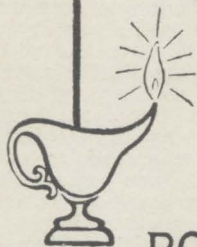


# ROSIKRUCIAN CHRISTIANITY

BOOKS  
BY  
MAX HEINDEL



## THE ROSIKRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

LECTURE NO. 12  
*PARSIFAL*

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
Mt. Ecclesia  
Oceanside, California.



## THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP, ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

Formerly religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, for instance, heredity. They desire religion as much as their fathers, but want the ancient truths in modern dress congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man which is as strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries so that the heart may be allowed to sanction what the intellect believes, and the solace of religion may give peace to the troubled mind.

People of various denominations enter educational institutions such as Harvard or Yale, and study Mythology, Psychology, and Comparative Religion there without prejudice to their religious affiliations. Students may enroll with the Rosicrucian Fellowship on the very same basis. Our teachings, which aim to emancipate from authority of others by pointing the way to first-hand knowledge, are given by correspondence graded to suit the different classes of applicants. Upon request the General Secretary will send application blank for enrollment on the correspondence list to anyone who is not a *Hypnotist or a professional Medium, Palmist, or Astrologer*.

These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. However the work is supported entirely by voluntary offerings, and students are given opportunity to help as the heart dictates and the means permit. In the measure only that they fulfill this moral obligation can they *really* benefit from our efforts in their behalf.

The International Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship is located on a fifty acre tract called "Mt. Ecclesia," a natural park of incomparable beauty with a view of mountains, valleys, ocean, and isles ranging in extent from 40 to 80 miles. It is an important center of spiritual healing scientifically applied to aid thousands all over the world. The salubrious climate of *Southern California* affords material help in recovery for those who visit the quiet little city of *Oceanside* which holds Mt. Ecclesia in its environs. Accommodations are available for those who may wish to spend some time at Headquarters. Rates are given on application. Healing services are held daily in the Ecclesia to help all who have applied for healing.

# Rosicrucian Christianity

Series No. 12

## Parsifal; Wagner's Famous Mystic Music Drama

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As we look about us in the material universe we see a myriad of *forms* and all these forms have a certain *color*; and many of them emit a definite *tone*; in fact, all do, for there is sound even in so-called inanimate nature. The wind in the tree-tops, the babbling brook, the swell of the ocean, are all definite contributions to the harmony of nature.

Of those three attributes of nature: *Form*, *Color* and *Tone*, *Form* is the most stable, tending to remain in statu quo for a considerable time, and changing very slowly. *Color*, on the other hand, changes more readily; it fades, and there are some colors that change their hue when held at different angles to the light; but *Tone* is the most elusive of all three; it comes and goes like a will o' the wisp, which none may catch or hold.

We also have three *Arts* which seek to express the Good, the True and the Beautiful in these three attributes of the World-Soul, namely, *Sculpture*, *Painting* and *Music*.

The Sculptor who deals with *Form* seeks to imprison beauty in a marble statue that will withstand the ravages of time during millenniums; but a marble statue is cold and speaks to but a few of the most evolved who are able to infuse the statue with their own life.

The Painters' art deals preëminently with *Color*; it gives no tangible form to its creations; the form on a

painting is an illusion from the material point of view, yet it is so much more real to most people than the real tangible statue for the forms of the painter are alive; there is *living* beauty in the painting of a great artist, a beauty that many can appreciate and enjoy.

But in the case of a painting we are again affected by the changeableness of color; time soon blots out **its** freshness, and at the best of course no painting can outlast a statue.

Yet in those arts which deal with *Form* and *Color* there is a creation once and for all time; they have that in common, and in that they differ radically from the *Tone-Art*, for music is so elusive that it must be re-created each time we wish to enjoy it, but in return it has a power to speak to *all* human beings in a manner that is entirely beyond the other two arts. It will add to our greatest joy and soothe our deepest sorrows; it can calm the passion of the savage breast and stir to bravery the greatest coward; it is the most potent influence in swaying humanity that is known to man, and yet, viewed solely from the material standpoint, it is superfluous, as shown by Darwin and Spencer.

It is only when we go behind the scenes of the visible and realize that man is a composite being: spirit, soul and body, that we are enabled to understand why we are thus differently affected by the products of the three arts.

