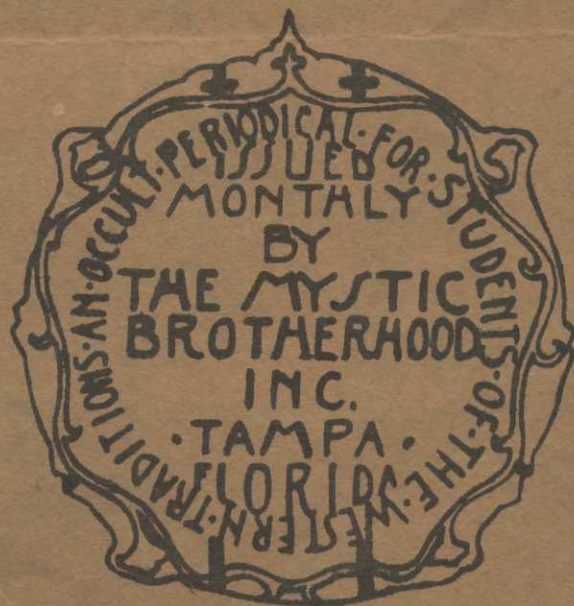




The Mystic Messenger

SEPTEMBER 1942

Vol. 9 No. 9



MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS FOR SEPTEMBER

Week from August 31st thru September 6th

Meditation.....We grow to the likeness of that which we love.

Prayer....."Gracious Lord, may my heart be fixed on Thee! Save me from wandering affections, and from all distractions which would impair the beauty and integrity of my discipleship."

Week from September 7th thru September 13th

Meditation.....There exists around us a spiritual universe and that universe is in actual relation with the material. From the spiritual universe comes the energy which maintains the material, the energy which makes the life of each individual spirit. Plainly we must endeavour to draw in as much spiritual life as possible and we must place our minds in an attitude which experience shows to be favourable to such indrawal.

Prayer....."My Father, may I ever be aware of the nearness of the spiritual world. When the transient seems terribly real and the unseen world appears unreal, reveal Thyself to me. May I know that Thou art, and may I rest in holy quietude and trust."

Week from September 14th thru September 20th

Meditation.....Every idea or thought in the mind tends to transform itself into action.

Prayer....."Great Divine Mind, let my thoughts be raised to their highest level. May every thought that is alien to Thy Harmony be removed from my consciousness. May Thy Light be my guide and show its fruits in each act of my life."

Week from September 21st thru September 27th

Meditation.....Consciousness of imperfection and the pursuit of perfection are alike possible to man only through the universal life of thought and goodness in which he shares, and which, at once an indwelling presence and an unattainable ideal draws him on and always on.

Prayer....."My Father, may some glimpse of larger truth be given to me today! May I not be contented with yesterday's revelation! May my windows be opened towards the East, that I may catch the dawn of new days and the coming of new 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.....

This month brings us several ancient sacred festivals, and although they are not commonly observed, it is interesting to the esoteric student to know of them.

The 19th of September is the day of the sacred Festival of Thoth and the 28th has been held sacred to Ptah, as the Divine Creative Fire. But chief among September's festivals is the celebration of the Greater Eleusinian Mysteries from the 2nd through the 10th.

Nearly all students of philosophy and mythology are familiar with the story of the goddess Ceres and her daughter Persephone, which tells how Persephone was carried off to the underworld by Pluto and when found by her mother who pleaded for her return, was finally permitted, (after first refusal on the grounds that she had eaten of the fruit of mortality) to live in the upper world half of the year if she would stay in the underworld the remaining half.

The Greater Eleusinian mysteries were sacred to Ceres and her wanderings in search of Persephone. She carried two torches, (intuition and reason,) to aid her in her search for her lost child (the soul). The Greeks believed that Persephone was a manifestation of the solar energy which as fall and winter approached was carried off to the underworld by Pluto, but in the spring and summer again returned with the goddess of productiveness, Ceres. A

deeper significance can be attached to the myth by the student who understands something of the soul's evolution through the darkness and density of matter.

Thomas Taylor describes the Greater Mysteries of Eleusis in this wise "The Greater Mysteries obscurely intimated, by mystic and splendid visions, the felicity of the soul both here and hereafter when purified from the defilement of the material nature and constantly elevated to the realities of intellectual (spiritual) vision."

