



# The Mystic Messenger

FEBRUARY 1943  
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Week of February 1st through February 7th

Meditation.....It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.

Prayer....."God of my life, may this week bring me broader vision, a keener sense of duty, new perception of opportunity, deeper consciousness of the privilege of being an awakened aspirant."

Week of February 8th through February 14th.

Meditation.....Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy, that which should be spent in action, spends itself in words. Hence he who restrains that love of talk, lays up a fund of spiritual strength.

Prayer....."Divine Spirit, elevate and guard my speech. May my lips be Thy witness, my conversations bear the mark of Thy Grace. May I know the beauty of Silence and the comfort of doing rather than talking. Keep Thou my lips."

Week of February 15th through 21st.

Meditation.....Surrounded by those who constantly exhibit defects of character and conduct, if we yield to a complaining and impatient spirit, we shall mar our own peace without having the satisfaction of benefiting others.

Prayer....."My Lord, wilt Thou make me a child of Light? Save me from all murmuring and complaint. May my serenity remain unaffected by others. May I be full of hope and cheer. May the depressed take courage from my quiet confidence and trust."

Week of February 22nd through February 28th.

Meditation....."Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling."

Prayer....."Gracious Father, may the beauties of Thy creation influence me to a life of holiness. May I be taught by the flowers of the field! May the birds of the air help me into spiritual harmony. May all Thy glories help to clothe me with light!"

# THE MYSTIC MESSENGER

The Mystic Messenger is a monthly periodical authorized by the Mystic Brotherhood as a channel for news of general interest to the students of the organization and articles of importance to followers of the Pathway of Western Occultism.....

"The prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

How strikingly we are learning the truth of the above quotation! As Occultists prayer is a familiar practice of our daily lives, we have trained ourselves to utilize the natural tendency of human nature to appeal to something higher than human abilities. Yet, prayer for the Occultist is by no means a shifting of responsibilities, a cry for removal of effects regardless of causes.

Just what is prayer to the Occultist, is a timely question. It depends, of course, to a great extent upon the individual, their type of expression of understood truths, as to the wording that answer would be couched in. But for all who have studied the laws and principles which constitute the working basis of Occultism, the fundamental answer would be found to rest on...FORCE IN ACTION..... Divine Force acting through the agency of material form.

If man were solely a physical being, a creation of the Creator, prayer could be nothing but the crying out of an imperfect thing for the aid of a Perfected One. For many it is true, who are still in the childhood stage of development, it is just that. But to the mind grown into adulthood, the undeniable demonstrations of prayer must have a rationale that will stand the most rigid tests of logic and reason. Accepting the Uni-

verse as operating according to immutable laws, the Occultist cannot see in answers to prayer the whim of an anthropomorphic being. Prayer must accord with Law, it cannot be an instrument for swaying Deity.

As a Divine Soul, emanating from the Great Unknown, and following the course of evolution which will ultimately in aeons hence reach that state which we regard as Godhood, man has a definite link with the Great Principle of Divinity. Ordinarily he is not consciously aware of this but under the stress of a great need, there will well up within him, an urge just as natural as that of the plant reaching out for the nourishment which gives it life, and thus the force within him that is Divine, is intensified and when sufficiently so, transposed from the latent state to the kinetic. It becomes Force in Action. Because expression in words either silently formed or voiced is a faculty man has developed, this process which for the plant is unconscious, becomes for man, conscious prayer. As he directs the divine force of his being toward the fulfillment of his need, his contact with the Great Principle is established. When this is done nothing could prevent results, from the Source of All comes the answer to the Call.

.....Sri Veritus.

*Handwritten flourish* GLEANINGS FROM STUDENTS' LETTERS.

God created in the heavens a blackboard that is found in all space. On this Cosmic board we whatsoever we desire.

When we have finished our perfect picture all we need to do is speak the Word and a flash of Cosmic Force cuts it out in the Pattern we design and it will go spinning through space until, Love, emotion, governed by Will-Power brings it down into creative form and it becomes manifested for us.

Harold Jolet, F.M.B.

