beauty of the heavens. The metallic voice grated upon his sensitive ears. The next words rang out with a crisp precision as from one sure of his ground.

"From facts in my possession I am aware that the state of your finances is far from satisfactory, to put it mildly. I have offered you the opportunity to retrieve your fallen fortunes and place your daughter in a position befitting her character and attainments. You have spurned my proposals. Do you see these notes? They're past due!"

In the light which streamed from the village post office Horace Rathburn could see the effect of this last



blow. His victim seemed stunned for a moment. He had not dreamed that matters had reached this crisis.

“What does this mean, Horace?”

“Oh I’ve merely bought them up.”

“Is it a game of hold-up--or what?”

“Call it by any name you choose. I am sure of my legal position in the matter. Beyond that I don’t care a farthing. You’ll come to my terms now!”

His manner had suddenly grown intolerable. It held a cool swaggering insolence which carried an immeasurable affront to the great-souled man at his side. A screeching whistle smote upon their ears as the evening train rounded a curve of the hills.

“I’ll give you a reasonable time to think it over, but you know the alternative. Good-night.”

(To be continued.)

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## Fragments from Nature’s Secrets

### EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHOMETRY

By Elizabeth Denton

#### Part II

This article commenced in the July issue. Back numbers may be had from the Agents or Publishers.

**I**N MANY respects the sensations of the psychometer, when in the presence of a strong light, whether natural or artificial, are analogous to those previously indicated, (see last month’s article) and hence, when vision only is required, one is often compelled to wait, not only until the organs become adjusted to the new or changed condition, but until the eye has been wholly relieved from any sensible impression made by ordinary light, before these objects become distinctly visible, or the brain capable of taking cognizance of their peculiarities.

May it not, then, with even more propriety, be said that in this, as in common sight, the ability to use the weaker is negated by the presence of other and stronger light? Be this as it may, the effect is the same.

Further than this, there are times, when either from some peculiar physical condition of the psychometer, or from some peculiarity of the atmosphere, or both combined, the light by which objects are thus made visible vies in strength, or illuminating power, even with the daylight. Of several instances, analogous in character, the following will, no doubt, sufficiently illustrate the peculiarity to which I refer.

On a certain occasion while traveling in the West, we were compelled to wait a weary time for the train which was to convey us to Peoria, Ill., it having been delayed considerably beyond the usual hour. We walked with our children through the town until they were too weary to appreciate the little beauty left by the previous frosty night. They had exhausted the novelties of the station, consisting of railroad charts and a few dusty as well as rickety seats, and now began to watch earnestly for the iron horse. At length, his unearthly scream gave warning of his approach, and he came thundering past, as if resolved to visit utter ruin on those who would chain

his spirit to the sluggish will of man. “Twenty minutes for dinner!” sang out the bakeman, after announcing the name of the place, while a general rush of the passengers, some to the eating room, and others to the various places to which they were destined, either for business or for pleasure, soon gave me my choice of a seat in any of the vacant cars. Taking the children each by the hand, while my husband gave orders with reference to the baggage, I selected a car and walked leisurely in, very naturally expecting myself and the children to be, for a few moments at least, its only occupants. Judge of my surprise, on glancing around as I entered the car, to find it already crowded with passengers. Many of them were sitting perfectly composed, as if, for them, little interest were attached to this station; while others were already in motion, (a kind of confused motion), as if preparing to leave. I thought this somewhat strange, and was about turning to find a vacant seat in another car, when a second glance showed me that the passengers who had appeared indifferent to the arrival of the train at Joliet, were rapidly losing their apparent entity, and in a moment more they were to me invisible. I had had sufficient time to note the features, dress, and personal appearance of several, and taking a seat, I awaited the return of the passengers, thinking it more than probable that I might find in them the prototypes of the faces and forms I had a moment before so singularly beheld; nor was I disappointed. A number of those who returned to the car I recognized as being in every particular the counterparts of their late transient representatives.

But the question arises, how could these individuals be seen in the car, when, in fact, they were not in the car at all, but in the dining room of the station?

We know there are peculiar conditions of the atmos-

phere which render it, like the polished plate of the skilful artist, capable of receiving and reflecting objects occupying positions favorable for such reflection of their images. Of this we have ample evidence in the various species of mirage. That there may be conditions of the atmosphere fitting it not only to receive and reflect, but also to retain these images after the objects have been themselves removed, appears to be a conclusion not altogether unwarranted by facts. [The veriest tyro in use of the voluntary spiritual sight, knows that the Reflecting Ether does so retain images for long periods of time, Ed.] That, in the above instance, the persons or images seen were indeed the individuals who at that moment were at the station, I do not believe. That the persons who had so lately been sitting in the car, some of them, doubtless, for several hours, had radiated to the surrounding atmosphere that ethereal fluid which stamps upon it these images, it being in a condition to receive, to retain, and to render them visible in open day, I regard as a simple, safe, and natural conclusion.

