



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



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General Contents

The Mystic Light

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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APRIL 1917

The Christian Mystic Initiation

THE FOOTWASHING

WE ARE told in the gospels which relate the story of the Christian Mystic Initiation, how on the night when Christ had partaken of the Last Supper with His disciples, His ministry being finished at that time, He rose from the table and girded Himself with a towel, then He poured water into a basin and commenced to wash His disciples' feet, an act of the most humble service, but prompted by an important occult consideration.

Comparatively few realize that when we rise in the scale of evolution we do so by trampling upon the bodies of our weaker brothers, consciously or unconsciously we crush them and use them as stepping stones to attain our own ends. This assertion holds good concerning all the kingdoms in nature. When a life-wave has been brought down to the nadir of involution and encrusted in a mineral form, that is immediately seized upon by another slightly higher life-wave, which takes the disintegrating mineral crystal, adapts it to its own ends as crystalloid and assimilates it as part of a plant form. If there were no minerals which could thus be seized upon, disintegrated and transformed, plant-life would be an impossibility. Then again, the plant-forms are taken by numerous classes of animals, masticated to a pulp, devoured and made to serve as food for a higher kingdom. If there were no plants, animals would be an impossibility. The same principle holds good in the spiritual evolution for if there were no pupils standing on the lower round of the ladder of knowledge and requiring instruction, there would be no room for a teacher. But here there is one all-important difference. The Teacher grows by *giving* to his pupils and serving them. Upon their shoulders he steps to a higher rung on the ladder of knowledge. *He lifts himself by lifting them*, but, nevertheless, he owes them a debt of gratitude, which is symbolically acknowledged and liquidated by the foot-washing—an act of humble service to those who have served him.

When we realize that nature, which is the expression of God, is continually exerting itself to create and bring forth, we may also understand that whoever kills any-

thing, be it ever so little and seemingly insignificant, is to that extent thwarting God's purpose. This applies particularly to the aspirant to the higher life and therefore the Christ exhorted His disciples to be wise as the serpents but harmless as doves notwithstanding. But no matter how earnest our desire to follow the precept of harmlessness, our constitutional tendencies and necessities force us to kill at every moment of our lives, and it is not only in the great things that we are constantly committing murder. It was comparatively easy for the seeking soul, symbolized by Parsifal, to break the bow wherewith he had shot the swan of the Grail-knights when it had been explained to him what a wrong he had committed. From that time Parsifal was committed to the life of harmlessness, so far as the great things are concerned. All earnest aspirants follow him readily in that act once it has dawned upon them how subversive of soul-growth is the practice of partaking of food which requires the death of an animal. But even the noblest and most gentle among mankind is poisoning those about him with every breath, and being poisoned by them in turn, for all exhale the poisonous death-dealing carbon dioxide and we are therefore a menace to one another. Nor is this a far-fetched idea; it is a very real danger which will become much more manifest in course of time when mankind becomes more sensitive. In a disabled submarine, or under similar conditions where a number of people are together, the carbon dioxide exhaled by them quickly makes the atmosphere unable to sustain life. There is a story from the Indian mutiny of how a number of English prisoners were huddled into a room in which there was only one small opening for air. In a very short time the oxygen was exhausted and the poor prisoners began to fight one another like beasts in order to obtain a place near that air inlet until all had died from the struggle and asphyxiation. The same principle is illustrated in the ancient Atlantean Mystery Temple, the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, where we find a nauseating stench and a suffocating smoke ascending from the Altar of Burnt Offering, where the poison-laden bodies of the *unwilling victims* sacrificed for sin were consumed and where the light shone but dimly through the enveloping smoke.

This we may contrast with the light which emanated clear and bright from the seven-branched candlestick, fed by the olive oil extracted from the chaste plant and where the incense symbolizing the *willing service* of devoted priests rose to heaven as a sweet savor which, as we are told in many places, were pleasing to Deity, while the blood of the unwilling victims, the bulls and the goats, were a source of grief and annoyance to God, Who delights mostly in the sacrifice of prayer, which helps the devotee and harms no one.

