

Yours in Fellowship,  
Phillip G.

We have often expressed our appreciation of the *science of birth* with its efficient methods of helping both the mother and the child when the latter is entering our earth-life, but we have also heartily deplored the lack of a *science of death*, which would teach people how to intelligently help the soul that is passing from earth life into the unseen realms of nature. At such times we usually stand helplessly by and often do in our ignorance the very things which are detrimental to the comfort of the spirit then in transition. If people could only know how their moans and hysterical outbursts affect their dear departing ones, unselfish considerations would probably change their attitude and quiet their manner. So far as the body is concerned, it is not really dead until about three and a half days after the spirit has passed out of it for the silver cord still connects it with the higher vehicles and anything in the nature of a postmortem examination, embalming, or cremation is felt by the spirit almost as keenly as if still within the body. These are facts well known to all students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, but it has perhaps not received the emphasis it deserves, that our attitude after that time continues to affect the spirit, for our friends do not usually leave their accustomed places right away.

Many stay in or near the home for a number of months after they have left the body and can feel conditions there even more keenly than when in earth-life. If we sigh, mourn, and moan for them, we transfer to them the gloom we ourselves carry about with us, or else we bind them to the home in efforts to cheer us. In either case we are a hindrance and a stumbling block in the way of their spiritual progress, and while this may be forgiven in those who are ignorant of the facts concerning life and death, people who have studied the Rosicrucian Philosophy or kindred teachings are incurring a very grave responsibility when they indulge in such practices. We are well aware that custom used to demand the wearing of mourning and that people were not considered respectable if they did not put on a sable garb as a token of their

sorrow. But fortunately times are changing and a more enlightened view is being taken on the matter. The transition to the other world is quite serious enough in itself, involving as it does a process of adjustment to strange conditions all around and the passing spirit is further hampered by the sorrow and anguish of the dear ones which it continues to see about itself, when it finds them surrounded by a cloud of black gloom, clothed in garments of the same color and nursing their sorrow for months or years; the effect cannot be anything but depressing.

How much better then the attitude of those who have learned the Rosicrucian teachings and have taken them to heart. In such cases, when a dear one makes the transition, their attitude is cheerful, helpful, hopeful, and encouraging. The selfish grief at the loss is suppressed in order that the passing spirit may receive all the encouragement possible. Usually the survivors in the family dress in white at the funeral and a cheerful, genial spirit prevails throughout. The thought of the survivors is not "What shall I do now that I have lost him or her? All the world seems empty for me." But the thought is "I hope he or she may find himself or herself to rights under the new conditions as quickly as possible and that he or she will not grieve at the thought of leaving us behind." Thus, by the good-will, intelligence, unselfishness, and love of the remaining friends, the passing spirit is enabled to enter the new conditions under much more favorable circumstances, and students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy cannot do better than to spread this teaching as widely as possible. According to the Bible the redeemed of the Lord will finally vanquish the last enemy: *death*, and they will then exclaim, "O Death where is thy sting? O Grave where is thy victory?" For those who have evolved the spiritual sight, there is of course no death, but even those who have studied the Rosicrucian teachings may in a measure be said to have attained this great victory.

This brings to mind a letter recently received from one of our students in British Guiana, one among many similar ones written by other students all over the world in appreciation of what the

Fellowship has done for them. This particular student says:

Dear Friend and Teacher:

I greet you right heartily. I cannot refrain from writing you of the experience I gained on the interior designs of would-be aspirants out here. When they are told of the Rosicrucian Fellowship the questions are constantly asked,

“What must I pay and what will I get for my money”? To these questions I answer, “You don’t pay a stipulated price, but you get contentment, you learn to live, *you let go the dread of death*, you know yourself.”

“But we want to know how to get money. Does the Fellowship teach us how to get that?” I always explain that the teaching of the Fellowship will show the earnest student how to spend his money wisely and well after he has worked for it, consid-

er the necessities of the poor, as the Christ said; “Sell all and give to the poor, take up your cross and follow Me.”

For my part, I have to thank the Fellowship teaching for a knowledge of contentment with my lot and love of my fellow creatures.

