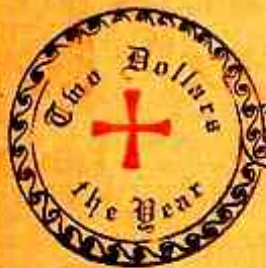


SEPTEMBER



Rays from the Rose Cross a Magazine of Mystic Light



LEADING ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM
A SHORT-CUT TO HEAVEN
THE FRUIT OF EVOLUTION
GENESIS FROM THE OCCULT
VIEWPOINT
NEPTUNE, OCTAVE OF MERCURY



Edited by Max Heindel

1917



RAY'S FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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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.

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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.

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

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

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Freemasonry and Catholicism

Part IV

THEIR ROLE AND RULERS

AS the spiritual gifts of the *Sons of Sets* flowered in Solomon, the wisest of men, and enabled him to conceive and design a marvelous temple, according to the plan of his creator, Jehovah, so Hiram, the clever craftsman, embodied within himself the consummate skill of a long line of ancestor artificers. He possessed the concentrated quintessence of the material knowledge gained by the *Sons of Cain*, while they wrought from the wilderness of the world a concrete civilization, and in the execution of the wonderful Temple of Solomon this superlative skill found full fruition.

Thus this glorious edifice was the chef d'oeuvre of both lines, an embodiment of the sublime spirituality of the *churchmen*, the *Sons of Sets*, combined with the superlative skill of the *craftsmen*, the *Sons of Cain*. So far, the honors were even, the achievement equal. Solomon was contented; he had carried out the design transmitted to him, he had a place of worship worthy of the Lord he revered, but the soul of Hiram was not satisfied. Armed with the art of ages, he had constructed an incomparable masterpiece in architecture. *But the design had not been his own*, he had been merely the tool of an unseen architect, Jehovah, working through an intermediary, Solomon. This rankled in his heart, for it was as necessary for him to originate as to breathe.

In that ancient age when Cain and Abel first found themselves upon earth, Abel contentedly cared for the flocks, *created* like himself and his parents, Adam and Eve, by Jehovah; but in Cain,

semi-divine progeny of the Lucifer Spirit, Samael, and Eve, the creature of Jehovah, divine incentive to *original effort* burned; he tilled the field and made two blades of grass grow where one grew before; the creative instinct must have expression.

Hiram, being the focus and repository of all the *crafts of Cain*, was also invested with the Spirit of Samael intensified in commensurate ratio; therefore he was consumed by an overpowering urge to add something to the Temple that would eclipse the rest of the structure in beauty and importance. Out of the travail of his spirit was born the conception of THE MOLTEN SEA, and this great ideal he proceeded to carry into execution, though heaven and earth held their breath in awe at the audacity of his purpose.

The Bible gives very little information about the molten sea. In Second Chronicles, the fourth chapter, we learn that Hiram made such a vessel, that it was of considerable size, that it stood upon 12 oxen arranged so that their heads were at the periphery of this circular basin and their hind parts were towards its center. It was intended solely for use by the priests. Much is said of a nature to bewilder the reader, but the above salient points prove the signal importance of this instrument, as we shall see when we study and compare the Masonic account with this veiled word of the Bible. The Masonic story runs as follows:

When Hiram had about completed the Temple, he commenced to cast the various vessels required in the service, according to designs made by Solomon as agent of Jehovah. Chief among these was the great laver, intended to hold the bath of

purification, through which all priests must pass to enter upon the service of the Lord. This, and all the lesser vessels, were successfully cast by Hiram, as recorded in the Bible. But there is an important distinction between the vessel and the Molten Sea which it was designed by Hiram to contain, and until that had been successfully poured, the vessel was without virtue, so far as purifying properties were concerned; until then it could no more cleanse the sin-stained soul than could a dry basin be utilized to cleanse the body. Nor could Solomon speak the Word, the formula for this wonderful work. None but Hiram knew it. This work was to be his Masterpiece, and *if he succeeded, his art would have lifted him above the human*, and made him divine like the Elohim Jehovah. In the garden of Eden, his divine progenitor Samael, had assured his mother, Eve, that she might become “as the Elohim,” if she ate of the tree of knowledge. For ages his ancestors had wrought in the world; through the accumulated skill of the Sons of Cain, an edifice had been reared, wherein Jehovah hid himself “behind the veil” and communed only with his chosen priests, the Sons of Sets. *The Sons of Cain were thrust out of the Temple which they had built*, as their father, Cain, had been driven from the garden which he had tilled. This Hiram felt to be an outrage and an injustice; so he applied himself to prepare the means whereby the Sons of Cain might rend the veil” and open the way to God for “who soever will.”

