



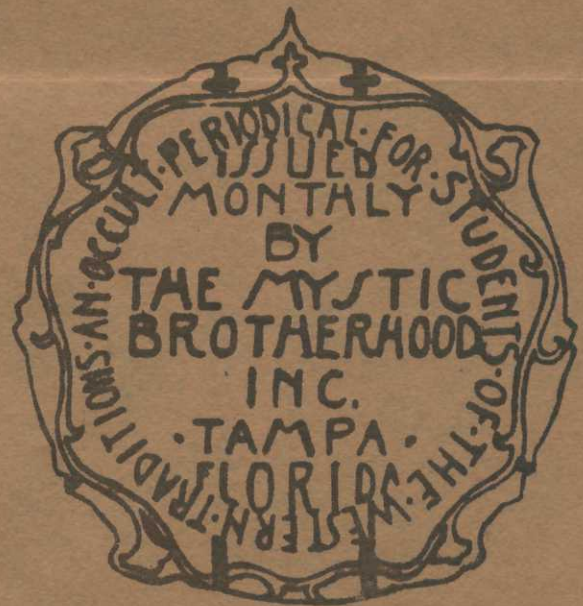
# The Mystic Messenger

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MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS

Week of November 2nd through November 8th

Meditation.....Every man has a religion whether he admits it or not, and lives it out in his everyday life.

Prayer....."Holy God, may I glorify Thee today! May I do my work as though I were engaged in worship. May I be looking for the Son of Man. If He should find me at my common toil, may I be well-pleasing to Him. May He see my devotion in the ordinary day."

Week of November 9th through November 15th

Meditation.....Gratitude to God must be constantly practiced if we would live in His sunshine and have a sense of the Divine Presence at all times.

Prayer....."My Father, I thank Thee for my daily bread. May it ever be to me a sacramental feast! Feed me with the Bread of Life. Nourish me with holy inspirations. May I grow in grace and consciousness of the Divine Presence."

Week of November 16th through November 22nd

Meditation....."My friends, wait upon God. When He Himself shall give the signal and release you from this service, then ye are released unto Him. But, for the present, bear to dwell in this place, wherein He has set you. Short, indeed, is this time of your sojourn, and easy to bear for those who are so minded."  
.....Epictetus

Prayer....."My Lord, wilt Thou teach me the meaning of true service? Save me from seeking my life in selfish seclusion. Let me go out of myself to find myself. May I experience the joy of sacrifice! May I enrich the well-being of my brother!"

Week of November 23rd through November 29th

Meditation....."As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power."  
.....Emerson

Prayer....."Divine One, I pray that all the heavenly forces on earth may be greatly strengthened and enriched. God bless all good men and women! Give purpose and definiteness to their work. May all their endeavours issue in glorified life."

# 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.....



Our Country.....are there two words which can arouse more of deep feeling in our hearts? It is Thanksgiving time now,our country's own National holiday, our American Thanksgiving....pumpkin on the vine... turkey.....the Pilgrim Fathers....these are the pictures every American, young or old has stored in his memory consciousness.....rich, blessed inheritance his country has given him.

They are symbols, those Thanksgiving pictures, symbols of what our forefathers lived. Symbols of simple fellowship among men, of work, of worship, of sharing one another's burden,symbols of the urge to demand justice, not only for self, but for all oppressed who would share in freedom. Symbols too,of a great Vision which was to come to pass.....vast stretches of forest land ringing with the sound of the axe as strong arms cleared the land, prairies dotted with the white lines of covered wagons.....and slowly, surely, America, the land of the free, growing with the strength of her sturdy people.

The symbols of our Fathers, our symbols, have had another added to them now.....not representing something new.....no.....but expressing for us in a war-torn world today, those same things which our American tradition has pictured in Thanksgiving....."V" for Victory! It has been ours for a long time, that symbol, always we have had that spirit of valiant courage, the spirit which wins over all obstacles, which recognizes no defeat! It is a spirit which has drawn its sustenance and strength from a higher level.

