

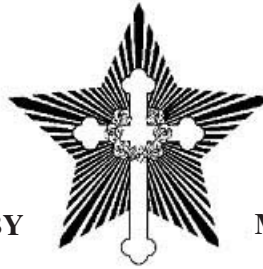


RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY

MAX HEINDEL



VOL 6

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 2

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

Subscription in the U. S. and Canada: \$2 a year

Single copies 20c.

Back numbers 25c.

England: 8s 4d a year; Germany: 8 marks 25 Pf.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us before the 10th of the month preceding issue, or we cannot be responsible for the loss of magazine. Be sure to give *OLD* as well as *NEW* address.

Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912

Oceanside

Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

The Mystic Light

* * * * *

DECEMBER 1916

The Myth of the Mistletoe

THE contest between light and darkness is described in innumerable myths, which are alike in the main features, though circumstances vary according to the evolutionary stage of the people among whom they are found. Generally, they appear fantastic to the normal mind because the picture drawn is highly symbolical, and therefore, out of tune with the concrete realities of the material world. But great truths are embodied in these legends which appeal when they are stripped of their scale of materialism. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the contest between light and darkness, as fought here in the physical world, is but the manifestation of a similar contest fought also in the moral, mental, and spiritual realms. This is a fundamental truth and he who would know truth should realize that the concrete world, with all the things which we now think so real, solid and enduring, is but an evanescent manifestation created by the Divine thought, and it will dissolve into dust millions of years before the other worlds which we think of as unreal and intangible are similarly dissolved and we once more return to the bosom of the Father, to rest until the dawn of another and greater Cosmic Day.

It is particularly at Christmas or Yuletide, when the light is low and the night long, that humanity turns its attention to the Southern Sun, and waits in an attitude of expectancy for the moment when it shall again commence its Northward journey to bring back the light and life to our frozen hemisphere. In the Bible we learn how Samson, the Sun, waxed strong while his rays grew longer and how the powers of darkness, the Philistines, ferreted out the secret of his power and had his hair, or rays, cut, to rob him of his strength; how they deprived him of his light by piercing his eyes and finally slew him at the temple of the Winter Solstice. The Anglo Saxons speak of the victory of Saint George over the dragon; the Teutons call to mind how Beowulf slew the fire drake and how Siegfried conquered the dragon Fafnir. Among the Greeks we find Apollo victorious over Python and Hercules over the dragon of the Hesperides. Most of the myths tell only the victory of the newborn Sun, but there are others

which, like the story of Samson just recited, and Hiram Abiff of the Masonic legend, tell also of how the old year's Sun was vanquished after having completed its circle and was then ready to give birth to a new Sun, which rises from its ashes like the Phoenix to be the Light-bearer of a new year.

It is in such a myth that we learn of the origin of the Mistletoe, a tale which is told in Scandinavia and Iceland particularly, at Yuletide, when the red holly mingles in decorative effect with the white mistletoe—a shadow symbol of the blood that was scarlet with sin but has become white as snow. The story follows:

In ancient days when the Gods of Olympus reigned over the Southland, Wotan with his company of Gods held sway in Walhall, where the icicles reflected the winter Sun in all tints of the rainbow and the beautiful coverlet of snow made light the darkest night, even without the aid of the flaming Aurora Borealis. They were a wonderful company: Tyr, the God Of War, still lives in memory among us; for him we have named Tuesday. Wotan the wisest among them is remembered in Wednesday. Thor still is with us as the God of Thursday. He was the hammer swinger; when he throws his hammer after the giants, the enemies of God and man, he made thunder and lightning by the terrific force with which his hammer struck the clouds. The gentle Freya, the Goddess of beauty, for whom we have named Friday, and the treacherous Loki, whose name lives in the Scandinavian Saturday, are other present-day fragments of a forgotten faith.

But there was no one like Baldur; he was the second son of Odin and Freya. He was the noblest and most gentle of the Gods, beloved of everything in nature. He exceeded all beings not only in gentleness but in prudence and eloquence also, and was so fair and graceful that light radiated from him. In a dream it was revealed to him that his life was in danger and this weighed so heavily upon his spirit that he shunned the society of the Gods. His mother, Freya, having at length prevailed upon him to tell her the cause of his melancholy, called a council of the Gods and all were filled with sad forebodings, for they knew that the death of Baldur would be the forerunner of

their downfall—the first victory of the giants, or powers of darkness.