To this end he sent messengers over the world to collect all the metals with which the Sons of Cain had ever wrought. With his hammer he pulverized them and placed them in a fiery furnace to extract by alchemy, from each particle, the quintessence of knowledge derived in the experience of working with it. Thus the combined quintessence of these various *base metals* would form a *spiritual sublimate of knowledge* incomparable in potency, valuable beyond all earthly things. Being of ultimate purity, it would contain no color, but resemble a “sea of glass.” Whoever should lave in it would find himself endowed with perpetual youth. No philosopher could compare with him in

wisdom; this “white stone” knowledge would even enable him to lift the veil of invisibility and meet the superhuman Hierarchs, who work in the world with a potency undreamt of by the masses.

Masonic traditions tell us that Hiram’s preparations were so perfect that success would have been assured, had not treachery triumphed. But the incompetent craftsmen whom Hiram had been unable to initiate into the higher degrees conspired to pour *Water* into the vessel cast to receive the Molten Sea; for they knew that the Son of Fire was unskilled in the manipulation of the watery element, and could not combine it with his wonderful alloy. Thus, by frustrating Hiram’s cherished plan and spoiling his Masterpiece, they aimed to revenge themselves upon the Master. Solomon had been privately informed of the nefarious plot, but jealousy on account of the Queen of Sheba bound his tongue and stayed his arm, for he hoped that when the ambitious plan of Hiram failed, the affections of the queen would turn from his humiliated rival to himself. He therefore closed eyes and ears to plot and plotters.

When Hiram confidently *pulled the plugs*, the liquid fire rushed out, was met by the water, and there was a roar that seemed to shake heaven and earth, while the elements boiled and battled. All but Hiram hid their faces at the awful havoc; then from the center of the raging fire he heard the call of Tubal Cain, bidding him jump into the Molten Sea. Full of faith in his ancestor, who had gone before him upon the path of fire, Hiram obeyed and plunged fearlessly into the flames. Sinking through the disintegrated bottom of the vessel, he was conducted successfully through *nine arch-like* layers of the earth to the Center, where he found himself in the presence of Cain, the founder of his family, who gave him instructions relative to blending Water and Fire, and who furnished him with A NEW HAMMER AND A NEW WORD, which would enable him to produce these results. Cain looked into the future and uttered a prophecy which has been partly fulfilled; what remains is in process of realization day by day, and as surely as time goes on all will come to pass.

(Continued on page 197)

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 XVIII

THAT night Marozia had an experience which she never forgot. She had sat for a long time after Claude's departure, thinking it over—wondering what would be the end to their tangled destinies. He had given her a small Hindu coin that evening, divided, a half for each of them to keep, saying that it held a certain occult significance. She had taken it carelessly, thanking him for his interest in that phase of her development, although she cared little for occult phenomena. She had entered into the higher teachings with earnestness of purpose, but it was spiritual unfoldment which she sought.

When she should be able to contact the inner Planes she desired that it be the spiritual worlds, not merely the region close to the physical where phenomena abound. She knew that she must live the Christ-life and follow His teachings and develop all the beautiful spiritual graces of soul in order to be able to function safely in those invisible realms. So she tried daily to weave that beautiful "golden wedding garment" which her spirit must wear in order to soar to those glorious worlds of light and tone.

She still held the divided coin mechanically while she gave herself up to retrospection. All at once it occurred to her to examine the peculiar symbols upon its face and as she bent over it to study the strange characters, a sudden faintness seized her. She leaned back among the cushions of the divan when, with a whirling sensation, everything turned black before her eyes. Her soul seemed parting from her body with a violent wrench, accompanied by indescribable nausea. In the midst of it all Claude's face appeared and an expression of hideous triumph stamped it as with a demon leer. She tried to escape those terrible

eyes, but they seemed to draw her soul and compel it. It seemed ages—the torture was indescribable. She seemed to have no power to escape, until, in the anguish of despair she called upon Christ to help her. Suddenly the terrible thing which controlled her faded away and a radiant Presence enveloped her. It was felt rather than seen. As her soul re-entered her body with a sickening shock a silvery voice spoke these words: "This is the result of black magic! Beware!"