Yours in Fellowship,

S. M.

The main point mentioned there is that *they let go the dread of death*. No one who has really studied the Rosicrucian teachings ever after can fear death, for he knows with absolute certainty that death is but a transition, that they themselves live forevermore. We trust our friend G. in Sacramento may have succeeded in freeing his nephew from the incubus of sorrow, and we cannot reiterate too often the advisability of teaching people the truth about death so that they may be free from fear.

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## The Fetter of Sorrow

“Vita”

CHRIST said, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,” and we know that these words have a very deep and profound meaning. Christ, the great Sun-Spirit, is as we know a Ray from the Cosmic Christ—or wisdom aspect of the Triune God in manifestation. Hence, in a very emphatic and mystical sense, He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Only as we walk in His light, in His Spirit can we reach the goal.

Long, long ago in the distant past—the past counted by aeons and millennia—our present humanity started on its long pilgrimage through matter. The differentiated spirits, each wrapt in its sheath of attenuated substance, whirled through vast cycles—pausing upon each plane to gather about themselves another veil of the materials composing that plane. At length, after innumerable periods, these spirits found themselves at the nadir of materiality, possessed of all their vehicles in an undeveloped state. We had responded to countless impacts designed to awaken our latent potentialities. We had been aided by Hierarchies who sought to impart something which we lacked,

and which they through their experiences in a previous evolution, could bestow: The Lords of the Flame, the Lords of Wisdom, the Lords of Individuality, the Lords of Form, the Lords of Mind and others, all in turn assisted us to build our vehicles and to unfold the life and express it through these forms.

After the link of mind was given, we began our long upward climb—back unto the Father. We began to develop in our separate ways, to gain experience, *to grow a soul* that later would serve as a vehicle for the fully awakened spirit. Then came the Atlantean days, the entrance of the Lucifer Spirits into the brain, the intense selfishness and sense-gratification, the separateness and material interests. Then the Tabernacle in the Wilderness was set up and the way was marked out for us to travel on our homeward journey back to God.

By sign and symbol we were shown the Path. The coming of Christ, the great Sun-Spirit, was foreshown by ceremonial and ritual. He was foretold by prophecy and revealed by signs and por-

tents. Angels proclaimed His birth and seers read the message in the stars. All the ages breathlessly awaited His advent and a thrill of expectancy stirred the ethers, for He was the One who had undertaken to do a unique and wonderful work for our planet Earth and its sorrowful and bewildered humanity. As when the morning stars sang together at creation's dawn—the first matins of a jubilant cosmos—so the glorious paean was echoed by angel-choirs when the Star of Bethlehem appeared.

It was a great, a wonderful, and a mighty event when the great Sun-Spirit Christ descended to redeem our planet Earth and infuse into it His radiant life. It is not possible for us at our present stage to estimate the importance and the scope of His work for us, but we know that He proclaimed Himself the “Way, the Truth, and the Life. Let us take the first simile and consider a few of its stages in their practical bearing upon our lives. The Way back to the Father.

We speak of it as *the Path* and we in the esoteric school are quite familiar with the idea. Some of us have walked with bleeding feet over the first stony stretch of the illimitable trail. It is possible that the first experience may have been a dull emptiness of the heart, an appalling solitude, a silence as still and awful as an Arctic night. To let the old self go with which we have been associated so many years is a fearful ordeal. It is especially so if the soul is thoroughly entangled in its sense-life and persists in clinging to its illusions, To fight the way alone through the terror which surrounds it when it starts on its higher quest is indeed a task requiring the utmost heroism. The Way winds over rocky precipices, through lonely deserts and terrific storms—yet it must be held to without wavering.

The Way is the same for all, yet not the same: A paradox which only the Mystic may understand. Christ is the Way, but the process through which we reach that Way and the particular experiences on the path differ according to type and temperament, and the responses made to the ensouling life. For some it is necessary to be chained to the *tribulum*—to be tortured all the way, if the self

dies hard or there is special work to be done. Others can walk in the sunshine of a great love and light and know no selfish personal desire in the gladness and glory. It is the desires of self that kill the soul or maim it so that it becomes a hideous object, instead of a thing of beauty. Between the starting point and the glorious consummation there are many stages, but each step must be taken over the renounced self and its clamoring emotions.

