



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

The Question Department

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

The Astral Ray

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

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

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

Nutrition and Health

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

The Healing Department

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

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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A Brief Resume of The
Rosicrucian Philosophy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Mystic Light

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SEPTEMBER 1916

Music, The God of Space

From some inner world rebounding when the singing breezes blow,
Sounding colors, softly vibrant round me floating hither flow—
Colors sounding, changing, tinting with each shining tuneful note,
Colors mingling, intermingling with their singing radiance float
Into songs of rhythmic beauty wreathing forms that glowing, ring—
Then in choruses uniting, spiral upward—onward wing
While in harmony resounding from the earth and from the sky
All the Nature Hosts responding, in the music circle by.
Deep within this charm entralling, somewhere in me singing peal

Answering notes that waft me nearer—ever nearer with their seal,
Till absorbed within this music—in this color-brilliance bright
I, myself seem slow resolving into singing splendor—sight—
While the splendor, that is music—color-sound evolving light,
Scintillates and thunders singing with an ALL-producing Might,
Winging back and forth and guiding stars and planets into place—
Suns to make of songs revolving!—Music is the God of Space.

Zina Barton Partridge

Symbols of Ancient and Modern Initiation

This article was begun in the May Issue. Back numbers may be had at 10c each

Part V

The Sacred Shekinah Glory

The Western Room of the Tabernacle was as dark as the heavens are at the time when the lesser light is in the Western portion of the heavens, at eventide, together with the Sun; that is to say, at the New Moon, which begins a new cycle in a new sign of the Zodiac. In the westernmost part of this darkened sanctuary stood the Ark of the Covenant, with the Cherubim hovering above, and, to the physical vision, the invisible and therefore dark, fiery Shekinah Glory, out of which the Father of Light communed with His worshippers.

We do not usually realize that the whole world is afire, that fire is in the water, that it burns continually in plant, animal and man; yea, there is nothing in the world that is not ensouled by fire. The reason why we do not perceive this more clearly is because we cannot dissociate fire and flame, but as a matter of fact, *fire* bears the same relation

to *flame* as *spirit* does to the *body*, it is the unseen but potent power of manifestation; in other words, the true fire is dark, invisible to the physical sight. It is *only clothed in flame when consuming physical matter*. Consider, for illustration, how fire leaps out of the flint when struck, and how a gas flame has the darkened core beneath the light-giving portion. Also how a wire may carry electricity and be perfectly cold, yet it will emit a flame under certain conditions. At this point it may be expedient to mark the difference between the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, Solomon's temple, and the later temple built by Herod. There is a very vital difference. Both the *miraculously enkindled fire* on the brazen altar in the Eastern part of the Tabernacle and the invisible *Shekinah Glory* in the distant Western part of the sanctuary were present in the Tabernacle in the Wilderness and in Solomon's Temple. These were thus sanctuaries in a sense not equaled by the temple built by Herod. This was, nevertheless, in a sense the most glorious of the

three, for *it was graced by the bodily presence of Our Lord, Christ Jesus, in Whom dwelt the God-head* who made the first self-sacrifice, thereby abrogating the sacrifice of animals, and who finally at the consummation of his work in the visible world rent the veil and opened a way into the Holy of Holies, not only for the favored few, the priests and Levites, but that *WHOSOEVER WILL* may come and serve the Deity whom we know as Our Father, and having fulfilled everything, the law and the prophets he has done away with the *outward* sanctuary and from henceforth the altar of burnt offerings must be set up *within* the heart to atone for wrong doings; the golden candlestick must be lighted to guide us upon our way *within* the heart as the Christ *within*, the Shekinah Glory of the Father, must dwell *within* the sacred precincts of our own God consciousness.

From what has been said it will be clear that the Apostle was right when he said that this temple was a shadow of good things to come, and we shall now seek for the shadow of the Cross in the Tabernacle of the Wilderness.

The Shadow of the Cross

Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews, gives a description of the Tabernacle and much information about the customs being used there, which it would benefit the student to know. Among other things note that he calls the Tabernacle '*a shadow of good things to come.*' There is in this ancient mystery temple a promise given which has not yet been fulfilled, a promise that holds good to day just as well as upon the day it was given, and if we visualize in our mind the arrangement of things inside the Tabernacle we shall readily see the shadow of the Cross. Commencing at the Eastern gate there was the *altar of burnt offerings*; a little further along the path to the Tabernacle itself we find the *laver of consecration*, the molten sea, in which the priests washed. Then, upon entering the East Room of the Temple we find one article of furniture, *the golden candlestick* at the extreme left and *the table of shewbread* at the extreme right, forming a cross with the path we have been pursuing up towards the Tabernacle. In the center in front of the second veil, we find the *altar of incense*, which forms the center of the cross, while the Ark placed in the westernmost part of the West Room, the Holy of Holies, gives the short or upper limb to the cross. In this manner the symbol of spiritual unfoldment, which is our particular ideal today, was shadowed forth in the ancient mystery temple, and that consummation which is attained at the end of the cross, the achievement of getting the law *within* as it was within the Ark itself, is the one that we must all concern ourselves with at the present time. The light that shines over the mercy Seat in the Holy of Holies, at the head of the cross, at the end of the path in this world, is a light or

reflection from the invisible world into which the candidate seeks to enter when the entire world has grown dark and black about him. Only when we have attained to that stage where we perceive the spiritual light that beckons us on, the light that floats over the Ark, only when we stand in the shadow of the cross, can we really know the meaning, the object and the goal of life.