She did not sleep that night—she was thoroughly ill from the terrible experience, but her mind was vividly alert. She pondered long and deeply over the mysterious incident, but could not comprehend it. The Swami with whom Claude had formed an alliance could have enlightened her as to its meaning. Her aversion to Claude, however, became more intense as the hours wore away. She moaned softly again and again: "Oh, dear, dear Father, I would die for you—and I feel I shall. This will kill me, but I must go through with it for your sake."

When morning came she was too ill to arise. Seeing her father's anguish she tried to smile in her old bright manner, but almost lost consciousness against the attempt. Her father was thoroughly alarmed now. Marozia never had been ill, hence the experience brought untold dismay. Her fear was the greater because of what had caused the strange illness.

When Ralph Remington went to the store and post office later in the day, he returned with a letter from New York City. Upon opening and glancing at its contents a quick smothered cry of joy escaped him. "Oh, my darling child, I never expected this. Now my little girl will get well. Listen." He read aloud:

Dear Mr. Remington:

Some years ago you cast your bread upon the waters. It seemed a hopeless and foolish thing to do at that time, but your great heart got the better of your judgment and you risked it. The recipient of your favor made good and herewith encloses a bank draft covering the loan received from you with interest added. The scheme you financed in the goodness of your heart proved successful and now anything I can do for you in a material way I shall esteem a privilege, Please command me. Through Mrs. Morton, I learn that you have written a book which you would like to put on the market. I have some influence with a New York publisher and in addition to the financial end I shall be happy to aid you in any other way. Hoping to hear that I may serve you and thus repay to some extent the debt of gratitude owe, I am,

Sincerely Yours,

Lyman J. Armstrong

They were both silent through excess of joy. Finally she spoke, Oh Father, now you can bring your book out at once! How happy I am. I feel well now.”

“God is very good to us,” he murmured, with softly glistening eyes. With a great bound of her heart Marozia suddenly remembered her relation to Claude Rathburn. All bonds seemed suddenly transcended—there was a quick, wild leap toward freedom.

“Oh, dear Father, I need not marry now. I may stay with you and you will realize your dream.” The words escaped her involuntarily, in the stress of her wonderful release from the overwhelming misery of her bondage. She was sorry she had uttered them when she saw her father’s look of startled agony.

“My little Girl—oh, my little Girl—it is not possible that you did this for me—that it was not your choice to enter into this union? Oh, Marozia, surely you would not have taken such a step for anything save your heart promptings. I cannot believe it.” His words of sorrowful amazement were like a mirror held before her soul and she realized for the first time what she would have done.

“Forgive me, Father, but I couldn’t see you suffer any longer. I thought I could learn to love him. I meant to try to be good to him. Don’t think ill of me, dear Daddy! I love you so.” He laid his hand in benediction upon her head.

“God bless you, my darling Child—my little Marozia!”

Mrs. Morton was coming up the flower-bordered walk with a stranger, and when Ralph Remington stepped forward to greet her, she presented Mr. Arlington.

The following days were full of wonderful experiences between these re-discovered friends of ages ago. During her year at school in Utica Marozia had only known Mr. Arlington as a teacher. Now she was learning to know him as a friend in all the deepest and richest meaning of that sacred word. She was startled at the mystical beauty of his great soul as it was revealed to her day by day in the growing intimacy of their friendship. In that soul before her there was a world of throbbing life, of complex thought-movements, of quick responsiveness to the subtle essence of etheric currents, and more than responsiveness—there was the power of a master to control and shape those currents and the forces behind them. His vision was so wide, his penetration so swift and keen, his impulses and ideals so high and lofty, that they seemed to belong to the cosmic life than the individual.

If Marozia was startled at the greatness and beauty of his soul, he was equally surprised at the revelation of hers. He had never thought to find in woman what he found in her and one day he suddenly realized that he ought to go away as quickly as possible—for he had learned of her betrothal to Claude.

He made arrangements for Ralph Remington to visit him in the near future to complete some business arrangements regarding the new work which was to be produced without further delay—and then returned to Utica.

Then the alternations of hope and fear, rapture and grief, ecstasy which was agony and agony which was a sublimated essence of joy, swept

through her soul like the rushing of mighty wings through infinite deeps. Marozia loved at last, with all her heart and soul—and knew it not. She knew that each time Claude's face appeared before her mental vision the repulsion grew more intense, more sickening.

One day Sarah came up the flower-bordered walk with a malicious purpose goading her into feverish activity. She was bent on revenge and with a desperation born of shattered hopes and a crushed heart she made known her evil errand. She had exulted in fiendish triumph, which momentarily subdued the pain as she half-ran, half-stumbled down the long winding hill over the dusty path which led to the little cottage near the mill.

