



# 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.

### 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.

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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.

### The Healing Department

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### 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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OCTOBER 1916

## Today

I wake this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live;  
The future with fair promise rife,  
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take,  
Perchance new burdens I may bear  
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,  
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,  
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby, for others and for me,  
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

And if the eventide shall fall  
In shade across my way,  
Then with what joy my thoughts recall  
The *life* of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower  
Be of Love's footsteps trod,  
Then blest be every waking hour  
It leads me nearer God!

—Exchange

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## Fragments from Nature's Secrets

THE UTILITY OF PSYCHOMETRY

Wm. Denton

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

Editor's Note: Wm. Denton is the husband of Elizabeth Denton, and a geologist. He has helped Mrs. Denton in her experiments and from this experience he here gives his view concerning the utility of psychometry. These articles are interesting because they show what is contained in the memory of nature, but we wish to keep before the minds of our readers that psychometry is a negative faculty depending upon objects which are not always obtainable, to reveal the chapters of the past enacted in their presence, while the positive polarized power latent within all may be awakened and made to reveal all we wish to know without need of such crutches. But the price of this power is high, it is self-sacrifice.

**A**s we travel into the night of the past, in search of facts regarding the conditions of our race at an early period of its existence, we find history burning with dim and uncertain light, before we have receded three thousand years. And if we had history alone to guide us beyond this point in the darkness of time, we should grope our way uncertainly. But when history can no longer be depended upon, Archaeology comes to our assistance, and we continue our journey with light sufficient to behold the salient features of the landscape lying before us.

We have learned from Archaeology that, prior to the historic period men knew the use of iron and fashioned it into tools for ordinary use, and weapons of war, and this for a long time before history gives us a record of their

doings. We also learn that previous to the Iron Age, there was a *bronze age* in which men knew not the use of iron, probably because they had not learned to produce heat to melt it from its intractable ores. This Bronze Age, archaeologists have discovered, existed for a long time. Lyell says, "The number and variety of objects belonging to the age of bronze indicate its long duration, as does the progress in the arts implied by the rudeness of the earlier tools."

Immeasurably back in the far past the use of metals was unknown, and men fashioned their tools and weapons principally of stone. This was the *Stone Age*. Already the existence of this Stone Age has been demonstrated in Great Britain, France, Denmark, Germany and Switzerland. During the early part of this age gigantic elephants, nearly twice as large as those now existing,

roamed in herds through the forests of Great Britain, France, and Germany. Oxen, of several species now extinct and some of them immense size, fed in the natural meadows; while tigers, bears and hyenas prowled through the woods in search of prey or hid from the hot rays of the tropical Sun in the dark recesses of the rocks. In the rivers extinct species of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus laved their tough hides, impervious to the rude weapons of the early men that occupied the land.

But the geologist has learned little or nothing from the rocks compared with what he may learn by psychometry. There are wide realms of the past that he has never trod; others that he has visited are so enshrouded in gloom that his acquaintance with them is extremely limited. How little we know of the land fauna and flora during the Cretaceous period! Trees must have flourished, reptiles must have crawled, and beasts roamed over the surface of the dry land, when the chalk beds of Europe were being deposited in the depths of the ocean, the cream-colored limestone of Texas, the marls and green-sands of the Atlantic States. Yet of these we know hardly anything; the river deltas of that period are yet to be found, and their fossil content exhumed; and even when that is done the record will be very incomplete. The advanced psychometer can take a cretaceous fossil, and, by means of it not only obtain the forms of marine animals and plants that lived during this period, but without much difficulty those also of the land, and thus fill up the great hiatus that at present exists.

What do we know of the commencement of life? True, the *Oldhamia* has been found by surveyors in Ireland below all other fossil remains; in the Taconic formation of the United States corals have been discovered below all other organic forms, but it is possible that the traces of life lie far below these; not in fossils to be seen, but in the influences that the psychometer alone can detect. Forms too small, too soft or too fragile, to leave any visible imprint upon the rocks shall be distinguished and described, and vast ages of apparent barrenness peopled with busy life.

The imperfection of the geological record, especially as a history of organized existences, must be evident from an examination of those parts of the earth where formations are now being deposited and organic remains buried. This age will be geologically represented in the future by those beds that are now forming at the mouth of rivers, such as the Mississippi, the Ganges and the Nile; by beds of tufa in the neighborhood of calcareous springs; by beds of peat, as in some parts of Ireland, New York and Massachusetts; by accumulation of vegetable remains, as in the Dismal Swamp; by coral reefs, as are now forming in the Pacific Ocean; by volcanic products similar to the beds near Vesuvius, which contain the

works and remains of man. A million years from now, how large a portion of these formations will be dry land trod by the foot of man? How much of the land thus above water will be exposed, so that the beds composing it may be examined by geologists? Among the bones exposed in those beds and examined by geologists, what chance would there be of finding a fossil gorilla? It would not be buried in peat beds, for peat is not formed in countries hot enough for it to exist in. It would not be found in a coral reef, for it is altogether confined to the land. Almost the only chance of discovering the bones of this animal would be in the tufaceous deposits, or in the beds formed at the mouths of some of the rivers of Western Africa. But it is extremely improbable that any geologist will in the future exhume the bones of an animal that while living eluded the gaze of naturalists for centuries. So, of course, it must be with many animals that lived millions of years ago. What fishes must have existed of which we have no scale? What reptile has crawled that has left no track? Had it not been for the enduring character of the dermal skeleton of the ganoids, what should we have known of the strange fishes of the Devonian Period? And how many fishes have existed with cartilaginous bodies, of which we have no vestige?