It has been stated concerning some of the saints that they emitted a sweet odor and as we have often had occasion to say, this is no mere fanciful story, it is an occult fact. The great majority of mankind inhale during every moment of life the vitalizing oxygen contained in the surrounding atmosphere and at every expiration we exhale a charge of carbon dioxide, which is a deadly poison and would certainly vitiate the air in time if the pure and chaste plant did not inhale this poison, separate it from the oxygen, use it to build bodies that last sometimes for many centuries or even millennia, as instanced in the Redwoods of California, and give us back the pure oxygen we need for our life. And these carboniferous plant-bodies, by certain further processes of nature, have in the past become immineralized and turned to stone, instead of disintegrating. We find them today as *coal, the imperishable philosopher's stone made by natural means in Nature's laboratory*. But this philosopher's stone may also be made artificially by man from his own body. It should be understood once and for all that the philosopher's stone is not made in an exterior chemical laboratory, but that the body is the work-shop of the Spirit and contains all the elements necessary to produce this *elixir-vitae*, and that this philosopher's stone is not exterior to the body, but *the alchemist himself becomes the philosopher's stone*. The salt, sulphur, and mercury emblematically contained in the three segments of the spinal cord, which controls the sympathetic, motor, and sensory nerves and are played upon by the Neptunian spinal spirit fire, constitute the essential elements in the alchemical process.

It needs no argument to show that indulgence in sensuality, brutality, and bestiality makes the body coarse. Contrariwise, devotion to Deity, an attitude of perpetual prayer, a feeling of love and compassion for all that lives and moves, the loving thought sent out to all beings and those inevitably received in return, all invariably have the effect of refining and spiritualizing the nature. We speak of a person of that nature as 'breathing' or 'radiating' love, an expression which much more nearly describes the actual fact than most people imagine, for as a matter of actual occult observation the percentage of poison contained in the breath of an individual is in exact

proportion to the nature of his inner life and the thoughts he thinks. The Hindu Yogi makes a practice of sealing the candidate for a certain grade of Initiation in a cave which is not much larger than his body. There he must live for a number of weeks breathing the same air over and over again to demonstrate practically that he has ceased exhaling the death-dealing carbon dioxide and is beginning to build his body therefrom. This then is not a body of the same nature as the plant, though it is pure and chaste, but is *a celestial body* such as that whereof St. Paul speaks in the 5th chapter of Second Corinthians, a body which becomes immortal as a diamond or a ruby stone. It is not hard and inflexible as the mineral, it is *a soft diamond* (or ruby) and by every act of the nature described the Christian Mystic is building this body, though he is probably unconscious thereof for a long time. When he has attained to that degree of holiness, it is not necessary for him to perform the footwashing so far as the physical pupil is concerned that helps him to rise, but he will always have the feeling of gratitude symbolized by that act toward those whom he is fortunate enough to attract to himself as disciples, that he may give unto them the living bread which nourisheth them to immortality.

Students will realize that this is part of the process which eventually culminates in the Transfiguration, but it should also be realized that in the Christian Mystic Initiation there are no set and definite degrees. The Candidate looks to the Christ as the author and finisher of his faith, seeking to imitate Him and follow in His steps through every moment of existence. Thus the various stages which we are considering are reached by processes of soul-growth which simultaneously bring him to higher stages in all the steps that we are now analyzing. In this respect the Christian Mystic Initiation differs radically from the processes in vogue among the Rosicrucians where an *understanding* on the part of the candidate of that which is to take place is considered indispensable. But there comes a time at which the Christian Mystic must and does realize the path before him and that is what constitutes Gethsemane, which we will consider in the next issue.

(To be continued)

*YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE
FREE!*

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but **children are unsolved problems!** They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore **we will give each month a short delineation of character and tendencies of four children under 14 years** in the Astral Ray department of this magazine. **Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.**

A Dream Within A Dream

Pearl Peterson

I DREAMT that I seemed to be a prisoner in a house where there were many others. The guards were very cruel and seemed to have taken a special dislike to me, torturing me whenever possible. I was knocked down and otherwise mistreated and a guard kept over me to prevent me leaving the house. One day I escaped hungry and utterly exhausted. Even the fruits I picked to eat were bitter; the fence was made of swords and it seemed impossible to climb it. But taking a companion in misery by the hand, I gave one jump and both of us seemed to fly over the fence. The rest did not miss us, they were more interested in themselves and begging the guards to be lenient, to give them food and drink to keep them from starvation.

We walked a little distance when we met a small child. She asked where we were going. My answer was that I was seeking rest and quiet and wanted to go far away *where there was no trouble*. With a child's look of entire trust and confidence, she pointed to a number of houses on a hill—saying "My Father can help you—he knows everything," and so we were led by this little child to a large group of buildings on a hill, looking somewhat like a monastery. A broad flight of steps led upward to a wide porch, grapevines covered it and large bunches of grapes hung in strangely transparent bunches. It seemed as if a light were back of them—to the taste they were very sweet and refreshing.