"Now," she exclaimed under her breath, through set teeth, "her turn has come in earnest! If I can't have him, she shall not!"

Sarah was amazed at the finale. In place of the consternation and despair which she had pictured so vividly, a sudden, luminous light overspread the face of her fancied enemy. Sarah had intimated that he was her lover and Marozia's heart leapt into freedom. In her overwhelming relief she thought not of her own position, of her misplaced confidence, of her degrading alliance. She took Sarah's unwilling hands and exclaimed eagerly, "I am so glad, Sarah! You can marry him and the Villa will be your own home!" Sarah was ashamed—she knew that could not be and she had failed in her purpose of humiliating Marozia. She faltered lamely:

"Anyway, he won't marry me, but I just wanted you to know!"

"But he must if he has led you to believe that he would!"

A sudden gleam of fierce hope, of elemental passion, of wild daring darted through Sarah's stifled consciousness.

"Do you think he would?" Then as she remembered their last interview in the orchard path, a sickening shudder ran through her and hope died out. She turned listlessly away, then, as a sudden thought darted through her mind, she faced

Marozia and asked with an inward ferocity, which demanded some outlet, "Are you going to marry him?"

The sudden question recalled Marozia's relation to him to her consciousness, which had been focused upon Sarah's part in the situation. A wave of shame crimsoned her face and painful embarrassment seized her momentarily as the direct question so baldly, so rudely put recalled a flood of memories. She spoke with sudden passion:

"No, I shall not marry him, Sarah."

When she was left alone the sense of personal wrong became overwhelming. It assumed a magnitude proportioned to her fine and lofty soul. With shuddering horror she looked the whole situation in the face and a sudden wave of compassion for Sarah flooded her soul and she transcended her own sense of personal wrong. Her soul was momentarily glorified by the sacred chiasm and her face shone with a sweetly tender light. Now her chief sorrow was for Sarah, but later, when she should have climbed still higher in her quest for the Absolute Truth and Beauty, she would see that Claude Rathburn was even more to be pitied than Sarah. As we go farther on and higher toward the altitude of the absolute Ideal, the foolish pantomime of human experience, of its weakness and folly and sin, seems unreal and far away to the eager soul with its vision upon the stars. The evil—the hideous-visaged evil that clutches the weak, selfish heart, and the diabolical little imp of self that dwells within and cries incessantly, "I—I," appear the only enemies and the offender but the poor dupe. When at last the Light that never was seen on sea or land breaks across the soul weary with its climbing, the eternal verities alone stand out clear and exact in their ethereal splendor. The Flame which then sweeps over the deeps within consumes—not the soul, but the Pretender "self."

During that hour of retrospection she saw clearly that all her ties with Claude—her ties from long ago—were severed. She had paid her debt to the law and was now forever free from all obligations to him. She need not encounter him again in any

life, for she had wiped out with her sacrifice upon love's altar all her old obligations to him. It had cost her much for she lived upon a higher plane than the average entity and thus gave more from those finer regions.

While Marozia was going through her fiery experience, rendered doubly tormenting by the perpetual vision of Mr. Arlington's face in the heart of the crucible, Sarah was closeted with Mr. Morton at the rectory. As a result of that interview, a promise was extracted from Sarah that upon Claude Rathburn's return she would sever her connection with him and take up her abode at the rectory. It was easy now for her to promise this knowing as she did that her position at the Villa was no longer tenable nor assured. It would be torture to her to stay there longer under the roof of the man who had spurned and humbled her. She would not return to Mrs. Gregory so this offer of a home from Mrs. Morton afforded an avenue of escape from her intolerable position.

After Marozia's inner conflict had subsided into the olden calm and the note to Claude Rathburn, which demanded her release from him had been written and posted, she returned to finish some copying for her father. The warm breeze blowing over the fragrant meadows came through the open window and stirred the loose papers upon the desk. As she rearranged them she noticed the gentle swaying of the maple leaves and felt a sudden desire to wander through the forest and feel a sense of being lost in the shadowed aisles. Like a true child of nature, she loved to feel the witchery of nodding, growing things above her, while whispering their secrets to earth and sky. Her father noticed her restlessness, and said:

"Little Girl, lay aside your work now and we will walk out into the woods. They seem to call one on a day like this."

As they passed out, they met Mrs. Morton. She had a bouquet of wood violets for Marozia; her hand trembled as she offered them. Her face was even paler than usual and marks of suffering were beneath her eyes in the little half-circles which sleepless vigils with sorrow put upon a human

countenance.

