



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



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

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# The Mystic Light

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FEBRUARY 1917

## The Christian Mystic Initiation

### THE TRANSFIGURATION

**W**E REMEMBER that by the mystic processes of the true spiritual baptism the aspirant became so thoroughly saturated with the universal spirit that as a matter of actual fact, feeling and experience he became one with all that lives, moves, and has its being, one with the pulsating divine Life which surges in rhythmic cadences through the least and the greatest alike, and having caught the key-note of the celestial song, he is then endued with a power of a tremendous magnitude which he may use either for good or ill. For it should be understood and remembered that as gunpowder or dynamite facilitates farming when used for blowing up tree stumps, which it would otherwise require a great deal of manual labor to extract, so also they may be used for destructive purposes, as in the great European war. The spiritual powers may be used also for good or ill depending upon the motive and character of the one who wields them. Therefore whoever has successfully undergone the rite of baptism and thereby acquired a spiritual power is forthwith tempted, that it may be definitely decided whether he will range himself upon the path of good or evil. At this point he becomes either a future "Parsifal," a "Christ," a "Herod," or a "Klingsor" who fights the Knights of the Holy Grail with all the powers and resources of the Black Brotherhood.

There is a tendency in modern materialistic science to repudiate as fable, worthy of attention only among superstitious servant girls and foolish old women, the ideas commonly believed as late as the middle ages that such spiritual communities as the Knights of the Grail ever existed or that there are such beings as Black Brothers. Occult societies in the last half century have educated thousands to the fact that the Good Brothers are still in evidence and may be found by those who seek them in the proper way. And now, unfortunately, the tendency among this class of people is to accept any one on his unsupported claims as a Master or an Adept. But even among this class there are few who take the existence of the Black Brothers seriously, nor realize what an enormous amount of damage they are doing in the world, nor

how they are aided and abetted by the general tendency of humanity to cater to the lusts of the flesh. As the good forces, which are symbolized as the servants of the Holy Grail, live and grow by unselfish service which enhances the luster of the glowing Grail Cup, so the Powers of Evil, known as the Black Grail and represented in the Bible as the court of Herod, feed on pride and sensuality, voluptuousness and passion embodied in the figure of Salome, who glories in the murder of John the Baptist and the Innocents. It was shown in the legend of the Grail, as embodied in Wagner's "Parsifal," that when the Knights were denied the inspiration from the Grail Cup on which they fed and which spurred them on to deeds of greater love and service, their courage flagged and they became inert. Similarly with the Brothers of the Black Grail, unless they are provided with works of wickedness they also would die from exhaustion. Therefore they are ever active in the world stirring up strife and inciting others to evil. And were not this pernicious activity counteracted in a great measure by the Elder Brothers at their midnight services where they make themselves magnets for all the evil thoughts in the western world and then by the alchemy of sublime love transmute them to good, a cataclysm of still greater magnitude than the present world-war would have occurred long ago. As it is, the Genius of Evil has been held within bounds, in some measure at least. Were humanity not so ready to range itself on the side of evil, success would have been greater, but it is hoped that the spiritual awakening started by the war will result in turning the scale and give the constructive agencies in evolution the upper hand.

It is a wonderful power which has thus been centered in the Christian Mystic at the time of his baptism by the descent and concentration within him of the Universal Spirit, and when he has refused during the period of temptation to desecrate it for personal profit or power, he must of necessity give it vent in another direction, for he is impelled by an irresistible inner urge which will not allow him to settle down to an inert inactive life of prayer and meditation. The power of God is upon him to preach the glad tidings to humanity, to help and to heal. We

know that a stove which is filled with burning fuel cannot help heating the surrounding atmosphere, neither can the Christian Mystic help radiating the divine compassion which fills his heart to overflowing, nor is he in doubt whom to love or whom to serve or where to find his opportunity. As the stove filled with burning fuel radiates heat to all who are within its sphere of radiation, so the Christian Mystic feels the love of God burning within his heart and is continually radiating that to all with whom he comes in contact. As the heated stove draws to itself by its genial warmth those who are suffering with physical cold, so the warm love-rays of the Christian Mystic are as a magnet to all those whose hearts are chilled by the cruelty of the world, by man's inhumanity to man. If the stove were empty, but endowed with the faculty of speech, it might preach forever the gospel of warmth to those who are physically cold, but even the finest oratory would fail to satisfy its audience. When it has been filled with fuel and radiates warmth there will be no need of preaching. Men will come to it and be satisfied. Similarly a sermon on Brotherhood by one who has not laved in the "Fountain of Life" will sound hollow. The true Mystic need not preach. His every act, even his silent presence is more powerful than all the most deeply-thought-out discourses of learned doctors of philosophy.