As we hesitated, an old white-bearded man came to the door; the "lighted" face with its transparency and bright eyes seemed to glow and shine with a pure white light. The eyes were a dark blue black and looked kindly down at me.

My companion had left me and taking my hand, the venerable man said: "Child, you want peace, yet peace is within you. You want rest and rest is all about you. You know and yet have come for help. Don't you know that 'In my Father's house are many mansions'? You must seek, not by books, but by practice."

He talked long and lovingly, then as he bade me Godspeed, he again repeated these directions. "Child of the World; go! Seek near and far among my Father's Mansions. You will learn much and when you have gained the right, you will be admitted into the place of peace, where sorrow teaches its lessons in the way God intended. The House of Soul Rest you will find, but learn well each lesson as it comes, and may God speed you and care for you in your search." Turning to the broad path pointed out before me, full of obstacles and trials, I

looked back. The face again beamed only more, if that were possible, and the hands stretched forth in a blessing as I started on my way.

One by one I surmounted the obstacles in my path and triumphantly pushed onward. Miles flew by, buildings appeared and disappeared, trains rushed by and there was much noise and confusion around me.

Something seemed to push me into a large building, open at the sides, where people in all stages of grief and trouble seemed to be. Some were sobbing, others crying out in agony. Some had hands and arms torn and bleeding. Some were on crutches and still others had limbs partly torn off and hanging. Crushed faces and small babies in spasms added their note to the picture of pain. In all the crowd I could only see one who seemed to understand the grief of the rest; all others seemed to be cursing their own particular suffering.

Stooping to speak to a tiny child and quiet it, I saw a pair of pensive blue eyes watching me. The mouth was drawn in pain yet no word came of complaint, just resignation, the eyes spoke and going over I discovered that both his limbs were off, so I stayed with him.

I must have slept a little for I remember getting up and going to another building that glistened like white marble. Where before had been confusion and trouble, now was quiet and resignation. Smiling faces were everywhere I searched for the child and the man. The white glistening building was ablaze with golden light, but neither the child nor the man could be found.

Then I went through a door and saw written in large letters of yellow light "*House of Soul Rest and Peace*," and sinking down on the white cushions, I watched the play of colors that came and went through the room. The golden light was everywhere; the white gleamed and glistened all around me. My body was filled with rest, I seemed to sink in the cushions and feel rest pour all over me; at last my soul was content and had found its peace. After so long a time and so many struggles, as my friend had said, I had found peace and content. Affairs of earth were forgotten. I wanted to stay there always, in this supreme happiness that was mine. Nothing mattered, only that I stay in this "*House of Soul Rest and Peace*" and experience this supreme content and happiness always—truly, I had found soul rest and peace here.

But then I remembered the child and the man, I saw again the house of tears and agony, I heard again the moan of the maimed, and I burned with shame and humiliation at the thought of having deserted my suffer-

ing brother to seek my own ease and peace.

So I fled the House of Soul Rest, vowing never to return till I had found my brother and brought him also.

Then I woke from the dream within the dream, I sat again by the man and the child and I recognized them as the little child that had led me, and the Father who had taught me. Again he smiled, and his face lighted when he said:

“My daughter, you have learned one secret of the path

to the House of Soul Rest. It cannot be enjoyed in solitude, and I will tell you another, every wail in the world detracts from the pleasure of those within. Seek you therefore all who are weak and heavy-laden and try to bring them rest, for in so doing *you* will find the only true and lasting peace.”

And as I woke there fell from my lips the vow; “I will strive first to show my brothers the path to peace, and in God’s good time I shall follow.”

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 postfree.

VIII

A CLEAR baritone voice rang out in crude mocking recitative to the accompaniment of mellow cow-bells: “So boy—so boy—easy there, Sorrel-top!

For it’s all in a life-time, my Polly Ann!

So tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

The fairest lass to the bravest man—

(So boy—so boy) Whoa there, Nancy Jane!

S’pose you git inter the path! Well—well, I never saw such ca-ows!”

The lane was narrow, its elder-bush border infringed on the deviating cow-path—the cows were erratic in their movements—twilight was falling and Tom tried to accelerate the plodding march of the herd toward the cow-sheds. Possibly cows have moods! However, they had strayed and explored the utmost limits of their little world today and Tom was late with his milking. Again his rich untrained voice sang bits of song, sentimental and pathetic interspersed with doggerel and foolish jargon, while his jolly sunburned face twitched with little smirking grimaces as he paused between the lines to call, “So boy—so boy” to the erratic kine.

