

# Rays from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

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IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI

WOMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPT

DOCTOR SUN

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY

OF A GLUTTON'S STOMACH

NOVEMBER

1918



# RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



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MAX HEINDEL



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# The Mystic Light

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## The Place of the Vision

I could not find him in cathedral aisle;  
He was not in my secret place of prayer;  
Not all the preacher's pleadings could beguile  
My weary soul from darkness and despair.  
He would not show his blessed face to me,  
Though I besought in tears and agony.

One day I had forgot my fruitless quest,  
Intent another soul to help and rest.  
I raised my eyes unthinking, and, behold,  
Denied when I had sought it as pure gold,  
The Master's smile! This was the Holy Place,  
Where Jesus loved, and loves, to show His face.

—Philip Wendell Crannell

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## In the Land of the Living Dead

Prentiss Tucker

(Continued from October number)

**O**H, JIMMIE, the Elder Brother is coming. Oh! Oh! I'm so glad for it must be that he wants to talk to you Himself."

"Well, I wish He'd stay away. I want to talk to you—"

"Here He is—"

Jimmie turned in response to a gesture from Marjorie and saw standing before him a man, somewhat past middle age, tall, erect, and with nothing so prominent about him as the feeling which he inspired of being in the immediate presence of great power. The man bowed slightly and while Marjorie and Jimmie were rising, spoke—

"I know you very well Mr. Westman, especially through the help of our little friend here," and he touched Marjorie's curls gently and lovingly, "and I sent her to meet you first, but must not tax her too greatly and so I want you to come with me for a while, and later you can have a long talk with her."

The newcomer's manner and tone bore such an air of quiet authority that Jimmie never for an instant entertained a thought of appeal and merely

responded to Marjorie's little graceful gesture of adieu and turned to walk beside the man whom Marjorie had called the 'Elder Brother.'

They walked on for some distance in silence, a silence which Jimmie thought it best not to break himself for, in some way which he could not explain, he felt as though this man was quite a 'big bug' in this country, and so he walked on silently until the man himself might feel moved to begin the conversation.

Some rods had been passed in slow pacing before the silence was broken and in the meantime Jimmie had cast a furtive glance around to see how far Marjorie had gone, but to his surprise she was not in sight at all although he was sure he could see a couple of miles in any direction.

"You have had a good rest," his companion said at length, "and it will not be too great a tax upon you to map out, briefly, some of the duties which it will be your privilege to attend to in this new life upon which you have entered, but before that I will show you a little of what has happened and what is happening, and, as soon as you are ready for the

information, I shall show you just why this war was allowed to come upon the world and in just what manner your help will be needed.”

“But things are somewhat different here than what you have been accustomed to and I want to call your attention to one thing which Marjorie hesitated to dwell upon, and that is the method of your locomotion. You do not need to walk in the old way, it is much more convenient and much quicker to progress by what Marjorie suggested to you at first—the glide. We all of us here move about in that way. It only requires a slight effort of the will and is as much superior to walking as walking is to crawling on the hands and knees. In fact there is hardly a limit to the speed of the glide, and without it we would find it impossible to do the work which has to be done in these strenuous times. Try it.”

At the word he began to glide just as Jimmie had seen Marjorie do. Jimmie then made the effort himself and, to his surprise, found that he could move along as he had often done on ice when skating, only this movement was the result of an effort of the will and required no exertion of the body at all. He was as delighted as a child with this newly acquired power and glided around like an ice skater cutting the old familiar figure of eight and other patterns a number of times before he once more steadied down at the side of his new acquaintance.

There is a great deal of the boy in every man, just as there is a great deal of the man in every boy, and Jimmie was frankly more absorbed and interested in the possibilities of the glide and in the fact that he had resumed his place at the Elder Brother’s side without being in the least out of breath or feeling any of the effects which usually follow such strenuous exercise, than he was in the tremendous fact that he had really and truly crossed over the “Great Divide” and was in the very act and article of learning what was on the “Other Side of Death.”

Slowing down to the more dignified progress of his guide, he felt somewhat abashed at his exhibition of enthusiasm and began to apologize in an indirect manner.