Wotan therefore cast *runes*, magic characters, which were used to foretell the future, but all seemed dark to him, he could gain no insight. The “Vessel of Wisdom,” which might have served them in their need was in the keeping of one of the Norns, the Goddesses of Fate, so that could not help them now. Ydun, the Goddess of health, whose golden apples kept the Gods ever young, had been betrayed into the powers of the giants by the trickery of Loki, the spirit of evil. But a delegation was sent to her, in order that she might be consulted on the nature of the sickness which threatened Baldur, if such it be. However, she only answered with tears and finally after a solemn council held by all the Gods, it was determined that all the elements, and everything in nature should be bound by an oath not to harm the gentle God. This was done and a pledge was obtained from everything, except one insignificant plant which grew westward of the Palace of the Gods; this seemed so frail and fragile that the Gods deemed it to be innocuous.

However, Wotan’s mind still misgave him, that all was not right, it seemed to him that the Norns of good fortune had flown away. Therefore he resolved to visit the home of a celebrated prophetess by the name of Vala. This is the spirit of the earth, and from her he would learn the fate in store for the Gods. But he received no comfort from her and returned to Walhall more cast down than formerly.

Loki, the spirit of evil and treachery, was in reality one of the giants, or powers of darkness, but part of the time he lived with the Gods. He was a turncoat, who could be depended upon by neither party, and therefore, he was usually distrusted and despised by both Gods and giants. One day while he was sitting bemoaning his fate, a dense cloud began to rise from the ocean, and after a time the dark figure of the Giant King issued from it. Loki, in some terror, demanded what brought him hither, and the monarch began to reproach him with the contemptible part he, a demon by birth, was acting in consenting to be the tool of the Gods in their warfare against the giants; to whom he owed his origin. It was out of no affection for himself that he was admitted to the society of the Gods; but because Wotan knew well the ruin which he and his offspring were destined to bring upon them and thought by thus conciliating him to defer the evil day. He who from his power and cunning might have been a leader with either party, was now despised and rejected by all. The Giant King further reproached him with having already frequently saved the Gods from ruin and even with furnishing them with weapons against the giants, and ended by appealing to the hatred which rankled in his bosom against Wotan and his whole race as a proof that

his natural place was with the giants.

Loki acknowledged the truth of this and professed his readiness to aid his brethren by all means in his power. The Giant King then told him that the moment was now at hand when he might seal the fate of the Gods; that if Baldur was slain their destruction must sooner or later follow and that the gentle God’s life was at that time threatened by some as yet undiscovered danger. Loki replied that the anxiety of the Gods was already at an end for Freya had bound everything in nature by oath not to injure her son. But the dark monarch said that one thing only had been omitted; but what that was lay concealed in the breast of the Goddess and was known to no other. He then sank down again to his dark abyss and left Loki to his darker thoughts.

Loki then, having assumed the figure of an old woman, appeared to Freya and by his cunning, drew from her the fatal secret that presuming on the insignificant nature of the mistletoe she had omitted to obtain from it the pledge wherewith she had bound everything else. Loki lost no time to repair to the place where the mistletoe grew, and tearing it up by the roots gave it to the dwarfs, who were cunning smiths, to form into a spear. This weapon was made with many magic incantations and when the spear was completed one called for blood to temper it; a child free from all taint was brought in, the dwarf plunged the spear into its breast and sang:

The death-gasp hear,
Ho! Ho!—now ‘tis o’er—
Soon hardens the spear
In the babe’s pure gore—
Now the barbed head feel,
Whilst the veins yet bleed,
Such a deed—such a deed—
Might harden e’en steel.

In the meantime, the Gods, and the dead braves who are with them, assembled for a tournament, and as Baldur’s life was now deemed to be charmed, and in order to convince him how groundless were his apprehensions, they made him the butt of all their weapons. Loki repaired there also with the fatal spear, and seeing the blind and strong God Hodur, standing apart from the rest, asked him why he did not honor his brother Baldur, by tilting with him also. Hodur excused himself on account of his blindness and because he had no weapon. Loki then put the enchanted spear into his hands and Hodur, unsuspecting of malice, pierced Baldur through the breast with the spear made from the mistletoe, so that he fell lifeless to the ground to the unspeakable grief of all creatures.

Baldur is the Summer Sun, beloved by everything in

nature, and in the blind God, Hodur, who slays him with the spear, we may readily recognize the sign Sagittarius, for when the Sun enters that sign in December, it is nearly without light and is therefore said to be slain by the blind God Hodur. The bow of Sagittarius, as pictured on the zodiac of the south, presents symbolically the same idea as the spear of the story in the *Eddas*.