The ornithological page of geology is sadly deficient. A few suspected fragments from the chalk, a few more from the London clay and other Tertiary deposits, are the sum of our acquisitions. Owing to their habits and the lightness of their bones, and the tendency of their dead bodies to float on the water, but few birds have become fossil, hence our knowledge of them is extremely limited. Where are the birds that were undoubtedly the companions of the marsupials of the Oolite, and probably long preceded them? Where are the water-fowl that skimmed the cretaceous seas and fished in their calcareous waters?

The number of species of birds at the present time is about five times as great as that of the beasts, and their numerical superiority was probably as great during the whole of the Tertiary and Secondary Periods; and if so, what revelations are yet to be made in reference to extinct birds? Revelations that apparently psychometry alone can make. By this process we shall eventually be able to view the great organic procession from monad to man.

To the miner psychometry gives eyes that see through granite almost as readily as they see through glass; and he shall trace the courses of veins deeply buried under drift accumulations as readily as he does rivers on the surface.

Frequently in traveling over the country in the car Mrs. Denton will say to me, "There is oil under here," or, "There is lead or copper in this neighborhood," and in many cases I have afterwards verified the statements,

though neither of us, apart from psychometry, knew anything of these deposits.

For instance: in passing from Richmond to Quebec, as we approached Black River Station, Mrs. Denton remarked "There is considerable copper in this neighborhood." "In what form does it exist?" I inquired. "Some of it appears to be the Sulphuret; but there is a good deal of native copper, resembling that which I have seen in the Lake Superior region; it is the first of that kind that I have seen in Canada. I see it distributed in detached, irregular masses.

This surprised me very much, for I had, previous to this, no idea that copper existed in its native form in the Eastern townships, unless in very fine grains, one specimen of which I had seen, but from a different locality. But shortly after, what was my surprise to hear, was one gentleman informing another at the dinner table that a piece of native copper had been found in a gravel bank near Black River. A few days later a clergyman of the Church of England showed me a specimen from the same locality. (Since then a copper mine has been located in that vicinity, and worked with considerable profit.)

"History," said Voltaire, "is a grand lie"; it will be the work of the psychometer to make it a grand truth. By the aid of psychometry we shall wander along the shores of time and watch the empires as they rise and fall before us like the waves of a swelling tide; we shall tread the sands of Egypt and see united multitudes as they drag the ponderous stones and erect the enduring Pyramids; walk the streets of Athens in the artistic days of Pericles and behold it in its wondrous beauty, as adorned by those ancient lovers of art; or when Socrates dropped his thoughts in the market place like pearls; or listen in the groves of Academe to the sweet notes of the Attic bird, Plato, the noble disciple of Socrates; or walk through the streets of Jerusalem when Solomon sat on the throne of his glory; or stand on the Galilean mountain and mark the rapt attention of the multitude as they heard the gracious words that fell from the lips of the Savior Christ.

The sword of Cromwell is still imbued with his stern spirit, and prepared to reveal the secrets of its master when a worthy listener shall appear, and the relics of Napoleon are the storehouses of the actions of the mighty master of war. What a story a fragment of the pyramid may tell, or of the stony-faced Sphinx that has stared upon a hundred generations as they marched to their destiny before it. Could the tomb of Mahomet be rifled, what revelations of the camel driver's life it might give us. The history of the world is yet to be written; the accurate, incorruptible witnesses of the past shall be heard and their testimony taken.

There is a practical every day side to psychometry well worthy of consideration, which explains many facts

usually dismissed as mysteries. Radiant forces pass from us continually, as truly as light proceeds from the stars; and though they are unseen, they are by no means unfelt. Sensitive people can be influenced in this way at a great distance. Husband and wife mutually influence each other. It has been noticed that long married and lovingly united couples increase in outward resemblance with the passing years. Mentally, this is notorious, and morally not less so. When one is on a decidedly inferior plane to the other, the degrading tendency felt by the superior may cause keen disappointment, hence the necessity of attending to the intuitive radiatory warnings felt by the soul previous to such an alliance on which so much depends, and in which the interests of so many are involved.

