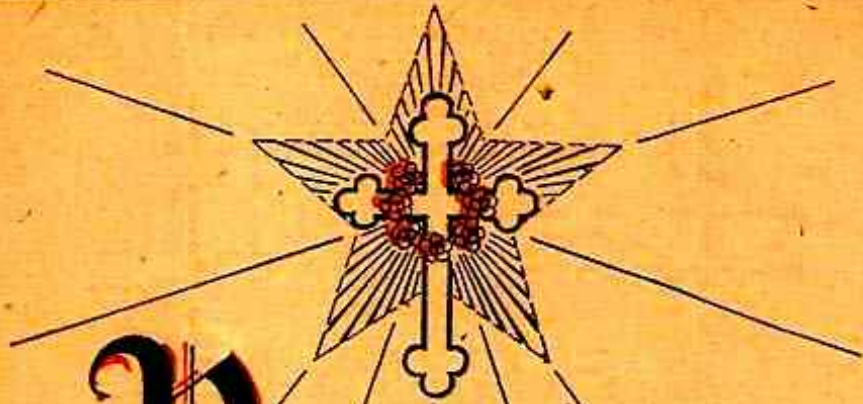


JULY



Ray's from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM
THE SOURCE OF SPIRITUAL POWER
THE WEB OF DESTINY
YOUNG SOULS AND OLD
THE KEY TO ALL CURES



Edited by Max Heindel

1917



RAY'S FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

VOL 7

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA JULY, 1917

NO. 3

General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

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

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

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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

The Mystic Light

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JULY 1917

Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part II

THE MASONIC LEGEND

A VERY mystic movement has its legend, which tells in symbolic language its status in the cosmic order and the ideal it tries to realize. From the Old Testament, containing the Atlantean Mystery teaching, we learn that mankind were created male-female, bi-sexual, and that each one was capable of propagating his species without the co-operation of another, as is the case with some plants today. Later on, we are informed, Jehovah removed one pole of the creative force from *Adam*, the early humanity, and that there were henceforth two sexes. The esoteric teaching supplements this information by stating that the purpose of this change was to use one pole of the creative force for the building of a brain and larynx wherewith mankind might acquire knowledge and express themselves in speech. The intimate connection between these organs—brain, larynx, and genitals—is evident to anyone upon the slightest examination of facts. The boy's voice changing at puberty, the mental deficiency resulting from over-indulgence of the passional nature, and the inarticulate speech of the mentally defective, with many other facts might be added to prove this assertion.

According to the Bible our earliest parents were forbidden to eat of *the Tree of Knowledge*, but Eve, seduced by the serpent, did eat and later induced the man to follow her example. Who are the serpents and what is the Tree of Knowledge may also be determined from certain passages in the Bible. We are told, for instance, that Christ exhorted his disciples to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The so-called curse pro-

nounced upon Eve after her confession stipulates that she must bear her children in sorrow and pain and that the race will die. It has always been a great stumbling block to Bible commentators what connection there could be between the eating of an apple, death, and painful parturition, but when we are acquainted with the chaste expressions of the Bible, which designates the creative act by such passages as "Adam *knew* Eve and she bore Cain," "Adam *knew* Eve and she bore Abel," "How can I bear a child seeing I *know* not a man?", et cetera, it is very evident that the Tree of Knowledge is a symbolical expression of the creative act. Then it is plain that the serpents taught Eve how to perform the creative act and that Eve instructed Adam. Therefore, Christ designated the serpents as harmful while admitting their wisdom. To get at the identity of the serpent it is necessary to invoke the esoteric teaching, which points them out as the martial Lucifer spirits, rulers of the serpentine sign Scorpio, and their Initiates, even so late as the Egyptian Dynasty wore the Uraeus, or serpent symbol, in the forehead as a sign of the source of their wisdom.

As a consequence of this unauthorized use of the creative force humanity ceased to be ethereal and crystallized into the *coats of skin*, physical body, which now hides from them the gods who dwell in the invisible realms, and great was their sorrow at this loss.

Generation had been originally established by the Angels under Jehovah. It was then performed in great temples under propitious planetary conditions and parturition was then painless, as it is today among wild animals where the creative

function is not abused for the purpose of gratifying the senses.

Degeneration resulted from the ignorant and unauthorized abuse inaugurated by the Lucifer Spirits.

Regeneration must be undertaken in order to restore man to his lost estate as a spiritual being and to free him from this body of death wherein he is now encrusted. Death must be swallowed up of Immortality.

