

## Links of Destiny

An Occult Story

Eva G. Taylor

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### 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During the year in which Marozia had been away, the railroad had superseded the old stagecoach and under the supervision of Horace Rathburn and one or two other capitalists and promoters the little hamlet began to have aspirations.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.

While Marozia was removing her hat she asked her mother why she had invited Claude Rathburn up there that evening, saying that it would have been sufficient for him to have met them at the station and "bowed them into their carriage" or waved an adieu as she and her father took their "constitutional" up the hill. Her mother angrily told her that she would soon know what it meant to do without an equipage of any kind—that Claude Rathburn's attention meant much to them all and ended by commanding her to treat him with the respect due a suitor. Marozia tried to be obedient, but her rising disdain culminated before the distressing evening was over. At the close, her frame of mind was not flattering to his future prospects. Her mother followed her to her room and reprimanded her for her chilling attitude toward the young man whose chief attraction in her eyes lay in his interesting position as heir to the Rathburn fortune. Marozia answered her mother with delicate satire and begged to be left in peace. It ended in estrangement between them. Marozia realized that she had vaguely felt as a child—that their souls were far apart as they lived upon entirely different planes. She never could harmonize with her worldly-minded mother.

MAROZIA carefully removed all traces of agitation and stole down to the library. Her father was in his easy chair by the writing table and her stool was drawn up beside him in the old position. She knew that he expected her to come before she slept. This used to be their hour together. She slipped naturally into her old place and laid her cheek against his arm.

"O it is so good to be here again with you, Father!" With the old caressing movement, half-solemn with its underlying tenderness and pathos he laid his thin white hand upon her brow and twined the little straying locks about his fingers. His love for her held more of pathos than joy. It always looked forward through the shadows and saw her face close beside the face of his Ideal, enveloped in sorrowful mystery. As she looked up into his deep eyes her own soul caught a premonition of sorrow and she shivered a little as she seized his hand and kissed it tenderly. Then with all the longing of her heart concentrated in her eloquent eyes she asked:

"Father, what is it? You must tell me."

He passed his hand across his brow and smiled—a serene patient smile. "Tell you what, little Girl?"

"You are suffering—there is some trouble and I must know, Father, for I cannot endure suspense!"

"You must not think any more about my trifling wor-

ries, Dear—especially tonight, the night of your homecoming. It is happiness enough to have you here. I would not spoil it by bringing in any shadows." Still she was not satisfied. The fact that there were shadows marred her peace. With the old luminous transfiguring smile he talked of other things. She questioned him about Mrs. Morton, the Rector's wife, and he grew eloquent as he talked.

"Father, she is such a Dear! I am eager to see her again!"

"She is the noblest woman I ever knew," he answered quietly. Finally he said, Things will adjust themselves, Marozia, my Child. Our part is to work with the Divine Will. What will it signify to us ages hence what trials we have borne? It will matter more how we have borne them."

"Yes, because it makes for soul-growth when we bear them nobly. Besides, no experience comes to us which has not in it some lesson for us to learn—or which is not the effect of some past cause." Her father looked his surprise.

"I have learned many things the past year, dear Father. I met a wonderful man in Utica—a Mr. Arlington—and I attended some of his classes. He is teaching a philosophy of life that is convincing in its appeal to intellect and heart. It is called the Rosicrucian philosophy. It corroborates what you have always taught me Father, only it corollates and synthesizes what has heretofore been fragmentary and

detached.”

“Is it Theosophy, my Dear?”

“It is the same truth which Theosophy is based upon, only it goes beyond it. Mr. Arlington says that this teaching is for the Western people. It puts the Christ first of all, and His teachings are accepted as the highest yet given to man. It is Mystic Christianity.”

“It has always seemed to me that those high truths should be formulated into a system that could be grasped and worked out and applied as any other curriculum.”

“It is, Father. There is a text-book—which covers the whole problem of life and human destiny. I brought a copy home with me and am eager to have you read it.”