To the Eleusinian Philosopher, birth into the physical world was death and the only true birth that of the soul rising out of the fleshly nature. "The soul is dead that slumbers" Longfellow said and that strikes the keynote of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

That the Mysteries of Eleusis were based upon great and eternal truths is attested by the veneration in which they were held by the great minds of the ancient world. Pindar, Plato, Cicero, and Epictetus spoke of them with admiration.

It would not be amiss for the modern student of esotericism to observe this time, from the 2nd to the 10th, through a rededication of effort toward spiritual unfoldment. Spirituality, the purification of motives and the elevation of ideals, if the vitalizing factor of our existence and its cultivation inevitably enlarges and enriches the life.

.....Sri Veritus

Gleanings from Students' Letters

Help me, Thy Cross to bear
and find its virtue hidden
there

To reap the goodness I desire;
and be a better soul in-
spired.

.....Wm. H. Gray F.M.B.

I was asked by an employer, if I would take charge of one of the mills. Being a young man at the time with new ideas of managing a mill and getting the cooperation of the employees to make a success of the business, my answer was, "I will take charge of the mill if I am allowed to run it without a lot of interference from the superiors." His answer was, "All right, we won't interfere." He then advised me, "Whether you are right or wrong stick to it. Time will prove what corrections to make." That advice puzzled me at the time but I learned in time what he meant. He really had in mind to be calm, firm and positive. However, I had a thought for my guide. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me". The result was the business became a very successful one from a failing one and I had the respect and cooperation of both the owners and the employees. I have had many experiences where being "calm" was the victor.

.....Robert Ray Boyles F.M.B.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT! If this were the extent to which our knowledge and comprehension could lead us we would be going a long way, but we have to admit that these words reveal a Principle which is Infinite. Their meaning cannot be exhausted. WHO is the Lord? The Higher Self, the Divinity within the outer

shell of erroneous thinking which you believe to be the real one. That which you ARE. That in you which knows ITSELF to be Divine. THE lord - THE ONE!

Reflecting upon IS MY SHEPHERD, the Shepherd is the everpresent watcher of the sheep (thoughts). As before MY gives the thought of into yourself. IS does not indicate a future attainment, but rather that NOW while the senses are reporting a succession of events there IS Peace under the Shepherd's care.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, therefore, there is no cause for me to want except the cause which lies in my temporary personal non-adjustment and ignorance. All my needs, anything which is necessary for the Divine Life to express on the earth plane of expression is already fulfilled in God. Think on I! GOD as meaning an always higher condition unto which you aspire. Profound reverence on your part will permit you to describe "IN GOD" with whatever mental symbols aid you to be lifted. "IN GOD" being the higher state aspired unto continually blends into higher states and planes, lifting you higher and higher. Thus, why shall you want for any good thing.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT! There is no want for healing, no want for thinking good thoughts, no want for forgiveness, no want for tolerance. Knowing the Higher BE-ING, your Shepherd, you are lifted into a plane of strength where lesser thoughts, when they arise, are transmuted and you realize the Divinity which you are.

It is not to be inferred that this method shall be carried out exactly by every student. All are not at the same step of the

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"It isn't what we know," someone said, "it's what we use that counts." Nearly all of us have had the experience, sometime or other of having an authority propound with all the weight of his long training and experience, some principle of truth which when we get alone and stop to analyze it, is nothing after all but the simple fundamental rule we have known all along! Knowing it hasn't seemed to accomplish much, but when the eminent authority says that 'thus and so is the case' we begin to take notice and agree "indeed it is" and "something should be done along that line," and we begin to do something.

What a pity that it so often takes someone else to start us using the knowledge and understanding that we have. How much more we could get out of life, how much more give to it in return (or perhaps more rightly, the 'giving' should precede the 'getting') if we would ourselves set into action just the simplest knowledge that we have and do it now.

We have problems, all of us do, that is the challenge and the zest of living...what do we do about them? Do we try first of all to see the Truth about them, to see them clearly without the shadows of fears distorting their appearance? The answer may be "Why, yes, of course, I try to analyze my problems, but that doesn't change them." No, it doesn't change them, but it should, if we are actually using the knowledge that we have to see clearly, change considerably our picture of them, it should show them for what they are, not what they appear to be.

