

Commentary on the Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam

(An exegetic study in Comparative Religion)

H. Gentis

Part III

However, as the mind has been master for so many million years. it will not let go at once. It has the soul in its grip and from olden times uses Hope and Fear to rule it as it reigns.

*Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will
Or Hatim call 'To Supper,' heed not you!*

Fitzgerald says, Zal and Rustum are twin giants of Persia, Father and Son—and their exploits those of power. This reminds us of David, quoted in a former stanza as having his lips locked (secrecy); David who danced before the temple; i. e., in the Hall of Learning again, David the slayer of the giant Goliath. The very act of the overpowering of the mind is an act of a small personality slaying a great giant “with a pebble”—the Cephas of the gospels, the concentrated mind!

Yes, the battlefield is not physical, but therefore not less intense. It is like “Kurukshetra,” the battlefield of the *Bagavad Gita*, the battlefield of the senses versus the soul, and between the threats of the Giants, the mind predicting danger and perdition, come the promises of the *Hatim Tai*, a great Oriental benefactor. Even the latter has the perfidy of the Devil. “To supper,” he calls. To supper, i. e., the last meal of the day, of the day of life perchance. But the Wise Ones heed no sweet voices of Illusion, as the Voice of the Silence says, nor have any fear, as Omar says, “Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will—heed not you.”

What is this mind then? Is it the creation of the Devil? Who is that Devil, the fallen Angel, the opposer of God? Put it rather in the plural. Lucifers, the Light Bearers. If we read Max Heindel's wonderful *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* we see and learn that the Tail end of the Angels' Life Wave became the Lucifer-spirits who have been of great help to mankind, although not totally altruistic. They could not, he says, exist without a body, nor would exist in a physical body, like man. But they could profit by experiences in that body. Man,

however, was not self-conscious of that physical body, so they, the Lucifers, helped him to that physical consciousness, drawing the woman's attention to her body—the Saga of the Paradise apple.

A part of the creative power in man was directed downward and another part used to build the brain, the seat of the mind. Serpents they are called, because the coil of that reptile resembles the spiral movement which the probationer perceives in front of his own eyes before he is enchanted into trance and “dreaming true.”

The Gospels again say: Be then wise as the Serpents (the Lucifers—the non-Angels) and harmless as the Doves—the Angels.

And further, referring to their work and the value of it, the Scripture says again, Why believe in promises lightly made? Omar says: Some seek the glories of this world; and some sigh for a Prophet's paradise to come!

Ah! take the “Cash” and let the “credit” go! Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

And the voice of the Silence says: Take then as much as Karma (fate) has in store for thee.

See the credit, the promises of the dream-causing Devil. To-morrow, to-morrow! or the drum which announces the coming battle. The hope and the fear again—but heed thou not!

But Oh Soul, thou who art infinite; thou who art eternal. Thou who art imperishable—who or what shouldst thou fear?

*With Me (the Christ in Man) along the strip
of Herbage strown,*

*That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of slave and Sultan is forgot
And Peace to Mahmut on his golden throne!*

*A book of Verses, underneath a Bough
A jug of wine, a Loaf of bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness
O! Wilderness were Paradise enow.*

Of course a coarse mind cannot see in this other

things than a Jane and Tap kind of a ditty, but it is some rungs higher.

The Desert into which Jesus had gone also before getting thirsty for Divine Wisdom or worldly necessities, is a usual symbol for the Desire world, or the purgatory of the Rosicrucians (wherein people burn from thirst of unfulfilled desires).

If then the "Jug of Wine" represents the totality of the spiritual sacrifice and the "loaf of bread"—the daily bread of the Pater Noster, the gifts of the Mother World to the maintenance of the physical body and "Thou"—the Christ in man—beside me singing in the Wilderness the source of Divine Inspiration—the Atma buddhi of the Theosophists—descending to the Desire World, then the same becomes Paradise enough—or the Mental plane, preponderant:

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty think some!" says Omar.

This reminds us of the offer of the devil to Jesus in the Gospel Saga, putting Him on a High Mount (again the same symbol for the developed mind—the Sultan's Turret), showing Him the Kingdoms of all the world, but the successful aspirant on the Path retorts: "*Va retro Satanas!*" He chooses the everlasting instead of the ephemeral, as the Voice of the Silence puts it.

The unconcerned love-way of giving enlightenment by the God in us ungrudgingly—not even expecting a return, without effort, still complete, is so poetically depicted in the lines:

*Look to the Rose that blows about us, "Lo!
Laughing," she says. "Into the world I blow,
At once the Tassel of my (Golden) Purse!
Tear! and its Treasures on the Garden throw!"*

Can it be said with more subtlety? That is as God gives light—and withholds, asking nothing.

