

Collected Writings  
of  
Manly P. Hall

Volume I  
Early Works

THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND MILES  
OF IMPRESSIONS

THE MYSTERIES OF ASIA

THE MYSTERY OF FIRE

THE HERMETIC MARRIAGE

THE INITIATES OF THE FLAME

FIRST EDITION

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY, INC.  
3341 GRIFFITH PARK BLVD.—LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Very Sincerely  
Marby R. Hall

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Collected Writings

of

Manly P. Hall

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THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND MILES  
OF IMPRESSIONS

THE MYSTERIES OF ASIA

THE MYSTERY OF EGYPT

THE HERMETIC MARSHES

THE ENIGMAS OF THE BEAST

THE ENIGMA

THE ENIGMA OF THE BEAST

THE ENIGMA OF THE BEAST

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## FOREWORD

As many of my earlier publications have been out of print for years, and numerous articles exist only in magazines and journals almost impossible to secure, it has been strongly suggested that such material be made available in a series of volumes under the general title *Collected Writings*. For the initial volume of this project it has seemed appropriate to select five works belonging to the first decade of my teaching and lecturing career. In a way, these early productions reveal the pressures of conviction which moved me to the way of life that I have now followed for nearly forty years.

*The Initiates of the Flame*, my first printed book, was written and published when I was twenty-one years old, and has passed through several editions. Obviously, I have advanced my studies and reflections considerably since that time, and have broadened my experience in the fields of research and teaching. I still feel, however, that the basic ideas set forth in this work are entirely valid, and that the principles and concepts so dear to my younger days, are a continuing source of comfort and inspiration.

It should also be remembered that all the writings in the present volume were first distributed during those flamboyant years which we now refer to as the "roaring twenties." Religion, philosophy, and psychology, on the level of popular presentation, were in a chaotic condition, with extrava-



gant pretensions of all kinds passing for sober scholarship. My earliest public endeavors were strongly influenced by the sincere desire to rescue ideas and principles, essentially good, from misrepresentation and abuse. If this attitude is rather too conspicuous at times, I ask the sympathetic indulgence of the reader.

In 1923 and 1924, I made an extensive trip around the world, with emphasis upon Asiatic countries, and have always felt that this experience was extremely valuable. My writings of this period, therefore, were partly concerned with this trip—things seen, and my reactions to the faiths and beliefs of other peoples. It is proper, therefore, that material typical of this stage of my thinking should be included in this volume.

For the most part, the reprinted works are in their original forms, with the exception of the correction of typographical errors, and bringing older forms of spelling into current usage. In a few cases, I have made minor editorial revision, or combined the changes found in the several editions of a work as it was revised through the years.

It is my sincere hope that this volume will serve a useful purpose, for it certainly contains basic ideas upon which my philosophy of life has been built.

Manly P. Hall

September, 1958

# PART I

THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND MILES OF IMPRESSIONS

A DOCUMENT OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

1925



MANLY P. HALL, 1922

THE LETTERS  
THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND MILES OF  
IMPRESSIONS

A Document of Human Relationships

By  
MANLY P. HALL



Illustrated with Photographs  
by the Author



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

The subject of this work is divided into two general parts. The first is chiefly descriptive, and concerns a trip which the author made to a number of Oriental countries in order to study the lives, customs, and religions of their various people. The articles are in the form of letters and were originally written from the places visited.

The second part of the book might be called philosophic considerations of the trip. The author has long held certain attitudes on the problem of international relationship. The journey substantiated these viewpoints in every way. Realizing that the most important problem confronting our civilization is that of race relationship, the author hopes that the dissemination of his thoughts may play some part in the development of a broader, kindlier, and more Christ-like attitude toward foreign nations and other races.

## THE LETTERS

At Sea  
December 5, 1923

Dear Friends:

Although I am now about four hundred miles away, I still seem to be in the harness, so great is the power of habit. It is difficult to break away from one's accustomed work—especially when it has covered as long a period of time as have my labors in Los Angeles. Habit is a strange thing: the man who is slave to it is not free; and most of the world bows to accepted and habitual things. Habits are impressions made on the etheric body by repeated thoughts or actions. There is only one way by which the etheric body may be made to respond, and that is through the power of repetition. We must do the same thing over and over again before it becomes automatic, which means that we have impressed the etheric body and the habit has become a part of us. The lower parts of the etheric body neither change nor decay, but remain always the same until the impressions are obliterated by the power of repetition in some other channel.

The various habits to which man caters and many of the things he believes necessary to his happiness are purely the result of impressing the etheric body by repetition until it automatically calls for the thing to which it is accustomed.

The drinking of coffee is purely a habit; so also is smoking. It is not the tobacco that is the base of the urge to continue; it is the mental impression inscribed into the ethers that keeps the individual bound to his established habits. Realizing then, that we have the power to create habits



which become parts of ourselves, let us concentrate upon our own actions, and endeavor to remove undesirable thoughts and desires before they become habits. It is much easier to break the twig than it is to uproot a great tree once it is grown.

Occult development is really gained through the etheric impressions which afterward form the basis of mystic unfoldment. Meditation, concentration, and retrospection work upon the same subtle substance which we know as the substance of habit.

Man has many false tastes and untrue aims, which have become real to him because he has built them into the finer bodies of his organism. The etheric body is the real basis of illusion, and it is also the key to reality. This is the body of impressions, as the desire or astral body is the vehicle of expressions.

Just as the physical scar remains on the physical body as the result of the displacement of ether, so the habits, whims, and fancies which man has come to believe are permanent are the result of vitalizing error through repetition until the organism repeats the error and mirrors it through everything in nature. A person who has been wronged keeps telling himself that he has been abused, and soon his whole nature joins in the cry; every organ of his body aches with the abuse, his mind is overpowered with the realization of wrong, until at last he gives himself up to the fancy he has concreted with his own etheric body.

Habits are essential, if they be *good* habits. When constructive, habits fill the whole being with the great urge to forge ahead, with the patience to overcome obstacles, and with the balance of temperament that is necessary to suc-

cess. Let us strive to build good habits into our organisms through repeating day after day good works and useful services until they become so much a part of ourselves that they cannot be uprooted.

Good habits are man's best friends; they continue to stand up for him when he is not thinking about them. If he has them he will unconsciously labor constructively through force of habit. On the other hand, if he has a bad habit, he may be able to cover it up for a time, but it may exert itself and ruin him when he least expects it.

With best wishes for the development of good habits, I remain,

Very truly yours,

At Sea

December 18, 1923.

Dear Friends:

As I look out over the great ocean extending to the horizon in every direction, I cannot help wondering where all the water came from. We are headed northward and it is getting cold. The captain has changed his course a little to avoid a storm off Yokohama; but here in our present latitude the ocean looks like a mill pond. It is indeed a beautiful sight.

In going over some literature on Japan I am reminded of a part of the marriage ceremony of the Japanese that may be of interest to you. The marriage of the Japanese lady is all arranged for her and she frequently does not see her husband until after the ceremony. This may be regarded as another example of customs which are the reverse of our own, for some American brides scarcely see their husbands



after the ceremony. The Japanese gentleman depends upon the wisdom of his friends in choosing his bride. When the arrangements have all been made, the bride comes to the home of her future husband in a hearse. She also dresses in white, which is their color for mourning. All this signifies that she has died to the house of her father.

The Japanese method of choosing a wife is not without philosophic advantages. When a couple in America fall in love they are both fools for a certain length of time, and cannot really know their minds. The Japanese probably sees the wisdom of allowing a disinterested party to seek for him, on the grounds of suitability, his mate in life. He then learns to love her afterward. Who shall say which is the best method? Do not understand me, however, as recommending either course above the other.

I bought some Japanese money a few days ago, which, as some of you know, is covered with most interesting symbols. Their paper bills bear the sixteen-petal chrysanthemum, the symbol of the Imperial House of Japan. They also bear the faces of great rulers and princes.

There are two prominent religions in Japan, Buddhism and Shintoism. Shintoism is the native religion, while Buddhism came from India by way of Korea. Buddhism, however, is the stronger, and it is generally admitted that Japan is the most advanced and progressive Buddhist nation in the world. Japanese Buddhism is different from that of the Hindu, although the same principles are involved. The faith of these wonderful little people is proof that Buddhism is not dead.

Yours truly,

At Sea

December 19, 1923.

Dear Friends:

Often no class of people does greater harm to Christianity than so-called Christians. We realize this more and more the further we get from our own shores. Everywhere the hand of Christianity has rested, we find followers of the lowly Nazarene breaking not only the creed of their Founder, but all too often the first principles of common courtesy.

Is it not ludicrous to send missionaries to convert the heathen to our faith, and yet refuse to learn of him? The Christian ministers of the old school consider it dangerous to seek information concerning the religions of other nations. They do not know that in refusing to consider other peoples and other creeds they are but refusing the keys that would unlock the doors of their own mysteries.

Of course, there are a great many who are more liberal-minded, and their numbers are increasing, but the history of Christianity has been a long and bloody conflict; those who have done anything to broaden, develop, or modernize Christianity have died at the wheel. And even today there are a large number of people who would crucify unbelievers. Verily Christ can still say, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have taken you under my wing, and ye would not."

Since the death of the disciples it has ever been the case of the blind leading the blind. People know in their hearts that they do not understand the mysteries, and yet absolutely refuse to investigate, lest they might learn.

I cannot help contrasting this view of Christians to that of a Buddhist friend of mine who speaks in the highest terms



of the Master Jesus, and shows a remarkable knowledge of our faith.

Little by little the Christian is learning, however, and we may yet hope for a great amalgamation which will bring to pass the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

Yours truly,

At Sea

December 20, 1923.

Dear Friends:

Proof is one of the important problems that confront the student of occult philosophy. In placing these great truths before those who have never come in contact with them, we are constantly met with the retort, *prove it*. People of the Western world are so set in their opinions that it is almost impossible to move them out of the ruts of belief in which they have become immured.

The teacher must come to understand the uselessness of argument. He must never try to convince any one. Taking this as a foundation from which to work, the advanced and balanced teacher escapes from the dilemma. It is impossible to prove a spiritual truth in the three-dimensional world in which the brains of most people function. When a teacher tries to prove the abstract in the concrete, he shows that he himself does not understand the mystery.

In the Oriental schools, the teacher (or Guru) makes a statement. It may sound absurd to his pupils, but they must remain silent and receive it with complete attention. If one even suggested that it sounded impossible, he would be in

deep disgrace. Not that they must believe, but they must learn to think for themselves. When the class is over, each goes to his cave in the side of the mountain, and in his own mind goes over what the Guru has told him. He proves or disproves the value of the teacher's words by the light of his own reason. The burden of proof lies with the pupil and not with the teacher.

It is in this way that the Great Ones educate. Everything is told the pupil in such an involved way that he is forced to think it out for himself or else be in danger of being deceived. The result is that the students become great thinkers.

The same law holds good for the Western world. If forced to reason for ourselves, we make progress. Our great trouble is that we accept the proved and reject the unproved without using our own God-given power of reason. Our Bible contains numerous statements that no one ever tries to prove, because we have been told that we must believe without investigation.

Yours very truly,

At Sea

December 21, 1923.

This letter is written between interruptions. I gave a lecture on the ship a few days ago concerning the origin and early development of Buddhism, and have had little time to myself since. I asked the steward to put up a table for me on the hurricane deck behind the ventilator, but as this is against the rules of the ship, I am writing in the crew's quarters; anything for silence and seclusion.



A great truth is being brought to my attention: the intruders who injure us most are not those who come in and rob us of our silver and gold, but the thoughtless ones who intrude upon our thoughts. Man's mind is a sacred closet where none may enter. In it his real life is lived, for his thoughts are his life. May we not say with the ancients, "When man is in meditation he is God; who dares to disturb Deity in his holy place?" When man is thinking he is living, and when you destroy his thought you kill him. If this be true, there have been a number of murders on this ship, for it is impossible to think here.

At first I thought I could do my writing in my cabin, but I have made it into a darkroom to develop films; and every time I go in I either sit on a package of plates or start to wash my face with acid developer. I find photographic printing paper in my pockets and negatives soaking in my basin. It's a great life!

It is getting rough and the typewriter keeps slipping out from under my fingers. I noticed that the steward is having the table edges put up this morning, so I rather think we may expect some excitement. These table edges are sills around the dining table to keep the soup from landing in your lap, should it suddenly be inspired by a starboard heave.

I expect to leave the steamer at Yokohama and travel through Japan by train before going over to Korea and into China. It will take about three weeks to make this trip, and much of it probably will be through snow. This route will take me to the Great Wall of China and the tombs of the Ming Emperors. The immensity of the Great Wall can be realized to some degree when we consider the fact that it contains sufficient material to build a wall six feet high and three feet thick extending entirely around the world. It was built as a defense against invaders. Napoleon said

of China (prophetically perhaps): "Let her sleep, for if she ever awakens, God help the world."

To add to my troubles in trying to catch up with my work, an entire day of twenty-four hours has disappeared without trace. We have just crossed the 180th meridian of longitude. Yesterday was Sunday. We went to bed in the evening and slept the usual length of time, but when we arose this morning we found that today is Tuesday! At this rate I shall never catch up with my responsibilities.

I hear footsteps. It is probably someone coming to inquire if I call myself a heathen. When we investigate the lives and thoughts, hopes and desires, of those outside our own nation, it seems to leave this impression. I hope the day will soon come when everyone is interested in his neighbor and brother across the sea. It will take time, however, and perhaps we should have patience.

Very truly yours,

At Sea

December 22, 1923.

Dear Friends:

A number of persons aboard this ship have charming personalities. As occasion permitted, I have talked with them, and have gathered evidence to prove the old axiom that physical charm interferes with the growth of ideals in a great many cases. These fellow passengers are pleasant, even interesting in a way, but so often there is no indication of depth. They are living superficially, depending upon grace of manner and charm of body to give them distinction. The physical appearance they so fondly cherish is really their worst enemy. These handsome men and beautiful women are making no permanent contribution to the growth of



civilization, for they drift along on the surface of life. They are accepted for their "face" value, and will lose their small sphere of influence when their physical charms fade.

There are also those on board who have not been so favored; they feel they have been cheated out of their birth-right because their features are uncomely or their actions crude. These people, however, more often acquire permanent positions of honor and trust. Man must excel in something; each feels that in some way he must gain entrance to the heart of the world. When superficial graces fail, worth must take their place. The homely ones must labor to gain this favor, while their more handsome brother and comelier sister drift with pleasure and song.

It is notable that but few beautiful faces are found in the Hall of Fame. There is strength in the irregular features, and in the depths of the sunken eyes shines a glory that comes only to those who have struggled and won. This is the home of genius. It shelters memories of heroic struggles against the handicap of homeliness, but those who dwell therein shall never die.

So, while the members of the social set, living principally to impress each other, regard travel as merely an expensive way of wasting time, and carouse far into the night, those unblest by the curse of excessive vanity burn the midnight oil, win the battles, and learn that true grace is of the spirit, lasting beauty is of the soul, and real charm, a subtle emanation flowing from those dedicated to lofty purposes and sincere conviction.

Beauty is a curse to those whose hearts are not also beautiful; it is a snare to catch the innocent and deceive the foolish. The only permanent charm is that which comes with effort and aspiration. Personal charm too often absorbs the soul enshrined in the house of clay. Charm and grace are

not to be despised, withal, for they are the natural result of slow growth toward the perfecting of the human consciousness. We should not, however, let the body outdo the spirit; the more graceful the form and manner, the more it should reflect the greater perfection of the spirit and mind. The Elder Brothers are beautiful in spirit, and as they soar higher in their labors, the beauty in the soul shines out more and more until the homeliness of the body is dissolved by the grace of the spirit. Theirs is the permanent beauty of an unfolded consciousness and an awakened spirit. Those possessing the veneer of personality go through life gazing in the mirror of vanity; they pass out by the same door wherein they came and are soon forgotten, while those others, spurred to effort by lack of charm, live immortal as benefactors of humanity.

Very truly yours,

Yokohama, Japan

December 23, 1923.

Dear Friends:

We sighted the shore of Japan early in the morning. It was bitter cold and a fierce wind was blowing, but we shivered out upon the deck to see the majestic cone of Fuji-yama rising above the sea. This marvelous mountain looks just as it is pictured on the endless lacquered articles which Japan sends to America. It is as even and symmetrical as if molded by hand, and rises 12,365 feet into the air. The sides of Mount Fuji are covered with rib-like ledges of snow which gleam white in the first rays of the morning sun. This was our introduction to Japan.

As the ship passed the active volcano of Oshima, great clouds of smoke were rising from its cone, Mihara. This is



one of more than fifty active craters among the islands of Japan. The archipelago is indeed a land of fire and lava, and is undoubtedly part of the highest mountain district of the Lemurian continent.

As we steamed into Yokohama Bay, the view was marvelous; we saw nature in all her glory, the blue sea reflecting a cloudless sky, and the little island of Nippon rising rough and ragged from the ocean. The whole was a picture of beauty never to be forgotten.

Up to this time we had seen no sign of damage from the terrible volcanic disturbance which had so recently shaken the islands. The Japanese fishing boats with their single square sails began to appear in the distance. The number of these small crafts gradually increased until it seemed there were thousands of them, and it was a miracle that our boat did not cut some of them in two.

In due time the harbor of Yokohama came into view, and a number of great buildings of Occidental architecture stood out from the mass of the native city. Our first impression was that there had been but little damage, for surely a great city stretched out before us along the distant skyline. As the shore became clearer, however, I turned my glasses onto the city and then could see that the buildings were only shells with the sunlight shining through sashless windows, while twisted girders rose from heaps of charred ruins. Even then it was impossible to estimate the damage done. We passed the first evidence of the quake as we steamed by the ruined lighthouse and, a little later, a mass of broken overturned granite that once had been a strong fortification.

We drew up to the pier among great masses of twisted metal and concrete. Here we had a better view of the real damage. Each of my subsequent trips ashore intensified my

realization of the magnitude of the calamity. It seems as though there could never have been anything like it since cities were built. The contrast of it all with the first beautiful view from the distance leaves in the mind an impression that time cannot erase.

The city of Yokohama derives its name from two words—*Yoko*, which means *side*, and *Hama*, meaning *beach*. In English, then, the name means *Beachside*. According to statistics, the city had a population of 450,000, of which about 10,000 were Europeans. In my wanderings I did not see one building that was not twisted, bent, and broken. The ruins extend mile after mile. I have heard that the estimated loss of life in Yokohama alone was 100,000.

On almost every corner, bereaved families have set up little shrines with flowers and incense as offerings to the dead who perished in that particular block. Some of these shrines are merely sticks stuck in the mud and covered with strange letters. The city was first damaged by the earthquake itself, then by fire, and later by flood. My guide had lost six relatives in the catastrophe, and he pointed out to me the river where hundreds of people had been boiled alive when they sought to escape the heat by taking refuge in the water.

In Tokyo thirty thousand persons died in one square. They were packed so closely together that they could not fall when dead. They were burned to a charred mass standing. This mass now appears as one large heap of ashes. Such a holocaust has no equal known to man.

The people in America have absolutely no conception of how deeply the people of Japan have suffered in the past few weeks. It is a sight never to be forgotten to watch them picking over the ruins for the bodies of their loved ones. You may hold to race prejudice if you will, but could you



gaze for a moment upon this broken-hearted city, you would not think of it as another nation, but you would see its people only as human beings, and would pity them and serve them as such.

Yet how do we find them? Are they weeping and wailing? No. They accept the disaster with the stoic attitude of the East. Everywhere we see new buildings rising out of the ruins of the old.

We saw the place where the British Consul was killed. We passed the ruins of the American and English Hospitals. In another place we were shown a mound of brown stone which had been the Standard Oil Building. Opposite was the wreck of a great steamship office. Further on we saw the ruins of a hotel where 125 Europeans perished.

The endless call of the guide seemed to be, "Three hundred died here, one thousand perished here, one thousand perished here, one hundred were killed here." Japan has undoubtedly passed through the greatest tragedy of its kind in the history of the world. It is only equaled by the sinking of Atlantis. The stench that rises from the ruins is like that of a battle-field. We bowed our heads and prayed that the sleeping fires of the earth may slumber on and that the catastrophe may never be repeated.

All through the night and day the cold and hungry ones endeavored to resurrect the spirit of hope. Some of the broken wrecks were draped with bunting and flags, streamers of colored cloth inscribed with endless figures, kites, and serpentines, for the Japanese New Year was near and these brave little people were striving to be gay for the approaching celebration. I trust that the future will never bring to any nation the sorrow that 1923 brought to Japan.

Yours truly,

Kamakura, Japan  
December 24, 1923.

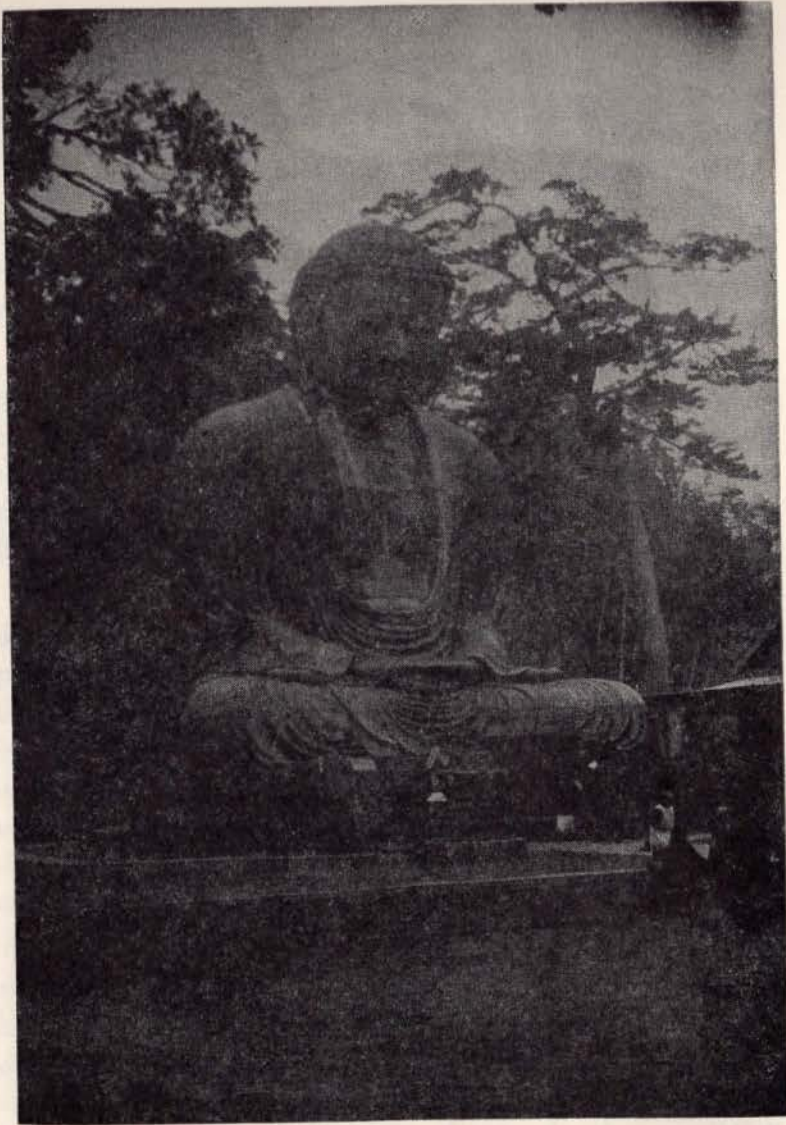
Dear Friends:

After spending the morning driving around Yokohama and the scenes of devastation and ruin which weighed upon the heart like a pall, I took an automobile out to the little village of Kamakura, where the Dai Butsu sits in eternal meditation, unmoved by the confusion of ages, and surrounded by trees and memorial tablets raised by the pious in honor of the sacred place. This village was not destroyed by the great earthquake; the narrow streets lined with little paper houses with their bamboo poles and thatched roofs show few marks of the calamity which destroyed the neighboring city. The sliding panels open here and there, little round faces with black sparkling eyes appear for a moment to watch the automobiles as they rush by, and then the panels of waxed paper and silk close again.

All over Japan except in the large cities, the streets are so narrow that automobiles have great difficulty in winding around the endless curves without striking and shattering the little picture houses that line the roadside. After many narrow escapes, our dextrous driver came to a halt before the great gate that leads into the most famous Buddhist shrine in Japan. It is a massive old gate, painted red, and in little alcoves on each side strange demons leer at the passersby.

There are three great Buddhas in Japan, the largest being in the great temple at Nara. It is over fifty-one feet high and is cast of black bronze. Many years ago the head of this great Buddha was destroyed and it was replaced by a new one. It is not so fine a statue, however, as the one we visited today in Kamakura. The third largest figure of the great emancipator in Japan is at Kobe, and was built in comparatively





A photograph of the Great Buddha at Kamakura. This figure was not injured by the earthquake, but some of the stones forming its base were badly shaken.

recent times by a devout Japanese merchant. This figure is forty-five feet high.

The Buddha at Kamakura is the second largest in the Empire, being slightly over forty-nine feet high. It is regarded by experts as the most artistic and realistic conception of the great Indian emancipator to be found anywhere in the world. I have seen no statue anywhere on my trip that equals in symmetry or impressiveness the marvelous figure that sits in eternal contemplation amid the trees of the sacred park of the Kotoku-in Monastery. This park has been set aside from the world in the name of the Compassionate One. The great bronze plates of which the colossal greenish-black image is composed were cast about A.D. 1250. These plates were joined with such infinite care that even after all these centuries, but few of the seams have opened sufficiently to be visible. It was rumored that the great statue was injured by the earthquake of September, 1923; but this injury, if it exists (which I doubt) is not apparent to the untrained eye.

The lotus flowers which once stood in great bronze vases at the feet of the figure were destroyed, or at least were cast down from their pedestals, and in two or three places the stone work upon which the Buddha sits has been cracked by the force of the earthquake. We were also told that the figure is slightly tilted, but even this is not apparent to the unaided eye. The drooping head with its half-closed eyelids sits as quietly and as solemnly as though it knew nothing of the great cataclysm which had descended upon the Japanese islands.

The circumference of the Buddha of Kamakura is a little over ninety-seven feet. The thumb is three feet in length, and each eye is approximately four feet long. The guide told us that the figure measures thirty-five feet from knee to knee as he sits with crossed feet.





The great bronze Buddha sits in eternal meditation under the trees, unmoved by the changes going on around him. Like the faith he represents, he is eternal. Notwithstanding the sneers of unbelievers, his peaceful smile tells better than words the spirit of his faith.

It is said that the eyes of this Buddha are of pure gold, but the lids droop so that the observer cannot verify this for himself. The great jeweled knob on the forehead contains over thirty pounds of pure silver. There are about eight hundred little coils on the head, forming the head-dress. These, so the story goes, represent snails that crawled up onto the bald head of the meditating Buddha to protect him from sunstroke while he was in meditation. The whole figure represents the perfect realization of one deep in contemplation of the Infinite, to whom all things have ceased to be save the divine realization of unity with the Omnipotent.

There is some dispute as to whether this figure represents

the Great Gautama Siddhartha or Amida Buddha, the Lord of Enlightened Love or the Buddha of Realization. In the last analysis, however, these two characters are so interwoven that, while it is generally understood to represent Amida, there is little doubt that these two personalities dissolve into one principle.

The name *Buddha* is an honorary title meaning about the same as our word *Christ* or *Savior*. Its original interpretation, we understand, meant an opened or all-seeing eye. A Buddha is one who has attained union with the real and eternal and has renounced all unrealities and temporal things, and has been released from the wheel of birth and death.

The great green bronze figure sitting out under the trees at Kamakura represents the ideal of a great faith, a faith that has dissolved the problems of millions and is admitted to have been the most widely known doctrine that the world has ever had. It has also claimed more members than any other world religion.

Buddhism is very old, but it made its greatest progress about 600 B.C. when Gautama Siddhartha, the twenty-ninth Buddha, gave to the world his marvelous synthetic philosophy. Later, in the hands of the great Indian Emperor Asoka (the Constantine of Buddhism), this great faith was spread to the four corners of creation, converting, illuminating, and regenerating race after race. It came to Japan by way of Korea, and according to ancient myth, the first missionaries walked on the water which separates Korea from Japan, and arriving in the land of Nippon, planted there the seeds of Buddhist culture.

The most sacred shrine of Kamakura is now under the protection of the Kotoku-in Monastery and at the entrance gate is a tablet which every thinking person should read.



Translated it is as follows: "Stranger, whoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the veneration of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the gateway of the eternal and should, therefore, be entered with reverence."

