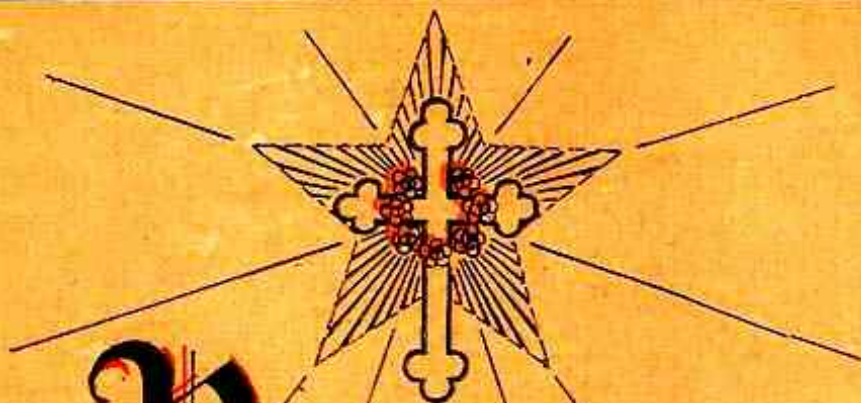


AUGUST



# Keys from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM  
THE DWELLER ON THE  
THRESHOLD  
THE MEMORY OF NATURE  
THE LOST WORD  
LINKS OF DESTINY



Edited by Max Heindel

1917



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY

MAX HEINDEL



VOL 7

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA AUGUST, 1917

NO. 4

## 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

Subscription in the U. S. and Canada: \$2 a year  
England: 8s 4d a year; Germany: 8 marks 25 Pf.

Single copies 20c.

Back numbers 25c.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

AUGUST 1917

## Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part III

### THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

**T**HE Masonic Legend is voluminous, circumstantial, even trivial, and seemingly far-fetched and fantastic to the uninitiated, who fail to see the important hidden meaning underlying every word, but I shall give only such fragments as have a bearing upon our main subject and the explanation necessary to link them together.

The events which led up to the conspiracy against the Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, mentioned in our last installment, and which culminated in his murder, commenced with the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, who had been attracted to the court of Solomon by tales of his wonderful wisdom and of the splendor of the temple he was engaged in building. She is said to have come laden with gorgeous gifts and it is stated that at first she was much impressed with the wisdom of Solomon, but even the Bible, which is written from the standpoint of the Jehovistic hierarchies, hints that she saw at the court of Solomon one that was fairer than he, and there the Bible narrative drops her. Her marriage with Solomon was never consummated, or the name of Mason would have faded from memory long ere the present day and humanity at large would now be docile children of the dominant church, without free will, choice, or prerogative. Nor could she be permitted to wed Hiram, who represents the temporal power, or Religion would be stamped out; she must wait for the bridegroom who shall embody within himself the combined good qualities of Solomon and Hiram, but who is purified from their weak points. For the Queen of Sheba is the composite soul of Humanity and at the consummation she will be the

bride, and Christ, whom Paul called a High Priest after the order of Melchizedek, will fill the dual office of both spiritual and temporal head, where he will be both king and priest, to the eternal welfare of mankind at large, who are now in bondage, either to church or state but waiting, whether they realize it or not, for the day of emancipation, symbolically represented as the Millennium, with a wonderful city, a new Jerusalem, *a city of peace*. And the earlier this amalgamation can be brought about, the better for humanity. Therefore an attempt was made at the time and in the place which is said in the Legend to be the scene of Solomon's and Hiram's love story. There the two Initiatory Orders met for the consummation of a definite work of amalgamation, symbolically called *The Molten Sea*, a work which was then attempted for the first time. It could not have been wrought at any earlier period, for man was not sufficiently advanced. At that time, however, it seemed as if the united efforts of the two schools might accomplish the task, and had it not been for the desire of each to oust the other from the affections of the symbolic Queen of Sheba, the soul of humanity, they might have succeeded, an equitable union between Church and State might have been effected and human evolution would have been greatly furthered. But both Church and State were jealous of their particular prerogative; the Church would only amalgamate upon condition that she retain all her ancient power over mankind, and take in addition those of the temporal government. The State was selfish in a similar manner and the Queen of Sheba, humanity at large, is still unwed. The Masonic Legend tells the story of the

attempt and its failure as follows:

When the Queen of Sheba had been shown the gorgeous palace of Solomon and bestowed her choice gifts of gold and wrought work, she asked also to be shown the great Temple which was nearing completion. She marveled much at the magnitude of the work but wondered at the seeming absence of workmen and the stillness about the place. And she therefore requested Solomon to call the workmen, that she might see who had wrought this wonder; but though the servants of Solomon at the palace obeyed the slightest wish of the monarch, and although he had been appointed by the God Jehovah to build the temple, these workmen were not subject to his authority, they only yielded obedience to one who had "*The Word*" and "*The Sign.*" Therefore no one appeared at the call of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba could not escape the conclusion that this marvelous miracle was wrought by another and one who was greater than Solomon. And so she insisted on knowing and seeing this *King of Crafts* and his wonderful workmen, much to the chagrin of Solomon, who felt that he had fallen in her estimation.