As they devoutly raised their heads in grateful prayer, on that first Thanksgiving day,the men who laid the foundation of our country were not only returning praise to the Giver of all good gifts, but they were drawing down that spiritual power which would carry them through the hardships, the deprivations, the ceaseless demands they knew were their lot day by day, as they literally built with their hands a new country!

"V" for Victory.....the open triangle with point downward..... the descent of Spirit to Man! As the arms of the "V" reach up,spreading out, to form the receptacle, so do we raise our hearts and minds in Thanksgiving to the God of our Fathers and form of ourselves a living "V" receiving the downpouring strength which sustains through all trials, which gives now,as in the past, the invincible spirit of Victory.....(Continued on page 6)

## THE JESTER'S SWORD

(Continued)

The story of Aldebaran and his destiny was commenced last month, it told how to him was given the Sword of Conquest with which he set forth, to return only when he had made a braver conquest than any ever made before. The story continues.....

'Twas passing wonderful how soon Aldebaran began to taste the sweets of great achievement. His name was on the tongue of every troubadour, his deeds in every minstrel's song. And though he travelled far to alien lands, scarce known by hearsay even to the fold at home, his game was carried back, far over seas again, and in his father's court his name was spoken daily in proud tones, as they recounted all his honours.

Young, strong, with the impetuous blood begotten of success tingling through all his veins, he had no thought that dire mishap could seize on him; that pain or malady or mortal weakness could pierce his armour, which youth and health had girt about him. From place to place he went, wherever there was need of some brave champion to espouse a weak one's cause. It mattered not who was arrayed against him, whether a tyrant king, a dragon breathing fire, or some hideous scaly monster that preyed upon the villages. His sword of Conquest was unsheathed for each; and as his courage grew with every added victory, he thirsted for some greater foe to vanquish, remembering his youthful vow.

And as he journeyed on he pictured often to himself the day of his returning, the day of which his vow should find fulfillment. How wide the gates would be thrown open for his welcome! How loud would swell the cheers of those who thronged to do him honour!

His dreams were always of that triumphal entrance, and of Vesta's approving smile. Never once the

shadow of a thought stole through his mind that it might be far otherwise. Was not he born for conquest? Did not the very stars foretell success?

One night, belated in a mountain pass, he sought the shelter of a shelving rock, and with his mantle wrapped about him lay down to sleep. Upon the morrow he would sally forth and beard the Province Terror in his stronghold; would challenge him to combat, and after long and glorious battle would rid the country of its dreaded foe. Already tasting victory, he fell asleep, a smile upon his lips.

But in the night a storm swept down the mountain pass with sudden fury, uprooting trees a century old, and rending mighty rocks with sword thrusts of its lightning. And when it passed Aldebaran lay prone upon the earth borne down by rocks and fallen trees. Lay as if dead until two passing goat-herds found him and bore him in pity to their hut.

Long weeks went by before the fever craze and pains began to leave him, and when at last he crawled out in the sun, he found himself a poor misshapen thing, all maimed and marred, with twisted back and face all drawn awry and foot that dragged. One hand hung nerveless by his side. Never more would it be strong enough to use the Sword. He could not even draw it from its scabbard.

As in a daze he looked upon himself, thinking some hideous nightmare had him in its hold. "That is not I!" he cried, in horror at the thought. Then as the truth began to pierce his soul, he sat with staring eyes and lips

(Continued on page 6)

Centuries ago, a Great Patriarch was approaching his Call from on High. Ever mindful of his people, he gathered about him the heads of his tribes, that he might bestow upon them his final blessing. Unto one he promised help against adversaries, to another honor, yet another precious things .....but to one who came from a rough and rugged country he said ..... "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

Shoes of iron....heavy.....unwieldy.....surely too clumsy for swift travel over smooth ground, but oh, what a blessing to the feet that must tread upon stony paths!

