

JUNE



Rays
from the
Rose Cross
a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM

ATLANTIS.

A WOEFUL WASTE.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY.



Edited by Max Heindel

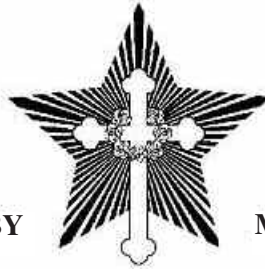
1917



RAY'S FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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NO. 2

General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

The Question Department

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

The Astral Ray

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

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

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

Nutrition and Health

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

The Healing Department

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

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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Oceanside

Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

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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 made exhaustive repairs necessary, the tenants move out that the workmen may have full scope for restoration. So when

The Mystic Light

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JUNE 1917

The Password

A Neophyte approached the temple door,
And wondered at the portal open wide.
No guard behind: no watcher stood before.
Yet few passed in, though very many tried.

“No doubt” he mused “they lack ‘the word’
who fail.

But those possessing it need have no fear.
Its potent power is certain to prevail.”
And confident in this he then drew near.

He gave the password *Service*, and essayed
To cross the sacred threshold. But alas
A subtle force repelled him: and dismayed,
He realized his impotence to pass.

Chagrined, he sought the wisest of the sages,
Whose dwelling is the boundless depth within.
There lies concealed the wisdom of the ages,
And all of this may steadfast courage win.

That rugged path *Experience* he traveled.
The shining ONE he reached in course of time.
And then the mystic problem was unraveled,
In presence of the HIGHER SELF sublime.

By those who merely know ‘the word’ and give
it,
The lesson of its potency is missed.
For those who by persistent effort *Live it*.
No barriers of any kind exist.

—W. T. Carson

Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part I

Lucifer the Rebel Angel

The Rosicrucian Fellowship aims to educate and construct, to be charitable even to those with whom we differ, and never to vent the venom of vituperation, spite, or malice, even upon those who seem deliberately determined to mislead. We revere the Catholic religion; it is as divine in its essence as Mystic Masonry—both are rooted in hoary antiquity; both were born to further the aspiration of the striving soul; both have a message and a mission in the world, not apparent upon the surface to-day, because man-made ceremonial has hidden the kernel of divinity in each as a scale, and it is the purpose of the present articles to uncover that scale and show the Cosmic purpose of these two Great Organizations, which are so bitterly antagonistic. We do not aim to reconcile them, however, for though they are both designed to further the emancipation of the soul, their method is

different, and the attributes of the soul fostered by one method will indeed be very different from the quality of the soul nurtured in the other School. Therefore the strife must continue until the battle for the souls of men has been lost and won. The issue is not, however, the persistence of the Masonic or Catholic institutions, but the outcome will determine the nature of the training humanity will receive in the remaining Periods of our evolution. We shall endeavor to show the cosmic root of both of these institutions, the purpose of each and the training which each will inaugurate, if successful; also the nature of the soul quality which may be expected to result from each method. The writer is not a Mason, and thus he is free to say what he knows without fear of violating obligations, but he is a Mason at heart, and therefore frankly opposed to Catholicism.

Our opposition is not fanatical, or blind to the merits of the Catholic Religion, however. The Catholic is our brother as well as the Mason; we would not say a disparaging irreverent word against this faith, or those who live by it, and should we seem to do so, in any passage, the wrong will be due to inadvertence, and the reader is requested to note that we distinguish sharply between the Catholic Hierarchy and the Catholic Religion; but also the former are our brothers, and we would not throw stones either physically or morally, for we know our own shortcomings too well to accuse others.

Thus our opposition is not personal, but spiritual, and to be fought with the weapon of the Spirit—Reason. We firmly believe it to be for the everlasting good of mankind that the Masons should win, and cannot therefore be sure to present the Catholic side in a perfectly unbiased manner, but we ask our students, for whom this is written, to believe that we shall try to be just. Of the Cosmic Facts we are certain, but bias may creep into our conclusions; therefore, each must use his reason to test what we have to say: “prove all things and hold fast that which is good.”

The great law of analogy is everywhere the master key of all spiritual mysteries, and, although Masonry and Catholicism do not begin till we arrive at the Earth Period, they have their prototype in the earlier Periods, and we shall therefore briefly touch upon the essential facts.