While man lives an *outward* life in the Form-world, where he lives a *form* life among other forms, he lives also an *inner* life, which is of far greater importance to him; a life where his feelings, thoughts and *emotions* create before his "inner vision" *pictures* and scenes that are everchanging, and the fuller this inner life is, the less will the man need to seek company outside himself, for he is his own best company, independent of outside amusement, so eagerly sought by those whose *inner* life is barren; who know hosts of other

people, but are strangers to themselves, afraid of their own company.

If we analyze this inner life we shall find that it is twofold: (1) The Soul-life, which deals with the *feelings* and *emotions*; and (2) the activity of the Ego, which directs all actions by *thought*.

Just as the material World is the base of supply whence the materials for our dense body have been drawn, and is preëminently the world of *form*, so there is a World of the soul, called the Desire-World among the Rosicrucians, which is the base from whence the subtle garment of the Ego, which we call the soul, has been drawn, and this World is particularly the World of *color*. But the still more subtle World of Thought is the home of the human spirit, the Ego, and also the realm of *tone*. Therefore, of the three arts music has the **greatest** power over man; for while we are in this terrestrial life we are exiled from our heavenly home and have often forgotten it in our material pursuits, but then comes music like a fragrant odor laden with unspeakable memories. As an echo from home it reminds us of that forgotten land where all is joy and peace, and even though we may scout such ideas in our material mind, the Ego knows each blessed note as a message from home-land and rejoices in it.

This realization of the nature of music is necessary to the proper appreciation of such a great masterpiece as Richard Wagner's Parsifal, where the music and the characters are bound together as in no other modern musical production.

Wagner's drama is founded upon the legend of Parsifal, a legend that has its origin enshrouded in the mystery which overshadows the infancy of the human race. It is an erroneous idea when we think that a myth is a figment of human fancy, having no foundation in fact. On the contrary, a myth is a casket containing at times the deepest and most precious jewels of spiritual truth,

pearls of beauty so rare and ethereal that they cannot stand exposure to the material intellect. In order to shield them and at the same time allow them to work upon humanity for its spiritual upliftment, the Great Teachers who guide our evolution, unseen but potent, gave these spiritual truths to nascent man encased in the picturesque symbolism of myths, so that they might work upon his *feelings* until such time as his dawning intellect shall have become sufficiently evolved and spiritualized so that he may both *feel* and *know*.

This on the same principle that we give our children moral teachings by means of picture books and fairy tales, reserving the more direct teaching for later years.

Wagner did more than merely copy the legend. Legends, like all else, become encrusted by transmission and lose their beauty and it is a further evidence of Wagner's greatness that he was never bound in his expression by fashion or creed. He always asserted the prerogative of art in dealing with allegories, untrammelled and free.

As he says in *Religion and Art*: \* \* \* "One might say that where Religion becomes artificial, it is reserved for art to save the spirit of Religion by recognizing the figurative value of the mythic symbols, which Religion would have us believe in a literal sense, and revealing their deep and hidden truth through an ideal presentation. \* \* \* Whilst the priest stakes everything on religious allegories being accepted as matters of fact, the artist has no concern at all with such a thing, since he freely and openly gives out his work as his own invention. But Religion has sunk into an artificial life when she finds herself compelled to keep on adding to the edifice of her dogmatic symbols, and thus conceals the one divinely true beneath an ever growing heap of incredibilities recommended to belief. Feeling this, she has always sought the aid of art, who on her side has remained incapable of a higher evolution so long as she

must present that alleged reality to the worshiper in the form of fetishes and idols, whereas she could only fulfill her true vocation when, by an ideal presentment of the allegoric figure, she led to an apprehension of its inner kernel—the truth ineffably divine.”

Turning to a consideration of the drama of Parsifal we find that the opening scene is laid in the grounds of the castle of Montsalvat.” This is a place of peace, where all life is sacred; the animals and birds are tame, for, like all really holy men, the knights are harmless, killing neither to eat nor for sport. They apply the maxim, “Live and let live,” to all living creatures.