To the maiden who shrinks from the man who would be her life companion I say, let no persuasion of friends, no prospect of wealth, no fear of want, no urgent entreaties or prayers of a lover induce you to neglect that small voice which proceeds from woman's wisest instructor and best adviser, the intuitive sense which is stronger in her than in man. [Because she has a positive vital body which feels the radiations from others much more quickly and keenly than the negatively polarized vital body of man.—Ed.]

It has long been known that the young and healthy impart vigor to the sickly, and the reason is to be sought in the invisible radiations which pass from them as fragrance from a rose; for this reason the old and young should not unite in matrimony; neither should children sleep with the aged or infirm. Sickly persons should refrain from fondling children; and it is important who makes our bread, for the dough necessarily receives the influence of those through whose hands it passes. The baker puts his life into the loaf, and influences people who eat his bread for good or evil. There is no field in life where we do not find this mysterious radiating force with which psychometry deals, and everywhere it may be used with advantage.

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The next installment of *Fragments from Nature's Secrets* will appear in the November "Rays." Mrs. Denton will there describe what she learned of life in ancient Egypt and England, from two small geologic specimens.

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## 5th Edition *Cosmo* Ready

*The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, fifth edition, is now off the press in Chicago, and we expect that it has been shipped to us by the time you receive this magazine. Orders will be filled as soon as possible after its arrival.

## Symbols of Ancient and Modern Initiation

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

### Part VI

#### *The New Moon and Initiation*

When the candidate entered at the East he was confronted by the fire on the Altar of Burnt Offerings, which emitted a dim light, enveloped in clouds of smoke. He was then in the spiritually darkened condition of the ordinary man, he lacked the light *within*, therefore it was necessary to give him the light *without*, but when he has arrived at the point when he is ready to enter the dark West Room, he is supposed to have evolved the luminous soul body in the service of humanity. Then he is thought to have the light within himself, "the light that lighteth every man," for unless he has that he cannot enter the dark room of the temple. What takes place secretly in the temple is shown openly in the heavens. As the Moon gathers light from the Sun during her passage from the New to the Full, so the man who treads the path of holiness by use of his golden opportunities in the East Room of selfless service gathers the materials wherewith to make his luminous wedding garment, and that material is best amalgamated on the night of the Full Moon. But conversely, as the Moon gradually dissipates the accumulated light and draws nearer the Sun in order to make a fresh start upon a new cycle at the time of the New Moon, so also those who have gathered their treasures and laid them up in heaven by service, are, at a certain time of the month, closest to their Source and their Maker, their Father Fire in the higher spheres, than at any other time, according to the law of analogy. As the great saviors of mankind are born at the winter solstice on the longest and darkest night of the year, so also the process of initiation, which brings to birth in the invisible world one of the lesser saviors, *the invisible helpers*, is most easily accomplished on the longest and darkest night of the month, that is to say, on the night of the New Moon, when the lunar orb is in the Westernmost part of the heavens. All occult development begins with the vital body, and the keynote of that vehicle is "Repetition," and to get the best out of any subject, repetition is necessary. In order to understand the final consummation to which all this has been leading up, let us take therefore a final look, from another angle, at the three kinds of fire within the temple.

Near the Eastern gate was the Altar of Burnt Offering. On that altar smoke was continually generated by the bodies of the sacrifices, and this pillar of smoke was seen far and wide by the multitude that were uninstructed in the inner mysteries of life. The flame, the light, hidden

in this cloud of smoke, was at best but dimly perceived. This showed that the great majority of mankind is taught principally by the immutable laws of nature, which exact from them a sacrifice, whether they know it or not. As the flame of purification was then fed upon the more coarsely constructed and baser bodies of animal sacrifices, exacted under the Mosaic law, so also today the baser and more passionate mass of humanity is being brought into subjection by fear of punishment by the law in the present world more than by apprehension of what may follow in the world to come.

A light of a different nature shone in the East Room of the tabernacle; instead of drawing its nourishment from the sinful and passionate flesh of the animal sacrifices, it was fed by olive oil procured from the chaste plant kingdom; and its flame was not shrouded in smoke, but was clear and distinct, so that it might illuminate the room and guide the priests, who were the servants of the temple, in their ministrations. The priests were endeavoring to work in harmony with the divine plan; therefore they saw the light more clearly than the uninstructed and careless multitude. Today also, the mystic light shines for all who are endeavoring to really serve at the shrine of self-sacrifice, particularly for the pledged pupils of a Mystery School such as the Rosicrucian Order. They are walking in a light not seen by the multitude and if they are really serving they have the true guidance of the Elder Brothers of Humanity, who are always ready to help them at the difficult points of the path.

But the most sacred fire of all was in the West Room of the tabernacle, above the Mercy Seat, namely the Shekinah Glory; and as this West Room was dark, we understand that it was an invisible fire, a light from another world.