The temple of Solomon is our Solar Universe, which forms the great school of life for our evolving humanity, and the broad lines of that history, past, present and future, is written in the stars; its broad outlines being discernible to anyone of average intelligence. In the Microcosmic scheme, the temple of Solomon is also the body of man, wherein the individualized spirit or ego is evolving, as God is in the great universe. Work on the true temple, as we are told in 2<sup>nd</sup> Corinthians, fifth chapter, is even wrought by invisible forces working in silence, building the temple without sound of hammer. As the temple of Solomon was visible in all its glory to the Queen of Sheba, so the evidence of the toil of these invisible forces is easily perceived, both in the universe and in man, but they themselves keep in the background and work without ostentation. They hide from all who have not the right to see them or to command them. The relation of these nature forces and the work they do in the universe may perhaps be better understood when we use an illustration. Let us suppose that a

carpenter wishes to build a house wherein to live. He selects a place whereon to build and brings the material thither. Then with the tools of his trade he commences to lay the foundation. Gradually the walls are put up, the roof put on, the inside completed and the structure is finished. During all the time when he is working, a dog, which is an intelligent spirit belonging to another and later life-wave of evolution, watches his actions and the whole process of construction and sees the house gradually take shape and be completed. But it lacks the proper understanding of what he is doing and of what is the ultimate purpose in his mind. Let us now suppose that the dog were unable to see the carpenter or to hear the noise made by his hammer and other tools. Then it would be in the same relation to this builder, as humanity at large is to the Architect of the Universe and the forces which work under His command. For the dog would then see only the materials coming together slowly and taking shape, finally forming a finished structure. Humanity also sees the silent growth of plant, of beast and of bird, but is unable to understand what causes this physical growth and the changes in the visible universe, for it does not see the immense army of invisible workmen who are silently toiling in the soundless silence to bring about these results. Nor do they respond to the call of anyone who has not the sign and the word of power, no matter how high his standing or station in the world.

The Churchman always emphasizes the necessity of faith, while the Statesman emphasizes, and places his reliance on *work*. But when faith flows into work, we reach the highest ideal of expression. Humanity may, and does, admire lofty sentiment and brilliant oratory, but when a Lincoln unbinds the shackles of a downtrodden race or when a Luther revolts in behalf of the fettered spirits and secures religious freedom for them, their outward action reveals a beauty of soul never discernable in those who soar in cloudland, but fear to soil their hands by actual work on the temple of humanity. They are not true temple builders and would be unable to gain inspiration from the sight of that wonderful temple described

by Manson in *The Servant in the House*. The author calls him Man-son; this may mean that he regards him as the Son of Man, but it may also be that he meant Mason, for the Servant in the House was also a temple-builder, and it is wonderful what insight the author of the play must have had when he planned the scene where this servant, the workman in love with his work, tells the worldly-minded Churchman who is full of platitudes and as vile as a white sepulcher, of the temple he built. His conception is a mystic gem and we append it for the reader's meditation:

"I am afraid you may consider it an altogether substantial concern, it has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. *Some people never see it at all*, for you must understand this is not a dead pile of stones and unmeaning timbers; IT IS A LIVING THING.

"When you enter it you hear a sound as of some mighty poem chanted; listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls; that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome, the WORK OF NO ORDINARY BUILDER.

"Its pillars go up like the brawny trunks of heroes, the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks; strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone, its terrible spans and arches are the joined hands of comrades; and in its heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers in the world."

"It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light, now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome—THE COMRADES THAT HAVE GONE ALOFT."

It is such a temple the Mystic Mason is building,

he endeavors to *work* on the temple of Humanity at large, and, "when the rose adorns itself, it adorns the garden," therefore he aims also to cultivate his own spiritual powers, as foreshadowed in THE MOLTEN SEA.