The legend of Baldur's death teaches the same Cosmic Truth as all other myths of kindred nature, namely, that the Spirit in the Sun must die to the glories of the Universe while, as Christ, it enters the earth to bring it the renewed life, without which all physical manifestations on our planet must cease. As death here precedes a birth into the spiritual realms, so also there is a death upon the spiritual plane of existence before a birth can take place into the

physical body. As Osiris in Egypt is slain by Typhon, ere Horus, the Sun of the New Year may be born, so also Christ must die to the Higher World before He can be born into the earth and bring to us the needed annual spiritual impulse. Our *Holly* season commemorates no greater manifestation of Love than that of which the mistletoe is emblematical. Being physically the extreme of weakness, it clings to the oak which is the symbol of strength. And it is the very weakness of the weakest of beings, that pierces the heart of the noblest and gentlest of Gods so that compelled by this love for the lowly he descends to the shades in the under world, even as Christ for our sake dies to the spiritual world each year and is born into our planet that He may permeate it anew with His radiant Life and Energy.

Christian Mystic Initiation

* * * * *

BAPTISM

IT IS noteworthy that nearly all religious systems prescribed ablutions previous to the performance of religious duties and the worship performed in the ancient Atlantean Mystery Temple, the Tabernacle of the Wilderness was no exception, as we have seen from the previous articles on "Ancient and Modern Symbols of Initiation." There, after having obtained justification by sacrifice on the brazen altar, the candidate was compelled to wash in the laver of consecration, the molten sea, before he was allowed to enter upon the duties of his ministry in the sanctuary proper; and it is in conformity with this rule that we find the Hero of the gospels going to the river Jordan, where He underwent the Mystic rite of Baptism; and when He rose, we learn that the spirit descended upon Him. Therefore, it is obvious that those who follow the Christian Mystic path of Initiation must also be similarly baptized before they can receive the spirit, which is to be their true guide through all the trials before them.

But what constitutes baptism is a question which has called forth an argument of almost unbelievable intensity. Some contend that it is a sprinkling with water and others insist upon the immersion of the whole body. Some say that it is sufficient to take an infant into church, sprinkle it with water, despite its protests, and presto, it becomes a Christian; an heir of Heaven; whereas, should it unfortunately die before this sacred rite was preformed, it must inevitably go to Hell. Others take the more logical position, that the desire of the individual for admission into the

church is the prime factor necessary to make the rite effective and therefore wait until adult age before the performance of the ceremony, which requires an immersion of the whole body in water. But whether the rite is performed in infancy or in later life, it seems strange that a momentary immersion or sprinkling with water should have the power to save the soul; and when we examine the subsequent life of those who have thus been baptized, even in adult age and with their full consent and desire, we find little or no improvement in the great majority. Therefore, it seems evident that this cannot be the proper rite because the spirit has not descended upon them; consequently, we must look for another explanation of what constitutes the true Mystic rite of Baptism.

A story is told of an Ottoman king who declared war on a neighboring nation, fought a number of battles against them with varying success, but was finally conquered and taken captive to the palace of the victor, where he was compelled to work in the most menial capacity as a slave. After many years fortune favored, and he escaped to a far country, where by hard work he acquired a small estate, married, and had a number of children who grew up around him. Finally, he found himself upon his death-bed at a very ripe old age and in the exertion of drawing his last breath he raised himself upon his pillow, then he looked about him, but there were no sons and daughters there, he was not in the place which he had regarded as home for so many years, but in his own palace which he thought he had left in his youth, and he was as young as

when he left it. There he found himself sitting in a chair with a basin of water close to his chin and a servant engaged in washing his hair and beard. He had just immersed his face in the water when the dream of going to war had started and a lifetime had been lived in dream-land during the few seconds it took until again he raised his face. There are thousands of other instances to show that outside the physical world time is nonexistent and the happenings of millennia are easily inspected in a few moments.

It is also well known that when people are under water and in the act of drowning, their whole preceding life is re-enacted before their eyes with crystal clarity, even the minutest details which have been forgotten during the passing years, stand out sharply. Thus there must be, and is, a storehouse of events which may be contacted under certain conditions when the senses are stilled and we are near sleep or death.

To make this last sentence clear, it should be understood and borne in mind that man is a composite being, having finer vehicles which interpenetrate the physical body, usually regarded as the whole man. During death and sleep this body is unconscious on account of a complete separation between the dense body and the finer vehicles, but this separation is only partial during dream-filled sleep and prior to drowning. This condition enables the spirit to impress events upon the brain with more or less accuracy according to circumstances, particularly those incidents which are connected with itself. In the light of these things we shall understand what really constitutes the rite of Baptism.