Then our Poet points to those who desire worldly riches; some to benefit Self; some to benefit everyone; and how they fare ill this conquest of the soul:

*And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the wind like rain;
Alike to no such aureate earth are turned
As buried once, men want dug up again!*

This is the much maligned Judas variety (who had the purse) and who after surrendering to the High Priest hanged himself; i. e., suffocated in the material world of material things.

In the struggle upwards the aspirant is confronted with poverty—incomprehensible, unwarranted poverty—and some cannot stand it. As a result they desire riches.

But riches are the opposite pole of life—the material pole versus the spiritual—and if one reverses his *direction*, how can he reach his initial aim? Of which the Christ says, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to reach heaven. Of course if one goes downstairs he does not get upstairs. But once in those better circumstances it soon becomes flat and tedious for the late aspirant and so after all "one buried in that golden earth" they want "dug up again"; i. e., delivered from the material crust that also covers Mother earth. The Voice of the Silence says: "Beware disciple for thy choice is short but endless!"

One can either become a Sun or a planet, a man or a woman, a toiler or a toiled for, an engineer a van, a plus or a minus.

I do not speak of sexual difference but of spiritual; moreover this choice pertains only to the so far evolved that they can make a choice at all, or otherwise said, the few!

Does Omar speak about rebirth? Surely he does! Listen:

*Think in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate day and night
[life and death]
How Sultan after Sultan
[personality after personality]
With his Pomp,
Abode his hour or two; and went his way.
They say, the Lion and the Lizard keep the Courts,
Where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild ass
Stamps over his Head and he lies fast asleep!
I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled!
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drop't in its lap from some once lovely head.*

*And this delightful herb; whose tender green
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean.
Oh lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen?*

One must be an out and out materialist to think this refers to a buried corpse!

The "Lion and the Lizard," the courageous but beastly and the quick but lazy. The dragon and the alligator of the Chinese symbology, having five imprints on matter, living half on water and half on land, or half in the air' and half on the earth, for the man with his five sense perceptions, living half in the invisible, half in the physical world. As a life in which *Jamshyd* the sorcerer won, might well be followed by a denser one, (the Lion and the Lizard) than keep the courts where "Jamshyd drank deep". And the wild ass would stand in the same way for an uninitiated man as the Christ says, Give not the holy unto the swine; or saying that the bread is for the children and not for the dogs (the outsiders), as the Mohammedans even now call the non-Mohammedan kafirs, dogs. The failure to remember the former lives is given in the idea that the Sultan lies fast asleep while the wild Ass—the later life—stamps over his head. Hunt he may, but find, can he? The Great Hunter is therefore the seeker for truth?

Caesar, the Great Conqueror, is a good name for the Soul that wins the strife. As Shri Krishna says, "O Great Warrior!"

Well, where he bled, *there* a rose blows redder; i. e., there the divine Heart-centrum is more developed as a result of the experiences of the former life and strife, for it is true that "one sows and another reaps."

Further, the Hyacinth, being an early spring flower and very odorous, is taken as a symbol for a precocious youthful Genius—like a Jesus, a Mozart and others who have to thank the efforts of former lives for their genius, as the outcome of former efforts to be the lovely and the good.

The same metaphor is carried on in the next lines where the River Lip stands clearly for those lives where the material and the Desire World are so closely in touch with each other that the personal-ity becomes mediumistic—therefore leaned upon

by spirits—Oh, lean lightly!

The river stands as the *Styx* for the Desire world. He calls further:

*The loveliest and the Best
That time and fate of all their Vintage prest.*

The "few" of which the Gospel speaks as the "Little ones", the "neophytes of Initiation," The children of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Babes in Wisdom.

But the quasi-wise are sarcastically whipped, and Omar with a grain of salt includes his former self, saying of the materialist, the bigot, and the dogmatic:

*Myself—when young—did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about, but ever more
Came out by the same door as in I went.*

And he contrasts it with the Divine of Spiritual Light which he proclaims in:

*The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The two and seventy jarring sects confute;
The subtle alchemist, that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute!
The mighty Mahmud, the Victorious Lord
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fear and Sorrows, that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted word!*

Why does Omar call himself a Tentmaker? But the "Builder of a Hut" is a term of a status of consciousness which we come across in the *Upanishads*. It is a triangle, hence the sign of the disciple.

Oh that our ministers might take to heart the advice of Omar to his mother, about her kind of a prayer where he says:

*Oh Thou, who burn'st in Heart, for those who
burn
In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!'
Why who art thou to teach and He to learn?*

To save ourselves from that Hell fire, let us apply Patanjali's advice, which is also Omar's, also Blavatsky's, and that of others who knew.

Patanjali says: "Yogi, the union or at-one-ment

with God, is the suppression of the modifications of the thinking principle.” (So divorcing old Barren Reason.)

But did Omar hold out?