It is dawn, and we see Gurnemanz, the oldest of the Grail-knights, with two young squires under a tree. They have just woken from their night's rest, and in the distance they spy Kundry coming galloping on a wild steed. In Kundry we see a creature of two existences, one as servitor of the Grail, willing and anxious to further the interests of the Grail-knights by all means within her power; this seems to be her real nature. In the other existence she is the unwilling slave of the magician Klingsor and is forced by him to tempt and harrass the Grailknights,whom she longs to serve. The gate from one existence to the other is “sleep,” and she is bound to serve who finds and wakes her. When Gurnemanz finds her she is the willing servitor of the Grail, but when Klingsor evokes her by his evil spells he is entitled to her services whether she will or not.

In the first act she is clothed in a robe of snake skins, symbolical of the doctrine of re-birth, for as the snake sheds its skin, coat after coat, which it exudes from itself, so the Ego in its evolutionary pilgrimage emanates from itself one body after another, shedding each vehicle as the snake sheds its skin, when it has become hard, set and crystallized so that it has lost its efficiency. This idea is also coupled with the teachings of the Law of Consequence, which brings to us as reap-

ings whatever we sow as in Gurnemanz's answer to the young squire's avowal of distrust in Kundry:

Under a curse she well may be  
 From some past life we do not see,  
 Seeking from sin to loose the fetter,  
 By deeds for which we fare the better.  
 Surely 'tis good she follows thus,  
 Helping herself while serving us.

When Kundry comes on the scene she pulls from her bosom a phial which she says she has brought from Araby and which she hopes will be a balm for the wound in the side of Amfortas, the king of the Grail, which causes him unspeakable suffering and which cannot heal. The suffering king is then carried on the stage reclining on a couch. He is on his way to his daily bath in the near-by lake, where two swans swim and make the waters into a healing lotion which assuages his dreadful sufferings. Amfortas thanks Kundry, but expresses the opinion that there is no relief for him till the deliverer has come, of whom the Grail has prophesied, "a virgin fool, by pity enlightened." But Amfortas thinks death will come before deliverance.

Amfortas is carried out, and four of the young squires crowd around Gurnemanz and ask him to tell them the story of the Grail and of Amfortas' wound. They all recline beneath the tree, and Gurnemanz begins:

"On the night when our Lord and Savior Christ-Jesus ate the last supper with his disciples he drank the wine from a certain chalice and that was later used by Joseph of Arithmathea to catch the life-blood which flowed from the wound in the Redeemer's side. He also kept the bloody lance wherewith the wound was inflicted, and carried these relics with him through many perils and persecutions. At last they were taken in charge by angels, who guarded them until one night a mystic messenger sent from God appeared and bade Titurel, Amfortas' father, build a Castle for the reception and safe keeping of these relics. Thus the Castle of Mont-



salvat was built on a high mountain, and the relics lodged there under the guardianship of Titurel with a band of holy and chaste knights whom he had drawn around him, and it became a center whence mighty spiritual influences went forth to the outside world.

But there lived in yonder heathen vale a black knight who was not chaste, yet he desired to become a knight of the Grail, and to that end he mutilated himself. He deprived himself of the ability to gratify his passion, but the passion remained. King Titurel saw his heart filled with black desire, and refused him admittance. Klingsor then swore that if he could not serve the Grail, the Grail should serve him. He built a castle with a magic garden and populated it with maidens of ravishing beauty, who emitted an odor like flowers, and these waylaid the knights of the Grail (who must pass the castle when leaving or returning to Montsalvat), ensnared them to betray their trust and violate their vow of chastity, thus they became the prisoners of Klingsor and but few remained as defenders of the Grail.

In the meantime Titurel had turned the Wardenship of the Grail over to his son Amfortas and the latter, seeing the serious havoc wrought by Klingsor, determined to go out to meet him and do battle with him. To that end he took with him the holy spear.

The wily Klingsor did not meet Amfortas in person, but evoked Kundry and transformed her from the hideous creature who appears as the servitor of the Grail to a woman of transcendent beauty, and under Klingsor's spell she meets and tempts Amfortas, who yields and sinks into her arms, letting go his hold upon the sacred spear. Klingsor then appears, grasps the spear, inflicts a wound on the defenseless Amfortas, and but for the heroic efforts of Gurnemanz he would have carried Amfortas a prisoner to his magic castle. He has the holy spear, however, and the king is crippled and suffering, for the wound will not heal.