Solomon had already sued for the hand of the Queen of Sheba, and had been accepted. So, feeling that the meeting with Hiram Abiff might change her affections, he endeavored to consummate their marriage before granting her wish to meet the Grand Master. But the Queen was obstinate, she sensed the grandeur of the Master Workman, whose skill had wrought the marvelous Temple, and she felt intuitively drawn towards this man of action, in a manner she had never been moved by the wisdom of Solomon, which only found verbal expression in flowery speeches and high ideals which he was unable to carry into realization. Therefore, the reluctance of Solomon to let her meet Hiram Abiff made the Queen all the more anxious and importunate, so that at last Solomon was forced to accede to her request, and he grudgingly sent for the Grand Master. When Hiram Abiff appeared, and Solomon saw the love-light kindle in the eyes of the Queen of Sheba, jealousy and hatred took root in his heart; he was, however, too wise to betray his feelings. But from that moment the plan of reconciliation and amalgamation of the Sons of Seth and the Sons of Cain, which had been mapped out by the divine Hierarchies, was doomed to failure, wrecked upon the rocks of jealousy and self-seeking.

The Queen of Sheba, according to the Masonic Legend, then requested Hiram Abiff to show her the workmen on the Temple, and the Grand Master struck a nearby *rock* with his *hammer* so that the fire sparks flew, and at the sign of *fire* coupled with the work of power, the toilers of the Temple flocked around their Master in a great multitude, which no one could count, all ready and anxious to do his bidding. And this spectacle so impressed the Queen of Sheba with the wonderful power of this man that she determined to jilt Solomon and win the heart of Hiram Abiff. In other words, Humanity, when its eyes are opened to the impotence of the Churchmen, the Sons of Seth, who are

themselves dependent upon divine favor, sees the power and potency of the rulers of temporal fame, is then ready to rush to them, to leave the spiritual for the material. This, from the Microcosmic angle of the matter.

From the Cosmic angle or viewpoint, we note again that Solomon's Temple is the Solar Universe and Hiram Abiff, the Grand Master, is the Sun which travels around the twelve signs of the Zodiac, enacting there the mystic drama of the Masonic Legend. At the Vernal Equinox the Sun leaves the *watery sign Pisces*, which is also feminine and docile, for the belligerent, martial, energetic, *fiery sign Aries*, the ram or lamb, where it is exalted in power. It fills the universe with a creative fire which is immediately seized upon by the innumerable billions of nature spirits who therewith build the Temple of the coming year in forest and fen. The forces of fecundation applied to the countless seeds slumbering in the ground cause them to germinate and fill the earth with luxuriant vegetation, while the group spirits mate the beasts and birds in their charge so that they may bring forth and increase sufficient to keep the population of our planet at normal. According to the Masonic Legend, Hiram Abiff, the Grand Master, used a hammer to call his workmen and it is significant that the symbol of the sign Aries, where this wonderful creative activity commences, is shaped like a double ram's horn, which also resembles a hammer. It is also worthy of notice that in the ancient Norse Mythology the Vanir, or water deities, are said to have been conquered by the Assir, or fire gods, and the hammer wherewith the Norse God Thor struck fire from the sky finds its counterpart in the thunderbolt of Jove. Like Hiram, they belong to the hierarchy of Fire, the Lucifer Spirits, the *Sons of Cain*, striving for positive Mastership through individual effort and therefore upholding the *male* ideal, which is diametrically opposite to the hierarchy which works in the plastic element Water. In the present day Temples of one Order, magic water stands at the door, and all who enter are required to apply this lethal liquid to the point in the forehead where the Spirit resides. Their reason is drowned in dictums and dogmas, and the

*female* ideal is worshiped in the Virgin Mary. Faith is the prime factor in their salvation, the attitude of unquestioning childlike obedience is cultivated.

It is different in the Temple of the other Order. When the candidate enters there, "poor," "naked" and "blind," he is asked at once what he is seeking, and when he answers "*Light*," it is the duty of the Master to give what he asks and make him a *Phree Messen*—a Child of Light. It is his duty also to teach him to work, and a *male ideal*, Hiram Abiff, the Master workman, is presented for emulation. He is taught to be always ready to give a reason for his faith. As he qualifies in the work, he rises step by step, and at each degree more light is given. There are 3x3 degrees in the lesser Mysteries, and when the candidate has passed the 9<sup>th</sup> Arch, he is in the Holy of Holies, which forms the gate to greater fields beyond the scope of Masonry. For further elucidation of that subject the student is referred to the chapters on Initiation, Volcanic Eruption and the number 9 in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*.

Advancement and Promotion in Mystic Masonry is not dependent on favor, it cannot be given till it has been earned and the candidate has stored in himself the power to rise, any more than a pistol can be fired till it has been loaded; and *initiation is merely like pulling the trigger*—it consists of showing the candidate how to use the power latent within himself.