There is a story of St. Francis of Assisi which particularly illustrates this and which we trust may serve to send it home, for this is exceedingly important. It is said that one day St. Francis went to a young brother in the monastery with which he was then connected and said to him: "Brother, let us go down to the village and preach to them." The young brother was naturally overjoyed at the honor and opportunity of accompanying so holy a man as St. Francis, and together the two started toward the village, talking all the while about spiritual things and the life that leads to God. Engrossed in this conversation they passed through the village walking along its various streets, now and then they stopped to speak a kindly word to one or another of the villagers, and after having made a circuit of the village St. Francis was again heading toward the road which led to the monastery, when of a sudden the young brother reminded him of his intention to preach in the village and asked him if he had forgotten it. To this St. Francis answered: "My Son, are you not aware that all the while we were in this village we have been preaching to the people all around us. In the first place our simple dress proclaims the fact that we are devoted to the service of God and as soon as anyone sees us his thoughts naturally turn heavenward. Be sure that everyone of the villagers has been watching us, taking note of our demeanor to see in how far it conforms

with our profession. They have listened to our words to find out whether they were about spiritual or profane subjects. They have watched our gestures and have noted that the words of sympathy we dispensed came straight from our hearts and went deep into theirs. We have been preaching a far more powerful sermon than if we had gone into the market place, called them around us and started to harangue them with an exhortation to holiness."

St. Francis was a Christian Mystic in the deepest sense of the word, and being taught from within by the spirit of God he knew well the mysteries of life, as Jacob Boehme and other holy men who have been similarly taught. They are in a certain sense wiser than the wisest of the intellectual school, but it is not necessary for them to expound great mysteries in order to fulfill their mission and serve as guide-posts to others who are also seeking God. The very simplicity of their words and acts carries with it the power of conviction. Naturally, of course, all do not rise to the same heights. All have not the same powers any more than all stoves are of the same size and have the same heating capacity. Those who follow the Christian Mystic path, from the least to the greatest, have experienced the powers conveyed by baptism according to capacity. They have been tempted to use that power in an evil direction for personal gain and having overcome the desire for the world and worldly things they have turned to the path of ministry and service as Christ did, and their lives are marked not so much by what they have *said* as by what they have *done*. The true Christian Mystic is easily distinguished. He never uses the six week days to prepare a grand oratorical effort to thrill his hearers on Sunday, but spends every day alike in humble endeavor to do the Master's will, regardless of outward applause and thus unconsciously he works up toward that grand climax, which, in the history of the noblest of all who have trod this path, is spoken of as "the Transfiguration."

The Transfiguration is an alchemical process by which the physical body, formed by the chemistry of the physiological processes, is turned into a *living stone* such as mentioned in the Bible, and the medieval alchemists who were seeking the philosopher's stone were not concerned with transmutation of such dross as material gold, but aimed at the greater goal as indicated above.

Moisture gathered in the clouds falls to earth as rain when it has condensed sufficiently and is again evaporated into clouds by the heat of the sun. This is the primal cosmic formula.

Spirit also condenses itself into matter and becomes mineral, but though it be crystallized into the hardness of flint, life still remains and by the alchemy of nature

## 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 10c post free.

#### Chapter VII

MRS. Remington was entertaining for Marozia. As in many more pretentious functions, pride was the dominating motive. Mrs. Remington possessed none of the warm hospitality which imparts life to social intercourse. She merely desired to impress the Watsons and Westons, besides several other leading people whose interest of late had ceased to focus in the Villa as a centre of social life and opinion. It had been extremely galling to her—this flagging devotion—especially as it could have been prevented by the members of her own family had they listened to her advice. Now she would have a little sweet revenge, both on Marozia and her former friends. Upon the former by throwing her as much as possible in Claude Rathburn's society. Then she would take a deliciously spiteful pleasure in parading Marozia before the eyes of the county gentility who already were beginning to be slightly patronizing—always an indication that respect has the minus sign placed before it.

"Who knows what may come of this party?" she mused while beating cake and putting the rooms in holiday attire.

"Girls are changeable and easily influenced! I'll see that Marozia doesn't let this chance slip! She's just like her father—head up in the clouds—but I'll keep their feet on the ground—see if I don't."