To attain this object a covenant was made with humanity when expelled from the garden of God to wander in the wilderness of the world. According to that plan a Tabernacle was built after a pattern planned by the God, Jehovah, and an ark, symbolical of the human spirit, was placed in it. Its staves were never taken out of their place, to show that man is a pilgrim on the earth and may never rest until he reaches the goal. There was within it a golden pot with "*manna*," (man) "*fallen from heaven*," together with a statement of the divine laws which he must learn in his pilgrimage through the wilderness of matter. This symbolic ark contained also a magic wand, an emblem of the spiritual powers, called *Aaron's rod*, which is now latent in everyone on his way to the haven of rest—the mystic temple of Solomon. The Old Testament also tells how humanity was miraculously led and provided for, how after the warfare with the world they were given peace and prosperity by the aforementioned king; in short, stripped of all embellishments, the story relates the salient facts of man's descent from heaven, his principal metamorphoses, his transgression of the laws of the God Jehovah, how he has been led in the past, and how Jehovah would wish to guide him in the future till he reaches the Kingdom of Heaven—the land of peace—and again docilely follows the lead of the Divine Ruler.

The Masonic legend has points of variance as well as agreement with the Bible story. It states that Jehovah created *Eve*, that the Lucifer Spirit *Samael* united with her and that he was ousted by Jehovah and forced to leave her before the birth of her son Cain, who was thus *the son of a widow*. Then Jehovah created *Adam*, to be the husband of

Eve, and from their union Abel was born. Thus, from the beginning, there were two kinds of people in the world, one begotten by the Lucifer Spirit *Samael* and partaking of a semi-divine nature, imbued with the dynamic martial energy inherited from this divine ancestry, aggressive, progressive, full of initiative, but impatient of restraint or authority, whether human or divine. This class is loth to take things on faith and prone to prove all things by the light of reason. *They believe in works* rather than faith and by their dauntless courage and inexhaustible energy they have transformed the trackless wilderness of the world to a garden full of life and beauty; so lovely, in fact, that *the Sons of Cain* have forgotten the garden of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, whence they were expelled by the decree of the lunar God Jehovah. Against Him they are in constant rebellion because He has tied them by *the umbilical "cable tow."* They have lost their spiritual sight and are imprisoned in the forehead of the body where it is said Cain was marked, and must wander as prodigal sons in the comparative darkness of the material world, oblivious to their high and noble estate, until they find the door of the temple, ask and receive *Light*. Then, as "*phree messen*" or children of light they are instructed in methods of building a new temple without sound of hammer, and when they have learned they may "*travel in foreign countries*" to learn more of the craft—in other words, when the spirit realizes that it is far from its heavenly home, a prodigal feeding upon the unsatisfactory husks of the material world, that apart from the Father, it is "*poor, naked, and blind*," then it knocks at the door of a mystic temple, like that of the Rosicrucians, and asks for light. When it receives the desired instruction, after due qualification in building an ethereal soul-body, a temple or house eternal in the heavens, not made with hands and without sound of hammer, when its nakedness is clothed with that house (see Cor. 4.5), then the neophyte receives "*the word*," the open sesame to the inner worlds and learns to travel in foreign parts in the invisible worlds where it takes soul-flights into heavenly regions and qualifies for higher degrees under more direct instruction from *The Grand*

Architect of the Universe, who fashioned both heaven and earth.

Such is the temperament of *the widow's sons* inherited from their divine progenitor Samael and given by him to their ancestor Cain. Their past history is a struggle with adverse conditions, their achievement is victory wrested from all opposing forces by indomitable courage and persistent effort, unchecked by temporary defeat.

On the other hand, while Cain, governed by divine ambition, toiled and tilled the soil to make two blades of grass grow where there were only one, *Abel the human progeny of human parents*, felt no urge or unrest. Himself a creature of Jehovah through Adam and Eve, he was perfectly contented to tend the flocks, also created by the God, and to accept a livelihood without initiative or labor from their divinely begotten increase. This docile attitude was most pleasing to the God Jehovah, who was extremely jealous of His prerogative as Creator. Therefore He cordially accepted the offering of Abel obtained without effort or initiative, but scorned the offering of Cain, because derived from his own divine creative instinct, akin to that of His own. Cain then slew Abel, but did not thereby exterminate the docile creatures of the God, for we are told *Adam knew Eve again and she bore Seth*. He had the same characteristics as Abel and transmitted them to his descendants, who, to this day, continue to trust to the Lord for everything, *who live by faith and not by work*.

By arduous and energetic application to the world's work, the Sons of Cain acquired worldly wisdom and temporal power. They have been captains of industry and masters of *statecraft*, but the Sons of Abel, looking to the Lord for guidance, have become the receptacles for divine and spiritual wisdom. They constitute the *priestcraft* and the animosity of Cain and Abel has been perpetuated from generation to generation among their respective descendants. Nor could it be otherwise, because one class as temporal rulers aimed to lift humanity to physical well-being through conquest of the material world, while their spiritual guides urge them to forsake the wicked world, the vale of

tears and look to God for comfort. One school aims to turn out *master* workmen, skilled in the use of tools wherewith they may wrest a livelihood from the earth, cursed by their divine adversary Jehovah. The other produces *master magicians*, skilled in the use of the tongue in invocation, whereby they gain support from the toilers here, and pray themselves and their charges into heaven hereafter.

