



# The Mystic Messenger

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MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS

Week of November 30th through December 6th

Meditation.....Do not rebel against experiences but go with them and thank God for them.

Prayer....."Spirit of all good counsel, fill my life with holy purpose. Refine my discernment! May I see the good and love it. In all my difficulties make known to me Thy will. May I be a child of Light!"

Week of December 7th through December 13th

Meditation.....Faith is making use of belief.

Prayer....."Oh God Within, prepare me for life's demands this week. May I meet the unexpected with calm. May nothing disturb my faith. May I rest in the assurance that all things work for good."

Week of December 14th through December 20th

Meditation.....Our life is what our thoughts make it.

Prayer....."Divine Cosmic Mind, I am grateful for the power to think. May I not abuse the mighty gift! May my thought be an apostle of the Christ. May all my thoughts wear the white robes."

Week of December 21st through December 27th

Meditation.....Beneath the stars of Bethlehem, a Child was born.

Prayer....."Holy One, in humble adoration we offer Thee our dedicated lives. May our gift ever honor Thee. May it be blessed with Thy Grace and ever reflect Thy wondrous Light."

Week of December 28th through January 3rd

Meditation....."Be still and know" must be practiced daily if we are to keep our souls alive under the pressure of life.

Prayer....."My Father, I would be led into the secret Presence today. May I see new meanings in old words. May new light shine out of the old page. May I feel as never before the beauty of Truth. May I be drawn to a deeper devotion. May I become more like Thee!"



# 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.....



As we go about our round of daily life these December days, we consciously or unconsciously begin to look into each other's faces and souls for a message, a message with which to meet the approaching Christmas in this time of conflict and confusion. We feel that the sober, serious mien we see on many cannot be our Christmas spirit, yet carefree joy seems hollow and a strained indifference, sacrilege. Where then, where shall we find what we seek?

Yes, the answer is clear.....let us look into the One Face, for the anniversary of His Birth can never lose its great personal significance to us if we will keep before us the Face of the Christ.

Let us these days of December, lose ourselves in the deep stillness of His gaze. Let us find with Him that Infinite Peace, that Divine awareness where alone one is free from all the turmoils and sufferings of the world.

We need this spiritual experience with an urgent need. We have been under heavy pressure and even with the fortification of our developed control of mind and emotions, we have felt this to some extent. As a diver rises from the pressure of deep water to fill his lungs with life-giving air, so must we rise to fill our souls with the vitalizing atmosphere of the Christ.

In His Face will we find our message. If we look closely the lips may move and speak to us directly. In the stillness of our own hearts we will hear His Voice ..... "Seek Me in every face"..... Wondrous message! Seek not another's attitude, question not another's spirit, but "Seek Me"..... find Him in every one. He comes to us in countless forms. Let us recognize Him in all the faces we see, let us serve Him in all the things that we do. Then we will find that the radiance of Christmas shines for us now as always, shines for all men, lighting the dark corners, clearing their hearts of doubts and fears, giving them strength, giving them faith, giving them comfort.

.....Sri Veritus





# Gleanings from Students' Letters in Poetry and Prose



"Oh! Divine One that lives in the hearts of all men, we open our hearts unto Thee and ask that Thou may fill them with love and mercy, that Righteousness may go before us to establish Peace in the world of men for Thy Glory and in honor of Christ our Lord."

.....Harold Jolet F.M.B.

## PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

This is the Prayer without ceasing the Song without word the sweetest story ever heard.

The Star-Light, the Sun-Beam the warm gentle glow of a mind and heart filled with wisdom.

Love, Its Arrow and Bow  
Flung afar on the earth plane  
this Message to bring.

Of Peace, Poise Equilibrium  
And Christ the King  
Whom all the World shall  
reverence and love.

Until they become the reflection  
of God  
The Father-Mother above!

.....Lettie B. Warner F.M.B.

Occultism would teach that while the spiritual life reward is important it should not prevent us from rendering some service to others on the Path with us. The Occultist knows he does not travel the Path alone. He also knows that he first has to contact the Plane of a Master before he can expect a Master to contact him. The Masters are busy enough with the problems of Humanity as a whole.

We know enough if we use the knowledge we have to go along and also to help a few stragglers. Many of these fear death, when what they should fear is not getting out of life every day what they should. They desire and hope for immortality by virtue of one life, yet many hesitate to investigate Rebirth, the only thing that can give them a real hope for the future and help them develop a sound philosophy of life.

Our Immortality does not depend entirely upon a certain religious belief, eternal consciousness not eternal matter plays the leading role.

.....Harry Dare F.M.B.

If we just try to do our best  
The Lord Himself will do the rest;  
We are the instruments in His hands,  
In working out the Heavenly Plan.  
And should our part be only small  
Put in that part our very all  
The Lord will bless our work with Good  
He'll know we've done the best we could.

.....Henry Hale D.M.B.