At present we may take the opportunities which are offered and perform service more or less efficiently, but it is only when we have by that service evolved that spiritual light within ourselves, which is *the soul body*, and when we have thus gained admission to the West Room, called the Hall of Liberation, that we can really perceive and understand why we are in the world, and what we need in order to make ourselves properly useful. We may not remain however, when access has been gained. The High Priest was only allowed to enter *once a year*; there was a very long interval of time between these glimpses of the real purpose of existence. In the times between it was necessary for this High Priest to go out and function among his brethren, humanity, and serve them to the very best of his ability; to sin, because he was not yet perfect, and then re-enter the Holy of Holies after having made proper amends for his sins. Similarly it is with ourselves at this day. We do at times attain glimpses of the things that are in store for us, the things we must do to follow Christ to that place where He went. You remember that He said to His disciples, "Ye cannot follow me now, but ye shall follow me later." and so it is with us. We have to look again and again into this darkened temple, the Holy of Holies, before we are really fit to stay there, before we are really fitted to take the last step and leap to the summit of the cross, the *place of the skull*; that point in our own heads where the spirit takes its departure when it leaves the body for good, or off and on, as an Invisible Helper. That Golgotha is the ultimate of human attainment and we must be prepared to enter the darkened room many times before we are fitted for the final climax.

The Full Moon as a Factor in Soul-Growth

Let us now consider the path of Initiation as symbolically shown in the ancient temples with the Ark, Fire and Shekinah, and in the later temples where Christ taught.

Note first that when man was expelled from the Garden of Eden, because he had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, Cherubim guarded the entrance with a flaming sword. Passages like the following, "Adam *knew* Eve, and she bore Abel." Adam *knew* Eve, and she bore Seth." "Elkanah *knew* Hannah, and she bore Samuel." Also Mary's question to the angel, Gabriel, "How shall I conceive seeing I know no man?" show plainly that indulgence of the passions in the creative act was meant by the phrase "*eating of the Tree of Knowledge.*" When

the creative act was performed under inauspicious planetary rays it was a sin committed against the laws of nature which brought death and pain into the world, estranged us from our primal guardians and forced us to roam the wilderness of the world for ages.

At the gate of the mystic Temple of Solomon we find again the Cherubim, but the fiery sword is no longer in their hand; instead they hold *a flower*, a symbol full of mystic meaning.

Let us compare man with a flower, that we may know the great import and significance of this emblem. Man takes his food by way of the head whence it goes *downward*. The plant takes nourishment through the root and forces it *upwards*. Man is passionate in love; he turns his generative organ *towards the earth* and hides it in shame because of this taint of passion. The plant knows no passion, fertilization is accomplished in the most pure and chaste manner imaginable, therefore it projects its generative organ, the flower, *towards the Sun*, a thing of beauty which delights all who behold it. Passionate, fallen man exhales the deadly *carbon dioxide*; the chaste flower inhales this poison, transmutes it and gives it back pure, sweet and scented, a fragrant elixir of life.

This was the mystery of the Grail cup, this is the emblematic significance of the Cup of Communion which is called *Kelch* in German, *Calix* in Latin, both names which signify the seed-pod of the flower. This communion cup with its mystic blood cleansed from the passion incident to generation brings to him who truly drinks thereof, eternal life, and thus it becomes the vehicle of regeneration, of the mystic birth into a higher sphere, a "*foreign country*," where he who has served his apprenticeship in Temple-building and has mastered the 'arts and crafts' of this world may learn higher things.

The symbol of the Cherubim with the open flower placed upon the temple door of Solomon's temple delivers the message to the aspirant that *purity is the key* by which alone he can hope to unlock the gate to God, or as Christ expressed it, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The flesh must be consumed on the altar of self-sacrifice and the soul must be washed in the laver of consecration to the higher life ere it may approach the temple door. When 'naked,' 'poor' and 'blinded' by tears of contrition it gropes in darkness seeking the temple door, it shall find entrance to the Hall of Service, the East Room of the Tabernacle, which is ablaze with light from the seven-branched candlestick, emblematic of the luminosity of the Full Moon which changes in cycles of seven days. In this Hall of Service the aspirant is taught to weave the luminous vesture of flame which Paul called *Soma Psuchicon* or soul body, 1st Cor: 14:44, from the *aroma* of the shewbread.