MEDITATION ON BEAUTY

Many rocks seem dull and lifeless when viewed under an ordinary light, and one who has never studied rocks would not even notice them. But these same rocks which you or I would cast aside as nothing, when put under the ultra-violet ray become illuminated with beautiful colors, lovely greens, blues, scarlet and yellow. In much the same way, the lives of many who seem but ordinary folk become beautiful and many times very valuable under the light of Him who gave the world that "ultra-violet ray" of God. May we use that light when looking upon our fellow workers of the world. May we use that light to see their hidden beauty, their capacities and capabilities. May we learn to value every one at his true worth.

Blanche Kelly, F.M.B.

The Occultist is one of high ideals if he be the true follower of its teachings. His goal is perfection, he is striving to express the Divine virtues, he is dedicated to the service of his Higher Self, he endeavors to be

in absolute harmony with this Inner Presence. In the Service of God, which is also the service of the Higher Self man must give full allegiance without thought of self, he must therefore forget all selfish interest. He cannot be a channel for Divine activity if he chokes that channel with the personal self. "A man cannot serve two Masters at once" is quite true. If we serve God, we must give our whole service to Him, we cannot be thinking of our own advantage. God pours out His beneficence without stint, He lavishes His abundance upon us, His love and His energies fill us with power. If we are to be a channel for these beneficences we must be open for their flow into us, so they can pass on to others. It is a one way channel, there is no possibility of its reversing that stream of good.

Myrtle Wooster, D.M.B.

MY MORNING PRAYER  
Heather Haskin, D.M.B.

O, God, help me to recognize  
One lonely Soul today,  
Inspire me with just one word  
To make his heart feel gay.  
Regardless of his color,  
A ppearance, race or creed,  
Express thru me Thy Courage;  
His hungry Soul to feed!  
I long to speak Thy Message  
In Hopeful, Tender Words,  
Remind him of Thy Beauties;  
....the song of happy birds.  
Instill in him Thy Promise,  
....Supply for every need  
Is Limitless...Unmeasured;  
To ask is to receive.

I thank Thee for Thy Blessings  
I know shall never cease;  
But lead me to my Brother  
Who lacks Thy Inner Peace!

## THE MAN-INSIDE

Among all of Andre  
evolving life on this planet of Earth man alone stands erect. Have you ever stopped to think how significant this is? An upright figure, head lifted, straight, strong.....that is the picture of man at his highest. Primitive man we have pictured for us as hunched over, head lowered, a lumbering, awkward being, his entire bearing showing his sole concern to be the things of earth immediately around him. But as he progressed man's carriage became erect, his consciousness awakened to things other than earthly, he lifted his eyes to the stars. Heavenly aspiration..... hunger for God....desire for pure and lofty things.....capacity for immortal blessedness....all these slowly grew in man and his form responding, straightened, until the posture of squared back shoulders, head high, became the symbol of man expressing his greatest qualities.

Sadly, we must admit man does not always live true to this symbol, for he has not as yet perfectly evolved to the point of inner and outer harmony. The man inside the erect form may be twisted, bent, belying the beauty of the outer man. Much worse, this, than a crippled form.

Contrasting, there are those wonderful individuals whom accident, disease, or work have bent in the physical habitation, but whose inner-self proudly reaches out to all, straight and strong and beautiful.

In many ways, each and every day we shape the man-inside, helping or hindering him in fulfilling his design of evolution. When we show impatience, irritability, anger, intolerance, we are curving the shoulders of the man-inside, stunting, crippling him. The

habit of negative thinking, of self-pity, despondency, weighs down and weakens the inner self, leaving it an unlovely thing. Clinging to grief can twist the inner man....great trials met with bitterness, blind antagonism toward what is felt to be an unjust fate, can tragically cripple the man-within. Those same tests faced with victorious faith can add strength and glowing beauty inwardly and outwardly.

Duties that must be considered day after day can either build a wonderful foundation of character, or they can be allowed to shrink and shrivel the Self that expresses in form. Joy in work well done straightens the man-inside, each small task cheerfully performed, each responsibility gladly accepted, adds to his permanent stature.