In the Saturn Period the Earth-in-the-making was dark. *Heat*, which is the first manifestation of the ever invisible fire, was the only element. Embryonic mankind was mineral-like, the only lower kingdom of evolving life. Unity was everywhere observable, and the Lords of Mind, who were human then, were at one among themselves.

In the Western Wisdom Teaching we speak of the highest Initiate of the Saturn Period as *The Father*.

In the Sun Period the root of a new element, *Air*, was evolved, and it coalesced with the true fire, which, mark again, is always invisible, and which manifested as *heat* in the Saturn Period. Then fire burst into *flames*, and the dark world became a blazing ball of luminous firemist at the word of power: *Let there be light.*”

Let the student ponder well the relation of *fire* and *flame*; the former lies sleeping, invisible in everything, and is kindled into light in various ways: by a blow of a hammer upon a stone; by friction of wood against wood; and by chemical action, etc. This gives us a clue to the identity and state of *The Father*, “whom no man has seen at any time,” but who is revealed in “The Light of the World,” the Son, who is the highest Initiate of the Sun Period. As the unseen fire is revealed in the flame, so also the fullness of the Father dwelt in the Son, and they are one as fire is one with the flame in which it manifests. This is the root of all true Sun, or Fire worship. All look beyond the physical symbol and adore “Our Father Who art in Heaven.” The Mystic Masons of today hold this faith in fire as firmly as ever.

Thus it will be seen that the Unity which prevailed in the Saturn Period continued in the Sun Period. The ordinary humanity of that time have now evolved to the glory of Archangels, and some are more advanced than others, but there was no antagonism among them. Our present humanity had advanced to a plant-like stage, and was slightly above the new Lifewave started in the Sun Period, but amity prevailed.

In the Moon Period, contact of the heated sphere with void Space generated moisture, and the battle of the elements commenced in all its fierceness. The heated ball of fire endeavored to evaporate the moisture, force it outward and create a vacuum wherein to maintain its integrity and burn undisturbed; but there is and can be no void in nature, hence the out-rushing steam condensed at a certain distance from the heated ball and was again driven inward by the cold of Space, to be again evaporated and propelled outward, in a ceaseless round for ages and ages, as a shuttlecock between the separate Hierarchies of Spirits composing the various Kingdoms of Life, represented in the Fire-Sphere, and the Cosmic Space, which is an expression of the Homogeneous Absolute Spirit. The Fire Spirits are actively striving to attain enlargement of consciousness. But the Absolute rests ever clothed in the invisible garment of Cosmic Space. In ‘It’ all powers and possibilities are *latent*, and It seeks to discourage and check any attempt at expenditure of latent power as dynamic energy required in the

evolution of a solar system. Water is the weapon It used to quench the fire or active spirits and the zone between the heated center or the separate Spirit Sphere, and the point where its individual atmosphere meets Cosmic Space, is a battleground for evolving spirits at various stages of evolution.

The present Angels were human in the Moon Period, and the highest Initiate is The Holy Spirit (Jehovah).

As our humanity and the other Kingdoms of Life on earth are variously affected by the present elements, so that some like heat, others prefer cold, some thrive on moisture and others require dryness, so also in the Moon Period, among the Angels, some had affinity for water, others abhorred it and loved fire.

The continued cycles of condensation and evaporation of the moisture surrounding the fiery center eventually caused incrustation, and it was the purpose of Jehovah to mold this 'red earth,' translated *Adm*, into forms wherein to imprison and quench the spirits in the fire. To this end he issued the creative fiat, and the prototypes of fish, fowl and every living thing appeared, even including the primitive human form, which were all created by His Angels, and thus he hoped to make all that lives and moves subservient to His will. Against this plan a minority of the Angels rebelled; they had too great an affinity for 'fire' to bear contact with water, and refused to create the forms as ordered. But thereby they at the same time deprived themselves of an opportunity of evolution along the conventional lines, and became an anomaly in nature; furthermore, having repudiated the authority of Jehovah, they must work out their own salvation in their own manner.