In the evolution of the soul, intrepidity, courage, daring of a lofty type must develop and come to full fruition. There is no place on the Path for a coward or a weakling. The soul must develop a clear, fine, discriminating sense of values and be able to face all the malevolent evil that defies its progress. The aspirant must be able to walk unflinchingly into the very realm of *Apollyon* and to dare all things when right and justice are threatened. Never to know fear or cowardice—yet never to use this power for self. Here is the line of demarcation—the distinction mark. *The coward fights for self*. He is unrelenting in his onslaughts against whatever force opposes his personal self, with its petty interests and feelings. His is the ugly antithesis to that noble courage which wills to suffer that others may escape—the courage that knows its power yet never would put it forth in its own defense.

The aspirant must acquire the mastery, the force, the dominating will, the wide vision which sees all the scope and meaning of his experiences and those of others, yet they must be held in leash to the spirit that wills only with and for the Christ. This is true power. To acquire it is the object of the experiences along the Way.....for while these powers are developing, the soul passes through bitter waters. Through the very profundity of sorrow, through the denial and pain, it must grow strong. Through the deeps of agonizing human experience it must develop power and mastery. The coward who fights for self, and thus simulates courage, never acquires it. They alone win it who renounce and suffer silently for high ends. These—the true heroes and conquerors—go on through the night of bitter experiences, of cruel losses, of shattered

dreams, until the hour strikes for their liberation, for the crowning victory. It may be in some crucial test when the malignant foe seems utterly to triumph that the lesson of the tribulum is fully learned. Then, when he feels and knows his full power, he turns toward the Christ and renounces. He lays his powers upon the altar—trophies won but *never to be used for himself*. He renounces even the right to defend himself—and thus becomes as a little child. Many a milestone must have been passed before this high altitude is reached, and the Christ must have become more than a mere name in the life. The beginnings, however, lie down within the valley of humiliation, when the first cruel wrongs are left unredressed for the sake of others, or for a high principle. Each victory over the personal self and its claims leaves the soul stronger. By renouncing the right of self-defense it becomes an act of sacrifice and thus helps in the work of evolution.

After many stages are passed there comes a point where a sudden silence falls—a silence not of peace, but pain. The soul inquires of the inner Voice, “Why this form of misery? Have I not renounced—conquered the olden self, the personal will that pride ruled? Have I not relinquished all that the heart clings to? Have I not watched one bright dream after another dissolve into thin air? Am I not entirely, profoundly alone? Why then must I suffer longer?” And the Voice replies:

“True, thou hast given up all desires for the self; thou hast renounced all forms of self-interest and standest almost a freed soul in purity and power. Still thou art fettered—not by pleasure, but by sorrow. The old miseries still cling to memory. The old wrongs arise as phantoms in the holiest hours and clamor for redress. The old pain—the Saturn lash—still bruises the heart. Thou hast renounced the right of self-defense, the privilege of retaliation, yet thou hast not renounced the right to feel and suffer. The scars of battle yet attest the wounds. Their sensitiveness is not wholly destroyed.”

“But Master, how can one cease to remember—cease to suffer at the memory?”

“Child, thy question is answered—thou hast

need of the pain. Thou art but a child-soul still and hast not yet won strength and mastery. Thou hast cut down the flowers of earthly pleasure, but hast not courage to pull out the thorn of bitter memory. Thou still clingest—not to human joy, but to human misery—the misery of thy renounced self. The shadow of it overspreads thy path even now. Thou canst not forget. Thou art still weak.”

Through the twilight stillness the voice spoke and ceased. The after-gloom was profound and in the encompassing darkness the tired soul looked back down the vista of its weary stony path. Then a sudden beam of light from the Face of the Christ shone through a rift in the clouds—and it saw and knew. It saw that its olden sorrows were but phantoms—creations of its own imagination, delusions of thought-forms, as were its joys. All belonged to the old sense-plane where it had lived and moved, where its interests were centered. Above that plane there were no joys and sorrows as such—but all was one rich, full, glowing life.

