



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

VOL 6

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA APRIL, 1917

NO. 6

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The Mystic Light

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

The Question Department

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

The Astral Ray

Astrology from an original angle, Cosmic light on Life's Problems.

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

Nutrition and Health

Our body is 'A Living Temple', we build it without sound of hammer, by our food. In this Department articles on diet teach how to build wisely and well.

The Healing Department

The Rose Cross Healing Circle, its meetings and their results.

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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

Single copies 20c.

Back numbers 25c.

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

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

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

Oceanside

Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

A Brief Resume of The
Rosicrucian Philosophy

The Rosicrucian Order was founded in the thirteenth century by Christian Rosenkruz, a messenger of the Divine Hierarchs who guide Humanity upon the path of evolution.

Its mission was to blend **Esoteric Christianity, Mystic Masonry, and Spiritual Alchemy** into one great system of Religious Philosophy, adequate to meet the advanced spiritual and intellectual needs of the Western World, during the Aquarian Age of two thousand years, when the Sun, by precession of the Equinox, passes through the constellation Aquarius.

This Western Wisdom School, like all earlier Esoteric Orders, is secret, but the **Rosicrucian Fellowship** is its **Herald of the Aquarian Age**, now at hand, promulgating this blended scientific soul science: **The Western Wisdom Religion for the Western World.**

Formerly, religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today, a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, like heredity and ether. They desire religion as much as their fathers but want the ancient truths in modern dress congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical and sequential teaching, concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, which is strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries, so that the heart may be allowed to believe what the intellect has sanctioned, and the solace of religion may speak peace to the troubled mind. The following is a brief resume of **Facts about Life here and hereafter.** A list of the lectures referred to is found in the back of this magazine.

Sooner or later there comes a time when the consciousness is forced to recognize the fact that life, as we see it, is but fleeting, and that amid all the uncertainties of our existence there is but one certainty—Death!

When the mind has thus become aroused by thought of the leap in the dark which must some time be taken by all, the question of questions—Whence have we come?—Why are we here?—Whither are we going?—must inevitably present itself. This is a basic problem with which all must sooner or later grapple, and it is of the greatest importance how we solve it, for the view we take will color our whole life.

Only three theories of note have been brought forward to solve this problem. To range ourselves in one of the three groups of mankind, segregated in their adherence to one theory or the other in an intelligent manner, it is necessary to know the three theories, to calmly weigh and compare them one with another with established facts. Lecture No. 1 does just that, and whether we agree with its conclusions or not, we shall surely have a more comprehensive grasp of the various viewpoints and be better able to form an intelligent opinion when we have read "**The Riddle of Life and Death.**"

If we have come to the conclusion that death does not end

our existence, it is but a natural question to ask: **Where are the dead?** This momentous question is dealt with in Lecture No. 2. The law of conservation of matter and energy precludes annihilation, yet we see that matter is constantly changing from the visible state and back again, as, for instance, water is evaporated by the sun, partially condensed into a cloud and then falls to earth again as rain.

Consciousness may also exist without being able to give us any sign, as in cases where people have been thought dead, but have awakened and told all that had been said and done in their presence.

So there must be an invisible World of force and matter, as independent of our cognition of it as light and color exist regardless of the fact they are not perceived by the blind.

In that invisible World the so-called dead are now living in full possession of all the mental and emotional faculties. They are living a life as real as existence here.

The invisible World is cognized by means of a sixth sense developed by some, but latent in most people. It may be developed in all, but different methods produce varying results.

This faculty compensates for distance in a manner far superior to the best telescopes and for the lack of size in a degree unreachable by the most powerful microscope. It penetrates where the X-ray cannot. A wall or a dozen walls are no denser to the spiritual sight than crystal to ordinary vision.

In Lecture No. 3 **Spiritual Sight and the Spiritual Worlds**, this faculty is described, and Lecture No. 11, **Spiritual Sight and Insight**, gives a safe method of development.

The Invisible World is divided into different realms: The **Etheric Region**, the **Desire World**, the **Region of Concrete Thought** and the **Region of Abstract Thought.**

These divisions are not arbitrary, but are necessary because the substance of which they are composed obeys different laws. For instance, physical matter is subject to the law of gravity, in the Desire World forms levitate as easily as they gravitate.

Man needs various vehicles to function in the different Worlds, as we need a carriage to ride on land, a boat at sea and an airship in the air.

We know that we must have a **dense body** to live in the visible World. Man also has a **vital body** composed of ether, which enables him to sense things around him. He has a **desire body** formed of the materials of the Desire World, which gives him a passionate nature and incites him to action. The **Mind** is formed of the substance of the Region of Concrete Thought and acts as a brake upon impulse. It gives purpose to action. The real man, **the Thinker or Ego**, functions in the Region of Abstract Thought, acting upon and through its various instruments.

Lecture No. 4 deals with the normal and abnormal conditions of life such as **Sleep, Dreams, Trance, Hypnotism, Mediumship and Insanity.** The previously mentioned finer vehicles are all concentric with the dense body in the waking state, when we are active in thought, word and deed, but the activities of the day cause the body to grow tired and sleepy.

When the wear and tear incident to use of a building has

The Mystic Light

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APRIL 1917

Athanasia, the Cornerstone of Religion

AGAIN we are about to witness one of the alternating acts in the great Cosmic drama involving an annual metamorphosis of the earth. The southern Sun is hastening toward his eastern node, removing the snowy blanket under which Mother Earth has been sleeping and wakening her to activities of a new year that she may again bring forth food for the sustenance of her children. Cheered by the invigorating rays of the returning Sun, the little birds are singing their love-songs while building the nests for their coming brood. The beasts are mating and the millions of seeds in the ground, instinct with the cosmic Christ-life which came down from heaven, are bursting that that life may be liberated and returned again to the Father who gave it. Hence they produce not *the living bread* but the bread whereof men live and men die, for though this earthly food is capable of sustaining the body in which the real man sojourns for a time, the divine Life which alone could vitalize it forever has soared to higher spheres since its resurrection at Easter.

An unwarranted stress has been and is being laid upon the mystic death of Jesus in the Gospel story, which is an error from the esoteric point of view. The resurrectional event seems to fade into insignificance in comparison with the death on the cross, and even at Easter the sermons do not usually emphasize the paramount importance of the resurrection. But in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians we find the doctrine laid down unerringly concerning the relative importance of the death and the resurrection of Christ as the first-fruits, and ourselves as Christs in the making until His kingdom shall have come. There Paul shows with his usual logic that unless *the seed* dies, it cannot bring forth, but though it is necessary in plant-life that the seed should die in order to bring forth a new plant, we regard its death as only an insignificant incident to be forgotten in comparison with the all-important fact that the plant flowers and brings forth seed for a new year. Following the analogy, it was necessary when the Christ-Spirit entered Jesus at the time of the baptism that Jesus, the personality, should die in order that the Christ-Life might be liberated and resurrected in due time and from the seed-body of the dead

Jesus there might grow millions of other bodies, potential vehicles for the Christ-Spirit, and ready to follow in His steps to make the world a better place and pave the way for the perfect men.

But we know that there are no sudden processes in nature. When the butterfly breaks its cocoon and soars into the empyrean, the seemingly sudden and miraculous development proves upon investigation to be the outcome of a comparatively slow growth and development which has transformed the grub into a winged creature, and the law of analogy, which is the master-key to all mysteries, shows us an orderly process of unfoldment also in the human being, and even in the earth upon which we live. There are too many lessons to be learned in life's school and it has therefore been wisely ordered by the divine Hierarchs who have charge of our development that by a series of existences in gradually improving earthy bodies we may learn life's lessons and evolve toward the stature of a perfect being. Thus, as the Christ-Life enters the earth in annual cycles to give it the vitality necessary to the sustenance of the flora and fauna and is raised up again to the right hand of the Father at Easter, so also the Ego takes its cyclic dips into the body, and that which we call death is only as the seed that lies in the ground. The life has ascended up to the Father, taking with it the aroma of soul-growth, and from the dead seed of the body arises the seed-atom which will furnish a new vehicle for the next pilgrimage of the spirit into matter. The spirit which was never born can never die, and even the body in the very act of dying perpetuates itself through the seed-atom by which it lives anew.