“I shall be glad to do so, Dear. I have long felt the need of just such a book as you describe. In all the philosophies which I have studied there has seemed to be a gap. Something was wanting and in the silence of my soul I have tried to fill it in. Many deep truths have come to me thus which I have been trying to work out in the book I am writing.”

“How are you getting along with your work on psychology, Father? I have been eager to know.”

“It is well under way, Marozia. I hope it may be an aid to students of the science.”

It surely will, dear Father. The surprising thing to me is that all this wonderful teaching that I have listened to the past year seemed to find an echo within. It has paralleled all your teachings and explained them. Mr. Arlington told me that was because I had received the same truths in a previous life—rather we had received them—and the knowledge of them now is like a revived memory.”

“That seems very logical, Dear.”

There was a brief silence in which each was busy with thought. Later he added as a finale to their talk, “Above all things let us keep the soul within immaculate, worthy to be re-united to the Divine Flame. The thought that we are building for a glorious future and that we shall live ages hence—aeons in some of yonder stars, ourselves shining in radiant light, should impart strength for all trial, all disappointment, yea, all misery however crushing.” The orator was dominant now and he grew eloquent beneath the spell of her warm, deep sympathy. She kindled with responsive emotion as his soul triumphed over the human weakness and pain. A spirit-fire glowed in the depths of his eyes.

“Our little human cycle is so small, so minute in comparison with the great cosmic destiny awaiting us! Think, my Child, the light from some of those starry systems deep within the universe never will reach our planet while we are here. The immensity of space, the infinity of life, the vastness of astronomical cycles—the very thought of it all gives us inspiration to live out our little troubled life! It stills the wild turbulence of our sorrows and our human passions. You remember the exquisite poem with the mar-

tial ring thundering through its lyrical sweetness that we loved so well in the old days—the “*Sic itur ad astra?*”

“Yes, Father. It bids us prepare for battle. I think it imparts the ideal of strength and courage.”

“And strength is what we most need, Child—strength and fortitude. This poem shows us the Path and the trials along the way. It deludes us with no false hopes. If we have fallen asleep, stupefied by the lotus leaves of selfish pleasure, it awakens us, placing before us the alternative of falling in with the grand procession of heroes in their upward march or—missing the stars.” Marozia repeated softly, with a wistful tenderness in her sweet voice, through which a new note of power quivered:

*Sic itur ad astra!* How glorious

To gaze on earth’s luminous dome,

And think that o’er sorrow victorious

We shall find ‘mid the planets a home!

To wing through the blue empyrean

A radiant and rapturous flight,

Discoursing in jubilant paean

Of all that is joyous and bright.

High—high o’er each sphere of delusion,

Far—far from life’s rancorous wars,

Where strife may not come, nor confusion;

O how shall we go to the stars?

Through gardens enameled with flowers,

Embosomed ‘mid comeliest trees;

Where fragrance from asphodel bowers

Sheds perfume on every breeze.

Through fields amaranthine in gladness,

Where fadeless felicity blooms,

Where no phantom of danger or sadness

In awful proximity looms.

Where care may not come, and no cavil

The sense of serenity mars:

O think not ‘tis thus that we travel—

Not thus do we go to the stars!

‘Mid woods thro’ whose mazy recesses

No joy-giving sunbeam may dart;

‘Mid desert whose solitude presses

In silent dismay on the heart.

Thro’ valleys bewildering and dreary,

O’er mountains bleak, barren and steep,

Where travelers footsore and weary

A desolate pilgrimage keep.

‘Mid scenes of terrific commotion,

Like mariner clinging to spars

‘Mid the wild disarray of the ocean!

Thus—thus do we go to the stars!

The sweet scents of the June night, the breath of rose and honeysuckle were borne in through the open window.

They sat in silence tense with the high pitch of lofty thought, and vibrant with the rhythmic waves of poetic exaltation. In the final cadence a note of triumph rang through her low rich voice, as if she too, in her young years, saw the solitary Way—the Way of Sorrows—yet looked beyond with eager longing to the wide limitless outreach of the unfettered soul.