On the plane of discord and conflict grew the thorns of life and the soul had foolishly let them remain within to sting at every step. It had left this sense-plane far behind, life had opened out in noble vistas, deep truths had dawned on the awakening intelligence, the light was growing clearer, new powers were unfolding, yet it still blindly carried the thorns in its quivering consciousness. Then one of the last lessons was learned by the momentary rift-gleam. Like its divine Master, *the soul must suffer only for others—never for self*.

So the Path winds on and at last we see with the Light that never was on sea or land—the Christ as the Way and our journey over the Path but an ever-widening expansion of consciousness, until the full glory bursts upon the freed soul and all limitations drop away. The Goal is reached and we see Him—the Christ of the ages—ourselves in Him—and know Him as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Then it is no longer a path but *a sea of illimitable light and bliss* in the bosom of the Father.

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# Links of Destiny

## An Occult Story

Eva G. Taylor

This article commenced in the August issue. Back numbers may be had from the agents or publishers at 25¢ postfree.

### Chapter XI

THE REMINGTON fortunes were fallen! The storm had broken at last and a momentous change had come into the lives of the Villa occupants. There had been an auction sale of household goods—a forced relinquishing of Lares and Penates. Even the old attic had been profanely invaded and devastated. All its primeval treasures had fallen, either beneath the auctioneer's ruthless hammer or the bonfire's red, devouring tongues. The antique furniture, long ago banished from the lower rooms, yet rich in its hand-carved mahogany and rosewood, joined the mute procession of spinning wheels and looms, high chairs and cradles which wended their way to the collection of Mr. Watson, newly rich and an unconscionable relic-hunter. Nothing escaped in the attic except the chests of bridal finery, homespun and woven linen, lavender-scented and yellow with age, and rich old silken brocades with their opulent skirts and stiff-laced bodices, which had done duty for more than one ancestral bride. These chests were rolled out from their dim corners under the sloping eaves, setting in motion a colony of spiders and centipedes. A farm wagon drawn up at the west veranda held what was saved from the wreck and bore the salvage down to a four-room cottage near the half-ruined mill. This henceforth was to be the "abode" of the "proud Remingtons." The Villa had passed into the hands of Horace Rathburn.

As the wagon slowly creaked down the hill road, Sarah Thomas, who had taken a pitcher of sour drink down to Tom Gregory, stopped and smiled. It was a malicious little smile. Tom was hauling stones to build another fence and as his stone-boat came down the green lane Sarah stopped beneath a large butternut tree and watched the swaying wagon of household goods which

threatened to capsize on the steep, rocky road. Sarah might have felt a touch of pity had she not hated Marozia Remington with a jealous hatred. She pulled the strings of her sunbonnet meditatively.

"It is just evening things up a little!" she exclaimed under her breath. Mrs. Gregory rotated toward her (that is the only word which fully describes her peculiar gait), bonnet strings flying. She had a positive genius for the scent of gossip and never failed to spy out all that was going on—especially those things which could better go on with a degree of reserve. No vehicle ever passed along the hill road but Mrs. Gregory's sharp eyes or ears detected it. Both senses were acute as befitted her avidity for neighborhood news.

Part of her success along this line she doubtless owed to her strict attention to business. She never permitted such trifles as churning, sweeping, or ironing to interfere with her news-gathering. This was her chief vocation—all the details of domestic labor were mere side-issues. Her hands dripping with dough or dish-water would reach for her sunbonnet, and with arms akimbo she would study each detail of the passing circumstance. Her poses at such times formed a striking lawn decoration, entirely in keeping with the lawn. This mis-named patch of green consisted of untrimmed grass, flamboyant hollyhocks, with beds of petunias, marigolds, and sweet-williams struggling bashfully for recognition among the tansy and catnip. It was as strikingly grotesque and absurd as Mrs. Gregory herself.

