

# THE CALL

## A TALK IN THE PRO ECCLESIA

An Arabian legend relates that the good and wise Pasha Suleiman, having shown great zeal in the spread of Islam, was one night visited by God in a dream, and he was then given his choice of any favor he might ask. Suleiman, ever humble and fearful lest pride and arrogance enter into his heart and turn his face away from God, asked that every day the Angel of Death might visit him to impress upon his fleeting and evanescent nature of power and glory, and the fact that at the end of a short life, man must face the portal of death to meet his God and give an account of his stewardship upon earth.

And one day as the Angel of Death was walking through the court of Pasha Suleiman, he looked in astonishment at one of the courtiers, a man very close to the wise Suleiman's heart. And this nobleman was so distracted and disturbed by the attention bestowed upon him by the Angel of Death that he went to the Pasha for help and comfort, for he feared that the Angel of Death would come for him that very day. He had but one thought, to flee from death.

The wise Pasha Suleiman endeavored to comfort him as best he could, but without success. The man pleaded that there was only one avenue of escape, he must flee as fast as possible, and to this end he begged the Pasha that he lend him his horse, Abdullah, a famous Arab stallion of the finest breed, so swift that no creature had ever been known to overtake him. After much vain effort to comfort and compose his friend, the Pasha finally agreed, and gave his friend the famous stallion. And he rode and rode, all day and all night, with the speed of the wind, until at last the noble stallion dropped dead in the sand. Then he fell on his face, weeping bitterly at the thought that he could go no further, when presently the Angel of Death appeared and beckoned him. Knowing that there was no avenue of escape, he made himself ready to obey the summons, but before leaving the earth he asked the Angel of Death, "Why did you look at me so strangely yesterday in Pasha Suleiman's court?" To which the Angel of Death answered:

"I had been ordered by Allah, to meet you at this place this morning, and when I saw you yesterday morning in the court of the Pasha Suleiman I was astonished, for I could not see how it would be possible for you to arrive at this distant place in so short a time, and had you not had the noble steed of Pasha Suleiman, it would have been an impossibility."

Thus, in endeavoring to escape from the fate which awaited him, he had actually ridden hard to meet it; he had expended his whole energy in meeting his fate at the appointed time.

When we look about us, we find there are marching orbs circling in their course around the Sun, year after year, century after century, with unvarying precision But they have some latitude; within the prescribed course they may vary a certain number of degrees of space. And it is the same in the life of man: the great events, birth and death, are unavoidable incidents in the life of the spirit, which is never ending, never beginning, as Sir Edwin Arnold says:

*Never the Spirit was born;  
The Spirit shall cease to be never.  
Never was time it was not.  
End and beginnings are dreams.  
Birthless and deathless and changeless  
Remaineth the Spirit forever.  
Death has not touched it at all,  
Dead though the house of it seems...  
Nay, but as one layeth  
His worn-out robe away,  
And taking a new one sayeth,  
This will I wear today!  
So putteth by the Spirit  
Lightly its garment of flesh,  
And passeth on to inherit  
A residence afresh.*

But although certain events are bound to befall every man, there is a certain latitude in life, a free will that we may exercise in order to shape our lives as we desire and work out a destiny for ourselves in our own way. Someone has put this well in a little poem, which is as follows:

*One ship sails east, and another sails west,  
With the self-same winds that blow.  
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale  
That determines the way they go.*

*As the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,  
As we voyage along through life,*

*'Tis the act of the soul that determines the goal  
And not the calm or the strife.*

Thus there is a general purpose in life, and we are guided along a certain broad way, called the pathway of evolution, by divine hierarchies; but we have the liberty in choosing our individual courses upon that broad stream; and it is therefore not by a fortuitous circumstance that we have come to Mt. Ecclesia, the headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. The Sun by precession is now nearing the cusp of Aquarius and a New Age is to be ushered in. New People are to be born.

It is our mission to guide the world's work along new and higher paths, to foster **new ideals**, that we may enter upon the next spiral of the pathway of evolution.

In ancient Atlantis, when the new Aryan Epoch was to be ushered in, God, by His prophets, spoke to the people in whom He saw certain qualities that might be used, and He called them by means of His prophets: **"Come ye out from among them, and be my people, and I will be your God, and I will give you a land overflowing with milk and honey, and your seed shall be multitudinous as the sands upon the sea shores."**

The call sounds again today, but it sounds within the breast of each one. While the world is working out its destiny, as desired by the divine invisible Hierarchies, under the lure and illusion of gold, which they conceive to be a reward for their labor, there is an increasing number of people whose inner discernment has made it clear to them that the world's work for a material reward in the shape of gold which they must relinquish when the Angel of Death meets them, is folly. These people now hear the call within their hearts, "Come ye out from among them and be ye my people, and I will be your God." Though they may still continue to perform their duties in the world, from thenceforth it will not be for the sake of material gold, which they know to be truly worthless, but everything they do will be done as unto God, regardless of whether it brings a material reward, save the very necessities wherewith to keep body and soul together, so that they may continue to serve in the master's vineyard; and thus they will lay up, whether they think thereof or not, a spiritual reward, a treasure in heaven, which is more than earthly gold.

It is for this purpose we have come together on Mt. Ecclesia. We are not here to live a life of idleness, dreaming dreams, but **we are here to prepare the way and make straight the path of the Aquarian age, which is dawning upon the world;** and in order to do this efficiently, we must work as a unit in peace and harmony. Did you ever see the crucible wherein a

plumber melts the metal wherewith he is going to make a joint? A number of pieces of lead are put in the melting pot, but gradually each piece loses the distinctive and separate form and melts to unison with the rest until all become one. But there is in each piece some dross which will not melt and incorporate with the metal; it is thrown to the top by the heat and the plumber skims this dross off until the metal is clear, **so clear that he can see his own face therein.** Similarly in the Rosicrucian Fellowship, we are so many distinct and separate forms, each with his own characteristics and idiosyncrasies. We have been thrown into the melting pot. **Everybody must sink his personality in the common cause,** if we are to secure success in our work of spreading the teachings of the Elder Brothers and preparing the way of the new age and the new reign. It may not be an easy matter for any of us to thus forget ourselves, but by the heat and friction that is generated in this process of amalgamation, the sharp corners of our characters are rounded out, melted down, so that they fit in with our brothers and sisters. **Adaptability** is the great watchword, without that we can never amalgamate but must expect to be thrown out as the dross from the melting pot; for until our hearts have been so perfectly purified that God's face is seen therein, He cannot make the highest use of us in His work.

Let us therefore strive, day by day, to work earnestly and honestly in the Master's vineyard, wherever we may be placed, remembering the great and glorious destiny that is before us. Let us count all present tribulations as unworthy of being mentioned. Though we may be misunderstood by those near and dear to us, though we may be despised by the people of the whole world, who think only of having a good time and accumulating gold that they must leave behind at the door of death, let us set our faces towards the goal of our calling and work faithfully for the spiritual treasures which endure forever.