Man was destined to conquer the physical world. This was necessary in order to teach him to think aright, for concrete conditions reveal to us, and show us more plainly than could be done in any other way, when we have made a mistake in our calculations. But in order that man might apply himself to learn these lessons with his whole heart, the spiritual verities were hidden from him by unrestricted indulgence of the lower nature. Wine, women, and song have taken the place of spiritual pleasures until many believe that that is all there is. The truth, however, was not to be entirely obscured, and though the Light has been deeply veiled in the Christian

religion for the purpose stated it has, nevertheless, been there all the time. We are beginning to conquer the demon drink and the virtue of chastity is beginning to be more and more recognized every day. Therefore the light shines more clearly and we perceive it in such places as that fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians which all ought to read, particularly at this Easter time, substituting however, the word “soul” for “natural” twice in the 44th verse and leaving out the words “is the Lord” in the 47th. In that chapter Paul champions the doctrine of re-birth: “How say some of you there is no resurrection of the dead? If Christ be not raised from the dead then is your faith vain” and later, “But some men will say, How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die and that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body which shall be but a *bare seed* (atom) but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him and for every seed a body. All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of beasts, another of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, (earthly bodies as well as spiritual bodies), the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the Sun and another glory of the Moon and another glory of the stars, for each star differeth from the others in glory. So also in the resurrection of the dead, it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption, it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory, it is sown in weakness, it is raised to power, it is sown a soul-body, it is raised a spiritual body. So it is written the first man Adam was made a *living soul*, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual but that which is *soul* and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth

earthy, the second man from heaven. Now this I say brethren that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying that death is swallowed up in victory, O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory”?

When the Sun is in the southern signs during the winter months and the northern part of the earth asleep wrapped in its death-like shroud of snow the powers of death and darkness seem to be supreme, but when the Sun of the new year reaches the equator and crosses into the northern signs giving its light and strength for the present preservation of humanity in this hemisphere, death is vanquished. Similarly also the aspirant to the higher life can only win victory over death by giving his life in self-sacrifice for others. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, it must be offered up on the altar of self-sacrifice. Only then comes the liberation from the cross with the glorious cry uttered first by Christ, “*Consummatum est*”—it has been accomplished. As he soars out into subtler spheres he continues there the work of soul-growth that was commenced in his earthly body. Thus in every realm of nature, from the crystal to the Christ, the principle of re-birth is used by the divine Hierarchies for the enlistment of all that lives, the least or the greatest, and it is therefore the cornerstone of all religion.

Easter, a Vision of Hope

Vita

TO-DAY all Christendom is celebrating Easter and the resurrection joy. The glad Alleluias and the Easter carols ring out their joyous refrain in every land. Encircling the globe they echo and re-echo their glorious message of hope and cheer. In the churches the greeting, “The Lord is risen!” meets the response, “He is risen indeed!” Countless voices are raised in song, great organs peal out their triumphant Alleluias, chiming bells and white-robed choirs carry the message with its reverberating power through the world of matter, up through the etheric realm, on into the desire world where its mighty echoes kindle the emotions into profounder exaltation and leave the souls of humanity uplifted and blessed

On the rapturous melody sweeps—into the tonal worlds where music has birth. There its currents mingle with the archetypal forces where sound creates and all merge into celestial harmony—the resurrection-promise fulfilled.

All things point to the resurrection life, all things typify it. In the insect world the chrysalis and butterfly illustrate the transformation from a lower into a higher form of life. In the plant kingdom we find everywhere an unconscious testimony to the resurrection hope. After the pall of winter the glad life springs forth in a thousand beauteous forms. Easter-tide joy fills the very air. The weary heart feels its spell, the down-cast and down-trodden catch the spirit of its exultant hope and momentarily

rejoice. It is difficult to be sorrowful or hopeless on Easter day. The Christ brings a message of cheer to all and the myriads of aching hearts catch the glow.

*Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say!
Hell to-day is vanquished—Heaven is won to-day!*

The Easter hymns proclaim it—the Easter carols ringing out so gloriously peal forth the message of life and hope.

How much that first Easter of the Christian era means to us! All the mysteries of old-time faiths which prefigured it stopped short of the crowning glory—the life and work of the Christ who was to make it possible for all humanity to attain the resurrection life. The ancient religions furnished many great teachers, many adepts and initiates who helped humanity in its slow and painful evolution. Many great ones have aided and taught us, but there has been only one Christ-Jesus. As we know, a deep esoteric meaning lies in the hyphenated and compounded name—*Christ-Jesus*. The names are inseparable since that great Sun-Spirit united Himself with the holy Master Jesus. Henceforth they belong together. The resurrection was the fulfillment of His mission. All that preceded it, all that led up to it, had its place in the infinite plan. To extract the full meaning of the Easter-tide one must know the mystery of the passion. One cannot know the resurrection joy without kneeling in Gethsemane and treading the Via Dolorosa. They are linked together. In our human experience we know it to be so. Soul-growth is the result of sorrow and contrition. Joy gives the sparkle to life, but sorrow and pain polish the diamond of the soul. They weave the immortal soul vesture which is resplendent beyond all comprehension.

In the old Norse mythology the gods are represented as marching with grim determination to their Ragnarok. In their solemn eyes is deep sadness, stoical resignation, profound insight, as they walk unflinchingly to their doom. The Christ met His agony with sublime courage and god-like triumph. The gods met their Ragnarok with stoical calm—each one for himself. Their fate was imposed from without and the energies of each was bent upon his own success in meeting his doom with a god's unflinching courage. The Christ *chose* His mission—it was *not imposed by fate*. It was a world-sorrow which He carried—a world-tragedy which He enacted, and a thousand points of anguish pressed into the quivering fibers of His infinitely tender heart. With all His faculties alert to the agony, He met it alone beneath the olive-trees, in the darkness and weird silence. He was alone yet not alone. Invisible powers of darkness watched the seeming defeat of His great mission. Bat-like wings flapped with ghoulish malevolence and hideous forms of evil swept through the ethers about Him. Drops of

bloody sweat are forced out by the pressure of superhuman anguish, as the lonely sufferer kneels with upturned face and pallid brow. We see the dark city wall closing in Jerusalem, in the midst of which rises the temple dome. The chanting of the priests has ceased, the Shekinah-Glory burns within the Holy of holies, and He—the Holy one, the Light of life—kneels without in the darkness and gloom with the sins of the world He came to save resting upon Him. Alone He meets this test of agony—and triumphs. But for this victory there would have been no Easter joy today. Had He faltered—as we so often falter in our tests—the powers of darkness would have encompassed humanity and there would have been no developed strength to resist their subtle and powerful onslaught. Had He failed humanity would have failed in the great testing-out crisis. The hopes of humanity for this cycle were bound up in Him. Do any of us realize as we should what we owe to that silent god-like sufferer alone there in Gethsemane?

After the lonely watch and the crucial test beyond the brook Cedron there followed the night of trial when He—the tender, the compassionate One, was mercilessly dragged back and forth between the Sanhedrin and the Roman judgment hall. Then in the grey dawning, the Via Dolorosa—the Way of Sorrows—where He staggered beneath the weight of His cross up to Calvary. It all ended in the terrible crucifixion scene when the earth was rent and the graves were opened with the shock which nature underwent. Then the temple veil was rent in twain, showing that His work was accomplished and *henceforth, Initiation would be open to "Whosoever will."* In that favorite musical composition—The Holy City—we have the whole scene vividly portrayed. It takes us back to what is known as Palm Sunday, when the church celebrates Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It was only a few days before the crucifixion and the fickle multitude had greeted Him with glad hosannas and palm branches were strewn before Him as He rode into the holy city.

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark how the angels sing!
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to our king!*

But listen to the sudden transition from the joyous triumph to the threnody of woe.

*Once again the scene is changed,
The streets no longer rang!
Hushed were the glad hosannas
The little children sang.
The air grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.*

Here we have the prelude to the paean of triumph which follows on the Easter morn.

Hosanna, hosanna—sing for the night is o'er!

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna forevermore!

Thus the initial stages of the great work are accomplished and Christ has made the resurrection life possible to all mankind. The air is thrilled with the still gladness of the Easter morn—the resurrection morn. Alleluia, Christ is risen! Peals down through the centuries.

Tonight we stand at the close of another Easter-day. Earth's sorrows are deepening, her woes are multiplying, the powers of darkness are in deadly conflict with the powers of light. Everywhere sensitive souls feel the crucial test. In all this world-tragedy what is the lesson for us? What is the message for us on this Easter day? How shall we aid the Christ in His great work for humanity? How shall we share His resurrection glory? The Easter lilies and the music, the lights and color, the awakening of nature and the gladness of up springing life thrill the heart and charm the senses—but is this all? Has the season no deep meaning, no profound message for us? It surely has and the occult student recognizes it. "*If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above*", holds an epitome of the lesson.