"Well, Sa-ry, what did I tell you?" she gasped as she bore down full-rigged upon the small figure beneath the butternut tree. Her avoirdupois was heroically battling with the hilly path and the heat, but in this case her compensation was sublimely

adequate. She fairly beamed, and for once Sarah's loitering passed without rebuke. She established herself beneath the tree where a good view of the descending wagon could be obtained and began:

"The Remingtons hev cum down sure 'nuf! I told you last year they would! Don't you rekerlect I told you in jest percisely these words—near's I ken remember—an' of course no one ken be expected to exactly remember ev'ry word—but as I was a sayin'—nigh's I ken cum to it this is percisely what I said, to you, Sa-ry Jane, the day you cum up here to live with me! 'You mark my word, Maroshy Remin'ton 'll cum down yet—see'f she don't? She's born but she a'int dead!' Don't you remember my sayin' that to you? (You needn't look off the other way and pertend you don't! I know Tom's cumin' but never mind, you listen to me!) I hearn some things thet day I promised not to tell (an' I never did tell anybody, cept Mrs. Peters an' Mrs. Slater an' one or two others thet I felt as orter know!)" She paused to fan herself with her apron.

"They say Maroshy's settin' her cap fer a rich feller in New York! 'He's ben hangin' round the Villa a long time—I s'pose he thought the Remin'tons was rich by the airs they put on! The Watson girls are after him too an' they'll probably get him now—fer of course he won't take up with a poor girl!" A stab of jealous pain accompanied by a fear shot through Sarah's heart. Mrs. Gregory continued:

"Funny, aint it—her goin' off to Utica ter school an' her father a teacher too? I s'pose 'twas to put another feather in the cap she set fer thet New York feller! Well some folks do like mighty well to put on airs! Ketch me spendin' all thet money fer a little book-larnin'! I'd ruther put it in some good ca-ows!"

The clock-work in Mrs. Gregory's head was marvellous in its mechanism. It rarely needed winding and never failed to run an hour or two with but momentary cessation. Sarah often smiled ironically at the hopeless confusion of words and ethics. She could appreciate an ironical situation now since her mind had been stung to bitterness. It sometimes takes storm or stress to wake up a

dull nature or bring out the full force of a bright one.

"You've a better color, Sar-ry, since you've ben gettin' out 'round the farm! Girls don't need book-larnin' nohow—it spoils 'em and makes 'em pale an' sickly like—besides makin' 'em proud an' stuck up—like Maroshy Remin'ton! Well I gess she'll hang her head now! Say, but I'd like to peek in on 'em now down in thet cooped-up shanty! Well—cum on Sary, we've stood here long 'nuf—we've got ter' git back to our churnin'! Hurry up an' take the sour drink to Torn an' don't you let me ketch you stayin' a minit longer'n you hev to!" The farm wagon had vanished from sight. As Mrs. Gregory waddled away Sarah looked her contempt and made a disgusted little grimace as she moved listlessly toward Tom with the pitcher of sweetened vinegar and water. With a comical grin he reached for the pitcher and seized her at the same time. She wrenched herself from his grasp and stood before him with flashing eyes.

"Bless me, I didn't know you could get so mad, Sally! It makes you look mighty pretty, though—bless me ef it don't!"

"Don't you ever speak to me again, Tom Gregory—I hate you!"

"O no you don't! Come now, Sally—is that the way you talk to Mr. Rattlebones—that's his name ain't it?" Her face crimsoned with shame and anger as she turned and left him.

"That is what I get! I just put myself in a position to be talked to like that! I wish Mr. Rathburn would marry me and take me away—then I'd show them!" Angry tears were in her eyes. Tom no longer sang while about his work. With a dull thud the stones were heaped up for the wall.

A sudden memory made Sarah pause abruptly.

"This is the very spot where I stood the day I cursed Marozia Remington! That was nearly a year ago—before I met Claude! They say that curses like chickens come home to roost—but this one didn't! It went straight to her—and stayed there! She's even lost her home—and the sweetheart she tried so hard to get! I'll have him yet if it kills me! He simply must marry me and take me away from this wretched life too! He doesn't seem to be very

keen about it, but I'll use every power I possess to win him—then I don't care!"

As Sarah walked moodily along bitterness was in her heart. She sulked about her work now—the drudgery had grown intolerable.

## CHAPTER XII

Marozia was unpacking the barrels of chinaware and arranging the dishes on the pantry shelves. There were no china closets now.