The young squires spring up, fired with ardor, vowing that they will conquer Klingsor and restore the spear. Gurnemanz sadly shakes his head, saying that the task is beyond them, but reiterates the prophesy that the redemption shall be accomplished by a "pure fool, by pity enlightened."

Now cries are heard: "The swan! Oh, the swan!" and a swan flutters across the stage and falls dead at the feet of Gurnemanz and the squires, who are much agitated at the sight. Other squires bring in a stalwart youth with bow and arrows, and to Gurnemanz' sad enquiry, "Why did you shoot the harmless creature?" he answers innocently, "Was it wrong?" Gurnemanz then tells him of the suffering king, of the swan's part in making the healing bath. Parsifal is deeply moved at the recital and breaks his bow.

In all religions the quickening spirit has been symbolically represented as a bird. At the baptism, when Jesus' body was in the water the Spirit of Christ descended into it *as a dove*. "The Spirit moves upon the water," a fluidic medium, as the swans move upon the lake beneath the Yggdrasil, the tree of life of Norse mythology, or upon the waters of the lake in the legend of the Grail. The bird is therefore a direct representation of highest spiritual influence and well may the knights sorrow at the loss. Truth is many sided. There are at least seven valid interpretations to each myth, one for each World, and looked at from the material literal side, the compassion engendered in Parsifal and the breaking of his bow mark a definite step in the higher life. No one can be truly compassionate and a helper in evolution while he kills to eat, either in person or by proxy. *The harmless life is an absolute essential prerequisite to the helpful life.*

Gurnemanz then commences to question him about himself; who he is, and how he came to Montsalvat. Parsifal displays the most surprising ignorance. To

all questions he answers, "I do not know." At last Kundry speaks up and says: "I can tell you who he is. His father was the noble Gamuret, a prince among men, who died fighting in Arabia while this child was yet in the womb of his mother, Lady Herzleide. With his last dying breath his father named him Parsifal, the pure fool. Fearing that he would grow up to learn the art of war and be taken from her, his mother brought him up in a dense forest in ignorance of weapons and warfare."

Here Parsifal chimes in: "Yes, and one day I saw some men on shapely beasts; I wanted to be like them, so I followed them for many days till at last I came here and I had to fight many man-like monsters."

In this story we have an excellent picture of the soul's search for the realities of life. Gamuret and Parsifal are different phases of the life of the soul. Gamuret is the man of the world, but in time he became wedded to Herzleide, heart-affliction, in other words. He meets sorrow and dies to the world, as all of us do who have come into the higher life. While the bark of life floats on summer seas and our existence seems one grand, sweet song there is no incentive to turn to the higher; every fibre in our bodies cries, "This is good enough for me," but when the billows of adversity roar around us and each succeeding wave threatens to engulf us, then we have wedded heart-affliction and become men of sorrows, and are ready to be born as Parsifal, the pure fool or the soul who has forgotten the wisdom of the world and is seeking for the higher life. So long as a man is seeking to accumulate money or to have a good time, so miscalled, he is wise with the wisdom of the world; but when he sets his face toward the things of the spirit, he becomes a fool in the eyes of the world. He forgets all about his past life and leaves his sorrows behind him, as Parsifal left Herz-leide, and we are told that she died when Parsifal did not return to her. So sorrow dies when it has given birth to the aspiring soul that

flees from the world, who may be in the world to perform his duty but is not of the world.

Gurnemanz has now become imbued with the idea that Parsifal is to be the deliverer of Amfortas and takes him along to the Grail-castle. And to Parsifal's question, "Who is the Grail?" he answers:

That tell we not; but if thou hast of Him been bidden,  
From thee the truth will not stay hidden,  
Methinks thy face I rightly knew,  
The land to Him no path leads through,  
And search but severs from Him wider,  
When He Himself is not its guider.

Here we find Wagner bringing us back into pre-christian times, for before the advent of Christ Initiation was not free to "whosoever will" seek in the proper manner, but was reserved for certain chosen ones who were given special privileges in return for being dedicated to the temple-service, such as the Brahmins and the Levites. The coming of Christ, however, wrought certain definite changes in the constitution of man so, that now all are capable of entering the pathway of initiation. Indeed, it had to be so when international marriages took away caste.