*Khayyam, who stitched the Tents of Wisdom
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly
burned
The shears of fate have cut the tent ropes of his
Life
And the Broker of Hope—has sold him for nothing!*

For Yogi comes and goes—Yogi the Union with God.

Well, since that, some eight centuries have gone, another life will have produced another Omar, another Caesar, another Warrior, another Conqueror—may be. For they say that whosoever once has come into touch with the Divine Light cometh ever and ever back until he is victorious. And so may Omar, and thank him for his song.

The End

JOY

Geo. S. Weaver

Joy as an emotion is the subject of gradations; there may be a joy that is very shallow, existing only on the surface. The occasion of joy is some good that has either come into one's possession, or that is hoped for. A surface joy is easily excited,

and as easily subsides; but is quite apparent while it lasts. There are people whose temperament is joyous, but as a rule they are never very deep natures, because they easily react. A shallow joy is like the surface of the ocean—easily moved by every wind that blows over it, causing a billowing condition; but the billows subside as readily as they arise, and the troughs become as deep as the crests were high. The shallower the nature, the more easily the joy is excited, the more easily it subsides, and the less sustaining and satisfying it is. “An empty wagon rattles the loudest.”

Then there is a joy that is very deep, excited it may be by similar causes, but by a deeper insight into the causes, grasping the whole import at a glance, and thus having the nature under control. Such a joy is too deep for passion, and so, for expression; in Scripture it is referred to as a “Joy that is inexpressible and full of glory.” Its light is not that of a flashing blaze, but of an intense glow within, unmanifest upon the surface. It is ever enduring and sustaining. Like the great deep of the ocean, it is quiet, serene, and inspiring, and is infinitely buoyant.

The joy of the shallow type is that of people living on the plane of generation, who waste their substance by passionate gratification; the joy of the latter type, conserving their vital force, they are filled with God's fullness, and are therefore replete with health and the rejuvenating power. This is according to the spirit of Truth, which the world cannot comprehend, which many seek, but which only the few find.

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WEAVING LIFE'S GARMENT

WHATEVER Gods there be to dower
Our mortal lives with good or ill,
We hold within ourselves the power
To weave Life's fabric as we will.

We weave with threads of gold when Love
The shuttle guides and holds the hand,
But tangled are the threads we move
When Hate is woven in each strand.

We wind the skein that ye must use,
And pick the pattern that we trace;
Thro' many tears we learn to choose
The silken skeins of Christian grace.

Within the warp and woof each day
We weave our joys, our hopes, our fears;
Bright golden hues, or silver gray,
The cloak of laughter hemmed with tears.

To raveled ends of doubt we cling,
With trembling hands the Truth we hold;
The web of pain and suffering
Grows lighter as our souls unfold.

The garment incomplete as yet,
'Tis torn and tattered into shreds;
While o'er the Loom of Life we fret,
The burden borne with bowed heads.

So toil we on with greater skill
To weave anew Life's garment fail;
Throwing the shuttle of our will
Across the web of doubt and fear.

Weaving the robe of Life each day,
A perfect raiment for the soul;
To clothe us with its stellar ray,
And fit us for the Heavenly goal.

George Edgar Frye

*THE CENTRAL STAR IN THE
EDUCATIONAL FIRMAMENT*

Bernard Sexton

What is education for? This is a most disturbing question and to most persons a really unanswerable riddle. The answers given will be as numerous

as the thoughts in the head of a child. Some will answer, for Success, others for Happiness, a few for Beauty. One thing is certain, that any educational ideal, to be generally accepted, must be as it were the summing up of the hopes and desires of multitudes of people. It must be sufficiently great so that all who are working towards it will be going in the same direction, and it must be sufficiently appealing so that none will be too simple to understand. In the ages of faith they had such an ideal—the ideal of the earth as a heavenly colony to be captured and civilized for the great Captain—God. We must have an Ideal with some such appeal as that. There is in it nothing intrinsically unacceptable to the modern mind. Indeed it was only when the earthly stewards of *that* ideal became unfaithful to their trust, and began to worship Fear instead of Love, that mankind repudiated them. Let us state such a formula in terms acceptable to the modern mind, and let us then begin to train children through love and fearlessness so that they can make the ideal a part of their hearts, of their innermost being, and we will have taken the first step towards the unifying of the mind of the race.

RESOLVED

Some say they only believe what they *see*, and only part of that. Oh dear, how can they be so stupid—why, the greatest forces are the ones we *cannot see*. The law of gravitation holds the universe in balance. It is the hand of God. But we can't *see it*. Men and women will give their lives gladly to protect the ones they love. *Love* is the greatest of all *forces*. "God is Love." Faith as a grain of mustard seed will move mountains. But we can't touch it. You can't *see* the wind but you *can* see what it does. It sails a ship, or turns a windmill or blows a town away. Seeing is *believing*, but it isn't *knowing*. They don't accept belief on the witness stand.