"Isn't this perfectly dreadful," Mrs. Remington groaned, wringing her hands helplessly and hindering Marozia who was diligently trying to compress six inches of chinaware into four inches of space and secure an artistic effect withal.

Ralph Remington the scholar was heroically struggling to make a carpet fit acute angles where it formerly covered an octagonal floor. With all the pulling and turning and contriving it would not fit and at last he called Marozia who solved the problem with a can of floor stain, a pair of shears, and some small rugs. 'When she returned to the pantry her mother again ejaculated:

"I declare—this is too dreadful to be believed!"

"It all depends upon the view-point, Mother! I think it is fun—like playing at housekeeping—only Father must do without his library—and other things!"

"Yes, it is always 'father, father!' My feelings never count! I am not even worth considering! Well, I shall never forgive you for this! It is entirely your fault! I haven't much use for the pretended affection that expends itself in talk! You could have prevented this, yet you talk like a hypocrite about father missing his library! I haven't any use for hypocrites!"

"Neither have I!" Marozia replied as she mounted a step-ladder. The old mocking defiance which always seized her when people persisted in false estimates flashed through her eyes.

"Why cannot one be absolutely just—even to an enemy?" she mentally exclaimed. She scorned the narrow intolerance that distorts and misrepresents, that colors and falsifies to serve some spite or jealous hatred. A strange conviction was suddenly borne in upon her—a conviction that her mother

was an ancient enemy. It must be so she thought as she recalled the past. She could not remember one happy or satisfying moment spent with her mother, but there had always been a deep and subtle antagonism.

Her sweet, true nature craved love and understanding sympathy but reached out for it in vain to the one who should have been most ready to bestow it. Why had they been brought together in this life? It must be to make us friends, to make us love each other—she concluded. Then suddenly a wild longing to be entirely reconciled to her mother seized her. She must idealize this distressing situation in order to endure it. Otherwise her heart would grow sick with its conflict. Nothing remained now but the home-ties. They might be happy even here with love in the home! Her father's character was altogether noble. If her mother only would look higher than the material side and unite with them in seeking to idealize all that was sordid or commonplace in their lives even this experience could be made pleasant and profitable! All that was genuine was left to them—character, mind, and soul. With love and peace at the fireside four small rooms were as good as the expansive luxury of the Villa. With these thoughts in mind she descended the step-ladder and laid a caressing arm on her mother's, saying as she smiled into her face :

"Never mind, Mother, we can be very comfortable in these four rooms! (she started to say 'happy' but a memory made her pause.) Only the home life counts! We can have that here!"

"Well, I don't know what your ideas of life are, I am sure!" her mother replied in an aggrieved tone. "If one must be cooped up in a dry goods box like this I should like to know what life is worth! No society, no pleasures, no income—except a pittance now and then!. A nice state of affairs, I must say!"

"But Mother, life doesn't consist of externals! Society, environment, dress may be desirable, but they are only accessories. Society may be dispensed with if necessary. We have father—and to be permitted to come into close, loving relations with such a character is happiness enough for any

woman! I cannot see how anything could add to or take from the blessedness of life when united to a man like him! I don't think women half appreciate noble men! They are too apt to take them for granted." There was wistful sadness and hopeless longing in Marozia's eyes as she spoke. An ugly leering expression crept into Mrs. Remington's face as she replied with a satirical "Humph!" A sudden illuminating flash revealed to Marozia her mother's real character. She shuddered with pain. She saw her father's long disappointment, his lonely life. There was infinite disparity between them. He had always walked alone while held in bondage to something gross, coarse, materialistic—something which vampirized him.

"Poor dear Father!" she mentally exclaimed. Then Mrs. Morton's sweet face rose before her and her lovely character stood out in clear relief, in vivid contrast.

"I would not blame him in the least for anything he might do! Yet he is so loyal, so good and true! No one knows—not even I—what he has had to endure all these long years!" The bond which held her to her mother—the inner bond—was severed. Ah, when will women ever learn! Her mother's distressing voice sounded again in her ears, but this time it awakened no feeling whatever. It fell dully, just as any discordant sound would fall upon a sensitive ear:

"When you get over the age of silly sentimentality you will learn that love doesn't amount to anything without other things. You are as visionary and dreamy as your father! I don't see why you couldn't have taken after me a little!"