Now mark this, the fire that was shrouded in smoke and flame upon the Altar of Burnt Offering, consuming the sacrifices brought there in expiation of sins committed under the law, is the symbol of *Jehovah, the Lawgiver*; and we remember that the law was given to bring us to Christ.

The clear and beautiful light which shone in the Hall of Service, the East Room of the tabernacle, is the golden hued Christ light, which guides those who endeavor to follow in His steps upon the path of self-forgetting service.

As the Christ said, "I go to my Father," when he was about to be crucified, so also, the Servant of the Cross who has made the most of his opportunities in the visible

world is allowed to enter into the glory of his Father fire, the invisible Shekinah Glory. He ceases then to see through the dark glass of the body and beholds his Father face to face in the invisible realms of nature.

The church steeple is very broad at the bottom, but gradually it narrows more and more until at the top it is just a point with a cross above it; so it is with the path of holiness; at the beginning there are many things which we may permit ourselves, but as we advance, one after another of these digressions must be done away with, and we must devote ourselves more and more exclusively to the service of holiness. At last there comes a point where this path is as sharp as the razor's edge, and we can then only grasp at the cross; but when we have attained that point we can climb this narrowest of all paths, then we are fitted to follow Christ into the beyond and serve there as we have served here.

Thus the ancient Symbol shadowed forth the trial and triumph of the faithful aspirant, and though it has been superseded by other and greater symbols holding forth a higher ideal and a greater promise, the basic principles embodied in it are as valid today as ever.

In the Altar of Burnt Offering we see clearly the nauseating nature of sin, and the necessity of expiation and *justification*.

From the East Room we learn today how to make diligent use of our opportunities to grow the golden grain of selfless service and make that "*living bread*" which feeds the soul, the Christ within.

And when we have ascended the steps of Justification, Consecration, and Self-Abnegation, we reach the West

Room, which is the threshold of Liberation. Over it we are conducted into greater realms where greater soul unfolding may be accomplished.

But though this ancient temple stands no longer upon the plains where the wandering hosts pitched their camps in the hoary past, it may be made a much more potent factor for soul growth by any aspirant of today than it was to the ancient Israelites, *provided he will build it according to the pattern*. Nor need the lack of gold wherewith to build distress anyone, for now the true tabernacle must be built in heaven; and "*heaven is within you*." To build well and true, according to the rules of the ancient craft of mystic masonry, the aspirant must learn first to build within himself the altar with its sacrifice, then he must watch and pray, while patiently waiting for the divine fire to consume the offering. Then he must bath himself in tears of contrition till he has washed away the stains of sin; meanwhile he must keep the lamp of divine guidance filled that he may perceive how, when, and where to serve; he must work hard to have abundance of "*bread to shew*," and the incense of aspiration and prayer must be ever in his heart and on his lips. Then *Yom Kippur*, the Great day of At-one-ment, will surely find him ready to go to his Father and learn how better to help his younger brothers to ascend the path.

In the next article we will take up for consideration "The Christian Mystic Initiation," then "Freemasonry and Catholicism," and probably something more about the "alchemy and Transmutation" involved in the Rosicrucian Work and Initiation will follow.

## 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 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.

During the year in which Marozia had been away, the railroad had superseded the old stagecoach and under the supervision of Horace Rathburn and one or two other capitalists and promoters the little hamlet began to have aspirations. Rich New Yorkers had begun to see the advantages of this locality as a summer resort. As Marozia stepped from the train and caught a glimpse of the Remington Villa high up on the crest of one of the Beachwood hills she thrilled with joy at being home again. The next moment a shadow stole across the joy as she caught a glimpse of her father's face. When later she looked for the Remington carriage and learned that the old family horse had been sold she began to wonder, but declared that she felt just like walking. As they strolled arm in arm up the village street, which led to the "hill road", they attracted the attention of the village idlers who were gathered about the Post Office, eliciting the usual comments. Marozia sought by half-humorous, tender banter to dispel the shadows, which she felt, were gathering about her father. Her magic brightness conquered and he spoke eloquently of the glorious destiny awaiting the human race. By indirect questioning he found that her heart was as yet wholly

untouched. Mrs. Remington stood on the veranda to greet them, but her cordiality was strained to the point of unnatural effusiveness and Ralph Remington's face clouded again when Claude Rathburn stepped jauntily forward to greet Marozia.

### Chapter 8.

CLAUDE Rathburn was undeniably entertaining when he exerted himself to please. Many a foolish girl who could not see beneath the exterior masque had been fascinated by his smile. His chief attraction in Mrs. Remington's sight lay in his interesting position as heir to the Rathburn fortune. Marozia was vexed with them both tonight and the first thrill of pleasure in her homecoming was marred. She wished to spend this evening with her father and—well she tried not to be unfilial to her mother even in thought, but there was no bond of sympathy between them. They lived on different planes—far apart. Her father understood her, knew each mood and anticipated each thought.

"Why did you have him here tonight?" she asked her mother while removing her hat.