When we speak of soul *body*, we mean exactly what we say and this vehicle is in no wise to be confused with the soul that permeates it. The Invisible Helper who uses it on soul flights knows it to be as real and tangible as the dense body of flesh and blood, but within that golden wedding garment there is an *intangible something* cognized by the spirit in introspection, it is unnameable and indescribable, it evades the most persistent efforts to fathom it, yet it is there just as certainly as the vehicle it fills. Yes, and more so, it is not life, love, beauty, wisdom, nor can any other human concept convey an idea of what it is, for it is the sum of all human faculties, attributes and concepts of good, immeasurably intensified. If everything else were taken from us, that prime reality would still remain and we should be rich in its possession, for through it we feel the drawing power of Our Father in Heaven, that inner urge which all aspirants know so well. To this inner something Christ referred when He said, "No one cometh to me except my Father draw him." Just as the true fire is hidden in the flame that encloses it, so that unnameable intangible something hides in the soul body and burns up the frankincense extracted from the shewbread; thus it lights the fire which makes the soul body luminous, and the *aroma of loving service* to others penetrates the veil as a sweet savor to God who dwells in the Shekinah Glory thus created above the Ark in the innermost sanctuary, the Holy of Holies.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk to a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

A friend should be one in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and its sincerity.

FUTURITY

Everything that looks to the future elevates human nature; for life is never so low or so little as when occupied with the present.

We are always looking to the future; the present does not satisfy us. Our ideal, whatever it may be, lies further on.

Trust no future, however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead. Act—act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead.

The veil, which covers the face of futurity, is woven by the hand of mercy.

Links of Destiny

An Occult Story
Eva G. Taylor

Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers at 10c post-free

Synopsis

Ralph Remington, a fine scholar of a high and noble character is principal of the school in a small town in New York State. When the story opens at eventide he is about to leave the school and go to the station to meet his daughter Marozia, who is returning from college in Utica. At that moment Horace Rathburn, the capitalist of the town comes in to urge the school-master to further his son's cause with Marozia. This, Remington refuses to do, as the young man's character is not the best and he holds that his daughter should obey only her heart unimpeded by advice. When other means fail to secure Remington's cooperation, Rathburn pulls out some notes of Remington's, which he has bought. The notes are overdue, and he threatens Remington with legal proceedings unless he yields

Chapter II

The old stagecoach, which had borne Marozia Remington from her home to Utica, was now superseded by the railroad. The primitive village being thus placed in direct communication with New York City had received from the great metropolis certain importations not altogether in keeping with its rural character. Its former charm lay in its rustic simplicity. Weary city folk had fled hither during the hot summer months to rest and recuperate among the blue hills. Since the railroad had pushed its feeders from the main trunk line through all the rich farming settlements and contiguous hamlets, cottages and villas began to spring up along the margins of the clear blue lakes. Rich New Yorkers had foreseen the advantages of this locality as a summer resort. It was still in its embryonic stage. As yet it was little more than a dream in the minds of Horace Rathburn and one or two other promoters and capitalists. These men looked into the future and saw possibilities in this locality.

In this transition stage the village began to grow gauche like a milkmaid who puts on tinsel and paste jewels and affects a blasé air. It had lost its former charm and had not yet acquired the finer one of true culture. To Marozia, who was filled with the childish enthusiasm of a returned wanderer, the half-concealed vulgarity was not yet apparent. She caught her breath with a thrill of delight as the train, which bore her homeward, rounded a curve and whirling vistas of blue and green flashed by. Now it swept the margin of a blue lake and plunged through a wall of rock—then another break in the chain of undulating woods and her village home was revealed in its quaint simplicity among the foothills. In the gathering twilight she could faintly descry the Farmington Villa upon the crest of one of the Beachwood hills and thrilled at the sight. She was home at last and there stood her father at the station waiting to receive her. With the eagerness of a child she sprang to meet him but drew back with a start as she caught a glimpse of his face.

"O why did I leave you, Father?" she cried with something in her voice, which sounded like a suppressed sob.

"Why did I ever leave you?" He smiled fondly as he laid his hand upon her hair with his old caressing touch. "It did you no harm, Dear?" he said half-questioningly, half decisively as his gentle eyes rested upon her face.

No—but you—you Father! You have suffered—I can see it. And you have grown so thin! O Father, why did I go?"

"Why should you not have gone?" he asked with a tender half-quizzical smile.

"Because you needed me here."

"Really Dear, I am not such an egregious tyrant as to keep you home from school merely to minister to my fancied needs." She noticed that he trembled as if from weakness when she took his arm. She looked for the carriage and the old family horse. He read her look of inquiry and said in a lowered tone:

"I sold the horse and carriage last month. Do you feel able to walk, my Child?" He turned his face away that she might not detect the emotion there.