Every life knows a time when the going is rough, a time when the light slippers that dance merrily along the sunny roads are poor protection from the jagged edges of cruel realities. Then is when we must take out our iron shoes! Yes, we have them.....all of us! No soul is so poor but what he has hidden away somewhere in the depths of his being, his pair of iron shoes. They may be in a box labelled "Fortitude", or "Courage", or "Faith", they may be wrapped in the paper of "Devotion-to-an-Ideal", or they may be sitting out firmly on the stand of "Moral-Strength".....their outer wrapping doesn't so much matter, the important thing is that we have them!

We have been, the most of us, enjoying so many of the other blessings the Old Patriarch bestowed upon his children, their children's children, down to us at the present time, we haven't until recently, had much need for

## IRON SHOES

By....Andre

our shoes of iron and perhaps dust has gathered heavily upon them. Lets brush them off and polish them until they shine!

The firm hand of Determination must draw the shoes on and the stalwart figure of a Selfless Man wear them proudly. Perhaps we have thought that we had Determination, we have demonstrated comforts, pleasures and luxuries, we have determinedly gone after whatever we have wanted.....and got it! But determination under the pressure of adversity, that is something else.....determination, not to satisfy a personal desire, but the determination to sacrifice personal desires without a tinge of regret.....gladly, counting it a privilege!

Of course, it isn't easy to leave the pleasant by-ways..... that is, it isn't easy if we cling to the appearances we have come to accept as the essential things of life.....it isn't easy if we lag back, finding this excuse and that excuse for letting the "other fellow" take the first steps on the hard way! It is only easy if we reach out for the gift of doing the thing that is hard to do! Then we will never cease to be thankful that we have shaken off the dulling ways of ease, that we have proven ourselves and our strength under trial!

Glorious has been our heritage, and equally glorious is our present opportunity! For now we are to know, not stories and traditions of greatness, but greatness itself! Now we are to put on the shoes of Asher and stride, head high, eyes bright with the Vision of a Free World, into the Future that we will create.

# *gleanings from Students' Letters*

In meditation I notice that only when there is a deep need for an answer - something that has been puzzling me or when a talk must be prepared - will the inner source respond. When there is such a need the flash will come at any time and anywhere. Sometimes when I am the busiest, perhaps in getting dinner. But there has to be the need, otherwise the results are surface things. When that is the result I sit silently and quietly - and alertly. Perhaps there is an inner contact, an inner message of peace, or a suggestion that may be presented if I can make myself a fit vehicle.

.....Evelyn Baldwin

Granted that the achievement of serenity is the supreme goal of our life, what is this attainment for but that we may better serve our Maker. Not that, having become calm and strong through the testing of the trial and the heat of the day, we may at long last retreat into our ivory tower and survey the world and all its works with a lofty contempt and detachment - but that we may go back into the world carrying in our bosom this secret delight and acting as ambassadors of that Great One who gave His life that we might attain to that sweet and blessed inward life which is the only true source of strength, linked as it is with the God-head. Henceforth our suffering and sorrow is not so much personal as vicarious. We take upon ourselves the woes of man, as Christ took upon Himself our sins. Our life

becomes symbolic. We are they who can bring earth up to Heaven and Heaven down to earth. That, for me, is the sole reason why I cherish what measure of serene repose is mine. When I pass through times of depression think not that I am giving way to weakness. Think rather that I have taken this upon me deliberately so that I may lift these distresses up to God by my very life and so cause a channel to be formed whereby God's Help and Grace may flow down and alleviate them. To me it is an overwhelming concept of man's possibilities and one I am daily putting into practice."

.....Winifred S. Neale F.M.B.

## THE LOTUS BLOSSOM

I watched your petals unfold  
A chalice to hold the Light  
A breath of heavenly fragrance  
Thy offering unto Night.

Softly the mirrored reflection  
Moved in a shimmering delight  
The urge of the known force  
Like attracting Like.

The faint trace of moisture  
Drawn from thy petals fair  
To help replenish the lake  
The bosom upholding you there.

