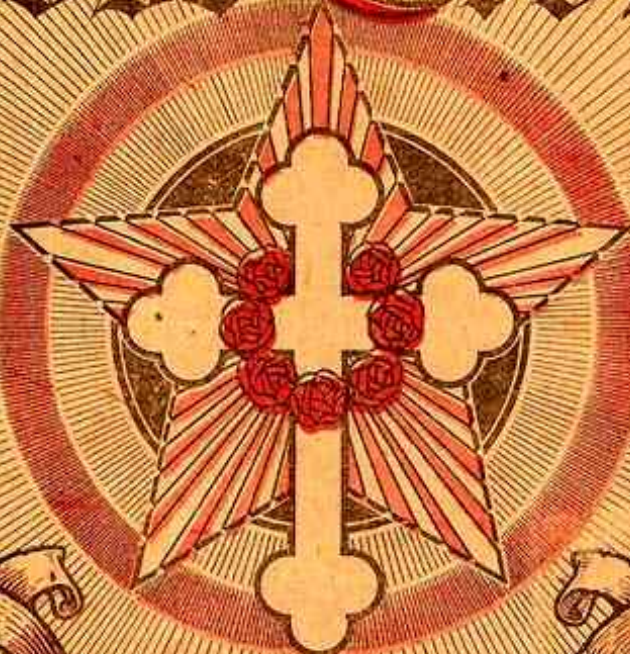


Rays from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

\$1.50 a Year

15 Cents a Copy

THE AQUARIAN AGE
MYSTICISM
STOIC PHILOSOPHY
ASTROLOGY OF THE BIBLE
IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD
STORIES OF THE UNSEEN

JANUARY
1919



RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS

EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL



VOL 10

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA JANUARY, 1919

NO. 9

General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

The Question Department

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

The Astral Ray

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

Studies in the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

Our Origin, Evolution and ultimate Destiny is religiously, reasonably and scientifically explained in this department.

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

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

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Subscription in the U. S. and Canada: \$2 a year

Single copies 20c.

Back numbers 25c.

England: 8s 4d a year; Germany: 8 marks 25 Pf.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us before the 10th of the month preceding issue, or we cannot be responsible for the loss of magazine. Be sure to give *OLD* as well as *NEW* address.

Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912

Oceanside

Rosicrucian Fellowship

California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

Mystic Light

JANUARY, 1919

The Law

It is a Truth, old as the soul of things—
Whatever ye sow, ye reap.
'Tis the Cosmic Law that forever springs
From the unimagined deep.
'Tis shown in the manifold sorrowings
Of the race; in remorse with its secret sting,
That he who grief to his brother brings,
In his turn shall some day weep.

To the man who hears his victim cry
And hardens his heart at the sound,
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise
From out of the world profound.
Who sows in selfishness and hate
Shall gain his desserts in the years that wane,
For slow and remorseless wheels of Fate
Forever turn round and round.

If ye give of Mercy and Love and Light,
The same shall return to you;
For the standards of right are infinite
And the scales of God are true.
By its good or evil each life is weighed;
In motives and deeds is its record made,
When your wages at last fall due.

The Case of C.

A Picture from the Past

By A. D. C.

This is written in the presence of God my judge. Every word is true according to my knowledge and belief. May it show to the many what spiritual Astrology has to offer in solution of the riddle of life, cause and effect, and rebirth. May it show to the few who can see, the methods of the Elder Brothers in using us as self-conscious channels for the benefit of humanity.

C. came to me for help. She stated that she was one of the most unhappy of people. Deploring the seeming injustices in her life, she questioned, to learn if the Western Wisdom School had a reasonable solution to her difficulties.

