



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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

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

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# The Mystic Light

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JANUARY 1917

## The Christian Mystic Initiation

### THE TEMPTATION

**W**e often hear devout Christians complain of the periods of depression. At times they are almost in the seventh heaven of spiritual exaltation, they all but see the face of Christ and feel as if

He were guiding their every step; then without any warning, and without any cause that they can discover, the clouds gather, the Savior hides His face, and the world grows black for a period. They cannot work, they cannot pray; the world has no attraction and the gate of heaven seems shut against them with the result that life appears worthless so long as this spiritual depression lasts. The reason is, of course, that these people live in their emotions and under the immutable law of "Alternation," the pendulum is bound to swing as far to one side of the neutral point as it has swung to the other. The brighter the light, the deeper the shadow, and the greater the exaltation, the deeper the depression of spirit which follows it. Only those who by cold reason restrain their emotions escape the periods of depression escape the periods of depression, but they never taste the heavenly bliss of exaltation either. *And it is this outpouring of himself in fervent devotion which furnishes the Christian Mystic with the dynamic energy to project himself into the invisible worlds where he becomes one with the spiritual ideal which has beckoned him on and awakened in his soul the power to rise to it* as the sun built the eye wherewith we perceive it. The nestling takes many a tumble ere it learns to use its wings with assurance, and the aspirant upon the path of Christian Mysticism may soar to the very throne of God times out of number and fall to the lowest pit of hell's despair, but sometime he will overcome the world, defy the law of "Alternation," and rise by the power of the spirit to the Father of Spirits, free from the toils of emotion, filled with the Peace that passeth understanding.

But that is the end attained only after Golgotha, and the Mystic Baptism, which we discussed in our last installment of this article, is only the beginning of the active career of the Christian Mystic where he *becomes thoroughly saturated with the tremendous fact of the unity of all Life* and imbued with a fellow feeling for all creatures to such an extent that henceforth he can not

only enunciate, but practice the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount.

Did the spiritual experiences of the Christian Mystic take him no further, it would still be the most wonderful adventure in the world, and the magnitude of the event is beyond words, the consequences only dimly imaginable. Most students of the higher philosophies believe in the Brotherhood of Man from the *mental* conviction that we have all emanated from the same divine source as rays from the sun, but there is an abyss of inconceivable depth and width between this cold intellectual conception and the baptismal saturation of the Christian Mystic who feels it in his heart and in every fiber of his being with such an intensity of feeling that it is actually painful to him; it fills him with such a yearning, aching love as that expressed in the words of the Christ: "Oh Jerusalem, Oh Jerusalem, how often would have I have gathered you under my wings"— a brooding, yearning, and aching protective love which asks nothing for self save only the privilege to nurture, to shield, and to cherish.

Were even a faint resemblance of such a universal fellow feeling abroad among humanity in this dark day, what a paradise the earth would be instead of every man's hand being against his brother to slay with the sword, with rivalry and competition, or to destroy his morals and degrade him by prison stripes of industrial bondage under the whiplash of necessity, we should have neither warriors nor prisoners, but a happy contented world living in peace and harmony, learning the lessons which Our Father in Heaven aims to teach us in this material condition. *And the reason of all the misery in the world may be accounted for by the fact that if we believe in the Bible at all, we believe with our head and not with our heart.*

When we came up through the waters of Baptism, the Atlantean Flood, into the Rainbow Age of alternating seasons, we also became a prey to the changing emotions, which whirl us hither and yon upon the sea of life. The cold faith, restrained of reason and entertained by the majority of professing Christians, may give them a meed of patience and mental balance that bears them up under the trials of life, but when the majority get the **LIVING FAITH** of the Christian Mystic, which laughs at reason

because it is HEART-felt, then the age of Alternation will be past. The Rainbow will fall with the clouds and the air, which now composes the atmosphere, and there will be a new heaven of pure ether where we shall receive the Baptism of Spirit and "*there shall be Peace*" (Jerusalem).

We are still in the Rainbow age and subject to its law, so we may realize that as the "Baptism" of the Christian Mystic occurs at a time of spiritual exaltation, it must necessarily be followed by a reaction. The tremendous magnitude of the revelation overpowers him, he cannot realize it or contain it in his fleshly vehicle so he flees the haunts of men and betakes himself to the solitude allegorically represented as a desert. So wrapped is he in his sublime discovery that for the time being, in his ecstasy, he sees the Loom of Life upon which the bodies of all that live are woven, from the least to the greatest, the mouse and the man, the hunter and his prey, the warrior and his victim; but to him they are not separate and apart, for he also beholds the one divine thread of golden life-light "which runs through all and doth all unite"; nay more, he hears in each the flaming key-note sounding its aspirations and voicing its hopes and fears and he perceives this composite color sound as the world-anthem of God made flesh. This is at first entirely beyond his comprehension, the tremendous magnitude of the discovery hides it from him and he cannot conceive what it is that he sees and feels for there are no words to describe it and no concept can cover it; but by degrees it dawns upon him that *he is at the very Fountain of Life*, beholding, nay more, FEELING its every pulse beat and with this comprehension he reaches the climax of his ecstasy.