Is not this a wonderful and kindly thought, beautifully put? It offends none and does honor to all. This is a hallowed spot, and a feeling of reverence is in the air, and while all too many of his followers, like those of Christ, have left his path, nevertheless, the earth for ages to come, yes, even to the end of time, shall remember the great Amida Butsu, the supposed subject of this statue. It is in reality the reflection or shadow of the great Gautama and it is the spirit of the compassionate Lord of the Lotus who gazes down from his half-opened eyelids at the ruthless ones who pass by at his feet, but who do not find the gateway of the eternal. Like Christ, he could say, "I am the Way." This is the message the statue gives to those who know; to the rest of the world it is a great heap of bronze molded by the hands of heathens. In itself it is lifeless; it is vitalized only by the minds of men.

As we turn away from this place we feel a great peace upon our soul, for unconsciously we have taken upon ourselves part of that great stillness which is cast in bronze before us. It is difficult to imagine a spiritual quality cast in bronze, but here as nowhere else in the world we feel the message of the Great Emancipator, and in spite of ourselves we are better for what we have found.

Very truly yours,

Nara, Japan

January 2, 1924.

Dear Friends:

My last letter told of my trip to the Great Buddha at Kamakura who sits with hands and feet crossed and head bent in eternal meditation. The three great statues of Buddha in Japan are visible evidence of man's homage to one of the greatest and eldest of his Brothers, who lives immortal in the souls of millions of people, living most fully twenty-six hundred years after his death.

Buddhism came into the land of the cherry blossoms by way of Korea in about the third century after Christ. It spread rapidly until it became one of the most powerful forces in the Empire. Buddhism is a faith based upon one God and the worship of him through his messenger among men, Amida Buddha. Shintoism, another religion of Japan, is a doctrine of hero worship.

The Great Buddha at Nara is also formed of cast bronze plates welded together. Time has not caused the seams to open. The nimbus around the head of this statue is about eighty-seven feet above the ground and is more than four feet thick. Among the rays from the head sit smaller Buddhas in two great circles. These smaller statues are each about nine feet high.

The shrine at Nara is now under the protection of an order of Buddhist monks who guard it with great care. Most of the pictures of this statue are hideous, but it is really a beautiful and inspiring face. On each side of the figure sit wood carvings of the goddess Kwannon, the symbol of mercy, and there are also two great figures of the Kings of Heaven. These are protecting Buddha by slaying the demons that seek to break the sacred silence of his



meditation. These two Kwannons are fully twenty-five feet high, but they seem small beside the colossal form in the center.

One cannot enter the presence of this great statue without a feeling of awe. There is a silent majesty in the presence, a feeling of invisible power. In spite of yourself, the realization of the Plan sweeps over you; you feel the *power of silence* and the *dignity of meditation*. Even those of other faiths cannot but feel its power, and with reverence they stand with heads uncovered before The Light of Asia, The Lion of the Sun, The Way of Salvation.

What have the people gained by their faith? Each morning they offer their devotions before the altar, while the priests in their yellow robes chant the sacred Sutras to the booming of temple drums. Age after age they have come to kneel before the Founder of their faith, Amida Butsu, the One who has attained, who stands with one hand raised to Heaven in aspiration and the other lowered to Earth in silent benediction. What is the lesson taught? What is it we are to do in order to attain?

As in the message brought by our Christ, few there are in the Buddhist faith who realize the Way and the Law. They kneel (as do the Christians) to a God of concrete conception. Both have yet to learn that the thing seen, be it a body of flesh or of stone, is only a symbol of the Truth. He who understands the symbol has the key to all the mysteries.

Each of us in turn must become a Buddha, but few know how to begin. The chanting priests have lost the key; the prayers of the multitudes are but following the custom of ages past. Nothing remains of the ancient faith but the great figure sitting unmoved in contemplation. Time comes and goes, nations rise and fall, empires are overthrown, but the Buddha remains steadfast in the realization of reality. In



The Dai Butsu of Nara is the largest figure of the great Indian Emancipator in Japan. It is not, however, as fine a piece of work as the figure at Kamakura, although rather more imposing. This figure is over fifty feet high, and the nimbus behind it rises over eighty feet into the air.



this way He teaches his mighty truth that the world so sadly needs, and which is truly one of the paths of the eternal.

Back and forth man rushes in his mad scramble for temporal things; the great illusion is the wheel of suffering to which he is tied by the binding ties of the senses. Governed by the senses, he is moved about by every wind that blows—now broken-hearted by the loss of that which he thinks would bring happiness, now exalted and happy over some temporal achievement.

Not so the Buddha; amid the roar of cannon and the tread of armies he remains, battered by the conflict perhaps, but still unmoved. Though his flaming temple fell in ashes about him, he still sat in perfect tranquility deep in the realization of Nirvana. This is his great lesson, the truth of eternal peace and attainment through complete renunciation. He gained all things by freeing himself from desire. He attained immortality by renouncing ambition. He achieved life by dying to all things mortal.

This is the truth hidden under the senseless rumble of the temple bells and the endless chant of songs whose meaning is forgotten. This is the way so few attain because it is by the way of death, the death of self. In a graveyard Buddha picked up that which was to symbolize life without limitation.

How long will it take man to realize that he must live his God and not bow before him? The Master Jesus said "I am the Way." Buddha said, "The Way of Buddhahood is the Path eternal." One is the way of renunciation, the other the way of love and brotherhood.

Someone asks, "What has Buddhism done for the East?" He might also ask, "What has Christianity done for the West?" The answer is the same in both instances: man's religion does for him only what he does for himself; it

can do no more. Religion does not save man: man must save himself.

Let us learn to wait as the Great One waits, in patience and trust, knowing that some day the scoffers will understand. Time is nothing to the Buddha; he is one with eternity.

Very truly yours,

En route from Peking to Tientsin, China.

January 8, 1924.

Dear Friends:

As I stand before some sacred relic of forgotten days, I often wish that you were all with me to study first-hand its fading beauty. Each day the marvelous carvings and paintings of yesteryear grow fainter. Swiftly the shining beauty fades as passing time defaces it with wind and weather, or as thoughtless human creatures chip and mar it for their pleasure. The day is not far off when only blank walls will remain, their faces bare of the beauty that now adorns them. A great question arises in my mind: Will man solve their mysteries before they fade?

Today I am going to ask you to put on your hiking clothes, bring your lunch basket and come out with me to the Great Wall of China. I hope you can read between the lines with the eye of the imagination the things that words cannot describe. The Wall is so great, so massive, so overpowering, that in spite of myself I am stilled, for I am face to face with a labor worthy of the gods of creation themselves.

After taking a train that winds in and out amidst scenery like that of our own foothill mountains, bumping and twisting and turning over a knobby roadbed, we arrive at the end of the line which is a little station at the Nankow Pass.





The Wall of China is one of the most marvelous structures ever raised by the hand of man. It surrounds China like a serpent of stone. Behind it a nation has stagnated, and a once great civilization has lain in a trance-like stupor, strangled by its stony coils.

Here we pile out of the stuffy train and look eagerly up at the hilltops where, here and there, glimpses can be had of the Great Wall

At the station we are met by donkeys and sedan chairs led and carried respectively by wild-looking Mongols with long, unkempt hair and faces that closely resemble Eskimos. In order to be perfectly comfortable I took a sedan chair and can honestly say I was never more uncomfortable in my life. I was loaded down with cameras and film cases which insisted upon falling off frequently, while the coolies, finding their burden somewhat weightier than usual, grunted

and mumbled like a lot of animals at the zoo. About this time my worst fear was realized, and the first thing of great interest occurred. With a sickening crash, the main pole of my sedan chair broke and I was spilled with all my cameras and other equipment over a large part of the Celestial Empire.

This incident was one of my most forceful impressions of China. Not being willing to risk myself on one of the donkeys, which were but little larger than a good-sized dog, I hied me the rest of the way on foot. In due course of time and after the allotted amount of stumbling, I arrived at the foot of the Wall and began the worst climb I have ever been winded trying to accomplish. In spite of the hindrance of a number of native assistants (so-called), I arrived at a vantage point at the top of the Wall and there sat down to pant and meditate.

Words utterly fail to express the magnitude of the spectacle that unfolded itself. There lay the serpent of stone whose coils of faded masonry encircled Cathay as the Cobra of Wisdom entwines the earth. Never before or since has such a labor been accomplished. The Great Wall of China stands as man's sublime failure, the most magnificent mistake ever conceived by the human mind. The line of gray stones winds over the hills and mountains and dips like a ribbon into valleys whose hazy depths no eye can search. Its battlements, frayed by ages but still inconceivable in majesty, wind in and out to be lost at last in the drab horizon which alone limits the Celestial Empire.

Although this work is without equal in impressiveness, magnitude, or dignity, it still must be regarded as a grand failure. Physically it is a glory to behold, but behind its gray stones lies the tragedy. Because of its mental effect upon the people, the Great Wall ruined China. It reduced





In the Lama Temple at Peking, China, stands this statue of the Lord Maitreya or Coming World Teacher. The great figure of red-gold lacquer stands over sixty feet high in a darkened inner sanctuary of the Temple. It is said to be carved from a single piece of wood, a tree brought from Tibet. For comparative size, note the priest standing at its base.

her from the most glorious of civilizations to sack-cloth and ashes. The crushing coils of this dragon-like stone barrier have laid low her universities and buried her classics under sordid poverty and hopeless ignorance.

The purple city is a dream of the past; her temples are shades of things that used to be, now come back to haunt the groves and glens where once their shining domes and gables reared their heads, and where avenues of stone saints stood guard before the sanctuaries. The temple bells no longer tinkle, for their tongues have rotted away. The flutes of amber and the bells of jade lie broken and ignored. Over all this misery lies a mighty shadow—this chilling thing which stretches from mountain to sea, a lifeless serpent which crushed out the living, a stony Medusa which turns all else to stone—the Great Wall of China.

Fifteen hundred miles of masonry still stand and a thousand miles have rotted away, for the Emperor said he would build a wall one-tenth the circumference of the earth. There are thousands of miles of masonry, each block squared and fitted into the place assigned to it, and within the Wall are the bones of the thousands of workmen who died while laboring on it. An army can march upon its top, which is more than twenty-five feet wide. A nation could lie concealed behind its sheltering top which rises thirty feet in the air.

The Wall was originally built by constructing the many hundreds of square towers first, and then connecting them by walls. The work was started about 200 B.C. and the last stone was laid in place about A.D. 680.

Millions have died in defense of the Wall, for it was built by a nation without a standing army and even to this day countless multitudes are perishing because of its strangling coils. These are the facts in connection with the Great Wall. The fancies are without number. Wars and conquests have





The Temple of Heaven at Peking, China, is a most remarkable building. In the ages when China was a monarchy, the services of the New Year were celebrated here annually. Because of its remarkable religious symbolism, the 32° of Freemasonry is now given here once a year.

gilded it with legend and romance and its history, dimmed by the ages that are past, has been clothed with the supernatural. The mind of man, overwhelmed by its immensity, has brought the gods of heaven to earth to aid in its construction. The wonderful story of how the Great Wall became a two-edged sword and turning, slew its own planners, is a marvelous allegory that everyone should know.

It was undoubtedly a noble thought and an honest desire to protect the empire that first led the Chinese to build the Great Wall, but they did not realize that the barrier to keep the enemy out also kept the Chinese in. China wanted to be alone, to live, to think, to labor, and to die according to her

own standards. She has never welcomed the coming of foreigners to her shores, and her astrologers long ago prophesied that the coming of the outside world within the mighty wall would prove her ruin. The result was that the Celestial Empire ceased to be a part of the Earth.

Civilization and the gradual path of evolution have given other nations their place in the sun. But through all the ages China has remained unmoved, self-satisfied, and self-centered. Her philosophers were greater than those of other lands, her sages were wiser than all the rest, and so she remained, in all her pomp and glory, a sublime egotist, until now she stands as a nation of the past. Teeming millions who might rule the world are groveling in squalid ignorance, imprisoned by the spirit of exclusiveness. This is the fate of all who seek to live for themselves alone, who draw around themselves the walls of exclusiveness. This is the reward of believing oneself superior to other men.

China, however, is gradually awakening. Her youths have passed outside the Wall to learn of the world without, and tomorrow China will return into the world she left, and she will be a great power in national and international affairs.

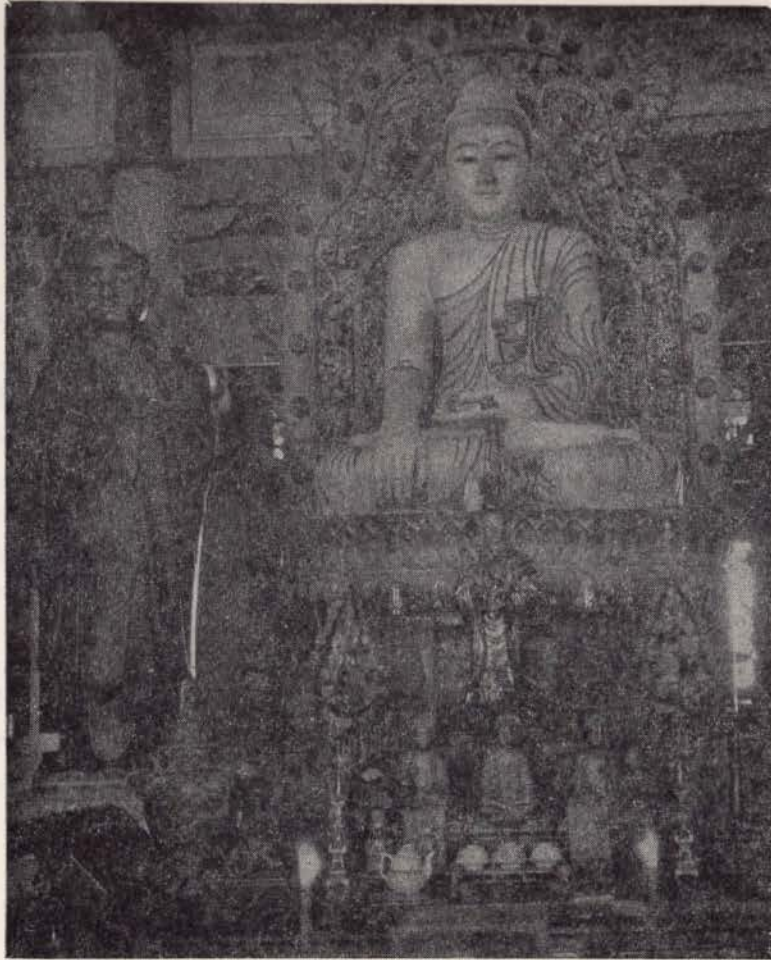
Very truly yours,

Batavia, Java.

January 24, 1924.

Java, the most important of the Dutch East Indies, is a remarkable island, which seems like a floating emerald in a sunlit sea. It is a comparatively small island, being about 600 miles long and 125 miles wide at the broadest point, while for much of its length it is only 50 to 75 miles across. In spite of this small area, Java has a population of nearly forty million people. Its density of population averages seven





An interior view, taken by the author, in the shrine of the Three Buddhas Temple at Singapore, Straits Settlement. This gives a very good idea of the ornateness of Buddhist temples in the Far East. The figure is made of white marble inlaid with gold.

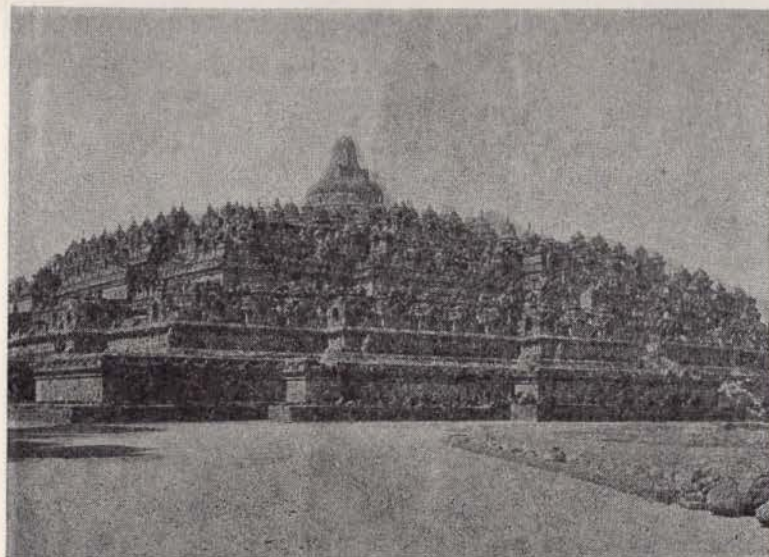
hundred persons to the square mile, making it the most densely populated country in the world.

In Java stands what is probably the most impressive religious building in the world. It is practically unknown to the outside world and for many ages lay buried under jungle growth and volcanic ash, the home of snakes, weeds, and wild beasts. This wonderful ruin stands in about the center of the island, three hundred miles from Batavia. Being south of the equator, the trip at this season is one of the hottest and most dusty that one can imagine. We passed miles of jungles and rice fields terraced and irrigated by a method unknown to the Western world. Great water buffaloes with shiny gray coats and long horns ambled along with rumbling native carts or pulled rough ploughs of wood through the mush of the rice fields. It was a most wonderful sight and over it all was the blazing equatorial sun that sears to the very soul and leaves one weak and exhausted in a few hours.

We arrived at Djokjakarta and there secured accommodations for the night. During the evening the natives entertained us with music and dancing and their shadowgraph show, which is given against a sheet with little marionettes made of buffalo leather. In the morning we took automobiles of ancient make and questionable reliability driven by native boys who twisted their bare toes around the pedals in a most delightful way; and thus we dashed through the countryside. Chocolate-colored children, chickens, and the ever present native dog scampered off the road as we passed by with horn honking and motor sputtering.

After riding for some time, we entered a valley surrounded by volcanoes, some active and others extinct, while on our right rose the cone of Mirarpe. The top of this volcano was concealed by clouds of white steam which bil-





The accompanying photograph of the Boro Budur gives a slight idea of the magnificence of this ancient Buddhist shrine. Its symmetrical form, its unequalled carvings, and its tremendous size make the Boro Budur one of the most famous buildings in the world.

lowed up from the lava that ran down the sides of the cone. It was a marvelous and inspiring sight. As we continued, the jungle closed in again and a light sprinkle of rain was followed by sunshine, which caused the trees and ferns to glisten as with morning dew. Along the sides of the road were numerous little native villages and one or two great *mendotes*, or tombs, remnants of ancient Buddhist culture in Java. These *mendotes* are built like great towers, and usually mark the resting place of great Buddhist teachers, although some of them are shrines marking sacred spots.

At last we passed around a bend in the road, and saw on the top of a low hill the great shadow of Boro Budur, one of the greatest monuments of Buddhism. This wondrous example of the builder's art has often been called the soul

of Java. We stopped at the little hotel near by and, stepping from the car, we stood for several moments spellbound at the sight before us.

The ground space covered by this building is approximately twelve acres, it being exceeded in size only by the Great Pyramid. The Boro Budur rises like a forest of plumed pagodas, or as they are called in the Orient, *Dagobas*, and at the very top in the center is one circular tower capped by a pillar that rises far above those surrounding it. The building is 2,080 feet around at the base and is 155 feet high. There are hundreds of life size statues of the Buddha in the niches in the wall and in the great bell-shaped shrines on the three upper sections.

Asoka, the great Hindu Emperor, divided the ashes of Buddha into 80,000 parts, which were sealed in urns and carried by the Buddhist missionaries wherever they went to start settlements. When they had found a suitable place they buried the urn and raised a great tomb over it.

This they worshipped as the actual tomb of Buddha. They called these tombs *Dagobas* and such a building is the Boro Budur. The two and a half miles of sculptured galleries tell in bas relief of all the incarnations of Buddha since he was a turtle. Each figure is by an artist hand. The Dagoba rises like a pyramid, seven stories, and is built with a natural hill as a core. This hill is plated with lava stone held together without cement, interlaced as it were by its own carvings. On top of the seventh step is the great tower, surrounded by seventy-two meditating Buddhas protected by latticed bells of stone. It is believed that this central tower contained a pinch of ash, but nothing has ever been found.

It is thought the Boro Budur was built about A.D. 900, but the building was never finished. It is believed that



eruptions of the neighboring volcanoes made it necessary to discontinue the work. When Mohammedanism took the place of Buddhism in Java, the ancient Buddhist remains were allowed to fall to pieces and no effort was made to restore them until within the last few years. The Boro Budur has also suffered tremendously from vandalism, and many of its statues are headless. It is said that early explorers, desiring to take away some relic, but finding the whole of a statue too heavy, compromised by knocking off the finely chiseled head and taking that.

Those who have carefully studied this building are greatly alarmed at the rapidity with which the magnificent carvings are crumbling. Every year there is a noticeable change and within a few hundred years at most the miles of intricate workmanship will have entirely disappeared owing to the natural disintegration of the rock. One could spend years studying this marvelous building, but after getting my pictures and climbing to the top and wandering among the galleries that represent the heaven and hell of the Buddhist, I was forced to bid the Boro Budur goodbye.

Surely, in the days gone by, the Buddhists were a great power in the world, and molded our earlier civilization in a way we scarcely dream. In marble and stone is preserved the noble eight-fold path of attainment. H. G. Wells showed great wisdom when he named Gautama Buddha and the great Asoka as two of the six noblest men who have ever lived.

Best wishes to all from,

Your sincere friend,



A wonder-eyed baby, and a proud Burmese mother.

Rangoon, Burma.  
January 30, 1924.

Dear Friends:

Having packed a lunch and placed in our car several bottles of carbonated water, which seems to be the only form of beverage obtainable in Burma, we started for a fifty-mile drive early this morning. It is the fruitage of this trip inland which is to be the subject of this letter.

Near the village of Pague (Pegu), some miles from Rangoon, stand two most remarkable Buddhist shrines. They are seldom visited by tourists and comparatively little is known concerning them. They were discovered about thirty



years ago by the British government during the construction of a railroad.

The first of these statues is called the Colossus of Pague. Turning a sudden bend in the road one sees a few hundred yards ahead a remarkable seated figure of the Great Buddha; it is completely isolated and surrounded by jungle and underbrush. Close investigation proves that the great statue is really four statues in one, facing the four cardinal angles of the compass. In the center is a great cube of brick, each side of which is ornamented by eight six-foot figures of Gautama Buddha. These figures are made of brick, first plastered and then washed with native paint. A bolt of lightning destroyed one of them a short time ago and it now lies a crumbled mass of brick at the foot of its pedestal.

These giant figures are said to have been sitting here in meditation for over six hundred years. Nothing is known of their history prior to their accidental and comparatively recent discovery. They are massive and inspiring and they gaze with unmoved expression upon a world that has changed greatly since the time they were built by the hands of the faithful.

The Burmese believe there is no reward in heaven for the rebuilding of old shrines, but that there is great virtue in building a new one. Therefore, with the exception of a few places of national interest, the temples are allowed to decay, while new *dagobas* or towers are built around them. One surface of the great Colossus, however, has been repainted in brown and white so that one can get an idea of how it originally looked. Many parts are now overgrown with grass, and tufts of weeds have gathered on its shoulders; little bushes poke out from between the massive fingers, and the statues are streaked by the rains of ages and cracked by

the rays of the sun. But with all their mutilation they are unique, and well worth the trouble necessary to visit them.

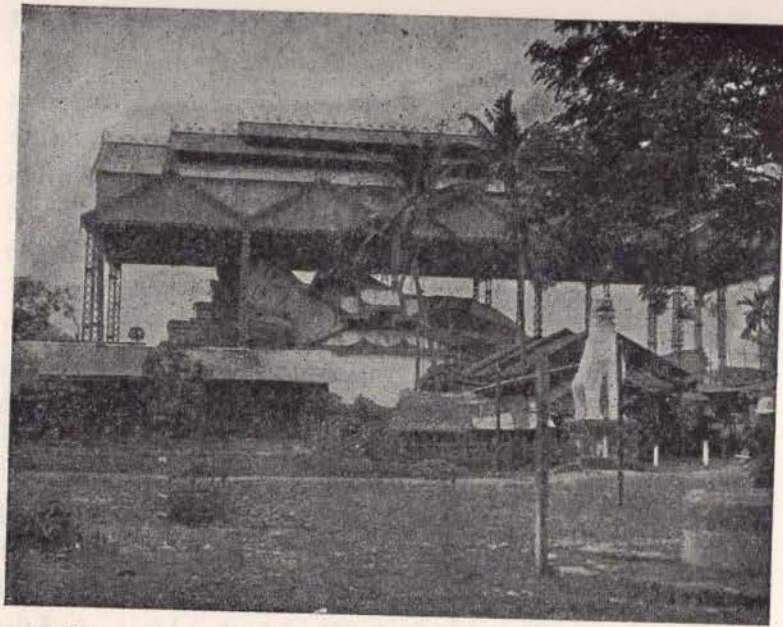
After taking a number of pictures, we passed on along the dusty road lined with villages, from which mongrel curs came out to bark at us. We then visited the other shrine, less than three miles away, which was probably built at the same time the Colossus was built. This one is known as the Reclining Buddha of Pague. It is 186 feet long and reclines upon a jeweled couch of enormous size. The British government has built over it a hideous galvanized iron shed, and while we are very grateful for the wise protection, the quality of architecture is very painful to the eye of the artist and the soul of the dreamer.

The Reclining Buddha is also made of brick overlaid with plaster. Adorning this figure is a robe, the surface of which is hundreds of square feet in extent, and is overlaid with gold leaf. The soles of the feet, the headdress, and the couch upon which the Buddha lies, are all inlaid with colored glass and semi-precious stones. On the sole of each foot is a marvelous jeweled sun, on the back of each toe is a conch shell, and there are many other symbols of Buddhahood.

After the courtesy of removing our shoes, we are allowed to climb up a step ladder and stand on the little toe, thirty-five feet above the ground. It is impossible to climb from one toe to another without the aid of a ladder. The uncovered parts of the body are painted white, while the lips have been rouged to a delightful shade of carmine.

The shrine is in the keeping of an old Buddhist, who begs a few coins for its upkeep. This we are glad to give, for the impression we have gained from the magnificent statue is priceless. Being in an out-of-the-way spot is the apparent reason for the lack of knowledge concerning the Reclining Buddha and his companion, as the tourist to the Far





Under a shed of galvanized iron, built by the British government to protect it, reclines one of the largest statues of Buddha in the world. The figure is nearly two hundred feet in length, and rests on a couch inlaid with jewels. The robes of the figure are of gold leaf. This statue is made of brick covered with plaster, and is over six hundred years old.

East keeps well to the beaten track. Things of a religious nature receive little interest from the average traveler, who soon becomes surfeited with the endless line of shrines and temples. Interest is the basis of appreciation: we enjoy and recognize the worth of things in which we are interested. To some it is jade and amber and the bustle of the bazaar; to others it is the great monuments of forgotten culture.

We returned to the city of Rangoon as the sun was setting, and passed by the base of the Great Shwe Dagon just as it burst forth in a scintillating glare of electric lights, a dazzling sight indeed.

Very truly yours,

Rangoon, Burma.  
January 31, 1924.

Dear Friends:

The City of Rangoon has the distinction of being the third largest in the Indian Empire. It is a modern city, with the familiar office buildings and the bustle of mercantile life. In strange contrast to its bustling confusion and general air of modern industry are the temples and shrines which raise their gilded points above the city.

Rangoon is one of the great religious centers of the world. By some it is regarded as the most sacred city of the Buddhist faith. This reverence is centered here because of the great golden pagoda which rises over four hundred feet into the air, its gleaming flamelike point towering above the industrial Rangoon which lies like an adoring mendicant at the feet of one of the world's most magnificent shrines.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda is said to be Buddha's greatest shrine, and dates back to the time when the great Emancipator actually walked the earth. In a hidden room under this great bell-like dome of native brick are laid eight hairs from the head of the Great Buddha with other sacred relics from three previous Buddhas. The Buddhists come here from all over the world with the same reverence that the Mohammedans go to Mecca, and upon this great center have been lavished the treasures of nearly forty countries.

The Shwe Dagon or Golden Dragon Pagoda stands at the top of a great artificially made platform about 165 feet high. Ascent to this platform is gained by great flights of steps leading upward to the paved square upon which the pagoda group stands. This platform is 900 feet long, 700 feet wide, and is paved with smooth stones finely matched. In the center stands the circular bell-shaped tower of the





On the platform of the Golden Dragon Pagoda, one can see the art of over forty nations. Great golden towers rise on every hand, and jeweled statues gaze out from behind their barred shrines. To Occidental eyes, the scene is one of barbaric beauty. This shrine is man's supreme tribute to his unknown gods.

Shwe Dagon, which rises, a shining mass, to a height of 370 feet. The base of the Great Pagoda is roughly circular and is nearly 1500 feet around.