She said: "I am naturally of a loving nature; I long for love and peace and harmony in the home. Instead of that, I was born of parents who hated each other, who quarreled, separated, and came together again, while at times I was a sort of bone of contention, now living with one, now the other. My home life is very

unhappy with quarreling parents, and my mother, particularly, seems to leave no method untried to drive me insane. She is not well, and finds fault, and unkindly criticizes all I do or say, and all my friends, never missing an occasion for bickering about the most trivial affairs. Some time ago I attempted to help the maid to move the piano away from the wall for cleaning, as she refused to do it alone. I badly strained some ligaments in the sagittal region of the back. Since then I can do nothing without pain. Sometimes to simply open a door gives me the most excruciating stabbing pains in that region. I am in a constant state of semi-invalidism. No physicians seem to be able to heal those strained ligaments. I hoped to escape the unpleasant relations at home by a happy marriage; this too has been denied me. One man gained my entire love, then after a slight difference, during our engagement, he disappeared, and I have just received from him, the announcement of

his approaching wedding to another. He was wealthy and handsome, I love him dearly. My love seems to be thrown back upon me from all directions. Can you see any justice in these afflictions, or show me the cause?" she concluded.

My heart was wrung in compassion for her. I longed to comfort, but did not see just how.

Her horoscope was on the table before us. We had been studying it from the viewpoint of Astro-Therapy.

Suddenly I "felt like a god", the vibrations were so high and strong about me, and there in the air, seemingly beside her head, I beheld a vision of startling clearness, quivering, as a mirage or a moving picture. And more, I was at once thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances in the lives of persons leading up to this situation, portrayed in the vision.

The scene was set in a narrow, dirty street, in some ancient town. The street was in the poorest quarter. It was paved with cobbles that sloped from the house walls down to a ditch in the center. There were doorways, and larger openings in which sat vendors of various wares. It was early morning, and the poor farmers were bringing in the produce for the householders. They crowded the street, scurrying on from sale to sale. Suddenly, down this narrow way, driving with reckless speed, two magnificent white Arabian steeds, caparisoned in white and gold, came a Patrician youth. He was the picture of Apollo, the sun god. Soft curly hair clustered about a head of proud beauty. His body, clothed in short tunic of white and gold, was instinct with glad strong youthful activity, as he snapped the whip over the spirited horses. He stood in a small chariot of white ornamented with gold.

There were cries of fear from the crowds, as they scurried to safety or pressed themselves closely against the walls. Some less agile were knocked down, bruised, and their wares scattered. One old man, I noticed particularly, because he cursed the youth so maliciously, and prayed that he might yet see the proud one suffering, as he himself was now suffering from a former cruel recklessness of the charioteer. It seemed that the old man had been tossed aside and bruised by the chariot. His sagittal ligaments had been strained, so that his gardening was done in constant pain. Thus afflicted, he had to carry the produce to town and sell to keep body and soul together.

As I gazed upon the youth, I saw that this was his pleasure, daily to drive through the crowded narrow street of the poorer quarter, gleefully laughing, as the crowd scattered like rats to their holes, before his spirited steeds. Others might drive on the broad way of the charioteers, but for him this narrow way was more exciting.

He was born of fond parents who had financially wrecked themselves to pay for his follies. He had married a lady of high rank, and then had excluded his poor parents from the festivities in his palace, so that their love had turned to scorn. His wife was watching him with jealous eyes that had not missed an episode in his light amours. She had married him in a mad passion for his physical beauty, but a keen desire to make him suffer, as he made her suffer, was growing in her heart, embittering the cup of love.

("As ye sow, shall ye reap," even though the harvest time come not for a thousand years.")

All the facts concerning the life of the youth of the vision were at once apparent, just as all the facts of the life of one of our own children are apparent and cluster around the personality of the child as it enters the room.

I believe the spirit of the youth was the same spirit reborn in "C." I believe "C" is reaping the natural reactions of those incidents shown in the vision. I believe that the old man of the vision is the maid in "C"'s home. That spirit now has its prayer answered in a way that impresses it with the futility of prayers for vengeance. The desire for vengeance generally dies out long before the natural law works out the result of the bad desire let loose, and the fulfillment of the wrong comes when it is for our best good, chastening the spirit.