How this has been accomplished by *Lucifer*, their Great Leader, will be made plain in the following articles. For the present, suffice it to say that in the Earth Period, when various planets were differentiated to provide proper evolutionary environment for each class of Spirits, the Angels under Jehovah were set to work with the inhabitants of *all planets having Moons*, from those Satellites; while the Lucifer Spirits have their abode upon the planet Mars. The Angel *Gabriel* is representative, on earth, of the Lunar Hierarchy, presided over by Jehovah; the Angel *Samael* is ambassador of the

Martial forces of Lucifer. Gabriel (who announced the birth of Jesus to Mary) and his lunar angels are therefore the givers of physical life, while Samael and the hosts of Mars are the Angels of Death.

Thus originated the feud in the dim dawn of the Cosmic day, and that which we see as Free Masonry today is an attempt by *the Hierarchs of Fire*, the Lucifer Spirits, to bring the imprisoned spirit 'Light,' that it may *see* and *know*. Catholicism is an activity of the Hierarchs of *water*, and places 'Holy Water' at the Temple door to quench the spirits seeking light and knowledge and inculcate *faith* in Jehovah.

As the vernal equinox is said to be at the first point of Aries, no matter where in the constellations it falls by precession, so the point where the human seed-atom comes from the invisible world and is taken in hand by the Lunar God of Generation, Jehovah, through His ambassador, the Angel Gabriel, is esoterically the first point of Cancer. This is the Cardinal sign of the watery Triplicity, and is ruled by the Moon. There Conception takes place; but were the form built of water and its concretions alone, it could never come to birth, so four months later, when the foetus has reached the stage of development corresponding to the second sign of the watery triplicity, Scorpio, the eighth sign, which corresponds to the house of death, Samael, the dauntless ambassador of the Lucifer Spirits, invades the watery domain of the Lunar Hierarchy and introduces the fiery spark of the spirit into the inert form, to leaven, quicken, and mold it into an expression of itself.

There the Silver Cord, which has grown from the seed-atom of the dense body (located in the heart), since conception, is welded to the part that has sprouted from the central vortex of the desire body (located in the liver), and when the Silver Cord is thus tied by the seed-atom of the vital body (located in the solar plexus), the spirit *dies* to life in the supersensual world, and quickens the body it is to use in its coming life. This life on earth lasts until the course of events foreshadowed in the wheel of life, the horoscope, has been run, and when the spirit again reaches the realm of Samael, the Angel of Death, the mystic eighth house, the silver cord is loosed, and the spirit returns to God

who gave it, until the dawn of another Life-day in the School of earth beckons it to a new birth that it may acquire more skill, in the arts and crafts of temple-building.

About five months after the quickening, when the last of the watery signs, Pisces, has been passed, the representative of the Lucifer Spirits, Samael, focuses the forces of the fiery sign, Aries, where Mars is positively polarized, so that under the impulse of dynamic energy the waters of the womb are voided, and the imprisoned spirit liberated in the physical world, to fight the battle of life. It may blindly butt its head against the Cosmic forces, as typified by the first of the fiery signs, Aries, the Ram, which is a symbol of the brute strength brought to bear upon the problems of life by the most primitive races, or it may adopt the more modern method of cunning, as a means of

attaining mastery over others, which characteristic is signified in the second of the fiery signs, Leo, the lion, the king of beasts; or, perchance, he may rise above the animal nature, and aim at the stars with the bow of spiritual aspiration, typified in the last of the fiery signs, Sagittarius, the Centaur. The Centaur is just ahead of the watery sign, Scorpio, a warning that one who tries to reach that last stage and assert his divine right of choice and prerogative as '*Phree Messen*,' a son of Fire and Light, will surely feel the sting of the Scorpion in his heel to goad him onward upon the path where men become "wise as serpents." It is from this class that Mystic Masonry is recruited with men who have the indomitable courage *to dare*, the unflagging energy *to do*, and the diplomatic discrimination *to be silent*.

(To be continued)

Spirit Materialization

WE HAVE received the following letter from a friend in Porto Rico who some time ago gave us an account of the post mortem wanderings of a suicide. In the present case she reports an instance of materialization of a deceased student of the Rosicrucian teachings, which took place at the house of a friend of the family who is an undeveloped psychic, and our correspondent asks "did Mr. Parker take the substance from this medium?" The fact that the medium collapsed after the manifestation seems to favor that conclusion, and we opine that being a student of occultism, Mr. Parker knew how to take advantage of the opportunity to utilize the ether of the medium for a few moments. All the so-called dead do not know that where the ether is specially loose it may be abstracted and such materializing media are scarce; it is still more rare to find one right in the company where the 'dead' want to materialize. Mr. Parker had the knowledge and a lucky combination of circumstances brought a medium and his wife together and afforded him an ideal opportunity which he grasped as shown in the letter. It is also probable that Mrs. Parker is slightly mediumistic. She ought to be careful not to get into circles.