The tower is plain and simple in architecture, with few examples of that gingerbread ornateness so often seen in the Far East. The lower part of the tower is entirely covered with closely fitted gold plates about one-eighth of an inch thick, while the upper part is surfaced with genuine gold leaf. It is a pillar of golden light unbroken by any contrast and projecting its needle point into the clear sky of Burma. At the top of the great shaft is an umbrella-like crown called a *Ti*, which is made of openwork gold hung with

tinkling silver bells and incusted with precious jewels. The sun, striking this magnificent tiara, sends sparkling rays down upon admirers, dazzling the eyes with their jeweled brilliancy.

Around the great central shrine are grouped others representing practically every known system of architecture. These smaller shrines number over fifteen hundred, and they are grouped like a range of foothills around the base of the mighty peak which rises in the center. What the great pillar lacks in ornateness is made up by the smaller shrines clustering around its base. Endless Oriental carvings, countless pieces of bric-a-brac, thousands of images—from a few inches in height to twenty-five or thirty feet—are gathered in divine disorder and in strange contrast to the imposing simplicity of the central edifice. Some of these are old, dilapidated, and broken; some are comparatively new. Here and there one is being repaired, or some valuable point wrapped in native cloth or reeds to prevent its destruction.

Many of the shrines are protected by iron bars to prevent the thievery of those not of a mind to respect Buddhist culture, for many of them are inconceivably rich in diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Many of the Buddhist statues have genuine diamonds for eyes and have robes inlaid with gold and jewels.

The platform with its great circular walk surrounding the base of the main pagoda is seldom without groups of pilgrims and worshippers. Yellow-robed *Phongyees*, with their shaven heads and scepters of white horsehair, wander among the shrines, and great flocks of birds circle incessantly around the building. It is not uncommon to see a flock of chickens walking with measured dignity among the buildings or sharpening their bills on some protruding piece of masonry. Here and there a mangy dog lies sunning himself, and some-



times a goat is seen rubbing his shaggy neck on the trunk of some aged palm tree. Native untidiness is ever present. From a distance only magnificence is revealed but an intimate study exposes filth and decay—certainly no part of the original plan—which to a great degree detracts from the visitor's reverence.

To visit Rangoon and not climb up the slimy and well-worn steps would be an inexcusable oversight; yet, when forced to comply with the native ruling forbidding anyone to go up to the platform without first removing both shoes and stockings, we hesitate. Mental impressions of forty-nine thousand native diseases flash upon our mind as we search in vain for some safe spot to place our unprotected toes and try with due precaution to pick our way through the slime and dirt.

The corridors with long avenues of steps leading up to the pagoda have been transformed into bazaars for the benefit of pilgrims who may buy inexpensive trinkets, pictures and knick-knacks as reminders of their visit. Souvenirs purchased in the shadow of the great building have special religious value, and are treasured highly.

It is not only interesting but highly amusing to watch a group of refined American dowagers who have been walking on high heels for years, trying to climb up the hundreds of steps of slimy stone and picking their way around among the pagodas. They are miserable beyond expression, but with the true inquisitiveness of the feminine mind, are anxious to see everything that is going on. A great battle is fought between fastidiousness and inquisitiveness, but usually inquisitiveness wins.

It is not uncommon to find the pagoda platform well sprinkled with sufferers from tuberculosis, smallpox, and leprosy. These come here to the sacred shrine in hopes of

a cure. This, of course, is not reassuring to a squeamish Occidental person trying to pick his way barefoot among the heterogeneous group.

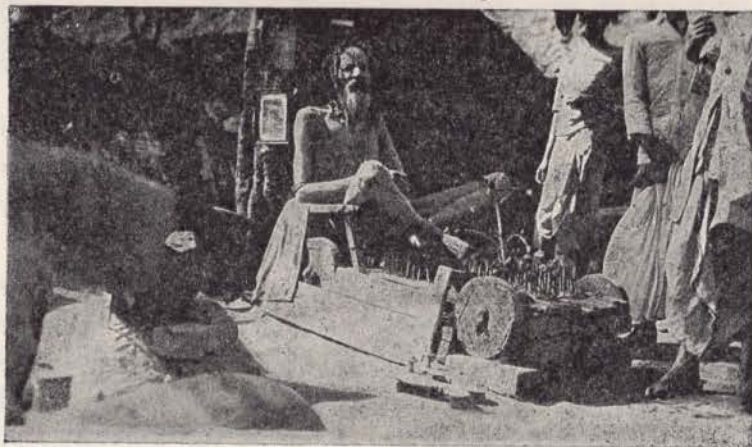
Do we in America boast of a higher degree of civilization and more sanitary conditions? Then with sympathetic hearts let us pray that the way will be shown us whereby we may raise these, our brethren, from the mire.

Reaching the top and gazing out upon the great expanse of gilded temples and shrines, we realize that the price we have paid in inconvenience is nothing in comparison to the sight before us. The Great Shwe Dagon is the crown jewel of the Buddhist faith; we are overawed and oppressed by the weight of reverence and admiration for the great man whose life inspired this stupendous production. Dazzled by the brilliancy, and raised to the seventh heaven by the magnificence, yet depressed by the muck and mire which has tarnished the glory of the faith, we feel inclined to seek solitude where we can think and dream of this marvelous production of human ingenuity.

I have to pinch myself to make sure I have beheld an actual structure and not a dream; that the great temple of gold is really there, gleaming and glistening in the sun, and that the great white lions really guard the gates of a material temple and are not dwellers on the threshold of a mirage.

Yours very truly,





In the holy places of India, this is a common sight. The old man sits on his bed of spikes many hours every day to show his control over pain. In India, self-control is the goal of all living. This is one way by which it is gained.

Agra, Central India  
February 11, 1924.

Dear Friends:

While wandering in distant lands the traveler sees many things; some amaze, others amuse. But only here and there is one found that impresses deeply enough to leave a permanent picture upon the soul.

Gaudy gew-gaws soon tire the eyes. Domes and minarets with their tinsel trimmings bring only weariness to the heart, for they are like the hundreds of others seen before and the scores that are yet to be seen. Travel soon grows monotonous. Day after day we visit temples, tombs, and palaces, hearing each praised above its fellows until the very business of viewing them becomes a bore.

In picture books the camera kindly conceals the sordidness of surroundings and tells nothing of the dust, dirt, and

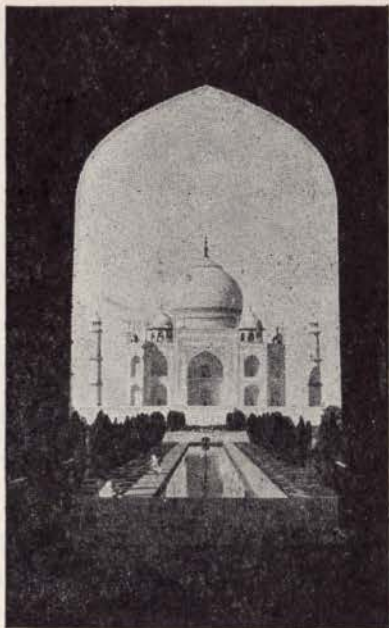
inconvenience which so often takes the joy from the thing seen. Travel is in most cases just one disappointment after another. The dream castles built by the fireside crumble, one after another, and in their places we see the realities, with more squalor than splendor.

To the eye of the mind only the visions of beauty reveal themselves; the marble is always white and the lawns well kept, while jewels and gold shine from every angle. How different the reality! The marble is cracked and crumbled, the gold and brass tarnished and green, the grass is overrun with weeds, and the jewels have been picked from their settings. Travel is not only a great education but also a great disillusionment.

There is, however, one place which never disappoints. There is one spot where the dream is never equal to the reality. There is a limit to dreaming; and nothing conjured up by the subtle mind stuff of a vision can be half so fair as the shining mystery raised by the master craft of human hands.

From the banks of the slow-flowing Jumna River in the old Indian city of Agra, from the soul of the now sleeping Mogul Empire, a mystic marvel projects its domes and minarets into the clear blue of the tropical sky. The pure white marble, carved like lace and inlaid with thousands of semi-precious stones, is so toned by the afternoon sun that it seems more like threads of spider web than spans of stone. Altogether it reminds us of one of the enchanted illusions of the Arabian Nights, and as we gaze upon the wondrous pile, we half expect it suddenly to fade away or else to rise and float like a great rainbow-colored bubble over the murky waters of the river. It seems like the mirage of some Oriental paradise resting for a moment amidst the bustle of a modern civilization.





There is no doubt that the Taj Mahal at Agra is the most beautiful building in the world. It is man's perfect tribute to love and fidelity. Its walls are inlaid with many semi-precious stones, and the whole of the Koran, so the natives say, is written upon its walls in golden letters.

It is the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building ever raised by human hands—sanctified by its own beauty, and worthy to be the habitation of gods. This marvelous structure has stood for centuries to mark life's greatest mysteries, love and death. It is man's perfect tribute to woman's love, sincerity, and devotion, and marks with fitting splendor one of the most beautiful romances of history.

Shah Jahan, grandson of Akbar, the Great Mogul and one of the most magnificent of the Mohammedan empire build-

ers of India, was born into a nation of sandstone, raised by the power of his predecessors, and was buried in an empire of marble. Year after year he labored, stone after stone was raised with tireless effort during the long years of his reign. Of Shah Jahan many things have been said; he was termed extravagant and irresponsible by some; by others he was viewed as a man of great discernment, whose noble mind was shattered by years of sorrow and melancholia. Be this as it may, he has given the world its most perfect building in memory of one he revered and adored above life itself.

While Shah Jahan, like the noble Moguls who had gone before him, had many wives and concubines, he was a man of a single heart, and this heart was lost to his queen and first love, Mumtaz Mahal, whom he named the Light of the Harem. There is little doubt that the queen, while a child of the prophet, was a true daughter of Sita and true to the highest standards of Indian womanhood.

Loved as a goddess by her people for her charity and friendliness, and adored by her husband, Mumtaz Mahal lived for seventeen years as her husband's constant companion. He consulted her in all things and valued her judgment above his own. It is said that never one inharmony came between them to the time of her death. She went with him even upon the field of battle when his kingdom was attacked by jealous relatives seeking to overpower his throne. It was while with him on the battlefield that Mumtaz Mahal died in childbirth. The king was not notified until after the battle, as his generals knew the shock would cost him his empire.

When Shah Jahan discovered the death of his beloved, he was prostrated with grief, and is said never to have



smiled again. She had been his life, and their broken comradeship left an empty place in his soul that nothing could fill.

Shah Jahan never recovered, and while he outlived his wife by over thirty-five years, it was with her picture in his heart. In compliance with her last wish, Shah Jahan built on the banks of the River Jumna the mausoleum that bears her name. He is said to have watched every stone as it was laid in place, and even after the structure was finished, he would go out day after day and sit gazing at the four lofty minarets and the gleaming white dome, for in this casket was buried not only the one he loved but his own soul.

Some time later the Great Mogul conceived the idea of building a mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the river. This was to be the same shape and size as the one built for his lost love, the only difference being that his tomb was to be of black marble instead of white. He intended to connect the two tombs across the river with a bridge of silver. Shah Jahan's dream was never realized.

Fate did not deal kindly with the broken-hearted king. His own sons, growing up around him, made war upon him; and at last Aurangzeb, known to India as the breaker of gods and the burner of books, the most cruel and hated of all the Mogul Emperors, overthrew the throne of his own father, and imprisoned Shah Jahan in the old fort at Agra in a little room that had once formed part of the women's quarters of the palace of Akbar, his grandfather.

Here Shah Jahan, aged and broken in mind and body, spent the last years of his life, lonely and friendless. At last, when he realized that he was dying, he asked one favor of his guards—that he might be taken out to a little balcony overlooking the Jumna river. Here, from the Jasmine Tower



In India the bull is sacred. In many of the shrines of Shiva are large statues of this beast. This one is painted bright red, and is one of the most important shrines in the city of Calcutta.

he wished to look once again out across the river to the stately white tomb which had so long covered the body of the one he loved. Here Shah Jahan died, his last words being the name of the one he had so long mourned.

Aurangzeb, his heart somewhat softened, buried his father in the Taj Mahal beside the body of his wife. Today when the tourist, with a feeling of reverence which he cannot explain, enters the tomb, hushed and still, he sees underneath the flickering glow of an oil lamp, which burns night and day, the two great ornamental stones under which, in the crypt below, lie the bodies of Shah Jahan, the Great Mogul, and Mumtaz Mahal, the Light of his life.



This is the story the natives tell. How true it is we do not know, but the great building itself stands overpowering in its simplicity, awe-inspiring in its majesty, marking one of the most beautiful romances in a land where romances are few and sentiments seldom survive.

Very truly yours,

Cairo, Egypt.

March 7, 1924.

Dear Friends:

Sitting on the exalted front porch of Shepherd's Hotel, with befezzed pedestrians scuffling along below, always going somewhere but seemingly never arriving, I am ready to write about a trip to the Great Pyramid, from which I have just returned exhausted but victorious.

Egypt is accustomed to tourists; they flock in from the Mediterranean at one season of the year, from the East at another, from the West at all seasons. For these reasons Egypt is cosmopolitan. The endless line of little red caps, and the general attitude of business, also assure us that it is Mohammedan.

Looking over the railing I see a bewildered tourist trying to escape from the clutches of three wildly bewhiskered individuals, one of whom is trying to sell him a rhinoceros-hide cane, the second a Kashmir rug, and the third a string of beads blessed in Mecca. He may escape with his life, but is liable to lose some of the contents of his wallet, to say nothing of his patience. It is always open season on tourists in Egypt. All tourists are supposed to have come from America, and every American is regarded as opulent.

We shall concern ourselves this morning, however, with the Pyramid. We can go out to it either by automobile or

street car. We prefer automobile. Most of the cars are of European make, with an undue amount of brass work. The chief amusement of native chauffeurs is tooting the horn, which they do incessantly, whether anyone is in sight or not. They take great delight in tormenting the overworked nerves of those of us who are trying to acclimate ourselves to forty-nine kinds of Oriental inconvenience.

We can see the pyramids long before we reach them; they obstruct the landscape from every angle, rising like great triangles of blue haze. As we speed along the road toward them, they rapidly take form, their magnitude becoming more apparent each moment. The Great Pyramid of Cheops is situated on a rolling sand dune several hundred yards from the main road, but a branch road has been made leading almost to its base.

On leaving the car, we are immediately mobbed by a group of excellent Egyptian guides commonly called *dragomen*. They are large, swarthy persons of ferocious appearance, who fight with each other for the privilege of mutilating and disfiguring us. Some of them wear large celluloid buttons, and try to convince us in pidgin-English mixed with Arabic, French, Italian, and Greek, that they are trustworthy, honest, honorable, and inexpensive.

They ask the honorable gentleman and exalted stranger whether he will have his photograph taken on a camel or whether he will condescend to have an equestrian postcard of himself mounted upon their most excellent donkey. Those who ride the camels usually eat their meals from a mantlepiece for several days afterward. Those who mount the donkeys find that their feet touch the ground on each side, so the wisest decide that they might as well walk anyway.

Perhaps the honorable gentleman would like to climb the pyramid? If so, six of his humble servants are prepared to



assist him. The honorable gentleman looked up at the 440 feet of gigantic rocks, and after watching the process to which the other climbers were subjected, decided to remain on "terrible firma." The assistance is rendered in this way: two guides climb up ahead of the honorable gentleman and, taking his hands, pull; two other guides get behind and push, while the remaining pair ease the feet over the edge of the rocks, which are three or four feet in height. The more I watched the process, the more delighted I was that it was not compulsory.

The honorable gentleman having decided to compromise by visiting the chambers within the Great Pyramid, and having made this wish known, the proper guides immediately appeared. The showing of money produces the same effect in Egypt that the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp did in Arabia. Having paid the government admission fee of fifty cents, I selected four of the most human looking of the *dragomen* and began what proved to be a rather difficult undertaking. The original entrance is difficult of access to any but a practical climber, therefore a breach has been made in the wall just below it. This might be called the tourists' entrance. To reach this opening, it is necessary to climb up some steps cut in the only two remaining casing stones.

The guides carry candles, but an especially chosen one designates himself as Lord of Illumination. He carries strips of magnesium wire about two inches long which he lights on entrance to the important chambers. The charge is twenty-five cents for each wire, and if you do not buy four of them, he charges you anyway. It has been observed that the wires are getting shorter every year as the natives become more civilized.

In time we reach the foot of the slanting incline which leads up to the Queen's Chamber. Ascent is here accomplished

by means of iron rungs curved at each end and set like towel racks into the stone. In here it is dark, clammy, and cold, and a great oppression is in the air. The guides obligingly hold the candles so they give you the least possible light, and do many other equally helpful things.

At last, winded and disgusted at the world in general and at Egyptian *dragomen* in particular, we reach the first horizontal passage which leads a hundred or more feet toward the center of the pyramid, at the end of which is the Queen's Chamber. This is the most difficult part of the trip. The passage is made by leaving out one block in the form of a tunnel and is less than four feet high. We creep, crawl, and hop along on hands and feet, with nothing but nice soft rocks on every side. The hopping process results in a back-ache, and we feel that we would give all we own to stand up.

We are here separated from five piasters before being allowed to enter the Queen's Chamber with the aid of the aforesaid magnesium wire. By this time the Queen's Chamber means nothing in our young life, but our thoughts go up in thanks for the blessed privilege of standing up.

The Queen's Chamber is devoid of all furnishings, and its smooth rock walls are broken only at one end by a niche which once contained a statue of one of the Egyptian gods. After the wire flickers out, we go back through the same miserable passageway to the incline where we make our way up to the King's Chamber.

The second magnesium wire is lighted on entrance to the Grand Passageway in order that we may see the great height of the corridor. Each row of stones is seen to slightly project until finally the gallery closes above us. This grand gallery is the most famous in the pyramid, and ends at the entrance of the King's Chamber. It is said that this room



was originally closed by a series of stone slabs which ran in grooves. Some of them are still suspended in their grooves.

Lowering our heads, we pass into the King's Chamber, located apparently in the center of the Great Pyramid. Here, with the aid of the candles and the remaining two magnesium wires, we investigate a number of wonders. Our attention is first called to the great stone over the door. This stone is said to be the largest in the pyramid and is located 225 feet above the ground. It is almost black in color. Its measurements are said to be eleven feet long, eight feet high, and six feet thick. The airshafts are interesting: they pass through nearly two hundred feet of solid masonry. They are narrow openings like chimneys, through which the King's Chamber is ventilated. \*\*\*\*\*

Yours truly,

Palestine  
March 12, 1924.

Dear Friends:

Of all the dismal land which lies around the Holy City, there is none more hopeless than the lonely hills of Moab, among whose broken crags stands a ruined tower known as the grave of Moses. In the valley at the foot of these hills lies the Dead Sea, stretching out with hardly a ripple, its surface reflecting the blinding rays of the mid-day sun. This so-called sea (which is only about one-fifth the size of the Great Salt Lake of Utah) lies 1,312 feet below sea level, and has no outlet, although of course there is some loss by evaporation. It is said to be the saltiest body of water in the

world. Tourists are warned not to bathe in its water if they have any cuts or scratches on the skin, as the extreme saltiness will cause excruciating pain.

It was raining in Jerusalem when we left on our trip to the Dead Sea. Before leaving the city limits, I noticed that the top of the automobile looked insecure. This I tried to explain to the driver, but the Arabian boy did not understand English sufficiently to get my meaning. A gale was blowing and the rain drops stung like lead. In the midst of all this the top suddenly left the automobile. The result was a good soaking, but the water rapidly evaporated as we entered the Dead Sea Valley where it was dry and hot.

We soon saw signs of native Bedouin life. Here and there great herds of angular camels were gleaning a scanty livelihood from their rock-strewn pasture ground. The black tents stretched out over the hills, and native costumes composed largely of brilliant many-colored stripes relieved the monotony of the scenery.

Gradually the shimmering body of the Dead Sea materialized out of the distant haze, and we continued our way over a road which was one in name only. It was obstructed by sand dunes which we plowed through, and cut by gullies which we crossed with difficulty.

Two dismal boats, decayed and rotten with age, their ribs bared of planking like the phantom vessel of the Ancient Mariner, floated upon the tideless sea. A few ramshackle buildings stood along the water's edge, but they were as desolate as the land upon which they were built. Off to the left could be faintly seen a line of green just a little brighter than the parched brushes strewn over the valley. Eagerly we made our way to it, and stopped in the shade of a number of willow-like trees. We got out and walked to the edge



of the River Jordan. We gazed out at the slow-moving, muddy current, standing at the traditional spot where Jesus was baptized by John.

Having come prepared to get some of the Jordan water, we crawled out on a little promontory and proceeded to fill two large bottles. On the way back the corks popped out, and we made the discovery that Jordan water is so filled with tiny plant and animal life that unless boiled soon after being secured, it becomes very obnoxious.

We returned to Jerusalem by way of the Mount of Temptation, a barren, flat-topped hill, on the side of which can be seen the long rambling buildings of a monastery. It was here that Jesus was supposed to have been tempted with the kingdoms of the earth, but unless the Valley of the Dead Sea was more prepossessing than it is today, the temptation was not severe.

The ruins of the old city of Jericho are also to be seen, and not far away the adobe wall of modern Jericho. Of the old city very little remains except a great heap of earth and a few isolated places where excavations have been carried on.

We also passed through the little village of Bethany and were shown the house of Mary and Martha, now in ruins. This home is associated with many of the most human moments in the life of the great Master, and we love him for those times when, surrounded by those who loved him, he gave to the faithful few the message which the world could never know.

Behind the house, in a little gully, is the tomb of Lazarus. Lighting a candle, we followed an old woman who acted as guide down a spiral staircase to a little room about eight

feet square. Under the floor of this first chamber is the actual vault, entered through a narrow opening. This the guide crawled through to illuminate the sepulchral chamber. After viewing the lower room through a little window near the floor of the upper chamber, we withdrew. The sun was setting when we arrived at the hotel in Jerusalem for a luxurious repast of oranges and scrambled eggs.

In the evening we decided to visit the quarries of Solomon. Passing out of the Damascus Gate, we faced a ragged plateau of rock on the surface of which is a great skull of natural formation. This phenomenon leads many people to believe that this was the hill called Golgotha, "the place of the skull." At this point is the cave of Jeremiah where he wrote part of the Lamentations. Here also is the garden tomb which most of the Protestant world accepts as the Holy Sepulchre.

The entrance to the quarries of King Solomon is in the side of the wall near this point. These quarries are in the form of a series of subterranean caverns, undermining nearly a quarter of the city of Jerusalem and extending to a point under the Rock Moriah where the Temple of Solomon stood. Legend says that the stones for the building of the Temple were drawn up through the earth from a great chamber directly under the Temple. The stones in this quarry are of soft chalk formation and are cream white in color.

At the entrance to the quarry is a table heavily laden with these blocks of stone, ranging in size from a postage stamp to a suitcase. This table and its wares are under the supervision of a smiling native who tells us the price of the stones is five piasters and up; mostly up.

Armed with tapers and candles we explore the quarry. Most of the visitors finish by signing their names in candle



soot on a white stone wall or outcropping of stone. Mine is there, if it has not been rubbed off.

There is evidence that the ancient peoples were masters of stone cutting. Many of the rocks show the action of circular steel saws, or some similar instrument capable of cutting grooves a foot or more deep and only a quarter of an inch wide. Even the curved marks of the saw blade are visible in places. Another method of breaking off stones was to drill a number of holes in a row, then drive wooden pegs into them. A groove was cut connecting the pegs, and in this water was poured. The water swelling the pegs broke off the rocks almost as evenly as though they had been chiseled by hand.

There is a spring of fresh water in the quarry, which must have been a great blessing to the workmen during the period of their labors. We are also shown the keystone of Solomon's Temple, which was never completed. It still stands half cut in the quarry. One of the subterranean chambers at a point almost under the center of the Rock Moriah is now used by the Masonic Order for meetings.

After wandering an hour or more in the old caves where the builders of the temple of yesterday secured their stones, and from which the builders of today still secure their inspiration, we returned to the upper world, our pockets bulging with pieces of loose rock. Here is one place where the souvenir collector can rummage at his pleasure. What he takes will never be missed.

Our ramblings were taking us ever closer to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which dates from about the fourth century after Christ. There is endless dispute concerning the location of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Many claim that the church of that name is nowhere near the actual site. It is

probable that few of the locations of the Holy Land are accurately named. The only thing that can be said with a reasonable amount of certainty is that the Master probably lived in or near Jerusalem; we feel that we are in the scenes of his life. There is reverence and respect for the general locality, but as to special places, the majority of the guesses are probably inaccurate.

It is stated that about A.D. 326 the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, visited Jerusalem and found that every trace of early Christianity had been lost and that a temple of Venus stood on the supposed Calvary. Legend tells us that an old Jew pointed out to her the possible location of the Holy Sepulchre. Excavation resulted in the discovery of three crosses and the inscribed headpiece which Pilate is said to have placed on the cross of Christ. The excavators did not know which of the crosses belonged to Christ, but discovered the true one by laying a dead body on each one in turn. When the dead body was placed on one, the story goes, the person sat up and proclaimed it to be the true cross. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built over the spot, and a piece of the sacred relic preserved there. Another piece of the cross was taken to Rome and deposited in the Church of Santa Croce, and the remaining portions were placed by the Emperor Constantine in a large statue of himself. Small pieces of the true cross are all over the world. It is said that one portion, which was carried into battle by the Crusaders, was captured by the great Saracen king, Saladin, in 1187.

While the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is very old, nothing concerning its actual authenticity is known. According to popular belief, both the Holy Sepulchre itself and the hill Golgotha are under one roof. The tomb is in a cube-



shaped building, hung with banners and drapings. Great candles, probably fifteen feet high, stand on each side of the entrance. In the antechamber of the tomb is the stone known as the Angel Seat, upon which the angelic visitor was supposed to have been sitting when the Marys went to the tomb and found it empty. In the inner room is the tomb itself, three sides built into the wall and forming a long seat about two feet high, the top being a slab of marble. The edge of the marble has been worn off by the thousands who have kissed it.

In another part of the Church is shown the spot where the true cross was found, and also where it stood. The place where the post entered the ground is now marked by a circular gold tablet with a round hole in the center, while the places where the crosses of the thieves stood are marked by inlays of black marble.

We are also shown a great rock split down the center, broken, it is claimed, by the earthquake which occurred at the time that the veil of the temple was rent. One question keeps repeating itself to our minds—how was this valuable and exact information obtained?

After visiting the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin, and descending into the crypts, we passed over to the tomb of the centurion who pierced the side of Christ. We then left the Church, passing the stone of unction where it is said the body of Christ was anointed before being placed in the sepulchre. We went forth overwhelmed with evidence, but somehow not convinced.

As we wandered around in the ancient building, we could hear the cry from a minaret of the Mohammedan Mosque that shades the ancient Church. It echoes and re-echoes through the passageways, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet."

In thoughtful mood, we walked over toward the Jaffa Gate to a point where the tower of David can still be seen. We looked with some interest upon the place where the ex-Emperor Wilhelm of Germany ordered fifty feet of the city wall to be removed in order that he might make his triumphal entry at the time of the opening of the German Church in Jerusalem.

Wandering back to the hotel to await our evening installment of scrambled eggs and oranges, we thought over the incidents of the day and tried to connect the life of the simple Nazarene with the things that represent him and his faith today.

It seems necessary that people should organize, but this move is seldom beneficial to the spirit around which the organism is built. Organized Christianity has swallowed up and completely obliterated Christ and his teachings. It is the organism without the vision of the Master. It is not given people to have the vision of others; each has his own light. St. Paul had St. Paul's vision; St. John dreamed the dreams of St. John; Matthew saw with the eyes of Matthew. Each measured all things by the light and intelligence which was his. The Master had a vision; none other has ever had his dream, yet thousands not knowing him have spoken for him, and without the spirit have tried to carry on his labor.

Christ had his dream; the minds organizing and developing the Christian faith had their dreams, but alas, we realize that the dream of the One was not the dream of the others. Christianity has put into the mouth of Christ words that he never uttered. They have inserted into his teachings ideas which He did not promulgate nor would have allowed to endure had He survived. His own apostles did not have His vision, and while earnest and sincere, were totally unfitted to do His work. If those who walked with Him did not know



Him, how shall an organization whose members have never seen Him cognize His vision or make known His Way?

As we wander among the hills and valleys of the Holy Land, the God-man vanishes, and in His place stands the human Jesus. Jerusalem has not changed much in the centuries that have passed. It is under the control of a foreign power, and here and there the minarets of a new faith break the blocks and domes of the earlier architecture. We see Him as the friend of man produced by the law of necessity to bring light to those rebelling under the yoke of Roman despotism. There is no hint that He will survive his own generation, for He was the least among men, and seemingly had not a high ordaining power guiding His destiny. He would be as forgotten as the millions of other martyrs who have died for the privilege of expressing their own beliefs.