"You know we often used to walk—you and I, little Girl—and it will be like the olden days again. Only you are sure that you are not too weary?" he added with deep solicitude in his voice.

"Only weary of sitting still. I am eager to walk!" Still she wondered why he had sold the old family horse.

A curious crowd stared at them as they turned away and passed the village post-office. "Post office" was the title it bore, but like many specimens of the human family it put up a front, which it was not able to maintain. Once within, its limitations were painfully apparent. It occupied but a small corner of the conglomerate store, which bore the placard—"Groceries and Yankee Notions"—in large black letters across its once immaculate front. It now was gray with the storms of years.

The motley throng of the hour's idlers utilized molasses and sugar barrels and soapboxes for seats as they sat and whittled while indulging in the usual village gossip. It differed from that retailed over the teacups at the women's sewing circles merely in the adjectives and expletives used. Respect for our oft-mutilated English

and the laws of aestheticism prevent a verbatim report of the discussion, which arose tonight over the return of Marozia Remington from Utica. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that education for women was wholly superfluous and in this case little short of criminal in view of the depleted fortunes of the "Remingtons." Rube Slater seemed to be Chairman of the Conclave of idlers and his opening speech to the assembly began as follows:

"Wall I kalkerlate that Maroshy Remington kerries her head a leetle too high--kornsiderin'!" While he talked two brown channels took their deviating course from the corners of his broad mouth over his puckered chin, finally losing their way among the reddish fringe which adorned it.

Zeke Ketchum had it on very good authority that "she" had returned at this juncture in order to enter into competition with the Watsons and other girls of the county to secure the matrimonial prize of the season--Claude Rathburn, son of the promoter and capitalist. There was a slight difference in phraseology among the "village council" but all were agreed upon one point, viz., that the Remingtons were altogether too aristocratic and ought to be taken down many "pegs."

Marozia and her father, all unconscious of the comments they elicited, passed up the long village street and disappeared from view. The old Quaker "meeting house" stood before its semi-circle of wagon sheds, stiff, gray and prim—in marked contrast to the little Gothic church across the way. Farther on they passed the old red school house nestled among the hemlocks and firs, then the half-ruined mill with its huge water wheel looming up black and spectral in the fading light. On they went up the "hill road." Marozia thought it all looked more primitive than ever after her year of city life, yet she loved it better. Love has a way of idealizing all defects. Once she had felt only intolerable scorn for her village environment. Now she idealized its Arcadian simplicity. She felt happy as she walked arm in arm with her father up the rocky road. The same old frog that had pre-empted his log in the marsh announced his presence. His voice was patriarchal; he fairly bellowed. Marozia gave an amused little laugh and stole a look at her father. The expression upon his face startled her. His next words were spoken in a minor key.

"These creatures have not the remotest inkling that their efforts at expression strike a discordant note in the music of the universe. I wonder if our music affects the higher Intelligences of other worlds thus! The frogs have their nocturnes—we our symphonies, and up there in the tonal worlds all our music may seem crude! Our life itself with all its lofty aspirations may be a discord in the universal harmony."

The frog answered in his basso profundo and both smiled. "How distressing!" he said and she instinctively knew that her father was suffering. Her intuitive sympathy never needed wordy detail. She sought in half-humorous tender banter to dispel the gloom, but later she would persist in her determination to know the cause. Her analytical mind never rested until it obeyed the hint of the divining sixth sense and understood the underlying cause of things. Now it was necessary to change the current of his thoughts by her magic brightness.

"That was not my father speaking. He would put it in this way: Were our senses fine enough we might detect the underlying harmony even in a frog's croaking!"

His soul suddenly emerged from its darkness. Her tender smile and the little quiver in her voice revealed her comprehensive sympathy. The words were mere banter. A serene smile luminous as light hovered over the lines of weary care.

"Ah, pardon my bit of false philosophy, Marozia my child! Truly our life is grand and beautiful even with its threnody of pain. All tones are needed—even what we call the discords—to make up the music of the spheres. It is merely a question of adjustment, combination. Yet our earth with its manifold tones touches but one chord in the mighty harmony of the universe."

"Spoken like my own dear father!" the girl exclaimed with passionate tenderness. He could see the exquisite brightness of her smile in the semi-light, which struggled through the thick foliage.

"There is no dark side when we see far enough, clearly enough, yet—" He paused abruptly and the old shadow stole into his face. "It is the now and here that affects us most in spite of all our beautiful philosophy! By one little false note or false movement all the rhythm is marred—for this life at least. There must be oneness of aim and purpose, harmony—true union!"

A soul less finely intuitive than Marozia's would have questioned, or silently wondered at the abrupt transition. She understood her father's habit of half-rhythmic musing. She knew that his mind had swiftly changed its parallax and was viewing another phase of his problem. She knew that he had problems to solve and with her broad comprehensive sympathy she could understand many things, which had not actually come to her in the way of experience. His musing continued.