The county gentility were there in force on the night of the party. There were also two or three bright and shining lights from Cooperstown, Oneonta, and Utica, but best of all, Claude Rathburn in evening dress, with his perpetual smile. Mrs. Remington's cup brimmed over. It was nothing to her that curiosity played its part in attracting a large number of the guests. It was sufficient to her that they were there and she would play her cards well while the opportunity was hers. Naturally Marozia had acquired a certain distinction in the eyes of the county and village aristocracy during the past year. All desired to see what she was like since she had been away to school. The fact that Claude Rathburn was known to be a possible suitor added to the attraction.

"Really, she has quite an air—don't you think?" Viola Watson drawled behind her fan to the village doctor.

"Yes—yes, quite breezy!"

"Isn't it *funny*, as she was only in Utica? Now if she had been spending the year in the Metropolis—but—well it's funny anyway how she carries herself!"

"Yes—yes, very 'funny'—absolutely side-splitting!"

"I mean 'strange'," she corrected with a blush.

"Yes—very strange. A truly remarkable incident! Worth recording! I should say that it might very properly be classed as a phenomenon!" The old doctor's bright keen eyes held a humorous twinkle. Snobs were his special aversion, but his irony was never caustic. It filtered through a mind saturated with benevolent goodness and partook of its quality. Viola Watson simpered a little and wondered what the old doctor meant. She never awakened to the fact that she had committed a solecism.

Tonight Marozia was all that Mrs. Remington could desire. She was self-poised, stately, brilliant. Mrs. Morton watched her with a thrill of sadness.

"She is not the same!" she mentally observed. "She seems to have acquired force and magnetic charm and holds herself, as she holds others, well in command. She certainly has a new power and insight, which would indicate some crisis lived through in suffering and victory. Yet she has had no 'experiences' and life outwardly is sweetly simple to her. I do not quite comprehend the change and I miss the former Marozia with the witchery of her bright, quaint humor and fanciful drollery."

Marozia's soul was disturbed again tonight, for Claude Rathburn's face perpetually flashed before her. She could not seem to escape him. In whatever throng she found herself the centre he was at her side. Apparently he was ubiquitous this evening.

"O Mrs. Morton," Viola Watson was exclaiming, "can't you persuade Mr. Remington to let Marozia go with us to New York next week? It will be so jolly, don't you know, to have her with us?" Mrs. Morton thus appealed to, smiled as she replied:

"I fancy I should make a poor ambassador, so pray do not invest me such powers!" Marozia's smile responded to hers in a sympathetic flash. But Viola continued:

"It would be such great fun to have you go with us to the metropolis! You've never been there you know—besides we really ought to see more of each other, we're such old friends!" Marozia stood near her father whom



the Watson girls were besieging in vain. Close at hand beamed the omnipresent Claude. A satirical smile crept over her fine sensitive lips. Then she replied with forced animation:

"Miss Watson, I, as well as all my father's pupils, have reason to remember that when he says no he means it!" She then turned to other guests and was lost in the throng.

Ralph Remington never enjoyed his wife's entertainments, although there were golden moments interspersed here and there when he could converse with good old Doctor Lester or Mrs. Morton or Professor Bancroft. Tonight he felt weary and oppressed. A premonition of evil hovered over him. He longed to escape to the quiet of his library. The next best thing was a quiet talk with Mrs. Morton so he crossed the room to sit beside her on a divan.

"I have been thinking how wonderfully Marozia has developed during the past year!" she observed quietly.

"She has been in contact with a great soul."

"The teacher she spoke of?"

"Yes."

"Even so is it not remarkable to have acquired so much in such a brief period?"

"It would be so were it acquired as knowledge is, but dear Mrs. Morton it is an inner unfoldment. When a soul is ready time is transcended. Then when a truth is presented it is grasped immediately for it finds a response within."

"You would remind me that it is *wisdom* instead of mere acquirement of culture!"

"Even so. Marozia is wise beyond her years! Her soul has a long past behind it during which she has improved her time instead of loitering. To be sure as spirits we all came forth from God at the same time, but some—nay many—among us are stragglers. Like children at school we idled away our time instead of learning our lessons and the result is that such are behind the others. They cannot grasp the deeper truths. There are many degrees in evolution! You see I cannot get away from the similes of the pedagogue!" he added smilingly.

"I know of no better way to explain the problems of theologians when they seek to understand the differences in mental and moral status among mankind. It has ever puzzled those whose sense of justice is strong. One does not like to have the blame for all these undeveloped and malformed characters thrown back upon the great Creator of the universe. That is a conception so inadequate that the devout and reasoning mind draws back in dismay. It does not explain—it merely leaves the gap unbridged."