Today time is measured from His birth, kings and emperors swear loyalty upon His word, and those fragmentary parts of His gospel that remain to us are the keys of our spiritual code. Today we are seeking to understand and to serve more intelligently this Eldest of our Brethren ordained to a world ministry. We are seeking to find out just what He really wanted, what He really believed, what He actually taught. Between us and this truth stand nineteen centuries of misinterpretation and manipulation to personal ends.

Not knavery but ignorance has been the principal cause. Each in his own way has been sincere, but he did not have the dream, he did not see what the Master saw, nor did he take into account that the Master's words were spoken for people among whom he dwelt.

We have not divided the allegory from the history. We have accepted the letter and crucified the spirit of the law.

We have built lofty cathedrals to the man and have forgotten the message. These things are unchristian, and they have resulted in the fact that Christians, instead of exhibiting broadness, are exhibiting narrowness; instead of peace there is contention; and instead of kindness, cruelty.

All over the surface of the earth stand the temples to Christ. They are built with the money of the poor and sustained by the veneration of the multitudes. From a million stained-glass windows the face of the gentle Savior gazes down. The cross has gone forth into every land, and above the little villages that nestle around it, the great spire rises to the sky.

Massive is the Cathedral of Christianity; glorious are its altars; radiant its great nave, lighted with rose windows; triumphant are its hymns sung in a hundred lands. Great is Christianity—far greater than the man; overwhelming are its gold and jewels—far richer than the man. The rotting tree upon which he died has become a crucifix inlaid with jewels. His nimbus in life was a wreath of thorns; in death it is a halo of platinum and diamonds. And yet with all this, or perhaps because of it, Christianity has failed.

A great plague, a holocaust, or an earthquake may sweep all this away, for Christians have built their temples upon drifting sands. The churches fall before the shells and shrapnel of an advancing army, and the crucifix with its Eternal Sufferer lies buried amid the ruins.

Today in the Holy Land the very places where He placed His feet are sacred. The stones upon which He trod could not be bought with the ransom of kings. The very air is heavy with the reverence of men; yet we have failed to understand Him aright.

Christ had a great ideal; gold and silver could not satisfy Him, nor were mighty churches that ideal. We find religion



everywhere save where He would have it be—in the hearts and souls of men. The Master brought a gospel to be enshrined within the soul; we have enshrined it in gold. He brought a doctrine to be written upon the heart; we have preserved it upon printed pages. He spoke to children, teaching them the simple things; today the exposition of his teachings is so complex that philosophers are lost in its mystic maze.

Our mighty churches of granite and marble are not shrines for Him; they are tombs, for he is buried beneath the weight of each material misconception of His ideal. He has asked for bread; we have given Him a stone. What matters it how precious the stone? He has asked for covering; we have given Him a casket. He has asked for a dwelling place; we have built Him a prison.

For ages we have given Him that which was not ourselves, while the only thing He desires is our own hearts. Materialism has swept away the spirit of the gentle Nazarene who wandered by the Sea of Galilee and told the fishermen His parables. Our Hallelujahs have drowned out His message, when all He asked was to be heard. Some day Christianity will awake and realize how untrue it has been to the spirit of the Master. Christianity has loved Him, but like the words from the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, "Each man slays the thing he loves."

All Christendom wants to help Him, but they all want to help Him in different ways. Christians fail to realize that they help Him most when they help Him to do the thing He wanted most to do. *But one church is needed in Christendom, and as long as the jollowers of Christ cannot gather at one altar, they are not Christians.* They are arguers, scribes, and pharisees who think they may be heard for their much speak-

ing. They howl upon the street corners that they may be noted for their wailing. They praise their Lord upon the Sabbath, and crucify Him the other six days in the week.

The temples of idolators are temples of stone. The temples of Christianity should be temples of glorified living bodies, their shrines rich with the jewels of virtue, their candelabra adorned with the lights of intelligence, and their lofty spires the archetypes of lofty aspirations and Christian virtues.

Christians have forgotten day after day; with words they have praised, with acts they have crucified; with songs they have glorified, but with their innermost lives they have stoned the prophets who have been sent to them.

Father against son, mother against child, nations at each other's throats, spurred on by the spirit of greed: these are the hymns of Christianity. The souls of men chant the dirge of perversion. Among these distorted groups walked the lowly Nazarene, receiving in patience the buffets of the mass, and carrying His cross on through the ages.

When will Christians awake? When will the first principles of their faith raise them from their stupor to the realization of their responsibility? When will they leave the building of empty stones, and join Him in building a more noble temple of character and virtue to God? WHEN?

Jerusalem

March 14, 1924

Dear Friends:

Jerusalem is filled with interest for the average Christian. The Bible land has not changed much in the last two thousand years. Shepherds tend their flocks on the hills as they did when the Shepherd of Men walked the earth, while the



caravans pass out through the city gates on their way to Damascus or Arabia. Still the people gather at the wells for water, and roving Bedouin bands pitch their rambling tents like great black spider webs among the wild flowers of the Holy Land.

Jerusalem has many peculiar thoroughfares. Most of the streets are step streets. In other words, every five or six feet a step runs entirely across the street, which is paved with cobblestones no two of which are the same height. (This naturally facilitates walking!) This style of street is necessary because of the topography of the city, which is built on four hills. No matter which way we travel, we are either going up one of these step streets or going down another.

Everywhere we go, the past and present seem blended, and we would not be surprised to see the Master himself with his little band wandering among the hills. Not far from the city is the old well of the magi where, so legend tells us, the three wise men from the East watered their camels. The well still contains water, and the sides of the old stones are worn into ruts from the rope of the water buckets.

The automobile seems strangely out of place in Jerusalem. A few of these ramshackle representatives of Western progress can be noted rattling along the native road, but never venturing very far into the city itself. The only forms of transportation that dare traverse the narrow winding streets are great ambling camels or little donkeys so heavily laden that the only parts visible outside the radius of the load are four small feet and two long ears.

Many of the streets are so narrow that one can reach out and touch both walls at the same time. There are endless curves, many of the byways stopping abruptly or turning back upon themselves. Without a native guide the visitor is

lost, and even then he often becomes hopelessly involved in the twisting labyrinth of narrow byways with stucco arches above and rough uneven cobblestones below.

One thing that impressed me more than anything else was the terrible blight upon the land about Jerusalem. I have never seen such barren wastes, rocky, windswept, and forlorn. It gave me the impression that millions of convicts had spent thousands of years breaking boulders into gravel, and had laid the gravel evenly over the surface of everything. There are rocks everywhere — dismal rocks twisted into agonized shapes, giving one the impression as he gazes out upon them that he is indeed looking upon the effects of the wrath of the gods.

I am told that in some parts of the Holy Land the ground is rich and productive, but this is certainly not the case around Jerusalem. That part which is not solid granite appears baked by the rays of the sun into natural brick. The old buildings are much like those of the Spanish Missions of California. They are made of adobe brick or its equivalent and it is often difficult to tell where the houses leave off and the landscape begins.

In spite of the parched, dry appearance of the land, the markets of Jerusalem are filled with fruits and vegetables. Here are found the most wonderful cabbages, cauliflower, and turnips in the world. The mystery of where they come from has never been explained to my entire satisfaction, but the explanation probably is that those small areas between rocks which are capable of gardening are highly cultivated.

A surprising fact concerning the fruit and vegetable stands is the cleanliness that is in evidence. This is not true in every walk of life, but the turnips are scoured until they glisten, the cabbages are immaculate, while the cauliflower is untainted by any vestige of earth or other foreign matter.



The most famous fruit of the Holy Land is oranges, which are as large as our grapefruit and have a flavor unsurpassed. The natives sell them at the rate of three for a quarter. There is, however, a certain camouflage about them, for when the skin is peeled off, they dwindle down to the size of the average California orange.

After having secured a rather intelligent-looking Mohammedan as guide, I began a series of explorations which led up the winding arched street to the brow of Mt. Moriah and the Mosque of Omar. The blue dome of the Mosque can be seen from nearly all parts of Jerusalem, located as it is near the city wall, facing the Mount of Olives and divided from it by the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The Kubbet el Sakhra, the Dome of the Rock, is sacred to Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans alike. The great stone, Haram el Sherif, stands within the mosque, and is supposed to have been the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite. We are told that it was bought by David for fifty shekels of silver.

Mt. Moriah was originally a razor-back ridge, and the architects appointed by Solomon to build the temple suggested that it would be wiser to use one of the other hills, but because of its ancient sacred associations, Solomon insisted that Mt. Moriah be chosen. It was necessary first to build up the hill in the form of an artificial plateau, walled in and paved with granite before work on the temple was possible. Ancient historians believe that it was more difficult to build the base than the actual temple.

Time after time the building has been razed, but the foundation was not injured. Upon this base the Mohammedans have built their mosque, because it was sacred in

Old Testament history, many parts of which they accept in their religion.

After taking off our shoes or slipping on over them canvas coverings made for the purpose, we enter. In the center, surrounded by a low railing over which we may look, is a great flat outcropping of natural rock. The stone is, roughly speaking, sixty feet long by fifty feet wide, and its thickness varies from five to seven feet. This was the ancient threshing floor on which King Solomon placed the permanent altar of his Temple. The stone is now called the Rock Moriah. It is known to Freemasonry as the *Brow of the Hill* and to the Mohammedans as the *Dome of the Rock*. This is the spot where the patriarch Abraham offered up his son, Isaac, to the Lord.

We go down by means of a low vaulted stairway to a chamber under the rock. It is a rough room with slanting ceiling formed by the under surface of the Rock Moriah. We here find a round hole, a foot or more across, that leads straight up through the center of the rock. Masonically this has a decided Royal Arch flavor. Our talented guide explains that this is the opening through which Mohammed's body passed when he was picked up by an angel. It looks, however, much more like the work of a stone cutter than a prophet.

To the right in the ceiling is also a large semi-circular dent, which is said to have been made by Mohammed's head. He was interrupted while in prayer, and failing to remember how low the ceiling was, suddenly rose upright and would have crushed his head against the stone had not the rocks, in reverence for him, drawn back, leaving this half circular hollow about two and a half feet wide in the stone. The guide tells this with deep sincerity.



After leaving the underground chamber, we are shown two other objects of great interest. The first is a large many-sided case containing several smaller ones nested inside of each other. Within the innermost one are a few hairs from the beard of the prophet, which are held in great veneration. We are also shown a carved marble block said to have been one of the original altar stones of King Solomon's Temple. It once had a number of cherubs upon it, but the faces have been mutilated by the Mohammedans, who will allow no graven image or likeness of the human face in any place sacred to their faith.

After making a small contribution to the guide for the upkeep of this inter-religious shrine, and thanking him for his assistance, we return to the open air, rather regretting that we must leave this most interesting place with its beautiful walls of inlaid mosaic and magnificent stained glass windows. In spite of some impossible things told us by the guide, the main points in connection with the Mosque of Omar ring true. It probably does occupy the exact site of the Temple of Solomon.

From the Mosque of Omar we go down to the city walls and look over into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the place of the dried bones. Across on the other side of the valley we see Absalom's pillar, the pyramid of Zacharias, and the Grotto of St. James, all dating from the days of Herod.

Beyond the Valley of Jehoshaphat, several points of interest are visible, the most prominent being the Mount of Olives, above which rises the tall spire of the Russian church. Further down is the whitewashed wall surrounding the Garden of Gethsemane. Within the wall is an old olive tree said to be a direct descendant of the one under which the Master knelt in prayer. To the right of the garden, on

the brow of a hillock known as the Mount of the Ascension, stands a circular chapel, the Church of the Ascension.

Here, carefully preserved in a square of natural stone, is a rock on which a human footprint is said to be visible. This is supposed to be the footprint of Jesus, and our guide, picking a small olive branch from one of the trees near the Garden of Gethsemane, brushes it across this stone and gives it to us as a charm against all evils.

We have a suspicion that the man who invented the story of Mohammed's head mark must have come over here also, for after about an hour of painstaking investigation we could not discover either the footprint or any indication that it had ever existed.

On either side runs the city wall upon which we stand to secure this panoramic view. To the right, within the city wall, stands Mt. Zion, surrounded by the Citadel of Zion, famous for the room of the Last Supper. Here and there, in the city behind us, rise the Mohammedan minarets side by side with the steeples of Christian churches.

Near here in the city wall we find the Golden Gate, through which Jesus is supposed to have passed when he entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. The Mohammedans believe the next prophet of Islam will pass under this arch after he has walked across the valley on a human hair. The gate is now closed and sealed, and none has passed through it for many generations.

We pass back again into the city and, winding in and out through many byways, reach the wailing wall of the Jews. The city of Jerusalem has been destroyed and its temples leveled many times since it has fallen into the hands of outside powers. Probably nothing but the actual foundation blocks remain. We know the walls of the modern city



are not the ones which surrounded it in Biblical days. Part of the wall which surrounded the Temple of Herod, however, is still standing, and this has been set apart as the wailing place of the Jews. Many of the stones have ancient Jewish characters carved into their rough and broken surfaces. This is the place sacred to the faith of Israel and to it they come, rich and poor, young and old, praying to their God for liberation from the yoke of foreign oppression. Not without cause goes up this lamentation, for the Jews are wanderers in foreign lands, a lonely and a broken-hearted people. They wail for the privilege of once more taking their place as an intelligent operative part of society, but the God of Israel has long been silent.

At all times of the day and far into the evening, they beat upon the wall and cry out their lamentations to the God of Abraham and of Isaac, and as we view them, a great sadness enters our hearts, overwhelming us with the realization of the suffering of Israel, of that agony which must be felt by those people, isolated from the hearts of their fellow men. The onward march of civilization promises that the future will be more kind than the past has been, and that the race which claims to represent the brotherhood and love of the lowly Nazarene, himself a Jew and a preacher in the synagogue, will no longer be the object of a hatred which has no foundation except bigotry.

Here and there we notice a nail driven into the great wall. When one of the wailing Jews must be absent for a time, he drives a nail into a crevice and this represents him while he is away, proving to those who remain that his heart and soul are with them in their endless task. When he returns, he draws the nail and assumes his place again. Nothing in Jerusalem struck me with the pathos or the deep feeling of oppression as did the wailing place of Israel.

Returning to our hotel, we pass by a house covered with hieroglyphic patterns of blue and red suggesting flowers, spirals, and filigrees. The doorway is surrounded by a scroll design embellished with mysterious Arabic letters. We ask what all the decorations mean and are told that the owner of the house and proprietor of the adjacent store, a zealous Mohammedan, has gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca. In honor of the occasion he has hired a native artist to daub the front of his home with a number of these weird patterns, that his friends and neighbors might know the reason of his absence and rejoice with him over the great honor which would soon be his. We have been told that a Mohammedan seldom recovers financially from a trip to Mecca, which generally absorbs his life's earnings. But if he uses his money this way, he will seldom want for anything; his friends will then provide for him. He will return with a band of voile around his fez, and will be filled with spiritual illumination such as can only come to one who has visited the Kaaba and the Aerolite of Abraham. The Kaaba at Mecca is supposed to stand on earth directly under the Temple of God in heaven.

Our guide, by the way, is a young Mohammedan lad not more than twelve or thirteen years old, but perfectly competent in every way, including that vividness of imagination which builds marvelous stories around cobblestones and non-essentials. His English is equal to that of many American boys, although he has never studied the language from a book, but has picked it up from Americans for whom he has worked. He has aspirations of coming to America some day and opening a store where he may sell rugs to the wealthy. He thinks the tourists are most generous and believes he would never want for anything in the land where the tourists come from. Why should we disillusion him?

Wherever we go, we find children selling something. The

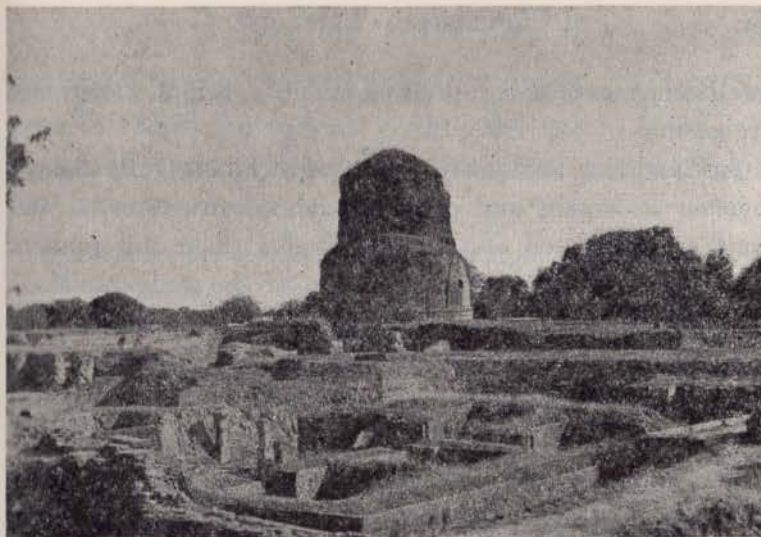


favorite articles in Jerusalem seem to be little slings made of twisted worsted with which the native boys are highly proficient. They call them David's slings and sell them for five piasters in their own coin. They also have cheap rings and charms in the form of necklaces made of beads and herbs. These charms, in which cloves predominate, are said to protect those who wear them from evil spirits and demons.

Continuing toward our hotel, we pass through the street known as Via Dolorosa, along which Christ is said to have carried his cross. This street contains a number of sacred places, such as the Ecce Homo Arch, the House of Simon the Cyrenian, and the House of Saint Veronica.

At the Church of the Sisters of Zion one can go down under the modern street and see the old Roman pavement. There are carvings in the stone somewhat resembling checkerboards. These were made by the Roman soldiers for the purpose of playing games.

Very truly,



Near the little deserted village of Sarnath stands the Stupa, marking the place where the great Buddha preached his first sermon and made the first five converts to the faith which has gained a greater following than any other world religion.

## A DOCUMENT OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTER-RACIAL RESPONSIBILITY

The Philosophers of the ancient world have taught us that the planets are alive; that races, kingdoms, and species are tiny molecules grouped into organs to express the consciousness and activity of this planetary man, whom we might call the great Composite.

The world is just one big family. Races and nations call themselves independent, but they are in reality interdependent one upon the other. The race is a compound individual, a macro-cosmic man. It is the body of a mass



intelligence expressing itself through a complex national organism.

Just as living bodies are composed of minute cells massed together as organs and other specialized structures, so nations are composed of units—individual men and women. The individual is the basic electron of the body racial.

As surely as the active cooperation of organs is necessary to bodily health, so surely the active cooperation of peoples for the attainment of the greatest good of the greatest number is necessary to the health of the planet.

War is an international disease; it is the battle of cells in the racial body. What suffers most when the parts of a body are divided against each other? No one part suffers as much as the whole, and the struggle for individual supremacy usually results in the destruction of that greater unit which the contending parties are seeking to possess.

When cell turns upon cell there is chaos in the body; aches and pains course through it, and finally the structure collapses. A person cannot carry on his labors if his body is racked with pain, or his thoughts distorted by suffering. His viewpoint upon life is unhealthy, and the plan for his adjustment to his environment is thwarted by bodily in-harmony.

Since the earliest times, civilization has destroyed itself because nations have refused to realize that cooperation alone can save the race. The aches and pains of international disease are to be felt at all times. From time to time the planet is convulsed by the dissensions of that tiny minutia called man, who, breaking all the laws of nature, repeatedly brings down upon his head the vengeance of the gods.

A smoothly-running organism, cooperating in all ends of importance, is the greatest offering that man can make to the plan of creation. God is most served by man when men

serve each other. The blending of forces to great ends results in racial and national health, and only a healthy organism is prepared to serve a great end or to view life in a healthy way.

Body cells work side by side, every one as an individual, every one separate, yet each contributing to the efficiency of the mass. If man misuses or is untrue to these little lives, they reproach him through the medium of inefficiency. But if he is a kindly overlord, they will serve him faithfully through the tiny span of their existence.

Each of us is a cell in the body of God. Whatever place we may occupy, the harmony and smooth working of the entire planet depends upon a mutual understanding between ourselves and those other cells which work side by side with us during this particular stage of human progress.

We must realize that the world is only a backyard neighborhood. The masses of individuals huddled together in this tenement district are much alike, yet they are individual; and the happiness of all depends not a little upon the kindly sympathetic attitudes of mutual helpfulness. The time has come when man must take a greater interest in the well-being of his neighbor. He must be taught to realize that the stranger without his gates is part of himself.

The selfish interest which breeds criticism and dissension must give place to a nobler altruistic interest which promotes mutual understanding and serves to bind hearts and souls together in the service of the entire.

Each wave of progress has a certain ideal to which it aspires, and to which end it is often molded in spite of itself by the hand of Divine Powers. The key word of this age is Fraternity. Any enterprise which promotes human understanding is fraternal. More than a hundred and fifty



cooperative social organizations, with thousands of branches in America alone, have brotherhood, fraternity, and cooperation as key words. In other parts of the world the same work is being carried on by those who can see the great need of world understanding as the only answer to the international problem.

The exclusive organisms and civilizations of the past which depend upon tyranny and oppression for their survival are fast collapsing. At one period in the development of man these autocratic forms of rulership were necessary to the growth of the primitive monad mentally and spiritually unable to govern its own destiny. The demigods of days gone by and minds over-shadowed by divine prerogative no longer wield the scepters of authority. The great inter-racial civilization of tomorrow will be a nation of the people, for the people, and by the people.

Today we should be preparing ourselves for the responsibilities of the future. If the mass is to rule, it must be made competent to rule, which it is not today. The millions of seething, crawling creatures which composed the life wave of the Protozoic period have become a race which we like to designate as human, but many are human in form only. They are inhuman in every attitude and viewpoint of life.

A rulership by the many today would result in the destruction of civilization, for the mass has not yet earned the right to rule either themselves or those about them. Man is never free until he is liberated from the suffocating bonds of limitation and ignorance. Education is the one and only intelligent means of securing emancipation.

Man's hatreds must be curbed, his prejudices mastered, his fears conquered, his narrow visions broadened, before he can reach his highest place in the universe. In his path stand the hosts of selfishness and egotism.

Redbeard, in his immortal classic, "The Survival of the Fittest," has expressed the spirit of life as it is generally understood by men, namely, that the strong should live and the weak should die. He also expresses the spirit of the new age, for the weak, rebelling against the shackles of limitation or the curse of impotency, are striving to be fit.

Every day the ranks of progress are swelling, as the hosts of creation pass on to attainment as the result of individual effort and personal revolt against inefficiency. Freedom is not attained by murder, rape, or carnage; it is to be found only when the individual bursts asunder the shackles of ignorance.

Each day the minute fractions which form the basis of human structure are marching on to victory, inspired by noble example. Man gains much when he gains the ability to recognize within himself the latent possibilities which lie waiting to be transmuted by intelligent effort into dynamic powers.

Since the very beginning of time, the human family has divided itself into races, groups, and clans. These clans were naturally two in number, our clan and the other clans. In every case the standard of excellence was raised over the clan, and the doorstep of the familiar was made the center of the universe. Every nation has its sacred spot, which to its own people marks the seed ground of all wisdom and the literal center of the known and unknown Cosmos.

Until a few centuries ago, man, expressing his divine ignorance and omnipotent egotism, claimed that his own little planet was the center of the solar system. The stars paraded around him, and the sun was ordained that he might have light. The question never occurred to him as to who he was that the Lord should be so mindful of him.



We take for granted that the universe was created for us, is maintained for our advantage, and made freakish for our amusement. Everyone is self centered. Everything is primarily interested in the aggrandizement of its own center. All things struggle for the survival of self, and this tiny germ, floating in a sea of protoplasmic ether, uses its dawning consciousness merely to adore the omnipotence of that personal tyrant which it calls self.

Man's highest compliment to another is to bestow his own approbation. Individual self-centeredness is called egotism; national self-centeredness is called patriotism. Each caste, creed, and clan has built itself a wall separating it from all other interests save its own. Behind these invisible walls of prejudice and personal superiority, races live and move and have their being. Each day they become ever more involved in self and its aggrandizement, and take less interest in the great family without. Ever seeking power, they seldom use it for the good of all. The acceptance of power becomes a crime unless with the power is accepted responsibility for all things grouped together within the radius of the power.

The price of intelligent leadership and wise rulership is always self-sacrifice. The symbol of true greatness is simplicity. The honest leader of a people is the servant of his subjects. The selfish executor is a failure before he assumes his position. The wisdom of the executive reflects itself through a wise administration of power.

The Christian Master said, "He that would be greatest, let him be the servant of all." The proper understanding of this statement is the answer to the problem of international relationship. The proof of wisdom lies in the intelligent dissemination of wisdom. The proof of the right to survive is the demonstration of the fact that survival will assist in the furtherance of the Plan.

Nature does not support non-productive things. Useless units are removed from the scene of activity, while things which are necessary to the attainment of a particular end are maintained until they have accomplished that end. Nature sacrifices the individual to the good of the mass, and in a similar way man must sacrifice selfishness to the good of his fellow creatures.

Races, nations, clans, creeds, and doctrines are means to an end. They never outlive their usefulness, for when their work is done, they are ground to pieces by the wheels of cosmic law. Allegiance to any of these things, if carried too far, will cast the soul of man into oblivion with the disintegrating shell of the thing that has outlived its usefulness.

Around us are the disintegrating corpses of what were once mighty enterprises. They have died of stagnation, usually because of the selfishness and idiosyncracies of men. Great ideals, taking upon themselves bodies which we know as organizations, are no sooner launched than the process of crystallization begins. They are perverted by selfishness, which always results in crystallization. These enterprises become each day more involved in self-aggrandizement and serve less efficiently the great ideal they came to represent.

A great example of exclusiveness can be studied in the wall of China. Four hundred million people have stagnated within the stone folds of the Celestial Dragon, and the ancient world's most progressive nation lost everything when it lost touch with the world about it. When man loses interest in the great game of life, and ceases to play it wisely and well, little remains for him but death.

Life is only a medium of education while its interests hold the attention of those who are studying it. The loss of this attitude of interest gradually results in the separation of the mind from its world. To neglect opportunity and the



cosmic privilege that opportunity gives is fatal. When other races are looked down upon, and the endless lines of effort in the outside world are no longer factors in our life or growth, and are just a hazy line on the horizon from which we are separated by selfishness, egotism, and prejudice, there is always an ominous calm, a moment of breathlessness. There is that silence which may be called the birth of separation, when all nature aghast watches a puny atom rebelling against the Infinite. Then comes a sudden rumbling, a chaotic crash, and the ignored and forgotten elements overwhelm us like the savage hordes that descended upon the Roman Empire.

There is nothing more dangerous to man than that feeling of security born of egotism, for with it comes carelessness, and the result of carelessness is destruction. Thoughtlessness, degeneracy, and debauchery came to Rome as the result of its feeling of security. Like a cancer, it devoured the tissue of morality. Rome was invincible—to Romans. But they failed to realize that it remained mistress of the world only as long as it defended that position by its own excellence.

The Vandals and the Goths, the Visigoths and the Huns, descended like the scourge of God, and in a few short years the mighty empire founded by Romulus and Remus remained only as a smoldering ruin. The barbarians may be regarded as the cause of Rome's fall, but the internal decay and the lowering of mental and moral standards was the actual cause. Rome forgot the world in the whirl of its own glory and, in its egotism, underestimated the value of barbaric virtue when compared to civilized vice and cultured sordidness.

Let us profit by Rome's example, for today the same scourge is imminent. Was not Attila the Hun the scourge of God and in reality the whip of small cords which the

Master used to drive the money changers from the Temple of his Father? Vice grows on congestion, is nourished by environment, is cultured by education, and its dangers are compounded by ethics. Religion conceals it, economics applauds it, popular opinion exonerates it, and the only dissenting voice—the only word of condemnation—is that spoken by the unheeded conscience of man. And even man's conscience is capable of education, and its voice is easily hushed by the pressure of circumstances.

Civilization, so-called, brings opportunity for both virtue and vice, and unless there is added to the economic growth a moral culture, vice will rule supreme. We know that civilized nations have been overturned time after time by savage hordes. The barbaric peoples are without culture, refinement, or ethics; they have none of the veneer and polish which we have learned to use as the measuring rod of excellence, but they possess something that every civilized nation loses—physical health and primitive virtue. While they live close to nature and follow the dictates of the natural God, the civilized man divides himself every day from the natural plan, substituting fabrications of his own mind for the simple processes of natural law. The result is that the civilized man dies and his nation is overturned by the hand of one who can neither read nor write, but who is strong in primitive vitality, never having exchanged barbaric unmorality for civilized immorality.