"We may theorize about the abstract beauty but it is the plain everyday human experiences that make for weal or woe. Domestic happiness or misery may not be so much a matter of ideal conditions as of the mating. To live on different planes, to have interests wide apart is torture inconceivable to the aspiring one—and it grows more intolerable with the passing years!"

Still she was silent.

"Marozia!" His voice was so vibrant with deep pathos that she turned and looked at him. She could not see his features, for the light, which filtered through the wood, was now too faint to reveal more than indistinct outlines.

"Marozia!"

"Yes, dear Father." A shiver seized her heart. He hesitated. Through the multiplicity of contending emotions, through the many sided strain upon him he was unable to bring the subject uppermost in his mind to her as he desired. He could only falter weakly, and realized as he spoke them the futile inadequacy of the words:

"I hope--when the time comes--that my child will choose--the true mate."

"But why need I choose at all, Father? I need only you!" Her gaze was as clear and direct as that of a child. He read her heart and knew that it was untouched as yet. They had reached the Villa and Mrs. Remington stood on the veranda to greet Marozia. Her cordiality was strained to the point of unnatural effusiveness. Mr. Remington's face clouded and he understood when a dark fascinating face smiled over his wife's shoulder and Claude Rathburn stepped forward with nonchalant grace to greet Marozia.

Do the Dead Lose Interest in Us?

A story is told of a greathearted couple in Wales who wanted to adopt a Belgian refugee child, and journeyed to Swansea to obtain one from the concentration camp there. But none suited them save a brother and sister who clung to each other so tenaciously that they had not the heart to separate them, so they decided to adopt both, and took them home. When the lady undressed the little girl she noticed a locket hanging around the child's neck and the tot told her as well as she could that it contained a picture of her mama who had been massacred. When she opened the locket the lady saw with astonishment and grief a picture of her own sister who had gone to Belgium as a governess years before, and of whom she had lost track. In this way it developed that she had taken her slain sister's children to her heart and home.

How did it happen, or did it 'happen'? That is a question of great moment, for it affects the destiny of every human being whether events in our lives are ruled by chance or design. The simplest explanation is of course that it "*just happened*" and it may seem very farfetched to the majority to postulate 'design'; still, Christ said: "the hairs on your head are numbered, and not even a sparrow falleth to the earth without your Father knoweth. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." If Christ told the truth, and how can we doubt it, then the element of chance is eliminated and *all that befalls us is either the result of divine or human design operating under and in harmony with the immutable law of consequence, and the agencies which make these designs may be either in the visible or invisible world.*

On this hypothesis it is easy to account for the occurrence. When we ask ourselves who would be interested in bringing these children to their aunt for protection, the answer is obviously; *the mother*. And if one mother can do that for her children, then it follows that all mothers must have similar ability to affect the destinies of their

offspring, restricted of course by the law of causation as already said; and if mothers can do such things, fathers or other relatives, in short, the whole world on the other side of the veil of death, must have the power to affect every other person now living here, and we must have the power to affect them. There can be no halfway measures.

To the occult investigator that is a matter of common knowledge; those we call dead continue for a time, varying according to their bent and disposition, to take an interest in the affairs of those they have left behind, and endeavor with varying success to influence them, as we influence one another in physical relations. They are not free to do this at all times, because episodes in the panorama of their past life demand their entire attention while they are being expurgated, but *between these periods our friends from the invisible world are right with us and embrace us with the same solicitude and love they had for us while in the flesh.*

Unfortunately, the reverse is also true. If an enemy dies we are not rid of him by that fact; he may indeed do us more harm there than he could in the body. That was felt on a small scale in the Russo-Japanese war when some of the clever coups of the Japanese were due to impressions received from the other side, and similar methods were used to an extent no one not actually aware of the facts would believe, in the beginning of the present war. But the organized effect of the Elder Brothers and their bands of invisible helpers have borne fruit to stem the current of hate among the victims of battle, so that all who cross the portal of death are now instructed in the effect of malice on themselves and the world; their better natures are appealed to, and altruism extolled as nobler than patriotism; with the result that the majority are converted, at least to the extent that they refrain from active endeavors to interfere in the battle. We have for many years advocated the abolition of

capital punishment for similar reasons; the resentful murderer is by that act of retaliation let loose to influence others similarly minded, with the result that murders multiply, whereas if they were kept in prison they would be isolated until the passing years had cooled their resentment against society, and they would then pass over in a less dangerous frame of mind and would probably do no harm to society. So let it be realized that it was an actual fact, and not poetical sentiment when John McCreery wrote:

Though unseen to the mortal eye,
They still are here and love us yet,
The dear ones they have left behind,
They never do forget.