Only the esoteric schools can begin to grasp the stupendous plan and faintly understand the mighty scope of this work of the Christ. There is a deep esoteric meaning to the events which we have briefly recapitulated. They represent a particular stage on the Path of Initiation in which man is unfolding all his latent and mighty potentialities. This solemn drama portrays the fourth great Initiation. The neophyte approaches the portal in his Gethsemane when he finds himself alone in that great "gulf of silence", as it is called. From his agonized lips bursts forth the cry: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" He is hurried on through all the stages of that terrible drama until his heart breaks upon the cross. At the moment he cries "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" a wonderful, a luminous glory bursts upon his crushed spirit and he knows that his telestic labor is finished—he has won liberation. Then the triumphant "*Consummatum est*" bursts from his lips. All sense of separateness has forever passed and he knows himself one with All. The Christ, born in him at the first great Initiation, symbolized by the birth in Bethlehem—grown to young manhood at the second Initiation, the baptism—illumined at the third, the Transfiguration, has now passed the fourth portal. He has reached the perfect, divine manhood. As one puts it: "There is no longer even the distinction between I and He—but only the One. Beyond union there is unity." Then the perfecting of the great work for which he descended into the world of matter being accomplished, the Path which in its last stages has been likened to a razor blade—trodden in its perilous mazes, the initiate stands forth glorious in his

divinity, Master of life and death, the cycle of humanity accomplished. And this mighty, this stupendous work, has been achieved millions of ages sooner than it would have been had not the great Sun-Spirit come to our earth in the body of the Master, Jesus. But for Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Calvary—and what they typify, our misguided, our Lucifer-guided, humanity would have been ages longer in the quest and would possibly have been lost to our life-wave. This is a glimpse of what the esoteric student sees in the recurrence of Easter.

The soul creates its resurrection power. As it grows pure and luminous—as it partakes of the Christ-nature, it rises into sublimer regions. It grows light and fine and soars into glad free life with the ease of thought. Its beauty is as ethereal as the gossamer down on an angel's wing. This is knowing the power of Christ's resurrection. But the luminous glory is born of pain. We speak of our earth as the "Sorrowful Star," but because of this sorrow it will shine the brightest of all in the brilliant galaxy—redeemed by the Christ. Its resurrection will be glorious, like that of the Christ.

The resurrection life is veiled in the wonderful visions of the *Apocalypse* of St. John the Divine. The city of twelve gates therein described is man. The seals and the trumpets proclaim the awakening of those mystic centers when the true life is revealed. The Easter lily points to the petalled lotus within which will bloom with spiritual life when the passion and pain of the lower life ceases—when the crucifixion and death of the lower self is the prelude to the deathless and immortal resurrection life. All the daily self-denials, the conquest of the old nature, the cultivation of all the sweet graces and lofty powers of the Christ-life prepare the neophyte for this splendid and wonderful awakening. Thus we see how important it is to cultivate all the spiritual graces and crucify the old self!

A great and splendid vision unfolds at the close of this Easter day. It is sunset and standing among the foothills of a mountain range a burst of glory greets the eyes. Over the gently curving outlines upon the horizon a wonderful amethyst glow lingers. Beyond the aura of the mountains the sky is mingled gold and rose. The hills in the foreground are a living green, palpitating with life. The air is filled with fragrance from blended odors, the magnolia and orange blossom, the rose and acacia. The mocking bird has ceased his liquid warbling and all the bird-carols are hushed while a wonderful peace rests over all like a benediction. An inner mystical beauty is sensed by the soul. A vision of life as it will be when sin ceases—life as it is in reality, appears behind the outer vesture. The hum of a great city lying adjacent to the western hills, falls upon the ear, but its sound is musical. There is no harsh dissonance, no rasping, raucous sounds

which grate so upon the ears attuned to the finer vibrations. The city's hum is like the changing chords of a mighty symphony. Only the minor strains of sadness are missing from the theme. It is exultant, joyous, liquid in sweetness and purity of tone, and while the ears are charmed with the exquisite harmony, the city rises before the vision. Can it be an earthly city? Yes, for there rolls the blue Pacific glowing in the sunset light. There rise the marts of trade, there pass the myriad throngs, but it is all changed. There is no longer strife and competition. Each person seems more interested in his neighbor's success than in his own. All the faces wear a happy look. There is sound of laughter, rippling and silvery, like the laughter of innocence. There is music, but it is full of the quality which we call "soul." There is no underworld and none of the false music which belongs to it. All the faces express purity and peace—the peace of Christ. There are no gilded palaces where the god Bacchus reigns. The radiant energy of the soul stimulates to all achievement—and there is no sorrow to drown. There is no pain and anguish—for there is no personal self to be flattered into vanity, or hurt by disdain or shriveled by jealousy, or marred by evil. The divine nature of each is manifested and the pleasures of one are the pleasures of all. The beautiful violet light suffusing the auras of the glorified humanity blends into the gold and rose in a succession of changing hues as all the myriad emotions flash and play and intermingle in pure bliss and profound ecstasy. The joy of one is the joy of all and peace is more than stilled emotion. It glows with radiant energy. It is a vision within a vision, portraying the reign of Christ when the fragrance of Easter lilies shall symbolize and

express the fragrance of the soul. For all the souls are flower-like in this wonderful vision. The beautiful fancy which the poet senses in his inmost being has become a divine reality—for the soul's Easter-tide has dawned and the resurrection life has glorified the earth. This city is one of countless others and all the earth throbs with joy and teems with new brightness and glory. Impossible, do you say, that such an Eden can ever be? Granted that tonight as we survey the wreck and ruin upon earth—as we become aware at every turn of fearful passions let loose, the vision seems merely a Utopian dream—yet it is a prophecy of what shall be when humanity knows the resurrection life. Let it be a vision of hope to those who love Christ and long for His coming. Let it also show us what we have to work for and what we may expect when we have conquered the personal self and have passed victoriously through all that Gethsemane and Calvary typify. Then—when the Christ is fully expressed within, it will be Easter indeed.

*O holy Easter morn of long ago!
Morn like—yet unlike all
Preceding morns that broke upon the world
Over the night's dark pall.
What conquering love shone through the dawn of gloom,
What Life of life springs from the riven tomb!*

*Each soul to whom the holy One hath come
Keeps one sweet Easter-tide.
One day of all days in its life enshrined—
Dearer than holds the bride
Her marriage-day. Morn of surpassing light
When Christ arose within the soul's deep night.*

The Christian Mystic Initiation

GESTHEMANE—THE GARDEN OF GRIEF

AND WHEN they had sung a hymn they went out into the mount of Olives. Then said Jesus unto them; Ye shall all be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But after I am risen again I will go before you into Galilee. But Peter said unto Him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that this day even in this night before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. But he spake the more vehemently, If I should die with thee I will not deny thee in any wise. Likewise also said they all. And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane and he saith to His disciples, sit ye here while I shall pray. And He taketh with him Peter and

James and John and began to be sore amazed and to be very heavy, and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here and watch. And He went forward a little and fell on the ground and prayed that if it were possible the hour might pass from him. And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: Nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And He cometh and findeth them sleeping and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready but the flesh is weak." (Mark 14:26-38)

In the foregoing Gospel narrative we have one of the saddest and most difficult of the experiences of the Christian Mystic outlined in spiritual form. During all

his previous experience he has wandered blindly along, that is to say, blind to the fact that he is on the path which, if consistently followed, leads to a definite goal, but feeling also keenly alert to the slightest sigh of every suffering soul. He has concentrated all his efforts upon alleviating their pain physically, morally, or mentally. He has served them in any and every capacity, he has taught them the gospel of love: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and he has been *a living example* to all in its practice. Therefore he has drawn to himself a little band of friends whom he loves with the tenderest of all affections. Them also has he taught and served unstintingly, even to the foot-washing, but during this period of service he has become so saturated with the sorrows of the world that he is indeed *a Man of Sorrows* and acquainted with grief as no one else can be. This is a very definite experience of the Christian Mystic and it is the most important factor in furthering his spiritual progress. So long as we are bored when people come to us and tell us their troubles, so long as we run away from them and seek to escape hearing their tales of woe, we are far from the path. Even when we listen to them and have schooled ourselves not to show that we are bored, when we say with our lips only a few sympathetic words that fall flat on the sufferer's ear, we gain nothing in spiritual growth. It is absolutely essential to the Christian Mystic that he become attuned to the world's woe, that he feel every pang as his own hurt and store it up within his heart. When *Parsifal* stood in the temple of the Holy Grail and saw the suffering of Amfortas, the stricken Grail king, he was mute with sympathy and compassion for a long time after the procession had passed out of the hall, and consequently could not answer the questions of Gurnemanz, but it was that deep fellow-feeling which prompted him to seek for the spear that should heal Amfortas. *It was the pain of Amfortas felt in the heart of Parsifal by sympathy which held him firmly balanced upon the path of virtue when temptation was strongest.* It was that deep pain of compassion which urged him through many years to seek the suffering Grail king, and finally when he had found Amfortas, this deep heartfelt fellow-feeling enabled him to pour forth the healing balm. And as it is shown in the soul-myth of Parsifal, so it is in the actual life and experience of the Christian Mystic; he must drink deeply of the cup of sorrow, he must drain it to the very dregs so that by the cumulative pain which threatens to burst his heart he may pour himself out unreservedly and unstinted for the healing and helping of the world. Then Gethsemane the garden of grief is a familiar place to him, watered with tears for the sorrows and sufferings of humanity.