About the future in store for the Sons of Cain and their followers, the temple legend is also most eloquent. It states that from Cain descended Methuselah, who invented writing. Tubal Cain, a cunning worker in metals, and Jubal, who originated music. In short, *the Sons of Cain are the originators of the arts and crafts*. Therefore, when Jehovah chose Solomon, the scion of the race of Seth, to build a house for his name, the sublime spirituality of a long line of divinely guided ancestors flowered into conception of the magnificent temple called Solomon's Temple, though he was only the instrument to carry over the divine plan revealed by Jehovah to David. But he was unable to execute the divine design in a material manner.

Therefore it became necessary for him to apply to King Hiram, of Tyre, the descendant of Cain, who selected *Hiram Abiff, the son of a widow* (as all Free Masons are called because of the relation of their divine progenitor with Eve). Hiram Abiff became then Grand Master of the army of construction. In him the arts and crafts of all the Sons of Cain who had gone before had flowered. He was skilled beyond all others in the work of the world, without which the plan of Jehovah must have remained a divine dream forever. It could never have become a concrete reality. The worldly acumen of the Sons of Cain was as necessary to the completion of this temple as the spiritual conception of the Sons of Seth, and, therefore, during the period of construction the two classes joined forces, the underlying enmity was hidden under a superficial show of amity. It was, indeed, the first attempt to unite them, and had that been accomplished, the world history from then on would have been altered in a very material manner.

The Sons of Cain, descended from the fiery

Lucifer Spirits, were naturally proficient in the use of *fire*. By it they melted the metals hoarded by Solomon and his ancestors into altars, lavers, and vessels of various kinds. Pillars were fashioned by workmen under his direction and arches to rest upon by them. The great edifice was nearing completion and Hiram Abiff made ready to cast the “molten sea,” which was to be the crowning effort,

his masterpiece. It was in the construction of this great work that the treachery of the Sons of Seth became manifest, and frustrated the divine plan of reconciliation when they tried to quench the fire with their natural weapon, *water*; and almost succeeded. The incidents which led up to this catastrophe, their meaning and the sequel, will be related in the next installment of this serial.

The Tree of Life

Blanche Cromartie

Revelation XXII.2

After this manner the Dreamer beheld the Tree of Life. At its foot a young man lay asleep, his garments were of rustic fashion, but the outlines of his form were gracious and comely. His head was pillowed upon a great book, bound in blood-red and furnished with golden clasps. His face was turned to the Dreamer and aught more serene and joyous than its repose could not be pictured; one arm embraced the book; his whole person exhaled an aroma of peace. To the Dreamer he seemed to be as Jacob, and the Tree that ladder which he saw descend from heaven. From beneath the book gushed forth a crystal spring.

Then the Dreamer turned her eyes upon the Tree, that Tree of trees, that archetypal Tree of which all the trees of Eden and of the whole world are but shadows and far-away reflections.

Its trunk was mighty in girth and like in bark to the cedar, yet was it all silvern, though not bright nor burnished.

Therefrom its branches spread forth to all the quarters of heaven and rounded into a mighty sphere; the main boughs thereof seemed to form, as it were, a cross, but its boughs were multitudinous and so luxuriant and rich, and so various its foliage that this could not be plainly seen.

Is not every leaf of every plant a miracle? What then of these? For every leaf was of pure gold and the hue of the gold varied in each—now amber, now rosy, now saffron, now greenish, now ruddy

as burnished copper. And every simple leaf had its own fashion; to one as a fig leaf, one as of an oak, another of a palm, a fourth as a vine, but no tongue could tell them all, for their number was beyond numbering and as their number so their shapes—everyone different from its fellow, yet all were gold and all were beautiful.

Upon every leaf was writing in strange characters, which the Dreamer was not skilled to read, but the voice which speaks without words answered her question. The name of every man and every woman who had taught the Word of Truth was there, likewise the name of every expression of beauty which has brought enlightenment to mankind.

And the joy of beholding their multitude and their manifoldness was very great.

It seemed to the Dreamer that she stood long gazing on the wondrous leafage of the Tree, musing upon the blessedness of those whose names and works are written in this living Book; but at length she turned from the leaves to behold the Fruits of the Tree.