Yes ever near us though unseen,
Our dear familiar spirits tread,
For all God's boundless Universe is Life,
There are no dead.

Fragments from Nature's Secrets

EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHOMETRY

by Elizabeth Denton

Part III

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

From the experience related in last month's installment it appears that the light by which objects are best seen is overpowered, vitiated, or rendered imperceptible by the presence of ordinary light. Especially is this the case when the rays are permitted to fall directly in the face of the psychometer, unless, as is sometimes the case, he can render himself positive to ordinary light and positive under concentration. But whether this light be of the same nature as common light, differing only in intensity, but not in kind, or whether they be two distinct elements entirely, it is difficult to say.

This light, unperceived by the outward sense of vision, at least under ordinary circumstances, and hence not generally recognized by scientific investigators, I take the liberty to designate *latent light* until some name shall be substituted more clearly expressive of its several characteristics.

If this latent light, which reveals to us the inner world, be derived from the object or specimen examined by the psychometer, there are abundant reasons for assuming that the latent light of the past, the present, and all intervening time may exist together in the same specimen or object, and when conditions are favorable may become apparent to the psychometer.

In the examination of each particular geological specimen or other object the light by which its surroundings are observed corresponds to the light or the locality from which it was taken and the periods to which the examinations may be confined.

To illustrate: I am given a geological specimen I have never seen and all knowledge of which is carefully concealed by the experimenter. I take it with my eyes closed

that I may form no idea of its nature from its appearance. When in a suitable condition for an experiment there is no "seeing through a glass darkly," there is perhaps the glowing light of day or the more dim rock-light of underground; there may be the fierce glare of the volcano or the soft water-light under the waves; there is the glittering light of golden sands or the sparkling glimmer of silvery seams, the clear, pure, life-giving atmosphere of the present or the atmosphere of the long ago laden with steam and heavy with the vapor of minerals and metallic substances. The direct and searching beams of a Southern Sun forever multiplied by gorgeous bloom while they are softened by the luxuriant foliage, or the weak and scattered rays of a chilled and snowcapped mountain's peak, and a no less chilled and ice-bound Arctic plain. Nor is this all, it may be observed further that many of the great changes to which these geological specimens of the globe, or that portion of the globe in which the specimen has existed for ages has been subjected, there has been a corresponding change in the quantity, the quality and perhaps in the varying nature of the light which becomes present to the sight of the psychometer.

It is well known that for some time after exposure to the direct rays of the Sun, the diamond and other gems will radiate a brilliant light especially if placed in darkness. Even in the most perfect darkness the image of one object may become stamped on the very elements of another, and that without contact. And in view of these facts we may ask, who shall say that the radiation of the gem has ceased when its brilliancy is no longer visible. If when the gem is capable of such radiations, if a coil of string may without light and without contact leave its

image upon a metallic plate is there any absurdity in supposing that the commonest objects by which we are surrounded are continually radiating that light, or these forces which when collected, if not themselves visible, produce at least visible results? For years I have occasionally noticed in rooms that no external light could enter at the time, a radiation from wall and ceiling, which would sometimes for an instant flash with electrical brightness. At other times a quivering, waving light somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis in some of its appearances would float perhaps from one end of the wall to the other before it would wholly disappear. Of late I have observed these appearances more frequently and sometimes in rooms which have during the day been open to sunlight. I have found it no longer a fitful flash, remaining visible only for an instant, but of such even steady strength that before any artificial light had been lighted for the evening I have been able to read and write by it after the daylight has become insufficient to enable me to perform such labor.

By looking into the eyes of an individual beholding a landscape we may see therein a picture of the field, houses, and objects generally, that come within the range of vision. This is because rays of light proceeding from these objects pass to the retina of the eye and there form images or pictures. Nothing is apparent to ordinary vision until it is painted upon this window of the soul.

The pictures so projected and seen are not so evanescent as is generally supposed. They seem to pass directly from the retina of the eye into the brain and are there indelibly impressed upon its substance and under certain conditions can be brought before the vision years afterwards with as great a distinctness as the beholder was conscious of at the time the objects themselves were presented to the sight.

Sir Isaac Newton in a letter to Locke says, "I looked a very little while upon the Sun in the looking glass with my right eye and then turned my eyes into a dark corner of my chamber and winked, to observe the impression made and the circle of colors which encompass it and how they fade by degrees and vanish. Intending my fancy upon them to see their last appearance I found to my amazement that they began to return and little by little to become as bright and vivid as when I had newly looked upon the Sun. But when I ceased to intend my fancy upon them they vanished again.