"Truly it does, my dear Friend. And in nearly all the modern cults—even in the advanced schools of thought

there are discrepancies—gaps to be filled or bridged! I have found nothing that is so satisfying to both mind and heart as this wonderful philosophy of life which Marozia has been studying. It is the abstract truth which I have always felt intuitively, formulated into a system. I promise myself much pleasure in deeper investigation of its profound mysteries."

Later in the evening Marozia suddenly found herself face to face with Claude Rathburn in a room somewhat secluded whither she had gone to search for some drawings.

"Ah, I began to think that I should never have you for even a moment's *tete a tete!* How persistently you have avoided me this evening!" His voice was low and persuasive, and his eyes burned with intensely concentrated power. To her they savored of the lower occult, yet a singular spell held her motionless. The words she spoke were mechanical and forced.

"I do not know that a *tete a tete* is especially necessary or desirable!"

"To you or to me?"

"To neither of us!"

"Thus speaks the Queen of other days! Her Knight of old would still render her obedient service, however!"

"You speak in riddles!"

"The Sphinx set the example and many wise ones since have followed the method! Grant me the favor of a closer acquaintance and I will unravel some very interesting ones for you!"

He smiled into her face and again she felt powerless to move or speak. It seemed long to her yet it was but a moment.

"Would you have power? Would you know some strange secrets? I can tell you many things—if you will let me—love you!"

A sickening revulsion seized her at the words. Yet he still held her eyes to his face.

"You belong to me," he continued. "There are ties from long ago!"

Her inner Self protested at his words—yet the singular spell held her motionless. Then it suddenly drew some part of herself toward him and she became vividly conscious of a duality within. One part drew back from him with horror—the other part reached out in a strange fascination, compelled by the resistless power of his eyes.

"No—no!" Her tone was imploring yet she felt no power to move.

"I will prove it to you some day."

"Please leave me!" she entreated. She put up her hands before her eyes and as footsteps were approaching he withdrew his eyes from her face. She felt weak and faint as she turned and walked out into the shadows of a grape vine on a side veranda. He did not follow her. He

no longer felt doubtful of the final result—of the desired conquest.

Marozia put her hands before her eyes again as if to shut out something. She drew in a long quick breath and shudderingly whispered:

“You—Marozia Remington! What does this mean?” When she again mingled with her mother’s guests a strange expression was in her eyes and she awaited with throbbing pulses the end of this tiresome affair. Claude did not seek her again tonight. He could now bide his time.

At the close of the function when Marozia sought her father in the library she was unusually silent. He noticed her abstraction, but attributed it to weariness. She laid her head against his knee and felt a touch of the olden calm steal into her throbbing brain.

“O Father, if I might always be with you!” she murmured.

“These affairs do not appeal to my little Girl?”

“O, some phases are interesting, but——”

“But the exceptions—what are they?”

“Claude Rathburn is one of them.”

“He does not interest you Dear?”

“Yes, and no! But I wish I might never see him again!

Why does Mama persist in inviting him here?”

A look of ineffable sadness crept into his face and he bowed his head lower.

When Marozia went to her room she sat by the open window until her pulses were calmed by the starry beauty of the night. Then with an imperious control of her will she shook off the strange spell and seemed as one suddenly awakened from a delirium.

“What is it—what is it?” she asked again and again but could find no answer. “I am the same Marozia Remington—yet not the same. I have committed no wrong yet I feel a strange sense of unrest. What is it that has come to me? He spoke of powers. My teacher had power but it was different. He never wielded that influence—he never talked of the occult. It was always of spiritual power—of character-building—of soul-growth that he discourses. Ah, I do not understand it!”

When in retrospection she lived over the events of the evening she felt the spell returning and censured herself for it.

“I never will see him again if I can help it—I loathe him!”

Yet subconsciously she knew that he had entered her life.

## Fragments from Nature’s Secrets

William and Elizabeth Denton

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

### KENTUCKY’S MAMMOTH CAVE

I HAVE a small fragment of fibrous gypsum which was obtained in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. This I gave to Mrs. Denton for examination. She saw it but knew nothing of its history and supposed it to be a piece of asbestos which it somewhat resembled.

“You must have had this given to you. The place I see does not look like this region. I see a beach with rocks upon it resembling this specimen. On this beach I see a soil with vegetation on it. The rocks I see here appear to have been placed here by artificial means. Now I see a curved wall arching overhead. The rocks that lie around seem to have come from an open place near there. Farther on the rocks are perpendicular.”

