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Kaust from the Rose Cross



A Magazine of Mystic Light

EDITED BY MAX HEINDEL

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THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOUL

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

GOING WEST

EXPERIENCE, THE CURRICULUM USED

IN THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

WHY NO VEGETARIAN DRUNKARDS

NUTS—THEIR VALUE AS FOOD



RAY'S FROM THE ROSE CROSS



EDITED BY



MAX HEINDEL

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General Contents

The Mystic Light

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

The Question Department

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

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.

Nutrition and Health

Our body is 'A Living Temple', we build it without sound of hammer, by our food. In this Department articles on diet teach how to build wisely and well.

The Healing Department

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

Echoes from Mount Ecclesia

News and Notes from Headquarters

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Mystic Light

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There Is No Death

John McCreery

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death. The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death, although we grieve
When beautiful familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread
We bear their senseless dust to rest
And say that they are dead—

They are not dead. They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put a shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not “lost” or “gone.”

Though unseen to the mortal eye,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never do forget.

Sometimes upon our fevered brow
We feel their touch, a breath of balm;
Our spirit sees them, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

Yes, ever near us, though unseen,
Our dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all God's boundless Universe
Is Life—there are no dead.

The Passing of A Great Spirit

ON Monday, Jan. 6th, at 8:25 P. M., Mr. Heindel was called into the great beyond. He was feeling in the best of spirits up to a few hours before, was standing at Mrs. Heindel's desk awaiting her advice on a letter he had written. He sank slowly to the floor with a stroke of apoplexy, while smiling at her, and did not regain complete consciousness.

His passing was not wholly unexpected to Mrs. Heindel, knowing his physical condition for years, and that his great persistence and pure life made it possible for him to prolong his stay in a body that was too small for the great spirit which had suffered for years on account of an injury to the left limb when a child, and abuse of the doctors who removed all main arteries and mutilated the bone, interfering with perfect circulation. But he was ever smiling, never complaining, although he was rarely free from pain.

He was most happy to feel that now the work had reached the stage where both he and Mrs. Heindel could leave Headquarters, that there were loyal and efficient members and workers who could now take care of the fast growing movement, could fill the rush of orders for books, could also take care of letters etc. While the leaders were spreading the message of the Elder Brothers from the lecture platform, he was contemplating starting early in April for the east and over to England, but God had a greater work for him to do.

The work of the Rosicrucian Fellowship will go on as before, under the leadership of Mrs.

Heindel who has been his close companion from the beginning, has been the executive head, has saved her dear companion from all annoyances of the management, leaving him free to write his books, lessons and letters. Mr. Heindel has often remarked to her that if he passed out first she would be able to carry on the work without a break, for with her perfect health and executive ability all would go on as

before, and with his help from the other side added as her inspiration, but should she be called first he felt that the physical and mental strain would be too much.

Mr. Heindel first came in touch with the Elder Brothers after a severe test in the Fall of 1908, and the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* was published in November, 1909. In our May magazine we will publish from Mr. Heindel's own writings a history of the the beginning of the work, its aim and object. The Fellowship was incorporated

under the laws of California on the 10th of January 1913, and has been under the management of a Board of Trustees. All the proceeds from the books, etc, go back into the work, Mr. and Mrs. Heindel have been receiving only their food and clothes in exchange for their labor. The papers are all drawn so that no one can benefit personally. All must go back to the work, the work must continue even should Mrs. Heindel be called.

Mr Heindel gave as much to the world through his pen in ten years as another man with a sound body could give in a life time. He worked day and night, brain and hands never



resting, for he had much to give, such a glorious message to impart to the world, that he could not give it fast enough. Yes, he sacrificed his physical body to give to the world that great light imparted to him by the Elder Brothers, and can such a work stop? No, indeed not, the magazine and lessons will be sent out as before, and you who have received so much help and comfort through his writings, we know that you will do all that is possible to strengthen this work, be it in prayer or articles for the magazine. Now is your time to show your and loyalty for our dear leader.

Abe Victor!

PRENTISS TUCKER

Not with the sound of weeping
 Not with the funeral dirge,
 Not with a wail for the dust so frail
 Which with the dust shall merge,
 But with the Song triumphant
 Bursting from the lips of pain
 Hail we the flight of that spirit bright,
 Back to its home again.