There were some among the workmen on the Temple who thought they ought to be promoted to a higher degree, but who had not the power within; therefore Hiram Abiff could not initiate them, and as they were unable to see that the lack was in them, they felt provoked at Hiram, as over-ambitious candidates of today feel slighted and stamp a spiritual teacher as a fraud who is unable to give them immediate illumination and induction into the invisible, while they are still eating of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and unwilling to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of self-denial. The dissatisfied among Hiram's men entered into a conspiracy to spoil his great Masterpiece, the Molten Sea. Our next installment will deal with that subject.

# 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 XVII

SARAH THOMAS was standing by the orchard gate awaiting Claude Rathburn's return. She had changed greatly since the day of her first meeting with Marozia in the meadow. Her shyness had vanished with her sallowness and an indefinable expression trembled in the curves of her mouth. Her face was rounded now and two dimples revealed the new happiness of her heart. It mattered not to her that the happiness rested upon a very insecure foundation—that there was no foundation at all in fact. In her face, which had been undeniably plain, there had crept something which simulated beauty through the transforming power of love—or its shadow. She never had been loved and she never had anyone to love until Claude Rathburn's fascinating face smiled into hers in amused contempt. She saw only the smile, the outward attraction—and was content. To be sure, Tom Gregory cared for her in his raw unsophisticated way, but she did not count that. He repelled her. He was too uncouth even for Sarah, for like many of her sisters she preferred the glitter of polished immorality to the stupid goodness of an untutored boor. Her pretty vanity and conceit were vanishing now in the new interest which life held for her. Even the old insolent defiance was submerged beneath her passion, which rapidly approached the absolving stage where it is purified and refined through love.

As she stood by the orchard gate with the look of eager expectancy in her sparkling eyes and the flush on her face she was pretty with the pathetic prettiness which the awakened emotional centers stamp upon the human features. She leaned over the stile and watched the clouds drift across the sky. A storm was gathering and the night-wind grew sharp like a sudden knife-thrust and she shivered as she watched the stars disappear one by one

in the scurrying cloud masses. A sudden thought of her former teacher came into her mind. Then a vision gradually unfolded, mist-like, in which his fine, patient face was the centre. It was a face luminous—not by human passion as hers was at this moment, but—with the Divine Fire, which glorifies but never sears nor blackens. Tears came into her eyes momentarily, quenching the burning glow.

“Oh, my dear Master,” she murmured with a little catch, a half-sob in her voice, “would you condemn me, I wonder, if you knew?” She suddenly turned as though a human presence had obtruded, flushing guiltily. Then she clasped her hands over her heart with a thrill of exultation, at once defiant and pathetic.

“I don't care—I don't care! I love him and will keep on loving him even if he doesn't love me—and he has never told me he did! Anyway, he has saved me from my life of sordid, wretched drudgery and I worship him for it—no, I worship him for himself! I would go back to the old existence with him rather than a queen's life without him!”

She grew reminiscent as she leaned upon the stile and gazed at the stars which still glimmered through the clouds. Her love had reached a far higher altitude since that day so long ago when she felt flattered by the imaginary honor of Claude Rathburn's attention. Her vanity was burning out in the fire and only unselfish devotion would remain when the ordeal was complete.

“How strangely it all came to me,” she soliloquized, “while I sat upon the big rock in the meadow, hating my life and hating Marozia Remington more—not because of anything she had done, but because she was a thorn in my flesh! I don't see any use in things being so one-sided in this world!

She never did anything to deserve her good fortune any more than I did to deserve my misery! I would have liked to be charming in personality too, and genteel, and—everything that she is. Most of all I would have liked to have a father like hers! What a joy it must be to a girl to have a father that she can look up to and be proud of—one who can teach her everything she wants to know! I don't see why she had all the good things of life! But I don't care now for she's getting her share of trouble and things are evening up a little. After Mr. Rathburn came it all changed. My good times began and hers vanished. What a voice he has! Tom Gregory's always grated on my ears—especially when he tried to be nice. I always hated my name—it matched my old faded calico dress: 'Say-ry'—that's the way they all pronounced it, but when he spoke it in his musical voice I liked it almost as well as some of my Latin lessons when Mr. Remington read and translated. Then when he really noticed me—me, plain Sarah Thomas, who nobody had ever cared for before (except Tom, and he doesn't count)—it was too good to be true. I couldn't wish for anything more—except—I wished he would marry me so that I could tell everybody how happy I am. It must be great to be really and truly married to a man that you love—especially to a man like him!"