“I am in a cave that I have seen represented in books I am almost sure. It is very extensive. (I am not in a good condition for examining or I could see much better). It has been visited a good deal for I perceive artificial light, that is, light differing from that the rocks give out, by which I see objects under ground. There are parts of the cave however, that have been but little visited. I notice one room that has been visited a great deal and

and visitors must have remained and talked in it.”

“At one place I see steps going up and a rock juts out a long way. It looks fearful. I fancy this place is more extensive than it is known to be. All the rooms near the entrance seem to have been visited. This I know by the artificial light in them. Where that is I cannot see distinctly for this light makes *itself* visible rather than the objects around.”

“There is a cave below this much more magnificent than the other. It has not been visited I think. It is surpassingly beautiful. It looks like a palace built to embody the ideal beauty. There is something which looks like a sun raying out light all around. I cannot tell what it is. I cannot think of this as a cave. It is a gorgeous place. I see a beautiful curtain-like partition between two rooms with ridges and deep fluting. I notice one long hall with two walls about three feet high running the whole length of it. They look very singular here for they have quite an artificial appearance. What a splendid place this would be to live in. Only there is a cool damp feeling about it. I know not how to get out of

this labyrinth.

“There is a pit down much deeper. It goes into another cave by a winding way. What monstrous rocks! The cave near the surface is but a baby compared with these giant caves below. I thought that was a great cave but it is a poor pigmy by the side of these. This cave is partitioned off in every direction into long fine rooms with entrances from one to another and having high ceilings though they are not all of the same height. There are grand long halls opening into the entrance where I came down. I wonder why it is not dangerous. If those rocks were to fall how could one get out? I don’t know what it means, but I have a sense of animal influence. All at once I am on the surface.”

I then informed her that the specimen she had examined was from the Mammoth Cave. She said: “Is there water in the Mammoth Cave? I saw streams of water in it but did not notice them particularly there was so much else to see.”

I have never visited the Mammoth Cave, but those who have will, I think, acknowledge the accuracy of the description of the known parts of the Cave. Proofs of the statements with regard to the unknown portions, future explorers may yet determine. The animal influence felt was probably owing to the fossils contained in the mountain limestone in which the Mammoth Cave has been hollowed out by the action of underground streams for ages.

One thing the reader will notice from this and other examinations is, that the psychometer seems to be at the spot traveling over the ground. When our experiments first commenced, pictures connected with the history of the specimen passed before the gaze of the psychometer like a panoramic view, she being a mere passing spectator. After some time these pictures could be, to a certain extent, controlled; their progress arrested or hurried at will, till at length the psychometer seemed to travel to the spot where the specimen came from and described it as a living person would who beheld it with the natural eye. Not only was this done with regard to time present, but past. All the past to the psychometer seemed the present. All that has been was found to exist and could be examined as thoroughly almost as the present around us.

It would appear as a general rule that rays of light, though invisible to the eye, are passing from all objects continually and can penetrate readily certain substances, if not all, which are opaque to ordinary light. These rays seem to be able to pass at once to the brain of sensitive persons and give the sensation of vision without intervention of the eye as an organ. Ordinary light is too coarse for such a refined instrument as the brain to receive without the intervention of an organ which receives it and then introduces it to the brain. But for this

refined light the brain needs no such go-between, but passes at once through the portals and is admitted into the inner chamber of the soul. Some of the lower animals seem to perceive objects, though they are totally blind and in some cases do not even possess the visual organ.

We find in most large caves blind animals such as beetles, millipedes or fish, etc., but although they possess none of the organs of vision they yet move away from the light of the explorer’s torch, as similar animals out of doors at the approach of an individual. Eyes are unnecessary to these cave tenants and in process of time they are withdrawn, but they possess what answers the purpose equally well for their underground existence, otherwise they would certainly cease to exist.

In the fresh water polyp the whole body is sensitive to the influence of light, for it turns to it, and that this is owing to the sensitiveness of the whole body is evident from the fact that if cut in two both parts equally seek the light.