So rapt has the Christian Mystic been in his beautiful adventure that bodily wants have been completely forgotten till the ecstasy has passed and it is therefore only natural that the feeling of hunger should be his first conscious want upon his return to the normal state of consciousness, and also, naturally, comes the voice of temptation: "*command that these stones be made bread.*"

Few passages of the sacred scriptures are darker than the opening verses of the Gospel of John: "In the beginning was the word....and without it was not anything made that was made," but a slight study of the science of sound soon makes us familiar with the fact that sound is vibration and that different sounds will mold sand or other light materials into figures of varying form. The Christian Mystic may be entirely ignorant of this fact from the scientific point of view, but he has learned at the Fountain of Life to sing the *Song of Being*, which cradles into existence whatever such a Master musician desires. There is one basic key for the indigestible mineral stone, but a modification will turn it to gold wherewith to purchase the means of sustenance, and another keynote peculiar to the vegetable kingdom will turn it into food,

a fact known to all advanced occultists who practice incantations legitimately for spiritual purposes, but never for material profit.

But the Christian Mystic who has just emerged from his Baptism in the Fountain of Life immediately shrinks back in horror at the suggestion of using his newly discovered power for a selfish purpose, it was the very soul-quality of unselfishness that led him to the waters of consecration in the Fountain of Life, and sooner would he sacrifice all, even Life itself, than use this new-found power to spare himself a pang or a pain. Did he not see also the Woe of the World? And does he not feel it in his Great Heart with such an intensity that the hunger at once disappears and is forgotten? He may, will, and does use this wonderful power freely to feed the thousands that gather to hear him, but never for selfish purposes, for else he would upset the equilibrium of the world.

The Christian Mystic does not reason this out however; as often stated, he has no reason, but he has a much safer guide in the interior voice which always speaks to him in moments where a decision must be taken; "*man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from god.*" Another Mystery, there is no need to partake of this earthly Bread for one who has access to the Fountain of Life. The more our thoughts are centered in God, the less we shall care for the so called pleasures of the table, and by feeding our gross bodies sparingly on selected, simple foods we shall obtain an illumination of spirit impossible to one who indulges in an excessive diet of coarse foods which nourish the lower nature. Some of the saints have used fasting and castigation as a means of soul-growth, but that is a mistaken method for reasons given in an article on "Fasting for Soul-growth" published in the December 1915 number of this magazine. The Elder Brothers of Humanity who understand the Law and live accordingly use food only at intervals measured by years, the word of God is to them a "*living bread*"; so it becomes also to the Christian Mystic, and the temptation, instead of working his downfall, has led him to greater heights.

To be continued.

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There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may. —Stevenson

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Blessed is he who is such a friend to humanity that he sees the good in every man, for his own spirit shall be constantly enriched by the Christ spirit.

# Fragments from Nature's Secrets

William and Elisabeth Denson

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

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOULDER

Editor's Note: It very often happens in experiments of psychometry that the psychometrist identifies himself or herself with the objects to be psychometrized. Thus, if a portion is taken from a large animal of a prehistoric age the psychometrist will feel himself or herself as being that animal. If it is a fragment of stone then the same thing happens. Mrs. Denton in this experiment feels herself as a stone and tells what the stone went through

**A**T JANESVILLE, Wisconsin I obtained from a hill of gravel that had been cut through by the railroad, a boulder or dark rock of somewhat peculiar appearance and weighing probably four or five pounds. Breaking off a fragment, the following was obtained from it psychometrically, Mrs. Denton knowing nothing of the nature of the specimen and the angular fragment conveying, of course, no idea of its character to the mere touch.

Mrs. Denton said: "Mercy, what a whirl things are in! I do not know what to make of it. I feel as if I were being belched out of a volcano. There is water, mud, and everything in confusion. There are great pieces of rock beside me, some larger than I feel myself to be though I am of great size.

"This is the strangest feeling I ever had. I am sent up whirling in a torrent of water, mud and rock, not sent out at once but in alternate puffs and all of us flying around together.