Dear Friends:

I do not exactly like to deal in marvels, but another has happened in this neighborhood and I want to tell you about it.

On January 1, 1916 there died in the San Juan Hospital of heart disease one of the most prominent citizens and planters of the Bayamon neighborhood. His wife has written to you several times about her children, and although not a registered student, in the leisure moments of a very busy planter's life for the last two years he had been studying the Rosicrucian Philosophy. His wife had only returned from the North a few days before he died, and she was greatly distressed to find she could not go on the ship after the body had been placed there because it was a quarantined ship from South America.

The night the body was put on the ship, while Mrs. Parker and the children were seated around the supper table, they heard distinctly Mr. Parker's voice saying, 'I am not on that ship. I am right here with you.'

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Parker and the two little girls were invited to spend the night at a friend's house where Mr. Parker had been very fond of

going. After the evening meal Mrs. Parker went into an inner room for a moment and her hostess hurried after her and in an excited way laid her hand on her arm and tried to draw her along with her. Mrs. Parker asked, "What is the matter?" and she said, "Mr. Parker is here." When they entered the living room Mr. Parker stood directly in the doorway facing the room. He was perfectly distinct. For some seconds they were so overcome that they stood perfectly still, then Mrs. Parker went toward him with her arms extended, when he at once began to recede, slowly, as she advanced, going down the steps sidewise and when the bottom was reached, he turned facing the porch, looking at them, and so stood in a triangular piece of land, for an appreciable time, after which he slowly disappeared (melted away).

Next morning the eldest girl (about seven or eight years old, who had been put to bed before this happened) said to her mother, "Daddy came to see me last night." In reply to her mother's question "Where?" she said after she was in bed she looked up and saw him standing at the window looking in. He said to her, "Oh, darling, come and kiss me as you used to." The child at once ran toward him and she said, "I threw my arms around his neck, and although I saw him plainly, when I threw my arms around him, there wasn't anything there." She was not at all frightened, but was simply stating a fact which she could not understand. They think this preceded his appearance to Mrs. Parker.

Perhaps I should say that the hostess was an undeveloped Psychic who was in the habit of leav-

ing her body involuntarily. After Mr. Parker disappeared she regularly went to pieces completely. Did he get the materials he needed from her?

Some months later, while Mrs. Parker was in the North again, she fell sick and was in a hospital in Canada with pneumonia where her case was considered hopeless. She did not want to live, yet knew the thought was unworthy, for she needed to try to live for her little girls' sake. Toward the end she began to pray for help and courage to try. She was very low indeed, when, on the night of October 18, while the nurse was out of the room for a minute and the room was almost dark, she suddenly saw on the wall at the foot of her bed a silver cross with a wreath of flowers around it and a bright light streaming from it. She was too weak to move but the message the cross brought was one of encouragement, so that when the nurse returned she said, "You do not need to stay tonight for I am better and am going to get well." She thought, "I know that emblem," but was too weak to realize what it was. Next day she knew it was the Rose Cross.

From that night on she continued to improve and was soon able to come back to her work here.

She supposed at first that Mr. Parker brought her the emblem and the help, but she saw nobody, although she was very conscious of a PRESENCE.

I hope I have not bored you overmuch.

Very sincerely yours,

C. W. S.

Porto Rico

P. S.: Mrs. Parker gave me permission to write you this. You see she is sure her help came through your Order.

A Soul Cycle

Corinne Smith Dunklee

The Meeting

THE SEA is like some great sapphire set in moonbeams. Soft dreaming clouds float lovingly across the blue sky as sweet fancies of youth that must hide themselves in glad confusion when they come face to face with the bright sunlight of love. White sails that gleam like

silver flash and hide, then shine again, as life upon the shores of Time is lured by the Ideal that beckons—ever beckons in fairy music—yet sails on far out to sea.