“This gliding business is quite a novelty to me

and it seems to be just what I have always wanted to do. I’ve dreamed of just that very thing at times and when I once realized that I could actually glide it was like doing some old, familiar stunt over again.”

“You were not mistaken. It is an old familiar ‘stunt.’”

“It must be that my ice skating is what made it seem natural to me.”

“No. It was familiar because you have often glided and you were really used to doing it. In your sleep you have always spent your time over on this side, and while on most nights you were not actually conscious, yet you were partially aware of what you were doing, though you were not able to take the memory back with you.”

“Gee! Well, what do you know about that!”

“It’s an improvement on walking, isn’t it?”  
 “Well! I should say so. I’ll sure teach it to the boys when I get back—”

He stopped short, realizing that there was no ‘going back.’

The man’s face glowed with sympathy.

“No,” he said, “there is no going back but I think that when I have shown you that which lies before you and which is so much grander and greater than what lies back of us, you won’t want to go back, you will want with all your heart and soul to go forward.”

“I am going to take you back to the trench where your company is, for one of your friends is going to pass over and as he will not go in the same way that you did, he will recover consciousness almost immediately and I want you to take charge of him. In this way you will learn a good deal about some phases of what your duties will be later on.”

“And now,” he continued, “before you begin actual work, I want to impress upon your mind that this war was necessary because in no other way could the human race be saved from an impending and overwhelming fate. This fact does not in the least excuse those who are responsible for bringing it on, but I speak of it because the great conflict and awful suffering have made some think that the powers of good were helpless before the powers of evil. This is not so. God rules over all and as the sparrow cannot fall without His knowledge and

will, so no war can be started without His knowledge and will, but, as said, this does not excuse those who bring it on." His face grew very stern but withal tender and his eyes had a far-away look in them as though his thoughts were far away over the centuries that are to come before the good which is to come out of the great struggle shall have formed its pattern on the loom of time.

"Now," he resumed, "we will travel a little faster and you may use that new-found power of yours, the glide."

He began to glide as he spoke and moved faster and faster. Jimmie kept gliding along by his side, occasionally forgetting and fixing his mind on something else and when he did this he found that he was apt to stop altogether. This he explained to himself by saying that walking had become so much a second nature to him that he could do it and still think of something else but that gliding was yet new and so he had to center his mind on it all the time.

The Elder Brother moved faster and Jimmie followed him as well as he could, though when the glide left the earth and moved through the air Jimmie was a little dubious as to his ability to follow so strenuous a leader. Soon, however, he became more and more accustomed to the new sensation and began to take a little interest in the landscape. Now he noticed that they were passing over a part of the country which was familiar to him and in another moment or two he saw that they were nearing the trenches. He heard the reports of the great guns and saw the planes flying far above, for he and his guide were again nearing the earth, and in another minute they had alighted on the edge of that section of the trench where his firing post had been.

There it was yet, with one of the men of the company in it, and Jimmie motioned to his friend that they had better jump down into the trench where they would be safe and it was not until the Elder Brother smiled at him in a quizzical way that he remembered the fact that the danger of bullets was over for him, that they would pass through his present ethereal body without causing discomfort.

The Elder Brother laid a hand on Jimmie's arm

and pointed to a man somewhat over forty, in the uniform of a sergeant, who was sitting quietly in a little dugout smoking a cigarette and looking at an old magazine. As they were looking, he threw away the stub of the cigarette, laid down the magazine, rose slowly and stepped into the trench, walked leisurely to the firing post, raised his head up to look through the little opening and was neatly drilled through the forehead by a rifle bullet. He stood still for a moment, then as the muscles lost their inspiration they slowly relaxed and the body as slowly leaned against the wall of the trench, quietly sinking down. That was what the horrified rifleman on duty saw, but what Jimmie saw was that the sergeant quietly stepped out of his body and stood there, looking at the rifleman with a puzzled expression on his face. Jimmie needed no guide to tell him what had happened and he called to sergeant Strew who looked up at him and said quietly,

"Hello, Jimmie, glad to see you. When did you blow in? I heard you'd gone west."

"Hello, old fellow," said Jimmie, "I just came out and brought a friend of mine."

He turned to the Elder Brother and said, "I'd introduce you to my friend, sergeant Strew, sir, if I knew your name."