"I didn't take after anyone—I am myself!"

"Well at least you might be a little practical!"

"I am—else I wouldn't be arranging this pantry now! That never formed any part of my visions and 'dreams.' Do you think this blue china would look better on my improvised cabinet?"

In all such reverses there is a grotesque and ludicrous side, if one can disentangle it from the pathos which invests it. Marozia's keen sense of humor, combined with her power to idealize, prevented her from degenerating into a mere drudge as trials arose from day to day. She saw that it was

useless to waste sentiment upon her worldly-minded mother, so she turned quietly to her tasks and hid another pain within her heart. She was finding ample scope now for all her altruistic idealism. Her sufferings were proportioned to her exquisite mental organism and refined sensibilities, yet for the sake of others it was so skillfully concealed that some of the gossips commented on Marozia Remington's shallow nature that could not feel a blow when it came. Her bright idealism was like an aromatic breath wafted over the stifling calm of arid sands.

Her mother could see and feel merely the oppressive waste of dead-sea levels. When the family suddenly dropped below par in the eyes of the would-be village aristocrats, she was absolutely paralyzed. She had lived solely for the weak fickle element that shifts its position with the tide of financial change or any other equally absurd influence. Hence she found herself comparatively deserted in her adversity. She envied her husband and daughter their serene indifference to outward circumstances, yet she hated them for it.

One day she came to Marozia in hysterical mood. The Watsons had snubbed her—yes unmercifully snubbed her! "I never can survive this insult!" she wailed. Snobbishness in any form served to bring out all the latent energy and force of Marozia's nature. She deemed it the very quintessence of plebeian vulgarity to value one for some accidental outward circumstance. To place respect upon so cheap a basis as the latest cut of a gown or the size of a bank account, instead of inherent worth, proclaimed the extremely low order to which such self-styled umpirists belonged.

Her scorn of human parasites and snobs was in direct proportion to the penetrative powers of her mind. She always saw through people—behind all their masques and disguises. Her lips now curled scornfully as she recalled some occasions in the past in which the Watsons had figured while they were frantically struggling to secure an open sesame into the houses of the county gentility. This was during the period when their bank account was beginning to be expressed in thou-

sands instead of hundreds, when they first set up an equipage and ceased to live in a rented house. They lived at the county seat then, but visited her mother often.

While her mother was wailing now over the sudden loss of popularity, Marozia mentally recalled those other days when they deemed it an honor to be on the Remingtons' visiting list. A satirical smile flitted over her mobile face as she remembered their profound discussions of the latest fads and fashions when 'in convention assembled' at the Villa. In those days her mother—whose mind could not penetrate disguises—frowned and became frigid when Marozia desperately tried to lead the conversation from psyche knots and pompadours to books and authors or to some interesting topic of the day.

Marozia felt a touch of malicious enjoyment in trying to introduce some subject really worth discussing. She always knew precisely how it would end. Mrs. Watson would look off into vacancy with an expression upon her face strictly in keeping, while the girls tried to look wise but simpered behind their fans (they always carried fans for this purpose)! Then they "guessed" it was time for them to be going. Their "guesses" always came in at the point where Marozia's counter-remarks began. She despised their sycophantic attitude in those days even more than their present one of supercilious patronage. In those other days the Watsons were responsible for many a breach between Marozia and her mother. Upon one occasion when her daughter's scornful attitude became too obvious, Mrs. Remington exclaimed:

"You ought to be ashamed to treat them as you do—they are the first people in the county now!"

"Then let us cultivate the last ones!" Marozia replied with flashing eyes. Today she reminded her mother of how little consequence they and all their shallow class were. Her purpose was altruistic, not censorious. She hoped that her mother might see the real things and rise above the trivial and commonplace which were only chimeras of a distorted view.