"I was coming to borrow you, my Dear, for a little while. Come to me later. Your' father has a prior claim." Her smile was angelic in sweetness and tender sadness. Afterward, as Marozia and her father walked through the wood, she asked:

"Did you notice her face, Father?"

"Who could help it?" he answered fervently. "She has the face of an angel. Such faces are not so common among us as to excite no wonder!"

"But there was a difference today! Did you not notice an inexpressible sadness beneath the wonderful sweetness of her smile?"

"Yes, Dear, I noticed it. Life has touched her at many points. A soul like hers finds many 'Marahs' as it goes onward through earth's experiences. This of itself renders a face versatile in expression and sets upon it an inner mystical beauty."

"But, dear Father," Marozia persisted, "she seems serenely exempt from personal experience of this kind!" All her sorrows are for others."

"Who knows?" he responded with feeling. "Ah, my Dear, no one can see into the heart of another. We all wear our masks and smile over our hidden graves—if we are wise. Pardon me, little Girl—that was another of my philosophical abstractions." His smile flashed out like a beam of light, half-humorous, half-deprecating, as he noticed the swift shadow cross her face."

"But the personal pronoun, Father—ah, I read deeper than you think I do!"

"No life can wholly escape its crown of sorrow, but a great soul wears it bravely and smiles over the pain-points. Her's is a royal soul—worthy a throne among the hierarchies of the stars."

"Ah, I see now." Marozia suddenly exclaimed. "Her singing of certain songs seemed to me the perfection of art, but it was too perfect to be art alone."

As they walked on in silence Marozia knew by the mystic light on his face that he was worshipping at an inner shrine; that in the deep silences of his life his soul had met the soul of his beloved.

When Marozia met Mrs. Morton later, she was taken into a world of loving sympathy which after-

ward—when learning that the bonds with Claude Rathburn were severed—changed into a paean of thanksgiving.

“How much you have been to poor Sarah; a star of hope, truly,” Marozia said at the close of their talk. Mrs. Morton replied with a smile which seemed heavenly:

“Only a guide-post pointing starward, Dear.”

“Truly nothing is half so glorious as the lightening of darkness—of spiritual darkness! It comes to me with a new meaning,” Marozia added with deep lights in her eyes as she thought of the possibilities which her work opened out before her now that she was free to live her ideal life.

The withered rose-leaf had folded up and dropped from her life and the sweet fragrance gushed out from the heart of the flower. She no longer felt the narrowness of her horizon. She could see into two worlds and lived beyond them both. She could look out not only beyond the hills, beyond the Susquehanna, but *beyond the stars*.

Chapter XIX

Two years later Sarah Thomas was teaching a school not far from the one where Marozia had taught during that crisis in her life. Sarah's poor stifled heart had been granted its desire and she had finished her interrupted school course under the private tutorage of her former teacher, Ralph Remington. She had begun to live again under the new uplifting influences, for she had loved much and love absolves and saves. She was extremely reserved and touched with a gentle sadness wholly pathetic. Her soul was reaching out into the light and she had taken several upward steps, for in her patient humility she accused no one but herself. She knew that there was a point where the intelligence recognizes the sophistry of evil and where conscience draws back with a shudder—remembering past purgatorial experiences. That point in this life's experience came when she defied the Voice and exulted in her defiance. At first she set her love as the counter-balance against the wrong, but she now saw that not love, but self-love and vanity are the deep, underlying—often

unrecognized—forces and motives in all such crises.

Mrs. Morton had taught Sarah some of those truths which lie at the heart of things. She had taught them as she taught all truth, in her own beautiful, indirect way. She longed to lead this soul that had lost its way, back from the inferno of lurid glow, through the maze of hopeless night, where false lights lure into pitfall and quagmire, up—ever upward to the brightness and beauty and peace. She felt sure that Sarah would stand with radiant face in the white light and the violet sooner than now seemed possible. She recognized the sign upon her face now—it was penitent humility. It might be ages hence—for souls are not perfected in a day, or a lifetime.

Mrs. Morton realized that the majority of the human race arc wholly under a cloud. Their accumulated weaknesses brought over as it heritage from past lives of error, their pitiful environments, their undeveloped faculties, their warped lives, all must be taken into account in the final estimate. All have their proper place in the upward path of evolution.

All must pass a given point at some stage of their pilgrimage—all must experience life at every point in their progress unto the far heights where spirits stand in perfect light.