## BURDENS

A great preacher tells a story of his mother who was always greatly worried about one thing and another. This preacher often talked with her and tried to show her the needlessness of her fretting, but was unable to do so. One morning she appeared smiling and happy. Everyone was aston-

(Continued on page 6)



In the soft, mellow glow of an open fire one relaxes, quiet, content, absorbing the comfort in body, mind and soul. The blue yellow flames crackle, the rosy ashes fall.....and perchance to the reflective mind there comes the thought.....here is a log being consumed, energy being spent, something is gone now that was here an hour before. Still the fire-glow reaches out, cheerily seeming to smile, as if it knows a secret....reassuring in its tranquil beauty that nothing has been lost, perhaps something used .....yes.....but jnot lost.

Would it not be well for us if we could spend our energy with that same beautiful certainty that it cannot be lost or exhausted? From that same Infinite Source we can draw all that we need if we but claim the secret of the fire-glow.....the secret of blending, harmonizing, with the thing that we do, the secret of making our doing something calm, yet strong; something unrestricted, wholeheart-



The SECRET of the  
FIRE-GLOW  
By..Andre

ed, yet limitless. There are heavy demands upon each one of us, but we can meet them, we can do our work whatever it may be, if we use our energy understandingly. If we labor at our allotted task, dully determined to get through with it, but disliking, resenting it all the while, we are going to wear ourselves out, exhaust our strength. But if we work cheerily, lending ourselves freely to the effort, confident that strength will be given us to perform it, we find that the fire-glow's secret has power to sustain.

Let us work with a will, but also with understanding. Let us not just labor from force of necessity. There is a difference. When we labor, inwardly fighting against the thing that we do, we set up friction and it is this that tires; when we work, giving ourselves to the thing at hand to be done, there is harmony between outer and inner and ours is a wondrously increased ability with ever sufficient energy to meet our needs.



KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to close your book of complaints and look around you

for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness - are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

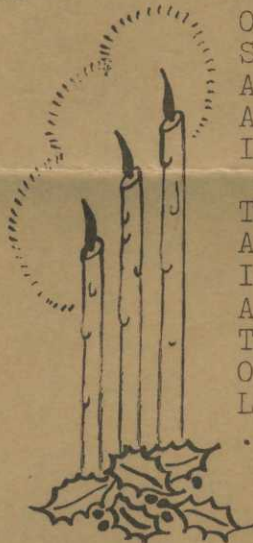
Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world, stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death, and that the Blessed Life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

.....Henry Van Dyke



CHRISTMAS AS THE SOUL'S PATH  
OF ATTAINMENT

- Christ-consciousness
- Higher Self
- Resurrected Life
- Intelligence Divine
- Spiritual perception
- Truth
- Mastery
- At-one-ment
- Selflessness,  
Soul awareness



A SMALL BOYS CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

Perhaps, perhaps the radiant star  
Which led the Wise Men from afar  
Knew nothing of their Holy quest  
Perhpas it only did its best  
And when its beam so clear and  
mild  
Showed where there slept a little  
Child  
How could it know how many men  
Would sorrow if it failed just  
then -  
Or dream that it would ever be  
So loved by little boys like me?  
And maybe, if I truly try  
As I grow up and time goes by,  
I'll learn like that bright star  
to do  
The thing I know is brave and true.  
And if my task is hard and long,  
I know the Star will make me strong;  
And if my will grows weak and frail,  
The Star will teach me not to fail.  
O Christmas Star, lead even me -  
Like the Wise Men, I too shall see!  
.....Wilha Hutson

The Soul becomes aware of itself and finds the first step on the way to Christ consciousness is Selflessness. The practice of this principle leads to At-one-ment with the stage of Mastery. There Truth shines out through Spiritual perception and Intelligence Divine. The life thus Resurrected expresses through the perfection of the Higher Self and the goal of Christ-consciousness has been attained.

V . . . — THE JESTER'S SWORD V . . . —  
(Continued)

In our last issue we left Aldebaran in the depths of despair, unable to overcome the tragedy that had befallen him.....but there came a time when, even through his all-absorbing thought of self, there pierced the consciousness that he no longer could impose upon the goat-herd's bounty. Food was scarce within the hut, and even though he groaned to die, the dawns brought hunger. So at the close of the day he dragged him down the mountainside, thinking that under cover of the dusk he would steal into the village

and seek a chance to earn his bread.

But as he neared the little town and the sound of evening bells broke on his ear, and lighted windows marked the homes where welcome waited other men, he winced as from a blow. This was the village he had thought to enter in the midst of loud acclaims, its brave deliverer from the Province Terror. Then every window in the hamlet would have blazed for him. Then every door would have been set wide to welcome

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The voice of the cryer in the bell-tower broke the noonday stillness in the City of Light!

"It is our brother, Rolland, returning from the Great World. He is afar off on the hill, and will be here anon."

The brothers gathered on each side of the path leading to the great hall, and quiet smiles showed their pleasure in the young man's return.

In the temple the Master donned his white robe, and placed the simple cross, which was the badge of his high office, upon his breast. He seated himself in the dark chamber near the door, and waited silently.

Anon came three knocks signifying that a Neophyte sought the next grade of initiation. For this high honor it was necessary to have gone into the world and to return with Truth, and the Truth must be so aptly applied that the Neophyte would not abuse Power when it came to him.

"Enter," the Master said in his quiet voice.