Again, may we not suppose that this fluid, like the particles of other matter, is subject to the laws of attraction and repulsion?—that the particles radiating from each individual would, unless prevented by some exterior force or interference, continue to attract each other, if not with the same power, yet by virtue of the same or similar laws as those by which their union had from the first been effected and sustained? Let us then suppose the condition of the atmosphere favorable, or at least not in any way opposed, to the free arrangement of these particles in accordance with these laws, and I can see no valid objection to the idea of their continuing for a time to preserve the form they have so long worn. This view of the matter of course presupposes that the objects thus seen, however ethereal they may really be, are nevertheless material, tangible forms; and in some instances I have no doubt such is the case. With many persons the appearance of many shadowy forms, now here, now there, which, by the time the eye is adjusted to observe objects of so aerial a nature, are no longer visible, is an almost everyday occurrence. Of course they conclude their eyes have been at fault, that no form was there, that the appearance was due to some condition of the eye which they do not understand, which cannot be of any earthly consequence, and to observe which would, therefore, be folly in the extreme. At other times there are sensations accompanying these appearances, and seemingly so connected with them, that one can but inquire if, after all, they are not worthy of consideration. And again there are times when the

shadowy forms assume to the inner senses all the characteristics of animated life. At such times their presence may not be recognized by the outward sense of sight, and yet, to the individual who perceives them, that presence is no less a reality. Was it to the internal recognition that Prof. Longfellow referred when he wrote of

Phantoms

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.”  
“We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at the table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at the fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me;  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates,  
From graves forgotten, stretched their dusky hands,  
And hold in Mortmain still their old estates.

And this is true not only of the houses and lands, but “Owners and occupants of earlier dates” than the human period, still hold in mortmain the dust once animated by their life.

(To be continued.)

**CAST YOU BREAD UPON THE WATERS**

By Blanche Cromartie.

In a certain monastery the rule was that each brother in turn should preach on the great piazza and when an eloquent friar was there and the weather fine there would be a crowd to listen.

One evening when the rain was falling pitilessly and every one stayed within, it fell to the turn of a young brother. He went indeed but went with a rebellious heart, recognizing how fruitlessly he would speak on such a night. He mounted the rostrum beneath the drenching downpour and began—slowly and falteringly at first, against his will—against his common sense

which condemned preaching to an empty space. But, as he went on, his theme inspired him; he forgot himself, forgot the emptiness of the piazza, forgot all but the love of Christ as he told of the Passion and the Resurrection. Too soon the allotted hour passed and he had to return to the monastery.

Next morning a woman knocked at the gate, a woman bowed with penitence and sorrow; she had come to confess, to restore, to begin a new life. She was a wealthy and beautiful courtesan whose seductions had been the talk of all, the ruin of many.

Sitting alone in her palazzo the previous night, the voice of the preacher had reached her ear and touched her heart. That hour she forsook her sin and from that time lived not to the world but to God.

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### **THE FOUR MARIES**

By Blanche Cromartie

*“Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother, and His Mother’s Sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.”*

A great cross stood there; a cross of growing light, and on it the Dreamer saw the Great shepherd, the Lord of Love. With mitre and with crown His head was decked, His body wore the jewels and the raiment of the high priest. The nails, the thorns, the bitterness of Calvary were gone; the face of the Redeemer was radiant with joy and glory.

About the foot of the cross stood the four Maries. Strange and beautiful exceedingly; of four ages they were. The most venerable of the four, she who stood on the right of the cross, was veiled from head to foot in a mantle of glowing Venetian red; her eyes harbored wisdom of ages past, and though to her the desert sphinx was but a toy of yesterday, time had not known to bow or wrinkle her.

Nearest the cross, close to the Sacred Heart, stood Mary Virgin; her blue mantle sparkled with all the stars of heaven, her face with joy, and her whole aspect was so pure motherly that it seemed as every broken heart in the world might find comfort in her bosom. So fair, so bounteous, so infinitely mother was she.

And by Magdalene stood the fourth Mary; but no! She, did not stand: her child figure pulsed with such celestial youthfulness that she seemed like some keen white flame, up-leaping for delight. White, oh whitest white was her attire; flowers crowned her head and sprang about her feet. Hers was the joy of heaven and the dancing of the stars.

And the Dreamer understood that the Maries had

come from the four quarters of the world and she saw that each one bore a shepherd’s crook.

And at that a faint bleating came upon the air, and lo! From all the corners of the earth the flocks returning to the fold.

But, as they came nearer, she saw they were no sheep but men and women and children hastening to HIM who was lifted up, and they raised the new song of the redeemed.

Then, for very joy, the Dreamer awoke, and came back to this poor world where the Son of Man is daily crucified in tears and anguish, and where the Maries still keep vigil by the Cross.