—"Buster Brown"

MARIA MANTELLATA

The True Story of Padre Settimo's Last Day
of Life

Blanche Cromartie

Editor's Note: This is a story which should be read between the words and between the lines, it embodies the principal teachings of the Western Wisdom School as taught by the Rosicrucians, and properly assimilated, it should prove a mine of inspiration.

Padre Settimo, parish priest of Santa Maria Lucina, suddenly opened his eyes and sat up in his pallet bed. He knew as he did so that this was no ordinary awakening; that unlooked for, all unprepared for, the greatest thing of life had come to him; something strange, stupendous, miraculous; something transcending even his heart's desire.

This much he knew instinctively, that out of the dreamless sleep of a night which had just begun like every other night in his simple routine, he had somehow aroused to a unique and glorifying revelation.

What it was to be he had not the faintest idea. Back from the sleep world he came at a bound, opened his eyes and sat up, involuntarily crossing himself as he ejaculated, "*Ave Maria! Ave Maria Vergine, Madre di Dio*" adding in a tone of intense fervor "*Madre mia.*"

It was She. It was She herself, tall and veiled, who stood at his bedside carrying a lofty tinsel crown upon her head and the infant Jesus in her arms. She and no other—Maria Vergine in person, just as he had beheld her standing in her shrine ever since he first came to Lucina.

Padre Settimo had numbered nigh thirty years as paroco at this place and never had been absent through sickness or any other cause; the Church's year in its endless revolution found him invariably at his post—conscientious, scrupulous, humble-minded, and ambitionless.

He was very insignificant in appearance; a wiry, meager type of man with small eyes, a reddish skin, and straight wisps of hair. From his convent

he had come to be the paroco and though thirty years had passed since then, time had hardly changed him. His wiry form may have grown leaner, his straight wisps of hair scantier, his dull reddish skin redder; even in his youth he had been a dried up little person and at fifty odd had very much the same appearance. No woman had ever turned her head to look admiringly after the paroco as was the case at Primavera, the next *Paese*, where Dom Florio was priest.

If padre Settimo's outward man presented a contrast to the stalwart well-featured peasants who were his parishioners, the contrast between him and Marzaccio, the sacristan in Santa Maria Lucina was still more striking.

Every man his right place, and if someone be a serpent in our path or an enemy in our household, well, we have incurred this penalty somewhere and somethen; but it must have been a very long way back on the path that Padre Settimo had sown that character which now embodied before him on his daily round in the person of Marzaccio, for just as Padre Settimo showed a type of delicacy and shrinking refinement, so Marzaccio exemplified brute force, with a strong emphasis on the *brute*. His stout shortish legs, slightly bowed, supported a powerful, if ungraceful body, with long arms and bull neck—the whole dominated by an unduly big head and a face displaying an unusually broad surface of stubbly chin and cheek.

He had been sacristan at Santa Maria Lucina nearly as long as Padre Settimo had been paroco, but time had not endeared the two to each other; on Marzaccio's part very far from it. Indeed, he had from the first regarded the paroco with a dislike which daily seemed to approach more closely to hatred, for not a day passed that Marzaccio did not contrast his own position with that of his brother who was sacristan down yonder at Primavera, and whose lot appeared to him highly enviable when compared to his own.

Wherein lay the difference? Up to a certain point their paths in life were very similar: if Beppo was sacristan to the church mirrored in the blue waters of the lake, was not Marzaccio sacristan at Santa Maria Lucina? Their stipends and regular

emoluments were much alike; one had no more work to do than the other; the wine at the tavern which hung out its bush in the steep winding main street of Lucina, was every whit as strong and just as cheap as that to be bought at the *osteria* down below at Primavera; the peasant women were just as pretty on the mountain side as by the lake, and Lucina had the advantage of being a good six hours walk nearer the city than Primavera. Why then was Marzaccio so ill-content and why did he feel that fate had dealt so unkindly with him? Why, it was just Padre Settimo that made all the difference, for the truth is that Marzaccio hated him for not being a second Dom Florio.

Notwithstanding his scrupulous external decorum, Dom Florio was just a trifle susceptible to feminine charm, and on one occasion at least, this weakness caused him to overstep the limits imposed by his sacred profession. Beppo, who had plenty of cunning and a keen eye for his own advantage, had been sharp enough to discover his paroco's indiscretion, and having forced himself into his confidence, now managed to profit by it.

As years went on, Dom Florio had become wiser and more circumspect, but he could not ignore the fact that he had placed himself in Beppo's power. The sacristan for his part knew how to make the most of his knowledge, and for some years past had been in a position to accumulate *soldi*, for Dom Florio allowed him the handling of the alms box and the peddling of candles and petty relics out of which some little profit was to be made. Moreover, he looked forward to a still more profitable post whenever Dom Florio should obtain the comfortable preferment the Cardinal had promised him, for Beppo knew that the priest realized well enough that his continued silence could only be assured by Dom Florio giving him a share in any good fortune which might befall himself.