Tom Gregory had been thinking more about his appearance of late and often loitered about the school when it was time for Sarah to dismiss the last delinquents who were “kept.” There were always some poor little mischievous culprits on this black list; for Sarah was resolved to be a disciplinarian. Tom's freckles began to worry him, while his clumsy feet and hands always would persist in finding the most awkward places for their awkward movements. In short, they were decidedly in the way. He began also to be a martyr to stiff collars and purchased one or two ready-made, flaming ties, which matched his face in color and expansiveness. One day he ventured as far as the school house and when Sarah came forth alone he heroically mustered all his courage and met her with the stammered declaration of love,

couched in the elegant language characteristic of his type:

"I say, Sally—let's me an' you hitch!" She repressed her desire to smile, for she recognized his honest sincerity beneath the awkward rusticity. She looked at him with pity and regret in her sad, grey eyes as she replied in a low subdued voice:

"No Tom. Please never speak to me in this again! I shall never marry." He looked crestfallen.

"Do you mean it, Sally?"

"Yes, I mean it, Tom—for all time! I'm sorry, but don't think any more about me. It will be of no use."

She dismissed him as kindly as possible and sighed in her inmost heart as she thought, "Poor Tom, even though I could care for him (which is impossible), I would not do him that wrong! My heart is dead and it would be criminal to impose upon an honest love. I never could do that!"

That evening an item in a New York paper caught her eye. It read thus: "Among the recent London suicides is that of Claude Rathburn, formerly of this city. He was the only son of Horace Rathburn, a once prominent capitalist and promoter, now a charity patient in a city hospital. Desertion by his wife and financial troubles are said to be the cause of the suicide's rash act. His wife was formerly a Mrs. Wallace, a rich widow of Baltimore."

Soon after the crisis which came into the lives of Marozia and Sarah two years ago, Mrs. Morton was left alone in the world. The Rector had folded his hands over his unfinished life-work and she had taken hers up at a point where she laid it aside many years ago. She became a teacher in the Institute at Utica where Marozia had spent her last school year.

Ralph Remington's books had acquired a wide popularity, and life was full of sweetness for him—the sweetness of unremitting labors crowned by appreciative recognition. Mrs. Remington had passed out of their lives. She did not long survive the tragedy which her heartless cruelty and selfishness had precipitated. Marozia and her father now lived alone at the Villa, she being his constant assistant in his work and his

companion in recreation and study. Their lives were full of quiet peace and delightful friendships and the Villa was a center of interest for literary people. The brilliant salons which were frequently held there differed widely in character from the festivities of the other days when Mrs. Remington held court. Ralph Remington and his daughter gathered about them a coterie of bright spirits whose culture extended beyond that of the intellect alone—where intellect was made to serve the highest interests of the spirit. Life meant much to them in those quiet days. It meant service to humanity through union of head and heart—intellect and spirit. It was not the ascetic's dream of service, but that of the trained seer, who recognizes and uses all powers, trained to their highest efficiency.

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It was Marozia's wedding day—one of those alluring days which gleam out of late a autumn to tantalize by their soft promises. The ceremony was over, nearly all of the guests had departed and Mrs. Morton was assisting her young friend to change her bridal robes for traveling attire. The honeymoon was to be spent in the Catskills.

"I just wanted you for this last hour!" Marozia whispered as she was folded in her friend's arms.

"Dear Heart, I believe this is the happiest hour of my life," Mrs. Morton replied with a radiant smile. "There are so few ideal marriages in this topsy-turvy world—and this is one of them. I felt when I first saw Mr. Arlington that he was the one of all others for you." A wonderful light overspread Marozia's sweet face.

"To me he is *the one man*," she replied softly. My happiness is beyond words. I am almost afraid of it."

"You need not be, Dear. It all depends upon *how* we take our joy. If we take it as a part of the great Cosmic plan—our love as a part of the Infinite Love—we are not on doubtful ground. The beautiful human love is a necessary part of the plan: so is the pure joy, the bliss of loving."

Mrs. Morton's face was seraphic at this moment and Marozia longed to express the wish that was

in her heart, but forbore through delicacy of feeling. Her intuitions long ago divined the secret of her father's and Mrs. Morton's life and in her newfound joy she longed to have those dearest to her know the same sweet blessedness. With her delicate tactfulness she hinted at her father's lonely life—at her dread of leaving him alone. Mrs. Morton was most sympathetic and sought in her own inimitable way to allay Marozia's tender solicitude.