I peer into the darkness  
Where they tell me rests mud  
and slime  
I see only thy petals  
Changed by the hand of Time.

.....Allene Quist D.M.B.

People stared at him, but said nothing. Selwin strode across the meadow into the mist. A gateway appeared before him, an exit into the unknown.

Often he had wondered what the name of this land could be. Now he saw it emblazoned over the gate that opened into the swirling mist: THE COUNTRY OF THE DEAD.

The path wound upward. Selwin struggled over the rocks to the limit of his strength. It seemed that he could go no farther, yet he went on and on by the power of a determined will. He came out at last on a great plateau where the mists dissolved into light. The sun was above him, and it shone and darkened alternately as clouds raced across the sky. He was in a moving world where Time seemed to spur onward with the speed of light.

Men were laboring in the fields that bordered the path. They were reaping, and the harvest was of golden grain. Mightily they toiled, for inky clouds rose above the horizon, and stabs of lightning and the low rumble of thunder gave warning of an approaching storm.

A man accosted Selwin as he strode along the path.

"Will you stop and work?" he asked. "There is a great battle just over the hill, and we need every hand to gather the crops."

Selwin seized a reaping hook and began cutting the grain. He filled his lungs with the pure air. His muscles tensed and hardened as he swung the heavy hook, and he knew again the joy of toil.

A warrior came from over the hill, hastening toward them. He was wounded, and his armor was dented by hard blows, but his face shone as the sun, and the glory of the struggle was upon him.

## THE PROMISED LAND

(Concluded)

"Come!" he shouted. "Come quickly, for the three giants we fight are strong, and we need everyone who can bear a sword."

Selwin dropped his reaping hook.

"Who are these giants?" he asked.

"They are named Ignorance, Lust and Greed. A terrible struggle lies before us, but we will overcome them." He lifted his gory head and shouted, and his voice vied with the thunder of the approaching storm: "We will win. We must win!"

Men in the fields seized weapons that lay by the path, and came forward. Selwin grasped a shield and a heavy sword and followed the warrior with quick strides. They approached the hill beyond which came the sounds of battle.

A strange exultation gripped Selwin's heart. Here were action and turmoil and adventure. He had found labor and strife and the long, upward march of evolution. It was the eternal struggle of Mankind against Ignorance, Lust and Greed, the three Terrible Ones who were strong and knew no mercy.

Selwin had left the haven of peace and rest, the land of perpetual noon and the gratification of desires. He was facing trial and pain and the Great Uncertainty. Yet he shouted aloud with joy, and he knew in his heart that he and his fellows would win. Civilization must go forward, and it cannot be destroyed.

Selwin lifted his face to the storm that came sweeping across the sky.

"I am in the Promised Land," he cried, "the land of the Living. Thank God, I am alive, I am alive."

.....Alan M. Emley

(Continued from page 1)

The great privilege of Thanksgiving is ours not alone to accept as a gift from our Nation's founders, it is ours to live..... and to pass on to those who will follow us! It is our trust from the past.....our promise to the future!

.....Sri Veritus

(Continued from page 2)

that gibbered in cold fear, the while they still persisted in their fierce denial. "This is not I!"

Again he said it and again as if his frenzied words could work a miracle and make him as he was before. Then when the sickening sense of his calamity swept over him like a flood in all its fullness, he cast himself upon the earth and prayed to die. Despair had seized him. But Death comes not at such a call; kind Death, who waits that one may have a chance to rise again and grapple with the foe that downed him, and conquering, wipe the stigma coward from his soul.

So with Aldebaran. At first it seemed that he could not endure to face the round of useless days now stretching out before him. An eagle, broken winged and drooping in a cage, he sat within the goat-herd's hut and gloomed upon his lot, and cursed the vital force within that would not let him die. (To be continued in next month's Messenger).

vvvvvvvvvvvvvv

"He is everywhere, the pure and formless One, the Almighty and the All Merciful. Thou art our father! Thou art our mother. Thou art our beloved friend. Thou art the source of all strength; give us strength! Thou art He that

beareth the Universe; help me bear the little burden of this life." Thus sang the Rishis of the Veda.