Sergeant Strew seemed to evince no great surprise that Jimmie should have come out to the firing line in such a manner, bringing a friend with him, as though the front trench were a visiting place, nor did the unusual circumstance strike either of them as at all out of the way. It is often thus with those who have recently passed over and who have not had their powers of observation and reason trained. The sergeant knew as a matter of fact that Jimmie was dead, or at least he had been told so and had no reason to doubt the fact. Yet when Jimmie showed up, alive and well and apparently comfortable, the sergeant merely accepted the fact without any hesitation. Had he seen Jimmie, however, before the sniper's bullet severed the connection between his physical and vital bodies, the case would have been entirely different.

Jimmie's very respectful mode of addressing the Elder Brother, too, was indicative not only of the atmosphere or aura of dignity and power which

surrounded the Elder Brother, but showed the fact that these vibrations were not impeded by the physical body, hence were a thousand times more potent than would have been the case on the physical plane. Jimmie knew nothing of mental vibrations, and had not the very slightest idea that the cause of this restraint lay outside of himself, but of the fact he was aware, and he promptly set it down to his own good upbringing.

The name which was given I may not divulge, but in its place I will substitute and say that the Elder Brother gave the name of *Campion*.

The introduction over, the Elder Brother said:

"Jimmie, come to me in about an hour and bring your friend."

"All right, sir, but my watch is stopped and I will have to guess the time. And where will I find you, sir?"

"I will send for you when the time comes." The Elder Brother apparently made a step from the bottom to the top of the trench and moved off towards the rear. The sergeant yelled to him and gave a jump to interfere but Jimmie caught him by the arm and Strew turned on Jimmie—

"Stop him! Call him back!"

"Never mind him," Jimmie shouted "listen to me—"

"All right, lieutenant, if you say so. But jiminy! I'm glad to see you again. Say! did you notice the way that friend of yours took the whole height of the trench in one step? Some man, that!"

"He certainly is."

"This'll be great news for the boys to find you're all right again. We heard that you got killed three days ago. I'm darned glad to find it was a mistake. But where have you been all this time?"

Jimmie had come up at a time when there was a lull in the fighting and sergeant Strew was the only casualty at the time. The sergeant was so busy looking at and talking to Jimmie that he had not noticed the group of men gathered about his dead body and Jimmie was at a loss just how to break the news to the sergeant gently, He had never had such a job to do before—

"Well you see, sergeant, the funny part about it is what you heard was true."

"What was true?"

"Why, that I'd got killed."

"You got hit on the bean, that's what's the matter with you."

"No, I didn't either. I'm giving you the true dope. I got killed."

"Jimmie, go back and tell the doc to fix your noodle. You've got a bad case of bats in your garret. I might have known it was like that or you'd never have brought that spry old gent out here with you which you very well know is against all the regulations, even if you are a lieutenant, and I don't see how in thunder he ever got out so far, past all the officers."

"Well, you see, it's this way, sergeant, lots of men get killed and never know what's happened to them."

"Yes, an' some think they're killed when nothing has happened. Why if you'd been killed don't you see you would be a ghost now, and then how in the dickens could I see you and talk to you? It can't be done, Jimmie. You're just as much alive as I am."

"That's true, too, sergeant, but if you'll look behind you a moment you'll see that you're just as dead as I am."

Jimmie pointed past him to the dead body which had been laid out on the boards at the bottom of the trench, ready to be taken to the rear if things kept quiet after dark, and the sergeant turned and looked. He looked long and quietly. He walked over and stood beside the body and looked at it carefully. He spoke to the sentry in the firing post, and when no answer was made he spoke again, more sharply, and then walked over and shook the man by the shoulder, or attempted to shake him, but finding that his hand went through the sentry he gave up the attempt, turned back to Jimmie and said in a matter of fact way:

"I guess you're right, Jimmie. I've cashed in."

Jimmie looked at sergeant Strew and sergeant Strew looked at Jimmie. Neither knew just what to say. The situation was a novel one, and though Jimmie might have found words with which to offer comfort to a friend who had lost some dear one, yet even that task would have been hard, and when it was the friend himself who had died and