According to the Nebular theory, that which is now the earth was at one time a luminous fire-mist, which gradually cooled by the contact with the cold of space. This meeting of heat with cold generated moisture, which was evaporated and rose from the heated centre, until the cold condensed it and it fell again as moisture upon the heated world. Being thus alternately liquified and evaporated for ages, it was finally crystallized into a shell which perfectly covered the fiery centre. This soft moisture-laden shell naturally generated a mist which surrounded the planet as an atmosphere, and this was the cradle of everything that has its being upon the earth—man, animal, and plant.

The Bible describes this condition in the Second Chapter of Genesis where we are told that at the time of the first man a mist went up from the earth, "*for it had not yet rained,*" and this condition evidently continued until the flood, when the moisture finally descended and left the atmosphere clear so that the rainbow was seen for the first time. When the darkness was dispelled, *the age of alternation*, day and night, summer and winter commenced.

By a study of the Cosmology and the Pictorial account of evolution given in the Northern Eddas, treasured among the sages of Scandinavia before the Christian Era, we may learn more of this period in the earth's history and the bearing which it has upon our subjects. As we teach our children by means of stories and pictures truths that they could not intellectually grasp, so the Divine leaders of mankind were wont to teach the infant souls in their charge by pictures and allegories, and through that prepare them for a higher and nobler teaching of a later day. The great Epic poem which is called *The Lay of the Niebelung* gives us the story of which we are in search, the Cosmic origin of the rite of Baptism; and why that is necessarily the preliminary step in the Spiritual unfoldment of the Christian Mystic.

The Cosmogony of the Eddas is similar to that of the Bible in some respects and in others gives points which bear out the theory of Laplace. We quote from the poetical version of Oehlenghlaeger.

In Being's earliest Dawn,
All was one dark abyss,
Nor Heaven, nor earth was known,
Chill noxious fogs and ice,
North from murk Niflheim's hole,
Piled up in mountains lay;
From Muspel's radiant pole,
Southward fire held the sway.

Then after ages past,
Mid in the chaos met
A warm breath, Niflheim's blast,
Cold with prolific heat;
Hence pregnant drops were formed,
Which by the parent air,
From Muspel's region warmed
Produced great Aurgelmer.

Thus, by the action of heat and cold, Aurgelmer, or as he is also called, the Giant Ymer, was first formed. This was the pregnant seedground whence the spiritual hierarchies, the spirits of the earth, air, and water came, and finally man. At the same time All-father created the Cow Audumla, from whose four teats issued four streams of milk, which nourished all beings. These are the four ethers, one of which now sustains the mineral, two feed the plants, three the animal, and all four the human kingdom. In the Bible they are the four rivers which went forth out of Eden.

Eventually, as postulated by science, a crust must have been formed by the continued boiling of the water, and

from this drying crust a mist must have ascended as taught in the second chapter of Genesis. By degrees the mist must have cooled and condensed, shutting out the light of the sun, so that it would have been impossible for early mankind to perceive the body, had they possessed the physical vision; but under such conditions they had no more need of eyes than a mole which burrows in the ground. They were not blind, however, for we are told that “*they saw God,*” and as “spiritual things [and beings] are spiritually perceived,” they must have been thus gifted with a spiritual sight; and in the spiritual worlds there is a different standard of reality which is the basis of myths. Under these conditions there could be no clashing of interest, and humanity regarded itself as children of one great Father while they lived under the water of ancient Atlantis. Egoism did not come into the world until the mist had condensed and they had left the watery atmosphere of Atlantis.

When their eyes had been opened, so that they could perceive the physical world and the things therein; when each saw himself or herself as separate and apart from all others, the consciousness of “Me and Mine, Thee and Thine,” took shape in their nascent minds and a grasping greed replaced the fellow feeling which obtained under the waters of early Atlantis. From that time to the present stage egoism is considered the legitimate attitude and even in our boasted civilization altruism remains a Utopian dream not to be indulged in by practical people.

Had mankind been allowed to travel the path of egoism without let or hindrance, it is difficult to see where it would have all ended, but under the immutable law of consequence every cause must produce an adequate effect. The principle of suffering was born from sin for the benevolent purpose of guiding us back to the path of virtue. It takes much suffering and many lives to accomplish this purpose, but finally, when we have become men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, when we have cultivated that keen and ready sympathy which feels all the woe of the world; when the Christ has been born *within*, there comes to the Christian Mystic that ardent aspiration to seek and to save that which is lost and show them the way to everlasting light and peace.