"Now I am lodged, but I can hear that puffing still and with every puff the water rushes out so that it seems as if the volcano were vomiting. Now a torrent of water rushing back sweeps me from my resting place, and I am rolling in again. What fury there is down here! I did not go far down. Another gush and I am washed a long way off. I can see a boiling over now but I do not feel it. I see no fire about it though there is steam and I think gas.

"I am now away down the side of the mountain and feel quite benumbed. I can just hear that belching sound and feel the heaving of the ground. Here I lie for a long time.

"At last I fall into a deep cavity, very rough and uneven. It is dark. I perceive the influence of water in my neighborhood. Shall we ever get out of this? I am surrounded on all sides.

"The water has burst in with great power and it is spinning me around and around. I am being moved onward by little and little during a long time. I must hurry along for it is a vast period. I am now in a kind of a notch where the rush of waters keeps me in a constant whirl.

"At last I see the daylight. There is a long shelf that slants down into the water. I am washed right up on it and the water has left me. It is a long body of water larg-

er and wider than a river. It looks like a lake and has waves of considerable size.

"The water rises again. It washes round me and I am carried back into it. All is dark now. I am washed into a deep and wide hole. I am far under ground and under water. There is a strong current and I am being rushed along by it. A strange feeling of perverseness possesses me, a disposition to go as it comes. It seems so strange to me. I feel as if a great deal larger than now. I keep moving slowly along, slide a little, roll a little, stop a little, and knock against the side now and then, one side however, more than the other. I do not know why that should be. I am out once more; I lie in a basin in a large open place. I am not at the bottom of the basin however, for other rocks are below me. How cold the water is. The basin is gradually filling up by rocks rolling in. It is in a terribly cold latitude, I am all in a chill. [Here she fairly shook with cold.]

"I feel now as if there were something over me besides water. I don't know what it is. [The room was very warm yet she drew her chair close up to the stove.] It is strange that I see so little. I just feel and act. The basin in which I lie is shallow from me upward. That which lies over me must be ice for I can see light through it. I am fast in a tomb. My connection with this ice seems to give me a connection with all the country around so that now I can see for many miles. There is a great depth of ice. I look up through it. It is a long way to the top and seems unbroken for a great distance.

"How strange! The ice has broken loose and I am in motion now traveling southwest. It goes very heavily catching now and then. There is a kind of pitching forward at the upper part that surprises me. I certainly could not do that. The under part seems to go slower than the upper. It cannot be possible yet it seems so. How intensely cold it is! The noise the ice makes in moving is awful to me though I do not suppose it could be heard very far and yet here it is a terrible grinding, ringing noise.

"It is as if I had come a long way, yet it is strange how slowly it moves. I do not understand how a solid body could move in this way for part of it moves faster than another part and yet it seems all solid. It is incompre-

hensible. It is a flat thick mass of ice several miles across. How insignificant a tree or house would seem in its path.

“It appears we had a hard time of it scraping, scratching, and grinding along. It meets with obstacles and checks more than would be produced by mere unevenness of the ground. I am so far back that I do not feel all that the front has to contend with. It seems to be growing warmer now. I do not feel as cold as I did. It is a great deal warmer and the heat seems to come from beneath. The ice is melting, dripping and running. It melts away from under. I do not understand that. It does not seem as if we had come far enough south to make all this difference in climate.

“The ice is leaving me I believe, yes, it is. The length of the ice surprises me. It looks like a long coast of ice, great cliffs rising up like walls. It melts and keeps sliding on faster since it melted so rapidly. I have dropped out of the place where I was upon the ground and am only now moved occasionally. The front of the ice is miles ahead of me and overhead the great mass still goes on. I am still moved on a little occasionally but the ice is fast leaving. I am nearly out from under it but the front is still a long way ahead.”

Mrs. Denton was so much fatigued that she could not continue the experiment any longer or doubtless it would have revealed much more, but what it did reveal is significant.

North of the fortieth degree of North Latitude on this continent we find covering the face of the country beds of sand, gravel, or clay and sometimes mixed with these or lying above them, boulders or, as they are sometimes termed, erratic rocks or lost rocks. These rocks frequently differ in their mineral composition from the rocks in the neighborhood in which they are found and the rocks with which they are identical in the same position are generally found north of their present localities, sometimes indeed many hundreds of miles.

Beneath these beds which are known to the geologist in the aggregate as the “drift” or glacial formation, we find upon the solid rocks scratches or holes which have evidently been made by the passage of some body over them, that body from the appearance of these holes having moved in a general direction from north to south. These beds and appearances excited the attention of thinking observers for a long time before any theory was formed of their origin adequate to account for the facts observed in connection with them. At the present time it is universally conceded that ice has been the principal agent concerned in their production but in regard to this operation there is considerable difference of opinion.