Discreet though Beppo was, the source of his prosperity had been partly guessed, partly wormed out of him by Marzaccio who was the elder of the two. Thus, while the sacristan of Primavera was enjoying numerous small perquisites and could confidently look forward to a time of considerably

fatter pickings, it was far otherwise with Padre Settimo's satellite, who had to make his wages sufficient; for Padre Settimo's frugal manner of living allowed his sacristan little opportunity for the pocketing of illicit *soldi*.

The daily intercourse of two lives thrown much together must do one of two things—intensify the force of attraction or the force of repulsion. In Marzaccio's case the latter happened, for, by incessant brooding over the superiority of his brother's position, he had begun by pitying himself and then went on to lay the entire blame on temperance and frugality of the paroco, whose regularity and simplicity of life he came to regard as nothing less than a gigantic wrong done to himself. This idea absorbed his mind more and more as the days went on until it grew into an obsession, a monomania.

Had Marzaccio bestowed a few moments of sane reflection upon his cherished grievances, he would have perceived at once that no matter what the paroco's character might have been, his own circumstances would not have benefited. "Where nothing is, nothing can be got," for while the modern, gaudily painted church at Primavera was the admiration of the country folk around, the grandeur of the old church at Lucina repelled rather than attracted them; consequently, Santa Maria Lucina, despite its antiquarian interest and architectural beauties, remained neglected and threatened to fall into dilapidation.

Santa Maria Lucina was more than a parish church; it was a basilica and one which had known a very checkered history, dating as it did, in its pagan beginning at least, into 'the dark backward and abysm of time' when the prosperous Etruscan town which originally occupied this rocky site had erected an altar to Juno Lucina. Under the Roman eagles the town had known a continuance of prosperity. As Christianity displaced the Pagan gods, the temple was allowed to fall into decay, till finally it was dismantled and the present basilica church reared on its site. So long as the town flourished, the church, dedicated to the Virgin, shared its opulence, but owing to a variety of circumstances, the trade and population of Lucina

were at length diverted to a neighboring village which rapidly rose into notice till, about the middle of the eighteenth century, it developed into a full blown city where a modern baroque Cathedral usurped 'the wealth and popularity formerly enjoyed by Santa Maria of Lucina.

Few persons at this period interested themselves in antiquities; tourists were unknown and the general indifference was shared by the ecclesiastical authorities who considered that a single priest with the slenderest of stipends was all that could be afforded now for the service of a sanctuary which had once been so renowned.

It is plain then that Marzaccio's growing aversion to his superior had its foundation on no reasonable ground, but must have been a heritage from some long remote, forgotten past when these two egos had come into hostile relationship, for ill-will once set up, acts with attractive force and brings two beings in contact with each other all down the ages until they include each other in love.

As for Padre Settimo, he did not cherish the least unfriendly feeling against the sacristan, nor indeed against anyone, but nonetheless, he stood aloof from other men, living his own life, a secret and separated existence.

Since the day when the monastic patrons of Santa Maria Lucina had installed Padre Settimo there as paroco, he had always observed the same rigid routine; devoutly attentive in the church offices and regular in all his parish duties. The former were more to his taste, for never had he managed to understand his people. He was far too humble-minded to despise anyone, but every fresh evidence of their ignorance and grossness roused in him a feeling of mild surprise, eloquent testimony to the gulf that existed between them.

He never got into touch with the full-blooded brawny *contadini* who came with their deep-bosomed women on Sundays and *festas* to hear Mass at Santa Maria Lucina. His attitude of mind towards his flock was entirely kindly but just as entirely void of understanding; they never met as human beings on the same ground; their thoughts and ways, their habits and pursuits, their desires and passions were all foreign to the little priest

dwelling solitary in the two cells leading off the cloisters, appointed for his accommodation.

What did he, what could he know of the lives of men whose hearts were quick with passions and their quiver full of children? Nothing in truth—less than nothing, for home and mother he had never known.

When the plague had desolated the neighboring city about fifty years before, the monks from a monastery in the vicinity had found him—a weeping frightened baby, the sole survivor in a house where both parents and six elder children lay smitten to death.

The city was full of such forlorn orphans, but the father and mother in this case had been devout people, attentive to their religious duties, always open-handed to the Brotherhood, and of this the monks had not been unmindful. They had transplanted the two year old boy to their convent walls and there, among the brethren, he had grown up and assumed the tonsure.

Therefore Padre Settimo had no memory of mother or sister, and for him the tall bedizened image of the Madonna, whose shrine was the chief object of his care, had come to stand for all that he knew of the eternal womanly. It was for her that he cultivated roses and pinks in his garden; to her that he burned many a taper which might have cheered his little 'parlor' in the long wintry evenings when all Lucina shut its doors to keep out the frosty blasts which swept down from the Apennines.