At the castle of the Grail Amfortas is being importuned on all sides to perform the sacred rite of the Grail service, to uncover the holy chalice that the sight of it may renew the ardor of the knights and spur them on to deeds of spiritual service; but he shrinks from fear of the pain the sight will cause him to feel. The wound in his side always starts to bleed afresh at the sight of the Grail, as the wound of remorse pains us all when we have sinned against our ideal. At last, however, he yields to the combined entreaties of his father and the knights. He performs the holy rite, though the while he suffers the most excruciating agony, and Parsifal, who stands in a corner, *feels sympathetically the same pain*; without realizing why, and when Gurnemanz eagerly asks him after the ceremony what

he saw, remains dumb and is thrust out of the castle by the angry, because disappointed, old knight.

The feelings and emotions unchecked by knowledge are fruitful sources of temptation. The very harmlessness and guilelessness of the aspiring soul renders it often an easy prey to sin. It is necessary to soul growth that these temptations come in order to bring out our weak points. If we fall, we suffer as did Amfortas, but the pain evolves conscience and gives abhorrence for sin. It makes us strong against temptation. Every child is *innocent* because it has not been tempted, but only when we have been tempted and have remained pure, or when we have fallen, repented and reformed are we *virtuous*. Therefore Parsifal must be tempted.

In the second act we see Klingsor in the act of evoking Kundry, for he has spied Parsifal coming towards his castle, and he fears him more than all who have come before, *because he is a fool*. A worldly-wise man is easily entrapped by the snares of the flower-girls, but Parsifal's guilelessness protects him, and when the flower-girls cluster around him he innocently asks, "Are you flowers? You smell so sweetly." Against him the superior wiles of Kundry are necessary, and though she pleads, protests and rebels, she is forced to tempt Parsifal, and to that end she appears as a woman of superb beauty, calling Parsifal by name. That name stirs in his breast memories of his childhood, his mother's love, and Kundry beckons him to her side and commences to subtly work upon his feelings by recalling to his memory visions of his mother's love and the sorrow she felt at his departure, which ended her life. Then she tells him of the other love, which may compensate him; of the love of man for woman, and at last imprints upon his lips a long, fervent and passionate kiss.

Then there was silence deep and terrible, as if the destiny of the whole world hung in the balance at that fervent kiss, and as she still holds him in her arms his

face undergoes a gradual change and becomes drawn with pain. Suddenly he springs up as if that kiss had stung his being into a new pain, the lines on his pallid face become more intense, and both hands are clasped tightly against his throbbing heart as if to stifle some awful agony—the Grail-cup appears before his vision, and then Amfortas in the same dreadful agony, and at last he cries out: “Amfortas, O, Amfortas! I know it now—the spear-wound in thy side—it burns my heart, it sears my very soul. \* \* \* O grief! O misery! Anguish beyond words! the wound is bleeding here in my own side!” \* \* \*

Then again, in the same awful strain: “Nay, this is not the spear-wound in my side, for this is fire and flame within my heart that sways my senses in delirium, the awful madness of tormenting love. \* \* \* Now do I know how all the world is stirred, tossed, convulsed and often lost in shame by the terrific passions of the heart.” \* \* \*

Kundry again tempts him: “If this one kiss has brought you so much knowledge, how much more will be yours if you yield to my love, if only for an hour?”

But there is no hesitation now; Parsifal has awakened; he knows right and wrong, and he replies: “Eternity were lost to both of us if I yielded to you even for one short hour; but I will also save you and deliver you from the curse of passion, for *the love that burns within you is only sensual, and between that and the true love of pure hearts there yawns an abyss like that between heaven and hell.*”

When Kundry at last must confess herself foiled she bursts out in great anger. She calls upon Klingsor to help, and he appears with the holy spear, which he hurls against Parsifal. But he is pure and harmless, so nothing can hurt him. The spear floats harmlessly above his head. He grasps the spear, makes the sign of the

cross with it and Klingsor's castle and magic garden sink into ruins.

The third act opens on Good-Friday many years after. A travel-stained warrior, clad in black mail, enters the grounds of Montsalvat, where Gurnemanz lives in a hut. He takes off his helmet and places a spear against a nearby rock and kneels down in prayer. Gurnemanz coming in with Kundry, whom he had just found asleep in a thicket, recognizes Parsifal with the holy spear and, overjoyed, welcomes him, asking him whence he comes?

