

Rays from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

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ARE WE GROWING WINGS?
WAR PRODUCTIVE OF EXTENDED
VISION

THE SALT OF ALCHEMISTRY
UNDINES AND MERMAIDS
THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE
LIFE ON MARS

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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.

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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.

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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.

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Others

“Loving, self-forgetting Service to others, is the shortest, the safest, and the most joyful road to God.” —*Rosicrucian Temple Service*

Lord let me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for Others.
Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for You,
Must needs be done for Others.

Let “Self” be crucified and slain,
And buried deep, and all in vain,
May effort be to rise again,
Unless to live for Others.
And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of Others.

Others, Lord, yes, Others.
Let this my motto be,
“Help me to live for Others,
That I may live like Thee.”

Charles D. Meigs (In *The Message*)

War Productive of Extended Vision

IN THE beginning of the great war we voiced the view that this conflict was in reality a surgical operation for the removal of a cataract from our spiritual eyes. We said that every tear that has ever been shed over the bier of a loved one has helped to wash away the scale from our eyes which now hides the spiritual world from us so that we cannot commune with those who have been divested of the veil of flesh. And we stated that two great armies composed of the living and the so-called dead are practically tunneling their way through the veil which now separates them; they will meet in a not far distant future and a greater and greater number is already penetrating the barrier.

Thus those who are blind to the spiritual worlds and who arrogantly and blatantly proclaim the seeing minority either charlatans, frauds, freaks, or demented will soon find the tables turned on them, for when those endowed with spiritual sight become sufficiently numerous, those who are blind will be regarded as deficient and no one will dare deny the existence of a spiritual world inhabited by the people we

now call dead, any more than a blind man would risk ridicule by asserting that because he cannot see, there is no such faculty as sight, and that all who profess to see are either frauds or suffering from a diseased brain.

As we prophesied, sensitives and psychics are now beginning to show themselves in considerable numbers as a direct result of the four years during which the world has been wandering in the valley of the shadow, bathed in oceans of tears because of the partings that have wrung millions of hearts, and the barrier is being penetrated by more and more of the pioneers every day. It is not to be wondered at that the majority manifest the lower phases of psychism, such as the various forms of mediumship, but in due time the higher phases exercised by the will of the individual will also become general in a large measure. The following interview published in the *London Evening NEWS* shows how the wind is blowing:

“On the day that Sir Arthur Conon Doyle's young and brilliant son had died in St. Thomas' Hospital, Sir Arthur himself was speaking in the country on the

theme that *there is no death*, but only a passing beyond a veil.

“It was on this theme that I saw Sir Arthur today. He was reluctant to talk about it, because, he said, sad experience had taught him that it was not easy to get the subject discussed with reverence, and it is, he added, one that must be discussed with reverence, when men are dying in battle and the hearts of their survivors are pining for some revelation that the link is not broken.

30 YEARS' QUEST

“We have that revelation,’ said Sir Arthur. ‘I have been on this quest for 30 years, and I say that we have the revelation and we must carry it throughout the world as the New Religion.

“It is the greatest revelation for 2,000 years. Religion has hopelessly broken down—I mean by that, formal religion....We must add to religion; we must add something, now that the war has shown us the breakdown of formal religion when millions of men and women are looking as they never have done for a sign of consolation.

EVIDENCE OF 30 MOTHERS

“Some time ago I said I knew of 13 mothers—13—who were receiving direct messages from sons who had passed away. Doubt was expressed—gentle doubt—by a newspaper, which asked ‘Who are the mothers? What are their names?’ Well I know 30

mothers now who are receiving these messages.

“I have had a letter from a British corps commander, who lost his son, assuring me that they are in communication. Here you have a warrior, a responsible, hard-fighting, level-headed British soldier—not the long-haired visionary, that caricature who stands in the mind of flippant uninformed people as the type of spiritualist.