But through all his years of self-sacrifice that little band of friends had been his consolation. He had already

learned to renounce the ties of blood. "Who is my mother and my brother? They that do the will of my Father." For though no true Christian neglects his social obligations or withholds love from his family, the spiritual ties are nevertheless the strongest and through them comes the crowning grief, through the desertion of his spiritual friends he learns to drink to the dregs the cup of sorrow. He does not blame them for their desertion but he excuses them with the words, "The Spirit is indeed willing but the flesh is weak", for he knows by his own experience how true that is; but he finds that in the supreme sorrow they cannot comfort him, and therefore he turns to *the only source, the Father in Heaven*. He has arrived at the point where human endurance seems to have reached its limit and he prays to be spared a greater ordeal, but with a blind trust in the Father he bows his will and offers all unreservedly.

That is the moment of realization. Having drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs, being deserted by all, he experiences that temporary awful fear of being utterly alone which is one of the most terrible if not the most terrible experience that can come into the life of a human being. All the world seems dark about. He knows that in spite of all the good he has done or tried to do, the powers of darkness are seeking to slay him. He knows that the mob that a few days before had cried "Hosanna" will on the morrow be ready to shout "Crucify—crucify." His relations and now his last few friends had fled and even they were also ready to desert and deny.

But when we are on the pinnacle of grief, we are nearest to the throne of grace. The agony and the grief, the sorrow and the suffering borne within the Christian Mystic's breast are more priceless and precious than the wealth of the Indies, for when he has lost all human companionship and when he has given himself over unreservedly to the Father a transmutation takes place; the grief is turned to compassion, the only power in the world that can fortify a man about to mount the hill of Golgotha and give his life for humanity, not a sacrifice of death, but *a living sacrifice* lifting himself by lifting others.

(To be continued.)

SAMARITANS AND THEIR ANNUAL
EASTER SACRIFICE

The Samaritans are dying out. There are only 201 left, 111 men and 90 women, and it is probable that before many years the annual Passover sacrifice will cease to be held. This rite is now of the greatest historical interest, being the last representative of the ancient Jewish sacrifices. *The Christian Herald*, gives an account of this unique ceremony, which is held on Mount Gerizem, the sacred mountain of the Samaritans, and the same place on which they worshiped in the time of Christ.

“Seven days before the feast of the Passover the Samaritans leave their homes, climb the mountain, and encamp in a hollow near the top of Gerizem. Three times a year they make their pilgrimage to the holy mountain, but only at the Passover is there a sacrifice offered.

“About an hour before sunset on the last day of the encampment, the 111 male Samaritans, gather at the place of the slaying of seven white lambs. (Most of the women remain in the tents.) Then Jacob Aaron, the high priest, dressed in long, flowing white priestly robes, steps upon a large stone and stands there barefoot, leading the congregation in chanting prayers or praises. During prayer the men stretch out their hands, bow, kneel, and touch the ground with their foreheads, much after the fashion of the Moslems. Seven white lambs having been driven into the circle by seven barefooted young men dressed in white; the history of the Exodus is recited in concert, faster and faster as the moment of sunset approaches. When the ‘orb of day’ has touched the western sky-line, the seven young men suddenly unsheath their bright knives, lift them on high, they flash in the light of the setting sun for a moment and then across the throats of the innocent lambs. The slayers then dip their fingers in the blood and touch each Samaritan on the forehead and on the nose. Sometimes only the youngest are thus blood-stained. I noticed two holes dug at the place of sacrifice, one some distance from the other and twice as deep. I was told on the spot

how a fire is kindled in the deep hole, a kettle swung in and water boiled. The hot water is carried and thrown on the slain animals and the fleece removed. Afterward a spit, fashioned out of what is supposed to be pomegranate, is thrust through lengthwise of each lamb; a shorter spit is either driven through the breast or else is fastened to the long piece where the throat is cut. The forefeet are stretched out and fastened to it, thus making a veritable cross and crucifixion. They are then taken to the more shallow hole, and fire having been made in it are put in and the hole covered over; here they remain until the flesh is well roasted. I must not omit mentioning that the right fore shoulders and entrails are flung aside and burned. The congregation employ themselves most of the time by chanting. By and by the lambs are taken out and held aloft, then one can behold the seven crosses. They are carried to the place of sacrifice, where the people, having been supplied with bitter herbs and unleavened bread, hastily tear the flesh off and eat it. It is intended that all should wear white robes, have ropes tied around their waists, shoes on their feet, and stones in their hands, thus fulfilling the Scripture requirements to the very letter. (Meat is carried to the women in the tents.) After having eaten, the men search diligently for any morsels that may have fallen aside, and burn all the remains and, according to Deut. xvi. 7, which says: ‘Thou shalt turn in the morning, and go unto thy tents,’ they depart to their homes.”

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.

CHAPTER X

DURING Marozia’s daily talks with Mrs. Morton she saw the necessity not only for altruistic impulses, but altruistic impulses wrought out—if she would reach her far horizons. In one swift illuminative flash she caught, what seemed to her acute mental vision, a very unlovely apparition of herself. It revealed her as posing before truth—before the inner tribunal, yet unwilling to make the sacrifice required to live it out. Her self-sufficiency appeared in that revealing Light to be merely self-complacency. Her recognition of the underlying unity seemed to be only a wider field in which to foster and encourage the growth of a more intense separateness. Her Ideal demanded of her, inner and innate perfection and this perfection lay only in the direction of the beautiful altruism which her philosophy

required of her. Yet a sense of revolt, of repulsion toward the human personalities about her, held her back from the altruistic purpose. She theorized about the abstract beauty and truth; she loved to sit in the refined seclusion of her father’s library, surrounded by the classics of antiquity and read Plato, Bacon, and Emerson. She enjoyed tracing the scheme of evolution in the light of the teachings of the Western Mystery School. Through all the intricacies and complexities of evolution her mind persisted in wandering back into the silence where her spirit could commune with the Infinite. Resting in God—the great Source of life, she could watch and trace the first stirring of the Word through the primordial substance—the negative pole of being. Then the manifestation in countless forms, the birth of worlds, the various life-

waves starting on their long involution, their descent into denser and denser matter. When the nadir of materiality was reached then began the climb over the age-long upward path back toward the Infinite, with all the acquired powers developed through stress and storm, through sorrow and pain. It was all very fascinating to her, this lofty contemplation, but, to live it out with all the revolting personalities about her—ah, that was the hard part! Yet that was what she must do, in order to attain! She felt herself to be a dual personality. One part perpetually warred with the other. At times she caught a clear vision of the unselfish life of love, service, and compassion. At other times her sense of separateness ruled her and she felt herself marked off as with a definite line from other selves. Her individuality was dominant and complete. It had reached the point beyond which it could not manifest without peril.

A soul that really desires to *know* and *live* the truth will find all its paths converging upon that one focal point, and in defiance of all opposing forces it will be guided unto its goal. Its self-consciousness will merge into self-scrutiny. Thought will survey its movements with critical interest—not for comparative psychological research, but for a beneficent purpose. From this view-point self-scrutiny never will degenerate into self-love or self-pity. With the altruistic purpose behind it, soul-growth is promoted.