Late into the night Ralph Remington sat before his desk writing, as one goaded on by an irresistible necessity. His attitude betokened great weariness. One hand supported his brow, occasionally threading the hair streaked with soft grey which clustered around it. His fingers opened and closed with little nervous movements as thought vibrated in rapid, scintillating waves. His face was that of a scholar—a thinker. Yet something more—something higher than intellectual greatness—stamped that brow. The divine Fire burned in those speaking eyes and played like summer lightning over the sensitive mobile face. It was such a face as painters love to study and poets see in their dreams. His thoughts seemed troubled, while occasional sighs, slow, deep-drawn, as from the depths of a soul in pain, quivered upon the evening silence. The old fire burned in his eyes and flushed his cheeks, but anon he paused and laid down his pen while an agonized expression chased away the transfiguring light of inspiration. Once he murmured:

“Ah, she does not dream of its full import! Horace Rathburn, your purpose since that fatal day years ago has been to ruin me, and you have almost succeeded. Sleep on tonight, my Child—as many night as may be, then—God help you, Marozia, my little Marozia, for I fear you are

born to suffer!”

With a long shuddering sigh he turned again to his toil. When at length he rose from his desk he grew suddenly faint and sank upon a lounge. All was dark for a moment, then his mind seemed to grow alert, eager in its swift on-rushing toward invisible realities. Whirled through space with the rapidity of thought it seemed to pass planets and suns—suns numberless—permeated with the one great sense of infinite freedom, infinite rest.

When the little fragment of the real Self which can manifest through the physical brain, returned to Ralph Remington, the moon had risen and a long shaft of spectral light lay upon the thin eager face. But a change had come to him. There was a new memory—an awakened one. He brought the experiences of that marvelous flight into higher worlds back into the waking consciousness. Then he knew that immortality was a fact. When he opened his eyes a figure sat beside him. He strained his eyes to see the face. It was calm, benignant, sweet, yet strong. While he wondered if the form before him was a reality or part of his vision, a voice spoke these words and the figure melted away from sight:

“Be not afraid to pass through the fire! This way lies liberation!”

Marozia in her chamber above knelt by the open window and looked out on the stars, whispering through quivering lips:

“Father—dear Father—if only I might suffer for you! I would press back within a whole world of misery and smile above the heart-break, is I might—if I might!”

(To be continued.)

## 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: Mr. Denton, whom we introduced to our readers last month as a geologist, usually obtained the specimens later investigated by Mrs. Denton. In this article is a very interesting experiment throwing light upon life in the early days of England.

I HAD long desired to investigate psychometrically some of the human relics discovered in the drift deposits of England, France and Germany and after many fruitless inquiries for specimens in museums and geological collections, chance threw in my way the opportunity I had so long desired. While in Montreal I observed several heaps of flint shingles laid on the street previous to being used for macadamizing. This flint surprised me for I had seen nothing of the kind in America and, of course, Canada was the last place in America to look for it. On inquiry I learned that it had been brought from

England as ballast, though I was unable to discover from what part of England these particular heaps were brought. It was evident that they came from a cretaceous neighborhood and I thought likely from the Southeastern portion of the Islands. Among the flint I found two fine specimens of the Echinus and several small fossils, nor dreamed of higher game, but just as I was about to give up my search in the twilight of a cold December evening, I found a fragment of bone, hard frozen in a heap which on splintering proved to be fossilized; and on the next morning in a neighboring heap I discovered some twenty or thirty black

or dark brown splintered fragments of fossil bone, some appeared like portions of the skeleton of bovine quadrupeds, others of deer, one the bone of a bird and a few smaller pieces, from the size of the bone cells I considered as probably portions of the mammoth or *elephas primogenius*. From portions of clay attached to them, they had evidently been buried in a bed of blue clay originally. They adhered strongly to the tongue and one that I fractured showed a bright metallic luster. Probably, said I to myself, these were washed out of a drift bed, or a more recent alluvial deposit, by the waves, and thus became mingled with the shingle of the beach, from which the sailors loaded them into the vessels; and possibly I may obtain some knowledge of those human beings who inhabited Great Britain at an early period. I accordingly took one of these bones which had apparently been cut with some sharp instrument and gave it to Mrs. Denton for examination. She knew something of my ideas on the subject, but had no faith in them. Interpreting the influence of the fragment she said: "I see a head, the lower part of the forehead is very prominent so that the eyes seem deeply set, the forehead is very low and round and retreating; the face has an awful look, it is dark and feathers are stuck around the head (it was merely a glimpse).