"It is perfectly natural that he should wish to greet you upon your arrival home. You know that he is devoted to you and I wish you to treat him with the respect he deserves."

"It would have been sufficient, Mama, for him to have met me at the station and bowed me into 'my carriage' or waved his hand in adieu as Papa and I took our little 'constitutional' up the hill road!"

"Well you may jest over the situation if you like but you'll soon find out what it means to do without an equipage of any kind. It may seem amusing to you just now, but just wait! You'll soon realize what Claude Rathburn's attentions mean to you!"

"Mama, they are absolutely meaningless to me. I told you last year that I would not encourage him for he isn't the type of man I admire. Father is my ideal and when I meet a great souled man like him—whose nature blends with mine—whose aims and purposes are one with mine—I might be able to love. Until then I wish to be left in peace."

"I suppose you've been reading some silly novels where love is held up as the end and aim of existence. When you get down to practical life you'll find how little it counts for."

Marozia turned her clear gaze upon her mother's face for a moment and a deep sadness crept into her eyes.

"Mother, we shall never agree upon that point so please drop the subject." Then she turned to enter the parlor.

In spite of her chagrin and displeasure, Mrs. Remington was secretly proud of Marozia's grace and self-poise. Her manner was charming in its unaffected simplicity and her voice was low-pitched, sweet, and well modulated. It held none of that affected drawl sup-

posed by the pseudo-aristocracy of the hamlet to be a badge of class distinction.

"Now she will outshine the Watson girls!" she thought with an exultant thrill. They had been her criterion in the past, greatly to Marozia's chagrin, who detested their little snobbish affectations. She saw through their poses and pretenses but her mother saw only through the haze of her own distorted thought-forms.

Marozia did not glow and kindle tonight as she usually did when engaged in conversation. Neither did she exert herself in the least to please. Mrs. Remington made up for it however. She was ever on the alert to concentrate her beaming ardor upon Marozia's reserve and to ward off any delicate little satire in which she might indulge at some critical moment. "One never knows what Marozia will do or say next," she thought while she fluttered about Claude Rathburn, guarding his imaginary interests with jealous vigilance. Her efforts awoke Marozia's scorn.

"How ridiculous Mama is making herself and I," she thought with rising disdain. She knew that her mother was growing displeased by the green glints which her eyes threw out. Marozia did not care now; she never cared when people went beyond a certain point. She grew more tantalizing each moment in her saucy disdain—her disdain of the excessive civilities. As her mother beamed she froze and when at last Claude Rathburn took his departure her state of mind was not flattering to his future prospects. She knew what to expect when her mother followed her to her room.

"Well, I must say, I never saw a girl like you!" Marozia disliked wordy battles. She deemed them entirely lacking in real effectiveness. She replied quietly:

"Probably not."

"Do you glory in your contrariness? You act as if you were proud of your peculiar disposition."

"I cannot say that I have any emotion whatever regarding it."

"Well you treated Claude very rudely tonight. Your sarcastic remarks were dreadful: After he has been so patient with your contrary actions, too. Few men would have waited a whole year for a girl to make up her mind as he has done, especially when he might have his choice among them. Why, everyone is wild over him!"

"Well, I wish with all my heart that he would part with some of that angelic goodness and take the whole bunch to Salt Lake City and marry them all! Then I might be allowed to live in peace at home."



“Marozia Remington!”

“Pardon me Mama, but do let us drop this distressing subject! I would rather talk about the weather—or Mrs. Peter’s babies—anything in fact except Claude Rathburn and his ‘advantages’!” The last word was uttered with a mocking grimace.

“Well I cannot understand a girl like you!”

“We agreed that there isn’t another like me upon this planet, so it is no wonder you fail to understand me. Really I do not understand myself.”

Mrs. Remington turned angrily away and left her child without a good night caress. Marozia now understood what she had vaguely felt as a child. She saw the hopeless disparity between them and recognized that they were ages apart. She knew that her mother could not see truth through clear eyes. It would always be distorted, blurred, and confused by the chromatic and spherical aberrations of her imperfect vision. It was not a question of different viewpoints, of altered parallax, but of distorted soul lenses.

Young as she was Marozia knew that harmony—real underlying harmony—would be impossible. She realized that she had always been a thorn in the flesh of her worldly mother. Her first consciousness of it began back in her lonely childhood on one sad day when her hair refused to curl in pretty ringlets like Viola Watson’s, but persisted in its perverse determination to squirm back into its native state of shiny satin clinging close to the head. Her mother, in a frenzy of disgust, said that she might as well be an Indian and stay at home and live in the woods. She was left at home on that day, a forlorn little waif, while her mother took the trip alone, which had been such a coveted pleasure to the child-heart.

The first vague shadowy antagonism awoke on that day. She climbed up on a chair and stood before the mirror over a high bureau and looked at her reflected image with fiery hatred. She slapped her little hands against her straight shining hair in defiant scorn.