A look of rapture flashed across her face as she detected the dull thud of horse hoofs in the distance. She sprang to lower the bars—it was the old, unused orchard gate. Claude Rathburn had taken this road of late, a short cut from the highway. As she sprang forward her foot caught in a tangle of briar and she fell. He was too far off to see her frenzy of mortification; all awkwardness was inexcusable to him. She quickly recovered herself, as he had not seen, but there were painful scratches to attest the stolen tryst. She was oblivious to pain, however, when the man she worshiped was near. As he approached she cried in a low joyful tone:

Oh, Mr. Rathburn—I'm so glad you've come! I've waited so long!" He replied abstractedly. It was dark and she could not see the disgusted expression on his face. He dismounted and

walked beside her, leading his horse through the orchard path.

"Why do you stand out here in the night air? You are very silly to do it!" His voice held a note that was not pleasant.

"Only for one thing—yourself. I wanted to see you first."

"So I am only a 'thing!' Why don't you speak correctly? I hate these plebeian village-isms!"

"Forgive me, Mr. Rathburn—I did not think."

"No one seems to think here in this provincial little burg! But that is no excuse—you ought to think."

"Do I disappoint you, Mr. Rathburn?"

"Yes, you disappoint me continually."

"I don't mean to—I would sacrifice Heaven itself and my own soul for you!" As she spoke those awful words a fiery bolt seemed to quiver through her soul, leaving it seared, paralyzed. All upreaching aspirations, all vanished in that one fatal moment when she placed the human before the Divine Love. She had spoken with intense, tearful emotion and it angered him. The situation was becoming too acute—it had passed the amusing stage and he wished to terminate the game.

"Mr. Rathburn!" she exclaimed with a sob in her voice.

"Well, what is it?"

"Don't you love me at all?"

"Oh, Sarah, cut this nonsense! Why can't you be sensible like—"

"Marozia Remington." As she completed the sentence for him there was a note of pathetic remonstrance mingled with dull despair, as though the end of all things had come for her—yet she could not accept her fate.

He was silent. "Marozia Remington?" She repeated with shuddering emphasis, as though her apparition stood on the battlefield within, an avenging spirit.

"You're good at guessing." There was a half-reckless, mocking bravado in his voice and manner. "Guess again."

"You love her." The words were spoken in the dead metallic voice which falls like an echo of crushing conviction reverberating from some tomb



within. The fire and the agony were past and she merely waited in the cold silence for the next blow.

“What a sybil you are tonight in very truth.”

“You love her” she repeated, clutching his arm convulsively. Something in her face and voice compelled an answer. Instinctively he knew that a crisis impended, that the time for banter and evasion were passed. The play had ended, the game was over—the time for reckoning had come. Overwhelming agony is masterful, it compels respect, exacts a certain reverence. His tone suddenly changed to one of half-playful raillery.

“See here, Sarah, it is time to quit all this foolishness. I am going to marry Marozia Remington and you had better take Tom and I’ll make a nice little settlement upon you and give you a house on the estate to live in and you can help Mrs. Reed in looking after things. Won’t that be jolly for you?” A vacant stare met his cynical smile. Her heart had received a deadly blow, so had her soul and life became suddenly cold and grey. Her air castles had vanished, her world of dreams lay in ugly ruins and no compensating veils covered them. All was stark, drear and desolate, like a battlefield in the grey dawn. She had deliberately cut herself off from the life of aspiration and noble purpose. All was vacuity within; there was no stirring of a fire upon the altar, no circulation of divine currents, no altruistic desire, not even exultant consciousness of the Ego—merely blankness. He had humbled her and tossed her aside like a worthless thing and her inner consciousness told her that she deserved it all. They had reached the barn and she stood shivering, not alone from the chill air. His raillery ceased as he looked into her face.

“Sarah, don’t take this so seriously. Come, be a good sport.” Her silence and the expression—on her face irritated him.

“Sarah,” he repeated, “listen to me. I want this nonsense cut out. You know I told you once that you were silly to run after me the way you did. I told you that sometime I should be obliged to go away. That time has come. New York will be my home hereafter. If you are wise you will marry Tom and I’ll do well by you.”

There was not even a mute protest in her eyes,

only dull apathy as if her soul were dead. He was prepared for violent protest, for a tirade or a scene, which girls of her class are apt to indulge in, but not for this apathetic silence. The situation was too tragical for him and a vague uneasiness seized him.

“Go into the house at once, Sarah. It is too chilly for you to stand out here, and—be sensible about it, you knew it would come sometime. You didn’t expect me to marry you, did you?”