"Now I see the chest and arm, it seems hardly human, yet it is not savage and wild for I have no such sensation from it as I have before had in connection with early men. There seems a good deal of fun, frolic and good nature here; the mouth is crescent shaped, the face sharp, and the front head slopes on each side forming quite an angle. I see an older and larger one that shows its teeth, which are large, it is coarser and uglier and seems very bad-tempered.

"I see one sitting on a log his long legs hanging down crossed at the ankles, and his hands between his knees, he is looking up, in front of him is a cave. It is sad to see such a pitiful object in the shape of a human being. I question whether he can stand perfectly upright, his hip joints appear to be so formed that he cannot, though he sits comfortably, whether it is natural to him or is a condition produced by disease I cannot say. Now I see him perfectly, I can hardly tell you that he is human, yet there is a human expression in his face; his body is very hairy, it appears as though the natural hair answered the purpose of clothing; a part of the face is destitute of that material and dark-colored. That is not a log that he sits on, but a rock. He must have gone there frequently to sit; he seems to be in a kind of study, there is evidently some power of thought.

"I have a glimpse of another, but smaller, more slender and less hairy. One hand is raised, my excitement evidently prevents my seeing, occasionally I see part of the body of one of these beings that which is lighter color, I

do not know whether it belongs to the same period or not; it is rather dark in that cave, I can only see a little way, there is something in the back of it, but I cannot see what it is.

"In the soft floor at the bottom of the cave are curious markings, it looks as if someone for pastime or play had made a number of shallow holes. There must be quite a number of these around here, for I see others occasionally; I had one more slender than the first and another larger, heavier and yet smoother and more delicate. I think this is a female; she is fuller and rounder and her limbs are shorter, but the face is far from being that "human face divine" of which the poet speaks, though I only obtain its general appearance. I see another female, smaller than the first; these are more erect than those hairy ones I saw, who are males I suppose, but it is strange that there should be such a difference between them.

"In a kind of an enclosure I see an animal that seems partly tamed. It is a large herbivorous animal, and I fancy now that the first men I saw were watching it until someone else came, two or three of them taking turns. There must be a number here from the influence I feel, more than one family. All that I have seen hitherto have been perfectly nude, but I see the back of one now that has some kind of covering on it, I think it is a skin; the wearer is one of the fairer erect kind, as most of them are that I see now. They look much more human than the others.

"In that cave I see objects that I cannot tell the use of; these seem made of stone. Some are five or six feet long but they must be made of wood with a sharp point of stone at the end; they have a round end where they are handled and I think now they are used as spears for killing animals.

"I see smaller ones hanging on the side of the cave and there appears to be a belt of skin several feet long, fastened against the wall and through it different implements are placed. Some are seven or eight inches long and others but two or three; some are bulky and look like hammers, while others are plain and sharp (are made of flint) they look hard and some seem to have been chipped, but I am not near enough to distinguish the precise material of which they are composed.

"I feel a great many beings about, going in and out, but I cannot see many; the cave is a large place. There are other implements hanging on the wall, quite sharp, these seem to be flint; they use them to cut up their meat. They did not eat their flesh raw, for I have the impression of it being cooked.

"I see green trees. The vegetation seems like that of a warmer country than this. I see grape vines. There is much more intelligence among these beings than those I saw with that specimen from Mt. Ararat. The dark ones do not seem as savage as I should have expected, there is some-

thing mild and submissive about them. At a distance the faces seem flat and the lower part heavy; they have what I suppose would be called prognathous jaws. The frontal region of the head is low, and the lower portion of it very prominent, forming a rounded ridge across the forehead immediately above the eyebrows; the hair bushes up full in front and is inclined to curl. I think there is hair on the chin and sides of the face.