"After this I found that as often as I went into the dark and intended my mind upon them, as when a man looks earnestly to observe anything which is difficult to be seen, I could make the phantasm return without looking any more upon the Sun. The oftener I made it return the more easily I could make it return again. At length, by repeating this without looking any more upon the Sun, I

made such an impression upon my eye that if I looked upon any bright object I saw upon it a round bright spot like the Sun. Now in a few hours time I had brought my eyes to such a pass that I could look upon no bright object with either eye but what I saw the Sun before me, so that I could neither write nor read, but to recover the use of my eyes, I shut myself up in my chamber for three days and used all means to drive out of my imagination the image of the Sun, for if I thought upon him I presently saw his picture, even though I was in the dark. For some months afterwards the image of the Sun would return as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight with the curtains drawn."

Darwin relates a similar experiment in the following words: "I covered a paper about four inches square with yellow, and with a pen filled with a blue color wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS in capitals, and sitting with my back to the Sun fixed my eyes for a minute upon the center of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes and shading them somewhat with my hand, the word was distinctly seen in the spectrum in yellow colors and blue-brown and then on opening my eyes on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distant the magnified name BANKS appeared upon the wall written in golden characters. In this case the word was seen with closed eyes, though in a different color than in which it was written. The reason that blue was seen in place of yellow and yellow instead of blue probably arose from the fact that when we look for a long while upon one color, the eye becomes unable to perceive that color and we see in the place of it its complementary colors (blue and yellow being complementary colors, the one being seen in the place of the other). The rays of light, when receding from objects in the light, have the power of forming pictures on other bodies as well as upon the retina of the eye. If the body be sufficiently opaque and polished we can readily see them as in an ordinary mirror or polished plate of metal or water, as we see in the river the trees that grow by its margins, and although, when the object is removed, no picture is visible, there is good reason to believe that the picture thus formed is nearly as enduring as the substance on which it is formed."

When we sit before the camera our image is most distinctly projected upon a prepared plate and remains visible so long as we sit before it. This plate is then taken out of the camera but nothing can be seen, a microscopic investigation discovers no lines. By means of a chemical action the image is made to appear as if by magic however. It is no more there now than before the development. All that has been done is to make that visible which really existed on the plate before. Were that not the case, no application could have revealed it.

Apply these indisputable facts and in the world around us radiant forces are passing from all objects to all objects in their vicinity and during every moment of the day and night are photographing the appearances of each upon the other. The images thus made are not merely resting upon the surface, but sink into the interior of them and are there held with astonishing tenacity and only waiting for a suitable application to reveal themselves to the inquiring gaze. You cannot enter a room either by night or day but what you leave upon going out, your portrait behind you. You cannot lift your hand or wink your eye, or the wind stir a hair of your head but what each movement is infallibly registered for coming ages. The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving stone in the street catch pictures of all passing by and carefully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect calls, not a ripple moves but what its motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes in infallible and indelible scripture.

This is as true of the past as of the present, from the first dawn of light upon this infant globe when round its cradle the steaming crescents hung. From that moment nature has been busy photographing every moment. What a picture gallery is hers. There are the heaving crust, as the fiery tides pass under it; the belching volcano, the glaring lava torrents, the condensing waters, the rushing floods, and the terrible struggle of the early stormy times, the watery expanse unshored, the newborn, naked islands peeping above the waves, the first infusorial points too small to leave a fossil trace behind them, and the earliest furoids that clung to the wave-washed cliff. Every radiate and mollusk of the Silurian era, every ganoid of the Devonian, has sat for its portrait and here it is. Not a leaf that grew in the carboniferous forests, not a beetle that crawled, nor a frog that hopped; not a monster of the Oolite, nor beast of the Tertiary is wanting. There are grand panoramas of the past, containing all that man ever did, the first rude savages of the world, their hunts, their wars, their progress; the history of all nations and people from the cradle to the grave.

They may be there, says the skeptic, but how shall we be able to see them? None but a madman would dream of such a thing.

It would be strange if nature admitted no mortal to her matchless picture galleries; if, after employing millions of artists in drawing the waking and sleeping world, she would permit no human eye to behold her instructive penciling. *There is nothing more difficult than to tell what cannot be done* and many wise men have made themselves foolish prophets in attempting it.

I know of no chemical application that can make visible to ordinary observance these pictures with which all objects abound, but some individuals are sufficiently

sensitive to perceive them when brought into proximity with the objects upon which they are impressed.

I know numbers of persons who, by taking a letter in the hand or placing it upon the forehead without seeing the writing or having the slightest idea of the writer, can describe his character with as great or greater accuracy than his most intimate friend.

After testing this strange phenomenon by numerous experiments and being intensely interested in geology and paleontology, it occurred to me that perhaps something might be done by psychometry in these departments of science. If there could be impressed upon a letter the image of the writer and his surroundings during the brief space of time that the paper was subjected to their influence—and this was the conclusion I eventually arrived at—why could not rocks receive impressions of their surrounding objects with which they had been in immediate contact for years? And why could they not communicate the history of their relationship in a similar manner to sensitive persons, thus giving a clue to the condition of the earth and its inhabitants during the vast eras of the past.