At this point in her experience, Sarah Thomas perpetually appeared before her mental vision. Her talk with Mrs. Morton on that first morning after her home-coming continually reverted to her mind. In her new dedication of her life to service for humanity she knew that she must begin at home, in the circle nearest her, and help them in every possible way. Sarah's pathetic condition appealed to her sympathies but her personality repelled her at every point. It was so defiant, so insolent, so crudely brazen to her that no opening for help had yet appeared. Still, when she remembered Sarah's longing for an education, her heroic efforts in that direction and the insuperable obstacles thrown in her way, compassion grew in spite of Sarah's repellent attitude. One day she sought her out with the earnest desire to bridge over the gulf between them in order that she might, in some uplifting way, influence Sarah's life. She called at Mrs. Gregory's farm-house. It was "churning day" and her arrival was both unexpected and inopportune. Mrs. Gregory's attitude was hostile. She considered Marozia's visit to her "help" an unwarranted intrusion. She "reckoned" that "Sa-ry" was in the milk-room and Marozia was piloted thither in order that no valuable time might be lost. Her "help" was merely as goods and chattels—they had no souls to be helped or crushed.

Marozia's smile was electric and radiant. She held out

her hand cordially as she approached Sarah who was patting butter into rolls. The welcome which Marozia received was far from friendly. Sarah's eyes slanted obliquely as she threw her a sidelong glance—then a suspicious look crept into them. She continued her work and answered in monosyllables. Marozia's overtures were in vain—no opening for friendly interest was presented and she departed with a heavy heart and ardor somewhat dampened.

"After all, what is the use?" she mentally queried, as she went down the hill toward the red school-house to meet her father. "Do we not get a distorted view of service in this age of strenuous activity rushing to outward manifestation? Was not Emerson's way the best? Do we really help people by striving so much—by interfering in any way with their destiny? Theosophists are ruled by the hard and fast law of *karma*. We go to the other extreme and lay such stress upon 'service' that indiscriminating minds really interfere with the evolutionary process. We forget that the law of Epigenesis takes care of all developing life in human form—and we will do well not to interfere with another's evolution, but assist whenever and wherever duty clearly points the way. Sarah evidently does not desire my help—she resents what she considers intrusion—and after all she is probably right! She has her own destiny to work out—she has made no demand for help and I am not justified in assuming the prerogative of a teacher. At least this has taught me one lesson—to live my life and radiate all the light I can and always be ready to help another who requires my service and who asks for it, but never to force myself upon another. Each one has his own salvation to work out—his own development to pursue!" Thus she mused as she walked along the dusty road.

Sarah meanwhile was fostering her spirit of jealous hatred and dull resentment toward the girl whose gifts and graces stood out limned in distinct outlines against the dark background of her own deficiency. She felt cruelly treated by fate and longed to be revenged.

"Stuck-up thing—she needn't come spying around here! She thinks she's better than I am just because she's had advantages, and I haven't! Well, I'll get even with you yet, Marozia Remington—for I hate you!" Then a malicious little imp crept behind her eyes and peered out. It was so fiendish and leering that Mrs. Gregory noticed it and exclaimed approvingly:

"She'd better mind her own business and not cum 'round here any more! She only cums 'to spy out the land'—as my granny used ter say"! Sarah did not reply—she was busy planning revenge.

Sarah's type is one often met with by altruistic workers and those who see most clearly have found it wise to leave them to work out their own destiny. They have

lessons to learn which they can best learn alone—through suffering. To try to shield them from it—to try to bear it for them is frustrating their development, or retarding it. Many compassionate souls make this mistake and find after all that interference with another's evolution, even through the best of motives, is wrong and never helps the one in question. Here is where discrimination must come in again and again as each case is met. Marozia now had daily battles to fight with herself. In the meantime other forces were shaping destiny for her and her father.

Ralph Remington suddenly received notice that his services as village school master would no longer be required. When the fall term opened a Yankee pedagogue was installed in his place. The school mutinied and some of the larger boys—men in size—ignominiously carried him out on their shoulders and deposited him in the shallow waters of the creek. When next he appeared a cork filled with pins offered itself as a substitute for a cushion in his desk chair. Upon his threat to chastise all the boys, beginning with the eldest in order not to miss the real offender, a renewed bath in the creek followed. Back of the desk chair, on the blackboard was this inscription in large printed letters: "Sacred to the memory of Ralph Remington, school-master"!

The newly-elected pedagogue offered his resignation. The school sent a petition to have their former teacher reinstated, but the Board was obdurate. Horace Rathburn's influence was potent. Finally Ralph Remington was requested in the interests of law, order, and education to talk to the rebellious pupils. He put aside his grievances and appeared before his former pupils with the deep mystic light in his eyes and pleaded for his successor, appealing to their honor and loyalty as coming citizens. They listened intently, with subdued faces, after the storm of applause which greeted his re-appearance among them had subsided. He stirred the best that was in them and without a word of censure made them feel like culprits. Blushes of shame crept up over the tanned and freckled faces and reformation was effected. He returned to the quiet of his library and wrote far into the night. Day by day he grew more feverishly anxious to finish his book. Necessity now goaded him on.

The Yankee teacher was again installed and affairs prospered outwardly at the school. Within the hearts of the pupils, however, there was secret rebellion. Ralph Remington had been conscientious to the last degree in his work as a teacher. In each intellect under his training, from the freckled faced, bare-footed urchin who painfully struggled with his long division, to the scholarly lad whose quick mind solved with ease his geometrical problems, he beheld a possible "genius" in embryo.

"For who can predict the future of any one of these

lads?" he said in answer to Marozia's laughing suggestion that some of the material was rather unpromising. Marozia always saw the humorous side of people and things.

"I fancy it would not be difficult to 'predict a career' for some of them—for Billy Jenkins and Peter Rooney for instance!" she replied with her old piquant smile.

"Ah my Dear, we must remember that some whose beginning was most unfavorable have startled the world with their achievements. We cannot afford to let a soul lose one opportunity for culture. We who have the care of them must labor incessantly. Few teachers sufficiently realize their responsibility, or their work would show better results."

"I suppose that teaching is merely a trade with many," Marozia replied, laying a caressing hand upon his head.

"It should be a religion!" he answered fervently.

Like every teacher who possesses marked ability combined with great originality, he held certain theories of his own regarding his profession, theories which he was formulating and applying daily—This should be put in the past tense however, for his work as teacher in the district school was over. Other theories, the common property of all sages and savants, had acquired a distinctive character, a touch of his striking individuality as they were worked out in detail by his eager, unresting mind. He attributed much of the present apathy toward the finer and higher things of life to the false principles embraced during the early period of mental development.

"Once lay the foundation properly, my Child, and the mind as it progresses will naturally appropriate to itself its selective materials for growth."

"But what about the responsibility of the Ego in this matter, dear Father? Will it not develop its powers under any and all circumstances? Lincoln's early environment was a great handicap, yet he developed, and accomplished his masterful work in spite of it."

"Lincoln's was a great spirit—one strong enough to work out its destiny against all opposing forces. Not all souls are equal to this task. Some have their powers held in latency and need assistance in order to unfold and use them to the utmost. It is the part of the teachers of the race to provide the opportunity."

"Yes, I see," Marozia assented. "Their part is to lay the foundation and the Ego will respond according to his status and development."

"And the foundation must be broad," he said in conclusion. Broad enough to permit any height to be reached in after years without impairing its symmetry."

These ideas were enunciated from time to time as he conversed with Marozia regarding his work. Always they were uttered in that quaint, earnest, forensic manner which had a charm of its own, so in keeping was it with his gentle dignity and lofty character. He felt his present

humiliation keenly, but his sorrow in being forced to relinquish his beloved work was keener.

Subtle forces of evil now seemed at work against him. This fact first dawned upon him when averted faces and constrained greetings met him at every turn. Some met him with an apparently open friendliness, yet betrayed through the gauzy tissue of assumed interest a suspicious dislike or jealous animosity. This is the most despicable of all ill usage to a noble nature. It was ever transparent to his quick, sensitive intelligence and evoked, with the silent dismay of his great soul, a sublime scorn. He scorned all underhanded work, all meanness. It was impossible for him to understand the sudden withdrawal of esteem and honor. He knew that he was as worthy as heretofore. His innocence took no cognizance of secretly distilled poison. Some enemies never work openly. They have a way of appearing to be friendly while winding their coils more tightly about the unsuspecting victim. Horace Rathburn would say with a smile intended to be convincing: "O yes, poor Ralph, he never could seem to get along. Everything has slipped through his fingers, just plain mismanagement and—dreams! I really feel sorry for him and would like to help him still more, but it's like throwing your money into the street. He never can redeem his notes and—well, you know the old saying, 'Charity begins at home.' I have carried him about as long as I can!"