“I have addressed many meetings in the country, and I am addressing more. I find the most intense earnestness everywhere among the audiences, and at Nottingham last night, for instance, more people were outside the hall, unable to find room, than were inside.

““This new religion has made great bounds forward. And we shall bring the proof to millions of people.’

“There was the personal matter of his own son who had died. Sir Arthur said he was informed of it as he was going to his Nottingham meeting yesterday. It was a severe trial and test. The relation between belief and the particular personal loss could not be discussed; but Sir Arthur, speaking at this hour, did say, for the comfort of others, ‘A mother, a father, firm in the new revelation, knows that the one who departed is no farther away than you who sit in a chair a yard away.’”

It is required that we evolve a new sense for the new age which is at hand, and the war has been a drastic measure to further this development.

New Year's Resolutions, 1919

Lizzie Graham

THIS New Year has found us, as did every other year, full of apologies to ourselves for not having done more faithful work and coupled with every apology a new promise to ourselves, or resolution to do better, much better, this year. For example, how many successive seasons have you said to yourself on the 24th of December, “I will not be caught this way next year, I will begin to collect my gifts just after midsummer and have them all ready in good time for Christmas.” And yet, year after year, the same thing occurs. But you do not get impatient with yourself, you blame circumstances and make excuses for yourself.

Have you ever been closely connected with little children? One day they will make a solemn promise to you, never to do again something that has displeased you, but alas, tomorrow they seem to have quite forgotten their promise and the same fault is repeated. You remind them, perhaps this time more severely. Again promises are made by them. Day after day, the same trouble occurs, and now you are quite angry at their carelessness, their stupidity, and perhaps they deserve the punishment you inflict. This may have the effect of curing the fault, or it may not.

Can you remember the first time in your life you

became really conscious of a fault within yourself and honestly tried to remedy it? Did you succeed the first time you tried to conquer it, or the twentieth time you tried? Or are you conscious of its presence still? It takes a great deal of will-power to overcome even a slight failing, and not realizing this we allow ourselves to grow impatient with those around us who do not become perfect in response to our request.

But speaking of New Year resolutions, there are some points we might profitably take from our Temple Service:

A few good resolutions worth holding fast:

1st Resolution: "To turn a frown to a caress."

Every time you are vexed, or your feelings hurt in any way, to conquer that dreadful sensation that would bring a frown, and transmute it into a gentle, loving word of encouragement. Try it. It is not at all easy and will be a splendid exercise for the will-power, and you will have many opportunities to practice it every day.

2nd Resolution: "All fear to dominate." Perhaps you will contend that you are no coward, that you are not afraid of anything. Let us hope it is a fact, but if so, you belong to an extremely rare class of people, for even of Prophets, Disciples, and Apostles, we read that at times they were afraid, or filled with fear. Watch yourself carefully for one week and find if your statement is true .

3rd Resolution: "To tell the truth we know". The truth is so great, the opportunities so numerous, and the ways of telling so varied, that it might seem impossible not to be always telling it. "Words form but a very small part of it. That smile that drove away the frown told it. That time we conquered fear told it. That confidence in the Father's care told it. Every deed and action should tell it, but many times they tell of mistrust, discontent, and even hate instead of love.

There is no reason why we should stop at three resolutions, but perhaps that is as many as we can attend to faithfully during the first days of the New Year: "To turn a frown to a caress, All fear to dominate, To tell the truth we know".

How long can we keep our New Year resolutions? Sooner or later we will fail, and it is well that we do so; for if we succeeded till the end of the year we should grow egotistical, without any sympathy for the weakness of the children, whether they be children in physical growth or in soul growth. Our failures are the stepping stones that Saturn has kindly placed in our path, and because we feel self-confident and walk with our eyes shut, we knock against the obstacle instead of climbing up on it and getting a wider viewpoint.

Let each one of us consider this as a personal matter and make a New Year resolve to live up to the best we know, and thus help in our small way to bring peace and goodwill among all.