Continued experiences have developed a further fact, namely, that as nothing which we see is ever erased, so *nothing we hear ever dies out*, not only is there a wonderful cabinet in the mind containing pictures of all we ever saw, but there is also a store house of latent sound containing all we ever heard. The lullaby sung by our cradle, the patter of the rain upon the roof, the sighing of the wind, the roll of the thunder, the dash of falling water, the murmur of affection, the groan of the inebriate, the hymn in the church, the song at the concert, the words of wisdom and courage, the whisper of love, all are faithfully registered. And experiments have convinced me of what is still more difficult to believe, that all sounds register themselves upon all objects within their influence, and that these phone types, as they may be called, are almost, if not entirely, as enduring as the object themselves.

An orphan child about seven years of age resided in the house of a farmer by whom she was employed to attend cattle. She used to sleep in a room separated by a very thin partition from one, which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description, but his performance was not taken notice of by the child except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family the girl fell into bad health and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady. Upon her recovery after a protracted illness she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady the most beautiful music was often heard in the

house during the night. This excited no small interest and wonder in the family and many a waking hour was spent in endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At last the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl who was found fast asleep but issuing from her lips came a sound resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. Upon further examination it was found that after being about two hours in bed she became restless and began to mutter to herself. She then uttered sounds precisely resembling the tuning of a violin and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into an elaborate piece of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner. And with a sound resembling the most delicate modulation of the instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner. These paroxysms recurred at regular intervals ranging from one to fourteen and even twenty nights and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pain over various parts of the body. When awake she showed no kind of turn for music.

But even granting that sound will remain within a living human individual, even though unconsciously impressed, how is it possible under any scientific or philosophic principle to account for the hearing of sound when the atmosphere has for ages ceased to vibrate to the causes by which they were originally produced?

If it be proven that we live only in the outward, that we hear only by the vibration in the atmosphere; that the duration of a given vibration is dependent upon a given amount of force; and that when the sound is heard the time elapsed since the force which produced it was exerted precludes a possibility of the continuance of the vibration, then there is no room for controversy. But have we as yet arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of knowledge in this direction? Are we certain that sounds can be conveyed to the human ear only by the atmosphere or by some outside tangible substance? As, for instance, a block of wood or a bar of iron. My own outward sense of hearing is far from being acute, and has been so for years, yet within that time I have distinctly heard conversations between individuals who at the moment were distant from the spot where I then was, between forty and fifty miles. Will any one pretend that this was the result of vibrations in the atmosphere? I do not believe it, yet if you accept the fact, by what means do you account for the occurrence, but by supposing either that we may exist in two distinct places at one and the same moment, or that some fluid infinitely more refined than is our atmosphere, conducts to our interior sense of hearing vibrations which the atmosphere fails to convey to the ear? And who shall say when in this fluid these vibrations cease, or that they may not extend outward in time as well as outward in space? Or will you go still further and

suppose that all matter retains in a latent condition whatever force may hitherto have been applied to it, and that by the perception of these latent conditions the psychometer may, when this faculty shall have become developed in the fullness of its strength, arrive at the facts of all past time?

All forces that operate upon bodies leave their impress upon them just as directly as the radiant forces, or, in other words, what we call insensible matter receives the impression of whatever force is applied to it; treasures it up, and can impart it to a sufficiently sensitive individual. A pebble which has been rolled to and fro by the waves retains the rolling sensation communicated to it, and with such tenacity that the heat of a furnace cannot do away with it. Thus, every body retains not only all it has seen and heard, but all that motion has impressed upon it, and so the biography of the meanest boulder by the roadside would fill more volumes than all of our libraries could contain. The nail retains the impressions made upon it by the hammer, the clay by grinding, the brick by burning, the wool by carding; in fact, every one of the torturing forces by which it was transferred from the back of the sheep to the back of the man remains upon it forever. Partial remains of animals are imbued with the *feelings* of the animals of which they formed a part; and under their influence the psychometer for the time being feels all that was felt by them, and the characteristic actions of mammals which have been extinct for millions of years can be accurately realized and described.

(To be continued)

QUITE A PREACHER

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* quotes a remarkable tribute of a Negro preacher to a white preacher who had consented to occupy the black brother's pulpit on Sunday. He said: "Dis noted devine is one of de greatest men of de age, He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undoable, an' he kin onscrew de onscrutable."

A COAXER

The latest American church device for "raising the wind" is what a religious paper describes as "some collection-box." The inventor hails from Oklahoma. If a member of the congregation drops in a twenty-five cent piece or a coin of larger value, there is silence. If it is a ten-cent piece a bell rings a five-cent piece sounds a whistle, and a cent fires a blank cartridge. If any one pretends to be asleep when the box passes, it awakens him with a watchman's rattle, and a Kodak takes his portrait.

—*London Christian World*