This night, by some strange alchemy, is transformed into a holy night, for it portends the meeting of two souls, each one in quest of the secret soul of Beauty and of Truth. The quest has led

through bitter waters of renunciation and oft been submerged in deep agonies of crucifixion. But feet that have trod in the blood of the heart know glimpses of eternal peaks far above the transitory clouds of earthly ways, all undreamed-of by those who walk in quiet paths.

Suddenly from out the depths of night quivers a melody untranslatable by all save he in whose own heart the music has found an answering note. It sings of wide spaces, of freedom, and still beyond, wonderful vistas of aspiration that beckon like golden mirages entangled amid a glamour of dreams.

In the heart of the song two souls find each other—two souls in quest of the secret soul of Beauty and of Truth. The music that is breathed by the flowers in their fragrance, the music that is chimed by the stars in their dancing, the music that illumined the world's beginning, is the music of that meeting.

A Day of Gold

Morning in a gladsome guise is coming across the hills laden with censers of light and perfume which she scatters above the sleeping world, bidding it awaken to the wonder that she brings. The woods are vast Cathedral aisles of silence held in the arms of mystery awaiting the love-light that shall attune the world into the poetry of gladness and of song.

This day all heart-chords must ring in harmony; all love-colors merge into a rainbow of rare promise—for the quest is ended. Two love-souls hand in hand have found the heart of the day of gold. Soon the sunlight shimmers through the trees in sheer ecstasy of the morning. Dew-drops lie sparkling in their flowery prisons—sweet harbingers of hope proclaiming the dawn of this new day that holds deep within the heart hidden treasures from the secret soul of Beauty and of Truth. A golden day that chants in rhythmic, wordless music—music that trembles above the trees until they quiver in low obeisance—music that lingers among the flowers, changing their hues to welcome the day—music that whispers wondrous meanings deep into the inner soul, is the music that breathes through the *day of gold*.

The Parting

The sun, a red ball of palpitating fire, sinks

behind grey turrets of clouds, as evening folds her fragile hands upon the tired heart of day. The sea moans restlessly and with white swirling wreaths of foam beat against the shore in a turmoil of unsatisfied desires, like the clamor of a soul begging release from a house that is too frail to satisfy its mighty longings. A sea-bird circles white and lone into the distance, its wail of sadness mingling with the bitter sobbing of the sea. The air droops heavy with the agony of parting, for the quest was ended only to find itself again in a thousand undreamed measures.

The secret soul of Beauty and of Truth is love and love is not finite but infinite, so the quest is begun again and beckons ever, ever onward with fairy music into new meanings re-created by love. Love not only creates but exalts, so all the gorgeous colors of the sunset are mingled with the brooding tones of common day; as two souls, uplifted by some strange radiance, fare forth upon the highway of Life again. Music soft as drifting leaves on tired hearts that are at rest—music sweet as falling tears on new-made graves of cherished hopes—music that grieves through all the partings of all the years, finds the home of its sorrow here.

Reunion

Fathomless, endless, enduring, basking in the white radiance of infinite love and infinite peace—swept past all limitations; beyond day and night, far from fleeting evanescence—where forms merge into the formless as a river slips into the sea. Two souls rest in the heart of Love—the Center where all things are one.

In the exquisite music of pain, the dross of flesh has been consumed, leaving only the realization of Spirit—that white flame that lives forever in the presence of God. Inexhaustible, infinite, reaching from the Center of Being out through the Universe, until every stone and every flower, every bird and every star join their myriad notes into a love-song that reverberates throughout the ages. Singing from aeon to aeon through an infinity of worlds, the music that in its pristine beauty awakened the Soul of Light—the music whose exquisite harmonics breathe through the Spirit of Life—the music of unmeasured glory that was born in the Heart of Love, for all is One.

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 25¢ postpaid.

Chapter XIII

IN THE unfoldment of a soul, as in the creation of a world, there are deep silences, periods of apparent repose, through which the Divine Mind stirs, prepares, and quickens. Electrical forces are felt, awakening life-movements. Storms and calms alternate, volcanic upheavals, tempestuous disturbances, deep silences in which the inner fires burn—and lo, a planet—or a soul is developed!