There Is No Death

A PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT

W. STUART LEECH, M. D. (in *Azoth*)

IT is admitted by Physical Scientists, Theologians, Materialists, and all others that man is the highest product of evolution on the face of the earth, although he did not evolve from our present fauna as many suppose, but he is a true product of the "fire-mist," having tediously come up through the mineral, plant and animal eons to his present state of partial consciousness. Physically, he has developed a dense body, a vital body, a desire body, and the germinal mind body which we must not confuse with the brain. In our midst are creatures of only one or two faculties of perception, some with sight but no hearing, some with feeling but having neither hearing or sight; but only man has by the aid of the constructive hierarchies of nature developed the sensations of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling; and now he is on the eve of the unfoldment of another sense, namely, perception of "second sight." It is evolutionary, but instead of waiting for the slow process of evolution, the means is actually within the immediate reach of the intelligence of the age for rapid development of this higher perception; and it concerns directly the bringing out of the latent possibilities of the pineal and pituitary glands. In the Hyperborian Epoch man was bisexual, and is now double-brained, double-glanded, and in his two-faced wakeful state we find his dynamic portion

invisible to all physical eyes. Man changes from cell to embryo, from embryo to foetus, from foetus to infant, from infant to child, from child to lad. In each of these it was a death of the old body and the transfer took place unconsciously while the Ego slept. As man more and more approaches consciousness, the sleep, his miniature deaths, becomes less, and finally he dreams, which is an ability to stamp the physical brain cells with a few happenings as he re-enters the body. If the mechanism of the physical body, especially the brain, is rendered more and more efficient, the forces of the pineal and pituitary approach each other, making dreams more connected. If this process of development continues, the forces of these two glands eventually touch, and the chasm is bridged. As these two forces touch, thus harmonizing the physical body with the soul body (*soma psuchicon*), which is technically called the vital body, then and not till then do we have a continuity of consciousness.

Paradoxical as it may seem there is not a scintilla of doubt but that human consciousness is to be in the developed man an unknown continuity of wakefulness through both sleep and death. With a few individuals this unbroken continuity is frequently manifested long before the individual reaches a state of perfection. Continuation of consciousness or unbroken continuity is a natural inheritance into

which the bulk of mankind is coming by a sure process of evolution. There are many ways for the rapid development, most of which are dangerous counterfeits, but there are several permissible modes in vogue, though they are esoteric and difficult to locate. In ordinary sleep the vast majority go about in the desire body (a body of higher vibration than the visible physical) oblivious to their super-physical and grandiose surroundings. This oblivion is due to a dense mist or a wall of his own making. Occasionally some violent impact from without, or some strong desire of his own from within, may tear aside this curtain or mist for the moment and permit him to receive some definite impression; but even then the fog closes in immediately and the subject dreams on unobservantly as before. The ability of the Ego to remember the events of its journey in the desire world, while the physical body is being repaired in the customary sleep, can be attained by various physiological modes and by the use of well tried formulas of everlasting worth. For this astounding unfoldment of the self it is well to say that the physical body, desire body, vital body, brain, and mind must be radiant with vibratory health and their relationship must be harmonious. It is in this direction the future advancement of medical science lies.

By accident, tumor, disease, or by the use of narcotics, this mist of the soul's oblivion that sur-

rounds the ordinary individual during sleep may be removed before the time for its proper unfoldment, producing pathological conditions such as insomnia, phobias, and obsessional insanities.

By that subjective mode hypnotism, which I class as a dangerous counterfeit, and by the use of certain magical ceremonies, the continuity of memory can be forced, but it is similar to forcing the parturition at the fourth month, which is always disastrous to the incoming Ego. The physical or dense body is only one of the four vehicles of the Ego. The Ego, by the use of the mind in sleep, must impress upon the brain cells an event from the other side before dream memory can take place. The laws of music and all other harmonies teach us that there are one or more octaves between all planes of physical matter. As we approach the higher we find that if the radiations of the physical matter of the brain are rendered low by reason of either a lack of unfoldment, heavy food, drink, certain underground vegetables, depravity, or disease, the brain will not be able to respond to the vibrations of the higher events unless in distortion. It is as simple as the law of harmony. Reflex dreams due to indigestion and a multitude of confused events cannot be gone into in detail in a brief article. Suffice to say that they originate by reason of the Ego being partly drawn into the physical, which gives rise to the distortion and absurdities of some dreams.

In the Land of the Living Dead

PRENTISS TUCKER

Continued from February

THE tone of voice of the last speaker attracted the attention of our friend Jimmie, and he listened with interest. "What—what—what do you mean?" stammered the horrified Secretary.

"Just that. Can that everlasting fire stuff. It isn't logical and it isn't scriptural and it isn't Christian and it isn't in the Bible anyway, and a God who would act the way, you say he does, would be a devil and not a God."

It was a tall lean doughboy who spoke, and the interval of silence caused by the stupefaction of the horrified Secretary, who really could not believe

his ears and was dumb from amazement gave Jimmie a chance to take a hurried glance at the group before the doughboy continued:

"Who is God, anyhow?"

"Who is God! Who is God! Oh my poor, poor brother. Can you be so ignorant as to ask that question?"

You bet I can! You seem to know a lot about Him; at least you are allowing that you do. Now tell me, just who He is and what is His business?

"Who is He? Oh, dear, dear, He rules the world with a rod of iron and breaks it in pieces like a