Like Israel’s tribes, like Christ’s apostles, like the celestial hierarchies, these Fruits are twelve, a Fruit for every month, and the manner of them differs. There are the sacred Signs which mark the stages in the Sun’s yearly course, under which each child of Man works, producing his cake of shewbread, accomplishing the labors appointed for his perfecting.

On the branches of the Tree its twelve Fruits shone forth, so many dazzling spheres, and in the spheres the Dreamer beheld their symbols and the Cherub and the Seraph that ruled in each.

First the gracious Sign which was ascending the horizon when the Dreamer began this present day of her age-long schooling.

Mild and tender was its radiance, its sphere resting upon the argent of a crescent moon, which upheld it as the calyx upholds a flower. Within its circle sat a woman, rich in dignity and wisdom, mother-like exceedingly—the Seraph of that sign. A mantle of lavender, rare and exquisite of hue, enwrapt her form; its border broidered in silver after this manner—VIIXVI; for six and nine are the symbols of her throne.

The cherub of that sign was like to a little lad that leaned upon her knee and looked earnestly into her face, drinking in the wisdom that flowed honey-like from her lips. Trust and reverence, tenderness and truth were there; the bond of Master and disciple, of Mother and child. Pendant to this there hung a goodly sphere wherein a rugged mountain loomed; two regal forms ascended its stern heights and sought the peaks, and foremost went the queen, helping her mate to follow.

Another Fruit, gleaming with roseate flame, shewed a young warrior, panoplied in steel, bearing a blood-red shield emblazoned with a snow-white lamb. At his side stood a Seraph veiled in white, setting a horned helmet on his head; upon his brow there flamed a crimson star.

Crowning the Tree appeared that vivid Sign which the MASTER bade His disciples follow if they would find the Upper Room, but by reason of the flashing of the stream which flowed from his golden urn the Dreamer could not plainly see the glorious Cherub who reigned therein.

Beneath this Aquarian Splendor hovered the Celestial Bird, glowing in plumage rose and azure, brooding over that Supreme marvel, which is the center of the Tree, the Core and its life, the Excellency of its splendor, the Heart of all godliness, for in the midst of the Tree the branches weaved as it were a shrine, a *vesica piscis*, out of which was shed forth such a flood of a Divine Radiance that the Dreamer's blinded vision caught but one fleeting glimpse of HIM who sat therein, turned in supernal glory, WORD made Man. But one fleeting glimpse of that joy-giving ONE from whom all Light, all Life, all love endlessly emanate.

And with that one glimpse the Dreamer's soul was reft away and because of the intolerableness of such joy—she awoke.

Awoke? So we call it here below, where return to this world of shadow seemingly is held to be awakening.

And the Dreamer yearns yet, and long has yearned to see again that wondrous Tree, to know the semblance of its twelve-fold Fruits, to learn their high significance—but she is still shadow-bound.

Pray, friend, pray she may again behold that Mystic Tree!

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 XV

ON his spirit rushed through mighty spaces toward a sphere of light which seemed to fill the universe. Innumerable whirling atoms were in this mighty luminous Sun. Each inseparate atom was permeated with the All-con-

scious and he instinctively knew himself to be a part of the sphere of light with its undifferentiated particles. Then a change occurred. There was a great singing movement—a wonderful volume of mighty tones, each atom moving with a tone pecu-

liar to itself. He still knew himself to be a part of the All, but watched the course of one of these singing atoms as with its mighty company it whirled downward—outward. As it whirled downward it gathered about itself matter of denser and denser substance. Then it paused awhile—ages perhaps—in an ethereal realm, where it drew a tenuous veil about its radiant core and center. Ideas, thoughts were in this substance, awaiting embodiment, expression. The whirling atom could not express—it had aeons yet to travel downward before the fitting mechanisms would be ready, then on its long upward path it must learn to evolve and express through its intricate sheaths. He watched, as one apart, the downward swirl, the age-long pause upon each cosmic plane, while the whirling atom gathered new material, new experience. Then its consciousness was suddenly buried deep in matter upon a dark globe and its long pilgrimage began.

He watched through aeons the evolving germ, the spark from the Flame, as it traced its course through globes, revolutions, and periods, until its work as man began. Consciousness awakened in torrid climes where giant fern and tropic forests grew. It unfolded in polar lands amid ice and snow, amid vast civilizations and in desert solitudes in the lost Atlantis. There were fierce tidal waves, volcanic upheavals, mighty cataclysms, many births and deaths; violent impacts, yet consciousness awakened slowly. Sometimes ages passed before there was anything to extract and amalgamate from the life's experience, so deeply was the spirit enmeshed in matter. In those far-off periods the soul grew slowly indeed.