But to show the way, we must know the way; without a true understanding of *the cause of sorrow*, we cannot teach others how to obtain permanent peace. Nor can this understanding of sorrow, sin, and death be obtained from books, lectures, or even the personal teachings of another. At least an impression sufficiently intense to fill the aspirant’s whole being cannot be conveyed in that way. Baptism alone will accomplish the purpose in an adequate manner; therefore, the first step in the life of a Christian

Mystic is baptism.

But when we say baptism, we do not necessarily mean a physical baptism, where the candidate is either sprinkled or immersed and where the candidate makes certain promises to the one who thus baptizes them. The Mystic Baptism may take place in a desert as easily as on an island, for it is a spiritual process, to attain a spiritual purpose. It may take place at any time during the night or day, in summer or winter, for it occurs at the moment when the candidate feels, with sufficient intensity, the longing to know the cause of sorrow and alleviate it. Then the spirit is conducted under the waters of Atlantis, where it sees the primal condition of brotherly love and kindness; where it perceives God as the Great Father of His children who are there surrounded by His wonderful love, and by the conscious return to this Ocean of Love the candidate becomes so thoroughly imbued with the feeling of kinship, that the spirit of egoism, is banished in him forever. It is because of this saturation with the Universal Spirit that he is able later to say, “If a man takes your coat, give him your cloak also,” “if he asks you to walk one mile with him, go with him for two miles,” feeling himself as one with all he does, not even consider their murder of him mistreatment, but can say, “Father forgive them.” They are himself who suffers by their action, he is the aggressor as well as the victim. Such is the true Spiritual Baptism of the Christian Mystic and any other baptism that does not produce this Universal fellow feeling is not worthy of the name.

NEW PREMIUM OFFERS

In order to further stimulate subscription effort, we will give the following premiums for NEW subscriptions (not renewals or people who are already on our list as past, present, or prospective students, but *strangers*).

The *Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception* for 5 yearly subscriptions.

The *Rosicrucian Philosophy* for 4 yearly subscriptions.

The *Rosicrucian Mysteries* for 3 yearly subscriptions.

The *Message of the Stars* for 2 yearly subscribers.

When sending in subscriptions be sure to state what book you want; cash must accompany order, but if you cannot at once get the required number to secure the book, send them one at a time, and when you have done your part we will send you the premium.

Links of Destiny

AN OCCULT STORY

Eva G. Taylor

This article commenced in the August issue. Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers at 10¢ post-free.

Chapter V

ON THE morning following Marozia's arrival home, she and Mrs. Morton were seated in the library at the Villa in close conversation. There was a tender solicitude in Mrs. Morton's manner toward her girl friend. She knew that the shadows were gathering around her and she could not warn her. Ralph Remington, wisely or unwisely, desired that his child should remain in ignorance of any trouble which threatened them, believing with his pathetic hopefulness that it might be averted even at the last.

"Then it will be one sorrow less for her." He reasoned. "I do not mind the scars of battle, but they belong not to the fair face of my child."

Mrs. Morton, who believed all things good and great of Ralph Remington, did not concur with him in this. She knew the beneficence of sorrow. She knew the beauty which it imparts when nobly borne, even to the young. She knew the fibre of Marozia's soul. She was a skillful reader of human nature and she knew that any sorrow which might touch her friend's life never would degenerate into the selfish type. Her first thought always would be for others. Knowing the value of such experiences of beautiful altruism, she dared not hold back a soul from its high heritage in order to spare it a few hurts in its upward climb. After they had touched upon several topics, Mrs. Morton inquired:

"By the way Dear, do you remember Sarah Thomas, who moved here from Cherry Valley a short time before you went away?"

"Yes, I have quite vivid recollections of her behavior the first time we met. It was on the last day of school and we unexpectedly came face-to-face in the meadow path by the big rock. I had been indulging in some of my 'day-dreams' when she came sauntering slowly by. She was muttering to herself and when I rose from the boulder and we came face to face she looked wild and scared. I suppose she took me for a sister-ghost (she truly looked the part) but she didn't receive me kindly."

"What did she do?"

"Tumbled headlong into the meadow grass in her frantic efforts to escape. I smiled. I couldn't help it, Mrs. Morton, she looked so perfectly ridiculous. Yes, she saw

the smile as she threw a hasty glance backward after picking herself up and replacing her frayed sun-bonnet on her head. She didn't speak but she looked unutterable things."

A smile of amused pity hovered around Mrs. Morton's sweet mouth.

"She is shy, poor girl, and her awkward position added to her sensitiveness."