Still she did not answer and he seized her arm and led her to the house. When she passed the sitting room Mrs. Reed was nodding over her knitting. The clock on the mantle ticked cheerfully and the firelight made fantastic shapes on the richly papered walls as the log blazed on the hearth. To Sarah all sights and sounds were alike now. Her heart was broken. The curse had come home to her in this life—the curse she had uttered for Marozia Remington.

.....

Later that evening Claude Rathburn was sitting with his betrothed planning for the future. He was to leave on the night train for New York to open his home in the Bronx and prepare for the reception to his bride. They were to be married quietly in the little Gothic church upon his return. Marozia insisted that it should be quiet. At length he asked.

“Have you any commissions for me to execute while in the city?”

“Thank you, I believe not, Mr. Rathburn.”

“Can you not say Claude? You have never called me anything less formal than ‘Mr. Rathburn.’” He lifted her face to his and she shuddered.

“Is it so hard?”

“No—yes—I hardly know—only—”

“Only what?”

“Oh please do not press the subject—I cannot, Mr.—”

“Claude,” he supplemented, admiring her fine reticence.

“By the way, shall we keep Sarah and let her help Mrs. Reed in the Villa while we are in New York? I think that she and Tom Gregory will make

a match and they could live in one of the tenant cottages. It would be better to have someone besides Mrs. Reed to look after things in our absence, she is so rheumatic and half blind.”

Marozia approved and expressed a wish to help Sarah in some effective way. Her conversation with Mrs. Morton regarding the girl recurred to her mind.

“That is one of your beautiful little illusions—that idea of helping others. It renders you doubly charming, but believe me, my sweet girl, it is a fallacy. People do not like to be helped—no one does, in the way you mean. They like to be let alone in their ignorance and stupidity. Those most in need of help appreciate it the least. Don’t waste your sweet sympathy upon the inferior creatures about you. It will do you no good and you will be repulsed by them. Your plane is too high to leave in order to lift impossible creatures up to its level.”

Marozia’s memory suddenly recalled that visit to Sarah in the first flush of her enthusiastic altruism and the somewhat dampened ardor with which she returned home—also her mental reflections concerning such efforts. Her mind in its dominant persistent reasoning from cause to effect confirmed Claude’s conclusions, yet sub-consciously she felt them to be wrong. Her experience with Sarah justified them but deep within her soul, where the radiant light shone, she knew that the Spirit imprisoned within Sarah’s body felt no antagonism, no repulsion, that it belonged alone to the discordant personality which was still linked to the animal soul. In a flash of illumination she saw that if the light within could be helped in its efforts to shine out through the thick mask, the soul would glow and in a moment Sarah would be transformed. The inspiration which came with it was marvelous—she caught a momentary glimpse of the joy of the Angels when a soul truly repents and links itself to its Higher Self which is its God. Claude was still speaking, but she scarcely heard him.

“Besides, don’t you know fair-girl, that the low-bred and vulgar always hate the superior nature—hate it with deadly venom?”

She had come many leagues along the path

since her first talk with Mrs. Morton concerning Sarah. Through her sorrows and trials she had developed wonderfully and the regret and compassion she now felt toward one who had been jealous and spiteful and unrelenting in her unfounded hatred attested the true nobility of her nature. With the Christ-love shining from her luminous eyes she asked earnestly:

“But that very attitude of defiance and hatred proves the greater need of help and sympathy, does it not? It is another claim upon us who see more clearly?”

“Beautiful theories, dear girl—merely a poet’s fancy. They will not hold water in practical test. Besides, honestly, who lives them out? Can you name anyone, even those in high places, who really puts these altruistic principles into practice? They are only ideals, but never can be worked out practically.”

“I cannot agree with you there. I have known two or three people who live them out.” The old cynical smile darkened his face and she shuddered again. A sad chromatic vibrated through her soul-centers. She had begun to feel the pain of the world and its deep need. She remembered Mr. Arlington’s talks on discrimination and how it is awakened. Claude could not follow her through the intricate mazes. He lived upon another plane. He realized, however, that he had made a mistake when he saw her shudder and immediately sought to weave the old fascinating spell about her by the eloquent love-light in his eyes. As she compelled her eyes to meet his own she suddenly wondered wherein lay the spell. There was no depth of love there, there was no soul seeking expression. Even the gleam which had fascinated her many times when she was battling with her soul was artificial. Something was lacking and she realized in this moment, when her soul had contacted subliminal deeps, what it was. His eyes lacked a soul. They shone, but not with spirit-fire. There was no gleam, as from a heart of light. Now in this moment it seemed to her that she had always been haunted by these eyes, and a tragedy seemed always to be imminent, to be lurking close at hand when they drew her by their occult spell.