Culture has bred heartlessness and cold commercialism, and for ages, under the flowing robes of man-made law, has shielded the defilers of the cosmic plan. To break God's law means little today; punishment is for those who break man's law. Civilized man should beware lest the barbarian shall sometime drive his wild uncultured steed through the palatial avenues of modern culture, and turn with his rude



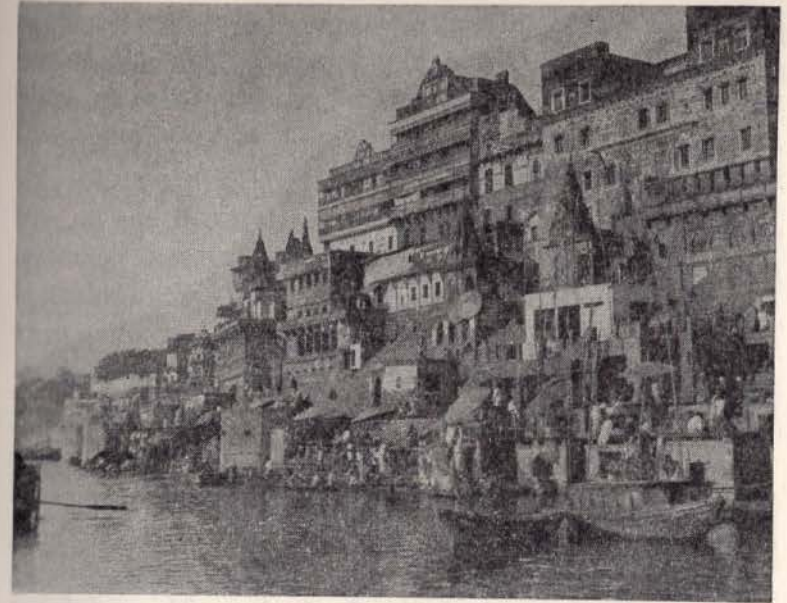
plow the earth of a desert land where once our civilization stood.

Let us learn the lesson without dying as Rome died. The sturdy empire of the Sabines, built upon individual courage and planned by its founders to survive posterity, presented in the last days of its crumbling power a picture almost inconceivable. Its temples were dens of iniquity, its gods were defiled, its streets ran with strong wine, and its tottering emperor was as unsteady as the throne upon which he sat.

The altars of Vesta had been desecrated and its youth was lost in a wild orgy of thoughtlessness. Virtue was worthless. The streets were filled with brawls by day and carousing libertines by night. The nation hired armies to fight its battles, and tried to buy peace with gold, struggling to uphold the tottering empire. The doom of Rome was sealed when its manhood and its womanhood decayed. There are strong points of resemblance between the fifth century and the twentieth.

Modern locomotion, the airship, and the radio are bringing distant places ever closer to us, and man is being forced to realize that the world outside is as interesting and necessary to him as the little area of familiar activity which he has so long willed to look upon as the center of the universe. He is beginning to understand that the far corners of the earth are factors in his own development, and that these remote places are peopled with living, breathing creatures with rights equal to his own, ideals and aspirations as legitimate as his own, and gods as real and beautiful as those before whom he bows.

He discovers that while he is praying to his God to save the heathen, the heathen is doing the same for him. This realization comes as a decided shock. The sudden awaken-



The waterfront at Benares, where thirty-thousand bathe in the Ganges river every day. Under umbrellas sit the "holy men," while the water is dotted with wreaths, and thick with the ashes of the dead. The Ganges is the sacred river of India, and the popular belief is that it rises from the head of Shiva and from there pours down to the sea.

ing from the dream of personal, racial supremacy to the realization of inter-racial and inter-denominational responsibility is unpleasant to small minds. But it is recognized, by those truly seeking the solution of things, to be the only answer to the riddle. The greatest good to the greatest number must be the standard of a new age, and inclusiveness rather than exclusiveness the foundation stone of new world relationships.

As far back as we are able to trace the civilizations that have gone before, we find the embryonic spark of ethics and



the atomic seed of culture. We can see in the past the chain of incidents that has led up to existing conditions. Races and nations consisted of family patriarchs surrounded by little groups, usually composed of their own flesh and blood and those adopted into the family through marriage.

These primitive clans lived separately, each one an empire in itself even though it contained but a dozen members. Like the roving Bedouins of today, these little groups pledged allegiance to none, but remained independent, upholding their position with the strength of their hands and the cruel sagacity of primitive creations.

As time went on, the weaker or smaller groups or tribes banded together for mutual protection against the larger and stronger groups. This was the earliest form of cooperation. The modern developments of it are seen in our corporations, trusts, syndicates, and similar institutions. These did not appear in the economic system, however, for thousands of years after they had solved the racial problem. At one time, jail sentences were given for incorporating.

It was the coming together of tribes for mutual advantage and mutual protection that gradually resulted in the forming of nations. The leader of these combined groups was elected by the combined popular vote of his people, or else assumed the position by force and upheld it by virtue of personal strength. This leader became the dreaded chieftain, whose word was law, and he carried the power of administering primitive justice as part of his title.

Today most governments are just overgrown tribal systems, somewhat modified, but seeking to solve their difficulties with a rather refined interpretation of the pow-wows of ages past. Culture has dressed up primitive politics until it has become deeply involved and almost unintelligible,

while the medicine dance has deteriorated into torchlight processions which accompany various processes dealing with administrative functions.

The end to be attained by modern tactics is primarily that which the war chieftain of old gained by primitive cunning. In modern ethics the club and the tomahawk have been refined into cultured political frameups. Other revisions have also taken place, many of which go to prove that primitive man, while less artful, was infinitely more honest than his descendants. Today, as yesterday, it is the assumption of power rather than the edification of the masses which inspires the "heap big medicine" of our modern system.

Patriotism must be gained through the establishment of a center of gravity or an element of cohesion—some particular point upon which all agree. One of the earliest examples of this process consisted in deifying a ruler. Superstition has always played an important part in chaining ignorance to a prescribed end. A figurehead like the golden man of Eldorado was set up, a glorious scintillating thing like the statue of Nebuchadrezzar with its head of gold, but with a foundation of cracked clay. The people were instructed to believe in this demigod. He was regarded as the direct messenger of Deity upon earth. Some even accepted him as the incarnation of God himself. This system succeeded admirably for a time, and was instrumental in building certain traits of character and in leading the human race successfully through many of the dark periods of early life.

It is not only probably but undoubtedly true that when the human race was a toddling infant, the Great Ones indeed walked with men, and that these rulers were overshadowed by divine power and given sufficient insight to lead the people in the way they should go. These great minds were



the priest-kings, known to the ancients as the Shepherds of Men.

Gradually the awakening mind of the masses learned the biology of estimates. Among ancient peoples it is hard to tell where mythology leaves off and history begins. Like the demigod Rameses of Egypt, or the divine Zoroaster gathered up to heaven by the flames of the constellation Orion, the early history of man is shrouded in fable and allegory.

Out of these myths and legends of deified men, and that ancient reverence born of clashing cymbals and rumbling drums, came to the medieval world faith in the divine right of kings. The people were taught that their emperors were above sin and were incapable of error. They must uphold him regardless of his vices, and the vengeance of the seven heavens would descend upon those who rebelled or failed to kiss the flagstones when this sanctified person walked by. This attitude of reverence to a little tin figurehead was undoubtedly the secret of the magnificent growth of China, India, Egypt, and the ancient American Indians.

As time went on, the great minds no longer ruled. Their truth was supplanted by golden crowns and their peoples were dazzled into obedience by jewels and pomp. Some bowed to an emperor robed in gold and pearls, wielding a scepter of jade. Others found their ideal in a great military dictator, such as the Tokugawa Shoguns of Japan, sitting enthroned in his lacquered palace. Today the form has changed. Adherence to a central point known as national spirit is gained through standards of law, political platforms, or intellectual, sociological, economic and religious codes. Man now gives allegiance to a principle he believes, rather than to a gilded personality.

There are certain natural forces which draw some people together and separate others. There are, for example, the

existing type differences, the distinctions of speech, color, and religious ideals, all of which are powerful in separating people into groups. People who speak the same language or similar dialects are thus able to understand each other and have something in common. Those whose skins are the same color or who worship a similar god have found points of mutual understanding, and so they find pleasure in co-operating to those ends where the common interest exists.

On the other hand, the warrior looks with disdain upon the philosopher; the dreamer ignores them both, while the materialist condemns all three. The Christians look with distaste upon those of other faiths, while the atheist delights in passing judgment according to his own peculiar viewpoint. Most people base their conclusions on antipathies and pass judgment on things about which they are sublimely ignorant. The inevitable results of their judgments are injustice and misunderstanding. People know each other through the medium of things they have in common. We measure all things by the standard of the familiar, and pass judgment upon things as we see them, seldom upon things as they are.

The relative perfection which we know in the world is the result of each individual's living up to the standard that he has placed for himself; it is seldom the result of one individual's adjusting himself to the standards of another. Perfection is relative, and the study of relative perfection in others is best attempted upon the basis of relativity. In the last analysis, every creature is struggling to attain an ideal and to express the half-concealed longings of his own soul. Growth is a process of reaching up mentally and physically to our highest ideal.

How is one person or one nation to judge the vision of another? True, their dream is not our dream, but that is



their problem; all we can do to help is to assist them to reach the thing they are striving for, and thereby broaden their horizon.

In the majority of cases misunderstandings arise because there is no sincere desire to understand. The superficial investigation of things can never reveal the spirit that underlies the labors of man. Never while the ideals of the world have no common denominator will we have peace, harmony, or that outlook on life which is the result of an honest effort to understand the plan and the will of the Divine Planner.

It is not actually color, tongue, or religion that separates people; it is the lack of realization. We do not realize the mutual needs, mutual ideals, and mutual obligations which tie all people of the earth together in the bond of Universal Brotherhood.

These needs and aspirations are the common denominators unrecognized and unconsidered. In making the new world civilization, success depends in no small degree upon the ability of the millions to meet on a common ground and to minister to the things they have in common.

Misunderstandings are not crimes, but they lead to endless crime. The sin lies in the mental and spiritual attitudes which permit misunderstandings without making any effort to correct the unnatural condition. There will always be honest differences of opinion, but these are not grounds for strife and contention. The fact that man has a mind explains these differences, but the dissension loses its sting when each is accorded by his brother the privilege of living his own life and molding the destiny of his own soul.

When nations can get the big look—the kindly, considerate viewpoint—a great world civilization will be the result. Each race wishes to preserve its own characteristics and individuality, to serve its own gods and to live according

to the dictates of its own soul, but it will cooperate in the great essentials of life when it is taught to recognize the unity of common needs, the mutual source of all life and the mutual desire to grow. These things give men so much in common that some day the strong hand of fellowship shall clasp across the seas and bring all into that fraternity of spirit which is the hope of a new race, with perfect freedom in non-essentials and perfect unity in essentials.

In those great realities for which life stands there is unity until individuals, narrowed by their own concepts, split hairs, and with misdirected energy divide one people from another, causing dissension and strife among those units which should stand side by side in the service of the greater need.

Man can never legislate brotherhood; he can never pass laws for cooperation any more than the senators of Rome could preserve a nation through verbosity. The seed of kindness must be sown in the race. The tender plant of human understanding must be served and nurtured by young and old alike. Children must be taught to love it; age must be taught to revere it. Gradually the race must be educated in the science of friendliness. It will take hundreds of years to make the dream come true, but eventually mental and spiritual differences will be eliminated, and the great big family will be re-established on the earth, better and wiser for its experience and truer in the service of reality.





At Darjeeling, amidst the heights of the Himalayas, one sees the Devil Dancers, a strange group of people who, robed in fantastic costumes, twist and spin in the most marvelous dances to be seen anywhere in the world.

## CHAPTER II RACIAL PREJUDICE

There are certain fundamental things that people all over the world do which tend to make mutual understanding impossible, and which plant those seeds that build wars and crimes. To the traveler these things present themselves time after time. They may be grouped under five headings.

First, *prejudice*. This is generally a personally evolved antipathy, based upon nothing more substantial than the ideas of people who have never investigated the problem under discussion. Racial and religious prejudice usually vindicates itself under the cloak of patriotism. We are most

true to our race when we are true to our fellow man. There is something more than loyalty to a code of man-made ethics, and that is loyalty to the actual dictates of the Divine Plan.

Loyalty to the need of the human race is far better than loyalty to any segment of it. The highest form of patriotism is that in which we daily cooperate with all other created things, struggling, striving, and laboring that all may have their place in the sun. Let us be loyal to a principle rather than a personality. Let us stand for the divine law of universal brotherhood as taught by the great teachers of all ages, and unfurling the banner of fraternity, take our obligations to that, for in this way we most truly serve our God. Let us make our nation and our race the greatest that has ever existed, because we have made it the servant of the needs of living creatures.

Second, *comparisons*. Most people fix values by comparing outside things with their own standards. We can never justly compare the ideals of one nation with the ideals of another, any more than we can compare a large orange with a small apple. Apples must be compared to apples, oranges to oranges. We cannot say that the savage of Borneo is false because he fails to compare favorably with our standards. As yet, we have no one who can prove that our standard has any special value. Each race has its own place and must fulfill its own part in the plan of being. When it has reached the standard it has placed for itself, it then discovers a more noble work. As Max Mueller, a great Orientalist, once said, "There never was a false religion unless a child be a false man." There are young nations and old. Some are in the kindergarten of life, others in the universities. The little child of seven in the kindergarten is no less true than the older child in a higher grade. We do not



condemn a child for its youth. Why should we condemn a nation because it is primitive?

We cannot compare Eastern and Western minds; nor can we compare Eastern and Western culture. Each is unique; each has something to give to the world; each has its message for posterity. Everything is good for something. Some nations are as little children not yet come into their mentality; others are old and feeble, tottering slowly to the oblivion of the racial graveyard. Some, Rip Van Winkle-like, have long slumbered and are now waking again.

Races are like individuals. We try to teach the child; we try to cooperate with the man, while age receives our veneration and respect. Why do we not show the same respect to those old white-haired nations who have racially given us birth?

From ancient empires comes all that we are and have—our genius as well as the foundation of our arts and sciences. While the Anglo-Saxon race was still wandering, fierce and wild, through uncultivated wastes, living in holes dug out of the sides of the hills, and fighting like hairy anthropoids for the rotting bones of beasts they had slain, the ancient Indian Empire was sitting in meditation or deep-buried in libraries filled with books bearing upon their hand-illuminated pages the wisdom of a hundred generations.

Their Emperors, robed in cloth of gold, wielded scepters of jade and amber over teeming millions while the white man was still a wild, uncouth savage, riding shaggy ponies and gnawing at the outskirts of this ancient civilization.

Where is the respect and veneration that we owe to Egypt, Chaldea, and Phoenicia, cradle of human progress? Has man forgotten the most ancient of all proverbs, "Honor thy father and thy mother?" Our race was born somewhere in

the heart of India, nourished upon the wisdom of the East, and launched upon its way to carry the standards of human progress through the generations to follow. Can we not realize that we are all one family, and that man's inhumanity to man is the reason why the nations of the past lie hungry and starved while the child to which they gave birth goes heedlessly on its way?

Let us strive to be more kindly and more considerate of others. In the great Japanese earthquake of 1923, hundreds of thousands of living creatures died, but to us it was just an item in the newspaper, soon forgotten save by a few who had actually lost loved ones in the catastrophe. Do we realize that those who perished were actually living, breathing, thinking beings, not figures of wood or stone? Little happy-faced children like ours were washed upon the shore for days after the earthquake. Can we realize or understand the sorrow of the broken homes, the tragedies of youth and maiden with life before them when swallowed up together in the seething flames? Suppose they had been our children? With faces streaked with tears, would we not be asking God why this injustice?

How little we realize what great catastrophes mean! How little we understand the loves and fears of that great family of creatures that God has called Man! How seldom we share our brothers' joys and sorrows! Yet in sharing these things together, men share a holy communion, for there is nothing more beautiful in all the world than to share these joys and sorrows with which the board is laden.

The Master Jesus once said, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." Let us occasionally think of the other sheep. We make the greatest step toward racial understanding when we learn to take an interest in the daily lives of other races, when we learn to laugh with them over their



joys, join with them in their play, work with them at their labors, sit with them through the darkness of sorrows, grasp their hand in the stillness when the spirit of death is upon them, and lastly, go with them into their temples and pray to their God and to our God. We are then brothers indeed.

This brings us to the third point, *religion*. Ella Wheeler Wilcox once wrote:

“So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind;  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs.”

In spite of the fact that in religion all seem to differ, in reality it is here that all agree. There is hardly a people on the face of the earth which does not adore something; perhaps it is some supernatural cause, some overshadowing presence, or it may be a divine emancipator, or a mighty warrior who leads his people to eternal victory.

Every nation has a God and shrines of its God: some are heaps of stone, others spired cathedrals. In Jerusalem the Mohammedan Mosque is almost within the shadow of the ancient Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The loud cries of the Moslem can often be heard above the chant of the Christian mass. A hundred thousand gods, strange totems carved in stone, gods with a thousand eyes, a thousand hands, lords of lilies, of roses, and of lotus blossoms, all these guide the destinies of people, for each in his separate way has sought to interpret the divine message and solve the riddle of the ages. Over forty religions gave man the Golden Rule before the Christian faith accepted it.

Here, in the spiritual faiths of peoples, is man's opportunity to reach the heart; here is a mutual ground. Man may

live without love, he may live many days without food, he may live alone in the wilderness, but if he be truly a man he cannot live without a moral or spiritual code. It may be fashioned to his own needs, different from that of any other creature, but still it must exist.

There are not too many religions today, for spiritual doctrines are made to meet the needs of people. One grand message has been sounded from all these altars, the loving guidance of the Father and the all-wise directing of human destiny. These are the great truths of religions and the birthright of every living creature. If we could only learn to love and honor the spiritual viewpoint of others, we could do much more to serve the need of humanity.

We speak of heathens and infidels, pagans and idolators, but this attitude will never bring about world brotherhood. Less than a third of the population of the earth are Christians, and it is beyond the scope of reason to believe that God should leave two thirds of his children in hopeless darkness.

This He has not done, but unto each the Father has given according to their needs. How are we to know the Father's decree for His children? Let us rather recognize how the work is being done, for the same beautiful spiritual truths which are solving the Christian's needs are in every other true religion of the earth. We look at the Oriental and see only his ignorance and perversion, and say his religion is false. But what right have we to speak? Through age after age the Christian has been false to the doctrine he professes, and is today the most wholesale murderer on the face of the earth.

Let us rather get together and help each other to live and understand the things which all profess. We can give the



Buddhist no advice on brotherhood, compassion, love, or spirituality; nor can we give him Ten Commandments or a moral code for living. He already has one equal to our own. We can assist him, however, to live the faith he professes, and also, incidentally, instruct ourselves in the same process.

Fourth, *interest*. In order to be of value in any work, we must take an interest in it. If our hearts and souls are not in our tasks, a hundred obstacles immediately confront us, for indifference always encourages obstacles. If we honestly want to learn what other men are thinking, and to what end other nations are laboring, we must take an active interest in their labors.

We seem to care very little what happens to that half of life of which we know so little. The human race today has not developed the viewpoint of humanitarianism. It can be made to cooperate financially, but it does so as a matter of course and takes little interest in what is done or where the money goes.

To us, other nations are distant and our own country is close. We believe we are all that exists, and while we know from our geographies that this is not true, still our hearts and feelings convince us that it is. We do not realize that we are just as distant from people on the other side of the earth as they are from us. There are millions who have never heard of New York City, but we are duly surprised when they cannot take an interest in it. On the other hand, they are equally surprised when we are forced to admit that the little town in the upper Congo district in which they live is equally unknown.

They are positively amazed when we tell them we do not know how to hollow out a log canoe, or how to make fish-

hooks out of bone. Each one of us functions in the regions of the familiar, and everything outside the radius of the familiar is a blur. This blur is peopled with blurs to whom we pay little attention, feeling that they must all be cannibals. This indicates a lack of information. There is no finer man alive than a well educated Chinese. There is no more polished, educated, or courteous class in the world than the aristocracy of Japan. No more beautiful souls live than the mystic dreamers of India, whose every thought and action is an inspiration, and whose lives are lived with perfect simplicity, and yet with marvelous courage and virtue. The true Hindu is an example of spirituality and sincerity which Christians might follow and from which they might profit. His devout defense of principles, his championing of right as he sees it, his poise, his tranquility of spirit, are virtues seldom found in other peoples.

Man is ever acquiring taste; let him, among other things, acquire an interest in the affairs of his fellow man, that he may truly represent the ideals of the human race of which he is a part, and not merely be a little speck surrounded by his own egotism.

Fifth, *attitudes*. In dealing with a stranger outside the gates, attitude is all-important. When we are traveling in a distant land, a sincere desire to learn, to consider, and to assist, opens a new world to us.

The East is open to any one who shows a kindly interest in the affairs of his fellow man. He is welcomed as a friend and is assisted in every possible way. Many travelers carry unwise attitudes, and therefore never learn to know the souls of others. The East is sensitive, and hides from those who will not understand. Too often the traveler in the Orient is opinionated; he goes with the idea of visiting *heathens*. He



brings a cargo of both religious and racial prejudice, therefore he will learn nothing of the actual life of the individuals he has come to study. For the traveler seeking knowledge, the first essential is an open mind, ready to consider all things and to judge only when all the evidence is in.

The problem of inter-racial relationship is becoming more acute every day, and must be handled in a way to bring the greatest good to all concerned. Every day man is becoming a greater power in the affairs of the Infinite. He seems to have as much to say concerning the running of things as God. If this be the case, he must learn to be as wise, as considerate, as kindly, and as unselfish as the Infinite.

We are told that God gave himself to save this world. "Greater love than this hath no man, that he give his life for his friends." There is no more glorious title than to be called a friend of man. Let us strive for the day when our great nation, with its powers, its opportunities, and its marvelous privileges shall carry through all ages the immortal title "United States of America, the Friend of Man."



In the Harbor of Bombay stands the Island of Elephants, noted all over the world for its caves. These were chiseled out of solid rock as shrines to the great Indian God Shiva. In them are some of the finest examples of carving in existence. They are especially noted for the three-headed statue of Shiva which stands in the first cave.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Personal observation demonstrates the fact that three general classes of tourists from America visit foreign nations. The first is the globe-trotter who goes merely to be able to say he has been. Things heard and seen make little impression upon such an individual. The second is the buyer and the knick-knack collector, who spends his time from morning till night in the shops and bazaars, buying endless trinkets, the majority of which are broken by the time he



gets home. He never visits the places of importance; the temples, palaces, museums, and libraries mean nothing to him. The third group is made up of people with special aims, such as government representatives, missionaries, explorers, and gatherers of statistics, archaeologists, writers of books, and escaped convicts.

All three groups have within their ranks a large number of cynics whose one joy in life is to criticize. They spend most of their time grumbling and finding fault with everything and everybody. Each year these groups visit the Far East, for no tangible reason unless it is a desire to spend money, accumulate rubbish, and criticize.

We judge foreign nations by the representatives of those nations whom we meet here. The foreign nations in turn judge us by the members of our race who visit them. If we are to create and preserve the feelings of respect and friendship which are such great assets in international relationships, our travelers should be impressed with the fundamental standards to be upheld.

A large percentage of travelers either directly or indirectly insult the nations they visit. They make fun of national customs; they crack jokes in the sacred places. I was told on good authority in China that picnic parties of travelers often broke off the necks of their beer bottles on the sacred shrines of the Altar of Heaven. What would we say if an Oriental came over here and dared to snicker and crack jokes in High Mass?

The East is sensitive; it looks with horror upon the blunt and careless actions of tourists. It is for this reason that one after another the doors of its temples have been closed. The West has paid for her lack of consideration by being for-

bidden entrance to some of the most marvelous of the Eastern treasure houses.

In Java, we are told, the troops of a so-called Christian nation took the marvelous statues of the Buddha that ornamented the terrace of Boro Budur, the greatest known relic of ancient Buddhist culture, and used them for targets. As a consequence there are now rows of headless statues as an example of Western discourtesy in the Far East. This attitude does not help to build that world relationship which we need at the present time, and which we understand to be the true occult work of our race.

The United States is a melting-pot, and under its flag gather peoples from all over the earth. It stands for the bigger thing, the broader understanding, and the greater unity. When one comes from the Western world truly seeking to be of service to the East, and approaches his labor with kindness and consideration, he is accepted. He is met with love and fellowship, and can become a power in the molding of a new East and a new West.

To the people of the East, the gods still walk the earth, and the West has long been forced to admit that the Wise Men of the East are Masters of strange powers of which the West knows nothing. If our attitude had been different, we might know a great deal more concerning these mysterious arts. We look upon the East as a backward race hardly worthy of consideration, and the East looks upon us as a precocious child who will sometime grow up and realize the fool that it is. This is not the viewpoint upon which understanding is built. The East needs the West. Its inventions, its practical solutions for so many problems, and its marvelous scientific knowledge and economic power could make the East a wonderful and beautiful country. The East realizes this fact.



On the other hand, the West needs the East. It needs the quiet composure of the Eastern saint; it needs the temperance and kindness of the Holy Men who dwell in the heart of the Himalayas. The West actually needs the mystic spirituality of the East to combat the intensive Occidental commercialism, while the East needs our materialism to balance its intensive mysticism and visionary attitude on life. The time is here when these two great hemispheres should get together. In distance we are coming closer with every new invention, and America with its broad viewpoint and comparatively Bohemian attitude on life is in a position to achieve this great inter-racial understanding, in which the One Father of all and the one brotherhood of his children may become a practical actuality.

There is no reason why this great Western world should not become the incarnation of the Cosmic Christ and minister practically and intelligently to the needs of the human race. Our beautiful country is faced with its great opportunity, that for which it was ordained. Will it accept the task and honor? This depends largely upon the attitude of each individual. A nation is a mass of individuals and reflects the attitudes of individuals. Let us carry forth into the world a message of brotherhood and cooperation. The world outside of our own borders is waiting to be convinced of our good intentions. In spite of all the belief we may have to the contrary, the position of the white race in the hearts of its fellow creatures is not assured.

The great day of competitive ethics is closing. For ages the slogan has been, "competition is the life of trade." It has failed as a system, and the torn and broken condition of the world today is proof positive of the failure. Time after time the Christian world has drenched itself in blood; time after time it has shattered its own code of morals. An

old Hindu in the heart of his distant land told me that the wise men of his land judge others by the way in which they live up to their own code of life. He said he believed Christendom has failed in this. However, he stated that he had great respect for the Christ himself, and his respect for the man was due to the fact that the Christ lived up to his own code.

The great Lincoln said that this nation was dedicated to the proposition that all men were created free and equal. The yellow man and the brown, the Buddhist, the Brahman, the Mohammedan, and the followers of many other faiths and races, all wonder why this does not show in the attitude of individuals representing our race who visit these different countries.

While in Hong Kong I saw a white man kick a native and beat him with a heavy stick until he fell to the ground, because the offending yellow man had the audacity to walk on the same sidewalk with him, although the yellow man had in no way offended the white man. This state of affairs is very common in Oriental countries, and needless to say, it is not building for the future welfare, happiness, and prosperity of the white race.

There is rising in the Orient a new people, composed of the youth of those countries. This youth is being educated in all the things which we call modern civilization. It is learning how to drill its troops and build its forts. It is learning to invent and to think. The sleeping Dragon of the East is awakening. The shadows Napoleon saw upon the world one hundred and twenty-five years ago are lengthening.

We want the East to awaken with love and friendship and gratitude in its heart for the Western world, which has given it this new start in life. It must not awaken filled with hatred and vindictiveness against a white man who has kicked it



and laughed at its gods, who has torn down its shrines and broken beer bottles on its sacred altars. We want the hand of friendship across the sea. We do not want the great rumbling of cannon when a new East, awaking from its ages of slumber, shall seek retribution for the wrongs heaped upon it by our Western world.

We do not mean that the bars of race should be let down; races and nations must stand individually. Nor do we believe all men should believe in one God or accept one faith; but unless the Christian changes his tactics and becomes more kindly disposed and more considerate of those about him, the day will inevitably come when he will be exceedingly sorry. The day may not come within the lives of the present generation, nor even of the next. It will come during the Great Day made up of thousands of years when nations and crowns are overthrown and races are dissolved in conflict.

The East is looking to the West, and all eyes are turned upon our nation today. America occupies the center of the stage, and with breathless interest the human race watches the doings of this little portion of itself. We are really the weight in the balance; we are the fulcrum. Whichever way we turn, the race turns with us. *The dignity of this position is exceeded only by the responsibility of it.* Do we as a race realize the tremendous influence we exert in world affairs? Some do, no doubt, but the multitudes do not. These must be instructed, or bitter sorrow will confront us. From all corners of the earth the human race is turning, asking us to father and mother its destiny with honesty; to help it to help itself with kindness, consideration, and unselfishness. Will man be able to so far overcome personal interest that he can fulfill this task and meet this crying need of his fellow men? If the people could only realize the importance

of this great thing they would forget petty politics and petty clanism and serve *together* for the great end.