One party supposes that during the Drift Period, the time when these beds and appearances were formed, this

northern country over which the drift extends was under water and icebergs latent with fragments of rocks and detritus swept by glaciers from some northern region came floating down as they now do from the west coast of Greenland into the Atlantic Ocean and stranded upon the shore, but impelled by a southward flowing current they slid over the floor of the ocean and there imbedded pebbles made the holes or scratches and on melting the material with which they were laden was left upon the floor of the ocean forming, when that became dry land, the beds of drift to which I have referred. Another party supposes that owing to some cause as yet unexplained this northern country had during the Drift Period an intensely cold climate, so much so that snow falling could not melt, but became condensed by its weight into a grand sheet of ice of vast thickness which covered the face of the country and that this sheet of ice moving in the only direction in which it could melt, viz., toward the south, passed over the country grinding down rocks in its march and leaving upon the low plain indications of its progress which the glacial floes and beds present. There are many difficulties in the way of accepting the “glacial theory,” as it is termed, but the psychometric experiments that we have made upon scratched rocks point unerringly to the existence of glacial action at the localities from which the specimens were derived, and at the same time the action of icebergs is indicated as one factor in producing the varied phenomena belonging to the Drift.

It is a remarkable fact with which Mrs. Denton was unacquainted, at the time the above examination was made, that ice moving in the form of a glacier travels with unequal velocity. Thus, in an article on “Glaciers and Glacial Theories” in the *Westminster Review*, the writer says: ‘the rate of movement of all parts of a glacier is by no means the same. Sometimes the commencement and end of one appears to move somewhat faster than the middle. Sometimes the lower end moves more swiftly than the upper, differences, which doubtless proceed from changes in the form of the valley and consequent variations in the amount of resistance at different points. But there is a constant and most important discrepancy between the rate of motion of the central part of the glacier and that of the sides, the former being invariably found to be moving onward much more quickly than the latter. The same relation appears to hold good between the superficial and the deeper portions so that the motion of a glacier resembles that of a flowing body. It matters not whether we choose a limpid fluid like water or a viscous fluid like tar, if we allow either to flow and then measure the velocity of its different parts we shall discern that the lateral and inferior portions are retarded by friction against the walls of the channel and

hence that the top flows faster than the bottom, the middle than the sides. Seeing this psychometrically Mrs. Denton's astonishment was very great and she could scarcely credit the possibility of her vision being correct in this particular. As to the scientific accuracy of it, the well-informed reader will see at a glance. There is one portion of the psychometric description that deserves particular notice. It is that in which the heat is spoken of as coming up from the earth into the ice and melting it. The spot where the boulder was obtained is on the edge of that singular region of "No Drift" which is nearly coincident with the lake region of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, extending over a few miles beyond the district in which lead is found. On every side of this district lead is abundantly distributed, especially to the north of it, but within that charmed circle you cannot find even a drift pebble. What can be the reason of this? Some have suggested that during the Drift Period this portion of the country was an island, so far elevated above the waves that drifting icebergs never reached it and consequently deposited no drift. But this explanation, which takes for granted that all drift phenomena were produced by float-

ing icebergs, is far from being proved. Thus it happens that the region of "No Drift" is coincident with the lead region and that there is no other portion of this continent north of the fortieth parallel in which drift is thus absent.

I have long been of the opinion that the lead in the region referred to has come from below in the state of vapor, though the underlying porous sandstone into the magnesium limestone in which it is found. The deposits have been formed by sublimation at a time when the rocks were heated to a certain degree even to the surface, indications of which are plain and abundant. This may have occurred during the Drift Period and as the glaciers came down from the north and the northeast they melted as they came near this heated district, leaving their detritus on the spot and thus formed those immense accumulations of drift that are found in Wisconsin north of the lake region. I had no thought of this theory at the time we made the examination, but our examinations favor it very strongly, for if so the circumstances described in the psychometric experiment must have taken place at or near the very place from which the boulder was obtained.

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## 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 VI

**A**fter Mrs. Morton left, Mrs. Remington sent for Marozia and renewed hostilities. She argued and stormed, as some distressing women will. Then she tried diplomacy. With the ancient cunning derived from lost Atlantis she hinted at her husband's failing health and financial embarrassment. Then she added:

"You must know that it cost a lot of money to send you off to Utica to school for a year. And such a foolish thing to do too, under the circumstances!"

"I shall try to repay it, Mama."

