

prays to God for help. At this the rope swings toward him. He happens to be standing at the side on a great stone and so can grasp the rope. The stone is significant of his standpoint on the rock of faith and, more esoterically, it is the outermost form of the stone of the philosophers.

As he is drawn up however, his head strikes on another sharp stone and he is wounded. The significance of this wound is recounted later. It is concerned with the force of love—and even at the shallowest level of interpretation the treasures of the heart are shown to be paramount over the analysis of the head.

The names of all those who are saved are written on a golden tablet and they are freed from their chains and given a piece of gold. Upon this is inscribed a sun at dawn, and the inscription D. L. S. This is variously interpreted as *Deus Lux Solis*, God is the light of the sun, and/or as *Deo Laus Semper*, God be praised for ever. There is always a tone of reverence in genuine Rosicrucian documents. Knowledge is not elevated into a self-sufficient false god. Hence these teachings conform to the old principle of the Mysteries that the candidate for initiation must genuinely be able to say: "I desire to know in order to serve."

The old man can be equated with Saturn—the outermost of the traditional planets and so guardian of the bounds of the Solar System. That is, lord of its space and time. His mother is older even than he. She is in fact, by definition, the most ancient feminine principle, who was before all worlds. Yet she is not a remote abstraction or unapproachable deity. She laments for all the poor souls left in the dungeon and enters into a personal relationship with all who are saved, each of whom is presented to her.

She consoles C.R. for the wounds he has received from his earthly chains, yet at the same time laughs at him. This is not a callous laughter but that of a loving mother, for from the heavenly viewpoint these wounds are but the scrapes and scratches of cosmic childhood. The lesson is not to dwell in self-pity upon them but to be thankful for blessings and to regard these wounds as badges of experience. "My son," she says, "let not this defect afflict thee," as he stands fancying himself unable to proceed, "but call to mind thy infirmities, and therewith thank God who hath permitted thee even in this world, and in the state of thy imperfection to come into so high a light, and keep these wounds for my sake."

The trumpets then sound, and they have the usual effect of esoteric trumpets in that they call those who hear them from one plane to another. Accordingly C.R. awakes.