There is a story oftentimes told



WHAT WE USE
By....Andre



in the South of the two plantation workers who found it necessary to go down a seldom used road one evening about dusk. One has never been that way before and when they began to approach a certain old oak tree, he was startled to see waving there in the indistinct light, a grey form. His heart began to beat rapidly, his flesh chilled and unable to resist the fearful impulse of that sight, he turned and ran blindly back the way he had come. His companion having come that way once before in broad daylight remembered the large mass of grey, Spanish moss that hung almost like a human figure from a limb of the tree, so calmly he walked on by.

To the one who ran, that experience was just as real and distressing as if it had actually been what his fear had led him to believe. Our problems are none the less difficult, none the less painful because we do not always see the truth about them clearly, as a matter of fact it is that very cloud of fear and worry that may send us running away from the dreaded thing. It is when we see the truth of a situation that it is stripped of its fearsome aspect and we find we are quite capable of handling it successfully. We don't change the problem, we simply change our view of it when we use our knowledge to see the truth.

Life can be what we want it to be, not tomorrow, not day after tomorrow, not next month, or next year, but TODAY, if we just use the fundamental rules of balanced, constructive living we well know. And as that classic bit from the Sanskrit says "Today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of Happiness, and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope."

Our story of the search for the Bird of Truth had lead the Hunter to the Mountain of Dry Facts and Realities, he worked long and hard climbing even smooth walls of rock.....



THE BIRD OF TRUTH

Concluded

At last he came out upon the top, and he looked about him. Far below rolled the white mist over the valleys of superstition, and above him towered the mountains. They had seemed low before; they were of an immeasurable height now, from crown to foundation surrounded by walls of rock, that rose tier above tier in mighty circles. Upon them played the eternal sunshine. He uttered a wild cry. He bowed himself on to the earth, and when he rose his face was white. In absolute silence he walked on. He was very silent now. In those high regions the rarefied air is hard to breathe by those born in the valleys; every breath he drew hurt him, and the blood oozed out from the tips of his fingers. Before the next wall of rock he began to work. The height of this seemed infinite, and he said nothing. The sound of his tool rang night and day upon the iron rocks into which he cut steps. Years passed over him, yet he worked on; but the wall towered up always above him to heaven. Sometimes he prayed that a little moss or lichen might spring up on those bare walls to be a companion to him; but it never came.

And the years rolled on; he counted them by the steps he had cut---a few for a year---only a few. He sang no more; he said no more, "I will do this or that"---he only worked. And at night, when the twilight settled down, there looked out at him from the holes and crevices in the rocks strange wild faces.

"Stop your work, you lonely man, and speak to us", they cried.

"My salvation is in work. If I should stop but for one moment you would creep down upon me,"

he replied. And they put out their long necks further.

"Look down into the crevice at your feet," they said. "See what lie there---white bones! As brave and strong a man as you climbed to these rocks. And he looked up. He saw there was no use in striving; he would never hold Truth, never see her, never find her. So he lay down there, for he was very tired. He went to sleep for ever. He put himself to sleep. Sleep is very tranquil. You are not lonely when you are asleep, neither do your hands ache, nor your heart." And the hunter laughed between his teeth.

"Have I torn from my heart all that was dearest; have I wandered alone in the land of night; have I resisted temptation; have I dwelt where the voice of my kind is never heard, and laboured alone, to lie down and be food for you, the harpies?"

He laughed fiercely; and the Echoes of Despair slunk away, for the laugh of a brave, strong heart is as a death-blow to them.

The old, thin hands cut the stones ill and jaggedly, for the fingers were stiff and bent. The beauty and strength of the man was gone.

At last, an old, wizened, shrunken face looked out above the rocks. It saw the eternal mountains rise with walls to the white clouds; but its work was done.

The old hunter folded his tired hands and lay down by the precipice where he had worked away his life. It was the sleeping time at last. Below him over the valleys rolled the thick white mist. Once it broke; and through the

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Several years ago I was active in the Boy Scouts of America, one of our greatest character-building organizations for boys. A splendid group of men acted as scoutmasters, committeemen and in all the many capacities that called for adult leadership.

Among them was Dad Bingham, seventy-six years of age, white-haired, genial and kindly. He was chairman of the Board of Review and also lent a hand in any capacity where he was needed. The boys, young and old, loved him, and he returned our affection with usury. He left us suddenly, without pain, as he would wish to go.