"Well I don't know how you ever can unless you come to your senses and marry Claude Rathburn! Besides giving you an enviable social position it might save your father's life if you accept Claude!" She scanned her daughter's face narrowly to watch the effect of this dart. In a low tense voice, her eyes dilating with nameless dread, Marozia asked,

"Does Father desire me to make this sacrifice?" Her father always had seemed to her the embodiment of

every high ideal and breathlessly she awaited her mother's reply! Mrs. Remington was a strategist and Marozia's directness always confused her.

"You know that your father seldom looks at things in the right light—especially worldly matters!" Marozia's eyes kindled with the revealing light, which always detected her mother's sophistries. She quietly asked:

"Is marriage a worldly matter?"

"I don't know what else it is!"

"O Mother—Mother!"

"Well, you know what I mean! Your father has his own ideas about things. He is always in the clouds and never looks at matters from a common sense point of view! Only the other day I heard him say that all men should be as brothers and look out for others' interests more than their own! Just fancy it! We are here to look out for number one!"

"Father is right!" Marozia replied quietly.

"Well, if you are so wrapped up in him why don't you try to make it easier for him?" Marozia was silent. Mrs.

Remington pursued her argument, closing with these words:

“Besides Claude is a very attractive man, apart from his money!”

“I don’t think I would ‘part’ him and his money! They naturally belong together and help make up the ‘advantages’!”

“You needn’t be so sarcastic! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

“I am ashamed—ashamed to be discussing such a subject!” Really, Mother, you are so taken by the outside show that you cannot see how vulgar it is! It’s worse than veneer on furniture! I prefer genuine people—even without the advantages!”

It ended in estrangement between them. Marozia fled down the green lane and through the tall meadow grass to the large flat rock grey with lichen, which overlooked the creek and the hills beyond. This was her favorite retreat when her “temperament” clashed with her mother’s worldly schemes. Even her mother’s simplest and sanest ideas warred with her little world within. In the days of her wistful dreamy childhood, when she sat upon the boulder in the sloping meadow and looked across the interminable undulations to the distant, hazy outlines of the hills, she wondered what lay beyond them. She knew that a spur of the great railroad had crept close to the farther side of the low ridge, bringing to a favored contiguous hamlet a breath from the outside world. It lost its first freshness however; by the time the old stagecoach had wafted it over the hills to the isolated little settlement. As she grew into young girlhood her soul began to rebel at the narrowness of it all. She grew insufferably weary of the blue hills, which closed around. In her passionate moods when her spirit chafed within she almost hated the low, monotonous curves, which lay against the sky and never suggested anything great. The narrow picturesqueness, which never opened out into vistas, stifled her. Everything in her village environment seemed typical of her repressed life. Even the creek, which at length found its weary way to the Susquehanna, was tortured by its mill-dams, its narrow banks, and endless diversions and distractions, when it longed to rush onward to the sea. And the people—they seemed so raw, so crude, so full of little narrow prejudices and opinions wrapped in their rude ore. Even as a child she had them all weighed and analyzed and each assigned to his proper place. She laughingly mimicked their provincialisms, but there was no malice in her humor. It was broad, spontaneous and kind, always. It arose from the insight of her soul. She could not endure limitations, pretenses or ignorance, which did not long to be enlightened. In her narrow environment she longed always for the broader, richer

life that pulsed through the world’s great arterial centers and flowed out in widening currents beyond the hills of her village horizon—beyond the great Susquehanna. In those childish days the Susquehanna had seemed very great to her vivid fancy. She imagined, as many have done before and since, that satisfaction was to be found in outreach, altitude, or in rich vivid life. Inspiration may come thus, but not satisfaction. Vibrations of the world’s throbbing pulses had sometimes reached the little Arcadia, even in those far away days—dim echoes of the world battle that surged from east to west—from metropolis to plain. She longed to be in it, a part of it.

How she thrilled when at last her opportunity came to go a little way beyond the hills. Her first journey began with the old family horse and spring wagon to the stagecoach, thence over the successive hills to the branch railroad. Most wonderful of all to her astonished vision was the long train, which thundered in as she stepped from the close stuffy day coach, which the branch road used to convey its occasional passengers to and from the great New York central. Once aboard and whirling onward something within leapt up and responded in quickened pulses to the sense of speed and cried incessantly for more. She felt herself bending forward in eager excitement at its rapid onrush toward—“somewhere”. Soon she caught sight of blue lakes, towns, fields, and forests as she was borne on with the rush and roar in her ears and the thrill in her heart. She smiled last evening at the retrospect. It had been a wonderful year to her and marked an epoch in her life. Yet she was glad to be home again. Today she was so weary of the silly pretenses, the ridiculous affections and narrow sordidness of her little world that she longed to escape again. The two luminous Intelligences that were as stars in her world were her father and Mrs. Morton. When with them the real Marozia awoke. Now she was full of unrest as she realized that she could have unbounded opportunities in the line of filial duty, if she would. As she sat facing her clamoring emotions the old longing for outreach, breadth of horizon, not merely physical but mental—nor only mental but spiritual—seized her. While she watched the meadow-grass waving in graceful undulations like a stretch of sea-billows, a vision arose from the shadows where she had felt the narrowness and the wild longing for outreach. It whispered with fascinating subtlety of the brilliant life beyond her limited horizon. It lured and it beckoned her eager soul. Her mother had hinted of another limitation—the limitation of poverty—which she would soon experience if she refused this opportunity to escape. Her mind ran on into the fields, which her ambition would explore. She longed to write—to teach. She was the more eager to do this since she had learned