Thus he posed as the kindly interested friend while scattering the impression abroad, where it would do the most harm, that Ralph Remington was little less than a pauper dependent upon his charity. After another interview between Marozia and his son Claude he doubled his diligence to render him one in reality. He had his own private way of doing this.

As Claude stood high in favor with Mrs. Remington, it had been policy on his part to bide his time for the culminating blow. For Claude's sake he would relent even now if Marozia could be persuaded to yield without the inquisitorial methods. It began to look hopeless since her last unwilling *tete a tete* with Claude. In the meantime he would gradually tighten the coils around his unsuspecting victim. It was easy for him to accomplish his ends for he was a man of affairs in the village as well as in the outside world.

"I will force their hand yet!" he muttered in his gambling phraseology.

It was well for Ralph Remington's proud sensitive soul that he was ignorant of the full extent of the calumnies in circulation. He did not dream that he was regarded as impecunious and dishonorable. He did not dream that his high and lofty friendship for Mrs. Morton was construed evilly. Some of these cruel calumnies originated with the woman who bore his name. Her jealousy,

later her spite at her husband's refusal to coerce Marozia into accepting Claude Rathburn, were the underlying motives in her underhanded work.

When a soul stands out from its compeers through an inner greatness, it is besieged by the powers of evil. Its strength and fibre are tested at every point. It is necessary for the dark forces to get out of the way every lofty intelligence consecrated to the highest ends—if they would succeed in their fiendish purposes. Every radiant soul and every strong and noble one is a barrier to their evil work in pulling humanity downward. Thus every great soul imbued with noble ideals, with a lofty purpose is a target for their open attack, or a mark for their secret and deadly cunning. They work in many ways—sometimes through a beloved work undertaken in service for humanity—some times through weak and negative people who are easily influenced by outside forces. A woman who stands as wife may be the most cruel, the most relentless enemy to a great-souled man. It was thus in Ralph Remington's case. As they walked far apart, he with his lofty ideals, she with her base and sordid mind fixed wholly on material possessions, on selfish aims and ends, she became his most subtle foe. She co-operated with Horace Rathburn in her own wily way without in the least realizing the full results of her action upon herself and others. Like many another mind bent on revenge and spite, she sent out a boomerang which eventually recoiled upon herself. Undeveloped souls reckon without the Law which operates surely and unalterably unless one is great enough and good enough to transcend it. To do that the Christ-consciousness must be awakened.

Mrs. Morton saw and heard many things with the indignant horror which true friendship feels for a friend who is being maligned. She did all that she could to frustrate the evil designs of Horace Rathburn and his dupe, Mrs. Remington, but evil is subtle and deadly while goodness is open and unsuspecting.

Ralph Remington gradually withdrew from his fellow-men and lived apart in communion with the great of all ages and with their God. Many deep experiences came to him as he lived thus in the silence. He was daily proving the truth of his inner convictions, realizing what had been a life-long intuition. His etheric sight was developing and he could hear the most wonderful music upon awakening in the morning, when fresh from the inner worlds. He sensed rather than saw the presence of high Intelligences and the silent communion with them inspired him for the daily toil and suffering. He now worked incessantly on his book which dealt with deep, psychological problems and which he designed as a supplementary aid to students of this science. He had such an illuminated vision of its usefulness to teacher and student, especially since he could correlate it with the won

derful teaching which had come to him through Marozia's sojourn in Utica, that he grew eager, almost childishly eager, to complete it. This absorption in lofty

effort was a beneficent thing for him now in this impending crisis.

(To be continued.)

“Thoughts That Wander in My Garden”

Corinne S. Dunklee

My garden is divided into communities of flower-souls that give to us many beautiful lessons if we will but heed them.

The morning-glories that so quickly cover all the rough, unsightly places, all the earth-wounds with soft, green tendrils of leaves, are hopes and aspirations that, undaunted by obstacles, only climb higher and higher to attainments in flowers of wondrous beauty and coloring.

Then there is the “colony of nasturtiums” that closely resemble our human neighborhoods. Some grow strong and sturdy with bright, honest faces. Others are clinging, delicate, and dainty; hiding behind their stronger companions from every wind that blows. Many are content to stay where they are planted. But among them are brave flower-souls that ever reach out and up, as though striving to climb heights undreamed by their fellows.

The violets tell of an infinite love and of faith in abundance. For they symbolize the Domain of Childhood. Souls just beginning anew their journey through this garden of Life. Children live so close to the Infinite Heart that they can only express Love and Faith, the attributes of the Infinite. So violets, the symbols of Childhood, give to us the color-tones of the Highest Realms.

The blue of Unity, of Oneness, the all-embracing love of the Father. The white of the Beginning. The Completion. The Perfected Circle of Manifestation.

In the white violets too, blossom the tender, living memories of the little souls who only come to brighten our earth-lives for a while. They do not linger long enough to contact any stain from the world, and leave with us fragrant hopes of Heaven that grow fairer with the passing of the years.

The lilies are sisters of mercy in their soft, white robes, with hearts that through service have been steeped in gold. A sweet “God bless you” is the message of their perfume to the world.

Myriads of Angels keep vigil over little children while they sleep. Weaving fragrant petals around their tender love-thoughts in the watches of the night, and so the pansies come to us as sweet reminders of their loving eyes.

Wonderful dreams of earth-children are woven in the golden poppies that ever dance to fairy music, and brighten even the grey days of the garden.

With the setting sun, the soul of them slips away into the land where dreams come true. There the realization of a dream is breathed into each fluttering petal; and these golden secrets are showered upon the garden day by day.

Toward the upper end of the garden is where the roses grow. The roses that are the highest product of the flower-world. They typify wandering souls in their eternal quest for Truth. That now, though reveling in the colors and perfume of the sense-life, are ever hearing the silent voice that bids: “Come up higher.” So half-unconsciously the roses are lifting their heads toward the upper terrace. The air is softer there, the perfume sweeter.

For it is there the white roses grow. And the path that leads to that upper terrace takes the form of a cross bordered all along the way with vivid passion flowers.

Little buds are enclosed so tightly in green calyxes that even their color is not visible. Others half-blown are fragrant with rare promise.

While the roses in full bloom make all the garden fairer by their radiant beauty, so in the garden of Life the unopened buds are the young souls just beginning life's journey; and we should be patient if they do not always give forth the beauty and fragrance of the full-blown rose; who has had many re-births to bring his rose-soul to its present blossoming.

The poppies are cup-bearers of sleep to the flowers. When the Day begins the singing of its swan-song to the night they scatter the fragrance of golden sleep over all the garden.

Soon the violets are tucked in their cozy beds of green and the roses bend low in drowsing dreams of perfume. As the shadows fall, and the stars begin to shine, the breath of prayer hovers white above the lilies. For the prayers of Saints take form on earth in lily-blossoms.

The night slips down with velvet fingers that caress and hide all the rough, unsightly places, the scars on Nature's face, and covers them with a soft dusk of dreams.

So in the garden of Life, compassion soothes and hides all the mistakes and rough hurts made in a human

(Continued on Page 191)

Question Department

* * * * *

Where is Christian Rosenkreuz?

QUESTION: Can you tell us anything about Christian Rosenkreuz, his person habitat, and environment, what part of the world is he in? It has been said that he is on the western coast. Please tell me if it is permissible to know.

Answer:

No, it is not permissible to know. The whereabouts and the movements of the august Head of the Rosicrucian Order are always shrouded in mystery. If you have read the Rosicrucian Initiation as explained in the *Cosmo*, you will remember that he does not even appear in the body at the Temple services, so far as the lay brothers are able to determine, for though the Temple is built of ether and the Twelve Elder Brothers together with the lay brothers function in their soul-bodies during the Temple service, the majority among us are able to see a body built of even so tenuous a substance as mind-stuff. Hence it is evident that the presence of the Head of the Order is altogether spiritual and it is said that he manifests only to the twelve who, like him, are able to function in their highest vehicles.