As she began to realize the significance of the terrible bond between them, she drew a quick breath which caught in a half sigh. It was a faint little tremula, like the vibrating strings of a violin, but it irritated him. He assumed a mock gallantry which did not fit with her mood.

"Sighs are not for the fair Marozia." She tried to smile for she remembered her vow.

"I feel an unaccountable depression—as though a black wall were before me."

"Pshaw—you don't have moods, do you?"

"I hope I do not have any that are annoying or distressing to other people. I suppose, however, that every artistic temperament has its dull tones, its minor shadings, its somber hours." She spoke in a half-soliloquy as though communing with herself and again realized the next moment by his reply how far apart they were.

"Well, my fair lady, I would do away with that artistic temperament. It doesn't go well with New York society." Now that he felt so sure of her he was beginning to assume a slightly patronizing attitude—an air of proprietorship. Again there was inner revolt, repugnance, defiant protest, but a moment later her sense of humor came to the rescue and she replied smilingly:

"As my temperament is part of myself I seriously fear that New York society will be obliged to endure it or drop me from its visiting list." Her tactfulness brought a response from him which she would rather have dispensed with. In unbounded admiration he exclaimed:

"A man never could tire of you—you are certainly many-sided."

---

#### ASTROLOGY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion, and we teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but use it to help and heal suffering humanity.

##### *How to Apply for Admission*

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will *upon request* receive an application blank from the General Secretary of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is return-

"I used to consider that my misfortune."

"It is your greatest charm."

After Claude left her she sat quietly thinking it all out, but the perplexities deepened. In a sweeping vision she saw two truths stand out in the revealing light which shone from the bar within where she went for judgment. One demanded the relinquishment of the personal self with its emotions and temperament—its relinquishment to the Spirit enshrined in the depths of her soul. She knew that they were but transient and would hold her back from her goal. The other revealed Claude Rathburn's part in the matter. He had dominated her ages ago and still retained traces of the old power. She had hurt him too when she began the age-long struggle of self-assertion. Forces—unnumbered ones—had acted and interacted and they were involved in a complexity of ties. For the first time she recognized the real tie and the whole tragical situation. She had transcended the limited vision and knew in one swift moment of real insight that her personality must be conquered, but not by, or through him. She had left him many a mile-stone behind on the evolutionary path and now was paying the last vestige of the old debt to the Law of Consequence. As she recalled the conversation of the evening she recognized his old tendency to dominate. With the old-time persistence he would make her moods conform to his own. In the revealing light she saw many rocks ahead. Would she be able to steer her barque between the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* and preserve her ideals while doing so? She resolved that she would—for her father's sake.

ed properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

##### *The Cost of the Courses*

There are no fixed fees; no esoteric instruction is ever put in the balance against coin. At the same time it cannot be given "*free*," "*for nothing*," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery and postage also cost money, and *unless you pay your part someone else must pay for you*.

# Question Department

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Lost Word

**Q**UESTION: In occult literature we find mention of the Temple at Lhasa, Tibet. Of what brotherhood or Order is this Temple, and is it true, as reported, that it is there that the Lost Word is known and carefully guarded?

*Answer:*

According to all reports and so far as the writer knows himself from contact with the members of that community in the invisible world, the spiritual attainment of some of the brothers composing this Order is of a very high grade and they are doing a noble work with their people in the East, but like any other institution in the physical world, which is perceived by the senses and open to visitors, however great the restrictions, it is not a Mystery School. The Mystery Schools are all etheric and are only visited by Initiates who have learned to leave their physical bodies behind.

With respect to the part of the question which asks, "is it true that there the lost word is known and carefully guarded," we may say that in all probability it is, but it is also known and carefully guarded in many other places in the world outside the Mystery Schools, and to make this matter thoroughly clear it is necessary that we should understand what constitutes the different grades of spiritual gift and power possessed by various classes of humanity and marking their stage in evolution. There are, in the first place, the *Involuntary Clairvoyants*, who have at times the power to perceive things and events in the invisible world. When the power is on, they see whatever comes before their vision, regardless of whether they like it or not, and they are unable to shut off these sights and scenes. The next higher class is the *Voluntary Clairvoyant*, who is able to *see* whenever he wishes, anything he desires and he also has the power to shut off the view at any moment he