“Stay straight then—I don’t care now—I’ll never care again! I hate you anyway, Marozia Remington! I wish you hadn’t been born, I do!”

Then she fled to the woods where her mother said she belonged and sobbed out all her angry passion alone with the whispering trees. That was the entering wedge. The culminating cleft came when she refused to encourage Claude Rathburn’s ardent attentions. Between these two extremes of naughty behavior there were years of strained relationship during which neither could adjust herself to the mental organism of the other. Marozia’s attitude towards Claude Rathburn was more than a disappointment to Mrs. Remington. Her whole heart was set upon the success of the young man’s suit. Her ambition lay entirely along the lines of grand appearances, social triumphs, and material prosperity. She had been a belle once in her

native city, New Haven, and she never ceased to quarrel with the destiny, which had deposited her in the primitive little village. To be sure she was mistress of the Villa, the finest country seat in that part of the state, and until the tide of fortune turned against him, her husband Ralph Remington, had been the leading man of the county. Now, owing to manifold reverses, he was simply the village schoolmaster and her court was decidedly reduced in dimension and influence. It made no difference to her that the financial reverses were owing to the great and lofty soul of her husband who could not refuse aid to the needy or struggling. He regarded himself as a steward holding in trust for others the wealth that came to him; many notes were signed which he had to pay and many schemes were financed in order to help others to achieve some desired end. His wealth gradually slipped away but he always believed in his sweet patience that it would be restored if it was right for him to have it to use. He lived so entirely in his beautiful inner world that material prosperity was a mere incident in the soul’s progress. To Mrs. Remington it was the whole of life.

When Claude Rathburn, son of the promoter and capitalist, appeared in the village she hailed his advent with secret delight, as did many aspiring mamas who had eligible daughters. When he singled Marozia out as the object of his highly flattering attentions, Mrs. Remington could scarcely restrain her joy. Her brain was full of ambitious schemes when Marozia coolly dealt the deathblow to her hopes by choosing to obey her father’s wish and spend the year at school in Utica.

A stormy scene followed. Mrs. Remington knew that there were other desirable girls among Claude’s acquaintances and therefore sought to retain her hold upon him. He was invited to the Villa whenever his father’s interests brought him to this locality and high hopes were held out to him regarding his ultimate success. Tonight much of the work seemed to be undone by Marozia’s attitude concerning him. Therefore Marozia must be disciplined.

(To be continued)

### FAITH

Faith marches at the head of the army of progress. It is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, and the purest humanity.

Faith must have adequate evidence, else it is mere superstition.

To believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power.

Faith without works is like a bird without wings; though she may hop about on the earth, she will never fly to heaven. But when both are joined together, then doth the soul mount up to her eternal rest. As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.

## The Garden

Lizzie Graham

Good Day, Friend. How is your garden today? Yes, I shall be delighted to walk through it with you.

You feel discouraged, why? Oh, we all have trouble and heartaches over the seed. Some never sprout at all, others grow for a week or two, but if you do not hoe and water, and water and hoe, every day, they will just wilt away. But you know some grow up into fine thrifty plants like those over there, so don't get discouraged.

I believe it is often the soil rather than the seed that is at fault; but, of course, you may have been careless in the planting, or perhaps you were in a hurry and just took chances, or maybe you neglected the loving thought or kindly touch every time you passed by; perhaps you have not given the plants the kind of food they require; or the sunlight may be obstructed by some object. That is where I have found a great difficulty in my garden.

You did not know that I was making a garden! I have been working in it for some time and that is why I take so much interest in yours.

You would like to see mine? Well, I am ashamed to show it to you; I have done so little in it. Of course you know that all have gardens, which they are expected to cultivate. While they are children, their friends, father, mother and teachers endeavor to plant the best seeds there, and keep all in good order, but even with all their efforts weeds creep in; some are of gigantic growth and draw the nutriment from the little delicate plants.

I was gradually given more and more control of my garden, and at the age of twenty-one years it was entirely in my charge.

As I look backwards, I see in what a half-hearted manner I set to work; I wanted my garden to be the most fragrant, and I planted many beautiful flowers, but did not trouble to hoe out the weeds, they were such harmless looking little plants at first, and now I find that though I may cut them down each day they immediately spring up again, but I see they are not so strong as formerly.

Yes, I can see you are having a very similar experience to mine. Almost the same weeds grow in both our gardens, but some grow larger in your garden and some grow larger in mine.

How can I know a weed when it begins to grow? That is a hard question, for some in the beginning look so like the flowers that it takes an experienced eye to find them. I have often been deceived and did not know them till an evil smelling flower blossomed forth, and attracted ugly stinging insects; they have often wounded me, and I have had at times to seek the garden of a friend to obtain the healing herb that I had neglected to grow.

I thank you for calling my attention to that prickly weed in the corner; it grew so close to the ground and so much in the shadow I had overlooked it. I will cut it down just this moment. How its thorns tear my hands, and its juice seems to poison me.