Nevertheless, as has also been explained in the *Cosmo*, the Head of our august Order is always active in the affairs of the world, working with the governments of the nations in the western world to guide them along the appropriate path of their evolution. To this end he appears in a physical embodiment, at least part of the time, and if memory serves the Editor right a lay sister ventured to put a question concerning this matter to one of the Elder Brothers shortly after the outbreak of the war. The rest of us held our breath, amazed at her indiscretion. She wanted to know if Christian Rosenkreuz was on the throne of one of the warring nations. The Elder Brother appeared considerably taken aback at the question, but told her that such matters could not be discussed as the slightest inkling of his identity might destroy his usefulness, but he answered the question so far as to say that Christian Rosenkreuz was not to be found on the throne of any nation and at the same time he intimated that he was the power behind the throne, but gave us no clue that could lead us to look anywhere in particular. Besides, to do so would be impertinent in the highest degree. We were, however, left free to indulge in our own speculations and the Editor's pointed to Russia where an obscure monk seemed to exercise a strange

influence that commenced about the latter part of 1905 when Saturn and Mars were in conjunction in the sign Aquarius which rules Russia. Since the time of those great riots this monk has had a strange influence in the Empire. We have never spoken of this to anyone before now that we learn from a newspaper clipping that that career has ended, so it will probably do no harm if our conjecture is correct, but in that case we predict that there are still further developments to be expected and that the monk from Tomsk will be heard from again. If we are mistaken, the speculation can hurt no one and we give it and the newspaper account only for what they are worth.

This monk was maligned in the highest degree and accused of all the crimes on the calendar, a fact which may make it difficult to believe that he was indeed our holy Father Brother C. R. C., but a little reflection soon shows that a bad reputation may be borne by the most spiritual. Was not Christ called a winebibber? Was it not said "He hath a devil," and was He not crucified as a criminal? What wonder then that the monk from Tomsk was accused of being drunken and dissolute. What wonder that he was assassinated for the supposed reason that he was winning the Czar over to a scheme for the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany?

There are millions in Russia who mourn him as a saint, he was the poor man's friend; there are others who seek to brand him as a sychophant, a hypocrite, and an impostor, but one thing is absolutely certain, he was a man possessed of an unusual power or they would not have feared him.

The following clipping from a newspaper sent by a correspondent is one of a number of accounts which have appeared in various places:

"An incredible reign has just ended at Petrograd. It was the reign of a monk. A simple peasant was Grigori Rasputin when he first appeared in the Russian capital a half score years ago. He came from Eastern Russia—the Russia that merges into Asia and shares its mysticism. This monk trod a path of victory to power. How great this power was over the lives of 180,000,000 people will never be known.

"It is known, however, that Grigori Rasputin—'Saint Grigori' they called him toward the last—sent explicit orders to ministers, and these orders were obeyed. It is known that his levees in the palace once occupied by

Grand Duke Alexis were attended by the nobility of Russia—by high-born ladies of the palace, by generals in glittering uniforms, by all the high and the mighty of the empire. The poorest also came with prayers and petitions, which were granted with the initialed order of Rasputin to heads of government.

“It is also said that this saint who came from Asia exercised a mysterious power over the conscience of the Czar; that the Czarina bowed her imperial head to his decrees; that rulers were elevated to the skies or humbled to the dust at his word.

“And the strange story of this monk who brought the darkness of the Middle Ages with him is not based upon hearsay. Since 1912 the representatives of the Russian people have been struggling to free Russia from the grasp of this Richelieu who could barely read and write.

“Again and again has the Duma denounced the ‘dark forces’ which dominated the palace. Yet so powerful was this exalted peasant from Tomsk that he could defy the unanimous vote of the Duma demanding his elimination from the life of Russia. So strongly was he entrenched in the seat of the mighty that he could issue a decree commanding the Russian press to cease its clamor—and he could enforce his command.

“There is no parallel to the twilight rule of this monk except in the Middle Ages or in the ‘Forbidden City’ of Peking. In the Forbidden City, the walled stronghold of the Manchus, a concubine in our time rose to be empress dowager of 400,000,000 yellow persons. Her rule was absolute. The shadowy figure of the nominally-reigning emperor was blotted out by the empress dowager’s actual power. Tzu-His, with her enameled face and her gorgeous finery, uttered the words that meant life or death to courtiers, governors, and viceroys.

“What went on behind the walls of the Forbidden City none knew. One or two European women were admitted to that domain of slaves and eunuchs. What they reported was exceedingly interesting. It afforded a glimpse into a world which the Europeans believed to have passed forever with the advent of gunpowder, and the railroad and the telegraph. But the machinery that moved that government by women and by slaves remained a mystery. The power that controlled the lives of 400,000,000 people remained a shadow.

“The story of Rasputin is more amazing than the story of the dowager empress, Tzu-His. The holy man from Tomsk dominated, not a scheduled oriental harem surrounded by high walls of brick and tradition, but one of the most brilliant courts of Europe—the Europe of today, the Europe that is dealing with tragic facts. The empire that Rasputin swayed with his strange pretensions to a divine mission and divine powers is one of the deciding factors of a decisive period in the history of civiliza-

tion. The anachronism might well be regarded as incredible.

“And yet this man undoubtedly played, or tried to play, a master’s part in the affairs, not only of Russia, but of Europe. All Russia believes that eight years ago Rasputin, by his mysterious powers prevented the outbreak of war between Russia and Austria-Hungary at the moment when the Bosnia-Herzegovina question stirred the fires of international hatred and suspicion to a fresh blaze.

“In the present crisis, amid the solemn surroundings of the Russian Parliament, Rasputin has been accused of seeking to sell his country to the enemy by trying to bring about a separate peace on humiliating terms between Russia and the Central Powers. The crime that brought an end to his mystic overlordship of the imperial mind and conscience has been greeted in the Duma and by the Russian press as an act of national deliverance.”

Question: You sometimes speak of *young* souls and *old* souls. Were we not all started in this earth-life at the same time, or did some come on a previous life-wave? Are not all the white people of the same soul-age?

Answer:

Yes we were started at the same time as Virgin Spirits on our pilgrimage of evolution, but from the very start there were some who were more adaptable to their environment than others, and therefore from the very beginning there have been some who have straggled behind in life’s school, just the same as we find children in our schools at the present day. Some are more precocious than others and these precocious ones in life’s school were naturally able to pass into phases of evolution carrying with them a higher degree of consciousness than others. Thus the life-wave which is now human has been automatically divided into a number of classes which we now see as white and black, red and yellow people and the lowest of the school are now the anthropoid apes. On the other hand, there are also some who have been particularly precocious and who have taken higher steps in evolution than the majority of mankind. They are, comparatively speaking, very few, however, and we find them as initiates, adepts, and Elder Brothers of humanity, who stand at the top of the ladder of the human life-wave. Therefore it is true that we have all been on the road of evolution the same length of time but some have been more adaptable, more diligent, and therefore they have gathered for themselves a greater amount of experience. That is what really makes the soul-age, so that those who have attained the highest amount of knowledge may probably be called “*old* souls,” while those who are behind them are, comparatively speaking, “*young* souls” and those spirits who inhabit the anthropoids we may say are “*soul-less*.”



The Astral Ray

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Premature Birth

WE HAVE received the following letter of inquiry from a student; and have paragraphed it in order to facilitate answering the questions:
Editor "Rays for the Rose Cross,"

Dear Sir:

(1) Will you kindly explain in the Astral Ray, this apparent discrepancy of statement: In the current number of the *Rays*, page 110, last lines of first paragraph, it is stated, "...and that when we seem to delay or accelerate birth *we really are aiding nature* to take its predetermined course..." Whereas in your article on the Triplets last year it was written: "...it would be absolutely wrong if a physician hurried someone across the threshold when he was about to die...it is in no way different from what the physician does when he hurries the birth of a child... then we may see a reason for the fact that certain people do not seem to fit into their environment. They were hurried into the world under a planetary vibration that was not at all intended for them." I had fixed firmly in my mind the admonition contained in the "Triplet" article, but these later remarks seem to modify it.

There are two other points on which I am seeking light.

(2) In this same article in the February number it is said: "...it is better to be born when the Moon is increasing in light...the growing Moon always increases vitality and furthers our affairs." But in several past Readings it has been pointed out that the *conjunction* of the Moon with the Sun is one of the best auguries for health and general prosperity?

(3) In a recent Vocational Reading, writing of the square of Saturn and Mercury, it is said: "This makes you critical and sarcastic, particularly to those you work with." Saturn is, however, the planet of diplomacy, and in former Readings it was stated: "...while if Mercury is in the saturnine signs Capricorn and Aquarius, or Saturn

is in the mercurial signs Gemini and Virgo, *or Saturn and Mercury are configured*, it gives the person caution, *tact*, and diplomacy."