There is much that we can teach to other peoples in distant parts of the world, and from what I am able to learn in my wanderings, there is much they can teach us. They need us; we need them; and for the sake of generations to come, let the great minds of the earth labor together to find a cooperative system of ethics to take the place of our crumbling competitive system. In this way these great United States of ours can do the greatest service to the world that it has ever been the privilege of any nation to accomplish. The first great step must be made by honest individuals who begin investigating existing conditions. The ideals of all men are entitled to an unprejudiced investigation. Once you have wandered among the other peoples of the earth, once you see them laughing and crying as we do, once you see their little children cooing and playing as our own little ones, once you have seen Peck's Bad Boy in a dozen different races tying tin cans to dogs' tails and laughing at the passersby, you will realize there is something very human about everybody, and that all peoples are brothers under the skin. It matters little whether you see them in Burma, in China, in India, or in Java; they are just folks; happy folks, and sad folks, with their hundred petty interests, their loves and their hates. When you have gone through this with a kindly open mind, you see the world with different eyes. You then begin to take an interest in the little brown baby with its big eyes and wondering expression; you begin to see that the world is full of things in common, and that division is really an assumed and false thing. Below the surface, everyone is much the same—interesting, lovable, and worthy of consideration. Most nations have forgotten about other nations, therefore they are forgotten. They do not realize that their strength



lies in the good will of their fellow man. Let us strive to be different. They have forgotten and are forgotten; let us remember and be remembered.

#### CONCLUDING REMARKS

There is no more to be said, but much to be done. Philosophy is of no value unless applied. If the reader feels that the statements herein are true, let him take them to heart and apply them in his life.

Application is the test of all things. Honesty, friendship, and veracity are the only foundations upon which an enduring civilization can be built. If you believe this, appoint yourself a committee of one to see that you think always in accordance with the principles set forth in these pages.

## PART II

### Three Essays

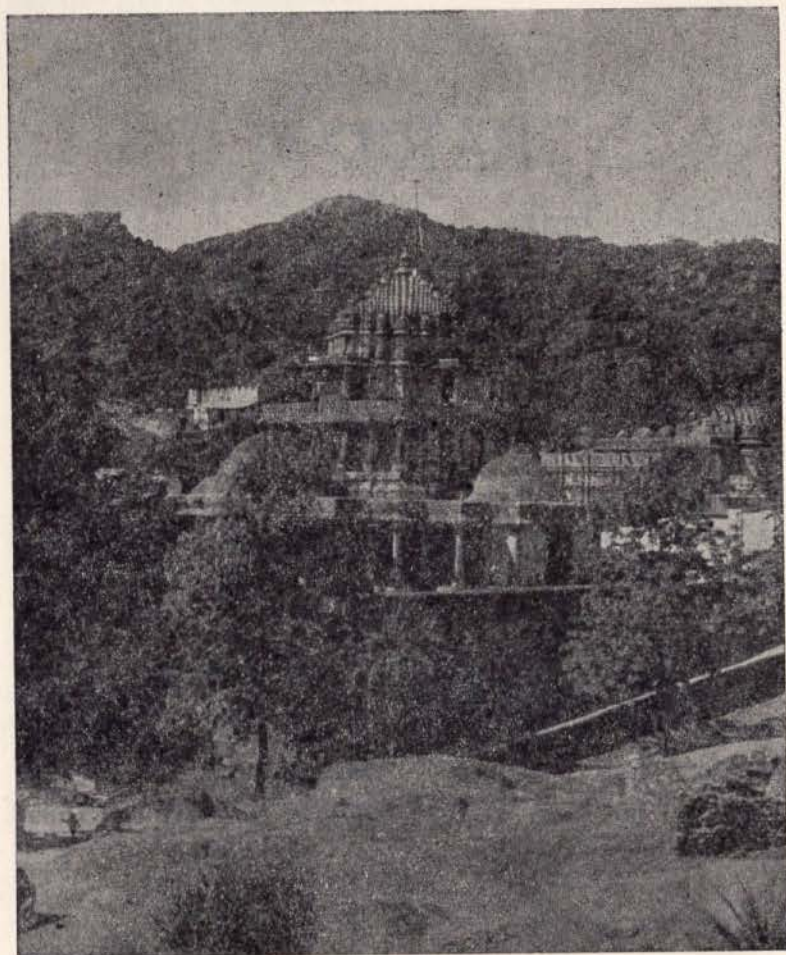
THE MYSTERIES OF ASIA

THE MYSTERY OF FIRE

THE HERMETIC MARRIAGE

1925-1929





THE JAIN TEMPLES OF MOUNT ABU

## THE MYSTERIES OF ASIA

### THE LAND OF THE LIVING SAINTS

It is not difficult to understand why the great industrial civilization of the West is at a loss to comprehend the asceticism of the East. The Occident sees the Orient steeped in superstition and social degradation; the Orient conceives the Occident to be a vast financial mechanism wherein all of the higher issues of life are sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon. To the Hindu, the very ground upon which he walks is hallowed; the hills and valleys of his native land have been sanctified by tradition. Treading reverently the *via dolorosa* where once the Master Jesus walked, the pious Christian feels very close to his Redeemer. Dwelling in the very fields harrowed first by the immortals, or wandering along dusty roads where once the gods walked with men, the East Indian is profoundly impressed by the sacredness of his surroundings. He feels the dignity of his race and his kinship with the deities. To him the gods are beings very real who, descending from their abode of bliss, disguise themselves as men and concern themselves with mundane affairs.

In the West, where gods are a very uncertain quantity, men are prone to worship their own creations. The Occidental is convinced that he is making history while the Oriental is worshipping history. So, while the superstitious and impractical East was building temples, palaces, and tombs, the practical and enlightened West was erecting offices, factories, and stores, thereby gradually gaining con-



trol of the commerce of the earth. Katherine Mayo was duly horrified by the daily sacrifice of goats in the temple of Kali in Calcutta. Equally horrified is the Hindu by the daily sacrifices of human life in America and Europe, where the first-born of man are the sacrificial offerings upon the altar of industrialism. In the mind of the philosopher, there is some question as to which is the more idolatrous: he who worships the shining face of Brahma, or he who grovels before the shining face of the almighty dollar.

To the Occidental mind, the age of miracles is but one of the divisions of ancient history. Water could be changed into wine two thousand years ago, but not now. The prophets and saints of the past could divide oceans and pass through barred doors, but these things are simply not in vogue nowadays. Consequently, to enter into the spirit of East Indian life, is to drop back through the centuries to the age of miracles; to live again in those days when the Great Ones, gathering their disciples about them and seating themselves on a little hillock by the country roadside, preached to the multitudes about the mysteries of life and death. Still, as in Biblical days, however, the halt and the blind are brought to the living saints of India to be made whole, and the sick are carried to the pools of healing.

The East never has been able to understand why the West does not believe in miracles. To the Oriental mind, it is incomprehensible that anyone should scoff at the raising of the dead and the cleansing of the leper. While in Calcutta, I met a young man, educated in the university and preparing himself for a scientific career, who told me a story typical of the attitude of the Hindu mind toward the supernatural. It should be borne in mind that this young man spoke several languages, was from the higher stratum of Indian society, and had received several years training in

a Western college. The youth was studying East Indian philosophy with a very eminent and highly revered holy man who was famous all over India as a miracle-worker. As a part of his training, the young disciple was sent for a period of several years into the vastness of the Himalayas, there to fast, meditate, and pray. Taking with him only the sacred books and the memory of his master's instructions, he retired into the mountains, living alone in a little hut fashioned of tree branches and stones. Each day he would wander about the hills, his mind absorbed in the contemplation of cosmic verities. Here he found spiritual peace by leaving far behind the illusionary and impermanent world of human vanity and ambition.

One day while walking along a narrow path bordered by heavy vegetation on either side, he was suddenly hurled into a clump of bushes, where he lay for a second terrified and half stunned. Looking to see the source of the blow, he was amazed to see his aged teacher standing in the center of the path and pointing his finger to the ground. Following the direction of the Mahatma's gesture, the youth saw coiled in the road a death's head cobra ready to strike. He then realized that in another step or two he would have trod upon the body of the snake, which would have resulted in certain death. As the boy watched, his aged master simply faded from his sight into the depths of the jungle. Upon his return to Calcutta, the youth discovered that the holy man had taught a class in Calcutta the same day that he had appeared to him two thousand miles away in the Himalayas.

That the young student was not lying was very evident. What he said he believed to be the absolute truth, and nothing could shake his faith in the reality of the incident. The only inexplicable thing was that an American should doubt the story or consider it in any way remarkable. To him it



was an everyday experience; similar things had happened to him before and were daily occurrences among the students of the Indian Adepts.

The same youth also related another experience—one which had occurred to his father when he attended a gathering of holy men in one of the passes leading into the Himalayan highlands. A number of mendicants had departed into the wilderness to propitiate the goddess Kali. Having found a suitable opening in the jungle, they erected an altar in the center, upon which they placed an offering of grain and fruit. Near the altar they tethered a number of goats. The devotees then seated themselves in a great circle around the improvised shrine and with mantrams invoked the black daughter of Shiva.

According to the young man's father, who was an eyewitness of the entire ceremony, the holy men had no sooner begun their chant than a gray haze settled over the mountains, obscuring the light of the sun and causing a condition resembling twilight to appear. In the center of this haze was a cone-shaped cloud of swirling black mist. This cloud moved slowly into the midst of the circle of chanting worshippers. Riding upon the cloud was the gigantic form of the many-armed Kali, swinging a great mace. Leaning from her chariot of clouds, Kali struck both the altar and the herd of goats with the same blow. As the mace swished through the air, a blinding flash of lightning caused the very earth to shake, and as the light faded out, Kali vanished over the mountain in the black haze.

It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the intricate workings of Eastern thought by which the exact elements of Occidental learning are harmoniously combined with the abstract metaphysics of true East Indian philosophy.

That any man in his right mind should claim to have seen a goddess riding on a cloud is inconceivable to the trained scientists of the West. Nevertheless, the naive way in which the Hindu described the incident left no room to doubt his integrity. Kipling, whose clear insight into Eastern ethics is so wonderfully portrayed in *Kim*, probably realized the magnitude of the philosophical interval between Western physics and Eastern superphysics when he wrote those immortal words, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

To illustrate another peculiarity of Oriental religious thought, let us take an episode which occurred at Mount Abu in Central India, where stand the world-famous temples of the Jains. Near the temples is a little lake, and near the shore of the lake, a rest home for the holy men who stop there while en route to certain national shrines in secluded parts of the mountainous country. One day the rest house was sheltering a very aged and wild-looking mendicant, who was sitting in the doorway sunning himself. His clothing consisted of a single rag wrapped about his loins. Both his hair and beard were unkempt and had not been cut for years. His sole earthly possessions were a brass water bowl and a small bundle of holy relics. Several Americans stopping at the nearby hotel had availed themselves of the brief interval between sight-seeing tours to walk along the path leading by the door of the rest house. It was apparently the first time they had concerned themselves with Indian holy men and, stopping a short distance from the doorway, they discussed the mendicant's peculiarities and laughed heartily at his ridiculous appearance. One of the tourists, presumably of a religious disposition, delivered a lengthy dissertation in which he expressed great pity for the benighted state of the wretched figure taking a sun-bath.



Unable longer to keep quiet, the holy man gazed mildly upon the group of gawky globe-trotters and, in flawless King's English, requested them to choose a less personal subject for discussion. The tourists, who had no inkling whatever that the old man understood English, were profuse in their apologies and finally persuaded the holy man to tell them about himself. They learned that he had been educated at Oxford, had traveled in both Europe and America, and was thoroughly conversant with all the elements of Occidental culture. For some years, he had been a practicing physician in Bombay, but had decided that as the result of a great sin, he was obligated to leave all comforts and joys behind him and devote the remainder of his earthly existence to expiation of his heinous crime. Concerning the nature of his offense, he was very reticent, but finally unburdened his soul. When he was a prosperous young man practicing medicine, a holy man had come to his door asking rice, and he had thoughtlessly failed to give him any. As years passed by, this sin so preyed upon the good doctor's conscience that he had set for himself a fifty-year penance. This incident is typical of the seriousness with which the Eastern mind faces the problems of spiritual salvation. To the Orient, only the spirit is real and permanent; only time devoted to the unfoldment of the spiritual self is well spent.

### THE SECRETS OF THE GOBI DESERT

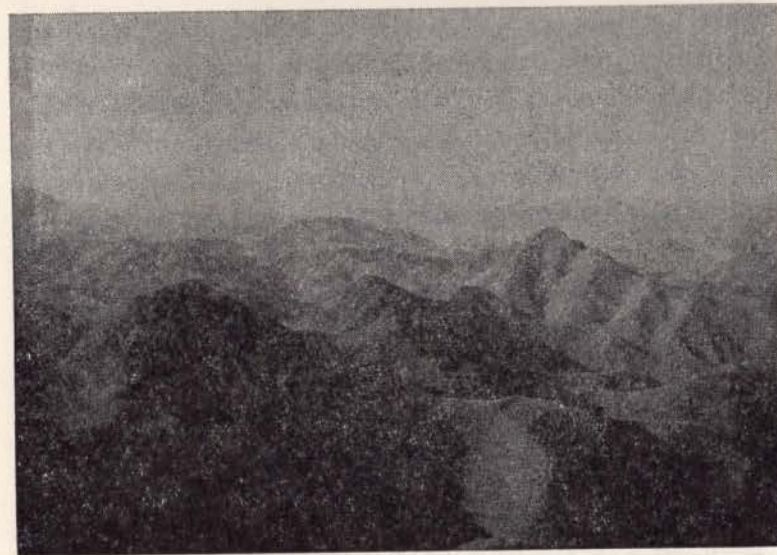
To the Occidental, the Gobi Desert may be merely a spot on the map. To the Oriental, however, it is a place of solemnity and mystery, guarded by evil monsters, for it is the chosen dwelling place of the gods and demi-gods who, descending from the spheres of bliss, take human forms and

tread its golden sands. Myth-ridden Asia abounds in legends of creatures of supernatural origin becoming concerned with the affairs of men. The blue veil which divides the visible from the invisible is very thin to the Eastern mind, and the eye of the soul reveals to the ascetic the shadowy shapes of the immortals who ever stand their silent watch over humanity.

The West conceives governments to consist of groups of human beings controlling their brothers by virtue of the authority vested in them by birth or ballot; the East declares mankind to be guided through the ages by a divine administration. As kings and presidents preside over nations, so the entire earth is ruled by *The Great White Lodge*, an executive body composed of demi-gods and supermen, which meets every seven years in the sacred City of Shamballa in the heart of the Gobi Desert. Thus, from the unexplored wastes of Mongolian sand come forth the edicts by which the destinies of all men are determined.

If you ask the Oriental mystic to describe the Sacred City, he will tell you that it is composed of etheric substances cognizable only to those in whom the *Eye of Shiva* (pineal gland) has been awakened. The Temple of the Great White Lodge stands upon an outcropping of Azoic rock which is called the Sacred Island. When the Gobi Desert was one vast ocean, this rock alone rose above the level of the waters and was never submerged. The Asiatic philosophers recognize several motions of the earth, one of them the alternation of the poles. When the molten body of the planet first began to cool, the poles solidified first, thus creating an island in each polar region. Descending upon these polar caps, the immortals from the sun first brought to earth the germinal life of every creature. As the earth gradually assumed its present condition of habitability, the





THE BLACK SANDS OF GOBI

polar life migrated to various parts of the globe. Upon the cap of the primary North pole the gods erected their temple and consecrated the whole island, protecting it with charms and magic against the vandalism of the profane. Guardian spirits assumed the forms of snakes and surrounded the sacred area with a ring of Nagas, or serpent angels.

As ages passed, the third motion of the earth (alternation of the poles) resulted in the true pole of the planet occupying that area now known as the Gobi Desert. Therefore, to the Easterner, this is a holy spot, for it was the place upon which the gods first rested and from which all mortal beings have had their origin. They further believe that each new race or species that comes forth upon the earth has its source in Inner Mongolia. The Aryan race (of which both the modern Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon are sub-races) had its beginning somewhere in Central Asia. While Western

anthropologists even admit this, they do not link this fact in any way with the Hindu belief that the race migrated from the Gobi Desert, where the first white man was born.

It is worthy of note that while the Roy Chapman Andrews expedition did not discover the Sacred Gobina (Holy City) during its exploration of the great Mongolian desert, it did find verification for many of the Eastern legends concerning it. When the scientific world received word that the entire desert was rich with fossil remains and other strange evidence of previous and now extinct forms of life—that in all probability the oldest and best preserved remains upon the surface of the earth were to be found there—the superstitions of untutored Asia began to assume an impressive aspect. Modern scientists were unable to distinguish ordinary snakes from Naga spirits in disguise. But the snakes were there, tens of thousands of them, just as the Eastern Scriptures had declared, and of a sudden, the entire subject became one of popular interest.

The fabled Mahatmas of Asia have been a constant source of worry to Western scientists, who feel that not only is the age of miracles over, but that it never existed outside of the vivid imagination of the gullible. For years European influence in the East has sought in vain to shake the faith of those who believe that supermen with supernatural powers are indeed a reality. However, the most interesting development in connection with the problem is that, instead of changing the convictions of the Asiatics, the Asiatics have converted a large number of Europeans to their ridiculed beliefs.

The Mahatmas are not regarded as isolated wise men but as the members of an exalted fraternity which has been called the *Trans-Himalayan Brotherhood*. This order of exalted souls is supposed to gather in conclave with the Lords



of the World and outline the destiny of mundane affairs. The Mahatmas are presumed to possess the power of separating their souls from their physical bodies, and while apparently lying asleep, their consciousness is speeding through space to the Sacred Island where the great conclave of spirits takes place.

In India I have met persons who declared that they not only knew great adepts who had accomplished this feat, but that they themselves had been to the etheric temple and had seen it glittering and shining in the air like some iridescent bubble.

The name of the Gobi Desert is indissolubly linked also with the life and achievements of the world's greatest general, conqueror, and statesman, Genghis Khan, upon whom was bestowed the title, "The Emperor of the Earth." Of this man little is known today, and that little is tainted with the venom of his enemies. In his own day, he was called the "Son of God," and victory marched with him and his arms. Genghis Khan traveled in a great portable castle borne upon the backs of a number of elephants. This castle was equipped to serve as a palace in time of peace and as a fortress in time of war. When Genghis Khan advanced into battle at the head of his lacquered army, his great movable fort bristled with spears and a continuous stream of arrows poured from it. Into the very heart of the enemy's ranks the huge elephants carried the house of the Great Khan, trampling underfoot all who sought to stay its progress.

In Asia battles have been fought equal in magnitude to those of the late World War. There is a record of one battle, which has escaped the pages of history, where four million men went into action simultaneously over a front hundreds of miles long. The victorious Khan—one moment a soldier and the next a philosopher—passed like a glorious

comet across the face of Asia and sank into the oblivion of the Gobi Desert. He was born amid the yellow sands, and under the same sands he lies buried in a ruined tomb whose location is known only to a privileged few.

In a certain spot on the edge of the ancient desert, bordered on one side by rocks and desolate hills, and on the other by an eternity of billowy sand, crossed only by an occasional caravan trail, is a lonely pyramidal-shaped monument, now falling into decay. In a vault of glass under this melancholy marker lies the body of Genghis Khan, preserved in a mysterious fluid. According to the legends of his people, he will continue to sleep in the peace of the desert, whose spirit is one with his own, until that great day when Asia shall rise in her might and cast off the bondage of foreign oppression.

When the time of liberation comes, the glorious Khan, rising from his sleep of the ages, will call to the sands of the desert and the rocks of the hills, and the spirit of his horde will answer and come forth at his command, and all men will follow him. Race and religion will be forgotten, and the legion of the living and the legion of the dead will not be stayed until Genghis Khan is once more Emperor of the Earth.

So the East turns with longing eyes to the yellow desert—that dry and desolate place where their gods still live and watch, and where the hosts of the past still slumber, awaiting the time that is written in the Golden Book, when the oppressed shall be freed and the wrongs of the centuries shall be righted.

Beneath the yellow sands of the Gobi lie civilizations unnumbered and unknown. The desert night is as fathomless as Asia's spirit and as hopeless as seems Asia's lot. But the spirits of heroes lie buried there, and the fiery sheen of the



sand is not greater than their courage. It is written that out of the Gobi Desert shall come a great light, and from Mongolia a master of men. He shall come with the strength of aloneness, riding upon the sandstorm, and his army shall be as the grains of sand. The sting of the sand shall be their weapon, and serpents shall be the strings of their bows. They shall descend like locusts and establish an empire that shall endure until the very sands themselves shall perish.

### THE SORCERY OF TIBET

About 600 A.D., Srong-btsan-sgampo ascended the throne of the consolidated clans of Central Tibet. Being only about sixteen years of age, the young king was easily influenced by his two young and attractive wives—one a Chinese princess, and the other a daughter of the King of Nepal—who were both firm adherents to the Buddhist faith. In this manner was Buddhism introduced into Tibet. The young king dispatched Thoumi Sambhota, the wisest of his ministers, to India, where he remained studying with the Buddhist monks. A number of years later, he returned to Tibet, bringing back with him the Tibetan alphabet and certain fundamental books of the Buddhist Scriptures. Srong-btsan-sgampo, undoubtedly the greatest king of Tibet, was canonized after death and regarded as an incarnation of the great Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, known to the Chinese as Kwan-Yin. His two wives were also canonized as female aspects of this divine power, becoming the white and the green Tara.

Previous to the advent of Buddhism, Tibet was an inaccessible land peopled with savage and even cannibalistic tribes engaged in constant war. Occasionally these clans would consolidate for the purpose of invading Chinese territory. The Tibetan religion was a species of Shamanism,

called the *Bon*, consisting chiefly of ritualistic dances and offerings to appease the hosts of demons who were presumed to take continual offense at the actions of men. Prior to the coming of the Buddhist monks, the Tibetans possessed no history or written language and the arts and crafts were aboriginal in comparison to those of their Hindu and Chinese neighbors.

Lamaism was founded in Tibet about 750 A.D., by the sanctified Padma Sambhava, generally called the *Guru*, or *Teacher*. This great Buddhist magician marched through Tibet, converting the demons and destroying with his thunderbolts those devils who refused to accept the gospel of Sakya Muni (Gautama Buddha). Under the patronage of the Tibetan King, Padma Sambhava built the first monastery, or lamasery, to be erected in Tibet and founded the order of the Lamas, or Superior Ones. Lamaism passed through many vicissitudes, was reformed and the reformation in turn reformed, until the religion lost all resemblance to the simple philosophic atheism of Hindu Buddhism. Gradually the Shamanistic leanings of the Tibetan people were responsible for the revival, under the guise of Lamaism, of certain aspects reminiscent of the original devil worship of the country. The number of deities multiplied with astonishing rapidity, until Lamaism now classifies some eighty-thousand divinities of major and minor importance, an overwhelming majority being demons of varying degrees of malignancy.

That Lamaism in its original form produced a very constructive effect is undeniable. All that Tibet possesses of civilization it owes to the efforts of these early Buddhist monks operating under the protection of various benevolently minded kings. Wood-block printing was brought into the country, and the Buddhist Scriptures were circulated through-



out even the most distant provinces. Gradually the great Tibetan Bible was organized, a work which numbers over a hundred volumes of major text and countless volumes of commentary. Nearly all the large lamaseries now scattered throughout Tibet contain extensive libraries of the Hindu Scriptures, in which certain revisions have been made in order to conform to the present system of Lamaism. Education was encouraged by the Buddhist monks, and the arts and crafts flourished under their supervision. The country gradually took on an organized appearance, and the high plateaus resounded with the mantras of the pious. Through the centuries the prayer flags waved, the prayer wheels turned, and the mind of Tibet concerned itself with the problems of its eternal salvation.

While Buddhism was budding and flowering in these high fastnesses of the Himalayas, it was waning in the land of its birth. The Mohammedan was marching across the face of India, bearing aloft the triumphant crescent, and leveling with mace and scimitar the topes and dagobas of the Lotus Lord. The countless images of Buddha were torn from their shrines, and ground under the feet of conquering Islam. The saffron-robed monks were murdered at their devotions, and non-resisting Buddhism was practically exterminated in the land of its inception. A few intrepid saints and sages fled to distant corners of Hindustan and the Island of Ceylon, where they sought to preserve the body of the sacred lore. As the aftermath of this wholesale destruction of Hindu Buddhism, the center of the faith gradually shifted to Burma, Tibet, China and Japan, with a few scattered remnants in Ceylon and Java.

Buddhism can now be divided figuratively into two major sects, one of which may be likened to the Protestant churches of Christendom, and the other to the High Episco-

pal or Catholic Church, with its ponderous ecclesiastical organization. The Buddhism of Japan is an example of the Protestant form, while the Lamaism of Tibet finds its parallelism in the spiritual oligarchy of the High Church. With one notable exception, there is a definite resemblance between the ritualism and sacerdotalism of Lamaism and Catholicism. While the Grand Lama of Lhassa (generally termed the Dalai Lama) is regarded as the Buddhist Pope and, seated upon his throne of five cushions in the Potala, gazes down upon his multitudinous following from his station of inconceivable sanctity, he shares honors, to a certain degree, with the Grand Lama of Tashi Lunpo (more commonly called the Tashi Lama). The latter, being uncontaminated by worldly affairs and less concerned with the politics of Lamaism than his exalted confrere at Lhassa, is sometimes regarded as a much more spiritual man than the Dalai Lama.

The Dalai Lama is presumed to be an incarnation of the living Buddha, or Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, and the hierarchy of the Tibetan church is headed by a group of men termed the reincarnate Lamas. In other words, as soon as death takes one of them, his soul immediately passes into the body of an infant born at that moment. This child is discovered by certain sacred tests, and thus the line of succession is said to remain continually in the hands of one spiritual entity who passes from one body to another throughout the centuries. The Buddhist Vatican is the famous Potala of Lhassa, a great building clinging to the side of a steep hill. The palace resembles a fort more than a temple. Inside are preserved a number of sacred relics, including an image of Buddha dating back to the actual lifetime of the Great Emancipator. Entrance to the Potala is had by ascending a long flight of steps, and the courtyard is decorated with tall banner poles, their upper ends ornamented with





—from Waddell's *Buddhism of Tibet*  
A WIZARD-PRIEST OF TIBET

the tails of yaks. Within the last few years many modern improvements have been made, and the entire Potala is now illuminated by electric lights. There is a popular belief that all the main roads of Tibet meet at the Potala. The present building, which occupies the site of an early shrine, was restored in the 7th century. The main hall or chapel of the Potala is ornamented with rows of columns and was originally lighted by an opening in the ceiling. At one end of the hall is a shrine containing the image of the Lord Buddha, and in front of it are the thrones of the Dalai Lama and Tashi Lama and the seats of the reincarnated Lamas in the order of their importance. The Potala contains a vast treas-

ure of early Buddhist relics in the form of sacred books and priceless objects of art.

Tibet has continually resisted the coming of outside races into its national life. It desires to maintain isolated independence, feeling itself sufficient for itself. Located on high plateaus from twelve to fifteen thousand feet above sea level, and separated from the outer world by almost impassable mountain ranges, it has remained a land of fascination and romance and its people are the most remarkable on the face of the earth. Tibet knows all too well that in the wake of the white man there follows desolation and ruin; hence the struggle to prevent its national treasures from being dissipated and its religion from being overthrown by the vandalism of foreign nations. Tibet is a land of immense natural resources as yet untouched, which the Tibetans are resolved shall not be stolen or exploited by a money-mad world, but which shall inure to the sole benefit of Tibet and her people.

The average traveler contacts Tibet at two points. The only official representative of the Tibetan government outside of Tibet is the Grand Lama of Peking. The temple of the Lama at Peking is notable for its art treasures, the most remarkable of these being the great figure of the Lord Maitreya, presumably formed from a single piece of wood. The statue is nearly seventy feet in height, and is covered throughout with gold bronze lacquer. The traveler again contacts the Lama in the northern India hill city of Darjeeling, which is but a few miles from the Tibetan border. Here those who are interested can witness many Tibetan ceremonials, including the famous devil dancers wearing grotesque masks made from simple native commodities. The Tibetan dancers perform the weird ceremony of frightening away demons. Here also the traveler can see curious examples of modern



Tibetan art, strange images with many heads, intriguing paintings of Buddha and demons, the bronze helmets and lacquered hats of the reborn Buddhas, and silver prayer wheels inlaid with enameled Tibetan beans. More and more, the influence of Tibetan art is being felt in the Occident, and the West is coming to realize that the strange people of this unknown land are master artisans, whose art reflects the veneration bestowed by the pious Lama upon the images and paintings of his creation.