“I see something peculiar at the edge of a wood between the rocks and it is an open space and near the wood there is something built that seems intended for shelter there are vines grown over it. I see an animal now much larger than the largest ox, with large long horns, these are as large as I ever saw. They curl over on each side and almost under the head.”

Three days afterwards I broke off a small fragment from the same bone and gave it to Mrs. Denton for examination. She might have supposed it to have been bone from its feeling, but she certainly had no idea of its being a portion of the one previously examined. This brought out the following:

“I see a rude bucket hanging on an area bar supported by two forked sticks. It is long for its width, and seems to have been dug out of solid wood. There is something around it near the top, probably to carry it by; it is rough on the outside. I see a very low place that looks as if made to live in; it goes up to a sharp peak. There is some animal influence about the specimen. From the feeling I have that house is made by poles put in the ground and poles on the top connecting, then it is banked up with dirt, and skins are put over it. I see the poles have forked tops, and the top poles are placed in the forks. I see another that is round on the top and in the distance are three or four little ones. I see shadows of people moving about. I cannot see anyone distinctly.

I now see the facial bones of a human being, the teeth are very prominent, jaws large, and the front part of the face very prominent and large. I feel now as if I were in one of those places in the rock that I saw the other night. I do not see that long row of implements but I am in a place like that; I see some great branching horns, but no animals; the horns are much longer than any I ever saw; there are two main branches on each side and a number of smaller ones; between the two sharp points stick up that give it a singular appearance. It seems to be on a kind of seat above the ground.

“I see an animal lying down that has a tapering face and nose, more so than a sheep, though it looks more like a sheep than any other animal I have seen, its eyes are large it has short horns and is herbivorous; but what is most remarkable about it and what I cannot understand is that it

has four horns. I see many things but not distinctly enough to describe; many that I see seem quite incongruous, and must have been brought here. For instance, I see a singular looking fish lying on the ground. I had seen several times the head of an animal resembling an ox but with a thin and sharp underjaw compared with the upper which is heavier than in our cattle; it has a curly front and the whole head looks very heavy.

“Now I see a face that looks like that of a human being, though there is a monkey-like appearance about it. I also see several persons trying to roll a large angular stone; one I can see quite plainly, he looks like that one I saw sitting the other night. All these seem of that kind having long arms and hairy bodies; the face of one is toward me and the backs of the others; none of them are clothed. One looks like a female with some kind of ornament bound around her head, I cannot tell what it is made of. I seem to be in the same place that I was the other night with that bone, but I do not see any of the smooth people that I did then.

“In rolling that stone one of them seems to act as overseer; he resembles the tall, ugly fellow I saw the other night.

“I perceive a very low entrance to a cave which looks quite dark, the front over the top has an artificial appearance as if something had been put up to make the entrance smaller. The climate is not warm all the time, sometimes it is chilly, cold and damp.

“I see now a point of land stretching into a large body of water; that must be the ocean; on this side of it are many people down by the shore. I wonder if that long weapon I saw the other day was for spearing fish? I see one of these people holding up something in his hand as if for some one at a distance to see. Another is bent over; they have a monster fish on the land which requires several of them to manage, its mouth is open and seems full of sharp white teeth.

“Toward that point of land are more people than here; some of them have dresses that reach from the shoulder to the knees and are fastened at the waist, some are shorter and others are unfastened at the waist. Think they are the skins of animals. They are fishing, and are not very particular about what they catch; these are the smooth skinned, and the others are, I believe, either their prisoners or slaves that work for them. They have more intellect and craft and a greater range of ideas than the others. The others seem inefficient compared with them; they may become terribly enraged, but they lack ability to accomplish much. They are shorter and stouter people; they have round faces, low foreheads but not with that protruding ridge I saw in the others; they have flat heads and nothing

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