Yours very sincerely,

E. G. B.

Answer:

The article on the tardy triplets appeared in the Feb. 1916 issue and for the benefit of those who have not read it we may say that the lady who gave birth to these triplets had no regular obstetrician in attendance but was looked after by her aunt *who allowed nature to take its course*. The first of the triplets was born on September 22nd, 1915 at 1:50 a.m. Triplet No. 2 was born September 24th 1915 at 1:15 a.m., and triplet No. 3 was born ten minutes later. Thus there was an interval of forty-eight hours between the birth of the first and the last one. This is an abnormal case which comes near being in the same category as a seven month's birth and we have never seen the horoscope of a seven month's child that fitted, neither have we seen a seven month's child who fitted into his environment. There is always something wrong in the life when the period of gestation has been interfered with and the person has received his planetary baptism at a time when the stellar configurations were unsuited to his case and condition. Therefore we said and think that it is criminal to bring a child to birth under such conditions. In the case of these triplets the mother did not have labor pains from the time the first one was born until the second one was nearly ready to enter the world. Had an obstetrician brought them to birth in spite of this, two days before the appointed time, he would, in our opinion, have caused trouble for the two last ones, and although we did not express it in the article on the triplets, it has always been our opinion that just on that account the lady was left without a professional attendant and given a nurse who would not take drastic measures. We think that it is sometimes possible for an

astrologer to give advice which may interfere with the ripe destiny of someone else and we may cite in illustration of this the case mentioned in the *Cosmo* where the Editor warned a man of an accident on a railway which would happen on a certain day. The man went on the railway however, and was hurt according to the prediction. He thought that the twenty-eighth was the twenty-ninth and we believe, to counteract the prediction of the Editor, the Lords of Destiny or their agents made the man forget. Thus we believe that they interfere in all things which are not to be altered by human interference and on that account we think the mother of the triplets was provided with someone who would allow nature to take its course. Special cases are taken care of in a special manner and there is probably a reason for the untimely births, but we have never had the time or the opportunity to investigate that.

With respect to the point brought up in the second paragraph, it is perfectly true that we have said all these things and there is no reason to modify any of them. The conjunction of the Sun and Moon is one of the best auguries for health and general success. At the conjunction the Moon begins to increase in light and continues to do so until the time of the full Moon. Truly it is better to be born while the Moon is increasing in light than from the full Moon to the next conjunction when the light of the Moon is on the wane.

With respect to the matter mentioned in the last paragraph, the student should realize that the virtues conveyed by a planet are brought out by sextile or trine in particular, while the vices of a planet are inculcated by the square or opposition, which are bad aspects. If now we set some of the virtues of Saturn down as tact and diplomacy, then we could not expect to find them under a square of Saturn and Mercury but we would look for the vices of Saturn and conclude that a person with that configuration must be cynical, critical, and sarcastic. We do not recollect where the reading is in which we said that if Mercury is in the saturnine sign Capricorn or Aquarius, or Saturn is in the Mercurial sign Gemini or Virgo, or Saturn and Mercury are configured it gives the person caution, tact, and diplomacy. That is true if they are configured *by good aspects*, for then the virtues of Saturn are brought out, but if the configuration is by adverse aspects, as the square and opposition, it brings out the vices. We may have been speaking of a good aspect in that case and had forgotten to mention also the modifying effect of a bad aspect. If so we trust that the foregoing will make it clear.

In conclusion, we may say that we are very glad to have the students bring up any points where they think there is a discrepancy or where we have not made our-

selves clear. In that way we shall get the most benefit out of these studies.

WHY MERCURY IS COLORLESS AND NEUTRAL

Question:

You say that Mercury is colorless and neutral in its influence. Would not that indicate that the humanity of Mercury is at a very low stage of development, and if so how can they have an influence upon the mind of humanity in such a manner that it promotes reason?

Answer:

During the first three and a half revolutions of the Earth Period the influence of Mars had been paramount to galvanize humanity into action, but since the middle of the Atlantean Epoch when mind had been given to all, *evolution* and *epigenesis*, the exercise of man's own original creative talent, are gradually bringing us Godward. While the influence of Mars was paramount as said, the Mercurial influence was almost nil, for the planet Mercury had been in obscurity undergoing one of the periodical planetary rests, from which it began to emerge during the Atlantean Epoch, when the Lords of Mercury were called upon by Jehovah to aid Him in counterbalancing the influence of the Lucifer Spirits upon humanity. Since that time the influence of Mercury has been constantly increasing, but it will probably take many millennia before its full influence is felt because there are no sudden processes in nature and it takes a long time for a planet to go to rest or come out from a period of obscurity. It must not be forgotten either that we are not mentally qualified to take full advantage of the Mercurial vibrations as they exist at the present time, for the humanity of Mercury is far beyond our stage of development, though they, as well as all the other planets, are following different lines of evolution from that which is going on upon the earth.

With respect to the *color* of Mercury, we may say that when one is in the physical body and focuses his sight upon the world of concrete thought, the first color we see is blue-black or indigo, something like the intensified color of the blue core of a gas flame. At times it appears darker than others, though probably that may be due to conditions in the observer, but it seems entirely vacuous. The feeling and the sensation is something similar to that which one has after being out in a very bright sunlight when one suddenly enters a house. The sight has to be adjusted to conditions there and until that time all appears black or dark, then gradually one perceives a white light in and through everything. The whole region of Concrete Thought is basically a dazzling, brilliant white, or perhaps colorless and in that the different things take unto themselves a color which stands out all the

more sharply and brilliantly because of the absolutely colorless light which pervades the whole region, and it is probably because of that absolute crystal clearness that there is no space perception possible. The mind is formed of this colorless mind-stuff and because it is perfectly neutral it is able to show other things in their true colors. Perhaps the whole matter can be best explained by the illustration of a field-glass. If we take one that is of poor quality we shall find that the glass is not quite clear and that it shows a number of colors in the lenses. Thus the objects upon which this glass is focused are seen but indistinctly and their colors are not shown up true, but when we obtain a first-class instrument it is as we say, "*achromatic*," it will not show any colors in the glass and therefore it can properly transmit the true colors of objects upon which it is focused. Being perfectly clear and absolutely neutral it may be focused upon distant objects. The Mercurial rays are singularly well-adapted to express the mental faculty for the similar reason that they are colorless themselves.

CHILDREN OF "AIRES"
Born: March 21 to April 20
Agnes Cook

*Is it the tender star of love,
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! From that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.*

—Longfellow

It is the sign Aries which provides humanity with the heroic spirit, and persons who are ready to risk life and property for the upholding of a principle, the exploration of new territories, or pioneer work of any kind, have either the Sun in Aries, being born during the period above mentioned, or they have other planets in the Sign on another day of the year.

The type varies from the pioneer in thought, the student or scientist who perhaps risks his life to bring some blessing to others, as Sir James Simpson did during his efforts to obtain a safe anesthetic for child bearing women, to the hero of today leading his men on the field of battle, to glory or annihilation; others are explorers, big game hunters, empire builders, for the children of Aries have great intuition and plenty of imagination. They see new worlds by inner vision before they set out to conquer them, and as Mars is the planet which rules Aries, a good aspect is necessary in any horoscope to produce pluck, resolution, and self-reliance. Persons devoid of martial influence are mean-spirited, dejected, helpless creatures.

Do not worry therefore, mothers when your children appear boisterous and full of energy, when your boys are

perhaps rough, it is only the effect of Mars the Energizer, and the remedy lies in your hands—give them plenty to do, and plenty to think about. Aries children should have access to books, particularly those of adventure, and they should also be provided each one with some hobby or art to work off their superfluous emotions in a useful way. Some day you will be proud of your son or daughter, who is now such a "handful." As Aries children are born to take the lead wherever they may be placed, parents should see to it that they acquire habits of self-control, because we all know that self-government should precede the ruling of others. They are usually generous, and passionate in love, loyal in friendship. It does not matter to your Aries friend how peculiar, or wicked even you may be, he loves you just the same, and will defend you against all criticism. They are very lovable themselves, and highly magnetic, consequently sometimes attract weaklings into their sphere of friendship. In most cases the life is full of changes, and unusual episodes, perhaps because the son of "Aires" is a born adventurer, and loves a Quest of any kind. Under Aries we find surgeons, dentists, military men, workers in metals, religious leaders (Mahomet was an "Aries" man), and those who are employed in mining, exploration, and research work.

We find General Booth, Emil Zola, Don Carlos, the Duke of Cambridge, late King of Rumania, Mrs. Besant, General Gordon, W. Q. Judge, Tom Mann, and Carmen Sylva, and George V. of England, all have the sign Aries strongly marked.

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*Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."*

—Selected

Our Motto: A Sane Mind, A Soft Heart, A Sound Body