Glimpses now flashed upon the watcher of Indian jungles, of Persian gardens, of Egyptian temples, then a Grecian Acropolis—and here he paused, and consciousness became active. He saw a man of noble presence, a philosopher among his band of pupils. A youth among them sat at his feet and drank in the words of wisdom, yet lived them not. He was a haughty patrician who learned for the sake of learning, for caste, for power! Later the Teacher went to his home among the Athenian groves and the patrician went with him. He loved

the philosopher's beautiful daughter, but he loved power more. Their troth was plighted and the marriage day approached. Later that night in the patrician's home a slave was whipped for some misdemeanor and died with a curse on her lips. With the haughty indomitable spirit of a leader, the youth crushed everything—even virtue and truth before him in his mad grasp for power. He won it but he lost his bride—she spurned him with silent scorn. He vowed vengeance and later he married a soulless beauty who aided him in his nefarious schemes for further mastery!

The philosopher's daughter married another of her father's pupils, a great-souled man who also became a teacher among men. Words of wisdom—the arcane wisdom—fell from his lips as he walked among the Athenian groves with his band of chosen pupils, and his fame spread throughout Greece and the Isles of the sea. Happiness crowned this union—it seemed ideal, as had the father's, but a tragic death befell the young Greek matron. As this scene passed before the eyes of the watcher his anguish found vent in one great cry—*"Marozia—Marozia, I would have died for you!"*

"Marozia!" he repeated, and then awakened into his present brain consciousness. *"Marozia,"* he whispered again now awake to his surroundings. *"Ah, that is where I found the name! It was she in that other life! He raised up suddenly, but fell back in a whirling dizziness and again he seemed transported into a Roman age. His retrospection was not quite complete.*

A Roman Tribune is borne in his chariot from his Villa high on the hills overlooking the city and Campagni. His destination is the Forum. A great issue is pending, which may decide the fate of the nation. He stands like one inspired, while impassioned oratory moves the multitude before him. At the Villa a noble Roman matron awaits his coming and as she greets him her eyes shine with tender, adoring love. *"Ah, this is best of all!"* he exclaims in the lover's impassioned tones. *"Love is better than fame!"*

A beautiful youth suddenly appeared and entreated permission to visit Greece and the and the Orient to study the wisdom of the sages and

the Mystery schools. Looking with tender pride upon their noble son the permission was given. Many scenes passed in swift review before the watcher. There were intrigues, plots, changes of dynasty, victories, defeats, and the Roman Tribune was in the thick of the battle. A certain Centurion was his most bitter, most relentless enemy. This commander secured the cooperation of a Greek slave of the Tribune's household and one night a poison cup was administered. The Tribune and his beautiful wife were the victims. Later the Centurion met the same fate at the hands of the slave.

Once more the scene shifts to a King's Court in a Spanish Kingdom. Many great philosophers and sages were gathered here. There were Alchemists also and Arabian astrologers. One among them there was who knew his power and used it. He was the power behind the throne and he used his power for evil. He dabbled in the black Art and was dreaded and feared by all. He won the love—or compelled it through his magic art—of a fair young Princess, then tossed it aside as a thing of little worth. Over one of the provinces of the realm was a King. His soul would have been great and fine but pride and intellect held sway over him—not love and compassion.

The Princess whom the black magician wooed was his daughter. Love being denied her, she also took refuge in pride and intellect, and she became famous for her satire and her wit. Many suitors flocked to her court, but she scorned love. She satirized it and used the brilliant powers which she possessed to prove that intellect alone should rule and sway mankind. Her father, the King, united with her in this. The slaves, the menials of the Court, were but goods and chattels. If they suffered, it was but a natural sequence of slavery and service. He was never cruel, but love and compassion were foreign to him at that period. As his soul was inherently great and fine, however, and his intellect masterly, he was not far from his awakening. He needed but a little more suffering, a little more trial, and the rounded life would bear rich fruitage. He had tasted power through many lives, now compassion must be awakened.

"Ah, Marozia," he whispered, as he again awakens into the present phase of the one eternal life, "the lesson is learned—our lesson is learned."

* * * * *

Marozia's school was about to close for the summer. It was in a farming settlement, scarcely to be dignified by the name village. Her pupils were boys and girls of the farm, who must early return to the fields. The more advanced among these young villagers attended her father's former school, which took them into the Sophomore year of College.

Today, as Marozia returned across the newly-plowed fields to the farm-house where she boarded, a gathering storm burst in fury upon her unprotected head. The lightning was vivid—blindingly so, but she felt a certain defiance of danger—an elemental daring which found its source in the disturbed centers of her being. It was perpetual conflict within, why not without? "I shall abhor all calm, smiling things if this warfare continues," she exclaimed with a shuddering exultation, as a startling clap of thunder thrilled her senses. A frenzy—half-rapture, half-terror, seized her. She was wholly in sympathy with nature's mood. "Through scenes of terrible commotion"—"Yes, that is best at this stage of the pilgrimage—the conflict will end the sooner for we can only endure so much—in these sensitive bodies!" So she spoke to herself, while the storm without answered to that within.