“Well—well, bless me Sally! I was jest a thinkin’ of you an’ ef you ain’t a waitin’ fer me!”

“I’m not waiting for you, Tom Gregory!”

“O, I ain’t the lucky chap then! I didn’t think you’d treat a feller that way—bless me ef I did!” Sarah Thomas crimsoned with rage and shame—with rage against the world in general and Tom in particular. With shame because of what was in her heart. His voice lowered and the tone of quizzical banter merged into tender entreaty:

“Sally, you know that I care more for you than anything else an’ I don’t like to see you hang-in’ round that

New York chap the way you do! You jest throw yourself in his way, hangin’ out here over the gate until he cums along—then you make excuses to slip down the road after him! I’ve seen it lots of times an’ I’ve tried to keep Ma from guessin’ fer I didn’t want you scolded—but bless me ef I ain’t a gettin’ tired of it myself!”

Sarah Thomas stood by the stile until he vanished behind the barn, then glancing furtively back in the direction of the milk-house she quietly slipped over the bars and walked rapidly down the hill road.

“I can’t help it!” she murmured with a defiant little thrill in her consciousness.....a sensation so new to the hungry stifled heart that it was given ungrudging lodgment within. When she reached a point where the curve of the hill hid the house from view she turned aside into a meadow which bordered the road. The tall grass swathed her feet and lay in long ribbons behind her. A small serpent flashed across her path. When she reached her favorite view-point, a large flat rock deep in the meadow overlooking the creek and the distant hills she sat down and waited.

“I can’t help it!” she repeated. “I do love him—and I hate Tom Gregory! Marozia Remington, my turn is coming now!” Many conflicting emotions stirred her-*envy*, jealousy, hatred—but the fascination of the spell which forces from the Desire World were weaving predominated. She glanced hastily around.

“Why doesn’t he come? I told him to meet me here! He didn’t say he would but I should think he would when he can see how I love him!” She waited until her stolen time had reached its limit, then she walked slowly back to the road with a sickening consciousness of shame and disappointment. She quickened her pace when she sud-

denly heard approaching horse hoofs and caught sight of a figure rounding a curve in the road. A nonchalant voice called out:

"Ah Sarah, how dejected you look! Has anything happened to Tom?" No mockery could have fallen more crushingly upon a heart, yet she was dimly conscious that she deserved it. Unsophisticated as she was, her innate pride came to the rescue.

"Good evening, Mr. Rathburn!" she said in a strained voice and would have passed on. He fancied he saw a little amusement for future days of boredom when compelled to pass them in this little hamlet. So he halted and changed his manner to one of assumed interest.

"In a hurry, Sarah? An appointment with Tom or his mother?"

"My appointment was with you—but you seem to have forgotten it, Mr. Rathburn!" She was not sophisticated enough to cherish resentment, or let pride have a very long leash.

"So I did—ah, pardon my negligence, my rustic maid!" There was mockery in his tone but she did not notice.

"I suppose you were up at the Remingtons, so naturally you forgot!" A stab of jealous hatred accompanied the words. He smiled curiously.

"And if I were?"

"O of course you have a right to go where you please but——"

"But what?"

She grew confused. She was not used to parrying and thrusting. Society's little fencing methods were all unknown to her and as usual in such cases her mind was transparent. Like the average man of the world he seized the opportunity to amuse himself further.

"By the way, Sarah, you are improving rapidly! In fact you are growing quite pretty! Do you work hard nowadays?"

"Yes."

"How would you like to live in a nice home where you wouldn't have to work hard—just assist in the lighter work? I'm going to buy a place soon and put Mrs. Reed in as housekeeper. Would you like to be her assistant?" The girl's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"O, I should love it so much!"

"You asked if I had been to the Villa. I just came from there—had business with Mr. Remington. He looks as though he wouldn't last long! Luck's going against him all 'round!"