### THE WONDERS OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON

Rangoon, the capital of Burma and the third largest city of the Indian Empire, may justly be considered the Mecca of Buddhism. In the streets of Rangoon, the East and the West meet in exotic confusion. Modern office buildings stand side by side with gilded Burmese shrines, and the Buddhist *Phongyees* in their claret-colored robes brush shoulders with immaculately clothed tourists. The general atmosphere of modern industrialism, however, cannot entirely dissipate that serenity which is the intangible, but all-powerful, element in Oriental life.

As one approaches Rangoon by way of the river, the city first becomes visible as a mysterious blur—shadowy buildings faintly outlined against a low-lying haze. The mist finally breaks. Suddenly a shaft of golden light seems to hover, gleaming and glistening above the gray skyline of the city. This point of light, this crystallized sunbeam, is the *Shwe Dagon*, or the Golden Dragon—the most sacred as well as remarkable of Buddha's countless shrines.

The pagoda of the Golden Dragon lies to the north of the city proper, and occupies the summit of a small hill

which rises 166 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The surface of the hill has been smoothed off and the sides artificially built up to form what is now called the pagoda platform. This platform is approximately 900 feet long and 700 feet wide, and access to it is by means of four flights of steps, one at each of the four cardinal points. The main entrance is on the south side, which faces the city of Rangoon.

As the visitor approaches the pagoda from the south, he is confronted by two massive *leogryphs*—Burmese lions made of white plaster, gaily painted and with leering, grotesque faces and tinsel eyes. The entrance proper is an imposing pagoda-like edifice, its roof terminating in countless points intricately carved. The architecture is typically Siamese. Almost invariably, long rows of shoes may be seen in front of this entrance. Here native sandals bump toes with imported oxfords; well-dressed walking shoes and military boots share space alike with dainty high-heeled slippers and well-worn clogs.

Nearby, on a low, rambling wall sit a number of Burmese boys, each with a nondescript water container and several pieces of old rags. These young business men have created a profession: they wash the feet of the tourists who must wander barefoot among the byways of the great pagoda. No one is permitted to enter the Shwe Dagon without first removing his shoes and stockings, a ceremony in the East which is equivalent to doffing the hat upon entering a Christian church. The rumor is current that the law compelling tourists to discard their footwear was passed by the Burmese solely because they discovered that this practice was objectionable to the British. Thus did Burma twist the tail of the British lion.

The flights of steps leading from the city level to the

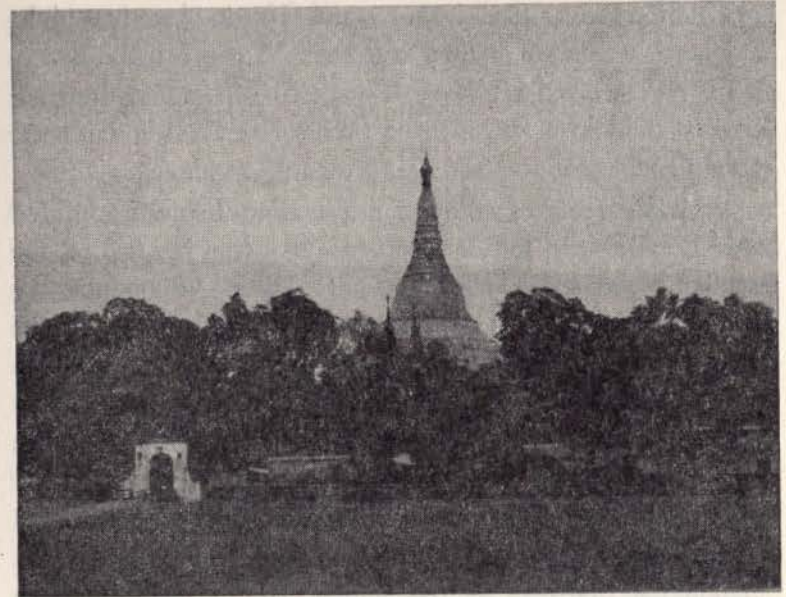


platform of the Shwe Dagon are enclosed with walls and roofs of teak, all covered with elaborate carvings. As the barefoot visitor carefully picks his way up the slimy, well-worn steps, he finds himself in a veritable bazaar of religious curiosities. The pilgrims who come from all parts of the world to expiate their sins in this most holy place, invariably desire to carry away some token of remembrance of their visit. To minister to this want, the road leading to the temple is lined with little shops, where crude images and still cruder chromos are sold to the faithful for the equivalent of a few cents.

Upon reaching the top of the flight of steps and passing through the elaborate gate opening onto the pagoda platform, the visitor is confronted by a spectacle so overwhelming that language completely fails to express its magnificence. Although the platform is actually rectangular, the effect is that of a great circle. A broad promenade encircles the great central pagoda, and facing this promenade on either side are rows of shrines ornately carved. The center of the promenade is carpeted, and most Europeans are satisfied to remain upon this matting.

Picture, if you can, twenty-five hundred pagodas, each ranging from twelve to a hundred feet in height, and each with its surface a mass of carvings, in most instances gilded or lacquered. Hundreds of golden points sparkling in the sun, thousands of silver bells tinkling in the breeze, millions of dollars worth of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies scintillating in the noonday light—this is the Shwe Dagon!

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon is gathered in lavish disorder the architecture of forty nations. Strange slanted roofs from Siam; fluted points from Indo-China; curious *topes* from Cambodia; bell-like *dagobas* from Tibet;



THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA AT SUNDOWN

ornate gables from China and Korea; strangely carved towers and half-round domes from India and Ceylon; great *mendotes* from Java—all are gathered around the golden base of the Shwe Dagon.

Everywhere the images of Buddha peer out from the recesses of their shrines. There are great stone Buddhas which have sat in meditation for ages. There are teakwood Buddhas with their lacquered faces and dark shiny robes. There are marble Buddhas, their garments inlaid with gold; Buddhas of bronze and brass, with emeralds for eyes and rubies for lips; small golden Buddhas and silver saints seated in jeweled niches; Buddhas of jade, amethyst, rose quartz and crystal; Buddhas that sit in meditation, Buddhas that kneel in prayer, Buddhas that stand and preach, Buddhas that recline and with half-closed eyes await Nirvana. There



are Buddhas so great that they stand fifty to sixty feet high; Buddhas so small that they can be held between the thumb and forefinger. In all, there are to be seen upon the platform of the Shwe Dagon over twenty-five thousand images of the "Light of Asia."

Across the front of many of the smaller shrines are gilded bars. Behind this lattice-work can be seen images of the Buddha ornamented with priceless jewels—diamonds the size of a 25-cent piece sparkle upon the foreheads of the images, while their robes are inlaid with gems equal in value to the ransom of kings. Some of the shrines are many hundreds of years old; others are as yet unfinished. Here and there some modern devotee with an eye to the practical has constructed a concrete shrine, thereby introducing a certain air of incongruity into the picture.

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon there are not only schools for the Buddhist monks, but also houses in which to care for those who, stricken with such maladies as leprosy or tuberculosis, come there to be healed. The *Phongyees*, with their horse-hair-tailed scepters and shaven heads, wander unceasingly among the golden altars. They are the guardians of this world-famed sanctuary.

Those unable to appreciate the years of painstaking labor required to execute the intricate carvings upon the gilded shrines, are prone to regard such profuse ornamentation as simply a vulgar display of bric-a-brac. Regardless of the variety of individual reactions awakened by the host of glistening altars, all agree, however, that the great pagoda which rises in the center of the platform is the ultimate in beauty, in simplicity, and in majesty. With its golden umbrella as its sole adornment, the great shaft of the Shwe Dagon ascends in graceful curves until it reaches a height of 370 feet above the platform level. In the severe sim-

plicity of its lines is represented true estheticism. Clustered around the base of the Golden Dragon, the pagodas appear like a range of foothills encircling a single, lofty peak in their midst.

Of peculiar significance is the form of the Shwe Dagon. The base is an inverted begging bowl. Above the begging bowl are conventionalized folds of a turban from which springs a double lotus blossom. Above the lotus blossom the point of the pagoda rises to end in the form of a plantain bud. A touch of modernity is added by the numerous rows of electric lights now strung upon the pagoda, which at night towers above the city like a huge Christmas tree. The perimeter of the central pagoda at the base is 1,365 feet. The entire structure is built of native brick. The present *h'tee*, or umbrella, which forms the canopy of the pagoda, was placed in 1871. It is composed of iron rings, goldplated and hung with gold and silver bells, whose tinkle can be heard from the platform below. The upper point of the *h'tee* is called the *sein-ba*, or gemmed crown. The *sein-ba* glistens with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, for many wealthy Burmese Buddhists hung their personal jewelry upon it before it was raised to the top of the pagoda. When the sun's rays strike one of the great jewels, a blinding flash of green, red, or white dazzles the beholder.

The first pagoda, which occupied the little knoll to the north of Rangoon, was 27 feet high, and was built in 500 B.C. Many centuries passed, and the holy place was forgotten until 1446 A.D., when it was restored at the instigation of a pious ruler. From that time on, the building was enlarged and kept in repair, until in 1776 it attained its present height. The great tope has been regilded several times, and as new layers of brick were added and the gold thus covered up, it is impossible to estimate the amount of precious



metal actually contained in the pagoda. As the gilding process proved unsatisfactory, a new method was substituted. The pagoda is now being covered with solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch thick, and the work is completed up to the point where the spire emerges from the bowl. It is difficult for the Occidental to visualize an enterprise involving the gold-plating of a structure 1,365 feet in circumference. But faith is a spiritual quality more vivid in Burma than in the Western world, and so the dazzling brightness of the Golden Dragon has no rival other than the splendor of the sun itself.

As ever, the question is asked, "Why was this mighty shrine erected; what holy spot does it mark?" If you ask the *Phongyee*, he will reply that it marks the spot where the sacred relics of four Buddhas are deposited and, consequently, of all sacred places it is the most holy. Somewhere beneath the Golden Dragon are preserved the drinking cup of Krakuchanda, the robe of Gawnagong, the staff of Kathapa, and eight hairs from the head of Gautama. Were holy relics ever so enshrined? Thus it is that Asia pays homage to her emancipators.

Despite its overwhelming splendor, the Shwe Dagon is strangely inconsistent with the spirit of the great teacher for whose relics it is the repository. Buddha preached the nothingness of worldliness; that to discover Reality man must liberate himself from the illusion of physical existence and retire into the inner fastness of himself. To the Lord Gautama, neither pagoda nor shrine meant anything. They, too, were part of the illusion that must be left behind. To him there was nothing real but the Self, nothing absolute but the Self, no true attainment but perfect unification with the Self. So, as he sat in *Samadhi*, his consciousness was reunited with that of the universe. His mission was to teach men how to

release themselves from the slavery of illusion which comes from the recognition of parts, and thereby attain to that perfect liberty which is the realization of wholeness. The message of the Golden Dragon is: "Asia loves and pays homage to her Buddhas, but Asia does not understand."

### THE ASTRONOMER'S CITY

Jaipur, the Astronomer's City, was founded in 1728 by the Astronomer-Prince, Sawai Jai Singh II. It is the chief city of Rajputana, and the capital of the principality of Amber. Like many other Indian cities, Jaipur is protected by an imposing wall with parapets and towers. The name *Jaipur*, when translated into English, signifies "the city of victory," and is an enduring monument to the illustrious Maharajah who embodied in its specifications the fruitage of his scientific research.

Three things impress the traveler upon entering Jaipur. The first is the width of the streets. All the main thoroughfares are over one hundred feet wide and are a startling contrast to the narrow, tortuous streets of the average Eastern city. It is supposed that there are no streets in Jaipur less than twenty-eight feet wide. When the reader considers the absence of sidewalks, and the huddled character of Oriental architecture, even a twenty-eight foot street impresses one as being an actual boulevard.

The second noteworthy feature is the color scheme. The entire city is a monotonous mass of buildings all colored the same shade of pink. During the life of its founder, Jaipur was white. A later Maharajah, with an eye to color, decided to vary the landscape by ordering the buildings upon each street to be painted a different color. Thus one district be-



came green, another yellow, and a particularly squalid area bloomed forth with a lilac hue. During this period Jaipur was well named "the rainbow city." This conglomeration, however, rapidly became an eyesore, and Jaipur eventually sobered down to its present "raspberry" hue.

The third never-to-be-forgotten novelty (and more outstanding even than the hennaed whiskers of the Rajput gentry) are the tin roofs which serve as awnings over the stalls and bazaars fronting on the main thoroughfares. To call these roofs "tin" might be considered a slur by the natives, for in reality they are composed of very thin rusty corrugated galvanized iron laid in sheets, with no effort to match the edges or fasten them together. The monkeys from the nearby jungle show a marked partiality for these remarkable roofs. Trooping into the city just at sunset by the hundreds, these dignified simians disport themselves on the rattling sheets of iron. Having discovered an exceptionally noisy spot, a number of monkeys will gather there and jump up and down in unison, causing an indescribable din that can be heard over all the city.

Driving through the city streets toward the great central square, where countless birds congregate and native carriages always stand awaiting hire, the visitor is forcefully impressed with the picturesqueness of the scene. Turbans of a thousand hues, folded in a score of ways, form a sea of bobbing color. Perfume bazaars and fish markets vie with each other to scent the atmosphere. Every so often is to be found a native dyer stretching vast lengths of varicolored cheese cloth on sticks in the air to dry. In the bazaars everything can be bought, from handmade cigarettes to antique furniture. Of peculiar interest are the little shops where religious pictures are sold; also the book stalls where, for a few annas, choice religious and philosophical works in



THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT JAIPUR

Hindustani may be purchased. On the streets, the Brahmin, the Moslem, and the Jain brush elbows, and hardly an hour passes but that some procession winds its way along the busy thoroughfare, heralded with much commotion.

Almost in the heart of Jaipur stands a most remarkable building called the "Palace of the *Hawa Mahal*, or Wind." It rises nine stories of beautifully carved pierced stone screen work. It is the guest palace of the Maharajah and is of a Mohammedan type of architecture. Concealed by its ornate front, stands a solid and unattractive building which, however, is peculiarly suitable for the housing of important visitors. The *Hawa Mahal* reminds one of a Hollywood motion picture set—such a massive front and so little behind! It is further interesting that the exotic disorder of native architecture throughout the city is marred by contrast with the prosaic modern iron street lamps.

To the southeast of the Maharajah's palace is a great walled courtyard containing one of the finest astronomical observatories in Asia. It was here that Sawai Jai Singh II,



with immense stone instruments, carried on those studies in celestial dynamics that elevated him to chief place among the astronomers of his time. In writing of his accomplishments, Major H. A. Newell, of the Indian Army, says: "From early times the study of the stars had appealed to the princes of his line. None, however, had displayed anything approaching the mathematical genius and passion for research possessed by Jai Singh II. This gifted ruler not only exposed the errors of existing Oriental and European systems but he issued a revised star catalogue, produced a set of tables of the sun, moon, and planets, and corrected the calendar of the Mogul Emperor Mohammed Shah."

The observatory, which has been justly termed "the last survival of the stone age in astronomy," is under the patronage of the present Maharajah, who has preserved its original splendor and restored those parts that fell into decay after the death of the astronomy-loving prince. At the time we visited the observatory, we discussed the subject of astronomical calculations with the Hindu scientist who was apparently appointed by the government as caretaker and astronomer-extraordinary of the observatory. He called my attention to the fact that he had detected with his strange instrument several minor errors in a famous European nautical almanac. It must be admitted that he was highly pleased with his ability to discredit his European confreres. When the average Hindu can prove that something is wrong with any form of British calculation, his exuberance breaks all bounds.

In the midst of the observatory stands a great sun dial, ninety feet high and apparently constructed of brick. It is called "the prince of dials." To the right of this dial, as you face it, are twelve other small dials, each bearing one of the signs of the zodiac. There are also instruments for the

determination of right ascension, declination, and hour angles. There are curious contrivances for measuring altitudes and azimuths. There is no telescope in the observatory, and many of the devices used are similar to those employed by the ancient Egyptians, who, without the aid of lenses, laid down all the fundamentals of astronomy. In addition to the stone instruments, the Jaipur observatory boasts several contrivances of brass, resembling huge clocks, or more exactly watches, hung from movable columns. These brass discs with movable pointers are from six to eight feet in diameter, their surfaces covered by intricate mathematical calculations. Taken altogether, the observatory is very imposing, far more remarkable than the great Chinese observatory on the wall of Peking. The Chinese instruments are all of bronze and comparatively small, but at Jaipur the dials run a wild riot of form and size, and altogether leave a very scientific impression.

The old capital of the Province of Amber was the city of Amber, which was deserted at the time of the founding of Jaipur. Amber is located on the top of some rambling hills of the Kah-Kho mountains and resembles more than anything else a great fort. It is customary to visit Amber on elephant-back, and to reach the city, one must pass the tombs of the Maharanis of Jaipur and also the elaborate mausoleum of one of the prince's favorite elephants. There is a legend of vast fortunes that lie buried in the ancient city of Amber as offerings to the gods. It is declared, however, that all the wrath of heaven will be visited upon any one who seeks to steal the treasure.

The Maharajahs of Jaipur are the descendants of a most illustrious line. They trace their origin to the great Hindu hero, Rama, the central figure of the immortal Indian classic of the Ramayana. Rama, being an incarnation of



Vishnu, was the very person of this god himself, and his descendants—the princes of Rajputana—therefore feel themselves to be most god-like men, direct descendants of the sun. There is no question that princes of the blood have ruled in Rajputana for nearly five thousand years. Each year there are great festivals in honor of the descendants of Rama, and the Maharajah himself appears in processional.

The question is often asked why the princes of India display such fabulous wealth when their people as a mass are in a state of abject poverty. This seeming extravagance is necessary, however, because of the peculiar attitude of veneration common to the Hindu mind. In order to hold the respect of his people, it is necessary for the Rajah of Benares to drive forth in a carriage constructed entirely of ivory. It is also necessary for the Maharajah of Jaipur to keep his enormous stables filled with the most expensive horses. The Rajputs are great judges of horse-flesh, and if the prince did not have better steeds than his subjects, he would speedily lose his ability to control them. When it comes to a matter of finery, the Gaekwar of Baroda is a man of distinction to the uttermost degree. After seeing his golden elephant houdah, it is in order to visit the royal treasury where are gathered pearls and diamonds unsurpassed even by the crown jewels in the Tower of London. In addition to his nine ropes of matched pearls, each pearl the size of a dime, the Gaekwar possesses the "Star of the South," the largest diamond in India, which is set in a broad collar containing over one hundred other large diamonds. Even his pearl and diamond-clustered carpets, however, do not produce the general effect that results from a visit to his palace, where the tired and dusty traveler is permitted to gaze—and no more—upon French plate-glass enclosed bathtubs. But, lest he be judged guilty of extravagance, let us say for the Gaekwar

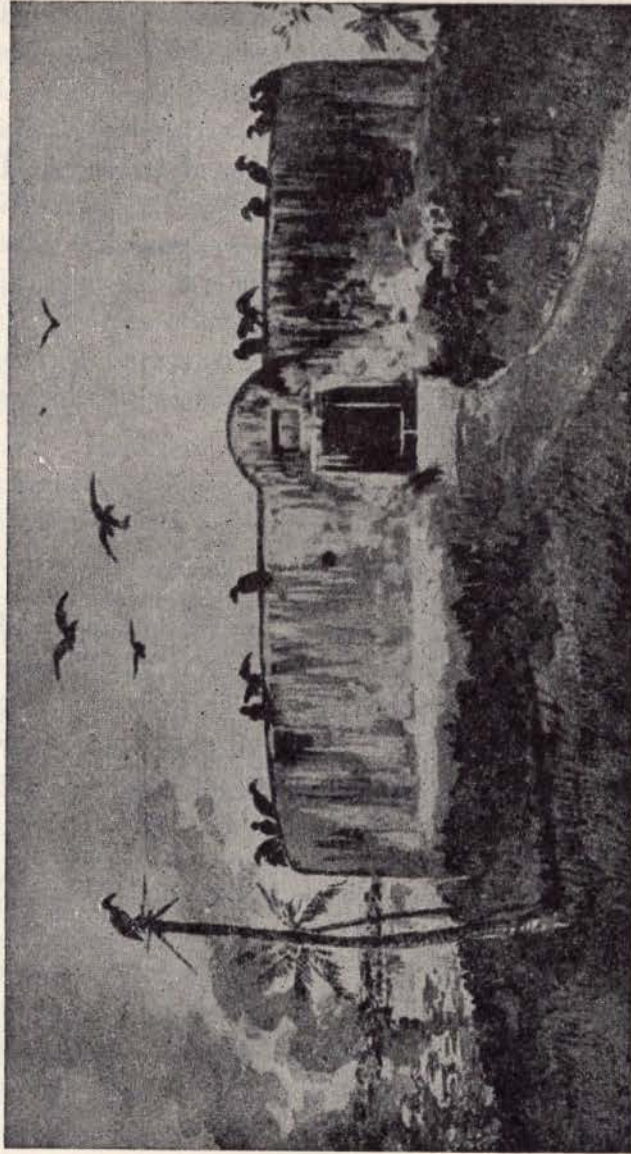
that he is the most progressive and humane ruler of India, and equestrian statues have been erected on nearly every corner of the city of Baroda in his honor. A great part of his annual income, which has been estimated at sixty million dollars, is directed to the improvement of his people. Under the Gaekwar's patronage, public schools, universities, and medical and dental colleges have appeared; also universities for women. Baroda has a public library and children's play-grounds, and many of the streets are excellently paved. The result is that nearly ninety percent of the people of Baroda can read and write, a percentage of which any country might be proud.

#### THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

The Parsees are Persians who migrated into India when the Arabians overran the Persian Empire in the 8th century A.D. From that time to the present, the Parsees have preserved intact their national integrity, and though numerically they are insignificant, their effect upon the entire structure of East Indian civilization has been most marked. In religion they are followers of Zarathustra (Zoroaster), the Fire Prophet. Their sacred book is the Zend Avesta. The largest Parsee community is to be found at Bombay, although there are small groups in nearly every large city of the Indian Empire. While the number of Parsees probably does not exceed one hundred thousand altogether, they represent one of the most devout, yet at the same time most progressive, elements in Oriental life.

The Parsees are noted particularly for their honesty, their integrity in all business relations being a proverb in the Orient. Crime is virtually unknown among them and their





DRAWING REPRESENTING A PARSEE TOWER OF SILENCE

community life is ideal. In matters of religion they are also exceptionally tolerant, gladly fraternizing with all just men irrespective of caste or creed. In India, the Parsees are distinguished by their contributions to charity and public institutions, and in late years their superior intellectual qualities have been manifested in their rapid rise to positions of authority in law, medicine, banking, commerce, and brokerage. For bankers and brokers to be honest to a fault is an anomaly to the Western mind. In Asia, however, the unusual is not only possible but also to be expected. The Parsees are most generous with their possessions, and the existence of a single beggar in their midst would disgrace the entire community. The tendency of this group of people to support civic movements and encourage education has done much toward the betterment of East Indian living conditions. It is not uncommon for rich Parsees to bequeath their wealth to public institutions, or direct that it be expended in the erection of public buildings or in the purchase of land for parks and recreation centers. Neither militant nor aggressive, the Parsees live in simple humility and gentleness, seeking but to serve the needy and improve the lot of all.

The practicality of Parsee ethics is an excellent demonstration of the fact that adherence to an ancient religion does not result necessarily in its followers being stragglers in the march of human progress; for the Parsee is abreast of the most progressive spirit of the age. Several Parsees have been knighted by the British government for their distinguished services in the interests of the Indian Empire, and the only two East Indians ever to sit in the House of Commons were Parsees. Not only have Parsees been knighted, but in two instances, at least, have been elevated to the British Peerage.



In personal appearance the Parsees are remarkable for the natural dignity of their bearing. They are often tall in stature and inclined to be slender, and, if not of a decidedly ascetic or Uranian type, are at least benign and Jupiterian. Their skin is rather olive hue, the features regular and well chiseled, and the men are addicted to the wearing of mustaches. The women are rather small in size. They are also very graceful and, in common with most Asiatics, have large and expressive eyes. In every Parsee community the status of woman is a very unusual one. She has never been subjected to the inhibitions of the *purdah* and has always traveled about unveiled. She is mistress in her home, and in all matters is accorded fair treatment. The domestic life of the Parsee is marked by concord, and in every avenue of life there is a definite disinclination to contention or controversy.

Zarathustrianism, the religion of the Parsees, was revealed to Zoroaster, who lived between three and four thousand years ago. Like Jesus, Zoroaster began his public ministry in his thirtieth year. By first converting the King of Persia, Zoroaster accomplished, in a comparatively short time, the conversion of the entire nation. Zoroaster spent twenty years in the Persian deserts in fasting and meditation, subsisting upon a sacred cheese that never grew moldy, it is said. At one time he also lived upon a holy mountain which was always surrounded by a ring of fire. There are two descriptions of the death of the Magus. According to the first, he was carried to heaven by his fiery father, the king of the salamanders, who descended in a sheet of flame from the constellation of Orion. According to the second version, he was killed while at prayer by a weapon hurled at him by an envious noble. This particular allegory further relates that the mortally wounded Magus threw his rosary at the noble,

who was killed by the string of beads as though by a thunderbolt from heaven.

Being Zoroastrians, the Parsees are consequently fire-worshippers; or, more correctly, they revere the Deity under the symbol of fire. They also esteem the elements to be sacred, a viewpoint which might consequently be the source of much embarrassment in the disposition of their dead. They will not bury the dead in the earth, lest the earth be polluted; they cannot cast the body into the water, lest the water be contaminated; they cannot leave the body exposed to the air, lest the air be rendered foul thereby; and finally, they cannot consume the body with fire; for, being the most sacred of all elements, fire must not be profaned.

As a solution to this predicament, the Towers of Silence were erected. At Bombay these towers—the world's most unique method of burial—are located in the midst of a beautiful park on Malabar Hill. A strange atmosphere, however, is lent to the scene by the hundreds of vultures whose weight bends down the branches of the trees, and who sit with beady eyes ever fixed upon the squatty towers where lie the Parsee dead. When the physician gives up his patient as incurable, then the priest is called who performs for the dying man the last rites of his faith. When death is presumed to have taken place, a dog is then brought into the presence of the corpse as additional verification of death and also to frighten away evil spirits. Among the Parsees, there is a curious belief which decrees that children must be born on the ground floor of the house, for the upper stories are regarded as of a more lofty or exalted state, and hence man must be born in the lowest place to emphasize his humility. To indicate its return again to this humble state, the body after death is taken back to the lower floor



where it was born. The body is then placed upon an iron bier and covered with cloths. When the time for the funeral arrives, a procession of priests and friends accompanies the corpse to the Towers of Silence, where the remains are hidden from view by the parapet of the tower, the tower being fashioned to simplify as much as possible the role played by the vultures. Since the deceased person no longer requires his body, the Parsee, consistent with his philosophy of utter charity, considers it proper that what he ceases to need shall become the food of that which must still live. In a brief space of time, the bones falling through specially prepared gratings, are later disposed of, probably ultimately buried.

It is extremely difficult to secure photographs of the Towers of Silence, for no one is permitted to enter them except the attendants who serve them. For the edification of visitors, however, there is a small model tower which reveals the workings of this unusual mortuary procedure. Repeated efforts have been made to photograph these towers; also to enter them. In every instance, however, serious complications have followed, and tourists are put upon their honor not to violate the code of this sacred place.

In the 20th century, it is impossible to form any adequate concept of the original doctrines of Zarathustrianism, nor can any authentic descriptions of even the founder of the cult be discovered. The only likeness of Zoroaster which has been preserved is from an ancient bas-relief carved into the surface of the living rock. In the carving, the features are mutilated beyond recognition, but the solar nimbus would suggest that it was originally intended to depict Ahura-Mazda, the Persian Principle of Good. The mutilation of the features may have been the act either of some zealous Zoroastrian (for the faith definitely condemns idolatry) or

the conquering Mohammedans. The figure, however, is generally regarded as the only likeness of the ancient Magus.

Zoroaster was said to have been born of an immaculate conception, and escaped death in infancy by the intercession of divine beings. Many startling parallelisms abound between Zarathustrianism and primitive Christianity, and no longer is there any doubt that the Christians borrowed many of their philosophic concepts from the Zarathustrian theology, which is a dualism in monotheism, apparently established to counteract the primitive pantheism of the Persian people. Zoroaster taught the existence of a supreme nature within which existed two eternal beings—or, rather, one eternal being, and a second who was ultimately to be absorbed into the nature of the first. The first of these beings, the Spirit of Good, was termed *Ahura-Mazda*; the second, the Spirit of Evil, was designated *Ahriman*. In their original state, both Ahura-Mazda and Ahriman were good and beautiful spirits, but Ahriman—in whose nature existed pride—rebelled against his brother and, hurling himself downward from the abode of light, created darkness, in which he dwelt with his fallen angels, who thus became the spirits of darkness. In the inferior universe which he had thus created, this spirit (the Adversary) brooded moodily for many ages. In the meantime, Ahura-Mazda established a great and beautiful universe according to the will of the All-Pervading One. Ahriman opposed this creation, and thus was inaugurated the ceaseless warfare of good and evil, destined to continue until at last Ahriman should admit his fault and submit to the will of his radiant Brother. In later Persian mysticism appears a third character—Mithras—who acts as the mediator between these two irreconcilable forces. Mithras is a prototype of the Christ. He ultimately achieves the reunion of the warring brothers, and evil ceases in the world.