It is worth thinking upon... the appearance of the man-inside .....can we be proud of him, or does he need helping, healing, to become what we want him to be?

### SOLILOQUY

I am a child of the universe.  
Like the trees and the stars  
I have a right to be here.  
And whatever I seek to do  
In this noisy confusion of life  
I will keep peace in my soul,  
I will be cheerful,  
I will strive to be happy,  
I will go from the crowd  
For awhile, and think -  
Remembering the peace there is  
In silence.

.....Ema Helen Perry

## THE JESTER'S SWORD

Thinking that Aldebaran was learning to bear his trial the Jester spoke of leaving.....

"Nay, do not leave me yet," Aldebaran pleaded. "Yet it would show still greater courage if thou couldst face thy fate alone," the Jester answered. "Despair cannot be vanquished till thou hast taught thyself to really feel the gladness thou dost feign. I've heard that if one will count his blessings as the faithful tell their rosary beads he will forget his losses in pondering on his many benefits. Perchance if thou wouldst try that plan it might avail."

So Aldebaran went out determined to be glad in heart as well as speech, if so be it he could find enough cheer. "I will be glad," he said, "because the morning sun shines warm across my face." He slipped a golden bead upon his memory string.

"I will be glad because there are diamond sparkles on the grass and larks are singing in the sky." A dew-drop and a bird's trill for his rosary.

"I will be glad for bread, for water from the spring, for eyesight and the power to smell the budding lilacs by the door; for friendly greetings from the village."

A goodly rosary, symbol of all the things for which he should be glad, was in his hand at close of day. He swung it gaily by the hearth that night, recounting all his blessings till the Jester thought, "At last he's found the cure."

But suddenly Aldebaran flung the rosary from him and hid his face within his hands. "'Twill drive me mad!" he cried. "To go on stringing baubles that do but set my mind the firmer on the priceless jewel I have lost. May heaven forgive me! I am not really glad. 'Tis all a hollow mockery and pretence!"

Then was the Jester at his wit's end for a reply. It was a welcome sound when presently a knocking at the door broke on the painful silence. The visitor who entered was an aged monk beseeching alms at every door, with which to help the sick and poor. And while the Jester searched within a chest for some old garments he was pleased to give, he bade the monk draw up to the hearth and tarry for their evening meal, which then was well-nigh ready. The monk glad to accept the hospitality, spread out his lean hands to the blaze, and later, when the three sat down together, warmed into such a cheerfulness of speech that Aldebaran was amazed.

"Surely thy lot is hard, good brother," he said, looking curiously into the wrinkled face. "Humbling thy pride to beg at every door, forswearing thine own good in every way that others may be fed, and yet thy face speaks an inward joy. I pray thee tell me how thou hast found happiness."

"By never going in its quest," the monk answered. "Long years ago I learned a lesson from the stars. Our holy Abbot took me out one night into the quiet cloister, and pointing to the glittering heavens showed me my duty in a way I never have forgot. I had grown restive in my lot and chafed against its narrow round of cell and cloister. But in a word he made me see that if I stepped aside from that appointed path, merely for mine own pleasure, 'twould mar the order of God's universe as surely as if a planet swerved from its eternal course.

"'No shining lot is thine,' he said. 'yet neither have the stars themselves a light. They but reflect the Central Sun. And so mayst thou,

HALL OF SEVEN THRONES

"As I wandered on through the world" Rolland continued, "I saw the storm with its wind and lightning and thunder. I stood beneath a tree, and, although the storm was great, and the branches tossed wildly and the leaves were torn from their places, within the heart of the tree all was peace. Then I knew that tumult is only on the surface of things, and I understood that the Jewel that is beyond price is Serenity; to remain unmoved within the turmoil that rages without. When one has not serenity he is a chaser of moonbeams, a prophet of nothing, a singer of meaningless songs. He knows not even the insignificance of the little things that fill his little world. With serenity he holds the key to all his problems. He may unlock the door to his own soul."