Not theirs to faint nor fall:

For their fine ear has caught the echo of completed harmonies, the first faint notes of the Great song of the Redeemed.

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### **THE SOUL OF GREATNESS**

Whatever our position may be, we are entitled to everything that we can appreciate, appropriate and use; and we know that the more we develop the power of appreciation of that which has genuine worth, the more we develop the power to give quality to everything we do; and in giving added quality to every thought and action, we shall both produce and naturally appropriate all those qualities of which we continue to be conscious. Therefore, it is clearly evident that the power to increase that to which we are entitled comes largely from the increase of the consciousness of real worth, as well as real life—real life being back of real quality everywhere; and the consciousness of real quality and real life develops naturally and perfectly in him who lives for the living of a great life.

We know that the soul of greatness is latent in all things; and he who thinks deeply and constructively of the soul of greatness, when thinking of things, will open his mind to the influx of that power that can produce greatness in his own mind. Briefly, what he continues to see in all things, he will awaken in his own mental world.

To the mind that lives in the soul of the great, the beautiful, and the wonderful, everything is an inspiration to greater things, better things, and more wonderful things. To such a mind, all things have worth, because to live in the soul of things is to find the real worth that permeates all things. And again we find or see in all things we tend to develop in our own minds, noting here the great law, that we invariably grow into the likeness, in mind and character, of those things that we think of the most.

# Question Department

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## Why Group Spirits Suffer

**Q**UESTION: Animals, both wild and domestic, suffer many things, and we are taught that the Group Spirits suffer more intensely. Why is this, do Group Spirits, like us, suffer from their own misdeeds?

*Answer:* It seems very difficult to conceive that such glorious beings as the Archangels—who are Group Spirits, and Race Spirits—can do wrong, at least in the sense that we with our limited understanding attach to that word. Christ is the highest Initiate among the Archangels and we know that “He suffered in all things as we, being tempted, yet without sin,” so there is evidently a higher law, and what that is we shall sense when we consider the relation of the Group Spirits to the animals of their species in the light of the law of Analogy, which is the Master key to all mysteries.

The following illustration from the *Cosmo* will probably make the difference clear between man with his indwelling spirit and the animal with its Group Spirit.

Let us imagine a room divided by means of a curtain, one side of the curtain representing the Desire World, and the other the Physical. There are two men in the room, one in each division; they cannot see each other, nor can they get into the same division. There are however ten holes in the curtain, and the man who is in the division representing the Desire World can put his ten fingers through these holes into the other division, representing the Physical World. He now furnishes an excellent example of the Group Spirit which is in the Desire World. The fingers represent the animals which belong to one species. He is able to move them as he wills, but he cannot use them as freely, nor as intelligently as the man who is walking about in the physical division uses his body.

The latter sees the fingers that are thrust through the curtain, and he observes that they all move, but he does not see the connection between them. To him it appears as if they were all separate and distinct from one another. He cannot see that they are the fingers of the man behind the veil, and are governed in their movements by his intelligence. If he hurts one of the fingers he does not hurt as much as the man on the other side of the curtain. If an animal is hurt it suffers, but not to the extent that the Group Spirit does, because it has no individualized con-

sciousness.

The dense body in which we function is composed of numerous cells, each having separate cell-consciousness, though of a very low order. While these cells form part of our body they are subjected to and dominated by our consciousness. An animal Group Spirit functions in a spiritual body, which consists of a varying number of Virgin Spirits imbued for the time being with the consciousness of the Group Spirit. The latter directs them, watching over them and helping them to evolve. As its wards progress, the Group Spirit also evolves, undergoing a series of metamorphoses, in a manner similar to that in which we grow and gain experience by taking into our bodies the cells of the food we eat, thereby also raising their consciousness by enduing them with ours for a time.

This Group Spirit dominates the action of the animals in its charge until the Virgin Spirits shall have gained self-consciousness and become human. Then they will gradually manifest wills of their own, gaining more and more freedom from the Group Spirit and becoming responsible for their own actions. The Group Spirit will continue to influence them, although in a decreasing degree, as Race, Tribe, Community and Family Spirits, until each individual has become capable of acting in full harmony with Cosmic Law. Then each Ego will be free and independent of interference, and the Group Spirits will enter a higher phase of evolution.

In light of the foregoing elucidation of the relationship between the Group Spirit and the animals, it is evident that the suffering it experiences through its proxies have the same purpose as the sufferings we experience on account of our own direct mistakes, namely, to teach it to avoid, whenever possible, undesirable conditions which are productive of pain. The man without a gun sees lots of animals when he walks about the fields; they flock to Mount Ecclesia and other places where the Group Spirit tells them they are safe; but the man with the gun truly has to hunt, for the Group Spirit warns its charges of his approach. Besides, the Group Spirit clothes its species in fur or feathers colored to resemble the ground, the trees, or leaves so as to render them as inconspicuous as possible to those who would hurt them and thereby cause it pain.