Dear friend, let me have some of the balm from your garden.

Ah, your plant I see is very weak, but pulling off some of the leaves will help it to thrive, because *giving* always helps *growth*.

Now that we have compared gardens, let us set to work vigorously to clean out all the weeds we may find in our own; and if you do not object, I would like to pull down the high wall I built some time ago on the side next to you, then we would both get more sunshine, and would also be benefited by intercourse; and when all is tidy here we may be able to help our neighbors to start cleaning up their gardens also.

Need I explain my parable? Every Aspirant will recognize the garden in his own heart. The weeds are familiar to us all, also the struggle. But remember, we do not have to work alone in the dark; The Sun of Righteousness has said: "Behold I am with you always." Often, however, we cannot see Him because of the weeds and the walls.

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### WHICH ARE THE WORST, SNAKES OR SERUMS?

A man who lived for a number of years in China told of one day entering a 'medical restaurant' to which the doctors sent patients to eat foods that would cure them of certain diseases. All about the place were monkeys, owls, cats, snakes, lizards, and other creatures, both alive and dead. A Chinese patron came in and selected a snake, which an attendant killed and cooked for him. In explaining the matter the interpreter said: "You know how fast a snake can travel on the ground without legs. That gentleman who is eating the snake has rheumatism in his knees, and he cannot walk fast or far. Therefore he eats snakes to strengthen his legs," his traveling apparatus.

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It comes to me very, very often what a grand and noble work it is to be of service to another. I find that the little things that I do and say make me happier, for teaching has certainly opened a broader field for thought with action.

—Mary A.S.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

## The Crucible

Editor's note: The following interpretation of the ancient Rosicrucian Symbol on our inside cover by one of the students is the most worthy attempt at explanation received to date. We trust it may stimulate others to dig into this mine of mystery and extract some of the gems of spiritual wisdom there hidden.

The interpretative essence of "The Crucible"—a veritable melting pot—seems to dwell in the words of the old maxim *Per Ignem ad Lucem* (through fire to light) and the significance of this ancient Rosicrucian symbol is both microcosmic and macrocosmic, as shown in the fusion of the five and six pointed stars. The association of the five and six connotes the Eleventh Zodiacal Sign representing the Aquarian Age, and in the United States a merging that prefigures an epochal transition.

The seven terminals of "The Crucible" may be emblematic of the world periods; the septenary constitution of man; the visible color spectrum; the musical scale; or the Seven Creative Hierarchies, which we learn in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* (diagram 9) were active at the beginning of our Earth Period. If to these seven (7) pyramidal terminals we add the remaining two (2) triangular spaces (commemorative of the Nameless Hierarchies), we have the numeral Nine, or the Apocalyptic "measure of a man [144 cubits] which is of an angel"—typifying in the Hebrew language ADM or Adam, and in the Greek rendering of the Old Testament, SEPTUAGINT, from the 12x6 tribal translators and the 72 days required to complete this version. The number of humanity is also contained in the total of separate lines produced by segmentation.

A good name for "The Crucible", numerically considered, would be "God's Acre." A glance at the figures comprising this surface measure in square rods (160) and square feet (43560) discloses the extracts 7 and 9. And the title is not buried in the earth to achieve its palingenesis.

Like the pentagram, "The Crucible" is human in outline—the crossed arms and legs here manifesting the Androgyny—a reconciliation of opposing laws, or peace in at-one-ment. Note its place in the celestial circle with the head in Aries, the left and right shoulders in Taurus-Pisces, the hands in Cancer-Capricorn, and the feet in Virgo-Scorpio. As a whole, it is keyed to Aquarius as indicated by its serrated structure.

The fragrant wild rose, with its magical potencies, replaces the Flaming Sword of the Garden of Eden. This bloom might betoken the Christmas Rose (*Helleborus niger*) sometimes called Christ's herb, which later gives way to the Pasque Flower, or the liliaceous Star of Bethlehem, plant-forms that are not only significantly named, but whose disposition of floral parts follow the five-six order. Or, if you prefer, let the open flower with its face sunward, symbol the mystic marriage blossom on

the Tree of Life (harbinger of golden fruit), not unlike that emblem of purity the orange blossom, a cousin of the rose.

Referring to the enclosure bounded by the hexagon, in the center of which is placed the cross-striped calyx heart: does not its favorite form recall one of the group cells of the honeycomb fashioned by that hymenopterous air creature, *Apismellifica*? These classical appellations of the domestic bee will be found interesting in connection with the orientation of the Ruler of Taurus and the Moon or "Eight Sphere" in Scorpio, marking phases of past and present conditions to be superseded by the Mercury-Jupiter service ideals intuitively perceived by many. Within the area of the Perfect Number Six the carbonized elements become the blue tinged crystal—or rose diamond, and the baser metals undergo a similar sublimation. The desire nature's conflicting emotions are transmuted into the unifying Christ Love, and the upright torch is the Labarum, signifying the empyrean trend of the flame.