something of the wonderful philosophy of the Western Mystery School. She must unfold its truths to other hearts, yet—how could she do this if her mother's prediction should come true? Poverty—she had never known it, yet it seemed a horrible word to her. She always associated it with the people who lived up in the "Hollow". They were unkempt and dirty, and used dreadful language. Her fastidious senses revolted at the mere thought of association in any form with people like this—yet—poverty might come to her! She wondered if she would ever become less refined, less the real "lady," less fastidious and clean and dainty. She shuddered with horror as this picture loomed before her.

"I could endure the shanties—possibly—but I could not endure what might go with them! Filth or squalor would kill me! So would association with people of that stamp! Yet Mother said that poverty stared us in the face if I did not encourage Claude Rathburn's attentions. And—if I should! —"

Then the vision of a glorious future beckoned again. She saw herself surrounded by all that the world holds dear. Honor, wealth, fame, love, might be hers! Honor—the esteem of men—that which the mere opinion of others brings one! And this opinion—what is it worth? It touches not the real Self—it deals with the fictitious, the unreal self. It sets the personality upon a tottering pedestal and bows in servile homage. It is just as likely to defame and curse the next moment if envy or jealousy or self-interest creep in. It is like the golden calf worship—there is nothing great behind it. A breath may destroy it. Some slight offense may be taken, one's vanity may be hurt and lo, the homage turns to calumny! Before the inner bar honor—the honor which others pay—is proclaimed a worthless shadow of the real.

Wealth appeared before the silent judge. Wealth—a mere fantasy, a bubble to the soul that lives! It seems potent only to the materialist, and Marozia was not a materialist. So wealth passed before the bar as a power not to be reckoned with if the soul stands as the chattel that it would purchase. Fame—ah, like honor it arises from a vapor of human conceit! It has no permanent, no enduring quality. A word, a criticism, a jealousy might sweep it away. It too was unreal—it touched not the eternal verities. Love? Ah there she paused. She did not love Claude Rathburn—she felt sure that she never could. She loved her father and Mrs. Morton. She tried to love her mother, but she created perpetual discord and she knew that at the last analysis it was but a forced motion of an altruistic desire—not emotion. She could not feel any strong attractive power drawing her soul to the soul of her mother. It would be thus if she permitted herself to marry Claude Rathburn. Search as she would

she could not find within her heart or soul any sentiment whatever toward him except that of half-dread, half-repulsion.

The brilliant vision faded away into a commonplace, drab colored sort of an affair, which she was supposed to be trying to take an interest in. The next moment there was recoil from that which she must accept with her brilliant opportunities. A sickening wave rolled back upon her leaping hopes, submerging them. Her soul had recognized the sham and drew back with a shudder.

"No. I could not love him, and marriage without love would be intolerable for me!" she murmured as she rose to go down the hill road to meet her father. When he saw her face, pale, agitated, yet determined, he knew that a crisis had come to her and in the stress of battle the woman in her had awakened.

Ralph Remington too had been indulging in retrospection as he walked slowly up the hill to join Marozia who often met him here. He had been thinking of his vanished youth. It is not always pleasant to indulge in retrospection. It was torture to this man because of the infinite disparity between his dreams and the reality. It seemed ages ago since he was a bright eager boy with his ardent hopes and lofty aims. Yet he was only in middle life. So much had been crowded into his dream! His father had scorned his ambition. He was needed on the farm, which was a large one, so he relinquished his ambition for a college education. For years he had thought that at some future time he might take up his life work where he had dropped it. To this end he continued his patient researches. He studied alone by the firelight far into the night and trained his mind to accurate thought. He finished his course at Yale.