chooses and return to his normal physical consciousness. Next above him in the scale of attainment stands the *Initiate*, who has learned by an act of will to leave his physical body and to enter as a free spirit into the invisible world. There he functions as normally as he does in this realm of nature; he sees and he hears everything he wishes to, but more than that, he has been initiated into the mysteries of the Invisible World. He not only sees and hears but he *knows* what things are and what they mean. The Voluntary Clairvoyant, who simply is able to see and hear, is very much subject to illusion regarding the things that come before his vision. Elementals, which have the power to clothe themselves in the mobile desire-stuff, take a particular delight in deceiving and even frightening clairvoyants of both the voluntary and involuntary class. They may ensoul themselves in the shells of departed friends of these people and are responsible for a great deal of the nonsense and misinformation given out at spiritualistic meetings. But to deceive the Initiate is impossible for these entities because he has been taught in the Mystery Schools concerning such matters. Higher still in the scale of spiritual attainment stands the *Adept*, who not only is able to *see* and to *know*, but also has a *power* over the things in the invisible world. He is a graduate of the Mystery School and has learned to use the creative word, the word of power, which was lost by Humanity in its descent into matter. There may be one or more of these Adepts at the Temple of Lhasa in Tibet as well as in other places in the world. If so, these people naturally have the word of power and they carefully guard it, for it is a dangerous secret, a two-edged sword, which would certainly be suicidal in the hands of one not evolved to the point where he is spiritually fitted to have it.

*Question:*

How do the records in the memory of Nature appear to the spiritual vision? That is, how are the acts of a person in a former life represented?

*Answer:*

That depends upon where you read the memory of Nature. There are, in the reflecting ether, pictures of all that has happened in the world, at least several hundred years back, perhaps in some cases much more. And they appear almost as the pictures on a screen, with this difference, that the scene shifts backward. So that if we wish to study the life of Luther or Calvin in the memory of Nature, we may by concentration call up any certain points in their lives and start there, and we may hold that scene wherewith we start, or any other scene, as long as we desire, by simply willing so to do, but we shall find that the picture rolls backward. So if we start with the scene where Luther is said to have thrown the ink bottle against the wall to oust His Satanic Majesty, and if we want to know what happened after that, we shall find ourselves foiled in our purpose, for we will then have presented to us all the scenes that went before.

In order to get the information we want, we must start at a point later in time than that event. Then the scenes will roll backward in orderly sequence until we come to the episode with the ink bottle, and we may later reconstruct the whole picture in the progressional manner which obtains in ordinary every day physical life.

But if we read in the memory of Nature in the next higher realm where it is kept, namely, the highest subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought, we obtain a vastly different view in quite another manner, for by concentrating our thought upon Luther we shall there call up in our mind at one flash the whole record of his life. There will be neither beginning nor end, but we shall obtain at once the aroma or essence of his whole existence. Neither will this picture or thought or knowledge be *outside* ourselves, so that we stand as spectators and look at the life of Luther, but the picture will be, so to speak, within ourselves and *we shall feel ourselves as if we were actually Luther*. This picture will speak to our inner con-

sciousness and give us a thorough understanding of his life and purpose, not to be gained by an exterior view. We shall know whatever he knew, for the time being, we shall feel whatever he felt, and though there will be no audible word spoken, we shall obtain a perfect understanding of what the man was from the cradle to the grave. Every thought, no matter how secret, and every act, no matter how well concealed, will be known to us with all the motives and everything that led up to the event, and thus we shall obtain a most thorough understanding of the life of Luther, so intimate that probably not he himself, during life, realized himself as perfectly as we shall then.

Now it would seem that having obtained such an intimate and thorough knowledge of Luther or of Calvin or of Napoleon or any other man or event in history or far beyond the date when history was written, we should be able to furnish the world with this knowledge, be able to write books that would explain all these things in the most wonderful manner and anyone who has tried to read in the memory of Nature as kept in that high region will testify with the writer that they have felt just that way when they left their investigation and returned to their ordinary brain consciousness. But, alas and alack! Thought must be manifested through the brain and to be made intelligible to others it must be translated into sentences, consecutively unfolding the ideas to be conveyed, and no one who has not felt this limitation on coming back from the heaven world with such valuable information can realize the chagrin and despair which one feels when one endeavors to do this. In that highest subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought, all things are included in an ethereal **HERE** and **NOW**; there is neither time nor space, beginning nor end, and to arrange that which is there seen, heard, and felt, into consecutively arranged ideas is next to impossible. It simply seems to refuse to filter through the brain; we who have seen and heard know what we have seen and what we have heard but we are unable to utter it, for there is no human language or tongue that can translate these things in an adequate manner and give to another anything but the faintest feeling, the most attenuated shadow, of the glorious reality.