The brightest hour of his day was spent in contemplating her wooden meaningless features and eyes of grey glass. For him at least they were not meaningless. It was on the Mother of God that he concentrated all his thoughts, all his affection; not in any general or abstract sense, but as embodied for him in this antique puppet, once the object of local pilgrimages but now out of vogue and forgotten. Padre Settimo was her only worshiper. Perhaps this, more than anything else, was a barrier to understanding his parishioners, not one of whom had ever shown any special devotion to the Virgin enshrined at Lucina. Men who had known her in the earlier radiance of her installing there

(Continued on Page 151)

THE ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY
IN A NUTSHELL

Compiled by Augusta Foss Heindel
and Lizzie Graham

So many requests for a brief resume of the Rosicrucian Teachings have come to the Headquarters from friends who want something that will arouse and arrest the attention of Truthseekers and disabuse their minds of the fallacy fostered by writers of encyclopedias that the Rosicrucians are a sect devoted to alchemy and the transmutation of base metal to refined gold, pure and precious," and induce them to investigate our sublime philosophy. Therefore we have compiled the following from our literature.

It is true that the Rosicrucians and their pupils are concerned in the transmutation of base metals to gold, the preparation of "the philosopher's stone," and "the elixir of life," but the metals used are not the ordinary iron, lead, etc., and the gold produced is something far more precious and beautiful than the gold of commerce; it is, in fact, a purely spiritual gold which each may learn to compound for himself if he will but follow the rules laid down in the Rosicrucian Teachings.

These rules are identical with the maxims given us by the Christ in His Teachings, and being a Rosicrucian student does not necessarily separate us from our church, it but helps us more fully to understand the teachings of the Bible.

It should be made clear in the very beginning that students in the Rosicrucian Fellowship do not call themselves Rosicrucians, that title applies alone to the Elder Brothers who are the Hierophants of the Western Wisdom Teaching, and they are as far beyond the greatest saint living in spiritual development as that saint is above the lowest fetish worshiper.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. This scientific teaching is only given in order that man may believe in the spiritual laws and start to live

the life of true fellowship.

The Philosophy is entirely Christian, striving to make Religion a living factor in the land and to lead to Christ those who cannot find Him by faith alone.

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

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

If we come to the conclusion that death does not end our existence it is but a natural question to ask, Where are the dead? The law of conservation of matter and energy precludes annihilation, yet we see that matter is constantly changing from the visible to the invisible state and back again, as, for instance, water is evaporated by the sun, partially condensed into a cloud, and then falls to earth again as rain.

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

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

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

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

When the skipper scans the sky in search of a star whereby to steer the ship safely, he finds there is only one such, namely, the North Star. By its guiding light, he may steer in full confidence and

will bring his ship to the haven of rest and safety. Likewise, one who is looking for a guide to which he may trust in the days of sorrow and trouble should also embrace a religion founded on eternal laws and immutable principles, able to explain the mystery of life in a logical manner so that his intellect may be satisfied while at the same time containing a system of devotion that may satisfy the heart, so that these twin factors in life receive equal satisfaction. For only when a man has a clear intellectual conception of the scheme of human development is he in a position to range himself in line therewith, and when it is clear to him that that scheme is beneficent and benevolent in the very highest degree, that all is truly ruled by divine love, then that understanding will sooner or later call out in him a true devotion and heartfelt acquiescence which will awaken in him a desire to become a co-worker with God in the world's work.

The Rosicrucian Teaching gives clear and logical information concerning the world and man: it invites questions so that the seeker after spiritual truth may receive full satisfaction intellectually, and its explanations are strictly scientific, as they are reverently religious. It refers us for information regarding life's problems to laws that are as unchangeable and immutable in their realm of action as the North star is in the heavens.

The law of cause and effect IS immutable. If we throw a stone into the air, the act is not complete until by gravitation it is returned to earth. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, is the way this law is expressed in the realm of morals. "Though the mills of the Gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine," and once an act has been sown, the reaction will come some time, some where, as surely as the stone that has been thrown into the air returns to the earth.

But it is manifest that all of the causes that we set going in life do not ripen in the present existence, and it therefore follows that they must find their fruition somewhere else at some other time or the law would be invalidated, a proposition that would be as impossible as that the law of gravitation could be suspended, for either would make chaos out of cosmos.