"Yes, I really felt sorry for her and tried afterwards to make amends when we met in the same place, but she resented all my overtures and left me standing there, a dejected, solitary penitent. She never forgave me for the unfortunate smile."

"Did you know why she left school?"

"No."

"Hers is a sad case, my Dear. Her father, a lazy slovenly man of the coarsest type, insisted upon putting her to farm work. She longed for an education, poor girl, in order that she might teach, but brutal ignorance was obdurate. She went to Mrs. Gregory's farm-house to work next day."

"I am very sorry for her but I see such cases in an entirely different light since I studied the Rosicrucian philosophy. It explains all these problems of life very clearly and satisfactorily. There must have been an antecedent cause in some past life of Sarah's to produce such distressing results."

"Yes, my Dear, I fully agree with you. I have long felt that the doctrine of re-birth alone could explain our tangled destinies."

Marozia looked her surprise.

"Yes, my Dear, and it may surprise you farther to know that the Rector believes in it too, and teaches it indirectly. He says that if the Church realized its true heritage, it would appreciate the work of the Christ as never before. He says it is beginning to be widely believed by the clergy, especially in the West. It was the old esoteric doctrine of the Church which for several centuries dropped from the public teaching."

"And do you know why, Mrs. Morton? There was a reason for it which Mr. Arlington explained in his class work. It was necessary for mankind to conquer the mate-

Her next words were spoken with some hesitation:

“Sarah Thomas has grown quite pretty, but—I really do not know what to think about it. Sometimes I feel that we did wrong in not keeping in closer touch with her. I think she ought to have gone with her mother!” Then Mrs. Morton’s sweet voice became entreating.

“Do you think that you could manage to see her and get acquainted?”

“I could manage it, I suppose—but what would it avail, dear Mrs. Morton?”

“It might avail much for a deep rich nature to reach out across the silence between soul and soul—to touch with human warmth a lonely, repressed life.” Marozia’s face kindled as the artist in her responded to Mrs. Morton’s glowing words and personality. She would not yield however, at least not yet. She replied questioningly:

“Still, admitting the highest motives, is it ever wise to try to establish a meeting point between souls that do not naturally drift toward each other?”

“Do you mean that even if they are upon the same plane and there is a chemical non-affinity there will be repulsion and discord—and if upon different planes the one at the lower stage never could understand nor comprehend and the humiliation of defeat would await the larger nature? I know, Dear, that altruistic purposes are most easily misunderstood and rebound distorted upon the tender heart. Still we must follow the upward path no matter what thorns and brambles we may encounter.”

Marozia smiled, a quaint little smile, half humorous, half pathetic.

“I am still skeptical regarding the issue. Really, I care less and less about ‘getting acquainted’ with people. Who is ever truly acquainted with another—unless their souls are united? I haven’t found the people I have met thus far so very lovely or worth while to know, and they doubtless have the same impression of me. I prefer Father, and solitude.”

“But the other people—the ones who do not know how to use even solitude—they must be helped, my Dear!”

“I don’t think they care to be helped. They usually resent all beneficent effort.”

“Not all; and we must continue our efforts or our own souls will degenerate. None is so dead as those who are self-centered; who look at life from one narrow viewpoint; who misconstrue motives by construing them from the warped centre of their own ignoble consciousness. We so easily deceive ourselves. Our motives must rise to higher ground than my selfish alternative implied. We must not only help in order to promote our own soul-growth, but because we love and cannot help making the effort. In the last analysis only the purest altruism counts.” There was a momentary silence, then Marozia’s

face kindled and the live eager soul shone, through the half-mocking humor.

“I had a new thought last night—and survived the experience. Father was responsible for its perpetration upon my brain cells.” Mrs. Morton grew smilingly eager.

“A new thought?”

“Well, it was new to me at least—though who can tell how many times it has known re-embodiment?”

“Tell it to me! I am longing for something new!”

“No for I can detect the smile behind the words.”

“Nevertheless, tell me, Marozia. The smile has entirely vanished leaving only an earnest desire to know your fair thoughts.”

“The preface is of greater consequence than the thought, for the preface was Father’s. I will tell you that part.” There was a touch of the old vivacity in Marozia’s manner. Mrs. Morton’s face lighted with a beautiful radiance.

“Let us have the preface, by all means.” she entreated.