Two little entities just then clamored for admission to Sarah's brain. One was a malicious imp who grinned fiendishly behind her eyes when it secured entrance. It urged her to rejoice in the prospective downfall of an *imaginary* enemy. It pointed Marozia Remington out as

the 'enemy.' The momentary flash of exultant triumph revealed its presence to Claude Rathburn. It betrayed an ugly side to the hitherto 'simple rustic maid.' It acted as a palliative to an accusing conscience—as a palliative would act, for his conscience never troubled him. It had been put to sleep long ago. He was beginning to feel a disgusted contempt mingled with amusement when the other entity prevailed momentarily. This one awoke a better emotion—one of pity—not for Marozia, but her father. She exclaimed feelingly:

"Poor Master! I used to like him!" He was such a teacher too—I never saw one like him! He helped me so that terrible time when father took me from school to put me on the farm! I only lacked one year and I did want to finish so I could teach. Mr. Remington helped me out of school hours with my geometry and Latin—but it was of no use! Father said it spoiled women to be educated—so I was sent to Mrs. Gregory!"

"Well you need not stay there long!"

His tone was indifferent. He tried momentarily to feel the former amused interest, but in vain. He had seen the vulgar streak in her nature which reduced the possible plaything of an hour to a commonplace virago in the making. The look of triumph on her face quickly gave place to one of frightened dismay as she heard Tom's whistle in the distance.

"O I must hurry back to the milk-house or Mrs. Gregory will miss me, then——"

"Then she would send Tom on your trail, I suppose!"

"O worse than that—she might come herself!"

An amused smile crossed his face.

"I have a vision of her—spectacles, sunbonnet, nose and all the other accessories sailing down the road after you!"

"Well—it wouldn't be any laughing matter I can tell you! But—when shall I come again, Mr. Rathburn?"

"O don't trouble yourself, Sarah! You know I'm a pretty busy man nowadays—have several irons in the fire in fact!" Noticing her look of disappointment he added quickly:

"Just come whenever you feel like it and if I happen to be here all right! If not—Tom might do!"

"I wish you wouldn't say those things, Mr. Rathburn! You know I hate Tom Gregory!"

"Well, it's all right, Sarah—I was only teasing you!" The smile which accompanied the words restored sunshine to her unsophisticated heart. As she fled up the road she felt suddenly lifted out of her wretchedly commonplace existence. A touch of romance had entered her life of sordid drudgery. All nature seemed to sympathize with her gladness and the tall grass by the roadside which touched her gown swayed as if with rapture.

Tom was at the stile and smiled meaningly as she passed. There was misery and pathos in the smile.

"Look here, Sally—Ma's in the milk-room waitin' fer you! You'd better hurry up!"

She felt a sudden defiance of fate, a sort of wild daring which made her reckless of consequences. Like a wounded animal Tom turned away and crawled up to his loft in the barn.

Claude Rathburn rode disdainfully over the dusty road to the village and muttered in disgust:

"Hang it—but I hate this sleepy old burg and everything in it except.....Well I suppose I'll have to endure it for the sake of—results!"

CHAPTER IX

Marozia was in a strange state of mind during the days which followed. Her problems suddenly seemed unsolvable by any key which she possessed. The strange influence of that night at the party remained with her, try as she would to dispel it. The spell so subtly woven reflected itself in her mental nature and she was doubly tormented. She could not banish the memory of that one moment, when she felt the basilisk eyes upon her. At times she was conscious only of deep loathing and scorn for the man who had acquired this unaccountable influence over her. Then again in a flash the irresistible coils were woven around her senses. She was dumb with the horror and the mystery of it.

A month passed during which there were numerous social events in which Claude Rathburn figured prominently. He was Marozia's shadow—try as she would she could not escape him. Then suddenly her popularity began to wane. She had been the life of every social gathering—her brightness and originality, her piquancy and quaint humor won for her admiration and a certain following. She possessed great magnetic charm and with her strength and poise there was an irresistible sweetness and grace of soul. Claude Rathburn now was desperately in love with her and resolved that nothing should stand in the way of his efforts to win her for his bride. But popularity is as evanescent as fame and honor. It depends upon so many contingencies. She did not change, but the whims of her acquaintances did. They were in her estimation merely acquaintances—not friends. Friendship is too sacred a name to apply to the fungus growths which spring up in a day to wither as quickly. Jealousy was the underlying motive in the recently waning popularity. It was decided at the "tea cup meetings" that the other girls stood no chance whatever while Marozia was so much in evidence, so she must be suppressed. The Watsons took the initiative by getting up an excursion to Otsego Lake and leaving her out. It was a daring thing to do in that lit-

tle community, but they did not look far ahead—they were incapable of that expenditure of mental energy. They congratulated themselves upon the master stroke and planned a coup d'état in which wealth and excessive fashion display would play a prominent part—Claude Rathburn to be the prize.