Several hundred boys attended his funeral. The Boy Scout service was given in addition to the church ceremony. Dad Bingham had gone, yet a wonderful memory of him remained in the hearts of those who knew him.

"He did much for boys and for scouting," was the general verdict.

Everyone would have agreed with that except Dad Bingham. He would have said: "Boys and scouting have done much for me."

He had told me the story, and there were tears in his eyes when he related it. His wife had died. His daughter was married and moved away. He had given up business and retired on a substantial income. Always, he told me, he had wanted sufficient leisure to read, and now he had achieved that desire. To his astonishment the interest in books waned, and his life was void of any major interest. He was an old man in a world of young people, and it seemed there was no place for him.

Lack of interest gave way to ennui, and ennui to despair. He finally reached the mental con-



TO BE BORN AGAIN

By....Alan M. Emley



dition where he was wondering if it were not better to end it.

One evening a friend took him to a boy scout meeting. Later he was asked to serve on a committee. He took considerable interest, and one activity led to another. Soon he was meeting with men and boys several times a week. His world of despair had given way to one of laughter and youth and joy. He found the satisfaction of giving unselfish service for its own sake, without expectation of material reward. Wherever he went he was welcomed with affection. "Hello, Mr. Bingham. Hello, Dad. Can you come to our scout meeting tonight? Are you going to the banquet next week?"

Dad Bingham had found a new life during his declining years, and he responded as the phoenix arising from its own ashes.

Often someone near us, through disaster or the death of loved ones, becomes lost in memories of the past, with no interest in life or hope for the future.

Yet it is only a phase of life that has ended, and the ending of one cycle means the beginning of another. Midnight not only closes one day. It begins another. The bells of the New Year ring out the old and ring in the new.

There is always a full and abundant life awaiting us, and we have only to look about us in order to find it. It can be found always in service to others. The different character-building organizations for youth are seeking adult leaders, and the rewards are far beyond anything that can be offered of a material nature. I believe the proudest moment of my life was when I stood on the stage as scoutmaster while six of my boys received the Eagle

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Path but there is a practical way for each one, and each individual should make good use of his particular ability to use meditation for soul progress.

Let us not overlook the importance of doing some good, honest, hard work in thinking. It is the lethargy with which we are too easily satisfied which delays our progress. Hard work does not necessarily indicate a laborious process, but rather a continual pushing forward in mind for the unfoldment of Life.

Nor shall we overlook the significance of symbols. Words are thoughts dwelt upon to such an extent that the thoughts are formed into symbols, living symbols if the thoughts have been aligned with Eternal Principle.

Work, for the day is here now, when personal pleasure brings no satisfaction. Pleasure is transmuted into Upliftment and Upliftment transmuted into Enlightenment; Enlightenment into True Knowledge, True Knowledge into Wisdom, and Wisdom into Union with Infinite, Eternal Spirit.

.....Verena Langhammer D.M.B.



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gap the dying eyes looked down on the trees and fields of their childhood. From afar seemed borne to him the cry of his own wild birds, and he heard the noise of people singing as they danced. And he thought he heard among them the voices of his old comrades; and he saw far off the sunlight shine on his early home. And great tears gathered in the hunter's eyes.

"Ah! they who die there do not die alone," he cried.

Then the mists rolled together

again; and he turned his eyes away.

"I have sought," he said, "for long years I have laboured; but I have not found her. I have not rested, I have not repined, and I have not seen her; now my strength is gone. Where I lie down worn out, other men will stand, young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the stairs that I have built, they will mount. They will never know the name of the man who made them. At the clumsy work they will laugh; when the stones roll they will curse me. But they will mount, and on my work; they will climb, and by my stair! They will find her, and through me! And no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

The tears rolled from beneath the shrivelled eyelids. If Truth had appeared above him in the clouds now he could not have seen her, the mist of death was in his eyes.

"My soul hears their glad step coming," he said; "and they shall mount! they shall mount!" He raised his shrivelled hand to his eyes.

Then slowly from the white sky above, through the still air, came something falling, falling, falling. Softly it fluttered down, and dropped on to the breast of the dying man. He felt it with his hands. It was a feather. He died holding it.



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award. A scoutmaster occupies a high place in the heart of a boy.

No life needs to be empty and lonely. Any tragedy of the past can be soon forgotten in unselfish work of service, and in the pursuit of new things.

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