A Prayer

ELLA VAN GILDER

Where'er we go from East to West
Or North or South in the land,
We find there are beautiful temples
Planted by God's own hand.

I went alone to a temple
And while I lingered there,
Into the vast, infinite space
I whispered this simple prayer.

Make me, O God, as truly great
As the mountains thou hast made;
As comforting to those who need
As the forest's welcome shade.

As strong as thy wondrous sunlight
To dispel the miasma of sin;
As glad as the joyous mountain brook
As pure as thy air within.

Make me as firm as the granite rocks
As gentle as the breeze
That whispers thy wondrous glory
In the tops of the loyal trees.

Make me as conscious of thy love,
As sure of thy constant care,
As the tiniest little nestling
Or the beasts of the jungle are.

In the Land of the Living Dead

PRENTISS TUCKER

Continued from January

JIMMIE and Louise awaited the opening of the door with similar forebodings. Louise, frankly and candidly, did not believe the actual verity of a single word of the wonderful story which Jimmie had told her, though she was firmly convinced that Jimmie himself believed it. Jimmie, on the other hand, with his vivid memory of the adventure, was certain that it had really happened but was distrustful of the outcome of this physical and concrete test, and was wondering what excuse he could give if, as he feared, the house should prove to be tenanted by strangers.

Louise expected the door to be opened by an ordinary concierge and that the inevitable disillusionment would follow and she was trying to determine in her own mind what she could say to help Jimmie over his disappointment.

Jimmie feared much the same thing and was casting about for a plausible reason to give Louise for the collapse of his peculiar vision and was finding himself quite unsuccessful in the attempt, when the door opened.

Before them, with a welcoming and slightly quizzical smile, as though he had in some way divined their perplexities, stood the man of his dream, identical in every particular of dress and feature with the strange and powerful being who had become familiar to him in the Land of the Living Dead by the appellation of the "Elder Brother."

Mutely accepting his cordial invitation they entered a well furnished library and not until then did Jimmie recover sufficiently from his bewilderment to introduce his companion. With some embarrassment he presented Mr. Campion to Miss Louise Clayton with the brief statement that Miss Clayton was the nurse who had taken care of him during his recovery and that he had told her of his great adventure and had asked her to accompany him on this expedition.

"I am very glad that you did so, Lieutenant Westman, for Miss Clayton was selected as your nurse for several reasons, not the least of which was the fact that she is quite an advanced soul and it was

determined that the work of re-integrating your vital body would be more easily and quickly done with her help than through any other of the available nurses. You see, Miss Clayton, I am quite well acquainted with you though we have never met before."

Louise answered politely and somewhat formally but was unable to quite conceal her incredulity at the statement which Mr. Campion had made.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Campion continued, as though answering some objection, "you were selected and the wisdom of the choice is apparent in the result. You have a strong and well developed aura and your vibrations are harmonious, owing to certain stellar combinations of which you are probably unaware, and that was a great help when Jimmie here (I am not going to call him Lieutenant) was recovering consciousness. You will, perhaps, remember that as you bent over him to make out what he was mumbling, he asked you why you didn't glow and where your aura was, and then immediately apologized by assuring you that you *did* glow?"

Louise was perplexed. No one else had been present to overhear that whispered conversation. The head nurse had not been out of the hospital and so could not have hunted up this man and told him of it, besides she had not told the head nurse much and had not spoken of it at all to anyone else. Jimmie, she was sure, had not been out of the hospital grounds except the one time when they had almost quarreled. Could he have written to this man or was the man a mind reader? If Jimmie had written then he was deceiving her. If the man was a mind reader then he was an uncannily shrewd one. She did not know what to say and so kept silent, but her glances roved about the room.

Mr. Campion spoke:

"Miss Clayton, you will pardon me, I am sure, if I endeavor to set your mind at rest and, incidentally, Jimmie's also. In doing so it will be necessary to make some statements which cannot be proven to you now and whose explanation would require too much time, so I am going to ask you to hear me patiently and reserve your judgment until later.