On the morning of the eventful day from which the "eligibles" hoped so much, Marozia was sitting alone upon her rock in the meadow, in deep meditation. As usual of late her mind was focused upon her many-sided difficulties. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed aloud, after looking at the situation from every angle. A voice at her side answered:

"I will tell you if you will listen! I can give you the '*Rosetta stone*' which will enable you to solve life's strange hieroglyphics! Otherwise you will grope in vain!" Startled beyond measure she looked in the direction of the voice and beheld Claude Rathburn. Springing quickly to her feet she exclaimed in dismay:

"I thought you had gone with the party!"

"Do you think I would go without you? When at the last moment I learned that you were not to be of the party I simply vanished!" She put up her hands to shut out those terrible eyes but he seized them.

"Marozia, you know I love you beyond anything! Why do you seek to avoid me? It will do no good—you must be my wife!"

"Never-never!" He compelled her to look at him and as he fixed his eyes upon her face she again wavered.

"Marozia?" The name was breathed in a low sibilant whisper.

"Marozia?" he repeated. Still she did not answer but the spell was creeping over her again and while she longed to escape she felt powerless to move.

"Will you be my wife?" The tone was more a command than an entreaty.

"No—a thousand times no!" Still his eyes were fixed on hers and she grew faint.

"Forgive me! I hardly know what I am saying, but—

"Yes, I understand! You are excited but I know what your heart would say! You love me, only your mind is so dominant that it will not give the heart a chance to speak! Let it speak now and you will not regret it!" With a violent effort she wrenched her hands loose and turned away her eyes.

"I do not love you—I abhor you! Leave me at once!" Again she lifted her eyes to his face and felt her hold upon her will relaxing. Then a doubt of herself seized her. Did intellect war with the heart and its rights? Was she too intellectual to love? Did her dominant mind hold her back from possible happiness? Again his voice pleaded:

"Love alone satisfies! The heart, not the mind should

be the deciding voice! Your mentality is too imperious to yield to its rightful sovereign!" She felt herself yielding again to the spell—the strange spell creeping over her.

"Marozia will you be my wife?" she heard him plead in low magnetic tones. His eyes gleamed with a kind of subtle triumph. He made an effort to draw her toward him and again she wrenched herself free. Pressing her hands over her eyes she recovered her poise.

"No—no—a thousand times no!" she repeated as before. The effort of will released the spell and each word acted as a tonic to her resolution. A queer expression crossed his face in which a close observer might have descried baffled rage and chagrin. She dared not look into his face again. As she hastened up the green lane she felt as the rose might feel after some slimy thing had crawled over its sweet white heart. She longed to escape to rub out the stain left upon her lily-white consciousness. She knew—child—woman as she was that love would leave no such blight—that a high pure nature would not leave that impress upon hers. She heard him call after her:

"Marozia!" His voice was close at hand.

"If you imagine that I abandon a purpose as coolly as this you mistake my nature! I never will give you up!"

"Please leave me," she entreated, "I only wish to forget!"

"Your words are a confession! They imply that there is something to forget!" A wave of shame crimsoned her face.

"No—I could not love you and I would not marry unless I could love with all my heart and soul!"

"By all the Powers that be, you shall love me thus!" he cried with startling vehemence.

"I will not—I would not if I could—it would kill me!" Even while she spoke she dreaded lest the spell return.

"Then you have trifled with me, Marozia Remington, and you shall pay for it!" She had suddenly lost the sweet morning freshness out of her life.

"Was it thus that Eve felt after the serpent left her?" she queried. "Yet what have I done to deserve this feeling of guilt? Nothing consciously, yet everything seems changed!"

Later she knew why. When she understood more fully the teaching of the Mystery School she knew that there were several kinds of vampires. Today she did not know how the ethers of the vital body can be used to serve some base and selfish end and the mystery of the experience terrified her.

Day by day her perplexities deepened and her father grew more silent, more troubled. He had not been idle but effort had been futile. There were too many odds against him. The one thing which gave him a ray of comfort was the attitude of Marozia toward Claude Rathburn. It harmonized with his own inner impression. He felt

intuitively that no happiness could result to Marozia through such a union. He knew that she needed far more of loving loyalty and truth than the average girl, for she would give more. With her bright, keen mind, her deep analytical nature, and her artistic temperament she was very rich in possibilities. Few men could come up to her exalted standard, but happy would be the man who could be her knight! Her standards were not arbitrarily imposed from without—like the conventions of society—but were inherent in her own sublime nature. They grew out of her inner convictions and were formed from the substance of the plane wherein her consciousness was focused. Her convictions were a part of her. Materialistic and mercenary calculations ever were most repulsive to her, yet this was the aspect which colored all Claude Rathburn's thought. He surrounded himself with an aura through which high and lofty thought never could filter. At this stage she had not reasoned it out, but instinctively felt the inharmony between them. Yet all pressure was being brought to bear from every plane to bring her life into union with his.