When she reached her dismal little garret, the storm had spent its fury and she became depressed. It was so cheap and coarse and ugly within—and so stifling. There was something within her which always protested against ugly, sordid conditions. There were indistinct memories of marble halls, of courtly elegance, of position, of power. This innate sense was born more than instinct, more than a dream—it was a reality of which she was a part. All with whom she came into contact subtilely recognized this innate power of hers—it shone out through her face, it revealed itself in her bearing, it proclaimed itself in her exquisite soul, in its majesty and queenliness, in its refined beauty,

She had always been different from those

around her. Mrs. Morton and her father were the only exceptions. It was this quality which the villagers recognized, but could not understand—therefore resented it in their clumsy way. Environment had always meant much to her, but she was learning to live and endure, and smile above it all. Today her room seemed unusually depressing. The kitchen odors still lingered among the rude beams. She threw up her small window and a gust of rain-filled air swept across her flushed face. She drew in a long, full breath. In a passionate frenzy she appealed to the Infinite. “My Father, I cannot endure this longer! This close, stifling existence will kill me! I must have freedom, life! Even storm is better—the fury of cyclonic storm! Rather let my life go out in a quick, wild tempest than to drag on interminably in a dull, lengthened-out monotony!”

Then she thought of her father. No, I must live for him! I must learn to live—even this way! To *live*, not merely exist! Her former teacher, Mr. Arlington, came into mind as she remembered some things which he had said to her about the significance of life—real life. One thought stood out clearly now above the rest, as a sort of finale to her reflections. It was the importance of getting the most out of each passing experience, to find the lesson in each unhappy and distressful condition. “Otherwise,” he had concluded, “we may spend a whole lifetime skimming over the surface of experience and not extract anything therefrom which we can carry on and convert into soul or faculty. We must learn to master conditions, not permit them to master us!”

“Yes, that is what we must do,” she replied, as though her soul were speaking to him. “It is what I must do now and here!” She then drew her reading chair to the window; the storm was receding. She always enjoyed reading an epic or tragedy when the elements were in conflict. She took up the *Iliad*, but failed to become absorbed in the quarrels of the old Greek and Trojan heroes. For the first time, all the thunder of material measures, the minute detail of movement regarding these quarrels appeared foolish, trivial. The ponderous pages were no longer likened by her glowing

fancy to the march of Jupiter. These fabled heroes suddenly appeared but overgrown children. In the marvelous complexities which the unfolding consciousness presents at this present stage of development, the physical prowess in war which was the principal requisite of that far-off age, indeed appears simple and primitive.

The warfare now is carried on within, where marvelous situations unfold—where stupendous issues are involved, where the forces fight blindly, enveloped in darkness. And—sometimes—one is not quite sure what the conflict is for, or what the issue. In a vague metaphysical way the mind knows that it is the age-long conflict between good and evil that must be fought out on the battleground of the soul, but where is the dividing line? It seems, in the last analysis, to be a question of parallax, of position on the Path. Yet the warfare must go on and the soul must suffer and gain by its suffering, added experience.

So today everything appeared commonplace to Marozia in the outward world. Her inner world had suddenly unfolded wondrous possibilities—possibilities of titanic suffering and steady, heroic march unto the silence and the twilight. As she sat lost in meditation, she seemed to hear her father’s voice and his image rose before her quite distinctly.

“What is it, Father?” she cried, springing to her feet. “I must go to him—something has happened.” She half sobbed as she sank back in sudden faintness. The old library at the Villa rose before her in startling distinctness. She saw faded crimson of tapestries and rug, the long rows of bookcases surmounted by busts of Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare; the large fireplace before which they sat on winter evenings, the richly carved mantel, holding the antique clock and vases; the white fur rug before the fireplace on which she used to curl with Rover at her father’s feet; the big easy chair, drawn up before the library table, and the glowing fire.

She saw her father’s grand spiritual face, a patient, suffering face, and could hear his voice, which grew lower, tenderer, as the light softened and faded and shadows crept into the corners

around the great bookcases. How he interpreted and paraphrased and suggested new beauties of rendering in his own vivid, eager, inimitable way. His paraphrases were the best part of it all. As the light faded away she always sat upon her hassock at his side with his hand resting in benediction upon her head with its crown of dark shining hair. Sometimes—and she shivered as this Picture arose—the mountain ash shook its red berries against the window panes as the night wind stirred and moaned like a soul in pain. Then, while this picture passed before her vision, a strange thing happened. Suddenly her vision expanded and another scene back in a classic age unfolded. A Grecian facade, a rare garden, a coast, scene after scene in panoramic view, glided by, and always there seemed to be two spirits linked indissolubly to hers. As the scroll unrolled she was conscious of another influence, compelling, yet from which she shrank in vague horror. Then a Roman Villa came into view and she felt the same great spirit moving along beside hers through the stirring scenes of that period. Always there was the deep sense of unity with the great Ego which now masked under her father's personality. When she took up the present thread of her life, she sprang up and made ready to go to him. She rode in a farmer's cart to the village, then hastened along the rain-washed street. She shuddered as she heard the old mill-wheel creak, but hastened on with one impulse—to reach her father.