Marozia's life now was one of monotonous routine, a condition far more trying to a bright, eager soul than the stress of battle. Things had settled down—as they always do after cyclonic disturbance—into a calm full of the debris of painful memories. Again her horizon narrowed. She was closed in, not only by the stifling hills, but by barriers which even her indomitable courage could not surmount. The winter was full of hardship, privations, and petty trials. Owing to Ralph Remington's failing health, he had not yet been able to complete his book. He seemed to be consumed with some hidden pain over which he smiled as he worked on in silent patience. It became more difficult for him to concentrate his mind upon his writing. The numberless cares distracted him and the noise of domestic labor grated painfully upon his sensitive ears. He had none of the refined seclusion of the scholar now. It was all sordid, common, cheap, revolting. His ideals were strained to the utmost to keep their true relation to the distressing realities. Yet his sorrow over the trying situation was for others. He felt that somehow he had been to blame for the condition they were in, and this added to the numbing misery which almost paralyzed him at times. Mrs. Remington felt so too and never ceased her upbraidings. It seemed as if she especially delighted in producing all the noise and confusion possible while engaged in her simple household tasks. Genius in poverty dwindled into Lilliputian

proportions in her estimation. It was not worth possessing, for it stood in the way of so much. Unless it could sit crowned within some hall of fame and shower gold upon her, it was an unfortunate endowment.

Mrs. Remington truly was very unhappy. No one is more miserable than an ambitious, worldly woman in adversity. She has no resources within and solitude is irksome to her. Her vanity has nothing upon which to feed, so she preys upon those about her with her incessant demands. She allows no rights nor privileges to others in the matter of suffering. She has a monopoly on ill-usage and misery. If others suffer, it is their own fault, they bring it upon themselves. If she suffers, others are to blame. Thus the little circle of her morbid thoughts goes around and woe betide the unfortunates who are caught in the swirl.

“There, it does me good to see you smile like that again!” Mrs. Morton slipped her arm around Marozia's waist and led her to a seat before the open fire in the Rector's study. “You are working too hard, my dear Girl....and worrying too!”

“No.” Marozia answered in smiling protest—“Yet—”

“Yes, I know—you are thinking of the tangled destinies, the disparities, the inequalities, the absolutely reverse manner in which some things work out and last year you would have quarreled with fate. But now—”

“Now—tonight, dear Mrs. Morton, I feel like doing the same thing. Yes, I feel like quarreling with fate. A few weeks ago I thought I saw a satisfactory solution to life's problems.”

Mrs. Morton's face grew suddenly radiant.

Her eyes deepened and she looked as if she saw into two worlds. “You are tired tonight, Dear, and you need rest.”

“Yes, I am tired of it all but not for myself. It is for Father that I suffer! If he could only have the success and happiness that he deserves I could bear anything! It is all so horribly oppressive. I feel paralyzed at time and pinch myself to see if I am really alive. And if I feel thus, what must poor, dear Father feel?”

“Why use the first adjective, Dear? Men like your Father are not poor!”

“I know—but think what he misses out of life! Not actual, material things, but what they represent in mental and spiritual values—and in heart happiness.”

“I understand.” The voice was very low and vibrant and the eyes grew tenderly luminous. “Yet you know the Ego is untouched by disaster, unmarred by the *tribulum*. The soul needed this particular experience—for there is no chance in the divine order of the universe. You know it must pass through all phases and acquire all powers before it can serve as the perfect vehicle for the Spirit. You are passing through one phase, your father another, but at the last it will all balance.” After a momentary silence she added:

“Do you remember the compensation of which we spoke last summer—that which springs from the inner consciousness of noble powers and divine gifts?”

“Yes, I remember, but I am inconsistent, for I love him so. I recognize the value of sorrow for the soul, but I would have it withheld from him. I know his great and lofty soul and I would have others know too—even at the risk of a fine theory.” A beautiful glow lighted her eyes—the ardent kindling of pure, unselfish love—love which is holy. Mrs. Morton caught its reflection in her own eyes. She spoke with sweet earnestness:

“Notoriety is not desirable, Marozia, to a great, royal spirit like your father’s. Many among the vulgar acquire a certain cheap fame, which has merely a commercial value!”

“Yes—I know. Father would not care for that—in fact, he does not care for any recognition. It is I who would have him known and appreciated—because I know what he is—and I love him so!”