While Ralph Remington noted with approval the attitude of his child toward Claude Rathburn, he awaited the crisis in his affairs.

(To be continued)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PAST LIFE

C. W. Stiles

I have a friend living near me here in Porto Rico who has a very interesting life, although she is still young. She has lived all over the world; spent all her early years in the Far East, eight of which were passed in an Ursuline Convent in Java as a nun; then she went across the Pacific to New York, and finally came to rest on this island.

One experience she tells something like this:

"When I was about ten years old I was sent to the nuns in Singapore to be educated. The first time I entered the Catholic church there I saw hanging on the wall a large picture representing a man tied to a tree and being lashed with a knotted rope by another man. The man doing the beating was evidently a Roman in authority. His wife was sitting on a chair at a short distance and two children, a boy and a girl were standing one on either side of her.

"The moment my eyes fell on the picture, another scene, much more vivid came back to me; and I distinctly recalled a day when just such a criminal (if he was a criminal), was brought to our house by a great crowd of people. As soon as my father left the house my mother followed him as did my brother and myself.

"Outside the gate the man was tied to a big tree and my father lashed him. "I well remember the cry for mercy which escaped from my mother's lips, at the

sound of which my father stopped for a moment, turned around and ordered a chair to be brought for her as she was about to faint. As soon as she sat down I buried my face in her lap and can not remember any more.

“I told the nuns that that picture represented my parents, my brother and me, but that I should have been painted with my face buried in my mother’s lap.

“They carefully explained to me that my idea was

quite impossible for the picture represented St. Paul persecuting the Christians before his conversion to Christianity.

“I also was puzzled, because my father and mother in the picture looked different from what I recollected them, but for all I could not explain, I knew the little girl in the picture was my own self, and the others my parents and brother whom I distinctly remembered.”

A Dream Within A Dream

Arthur E. Taylor

AS OCCULT mysteries are revealed to us, we readily grasp the significant fact that throughout all the complexities of the World Wisdom runs an orderly principle. The first thing which is apparent to students is that the Cosmos is built upon the 1-3-5-7-10 and 12 aspects. It is non-essential to go into detail regarding these co-relations, but it is sufficient to say that the 12 semi-tones of the octave conform in every detail with the cosmic scheme—in fact to a bewildering degree, because it must be remembered that when we consider the building of the octave we are intruding into the world of tone, which is the very basis of physical manifestation. The following outline is but a rudimentary one and can only be considered a foundation for further study.

Although we have 12 semi-tones to the octave, conforming with the 12 months and 12 Hierarchies, etc., unless we have considered the musical scale from the occult point we are confused as to why we make certain divisions in the particular places which we do. We know that the human ear is pleased with a limited number of whole tones and then desires a half tone, in building the scale. We cannot say “Do-re-me-fe-se-le-do” and be pleased with it, yet it is an orderly succession of whole tones. The great question is, “Why do we require a half-tone here and there, and what is the significance of the proper division?”

Before going further we must review certain essentials in the scheme of Evolution as explained in the *Cosmo*. We see that God is a Triune expression of the positive pole of the Supreme Being in manifestation. Also that this triune expression of the Oneness is capable of a septenary division, the seven Spirits before the Throne, which collectively are God. Furthermore, each planetary Spirit is a trinity capable of a septenary division also. The Ego is also a threefold Spirit and has emanated from itself a threefold body which it—guides by means of the link of mind and from which a threefold soul will be extracted. It is significant that we have a threefold spirit,

yet on the form side of the manifesting seven worlds we have four divisions, four vehicles, a threefold body and a mind. The *Cosmo* teaches us that three Hierarchies were brought over from a previous manifestation to finish their evolution in our scheme, and these same three have now in the Earth Period charge of the three aspects of ourselves, viz.—the Divine, Life, and Human Spirit. We note that we are the fourth life wave in our present scheme to become conscious and thereby check the plunge into matter. We are also taught that there were in addition to these seven mentioned life-waves five more which had passed into liberation—who could gain nothing by a further manifestation and only remained to assist us by giving the necessary spiritual impulses to help us to awaken the three-fold Spirit. Thus we see that while we have twelve colors—five of which are invisible to physical vision—and twelve orifices to the body—five of which are closed—there are just as surely twelve tones to the octave, seven of which constitute the Virgin scale, with the interspersing of five more to give us the simple chromatic scale from which all the heavenly themes come which “bring to the Ego the message from its Home and speak to it in a language which no pen nor canvas can equal.”