The Rosicrucian Teachings explain how this is

accomplished by the statement that Man is a spirit attending the School of Life for the purpose of unfolding latent spiritual power, and that for this purpose it lives many lives in earthly bodies of increasing finer texture which enable it to express itself better and better. In the lower grades of this school of evolution man has few faculties. Each life-day he comes to school in the morning of childhood and is given lessons to learn, and at night when old and gray the nursemaid of nature, "Death", puts him to sleep, that he may rest from his labors until the dawn of another life-day, when he is given a new child-body and new lessons. Each day the teacher of the school—"Experience"—helps him to learn some of the lessons of life, and gradually he becomes more and more proficient. Some day he will have learned the whole curriculum of the school, which includes building of bodies, as well as using them. Thus, when we see one who has few faculties, we know that it is a young soul who has only gone to life's school a few days, and when we find a beautiful character, we recognize an old soul who has spent much time in mastering its lessons. Therefore we do not despair of God's love when we see the inequalities of life, for we know that in time all will be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

The Rosicrucian Teachings also take the sting of sorrow out of the greatest of all trials—the loss of loved ones—even if they have been what are called wayward or black sheep; for we know that it is an actual fact that "in God we live and move and have our being"; hence, if one single soul were lost, a part of God would be lost and such a proposition would be absolutely impossible. Under the immutable law of cause and effect we are bound to meet these loved ones some time in the future, under other circumstances, and there the love that binds us together must continue until it has found its fullest expression. The laws of nature would be violated if a stone thrown from the earth were to remain suspended in the atmosphere, and under the same immutable laws those who pass into the higher sphere at death must return. Christ said "ye must be born again," and "If I go to my Father, I will return."

continued on Page 145)

Question Department

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Question: It seems perfectly logical to me that there must be a finer body such as you call the vital body, but is there any way that one may prove this to a friend who is very skeptical and argumentative?

Answer: A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still, says an old proverb, and it is true. So long as your friend is still in the argumentative stage and not inclined to examine the proofs with an open mind it is a waste of time to try to change his opinion. We would suggest that you stop arguing; he may then become anxious and want to find out some more. When he does, there are a number of ways to prove the existence and reality of the vital body. We may mention a few. In the first place, there is the camera. Perhaps you can find in your town among the spiritualists one able to take spirit photographs. Though there are tricks, well known to photographers, whereby such pictures may be produced, it is nevertheless a fact that under conditions where there was absolutely no fraud, photographs have been taken of people who have passed into the beyond, and have been able to clothe themselves in ether, the material whereof the vital body is constructed, and which is visible to the eye of the lens. The writer himself was once caught by the camera when he traveled in his vital body from Los Angeles to San Pedro to see a friend off on a steamer. It so happened that he came between this friend and the camera of another friend who was just taking a snapshot of the ship, and the likeness is so good that it was recognized by a number of people.

Then we have the phenomenon of dogs following certain persons by the scent obtained from clothing they have worn. This clothing is impregnated by the ether from the vital body, which latter protrudes about an inch and a half beyond the periphery of the dense body. Hence also at every

step we take the earth is penetrated by this invisible radiating fluid. But it has been found that blood-hounds following the fleeing criminal were baffled and lost the scent because the fugitive had put on skates and made his way over the ice. This raised him above the ground so that the vital body protruding below his feet did not impregnate the ice and therefore there was no scent whereby the blood-hounds could trace him. Similar results have been obtained by a person walking on stilts from the place of his crime.

Then there is the case of the magnetic healer who draws from his patient the diseased parts of the vital body which are then replaced by fresh ethers that allow the life forces to course through the diseased physical organ and hereby effect a cure. If the magnetic healer is not careful to throw off the black, jelly-like, miasmatic, etheric fluid which he has drawn into his own body, he in turn will become ill, and if there were no such invisible fluid as we speak of, the phenomena of the patient's recovery and the magnetic healer's illness could not take place. Finally, we may say that if you can find the conditions and care to go to the trouble, here is one way and one condition under which a very large number of people are able to see the vital body for themselves. This is most easily accomplished in southern countries where the dead bodies are buried very quickly after demise. Select a time as close to the full moon as possible, then watch the papers for funeral notices and go to the cemetery in the evening following the funeral of someone who has died within twenty-four hours, you will then probably see above the newly made grave, flickering in the moonlight, the filmy form of the vital body which remains there and decays synchronously with the body in the grave. This may be seen at any time by the seer, but, it is only dense enough to be visible to ordinary people on the first night after the funeral. If you do not see

it at first, walk around the grave and look steadfastly at it from different angles, then you will probably get the most convincing ocular proof for your friend.

Question: In the *Apocalypse*, John says "There shall be no more sea." What does that mean?

Answer: It means just what it says; for the earth itself is going through a number of stages of evolution which furnish the conditions necessary for our development. There was the dark age during which the material for our planet was gathered together in a fermentative and germinative condition which produced heat so that at a certain point when the creative fiat, "Let there be Light," was uttered, this material became a luminous fire mist revolving upon its axis and heating the surrounding atmosphere, which was then cooled by contact with outer space.