He asked the same question on Parsifal's first visit and the answer was: "I do not know." But this time it is very different, for Parsifal answers: "*Through search and suffering I came.*" The first occasion depicts one of the glimpses the soul gets of the realities of the higher life, but the second — the conscious attainment to a higher level of spiritual activity by the man who has developed by sorrow and suffering, and Parsifal goes on to tell how he was often sorely beset by enemies, and might have saved himself by using the spear, but refrained because it was an instrument of healing and not for hurt. The spear is the spiritual power which comes to the pure of heart and life, but is *only to be used for unselfish purposes*; impurity and passion cause its loss, as was the case with Amfortas. Though the man who possesses it may upon occasion use it to feed 5,000 hungry people he may not turn a single stone to bread to appease his own hunger, and though he may use it to stay the blood that flows from the severed ear of a captor, he may not use it to stay the life-blood that flows from his own side. It was ever said of such: "Others he saved; himself he could not (or would not) save."

Parsifal and Gurnemanz go into the Grail-castle, where Amfortas is being importuned to perform the sacred rite, but refuses in order to save himself the pain entailed in viewing the Holy Grail, and baring his

breast, implores his followers to kill him. At this moment Parsifal steps up to him and touches the wound with the lance, causing it to heal. He dethrones Amfortas, however, and takes to himself the Wardership of the Holy Grail and Sacred Lance. Only those who have the most perfect unselfishness, coupled with the nicest discrimination, are fit to have the spiritual power symbolized by the spear. Amfortas would have used it to attack and hurt an enemy. Parsifal would not even use it in self-defense. *Therefore he is able to heal*, while Amfortas fell into the pit he dug for Klingsor.

In the last act Kundry, who represents the lower nature, says but one word: *Service*. She helps Parsifal, the Spirit, to attain by her perfect service. In the first act she went to *sleep* when Parsifal visited the Grail. At that stage the spirit cannot soar heavenward except when the body has been left asleep or dies. But in the last act Kundry, the body, goes to the Grail-castle also, for it is dedicated to the Higher Self, and when the Spirit as Parsifal has attained he has reached the stage of liberation spoken of in Revelations: "Him that overcometh will I make *a pillar* in the house of my God, thence he shall no more go out." Such an one will work for humanity from the inner Worlds; he needs no physical body any more; he is beyond the law of Re-birth, and therefore Kundry dies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," has embodied in verse this idea of constant progression in gradually improving vehicles, and final liberation. The nautilus builds its spiral shell in chambered sections, constantly leaving the smaller ones, which it has outgrown, for the one last built.

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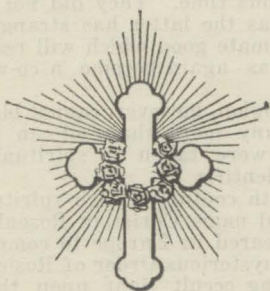
Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,



Built up its idle door,  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap forlorn!  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!



## THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

### *An Aquarian Movement*

There was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion*, *Art* and *Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery temples. But it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time.

*Religion* held sole sway in the so-called "dark ages." During that time it bound both *Science* and *Art* hand and foot. Then came the period of the Renaissance, and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. *Religion* was strong as yet, however, and *Art* was only too often prostituted in the service of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science*, and with iron hand it has subjugated *Religion*.

It was a detriment to the world when *Religion* shackled *Science*. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe, nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous that *Science* is killing *Religion*, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the cosmos. To avert a calamity *Religion*, *Science*, and *Art* must reunite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True*, and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and when the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency towards ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took certain steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill the budding *Science* as the latter has strangled *Religion*, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced *Science* has again become a co-worker with *Religion*.

A spiritual *Religion*, however, cannot blend with a materialistic *Science* any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore steps were taken to spiritualize *Science* and make *Religion* scientific.

In the thirteenth century a high spiritual teacher, having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—Christian Rose-Cross—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian *Religion* and to explain the mystery of *Life* and *Being* from the scientific standpoint in harmony with *Religion*.

In the past centuries the Rosicrucians have worked in secret, but now the time has come for giving out a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and the scientific aspects; a teaching which makes no statements that are not supported by reason and logic. Such is the teaching promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

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