We can easily connect the present parents with the past. It is a lesson to us that if we foster bad principles in any human being in this life, we will at some time have to live under or associate with some one who has those principles developed. The parents are compelled to see the fruition of the nature of those principles of selfishness that they ignorantly fostered, in the past.

To me, the youth who jilted "C" in this life is the outraged wife of the past life, whose desire to make "him" suffer has its fulfillment now; a fulfillment that brings no happiness, as I am sure that if we could follow the life with the mate chosen, we would find there was little peace.

In the Land of the Living Dead

PRENTISS TUCKER

Continued from December

Part II BACK TO EARTH

A sensation as of falling. Great swirling masses of darkness, felt, not seen. The impression of rushing through space with dizzy speed, alone, now head first, now feet foremost, utterly helpless to control the terrific plunge, yet with it all, not uncomfortable nor particularly uneasy, merely curious to know the result of this unguided and precipitate excursion. Dimly conscious of a lessening of the darkness and speed, a gradually increasing glow of twilight with no particular source and disclosing nothing in particular. Eons of time were passing. A final appearance of the sun seen dimly through clouds and fog and little by little a clearing of the vision. Ages passed and the clouds became lighter and more rosy. The final slow change of the sun into the glint of daylight on a swinging incandescent globe and the rosy clouds into a white ceiling and walls. Nothing more was visible. A shadow fell upon the wall and across the range of vision moved the head of a young goddess wearing the uniform cap of the Red Cross.

She looked a little like Marjorie....Who was Marjorie? He tried to remember. The name came to him easily, Marjorie—Marjorie—who was Marjorie?

Who was he, himself? Jim, Jimmie—who was Jimmie? Where did he come from? Familiar name! they called him Jimmie. They? Who? Who were ‘They?’ Marjorie called him Jimmie.

Who was that girl in the Red Cross cap who looked a little like Marjorie? She had stopped and was looking at him. No, she was not Marjorie. Marjorie was much prettier and Marjorie had a soft glow of light about her. Marjorie had seemed to be so much more *alive* than this girl and she glowed with light. This girl didn’t glow. Probably not her fault. Naturally few girls could glow like Marjorie—he smiled.

What was it that Marjorie had called it? Oh yes, an aura—aura.

The girl in the Red Cross cap was smiling at him now but she didn’t glow like Marjorie. Still, she had a sweet smile. She was a nice girl. He knew it. She

ought to glow. He would speak to her.

A Red Cross nurse, passing on her rounds among her patients, saw one who had lain unconscious for days, suffering from shell shock, without a wound but whom they had been unable to rouse, and as she glanced at him was surprised and pleased at seeing his eyes open and showing consciousness. He was watching her and his lips were moving feebly. She stepped to his side and bent her head until her ear was close to his lips. Then, only, she could faintly hear his words.

“You’re not glowing. Where’s your aura?”

The mystified nurse stroked his forehead gently as she straightened up, a great surge of pity for this poor human wreck of battle sweeping over her. His lips moved again and again, she bent to listen.

“Scuse me. My mistake. You’ve got it.”

“Go to sleep now, you’re very much better.”

She laid her hand on his head for a few moments and then, as his regular breathing showed that he had followed her direction, she moved away on her rounds. Later, in making her report to the head nurse, she remarked that Number 32 had regained consciousness but was apparently a little “off” as he had asked foolish questions about why she did not glow and where her aura was.

“What is an ‘aura’?” she asked the head nurse. “It seems to me that I’ve heard the word somewhere.”

“I don’t know, child. I don’t think there is any such thing. He’s just out of his head.”

Jimmie awoke from his sleep some hours later with his head fairly clear as to outward impressions but very confused as to other things.