“I understand, Dear.” Mrs. Morton’s hand was laid softly over Marozia’s. Suddenly the girl spoke

with passionate intensity which indicated some hidden pain beyond what the mere words revealed.

“Is isolation, or solitude best—even for high ends? Best for the heart, I mean?”

“Not always best for the heart, or for the fictitious self, but nearly always for the best work. Sometimes for the richest, truest soul growth. Yet I suppose it is best to come out from one’s hermitage now and then,” she added with a bright smile.

“But, dear Mrs. Morton, what if the hermitage be sealed?”

“Then one may work and unfold without distraction, in the content of high solitude—and the divine Fire will stand in lieu of human companionship.”

When Marozia returned home after her interview with Mrs. Morton her mother met her with scarcely repressed excitement.

“What do you think?” she queried abruptly. “Claude has returned from New York and is going to live at the Villa with Mrs. Reed for housekeeper and Sarah Thomas as assistant. I saw him today and he is going to fix up the old mill and put a force of men there to run it. He is going to plat and sub-divide all the land between the Villa and the mill and build cottages and summer homes. The schemes he has in view to improve this burg are wonderful—and he has the money to carry them out too. His father has put all his affairs at this end into his hands. He was at the old mill today with his foreman making plans. He says that he is still waiting patiently for you—that he will never give you up.”

Marozia turned involuntarily, as if expecting to encounter a dark, smiling—cynically smiling face. An emotional shiver seized her in which there was a limning of buoyancy on a background of shadows. The depression was suddenly lifted and the faint limning spread. The spell was returning and she was borne onward by her awakening emotions—or was it some exterior force which was swaying her? Claude Rathburn’s eyes seemed to burn into her soul—their power was terrifying, yet their fascination was compelling. It was such a re-

lief to be momentarily free from the numbing pain which had paralyzed the brightness of her spirit during the past months of trial. To her and her father it had been a tragedy. At this moment several forces seemed at work to remove the barriers between her soul and Claude and compel a choice. Her father's face suddenly appeared in the new brightness, smiling, serene, the care lifted and the joy of a fulfilled aspiration, a noble achievement glorifying it. A voice seemed to say—"This is what you might bring to pass were you less swayed by your mentality, less selfish, less idealistic." Then another Presence within, which seemed to be compelling, reminded her that Claude was not her equal in intellect or character. This Presence dwelt deep down within the secret places of her soul where the Light burned and flamed out in premonition and conviction. Here she felt the indefinable, the perpetual barrier. Here the stars had proclaimed it and it was deeply engraved on her inmost consciousness. The verdict was that there was no point at which her soul and Claude's could meet—no common ground. Yet against all reason and judgment, against the voice of intuition, she was borne onward by her awakening emotions. Her soul faced its crisis and a strange verdict was flashed in letters of fire upon her awakening consciousness—her personal self-consciousness. Her mother still was speaking, yet she had not heard. Her last words now reached her ears.

"Everyone thinks you are a fool to let such a chance slip—and your father's life will pay the penalty of your selfish folly."

Marozia's reply showed the remarkable complexity of her nature:

"If I marry Claude Rathburn I shall either die of a broken heart eventually—or *petrify*." Mrs. Remington noted with secret triumph the change of construction—"if" I marry. Hope grew. She warmed slightly as she continued:

"Apart from his money, Claude is a most desirable match for you! You would be envied of all the girls—and the Watsons would be fairly green!" At the suggestion of the material side, all the glow faded away and Marozia revolted. Her position suddenly appeared sordid, commonplace, degrad-

ing. The mysterious exaltation which had held her emotional centers vanished at the suggestion of worldly advantages. The gross materialism of her mother's policy and purpose disgusted her. Even her father's face vanished from the limning of emotional brightness and took its place again in the shadows beside her Ideal, but through the pain and sorrow it shone with a marvellous light. Her voice sounded a new note when she again spoke:

"When I marry, it will not be to create envy or jealousy, nor even to have someone make a home or a future for me, but because I love the man for himself alone." The girl spoke with passionate earnestness. Nervous excitement was visible in face and voice. Her soul was disturbed and live wires seemed to lie near the surface. She turned quickly away and left her mother with a hurried good-bye.