The *Monas Sulphuraria*, *Stentor Niger* and the *Actiniae* seek the light but change their position if exposed to the full glare of the sun and sink beneath the surface before any part of their bodies comes in contact with the atmosphere. *Vertillum Cynomorium* (a species of zoophyte) seeks the darkest spot and folds itself together if brought within the influence of the light. *In all these animals the power of sight is spread over all the surface of the body.*

Bats that spend their lives in twilight or darkness appear to possess this interior vision to a wonderful extent. Experiments made by eminent philosophic naturalists demonstrate that the bat when blinded regulates its motions in the same manner as when it has full possession of its eyes. Completely blinded bats were not in the slightest degree obstructed in their motions. They flew about by night and by day with their wonted ease and rapidity, avoiding all obstacles which lay or were intentionally placed in their way as dexterously as when in possession of their sight. They turned around at the right time when they approached a wall, rested in a convenient situation when fatigued, and struck against nothing. The experiments were multiplied and varied in the most ingenious manner. A room was filled with twigs. In another silken threads were suspended from the roof and preserved in the same position by means of small weights attached to them. The bat though deprived of its eyes flew through the intervals of these threads as well as of the twigs without touching them, and when the intervals were too small it drew its wings more closely together. In another room a net was placed having occasional irregular spaces for the bat to fly through, the net being

arranged so as to form a small labyrinth, but the blind bat was not to be deceived. In proportion as the difficulties were increased the dexterity of the animal was augmented. When it flew over the upper extremity of the net and seemed imprisoned between it and the wall, it was frequently observed to make its escape most dexterously. When fatigued by its high flight it still flew rapidly along the ground among tables, chairs, and sofas, yet avoided touching anything with its wings. Even in the open air its flight was as prompt, easy, and secure as in those rooms, and in both situations, altogether similar to that of its associates who had the use of their eyes.

Any animal living in darkness during a continued existence would, in my opinion, receive visual impressions in the same way. Still more, in animals whose ancestors had existed in a similar manner for ages the power would increase with continued use as transmitted for many generations.

It is not surprising that human beings should possess a faculty which is thus shared in by many animals, some of which are quite low in the scale of existence. We are told of an old lady who had been blind from her birth yet who saw in her sleep, and in her waking state described the clothing of individuals correctly.

Most blind persons exhibit such phenomena to a greater or less extent, according to the sensitiveness of the individual and the length of time during which the power has been cultivated.

Somnambulists who read and write with eyes closed and sometimes bandaged and who on dark nights walk along the roofs of buildings and narrow walls and perform various feats which other individuals could only do in the light of day, bear evidence of the possession of this faculty that we are now considering by man, for this subtle light to which I have referred is never obscured. It is always day to it, and to those who perceive by its instrumentality, the darkest midnight is light and clear as the sunniest noon.

Clairvoyance is but the exercise of the same power by an individual in a somewhat different condition. If this

subtle light can pass through a brick wall, a brick wall can as readily be seen through by a person who sees by its instrumentality as we can see through a pane of glass. To the clairvoyant, therefore, all things are transparent as air because they are pervious to the light by which he sees. The rays proceeding from objects passing directly through the transparent skull—transparent to this light—to the brain.

That which philosophers have sneered at and phenomena which they have denied will eventually be accepted and found to be in harmony with the finer forces of matter, with which they are as yet unacquainted. The number of sensitives is continually increasing, but not all are gifted alike. Where there is one who possesses the power of seeing psychometrically there are probably three who possess the power of feeling.

For years I have sought to develop in myself the power to see the pictures that all objects contain, but in vain, yet I am able to feel influences proceeding from substances that have once belonged to organic bodies and can at times by this means from a portion of bone describe the kind of animal to which it originally belonged.

In the following case we have, I think, the results of the unconscious exercise of this power:

In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, in 1788, the "Fair Penitent" was performed. In the last act, where Calistra lays her hand upon the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who did the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering and fell on the stage. During the night her illness continued, but the following day she had recovered sufficiently to converse. She sent for the stage keeper and anxiously inquired where he procured the skull. He replied: From the sexton who had informed him it was the skull of one Norris, an actor, who twelve years before was buried in the graveyard there. That same Norris was Mrs. Berry's first husband. She, being possessed of considerable psychometric power, recognized the influence proceeding from the skull and the recognition produced such a terrible shock that her death in six weeks was the consequence.

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## The Eternal Now

W. A. Rowdon

**A** GREAT fact to remember in self-improvement is that one's past life is in a great measure finished with. A common habit consists in living this life, or parts of it, over again in thought, not with any desire to learn any real lesson—such lessons are generally learned at the time—but to idle away a spare hour in

aimless and useless retrospection, to live the moments over again to indulge in reprehensible self-pity. At the actual moment in which we live we feel the results of our past lives. However unpleasant they may be, it is obvious that we ourselves have at some time put the forces into motion which now bring about these apparent unjust