He went back over his experiences with Sergeant Strew and the Elder Brother and Marjorie. They were vivid and distinct and he could remember almost every word, especially of Marjorie’s, but how did he come to be here and where was ‘here’? There were no hospitals in the ordinary meaning of the term over there, yet he was in a hospital. Also the nurse walked and did not glide and she had no aura, though he remembered dimly that, as she had bent over him when he first waked up and had

touched his forehead so soothingly she had seemed to glow—yes, he remembered that she had, all of a sudden, been enveloped in a cloud of faint purple. He had said something to her at that time but he could not remember now what it was. He didn't care particularly. It was enough just to lie here quietly and not to think at all—not more than he had to, anyhow. This place might or might not be Heaven, but it certainly was very comfortable.

The nurse again stopped at his side. He smiled up at her, too comfortable and entirely satisfied to do more than smile. But she was a competent young woman and did not approve of nurses smiling at patients or patients at nurses. She wanted to know how he felt and what his temperature was and insisted on shaking up his pillow and generally rousing him up in a gentle way. But he didn't care. Who could be annoyed by the attentions of a goddess? Now he would find out where he was, now that she was roused up enough to talk. He would go about it diplomatically so that she would not know what he was trying to find out. He spoke, and she was glad to hear his voice so much stronger.

"Why don't you glide?"

Poor fellow! His voice was stronger but evidently his mind was wandering. Still one can often accomplish a great deal by humoring such cases, so she answered:

"Why, don't you know that we're not allowed to dance in here and besides, no one glides now. The only dances we have are the waltz and two or three of the very latest, but the glide is out of date."

He looked at her, puzzled. Maybe it wasn't Heaven. Maybe it was—no—it couldn't be. Her face was too sweet and altogether wholesome for that.

"Tell me—say—" She bent down in sympathy at the sight of so strong a man lying so helpless and in expectation of some piteous revelation of shattered reason.

"Where'm I at?"

The revulsion of feeling was too much for her and she laughed outright. When she could stop laughing long enough to talk she answered his question.

"You're in the American Hospital in Paris, France, and it's certain you're ever so much better—that is, all except your grammar."

Again, in watching her, he saw that wave of color surround her like a glow of purple light and he

needed no words to tell him that though she might not glide nor know what an aura was, yet she was true sister to those compassionate ones who spend their time in helping others, even as the Master does. He knew, though he knew not how he knew, that such a glowing pulsing gentle radiance cannot be counterfeited by any art, skill, knowledge, or power, however great. Nothing can produce it but purity, kindness, love and service. So he was satisfied for the time, and lay back on his pillow and in a few seconds was asleep.

It was a whole day later before he woke again, this time in full possession of his senses and memory and when the nurse of the kindly face and the beautiful aura made her rounds she met a look of full recognition which told her at a glance that Jimmie's mind was entirely restored.

"Good morning," she said, smiling, "how's my shell-shocked patient this morning? Still suffering from dislocation of grammar?" Jimmie grinned, "What did I say to you yesterday?"

"Oh nothing much, You were naturally a little light headed and you said some queer thing. You asked me where my aura was and why I didn't glow. By the way, what is an aura? Is there such a thing, or did you just imagine the word?"

"I don't know that I can tell you just what an aura is. I've heard the word and I think I know what it means. I'll tell you about it."

Three days later Jimmy was allowed to go out for a walk. He felt practically well and very hungry but had to promise that if allowed to go out he would not buy anything to eat.

"I don't know whether I can trust you or not," the doctor had said, "It may be better for Miss Louise to go with you."

"I think very likely it would," said Jimmie thoughtfully. "I think it would be much better."

Miss Louise did not seem averse to a little walk when the doctor asked her if she would take her patient out for a stroll and in fact appeared rather proud of the tall young lieutenant in his newly cleaned and pressed uniform from which all traces of the trench mud had been removed in the hospital laundry.

"Which way shall we go?" she asked as they passed out of the hospital gate.

"Do you know where the Rue de la Ex is?"

"No, but we can ask."