The only time Marozia had for thinking over her problems and trying to devise a way through her difficulties was when she entered her bare little room up under the sloping eaves at the farm house where she boarded. During the late autumn there were days of stormy, depressing weather when the rain pattered dismally and the wind shrieked like demoniac spirits. One or two loose shingles kept up an uncanny rapping at intervals. It all seemed bare and hideous to her artistic senses. The faded patch of rag carpet before the cheap wooden bed, whose awkwardness suggested the need of canopy and valences, emphasized the crude ugliness of her environment. When she first entered it a grey mist was in the air and the whirling leaves suggested death. Now the white snow was piled high on the window ledge and it was drearily cold. She heard the voice of the sharp-faced, scolding woman below and heard the weak insipid drawl of the dull, cloddish fellow who mated with the shrew. She shivered with pain and disgust. Her mind was vividly alert and she drew sharp contrasts now. This was the period of readjustments, of finding the exact proportion of thought and experience. When she should complete her lesson she would know the true value of her ideals. There would be no false sentiment, no crude visionary fancies. Each Ideal would stand out clear and well-defined in the white light of truth.

Suddenly a remembrance came of a night—it must have been ages ago—when wonderful basilisk eyes gleamed upon her from a tropical jungle. She was compelled by them—dominated by them. She seemed to be hurried from scene to scene—with those eyes always before her—they haunted her—she could not escape them, yet she hated them. As the vision unrolled she saw herself plotting to escape them and finally a dagger ended the struggle. Again she looked into them beside the Tiber in a gorgeous palace and they were the eyes of a woman. They gleamed with love as they looked into hers—love in which a kind of ferocity lurked. Still, she was cruel and another tragedy resulted. Many scenes glided by in which those eyes seemed the centre. She shuddered and tried to shut out the vision. Then a memory made her pause—she saw those eyes again as they looked into hers when she went to get the drawings on the night of her party. She grew faint and in spite of reason and will power she felt the old subtle influence creeping over her. Each time it confronted her its power deepened. The intervals were filled with earnest, determined effort to break the spell, to shake off the growing influence, but they were like the brief, temporary lulls in a gathering storm. The emotion—like physical tempests—grew more and more masterful while it gathered its forces.

“Why can I not forget him—I despise him!” she moaned while the blizzard raged without. She felt so lonely and wretched, so hungry for human love. She longed to be enfolded, sheltered in a great, warm human love. Why should she keep up this perpetual conflict? Why not listen to her insistent emotions and her longing heart? Why not yield to the forces which were playing upon her from every side? Why should she battle longer?

Then the words of her teacher in Utica recurred to her mind: “Trust not to the emotions,” he had said, again and again. “We are so inextricably interwoven with the animal that it requires super-human force to break the bonds and free ourselves. Yet it *must be done* if we would *live*.”

“If we would *live*,” she repeated. Yes, it must be the animal soul that is striving within that paints such fascinating pictures—that lures and beckons and stifles the inner Voice. I must not listen to

that—I must suffer and work and wait.” Unconsciously the words of a beautiful, old hymn sang themselves into her tired heart.

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O, Thou who changest not—abide with me!
I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud, through sunshine, Lord abide
with me!*

Suddenly they became a part of her consciousness and took on a new meaning. Her soul was lifted to higher regions and she communed with the Invisible. “He, the One who changes not—‘Who slumbers not nor sleeps’—He, the inspiration of Father’s dreams—the Presence beyond the stars, whose shining is his Light—I need Him—more than ever, now! I need that abiding Presence to go before me through all the mazy recesses and the barren steeps—unto the stars!”

Then she fell asleep, calmed as a child upon its mother’s breast.

CHAPTER XIV

Claude Rathburn deemed the moment opportune for his return to the village. The destitution of the Remingtons and Marozia’s life of hardship and privation provided a tonic for his egotism, which, however, could flourish without a stimulant. At this crisis he felt a spurious elation of confidence, not entirely justified by previous experience with Marozia. He knew that she was working hard—even assisting in the housework where she boarded, in order to give her father more of her slender income. As he mentally reviewed the situation he soliloquized thus;

“Hang it, but she is a haughty little Minx! I wouldn’t give much though for a woman without a little spunk. It sets well on her she’s so everlastingly bright! And she’s as sweet as she is bright! I can’t imagine how in the name of common sense I’ve managed to lose out as I have with her—it