Thus moisture was generated and it fell upon the glowing planet with the result that a steam went outward, a fire fog, and for aeons of time this evaporation and condensation went on until the earth was encrusted and became what we know as dry land, from which a mist went outward, as also stated in the Bible. This cooled and condensed, coming down upon the earth as a flood which finally cleared the air and gave us the atmospheric conditions which prevail today. In the past we had bodies fitting us to live in the varying environments on the earth and today our vehicles are largely composed of water, as are the bodies of the animals and plants. But the Bible tells us that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. We are told that we shall put off the physical body and that we shall be caught up in the air; also, as you mention, there shall be no sea. Thus the general conditions are placed before us and there are quite a few signs that though these changes are being brought about slowly, they are surely coming. Scientists are now beginning to recognize the fact that the earth is being deprived of its moisture, says the *Literary Digest*:

Many authorities recognize the fact that the earth is slowly losing its moisture. How this can

occur is partially explained, we are told by C. F. von Hermann, in *Science* (New York), by the action of electrical discharges in decomposing water vapor. One of the component gases, hydrogen, is very light and rises to the upper limits of the earth's atmosphere, where it is ultimately thrown off. This loss of hydrogen means in the long run a loss of water. The decomposition of the earth's moisture, with final loss, is also brought about by other agencies, notably the effect of the light-rays of the upper part of the spectrum. Mr. von Hermann quotes a writer in *Umschu*, Dr. Karl Stoeckel, as saying:

"It is believed that the ultra-violet rays of sunlight which fall upon the water vapor suspended in the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere decompose a small part of it to produce hydrogen, which rises to great heights."

On this Mr. von Hermann comments as follows:

"I do not think it has been pointed out before that the earth's surface must be continuously losing hydrogen through the decomposition of water vapor by every flash of lightning. Pickering and others have recognized the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of lightning, and the larger works on meteorology mention the fact that lightning flashes decompose some water...The hydrogen formed by every lightning flash rises rapidly to the upper atmosphere and is lost to the earth.

"Considering the frequency of thunderstorms during the summer season in both hemispheres and at all times in the equatorial regions, the loss of hydrogen in this way cannot be considered as insignificant. As long as conditions upon the earth remain such as to render thunderstorms possible, the slow desiccation of the earth must continue."

Thus the teachings of the Bible are being vindicated on every essential point as science advances. The facts discovered show how the past and the present have been described with accuracy. This gives us reason for our faith that the future developments will also be found in line with the truths taught in the Bible.



The Astral Ray

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THE SOLAR ECLIPSE

June 8th

Since our last issue, the July number, went to press in the beginning of June, an eclipse of the Sun occurred, and though we have been too busy studying Astrology as pertaining to human beings to pay attention to "Mundane Astrology", the branch of the science pertaining to the destiny of nations, we feel that it may interest our readers to hear what others have to say on the subject. A total eclipse of the sun is one of the most impressive and wonderful of natural phenomena. Fortunately this year this remarkable event happened at such a time as to be visible to a great part of the American population. The solar eclipse was caused by the moon coming between the earth and the sun to such an extent as to conceal the latter entirely from the view of persons living within a specific area.

The moon's shadow fell across the United States, first touching the Pacific coast at the mouth of the Columbia river in Washington state at 3 :55 p.m., Pacific time (under hours set by daylight-saving time). Thence it traveled south-eastward passing through Boise, Idaho; Denver, Colo.; Hot Springs, Ark.; Jackson, Miss.; Tallahassee, Fla.; and Orlando, Fla. The eclipse passed the Mississippi River at 6 :37 p.m., Central time, and left the Florida coast at 7 :42 p. m., Eastern time.

Astronomers estimated that the moon's shadow rushed across the United States at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. Thus It required about three hours

for it to pass from the Oregon to the Florida coast.

Size of the Sun and Moon

When a total solar eclipse happens, the reason the moon can entirely obscure the sun, though it is 400 times smaller in diameter than the latter, is because it is 400 times nearer the earth. The distance of the moon from the earth, however, varies from 217,650 miles to 249,000; astronomers explain that is the reason why in some eclipses its cone-shaped shadow is "too short to reach the earth. This results in what is called an "annular," or ring-shaped eclipse, during which only the outer rim of the sun can be seen.

The total eclipse June 8th last occurred in Gemini, the ruling sign of the United States. On August 21, 1914, just as the war was beginning, a total eclipse of the sun fell in the third decanate of Leo, the sign of royalty. That eclipse was visible all over Europe and cast its shadow upon the western-most parts of Russia, and sections of Rumania, Austria-Hungary and Germany.

Here are some of the statements made by mundane astrologers, and our readers may take them for what they are worth. We do not know who is the writer.

Eclipse Significance

"Respecting the significance of a solar eclipse in the third decanate of Leo one of the old text-books makes the following very remarkable declaration:

"Presignifies the profanation of holy places, churches and sacred edifices; besieging and ransacking of towns."

At Washington, at the moment when the eclipse