When his father passed away he was left in charge of the estate, which he inherited. Ill success attended his experience as a landholder. He was neither a financier nor an agriculturist. As we know, unscrupulous men took advantage of his unsuspecting honesty. Mortgage after mortgage had been put upon the estate from time to time as emergencies arose.

In the meantime he had married and as we have seen, his home life was very unhappy. Mrs. Remington was truly the embodiment of feminine selfishness, vanity, and triviality. She could not comprehend the greatness of her husband's mind, so she affected contempt for greatness. Her plans had been well laid. She had lured the scholarly young heir into her net—for youth is pathetically blind. It proved indeed a net, which gradually tightened around his glowing hopes. Each year of the stifling home atmosphere had paralyzed some longing outreach of soul or some beautiful human hope, until now he strove no more against his fate. A shallow, selfish mind



has power to work unspeakable ruin to a noble sensitive soul whose high aspirations conflicted with its own sordid plans. Had she been great enough or good enough to enter into her husband's higher life she might have been the needful balance between his lofty soul and the practical world, which he so illy understood. Her energies, however, were devoted to selfish intriguing, while he grew more silent, more repressed, and more sensitive to the visions of the inner life. He had grown to dread the forces which might challenge him should he emerge from his seclusion. His solitude was life intensified, spiritualized. His vision was growing clearer, his soul purer. In the calm solitude of his larger life he could create. In the silences of his lonely life he could hear clearly the divine voices that were forever speaking to him and could translate them for other hearts and minds. It was a blessed compensation to him—this growing sensitiveness to the life within life, this touch of his soul with infinite and invisible realities. It limited his human

ambition but it widened his spiritual horizon.

Today he had realized more than ever before that a crisis was impending. He saw its shadow in Marozia's face as she met him.

"Father, is poverty such a dreadful thing?" she asked as she walked beside him up the rocky road.

"I think it is not the worst of ills, my Child," he answered softly. "It might entail a few privations along material lines, but that would leave the soul more unencumbered."

"But would it not hamper us, Father, in the way of working out our high ambition?"

"It might be a handicap, but that would prove our strength and worthiness! Nothing that is worthwhile comes easy. Besides, my Child, ambition may spring from a root of selfish desire. If so, it is better that it be burned out in the Fire!"

To be continued.

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## The Cathedral of Night

Corinne Smith Dunklee

The soft, purple portals of the twilight have slipped back revealing the vast Cathedral of Night, dusky with longings, and shadowed with dreams. Thickset with points of gold flame, that glitter and sparkle and shower their secrets upon the heart of a sleeping world. The interior of this great cathedral is the home of ineffable harmony and rhythm. The vast expanse is supported by infinite vistas of spiral columns formed in exquisite symmetry. Standing like the soul of some rare marbles transformed into the Spirits of Youth, of Innocence, of Gladness, of Beauty, they give forth an ethereal effulgence of light. Between these columns fragrant aisles lead to an altar gleaming in its snowy whiteness like the purest alabaster. In wonderful perspectives these fairy-like colonnades slip into the distance, more beautiful as they recede, to lose themselves about the altar in a white and luminous ecstasy.

Suddenly the light is intensified. Notes of a triumphal chorus sound in the distance, coming nearer and nearer until the entire vast cathedral is vibrant with music. Gradually every atom of space is filled—filled with the souls of little children, wonderful, radiant, free.

In their earth-homes, while the little bodies are stilled in sleep, the souls slip away into the great Cathedral of Night. Here they form beautiful friendships with the souls of children who are freed from their earth-bodies for a while. Guided and directed by wise and loving

Angel-teachers, they are learning, in exquisite play, how to weave with golden threads into their earth-lives, some faint reflections from the Heaven-world. Beautiful Angels gather the souls into great, white processions that wend their countless ways through the vast Cathedral of the Night. First they enter the wonderful Hall of Silence, guarded by immense gates of gold; that always swing wide inviting whosoever will to enter; never closing, save at the sound of a spoken word; when by some strange magic, they become vast, impenetrable barriers, shutting out the exquisite beauties which lie just beyond them.

In the walls of this Hall of Silence are built innumerable mosaics made of dreams, in a harmony of ever-shifting, ever-changing colors. There are some wildly fanciful patterns, and many very beautiful ones, while others are so weird and strange that some souls are lost in wonderment before them. Each soul who enters here finds a pattern to study. (For are we not all dreamers at heart?) Some of them sparkle and glow with all the brilliancy of ever-increasing life; because they have been brought to fruition upon the earth. Others are half-shrouded in twilight shadows, and are slowly slipping into the dusk of things forgotten; for these have never been made to live in the world of men.

Souls there are, who see with a tender yearning, that many of the fairest are thus drifting away.