"Your father will possibly come to Utica to live, now that your home will be there. But, Dear," she quickly added, "even if he should not, you must not grieve. You know your father has resources within himself for all happiness and content. He is richer than most of us in that respect."

"Yes, but you know my old impatience when I think of him and his denied life! I want him to have the best there is in it!"

"He has the best in it all," Mrs. Morton replied softly, as she gave her a last embrace and led her down the stairway to her husband.

After the last goodbyes had been waved and the train which bore the happy young couple to their honeymoon in the mountains had thundered away into the distance, Mrs. Morton and Ralph Remington walked back toward the winding creek. As they strolled along its wooded banks a belated squirrel or an improvident one now and then scampered across their path with his late nut. Echoes from the woodman's axe reverberated among the hills, alternating with those mysterious sounds—those faint, crackling sounds which emerge from an October forest. Blue smoke curled lazily upward from openings in the woods and a faint Indian Summer haze settled over the valleys. They rested for a few moments upon a huge boulder near the creek and swept the soft landscape with their trained vision. The over-arching trees softly swayed their wealth of crimson and golden beauty—all that was left after their lavish shower over the brown turf. It was the rich loveliness of maturity, and they felt its divine pathos.

"It is beautiful to live—to truly *live!*" he said musingly, as if thinking aloud. God alone knows

the infinite correlations of our being. Perhaps in some future state, when our little planet and its struggles shall be deemed of no greater consequence than we now regard the volcanic disturbance which overthrew Pompeii, we shall find all our beautiful dreams and visions to be like finely spun cobwebs. As the noble Beings of other planes look down upon our human pantomime they may deem us as easily satisfied as a child with its toys, while they smile in divine compassion!" He had momentarily relapsed into his quaint musing—as he often did when with Marozia. It was a token of their perfect comradeship—it was as though he spoke to his own soul. She replied in the same vein:

"Yet our toys are compatible with our infantile development."

As she turned her glowing eyes upon his face he saw and felt the glory of her perfect womanhood as never before. The illusions of youth had vanished with its crude and hazy ideals, but now the full, perfect image of love stood forth in clear and distinct outlines. They both recognized its spell and potency, yet they had gone too far along the Path of Attainment to turn backward to personality. They loved as the angels love.

There was one moment when he hesitated as he looked into her luminous eyes. He felt the man's longing to fold her in his arms and quench his thirsting soul with the rich fullness of her glorious love. It was but a moment of struggle—then the love transcended the narrow limitations and blended with the Infinite Love.

"Beloved of my soul," he whispered, "shall we turn back to the transitory and mutable, or shall we keep our love perfect in the 'great God-light'?"

"We will keep it on the higher planes," she answered, with a faint quiver in her sweet voice.

"God bless you, my Love," he exclaimed with deep emotion. We will be true to our Ideal—true to the Vision, and thus we shall know the full blessedness of love! Transcending the physical it will hold our souls together in an indissoluble bond." As he noticed the solemn radiance on her face, he wondered whether the youth of life could

have held so much—even with *her*.

Life's discords truly had resolved into the harmony of life's grand counterpoint. Its sorrows were glorified—its storm-flashes were merely

electric radiance, for love—the true, the higher and greater love—glorifies all things.

THE END

and again I say unto you rejoice” is the clarion call

Ideals

“*And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the former things had passed away.*”

—The Revelation of St. John

“*Where are we?*”

We have not moved, it is your eyes which see differently.

—Maeterlinck, *The Blue Bird*

It is difficult to realize perhaps, that while as individuals we appear to be mere atoms in a mighty whole, yet there are duties which must be done by each molecule if the Grand Scheme is to be perfected, and in the evolution of our present home, the earth, we should consciously bear a part.

Weavers of dreams we are, but much more, for every dream is materialized in the new earth now abuilding, the ethereal counterpart of the globe we inhabit and man's future home. Let us be builders therein, not destroyers, for by our thought we can make sweet homes of the spirit in beautiful color, tender line, and glorious harmony.

May we be architects of transcendent temples, where in the future—nay, even now—man may worship and receive spiritual benison.

Let us weave a tissue of living thought, healing and aspiring which shall link up Heaven to our waking consciousness.

Let our writings, our music, our pictures be so many visible signs of sacramental grace in the New Kingdom. Let us cast out the thoughts which break down and destroy, the carping criticism, the slander which builds afresh a sin into the personality of an individual and makes it so hard to overcome. If there be no truth in the statement, so much the worse for us, with our lying tongues.