“Well, Father said something which sounded a trifle unorthodox from a literary standpoint. I had been entreating him to let his genius assert itself and he declared that effort and assertion cheapen the real glories. I asked him what the divine Fire was given for and he replied:

“The divine Fire does not permit assertion. It does its work, its still illuminating work, and consumes the paltry self. There is too much attempt at expression in this age. It is crude to babble. Even Ruskin’s vivid word-painting produced no greater effect—if effect were aimed at—than Tom Gregory’s description of his potato patch. The Venetian glories and the potato patch equally were complete—each in its way—without the poetry or the crude prose of description.”

“But other eyes and minds might not see,” I objected.

“Ah, now you touch the real issue, the very heart of the subject,” he replied. “When I assert myself for myself I become a shallow egotist—a mere babbler, as contemptible in the greatest role as in the humblest. It is the doing for others that saves us.”

Mrs. Morton’s breath came quick. “And your supplementary thought, my Dear?”

“Merely this. I wondered whether our efforts in the direction of mutual unmasking do not really belittle our own and others’ experiences. We may derive a certain pleasure from the interchange of thought, but do we truly know each other any better for the effort? And—if we could—what would it signify? The Ego never reveals nor expresses itself. It is imprisoned deeper than the soul’s cloisters—a dumb motionless thing full of living Fire—itsself a living Fire, while the Pretender masks in its habiliments and sits on the throne voicing itself to others. It is the fictitious self which meets other fictitious selves.

Like a phantom meeting phantoms!”

Marozia’s thought revealed the dangers and the glories which awaited the deep analytical mind and rich emotional nature. It revealed to Mrs. Morton powers which might attain any height or plunge the soul into profound depths of despair. Either height or depth would mean much more to such a spirit than to others.

“I suppose you would remind me of Father’s summary, ‘when I assert myself for myself I degenerate’ and, ‘it is the doing for others that saves us.’” Marozia continued as if reading Mrs. Morton’s unspoken thought. “Even thus, is it wise to sacrifice truth and do despite to the real Self even to maintain a fine and lofty theory?”

“But my Dear, while the thought is fine and true, it would not do to put it into practice!”

“Why not if it be true?” Marozia asked with startling directness.

“Because truth may be too high and too sublimated for this planet at its present stage of development.” There were deep lights in Mrs. Morton’s eyes. Marozia quickly added:

“I suppose you would ask what would become of friendships like ours, but I do not think they can be included. Thought simply responds to thought and no despite is done to the real Self. In truth it is the real Self that speaks when we are together. Ours is friendship in its ideal state—friendship continued from past ages.” A bright smile flashed between them.

“I comprehend fully, Dear, yet we must not shut ourselves up in our ideal world and permit the other Selves about us to feel lonely. Not even the shallow, selfish, and vulgar. We must help them to see the finer side of life. The lower down the greater the need of the out-reaching. It must be ‘out-reaching’ too, not felt in the least as ‘downreaching.’ The Light within is the same in all and we must try to help it to shine out.”

“Yes, I know the Light is the same in all. The outward accretions belong to the personality, which is transient. We may not be able to admire that, yet it is what we contact in others!”

“I know, my Dear, but we must be able to reach through it to the real Self—we must learn to do that.”

“But how to do that—ah, that is the hard part!”

“Try to extend your consciousness, Marozia dear! Try to see the Divine Life behind the other personality—behind that which repels you. Try to picture this One Life circulating through all the universe, expressing through all the various masks—now through yours, now through mine, again through that which you do not in the least admire or feel drawn to. The mask does not greatly matter. Only the spirit counts.”

“But what if the spirit be crowded out by a desire ele-

mental? Shall we love that?”

“We must love all things into goodness. That is an extreme case however, resulting from long-continued evil and selfish desire. The spirit in such cases may be compelled to desert its vehicle, but it is rare to find a personality without some trace of the One Life within. It may be submerged for a time beneath the mass of rubbish which selfish desire has piled up. We must try to dig it out—to rediscover the lost treasure.”

“But, leaving out the extreme cases—is it wise at this stage of our evolution to unmask our souls to each other? I know that sometime we will stand soul to soul—and I long with all my heart for that happy day—but now, while the personality is so dominant in nearly all of us—is it wise?”

“Some of our conceptions of truth may belong to the personal self and were we to try to live them out we would become self-repressed and self-centered. We must always discriminate.”

Marozia smiled—the former arch, sparkling smile. “Ah, the old baffling enigmas which used to torment my childhood! Truth in partial glimpses—in homeopathic doses! Discrepancies between the real and the ideal! We see a truth—it looks beautiful, but when we would live it out, presto!—It becomes selfishness masked under the guise of truth!”