Slowly the door opened, and the young man, Rolland, entered. He made deep obeisance, and then sank to the floor at the Master's feet.


For a time the two remained without speaking, each praising God in the silence. At last the Master asked a question.

"What seekest thou?"  
Rolland answered, "I seek Power, that I may return to my fellowmen."


The Master sank back in his great chair.

"Know, my brother," he said, "that you have come to the Hall of Seven Thrones, and within your grasp is the power that you seek. It is for you to choose wisely. What did you learn in the Great World?"

With his eyes on the floor, the young man answered: "I learned of the bird that sang the song people wished to hear. Sweet was its voice, and the multitude gathered



## HALL OF SEVEN THRONES



By.....Alan M. Emley

about and listened and applauded. They said, 'This is the finest bird

in all the earth'."

"And what did you gain," asked the Master, "from the bird that sang the song people wished to hear?"

"The secret of gaining followers."

As the youth spoke, a hidden organ pealed forth a martial air, and a bright light sprang up in a corridor that had been concealed by darkness. At the far end was a jeweled throne, and above it in letters of flame was the word: "LEADERSHIP".

"Wilt thou take this throne, my brother?" the Master asked.

Rolland regarded it impassively, and shook his head. The lights went out suddenly and the music ceased, leaving the room in a strange quiet after the turmoil.

"What else didst thou learn, my brother?" the Master questioned.

"I listened to the bird that sang the song people did not wish to hear. Although the song was a beautiful one, men and women held their ears and turned away with faces awry. Then an archer came with bow and arrow and shot the bird through the heart."

Rolland paused, and a faint smile crossed the Master's lips.

"And what of this?" he asked.

"It was the same bird, O Master, and it was the same song. Only the time had changed."

Again the organ pealed forth, and again the corridor sprang into light. Slowly the music changed to a low dirge, and the throne of Leadership turned as though on a pivot. And Lo! it was a double throne, and on the far side was the word "MARTYRDOM".

"Wilt thou accept this throne, my brother?" the Master asked.

Rolland shook his head, and the music ceased and the lights dimmed into darkness.

(To be continued next month).



(Continued from page 2)

ished and asked her the reason. She said that in her dream the night before she had seen herself walking in a crowd of people and each one had a black ugly looking burden upon his or her back, as she had upon hers. Then she looked more closely and saw some repulsive looking demons dropping those burdens evidently for people to pick up. Then at last she saw another, the Master and He spoke to her saying that those burdens were useless, that He had not given them to any one and for her to drop hers and to refuse to carry another one. This she did and found herself much relieved and happy. She was so impressed with her dream that thereafter she was able to go about happy and cheerful.

.....Blanche Kelly F.M.B.



(Continued from page 4)

Aldebaran, the royal son of kings, fittest to bear the Sword of Conquest. And now Aldebaran was but the crippled makeshift of a man, who could not even draw that Sword from out its scabbard:

"In all the world," he cried in bitterness, "there breathes no other man whom Faith hath used so cruelly! Emptied of hope, robbed of my all, life doth become a prison-house that dooms me to its lowest dungeon!"

While he thus mused, footsteps came up the mountainside, a lusty voice was raised in song, and before he could draw back into cover, a head in a fantastic cap appeared above the bushes. It was the village Jester capering along the path as if the world were this-tledown and every day a holiday. But when he saw Aldebaran he stopped agape and crossed himself. Then he pushed nearer.

Now those who saw the Jester only on a market day or at the country fair plying his trade of merriment for all 'twas worth knew not a sage was hid behind

that motley or that his sympathies were tender as a saint's. Yet so it was. The motto written deep across his heart was this: "To ease the burden of the world!" Now he stood and gazed upon the prostrate man who turned away his face and would not answer his low-spoken words: "What ails thee, brother?"

When between his quirks he'd drawn the piteous tale entirely from him, he doubled up with laughter and smote his sides.

"And I'm the fool and thou'rt the sage!" he gasped between his peals of mirth. "Gadzooks! Methinks it is the other way around. Why, look ye, man! Here thou dost go a-junketing through all the earth to find a chance to show unequalled courage, and when kind Fate doth shove it underneath thy very nose, thou turn'st away, lamenting. I've heard of those who know not beans although the bag be opened, and now I laugh to see one of that very kind before me."

Then dropping his unseemly mirth and all his wanton raillery, he stood up with his face a-shine, and spake as if he were the heaven-sent messenger of hope.

"Rise up!" he cried. "Know it thou not it takes a thousandfold more courage to sheathe the sword when one is all on fire for action than to go forth against the greatest foe? Here is thy chance to show the world the kingliest spirit it has ever known! Here is a phalanx thou mayst meet all single-handed.....a daily struggle with a host of hurts that cut thee to the quick. This sheathed sword upon thy side will stab thee hourly with deeper thrusts than any adversary can give. 'Twill be a daily 'minder of thy thwarted hopes. For foiled ambition is the hydra-headed monster of the Lerna marsh. Two heads will rise for every one thou severest. 'Twill be a fight till death. Art brave enough to lift the gauntlet that Despair flings down and wage this warfare to thy very grave?"

(To be continued next month)



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