Let us affirm and re-affirm all this is good, beautiful and true. “Rejoice in the Lord, always,

of a Master Builder of grand Spiritual Architecture.

How we love to wander in dim cathedrals of such mental building with their floriated pillars of lofty conceptions, where we inbreathe a living Christ as we bend before the altars created for us in the wilderness of thought.

It is our duty to clear the windows of materialism, and mentally draw aside the dark curtains which would veil the Immanent Presence. Avoiding needless discussion and argument, let us re-draw the features of an Ideal which criticism would blur with mocking words.

And at all times we may picture in the air fair landscapes and beflowered fields, still waters and green pastures, with a gentle Shepherd, so kind that none may fear to approach, and so loving that even the poor black sheep is borne on His shoulders.

And, like the Apostle in his lonely isle, let us figure to ourselves a New Heaven and a New Earth.

Wherein all tears shall be wiped from every eye, where is a tree whose leaves will heal the sorrows and sufferings of nations, and the Light is here which “lighteth every man who cometh into the world.”

Let us follow the example of this gentle seer, and lift our thoughts, daily bearing on our wings of prayer the sin-stricken to the feet of Him who dwells within the rainbow light, the Mystic Christ of many voices.

What grand activities are veiled by the silent hour of meditation! How the silver threads of Prayer leap forth and to in the loom of life in subtlest weaving, while sorrowful souls are enmeshed in its radiance!

Watch the sacred sparks fly upwards as dead to physical action, our souls gather together in bands and sally forth on Quests which cannot be named. For they are the marshalling of Hosts Eternal, and

we become ministering spirits in a great unseen hierarchy.

We may even engage in angelic battles, for there are powers of darkness to be met and conquered, and many kingdoms to be won for the good in these hours of stillness and quiet. There, selfishness has no place, and Love, the Star-Eyed, stands in His Revealing, and the two aspects of the altruistic life, contemplative and active, are one, not twain.

For in the temple of the body we eat the bread of initiation and each service rendered—

The cup of cold water,
The tear of sympathy,
The outstretched hand,
The given message,

and all blessed communions with sister-souls are the fruits of the spirit, and obediences of quiet hours.

Our daily activities, the bearings and dignities of our labors as we serve and are served in the physical state, testify to the unseen powers. For behind and beneath each outward serving runs the thread of an aspiration breathed into the twilight hour. A Hope and a Promise received when the worker meets his God in the inner shrine of his own being.

So, while seemingly twain, the threads of active and contemplative life form but one strand and are intertwined and interwoven till we scarce can tell them apart.”

—*South African Women in Council*

“The Palace of Knowing”

Norine Welch

The Path, that leads to this Palace, is so straight an narrow, so precipitous and obstructed, and so long that it requires ages to reach it. During the soul’s pilgrimage to this abode, it must necessarily experience every sensation, every feeling, every emotion, every thought known to the human being. Pain it must know, that taxes it to the extreme limit of endurance—the “cup of wormwood and gall” it must quaff to its bitterest dregs—it must “tread the wine-press alone,” until the rich purple juices flow forth by “pressure from above.” Pleasure and ecstasy it must know, that is so intense, that it is well nigh indistinguishable from pain. In its succeeding embodiments the personality must ultimately attain to that degree of quality, that it is *strong* and *positive*—every faculty and organ pulsing with life and power, yet absolutely under the control of the Spirit (Will)—so sensitive that it is *capable* of responding to an influence as subtle and evanescent as a summer’s zephyr, yet remains *unmoved* before the most enticing allurements.

One who *loses* himself in pleasure or pain, blocks the way to the higher knowledge—cannot

enter the golden gateway to this Palace on the Mount. He, his personality, must stand aside, that he may receive the revelation of the *inner* nature of things. He must first be immersed in the deepest woes and highest joys, and then learn to *rise above* them, in order to know their cause—their *inner quality*. In a true development, the *personality does not disappear*—it remains preserved as personality at the *highest stage* of its perfection; it is not the *subjection* of the personality, but its *highest development* that takes place.

Only through one’s own burdens, sufferings and heartaches is born that loving sympathy and Christlike compassion, that feels the woes of the whole world—feeling that response to the faintest cry of distress, from the tiniest animal to the mightiest of the “Lords of Creation,” as if the hurt were to his own body of flesh and blood. Having entered this Palace, every fiber of the Seeker’s being becomes filled with an intense longing to lead others to the Light he has found—”to go forth and take his peace with him,” that they, too, may know the “peace that passeth all understanding.”

(Continued on page 179)