When studying this symbol, one is reminded of the Caduceus in its electro-magnetic polarity, and we may further identify the torch or staff with Aaron's Rod that budded.

Now for a moment turn the figure upside down and you will discern the goat-like head of the Satyr and his attribute the Thyrsus. In this position the plant is inverted, the torch overturned, revealing man in his unregenerate state—a fallen god.

Upright again—from sundry angles, "The Crucible" presents several reflecting surfaces, or specula, as exemplified when the Bird of Jove wills to see his image in the looking glass; Mars as a backward reflection and lower phase of Venus, with the Saturn ideal mirrored in Jupiter, a planet in turn that raises the crude dynamic energy of Mars into the higher volition, as Venus elevates and illumines the adumbrations of Saturn. The inchoate mind (Saturn) and the light of reason (Mercury) bear a relationship as do the generative symbols Mars and the Moon. Mars-Mercury point to that division of the Earth Period more definitely denoted in the Caduceus—an emancipatory process from the animal to the intellectual soul—from servitude to self-mastery, as explained in the Rosicrucian philosophy. Mercury and the Moon (significators of the mind) are in proximity, and the Moon (the lower instinctual mind) stands for a *Revolution* of the same Name, in the latter part of which, the humanity of the Saturn Period endowed the higher part of the desire

Continued on page 192.

# Question Department

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## Experiences of an Earthbound Suicide

The following letter received at Headquarters opens up a very important subject, or rather several, which may be elucidated with profit to our readers.

Manati, Porto Rico  
June 25th, 1916

Dear Friend:

I do not want to trouble you unduly, but such an interesting thing has happened that I want to tell you about it.

You remember Outram Court, a one-time student of yours who committed suicide December 24, 1914? Well, I have taken my mind entirely off him lately, because I supposed by this time he was safe in his own place.

One of my peons has just told me he attended a Spiritualist meeting a few nights ago and Outram Court came. To prove his identity he insisted upon speaking English, although he spoke Spanish just as well, and as none of those present understood English, there was a delay until they found a spirit who understood both languages.

Outram said he was still living at my next neighbor's, where he killed himself; that *he was suffering torture from hunger and wanted them to give him food*. Later in the interview he changed to Spanish.

They told him the food he needed was not earthly food, and they read prayers out of some kind of book they use, and tried to help him, but I do not understand that they explained to him that he had passed over.

Now, I do wonder what I can do? The worst of it is I cannot bring back the memory of anything that happens in my sleep. And I do so want to remember. What can I do?

If there is anything you can do on the unseen side to awaken me and help me to bring my consciousness through, I beseech you to do so. I am doing the very best I can. I do not say it is by any means perfect living, but I constantly try, and try hard. I do so want to remember where I go in my sleep, as I am afraid I go blundering through without seeing anything. Please tell me if you know.

Now I greatly want to help Outram, although he always repelled me while he was alive, for I never could sympathize with his point of view. For this reason I doubt if I shall be allowed to try. But some of you will help him, won't you, if I cannot? He had some excellent points, although he was unbalanced. His mother, who

was burned to death, came to the same meeting weeping because he was so unhappy. She also did not seem to know that he was dead. It is a mess.

I do not like Spiritualism, of course. But as the Catholic Church gives these ignorant people no help, I really think they approach nearer a certain kind of spirituality through the kind of Spiritualism they practice than they could get without it. You see they are so profoundly ignorant that there seems no point of contact.

Very sincerely yours,  
C.W.S.

This letter opens up the vast subject of abnormal transitions into the beyond, both by accident and design, with the feelings experienced by people who have thus passed the gate of death, and their communications through mediums; also the curious fact that many of the people we call dead are unaware that they have lost their physical body.

To elucidate, it is necessary first to state a few of the salient facts concerning man and the world in which we live.

Everyday observation, as well as scientific researches, proves that matter exists and moves in states which we cannot see. Water is evaporated by the Sun's heat and again condensed as rain; ether is as necessary to transmit light and electricity as air is to the transmission of sound. The invisible wind which moves in the air is as surely a cosmic force as the electricity moving in the still finer realm of ether; in short, we are surrounded by an invisible world of force and matter, as real, or more so, as the world we know through our physical senses.

And as we eat the substances of this gross and dense world to sustain our visible bodies, so do we assimilate a certain amount of matter belonging to the invisible aerial worlds, which forms a garment for the spirit when it has dropped the mortal coil. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but knoweth not whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is everyone who is born of the spirit."

Under normal conditions the exit of the spirit from its outgrown vehicle is like the falling of the seed from the ripe fruit; but when the spirit severs the tie before the appointed harvest time of death, the unripe spiritual vehicle cannot ascend to higher realms; it hovers closely to its earthly haunts, as hungry for more physical suste-