The floor of this great Hall of Silence is of soft, won-

drous light: like mists of a spring day all silver and cream that rise from the heart of a river. The walls become fairer and more luminous the higher they ascend; until in the infinites of space, they are lost in an indescribable splendor. The patterns are constantly changing, for never is the Hall of Silence deserted. Always there are new dreamers and new dreams are being inscribed. One of the most important lessons the Angel-teachers give is to impress upon each soul the possibilities to be gained from frequenting the Hall of Silence, and the great solace the knowledge of it shall some day prove to all mankind upon the earth.

On leaving the Hall of Silence many of the souls see a beautiful Spirit, who can always be distinguished wherever she goes by the jewel she wears upon her breast. It grows larger and brighter every time she helps someone who needs her, and sparkles and scintillates with a glorious light when she performs deeds of loving service. For this is the Spirit of Service. She is never found alone, but always moves amount the throngs. Where the dark shadows fall longest and deepest the light from the indescribable jewel upon her heart gleams like a star of love falling upon a weary world and soothing it into an infinite peace.

Sun-bright rays from the Spirit of Love shine upon the souls and transfigure them, whose hearts and hands are learning to follow in her ways. As the souls go forward in great companies they find the entrance to a vast room, a room whose dimensions beggar description. Across its ever-open portals the rays of a mighty Star casts its light; and every soul who comes within its radius must enter in. The interior of this room is formed of great sheaths of pearls. The floors that slip away into infinite distances, and the walls whose boundaries are beyond vision, are all aglitter with the soft sheen of pearls. The light is quiet and subdued like the light of a young moon shining in deep forests. Stealing through the air are dreamy, minor melodies played on harps of gold.

Some whom the Star has guided to the door come with wailings and great cries of pain. Others come willingly as though hoping to learn a long-expected lesson. Each soul must come within the radius of that Star. And each soul, before it leaves its earth-house, must cross that waiting threshold; for this great room is the home of sorrow, and the pearls of its walls are the crystallized tears of humanity. The Angels, who are the teachers, show souls who can see them, many beautiful pearls of renunciations, and pearls of great sacrifices, of which the world knows nothing. But the Angels have gathered them all together here; and are adding to them day by day. Not one can ever be lost. (So you see why this room must be so large and why we can never know its boundaries.)

The most beautiful thing in this room is an altar formed of the rarest pearls. Each one perfect in size, in color, and shape, and illumined with a tender, yearning beauty. These are the crystallized tears of mothers. It is around this altar that souls in sorrow come nearest to God. It is here that the very Spirit of Sorrow lives when away from her home in the Heaven-world. There, the Angels tell the souls of the children, she is always found near the Spirit of Love. This knowledge must be deeply engraved upon their hearts when they go back into the earth-world; that sorrow ever broods near the white glory of love. This Great Spirit is so sweet and fair, many souls recognize intuitively that she is a wonderful friend; and losing all fear, they go to her with outstretched arms. The Spirit of Sorrow is always robed in white, she tells them, to symbolize no regrets. For when a soul has recognized its true mission sorrow disappears because it has been transmuted into love. They must always remember that to be an awakened soul sorrow is but the crucible in which to test the strength of that soul.

Beside the entrance to this vast Hall of Sorrow stands a figure that seems the essence of light itself. Surrounded by a halo of quivering radiance that extends far beyond the line of vision, piercing deep to the soul of every thing it touches, and drawing forth an echo in reflected splendors. Many souls come together from the Hall of Sorrow. But some there are who walk alone. On each this radiant Spirit casts a ray of light. Few among them are conscious of the light that encircles them; and rare is the soul who sees the sublime Spirit standing there. Almost never is she visible when they come forth in companies. Only the soul who walks alone is conscious of her presence. The Angels explain that this is the Great Spirit of Truth. In her real home, in the Heaven-world, she lives closer to God than any Spirit save Love. Though souls may stand in the light that emanates from her, they may never come near the Great Spirit. When a soul attempts to reach her, the Figure always recedes; but the *light becomes greater*. So, as the souls pass in wondrous processions, the Guardian Angels pausing, wherever their evolution indicates, they all must pass, sometime, through the marvelous radiance cast by this bright Spirit. Not one is ever conscious of the full glory of this light, excepting souls who bear an impress from the Hall of Sorrow in their hearts. In vast companies the souls of the children gather around the great, white altar in the heart on the Cathedral of Night.

This is the altar of Love and it is illumined with the pure, white light that descends from the very throne of God. For the Spirit of Love lives closest to the heart of God. The light that emanates from the altar of Love floods the vast Cathedral of Night to all its length and breadth and depth.