### TREE OF LIFE CHART

Again we call attention to the valuable aid now offered.....a complete chart of the Otz Chiim, the Tree of Life. Associations not ordinarily worked out, and rarely found even in large Cabalistic volumes, are given together with all of the standard correspondences. We are most pleased and thankful to be able to offer a diagram so enlightening, stimulating and elevating, and one, we feel we can further add, that is most attractive.

Approximate expense.....\$1.00

### vvvvvvv XMAS CARDS vvvvvvv

The Brotherhood's Christmas card this year is to be a Victory card. Each year there are many requests for our cards, without the initials M.B., that the students may use in sending greetings to personal friends. This year we have decided to make these available, feeling that the design and verse of the card will serve a helpful purpose. It will be a single, unfolded 3-1/4" by 4-3/4" card, of fine quality heavy white paper. Centered near the top will be the Star, and from it will rise the rays of a large "V", showing through a shaded blue background in white. Beneath this, a simple "Greetings" and then the verse from I Cor. 15:57 "Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the Victory through our Lord, Jesus the Christ." The date, Dec. '42 will be in small letters in the lower left hand corner.

Orders for the cards should be placed as soon as possible.

The approximated cost is \$1.00 for twenty cards.



# Additional Curriculum Material

- ATLANTIS AND LEMURIA: Thirty fascinating Chats on the Lost Continents, the origin and distribution of the races. Interestingly illustrated.....\$3.00
- COLLECTS: Eighteen Chats giving the esoteric interpretation of the traditional Church prayers for each week of the year. A fine day by day prayer guide.....\$2.00
- MARCH OF THE AVATARS: Twenty-five Chats covering the history background and philosophy of the great Mystery leaders, including Krishna, Mohammed, Zoroaster and others. This is material every occult student should be familiar with.....\$2.00
- MENTAL POWER: Ten practical Chats on the power of mind, valuable aids to the solution of life's problems.....\$1.00
- POWER NAMES: Eleven vital Chats based on the 119th Psalm, the Psalm of Power, invoking Divine aid to meet all needs. Each Power Name is clearly explained and how it can be used in solution of your own problems and in helping others.....\$1.00
- PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY: Fourteen Chats that teach you what psychology can mean to you personally in overcoming fear, developing poise and attaining success.....\$1.00
- PROJECTION: Twelve Chats covering all aspects of Psychic projection, the Astral Body, experiences, etc. Invaluable to the student interested in this type of training.....\$1.00
- PSYCHISM: Ten fascinating Chats on topics such as Mediumship, Haunted Houses, Kundalini, Psychic attack, etc.....\$1.00
- QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Twenty unique Chats presenting questions that every occult student wonders about and so seldom finds satisfactorily explained in printed material. This group might be called a little course in occult laws and principles...\$2.00
- A wide range of subjects, in addition to those listed above, are available in the Faculty Chats. Your Teacher will supply a topical outline upon request. Any ten Chats selected may be had for \$1.00 ALL CHAT GROUPS ARE BOUND IN OUR CRAFTSMAN STYLE.
- INCENSE: The Brotherhood's special blend, particularly suitable for meditation and experimental work.....\$1.00
- TALISMAN CARDS: To accompany the use of the Power Names in demonstrating needs and solution of problems.....(Plain).\$1.00  
(tinted by special arrangement)
- METRICAL OUTLINE OF THE SEPHIROTH: An unusual collection of correspondencies of the Tree. Invaluable to the Cabalistic student.....\$1.00
- TAROT CARDS AND LESSONS: The Brotherhood's Tarot deck in the five suit colors on glazed-back cardboard. With the bound lessons fully covering the interpretation of the cards and giving three methods of using the Tarot for divination.....\$2.50. Cards alone.....\$1.50. Lessons alone.....\$1.00

Prices above are not fixed. They cover the approximate expense.



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Western Traditions