The first touch of poverty and the disaster which

accompanied it was like the early autumnal frost upon the vine—it merely added another color to the life. The charm was still there—decay had not yet begun. As the days went by and the first illusion of novelty wore off there were petty miseries to be endured, trivial in distant perspective to a great soul, but momentous and overshadowing in immediate proximity.

Then she became vaguely conscious of a sense of disappointment in her inner life—especially when Claude Rathburn's image rose before her. She tried by grasping homely domestic realities to stifle her woman's longing heart, which ever craves love's blessed enfoldment. Then she began to enter that mental and psychical condition in which one grasps at intangible threads and emotional unrealities. Deep down beneath all her independence of character she longed to love and to be loved. The fact that there was discord between her mother and herself—between her life and its environment was torture to her sensitive soul.

"Nature is surely treating us to another of her caprices of fine satire!" she mentally exclaimed when reviewing the situation. Then her active mind began to busy itself evolving plans. It was not her nature to remain supine, inert, in the midst of a distressing situation—to accept with patient indifference a hard lot.

She resented forced conditions—she would not make a good slave of destiny. She preferred to create her own destiny. In all the stirring and quickening process of her awakening mind truth was seen from various angles. Even the virtues took on new and different meanings in the fire of experience. Patience, for instance, under some conditions appeared but paralysis of feeling or action, indifference, dearth of energy and meekness, merely fettered aspiration. She was decidedly averse to fetters. Her free spirit longed to soar through the fine ethers unmanacled. Yet life here in this prison-house is ever manacled, she reasoned. It is only a question of degrees. Under the most ideal conditions the spirit must be vividly conscious of its prison-walls.

Continued on page 40

# Question Department

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## How are the 'Dead' Clothed

**Q**UESTION: How do the so-called dead appear as to outer apparel? How are they clad? Does their thought mold the ethereal matter into garments or anything they desire to form? One would judge so from what is said in the *Cosmo* about the Desire World. Does the desire body take the shape of the dense body immediately after the silver cord is severed?

*Answer:*

Yes, it is possible for the so-called dead to form by their thoughts any article of clothing they desire. They usually think of themselves as being clothed in the conventional garb of the country in which they lived prior to their passing into the Desire World and therefore they appear so clothed without any particular effort of thought, but when they desire to obtain something new or an unusual article of clothing, naturally they have to use their will power to bring that thing into existence and such an article of clothing will last as long as the person thinks of himself as being in that apparel. But this amenability of the desire stuff to the molding power of thought is also used in other directions. Generally speaking, when a person leaves the present world in consequence of an accident, he thinks of himself as being disfigured by that accident in a certain manner, perhaps minus a leg or arm or with a hole in the head. This would not inconvenience him at all, he can move about there, of course, just as easily without arms or legs, but it just shows the tendency of their thought to shape their desire body. At the beginning of the war, when such great numbers passed over into the Desire World with lesions of the most horrible nature, the Elder Brothers and their pupils taught these people that by merely holding the thought that they were sound of limb

and body they would at once be healed of their disfiguring lesions. This, of course, they immediately did and now all new-comers are at once, when they are able to understand matters over there, healed of their wounds and amputations in that manner, so that to look at them nobody would think that they had passed over in consequence of an accident in the physical world. At the same time, however, this knowledge became so general that the people who have passed over since have availed themselves of this property of the desire stuff to be molded by thought in such a manner that they want to change their bodily appearance, so that perhaps those who are very corpulent want to appear more slim and vice versa; those who are very thin want to appear as if they had more flesh. This change or transformation is not permanently successful, however, on account of the archetype, for it appears that the extra flesh put on a thin person, or the quantity taken off one who is corpulent, does not stay on or off permanently, but after awhile the man who was originally thin becomes more slender and returns to his original stature, while the person who tries to take off flesh finds himself putting it on by degrees and then has to go through the process anew. It is the same with people who attempt to mold their features and change them to an appearance that suits them better than their original one. In these respects changes affecting the features are more impermanent, probably because the facial expression, there as here, is an indication of the nature of the soul, therefore whatever is sham is quickly dispersed by the habitual thought of the person.

With regard to the second part of your question, we may say that during physical life the desire body is shaped more or less like an ovoid cloud surrounding the dense body, and as soon as the