"Ah, my little Girl, I thought you would come!" he said as she entered. She was stricken dumb by the pallor of his face. He tried to smile as he reached out his arms toward her.

"Father!" she gasped, as she buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed from reactionary weakness. She felt faint and sick.

"You called me, Father."

"Yes."

"You needed me, dear Father."

"Yes, I needed you—but why did you think I called you?"

"I heard you quite clearly and saw you at my side—so I came."

"My little Girl—Child of my heart!"

"But Father, you are ill—tell me all, for I am strong now and have learned to endure!"

"Marozia, my child, I think that I have lost something—something which played like luminous flame within, compelling utterance! Something which I tried to hold, and question, and express. But it is gone—and I—am lost—in the shadows!" His face suddenly had become shrunken and wan, and his eyes had lost their deep glow.

"Oh, Father—dear Father—you break my heart! It is not lost—it must not be! It will return with new power! You are weary now and need rest! Oh tell me—tell me that it will come again!" Her anguish aroused him.

"Yes, Darling, it must return—it must return! The divine Purpose never includes caprice or failure. It is always completing, perfecting. It would not desert me now and here. I take the gift itself as a sign and token."

"Spoken like my own dear Father!" A convulsive shudder passed over him and a host of haunting memories trailed in its wake. That was her reply on that memorable night—it seemed ages ago—when they walked through the beechwood together. That was at the beginning of the tragedy, and on that night of prophetic shadow his sorrowful spirit caught beams of light from her sunny one.

"You remember, Father, our walk through the woods on the night of my home-coming! You spoke of the inner meaning of our sorrows and trials and later in the library at the close of the evening you spoke so eloquently of the '*Sic itur ad astra.*' You reminded me that the way thither does not so greatly signify if we only reach the stars—which typify our goal. You are now passing through the 'deserts whose solitude presses with silent dismay on the heart.' But take courage, dear Father! On the far horizon I see a light—a beautiful light, violet-hued—and you will walk in it—I see you walking in it now—your beautiful visions living realities—and others—many others will see and know through you." She spoke eagerly, passionately, as if with prophetic insight. Here yes were tenderly luminous and her voice vibrant with strange mystical sweetness. She bent toward him

with her hands folded over his thin, nervous fingers. There was wistful tenderness in his face—the child-look veiled during the stirring, aggressive years was creeping out through its mask of flesh. It was not the senile weakness of an unused mind and a coarsened heart, but the gentle purity of a strong, far-seeing soul chastened by manifold sorrows. As he gazed on her with loving pride he grew stronger. They talked of his work and plans and the glow returned. He marvelled at her deepening power and insight.

“I think the luminous Flame has entered the soul of my child,” he said as they parted for the night. Her smile held a touch of mysterious awe blended with electrical radiance.

Chapter XVI

Events now hurried as they have a way of doing when a crisis approaches. Within the weeks that followed two of them stood out above all the others in Marozia’s life and her father’s. The first of these was the pivot upon which the situation turned. Ralph Remington had finished his book and it was rounded and completed under the power of his olden inspiration. It was a master key to many baffling problems of life and through it gleamed the light of truth—truth for future ages to work out. During the weeks which had passed since his vision, he had wrought with a new power—a power born of deep compassion. He no longer stood apart upon the heights working indirectly for humanity through his genius, but felt himself to be one with it in all its age-long struggles. His work was his contribution to the whole, his offering upon the altar of service. He had not thought of the material side until one sorrowful day when he was suddenly confronted by cold, bare facts—mercenary, sordid facts they seemed to the gifted dreamer in the full flush of creative power. The publisher to whom he offered his work sent the customary reply that his work would be read, reviewed, advertised and published in accordance with the usual terms; viz., the author to pay for the cost of the first edition. He tried again, but met with the same result. Another demanded a certain sum for a favorable review and a sufficient

number of subscribers guaranteed to cover the cost of the first edition. No one was willing to take the work on its merits and bring it out. A year ago he might have raised the requisite amount, but now there was absolutely no possibility of compliance with the demands of the publishers.