The music of the organ came again. The sixth corridor was lighted as though by an unseen hand, and a purple throne appeared. Above it was the word; "WISDOM".

Again the Master put his quiet question, and again Rolland shook his head. He remained looking downward until the voice of the Master roused him.

"What else didst thou learn, my brother?"

"I continued to walk to and fro in the world and up and down in it. And there I saw many people who loved God, but none of them knew it. A man gave a ride in a cart to a weary traveller. A girl gave water to a thirsty dog. A youth scattered crumbs for birds. A woman planted seeds. A man soothed a crying child and gave it a sweetmeat. And I knew there is naught so great as the love of God, and we love most when we love the least of His creatures."

As Rolland ceased speaking, the organ sounded again with

By.....Alan M. Emley. music that was soft and low, and a dim light appeared in the seventh corridor. At the far end was a lowly stool by a bench laden with tools for mending shoes and patching clothes. And there were cups for thirsty and crutches for the lame and beds for the weary and food for the famished.

Even before the Master spoke, Rolland arose and walked straight down the corridor to the bench and stool. The Master smiled, and his eyes gleamed with happiness, for above the stool flamed the word, "SERVICE".

(the end)

WHO IS MY FATHER?

You, Lord, are my Father and my guide,  
Never shall I want;  
You cause me to lie down in green pastures,  
You lead me beside the still waters;  
You restore my soul from its despondency.

When I call upon your Name  
You guide me into the right path;  
Aye, although I walk in the valley of the Shadow of Death,  
No harm can come to me - -  
For You are with me,  
Your rod and staff are at my disposal;

You prepare for me a table in the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with perfumes,  
My cup is full and overflowing.

Nothing other than Goodness and Mercy  
Can come to me through all my days -  
And I shall remain in my Father's House forever.

.....Alan M. Emley

(continued from page 4)

while swinging onward, faithful to thy orbit, reflect the light of heaven upon thy fellow men.'

"Since then I've had no need to go a-seeking happiness, for bearing cheer to others keeps my own heart a-shine.

"I pass the lesson on to thee, good friend. Remember, men need laughter sometimes more than food, and if thou hast no cheer thyself to spare, why, thou mayst go a-gathering it from door to door as I do crusts, and carry it to those who need."

(to be concluded)

### "UNCLE SAM"

In one of the lectures, written by our beloved Founder, Sri Dayananda, there has been given a most interesting interpretation of our National figure, "Uncle Sam". While some of you have received this lecture, many have not and because it is so pertinent at the present time we are offering it again here.

The ancient mysteries openly and frankly, acknowledge the importance of the abstract, when they gave to all manifestations of Nature an abstract Soul, and a personified existence. That is why symbolism today means as much as it does in Esoteric study. In fact, there is a very definite example of this in American thought, for by its collective efforts, it produced a standard "Uncle Sam". Here we have a picture of a man, tall and slender, whose dress is a representation of the Flag, with the stars and stripes, the typical tall hat and so forth. Analyzing the figure, you would find a Caballistic symbol, and for those who have eyes to see it is clear that the individual symbols of the complete glyph of Uncle Sam each have a significance. For instance; the stars on the hat, and as they are in the flag itself, are the Pent-

agrams. The figure itself, would stand for the element of Earth, the blue stripes for the element of Water; the white for the element of Air; and the red for the element of Fire. The same type of symbolism can be traced in the Great Seal of the United States; in fact, there is a hidden and underlying message in most of these figures and national symbols that we have come to look upon in a matter-of-fact way.

These symbols in their aggregate represent the varied modes in the manifestation of Cosmic Force upon the different Planes. Thus Uncle Sam is a collection of symbols, but the patriotic American thinks of Uncle Sam in a personified manner and actually thruout the years, Group Consciousness has built up an Astral form that has a definite personality and nature of its own on the Astral Plane.

NOTICE: We regret exceedingly that we must announce this as the last issue of the Mystic Messenger in its present form. Restrictions of printing materials and also shortage of helpers to do the necessary work of preparing material for printing makes this step unavoidable. We will continue the Messenger in mimeographed form.



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