With the help of the accompanying diagram let us now divide the musical scale into the proper divisions relative to the scheme of Evolution as outlined in the *Cosmo*. In the world of God there are two Hierarchies which gave some assistance to us—the nature of which is not yet revealed—and then withdrew into liberation. These are Aries and Taurus—D flat and E flat. At the close of the Moon Period the other three who had remained solely to give us assistance in awakening the three aspects of the Spirit, withdrew also. These are Gemini, the Seraphim—Cancer, the Cherubim—and Leo, the Lords of the Flame. F sharp for Gemini, G sharp for Cancer, and A sharp for Leo. We have now placed the five Hierarchies which are in liberation—two in the World of God and three in the World of Virgin Spirits. This leaves us seven which are

World of GOD	♃ ♄	SATURN	SUN	MOON	EARTH	JUPITER	VENUS	VULCAN
		1 ^b violet 2 ^b	3 ^b violet 4 ^b	5 ^b blue 6 ^b	7 ^b green-yel 5 [#]	4 [#] violet 3 [#]	2 [#] red 1 [#]	white C
World of Virgin Spirits	♅							
	♆							
	♇							
Piano Keyboard		[Piano Keyboard Diagram]						
Divine Spirit	♁		*					*
Life Spirit	♊			*			*	
Human Spirit	♋				*	*	*	
Concrete Thought	♌							
Desire World	♍							
Etheric Region	♎							
Chemical Region	♏							

in manifestation. We see that there are three Worlds of which the Virgin Spirit is an integral part and that the Divine Aspect is the highest. Also, that the three Hierarchies brought over to complete their evolution with us are at present in charge of these three aspects in regular order of state of being commencing with Virgo. So the Virgin key of C is the Home-world of the Divine Aspect.

So also the three whole tones of C, D, and E are the key-notes of the three aspects of the Spirit and are Virgo, Libra, and Scorpio—the three life-waves which were brought over to complete their evolution in our scheme, and which are at present in charge of those same three aspects.

Now we come to a very significant fact! The three-fold spirit is going to emanate from itself a three-fold vehicle by means of the archetypal forces and at a later time is going to be given a separate unit of the archetypal forces as a mind, a separate thinking vehicle. Let us particularly bear in mind that the idea which emanates from the region of Abstract Thought, the present home of the Ego, and the Thought-form built by it, are dependent upon the archetypal forces and that all constitute one World. Thus we have a semi-tone between the Human Spirit and the concrete region which is on the form side of the seven worlds. We note that this same semi-tonal division occurs between Scorpio and Sagittarius—that is, between the previous scheme and ours. This gives F for the key-note of Sagittarius—the Lords of Mind—who gave us a germ of mind composed of the same material

in which they were human in the Saturn Period. Building on we have G, A, and B for Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, respectively and for the three-fold body. This completes the outline with seven tones of the Virgin key, three whole tones for the Hierarchies which were brought over and for the three aspects of the spirit which they at present have charge of, and four more whole tones for the life-waves of the present scheme of Evolution, with a semi-tone division between the two schemes of Evolution and also between the spirit and matter portions of this present scheme.

The next point to consider is that if we start with the key of C and proceed with the trinity we are successively carried through the keys of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-flats. The key of seven flats being identical with five sharps carries us by the same process through 5-4-3-2-1 sharps back into the key of C. Another very significant fact is that each key-note in flats or sharps is the complementary key-note of the other on a septenary basis. That is to say, the key of 1 flat is six sharps—2 flats, 5 sharps—3 flats, 4 sharps—4flats, 3 sharps, etc. Now we note that by starting with the key of C and proceeding through the flat keys we bring in successively the key-note of the Hierarchies in the proper order in which they appeared to help us to awaken the three aspects of the spirit, with the addition of Aries and Taurus from the World of God. It is significant that the key-note is in those who did not manifest, but gave spiritual impulses only. On the other hand