With a sinking heart he received one blow after another, each time with less power of resistance. Everything depended upon the sale of this book—everything. All his future work hinged upon it. If this were successful his creative powers would know no limit. If it failed, or if he failed to bring it before the public—ah, he dared not face the tragedy—he dared not think farther. He had nothing else to turn to—the end had seemed to come to all things for him.

The crisis was reached one Saturday evening when Marozia walked with him to the village post office for their daily mail. The blow had fallen, the last crushing disappointment had come to his long-tried heart. He seemed doomed to defeat.

The next day Mrs. Remington left them. She would no longer endure the poverty and share with them the shame of apparent defeat. It was then in one moment of fierce sorrow, of blinding agony that Marozia’s resolution was taken. She would save her father at all cost to herself. She would marry Claude Rathburn. Circumstances had thrown her into his society quite frequently of late and he had lost no opportunity to weave his coils about her. One night, not long after her decision was made, she became the betrothed bride of the man from whom her whole inner nature shrank, but who possessed a strange power over her.

During the days which followed there was tempest within and chaos with a certain amount of emotional daring, of wild abandonment to the forces which swept her on. Her great mind, suddenly brought down from its own high plane to the astral vortices, found itself in a strange bewildering complexity of emotional experiences. It had in that one fatal moment of sudden decision allied herself with the world of illusion and phantasy, for she would not take more than she gave. The choice was made through a pressure of circumstances irresistible because of her unselfish love. That

motive was the redeeming and absolving element in an otherwise mercenary and sordid transaction. Now that she had made her choice, she would not rob him—she would fulfill her part. To that end she compelled her emotions, she stifled her ideals, her reason, and tried to coerce her heart. She would love as a wife should love—if not now, after the solemn words were spoken which should link their lives together. She had a very faint conception of what this implied. To her now it was a hazy emotional experience which would invest life—their life together—with a sort of romantic halo. Beyond that she dared not look.

She began to wonder if she would ever know peace again. Her inner life now was one of alternating conflict and wild exhilaration, which carried her on unto her doom. Her soul was a very medley of contradictory emotions. Her solemn-eyed angel still whispered “no” in the still hours of the night when she entered the silence of her soul, but she had made her unalterable decision and tried to persuade herself that she felt as she should feel. She would compel her heart, or her emotional nature, to obey. She would give it no choice, for her father’s life was at stake.

To add to Claude’s adventure in this wild game, the spring days were here in which nature allied her marvellous enchantments with the power of awakening emotions. The spell which was now weaving around her heart was vague and dreamy as the charm of moonlight, yet colored by the romance and poetry of her soul. The birds were intoxicated with life as they soared in wild, rapid flight through the fragrant air. The forests were filled with eager young stirring things: the blue lakes and the mountain streams were instinct with quick, flashing life which disdained not its piscatorial rebirth. The elder-bush along the winding lanes offered its fragrant contribution to the enticing sweets of honeysuckle, wild rose and syringa. All things were ready for the nuptials of spring promise and summer perfection. Like a weary child she began to yield to the strange spell which enwrapt her.

As she was passing the Rectory one day soon after the betrothal, Mrs. Morton called to her:

“Come in and see my orchid, Marozia.”

As they passed up the flower-bordered walk arm-in-arm, a stranger would have been struck by the similarity between them, and doubtless would have taken them for mother and daughter. The same bright, eager, glowing features, the same soul-lit eyes animated both faces, only one was young in years and the other thrilled with the spirit of immortal youth, while the passing years had set their seal of tranquil beauty upon the sweet, fair face. Ralph Remington had often noticed the resemblance. He alone could account for it to his interior consciousness, for one sweet face had been his lifelong inspiration and ages ago they had loved and lost.

As they stood before the orchid, their flower-like faces bending close to the ethereal blossom, Marozia exclaimed in her old, eager, child-like manner:

“Oh, how beautiful! Wonderful, too, is it not, dear Mrs. Morton?”

“Yes, wonderful when we consider the conditions under which it works.” A bright, piquant smile flashed out. It had the effect of electrical radiance.

“There is but slight analogy between human parasites and their type in plant life.”

“None, Marozia, except that they demand similar conditions under which to exist.”

“Mrs. Morton, before I go, will you sing for me? It is so long since I heard the dear old songs!”

“What, must I sing the same old songs? Surely they will seem simple to you now!”

“Simple things always are best when they are sweet and true.” Mrs. Morton detected a note of sadness in the low, earnest voice.

“Truly she has changed,” she thought. She did not dream of the betrothal, but she knew something of Marozia’s inner nature and the trials of her life. She knew that her nature was not inherently simple, but complex, many-sided, and its needs proportionately great and manifold. When, therefore, she uttered that sentiment, Mrs. Morton fancied it to be the result of stifled longing—the forced content which succeeds a long paralyzing agony.