“Wheels within wheels!” Mrs. Morton replied with luminous, comprehending sympathy. She knew what heights the girl had reached to have such thoughts, but she saw heights beyond—far horizons radiant with light in place of purple shadows and she longed to reveal them to the lofty soul before her. Mrs. Morton detected the Truth behind truth—the Soul of soul—a knowledge which comes only with depth and breadth of vision, with inner unfoldment. As she rose to leave she took Marozia’s hands in hers and said with deep earnestness:

“Marozia, my Dear, there is a half-truth which seems altogether lovely, but waiting just beyond it there is another, complete, all-embracing, all inclusive, which fills the circle of the universe. You have beheld the half-truth. Do not rest here! There are heights beyond heights. Half-truths never can be reconciled. The perfect Truth holds no disappointments, admits of no discrepancies. The mind of Ralph Remington’s daughter is too fine and noble to be content with narrow horizons!”

(To be continued.)

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.—Dr. Johnson.

Receive your thoughts as guests but treat your desires as children.

Fragments from Nature's Secrets

Wm. Denton

This article commenced in the July issue. Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers.

METEORIC STONES

STONES falling from the heavens, commonly known as meteoric stones, have always excited considerable attention. They are the only means by which we can be brought in possible contact with that which is foreign to our own planet. Some years ago a farmer near Zanesville, Ohio, informed me of a singular stone on his farm that looked, as he said, like iron ore. On arriving at the spot I found a dark boulder-like mass weighing probably five or six hundred pounds covered with a dense crust from one-fourth of an inch to three-eighths of an inch in thickness. On breaking off a portion, a network of iron was observed that indicated very clearly its meteoric character. I carried off small fragments of it and had some of them examined psychometrically; one by Mrs. Foote, a friend of ours who had no conception of what it was nor that I had any such specimen in my possession. She said:

"I seem to be traveling away, away through nothing right forward. I see what looks like clouds and something sparkling like stars, but there seems to be a mist between me and that. How curious that is! It carries my eyes right up: Every other specimen has taken my eyes right down."

What could be more descriptive of the path of an aerolite than "away, away through nothing right forward?" In reference to her last statement she said that her eyeballs were rolled upward in opposition to her own will.

Whence come these singular visitors? Are they ejected from Lunar volcanoes? Are they formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere? Are they small planets of a similar class to those circulating between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; or are they fragments of rings once surrounding the earth, as the rings of Saturn encircle that planet? I think our experiment throws some light upon this dark subject, though much remains yet to be done.

A few days after the last examination I tried Mrs. Foote with another fragment of the supposed meteorite under similar conditions. She said:

"It carries my eyes right up. I see an appearance of misty light. I seem to go miles and miles very quickly, up and up. Streams of light come from the right. A great way up I see something sparkling, a huge body like a mountain. Between me and that is a broad road that glitters like diamonds. On the right of that I see a large round

body that I can see through and yet it is a substance. The sun is rising behind that mountain or a sparkling light is shining at a vast distance."

I gave the same specimen to Mrs Denton who knew nothing of it nor of the previous examination and she said:

"This seems to have been moved. I see it turning rapidly on its axis and little flakes or cinders flying from it which it leaves behind like a tail. As it moves it changes shape." There she turned the specimen over. "I see what looks like a vein of metal and through it I see what appears like joints. It is curved and from this vein streaks of light pass up like the beard from a head of wheat.

"Now I see a temple built of wood and in it a rock with three points. It is about three feet to the highest point. I am reminded of the Aztec temples."

Aerolites have been the objects of worship in many countries. At Emesa in Syria the sun was worshiped under the form of a black stone reported to have fallen from heaven. Pliny mentioned a stone which fell at Abydos and was worshiped there. The holy Kaaba of Mecca and the great stone of the pyramid of Cholula in Mexico have all the same history. It is possible that this Zanesville aerolite had answered for a god to some race that had preceded the Indians in Ohio. I had never thought of it previous to this examination but a subsequent one made me think it more probable.

I took another fragment from the same aerolite and gave it to Mrs Foote who did not know what it was. She said:

"I see thousands of persons moving along. What a multitude! They are marching in rows, a few are standing still. How strange they look. Beyond them there seems to be a city with trees set out in beautiful rows. The people are in different companies, some look dark and others light. One company is busy, stooping over as if they were digging. By the side of that company is a ledge of rock and from that a smoke is rising, cloud after cloud. The company digging are bare-headed, they have dark skins but are not negroes.

"Now I see a river and away off is a range of rocks covered with moss, fern and brushes. The rocks taper off in height as I go down the river and there is a level plain