## MAGIC AND SORcery OF THE FAR EAST

The Orient has long been considered a land of mystery because the Western type of mind has never been able to understand the mental outlook of its people. We hear it frequently said that the Hindu or the Chinese is uncanny. This is the natural result of ignorance concerning the life and ideals of the Oriental. From the dawn of time, Asiatics have been suspected of possessing some subtle and unknown power beyond the comprehension of other races. India is still commonly referred to as the land of the living saints, and the gods are still supposed to wander the earth among the hills and valleys of Hindustan.

Magic, in general, is divided into two classes—transcendental magic and legerdemain. The first depends upon the knowledge and manipulation of certain intangible powers and processes in Nature by which seeming “miracles” can be produced. Transcendental magic itself is subdivided into many forms, the two most important of which are (1) *black* magic, which is sorcery as performed by the Dugpas; and (2) *white* magic, which is the true wonder-working as performed by the Gurus, Mahatmas, and Arhats.

Legerdemain—the second and far more common form of magic—is otherwise known as conjuration, jugglery, and sleight of hand. This form of magic attempts, by purely mechanical means, to reproduce the miracles of true transcendentalism. Legerdemain has been raised to the dignity of a fine art by Eastern magicians and wandering fakirs, and while its effects are achieved through the medium of trickery, they never fail to mystify those unacquainted with their *modus operandi*. The true miracle-workers of India are now seldom met with, for ridicule and persecution have

driven them into the mountain fastnesses and secluded temples, far from the sight of the white man. Those who have traveled extensively in India realize that the Indian people as a mass firmly believe in the existence of certain venerable and illuminated sages, possessing the power of performing miracles and able to directionalize the invisible laws of Nature at will. Despite the efforts of missionaries and educators, this belief in miracle-working is so strongly imbedded in the Hindu nature that nothing can uproot it.

We first contacted Oriental legerdemain while stopping at the Grand Hotel des Wagons Lits, in Peking. One evening a Chinese juggler presented a program of native sleight of hand tricks to a small group of guests who had found it too cold to wander on the streets outside. The conjurer erected a small tent in one of the hotel parlors and, using the tent as a store-room for his apparatus, presented a series of remarkably clever illusions to the consternation of his audience. The magician was an elderly and venerable Chinese, robed from head to foot in a magnificently brocaded Mandarin coat. He was a small man, his back bent with age, but his dexterity and agility were bewildering.

Walking to the center of the polished parquet floor, the old man spread a beautifully embroidered foulard over his arms and suddenly, without a moment's warning, turned a complete somersault, landing on his feet and carrying in his arms a bowl of varicolored Chinese fish. The bowl was at least four feet in circumference and a foot high, containing about five gallons of water. He did not spill one drop of water and permitted the audience to convince themselves of its reality. The unusual degree of skill displayed by the magician is apparent from the fact that he had no stage equipped with special accessories, nor the benefit of distance to assist in the illusion, but produced his mystifying feats



upon a hardwood floor bare of carpet, and entirely surrounded by his audience.

When the consternation had subsided, the Chinese brought from his little tent a large ornate bowl filled with clear water. This he placed in the center of the floor and, sitting down beside it, produced from somewhere amidst the voluminous folds of his robe a native basket containing several pounds of gray sand. Picking the sand up in handfuls, he poured it into the water, stirring it until the water was the consistency of thin mud. He then washed his hands and carefully dried them. Then, reaching into the bowl, he scooped up the mud from the bottom and, after muttering a few words, permitted it to pour from between his fingers back into the basket absolutely dry! This he continued to do until he had practically cleared the water. The moment he scooped up the sand it became as dry as when first taken from the basket.

Removing the bowl to the tent, the conjurer returned with a wax chrysanthemum, several small strips of tissue paper, and a lovely silk fan. Twisting the bits of paper, he formed out of each a beautiful butterfly with outspread wings. When he had thus fashioned four of these dainty creations, he laid them together on the open side of his fan. Then with a flick of the fan he tossed the paper butterflies into the air and began fanning them. So skillfully did he manipulate the pieces of paper that they never separated, but, remaining within about a foot of each other, they seemingly came to life. They rose in the air above his head and, maintained by the motion of the fan, circled about the room and came to rest upon the heads and shoulders of various members of the audience. At last after the artificial butterflies had performed several remarkable feats of this nature, the magician called to them and, under the direction of his fan,

the four butterflies finally came to rest together upon the open blossom of the chrysanthemum which he held out.

The performance lasted for over an hour, each trick seemingly more difficult than the preceding one. Having at last exhausted the contents of his little tent, the Chinese juggler packed his equipment and, after passing around a China bowl, which returned to him containing a goodly assortment of coins, he hobbled away.

In the grounds of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore we saw one of the finest demonstrations of Oriental magic. We made a desperate effort to photograph the various tricks, but the failing light—for magicians prefer to work in the evening—to a certain degree thwarted our purpose. We did, however, secure a few snapshots of the famous boy-in-the-basket trick. This well-known example of Eastern legerdemain has been presented many times upon the American stage, but it has never been done in America as well as in India, with the single exception of the troupe of Hindu conjurers who were brought to the World's Fair.

The equipment for the exhibition consists of a large basket, somewhat square and with a circular opening in the top; a cover containing a round hole which fits closely over the opening of the basket; a pointed stake, which passes through the hole in the cover; a square of canvas or native cloth; a long, sharp sword; and a scantily-clothed native boy, generally about fourteen years old. In the particular instance herein described, a net was added to the general equipment. The trick is performed on the open ground, with the audience entirely surrounding the conjurer.

The fakir first seated himself cross-legged upon the ground and played several notes upon a strange flute-like instrument. After a few moments, the native boy appeared, clothed only in a loin cloth. The lad was securely tied up



in a net, which was apparently drawn so tightly about him that he could not move in any direction, and then forced into a basket barely large enough to contain his body; in fact, his head and shoulders extended considerably above the top of the opening. The magician then spread the cloth over the basket, the cloth not reaching entirely to the ground, but hanging over the rounded sides of the basket. The lid was next placed in position, but would not entirely go down because of the protruding head and shoulders of the boy, which could be seen through the folds of the cloth.

Leaving the basket sitting in the midst of the audience, the conjurer again seated himself, playing a weird and pathetic melody upon the flute. After a few seconds the lid of the basket slowly dropped into position. Allowing a short interval to pass, the magician then rose and, going over to the basket, inserted the stake in the opening in the lid and, with a quick movement, drove it straight through to the bottom of the basket. Withdrawing the stake, the juggler then took his sword and thrust it through every part of the basket and, stamping around inside the basket, demonstrated its emptiness. The boy had apparently vanished. Finally, he reached under the cloth and drew forth the net which had enclosed the boy. Allowing a few moments to pass, he replaced the net, returned the cover to its proper position and, sitting down, again played upon his flute.

As soon as the first note was sounded, the basket began to heave and move, and the lid rose again. Upon removing the cover and the canvas, the boy was again found tied up in the net, and it required the assistance of two men to extricate him from the basket. Observing the enthusiasm created by the trick, the magician thereupon sent the boy around with a half cocoanut shell to take the customary collection before the interest of the audience had time to cool! All

through the evening, the magician continued his exhibition, until at last, finding that he had exhausted the financial resources of his audience, he departed, followed by the members of his troupe.

The Victoria Memorial building in Calcutta is surrounded by a quiet park, where one or more snake-charmers can nearly always be found entertaining crowds of natives and tourists. Many people believe that the snakes used by these charmers are not really poisonous. This conclusion is erroneous, for the reptiles represent some of the most poisonous forms known, and the power which the natives exercise over them is uncanny. Though it is undoubtedly true that impostors are to be found, those who are representative members of the snake-charmer calling have attained an almost inconceivable degree of control over the snakes they handle. For example, upon one occasion, we saw a native turn a white rat loose among several snakes. One of the reptiles immediately coiled itself around the body of the animal and prepared to devour it. When the life of the rodent was on the verge of being extinguished, the magician, who was watching closely, ordered the snake to release the rat. The snake obediently uncoiled itself and retired to its basket and, picking up the rat, the magician demonstrated that the animal was not injured in any way. Watching a snake-charmer once, and noting the impunity with which the native handled his reptiles, a young army officer suddenly exclaimed: "Why, those snakes won't hurt anybody," and, leaning over, picked up one of them. He was dead in fifteen minutes, despite every effort made to save his life.

While strolling in the grounds of the Victoria Memorial building, we met a most interesting personage. When first seen, he was sitting down, surrounded by his snakes and a



group of small boys, the latter as irrepressible in India as in America. Noting the approach of a white man, which meant money, the Hindu prepared for his coming. Motioning the boys to keep back, he stood up, his skin gleaming like copper in the humid Indian sunlight. His clothing consisted of a varicolored turban and a rag about his loins. He motioned to a young Mohammedan who stood nearby to lend him his slipper, and the youth with a laugh kicked off his scuffer which the juggler then picked up. The slipper consisted of a flat sole and a toe-cap—nothing more. With a quick move, the snake-charmer threw the slipper on the ground at my feet, and as I watched, there crawled from the toe of it an East Indian cobra at least five feet long. The snake then coiled itself around the magician's neck. There was no possible means by which the snake could have been concealed in the toe of the slipper, and the scanty clothing worn by the conjurer renders the trick still more unsolvable.

It was in Benares that we witnessed the most famous of all Oriental illusions—the growing of the mango tree. While there is hardly a country in the world where the story of this trick has not been told, yet, strange to say, the intimate details of it have seldom been described. After placing a number of eggs in a basket, and causing them to hatch, instantly, the magician next turned to the preparation of the mango tree trick. Selecting a place where the ground was smooth and hard, he invited his audience to draw their chairs up closer and detect—if they could—the method by which the illusion was produced. The preliminary preparation for the trick consisted in securing three sticks about four feet long, which he arranged in the form of an American Indian tepee, covering them to the ground with a large white cloth. He then lifted up one side of the cloth, so that it



INDIAN CONJURERS GROWING THE MANGO TREE

was possible to watch the proceedings within the tent-like structure.

Then, from his little "bag of tricks," the conjurer produced a large oblong mango seed, which he passed around for careful examination, afterwards requesting one of the audience to carve his initials on the seed pod. The magician next produced an empty flower-pot, which he filled with earth and in which he planted the seed. He then thoroughly watered the earth with a sprinkling can, placed the flower pot with its contents within the tent and, dropping the flap, sat down beside the tent and played upon his flute. After an interval of about five minutes, he lifted the flap of the



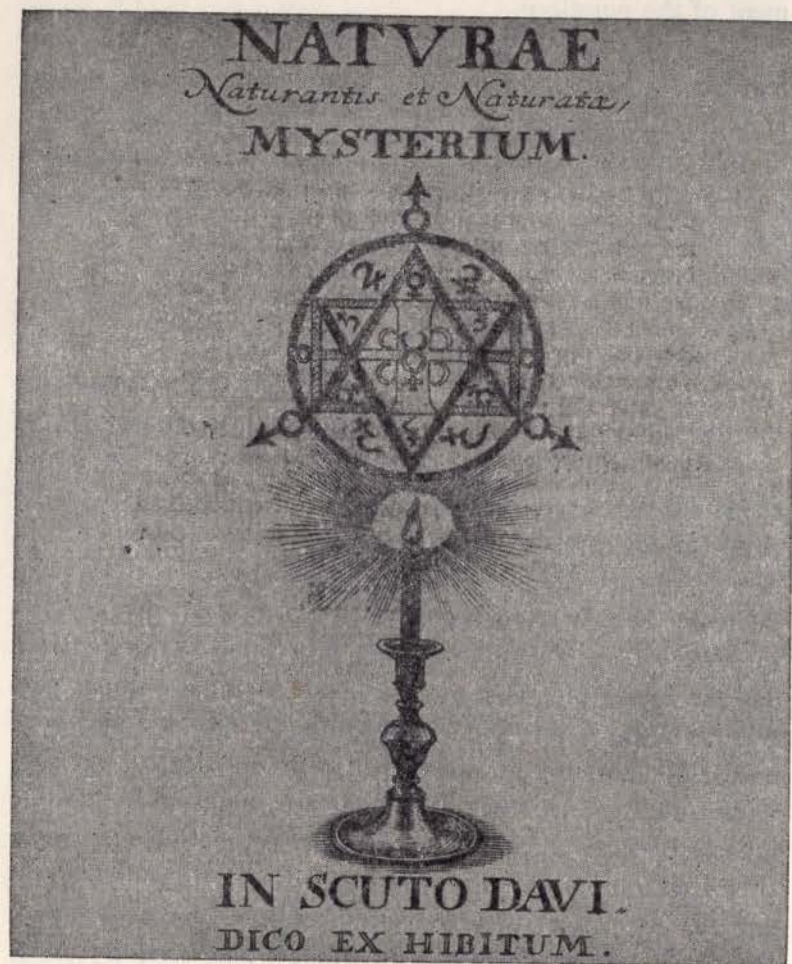
tent, and there, protruding from the earth, was a tiny green shoot. Closing the flap again, he continued to play. After a few moments, he once more lifted the flap, showing a mango bush about a foot in height growing in the pot. Again he closed the tent, and after a few seconds re-opened it, revealing a full grown mango bush in blossom. He dropped the flap still another time, and when he finally removed the tent entirely, the mango bush was covered with ripe mangoes, which he picked and tossed to his audience. Then suddenly he tore the plant up by the roots and, shaking off the dirt, showed the open pod still clinging to the roots and still bearing the initials inscribed thereon at the beginning of the exhibition.

The foregoing illusions are representative of the marvelous ingenuity acquired by the Oriental juggler. None of the illusions described involve any use of supernatural power, however. They are explainable to those familiar with the artifices of legerdemain, but to the uninitiated they are a never-ending source of wonder. I have discussed with these conjurers the methods by which they attain these remarkable results, and it is interesting to note that, while admitting themselves to be only tricksters, they all realize that it is possible to accomplish these illusions without recourse to legerdemain. These very magicians are aware that among their own people there are certain illumined Masters and Holy Men capable of growing a tree in fifteen minutes by processes quite unknown to the Western world. The conjurer admits that his illusions are copied from the sacred magic of the East Indian Wise Men. But while these holy ones perform their experiments only in the seclusion of the temple, for the purpose of demonstrating to disciples the cosmic principles underlying biology and physics, and, consequently, are inaccessible to the public, the trickster with

his legerdemain produces the same effects for the amusement of the populace.

I once discussed the problem of miracles with a very learned Brahmin Pundit, whose conclusions on the subject may be summarized as follows: "You Christians believe that He turned water into wine; that He raised the dead, healed the sick, passed through closed doors, and multiplied the loaves and fishes. Do you believe that the day of miracles ended two thousand years ago? Your Jesus told His disciples that greater things than He did they should do. Why, then, do you declare the miracle-working of India to be false? There are no such things as miracles, if you consider the meaning of the word in its last analysis. A miracle is, in reality, only the effect of an unknown cause. For thousands of years our people have devoted themselves to the study of the invisible worlds—those forces and powers in Nature beyond the comprehension of any save those who dedicate their lives to service, asceticism, and virtuous living. We are specialists in matters pertaining to the invisible and the intangible, as you are specialists in those things pertaining to the visible and the tangible. We do not understand each other because our work is in different worlds; we only understand one another when we are engaged in similar labors. India is a land which in your estimation may seem very backward because it is concerned with things which do not interest you and which your people do not understand. Do not doubt or deny the knowledge possessed by Asia. But if you would pass judgment upon that knowledge, come and investigate it, and we will show you the proof that you desire. Live as we tell you to live, think as we tell you to think, study with our wise men, and you will then realize that there are among our people certain ones who possess a knowledge which makes them capable of working miracles."





—from an old engraving

THE HERMETIC AND NATURAL MYSTERY OF FIRE

## THE MYSTERY OF FIRE

### INTRODUCTION

The elaborate rituals of the ancient Mysteries and the simpler ceremonials of modern religious institutions had a common purpose. Both were designed to preserve, by means of symbolic dramas and processions, certain secret and holy processes, by the understanding of which man may more intelligently work out his salvation. The pages which follow will be devoted to an interpretation of some of these allegories, according to the doctrine of the ancient seers and sages.

Every man has his own world. He dwells in the midst of his little universe as the lord and ruler of the constituent parts of himself. Sometimes he is a wise king, devoting his life to the needs of his subjects, but more often he is a tyrant, imposing many forms of injustice upon his vassals, either through ignorance of their needs or thoughtlessness concerning the ultimate disaster that he is bringing upon himself. Man's body is a living temple, and he is a high priest, placed there to keep the House of the Lord in order. The temples of the ancients were patterned after the human form, as a study of the ground plan of either the sanctuary at Karnak or of St. Peter's Church at Rome will prove. *If the places of initiation were copied from the body of man, the rituals which were given in the various chambers and passageways symbolized certain processes taking place in the human body.*

Freemasonry is an excellent example of a doctrine intimating, by means of pageants and dramas, that the re-



generation of the human soul is largely a physiological and biological problem. For this reason, the Craft is divided into two parts, *speculative* and *operative Masonry*. In the lodge room, Masonry is speculative, for the lodge is only a symbol of the human organism. Operative Masonry is a series of mystic activities taking place within the physical and spiritual organisms of those who have assumed its obligations.

The possession of the occult keys to human salvation through the knowledge of self is the goal for which the wise of all ages have labored. It was the hope of possessing these secret formulae that strengthened the candidates who struggled through the dangers and disappointments of the ancient initiations, sometimes actually giving their lives in the quest for truth. The initiations of the pagan Mysteries were not child's play. The Druid priests consummated their initiatory rituals by sending their candidates out upon the open sea in a small unseaworthy boat. Some never returned from this adventure, for if a squall happened to arise, the boat was immediately capsized.

In Central America, at the time when the Mexican Indian Mysteries were in their glory, candidates seeking light were sent into gloomy caverns armed with swords, and were told that if for a second they relaxed their vigilance they would meet a horrible death. For hours the neophytes wandered, beset with strange beasts which seemed even more terrible than they actually were because of the darkness of the caverns. At last, wearied and almost discouraged, the wanderers found themselves on the threshold of a great lighted room cut from the natural rock. As they stood, not knowing which way to turn, there was a whirl of wings, a demoniacal cry, and a great figure with the wings of a bat and the body of a man passed swiftly just over the candidates' heads,

swinging in its hands a large sword with razorlike edge. This creature was called the Bat God. Its duty was to attempt to decapitate the ones seeking entrance to the Mysteries. If the neophytes were caught off guard, or were too exhausted to defend themselves, they died on the spot, but if they had presence of mind enough to ward off this unexpected blow or jump aside in time, the Bat God vanished and the room was immediately filled with priests who welcomed the new initiates and instructed them in the secret wisdom. The identity of the Bat God has been the basis of many arguments, for while it appears many times in Mexican art and in the illumined Codices, no one knew who or what it actually was. It could fly over the heads of the neophytes and was the size of a man, but it lived in the depths of the earth and was never seen save during the Mystery rituals, although it occupied an important position in the Mexican Indian pantheon.

The Mysteries of Mithras were also tests of real courage and perseverance. In these rites the priests, disguised as wild beasts and weird composite animals, attacked the aspirants who were passing through the gloomy caverns in which the initiations were given. Bloodshed was not unusual, and many lost their lives striving for the great arcanum. When the Emperor Commodus of Rome was initiated into the Mithraic Cultus, being a remarkable swordsman, he defended himself so valiantly that he killed at least one of the priests and wounded several others. In the Sabazian Mysteries a poisonous serpent was placed upon the breast of the candidate, who failed in his initiation if he showed any sign of fear.

These incidents from the rituals of the ancients give an inkling of the trials through which seekers after truth were forced to pass in order to reach the sanctuary of wisdom.



But when we estimate the wisdom which they received if successful, we realize that it was worth the dangers, for from between the pillars of the gates of Mystery came forth Plato and Aristotle and hundreds of others, bearing true witness to the fact that in their day the *Word* was not lost.

The tortures of initiation and the severe mental and physical tests were intended to serve as a process for eliminating those unfit to be entrusted with the secret powers which the priests understood and communicated to the new initiates at the time of their "raising." Those who hung on crosses for nine hours until they became unconscious, as Apollonius of Tyana, initiated in the Great Pyramid, would never reveal the secret teachings through fear of bodily torture, and such as obeyed the order of Pythagoras that unless they remained silent, speaking to no man for five years, they could not enter his school, were not likely to reveal through thoughtless indiscretion any part of the Mystery which it was forbidden that the foolish should know. Because of the great care used in selecting and testing applicants, and the remarkable ability to read human nature displayed by the priests, there never was one who betrayed the more important secrets of the temple. For that reason the *Word* remained lost to all save those who still complied with the requirements of the ancient Mysteries, for the law was, *to such as live the life the doctrine is revealed.*

It is unlawful to reveal to the uninitiated the key links to the chain of the Mysteries. It is permissible, however, without breach of confidence, to explain certain of the lesser secrets, a consideration of which will not only vindicate the integrity of the older hierophants, but will also reveal part of the divine mystery of man's nature. The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that, regardless of claims to the

contrary, the operative Arcana of the temple have never been revealed to the public. A few candidates who went but a little way along the path, and who either became discouraged or were eliminated because of their failure to be honest with themselves, have attempted to expose what they knew, but the inherent weakness which prompted them to betray was recognized by their instructors. Therefore, they were given nothing which could actually supply a link to connect the outer teaching with the wisdom of the sanctuary.

The world within man, not the world without, was the concern of the Mysteries of antiquity. Hence we are apt to look upon the priests of old as ignorant when compared with ourselves; but while the modern world is mastering the visible universe and raising a colossal civilization, it is ignorant, in the fullest sense of the word, concerning the identity of that mysterious lodestone of power in the midst of every living thing, without which no investigation could be conducted and no cities built. Man is never truly wise until he has fathomed the riddle of his own existence, and the temples of initiation are the only repositories of that knowledge—a knowledge which will enable him to unfasten the Gordian knot of his own nature. Still, the great spiritual truths are not so deeply concealed as might be supposed. Most of them are exposed to view at all times, but are not recognized because of their concealment in symbol and allegory. When the human race learns to read the language of symbolism, a great veil will fall from the eyes of men. They shall then know truth and, more than that, they shall realize that from the beginning, truth has been in the world, unrecognized save by a small but gradually increasing number appointed by the Lords of the Dawn as ministers to the needs of human creatures struggling to regain their consciousness of divinity.



The supreme arcanum of the ancients was the key to the nature and power of fire. From the day when the hierarchies first descended upon the sacred island of the polar ice-cap, it has been decreed that fire should be the supreme symbol of that mysterious, abstract divinity which moves in God, man, and Nature. The sun was looked upon as a great fire burning in the midst of the universe. In the burning orb of the sun dwelt the mysterious spirits controlling fire, and in honor of this great light, fires burned upon the altars of countless nations. The fire of Jupiter burned upon the Palatine Hill, the fire of Vesta upon the altar of the home, and the fire of aspiration upon the altar of the soul.

#### FIRE, THE UNIVERSAL DEITY

Since the earliest times man has venerated the element of fire above all others. Even the most untutored savage seems to recognize in the flame something closely resembling the volatile fire within his soul. The mysterious, vibrant, radiant energy of fire was beyond his ability to analyze, yet he felt its power. The fact that during thunderstorms fire descended in mighty bolts from heaven, felling trees and otherwise dealing destruction, caused the primordial human being to recognize in its fury the anger of the gods. Later, when man personified the elements and created the multitudinous pantheons which now exist, he placed in the hand of his Supreme Deity the torch, the thunderbolt, or the flaming sword, and upon his head a crown, its gilded points symbolizing the flaming rays of the sun. Mystics have traced sun worship back to early Lemuria, and fire worship to the origin of the human race. In fact, the element of fire controls to a certain degree both the plant and the animal kingdoms, and is the only element which can subjugate the metals.

Either consciously or instinctively, every living thing honors the orb of day. The sunflower always faces the solar disc. The Atlanteans were sun worshippers, while the American Indians (remnants of the earlier Atlantean people) still regard the sun as the proxy of the Supreme Light-Giver. Many early peoples believed that the sun was a reflector rather than the source of light, as is evidenced by the fact that they often pictured the sun god as carrying on his arm a highly polished shield, on which was chased the solar face. This shield, catching the light of the Infinite One, reflected it to all parts of the universe. During the year, the sun passes through the twelve houses of the heavens, where, like Hercules, it performs twelve labors. The annual death and resurrection of the sun has been a favorite theme among unnumbered religions. The names of nearly all the great gods and saviors have been associated with either the element of fire, the solar light, or its correlate, the mystic and spiritual light-invisible. Jupiter, Apollo, Hermes, Mithras, Bacchus, Dionysius, Odin, Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster (Zarathustra), Fo-Hi, Iao, Vishnu, Shiva, Agni, Balder, Hiram Abiff, Moses, Samson, Jason, Vulcan, Uranus, Allah, Osiris, Ra, Bel, Baal, Nebo, Serapis, and King Solomon are some of the numerous deities and supermen whose symbolic attributes are derived from the manifestations of the solar power and whose names indicate their relationship to light and fire.

According to the Greek Mysteries, the gods, gazing down from Mount Olympus, repented that they had made man, and never having given to the primitive creature an immortal spirit, they decided that no harm would be done if the quarreling, dissenting human ingrates were destroyed forever, and the place where they had been, left vacant for a nobler race. Discovering the plans of the gods, Prometheus,



in whose heart was a great love for struggling humanity, determined to bring to mankind the divine fire which would make the human race immortal so that not even the gods could destroy it. So Prometheus flew to the home of the sun god, and, lighting a tiny reed with the solar fire, he carried it to the children of the earth, warning them that the fire should always be used for the glorification of the gods and the unselfish service of each other. But men were thoughtless and unkind. They took the divine fire brought them by Prometheus, and used it to destroy one another. They burned the homes of their enemies, and with the aid of heat they tempered steel, making swords and armor. They grew more selfish and more arrogant, defying the gods, but they could not be destroyed, for they possessed the sacred fire.

For his disobedience, Prometheus (like Lucifer) was chained, and placed upon the brow of Mount Caucasus, there to remain with a vulture gnawing at his liver until a human being should master the sacred fire and become perfect. This prophecy was fulfilled by Hercules, who climbed Mount Caucasus, broke the fetters of Prometheus, and liberated the friend of man who had been in torture for so many ages. Hercules represents the initiate, who, as his name implies, partakes of the glory of light. Prometheus is the vehicle of solar energy. The divine fire which he brought to men is a mystic essence in their own natures, which they must redeem and regenerate if they would liberate their own crucified souls from the rock of their base physical natures.

According to occult philosophy, the sun in reality is a three-fold orb, two parts of its nature being invisible. The globe which we see is merely the lowest phase of the solar nature and is the body of the Demiurgus, or, as the Jews

call him *Jehovah*, and the Brahmins, *Shiva*. The sun being symbolized by an equilateral triangle, the three powers of the solar disc are said to be co-equal. The three phases of the sun are called *will*, *wisdom*, and *action*. Will is related to the principle of life, wisdom to the principle of light, and action, or friction, to the principle of heat. By will the heavens were created and the eternal life continued in supreme existence; by action, friction, and striving, the earth was formed, and the physical universe, molded by the Lords of the Fire Mist, passed gradually from its molten condition into its present, more orderly state.

Thus Heaven and Nature were formed, but between these two was a great void, for God did not comprehend Nature, and Nature did not comprehend the Deity. The lack of intercourse between these two spheres of consciousness was similar to the condition of paralysis in which the consciousness realizes the condition of its body, but, owing to the lack of nerve connection, is incapable of governing or directing the activities of the body. Therefore, between life and action there came a mediator, which was called *light*, or *intelligence*. Light partakes of both life and action; it is the sphere of blending. Intelligence stood between heaven and earth, for through its medium man learned of the existence of his God, and God began his ministrations to the needs of men. While both life and action were simple substances, light was a compound, for the invisible part of light was of the nature of heaven, and the visible part, of the nature of earth. Down through the ages, this light is said to have taken upon itself bodies. Although these bodies have borne witness to that light, the great spiritual truth behind the symbol of the embodied light is that in the soul of every creature within whose mind intelligence is born, there dwells a spirit which assumes the nature of this intelligence. Every truly intelli-



gent man and woman who is working to spread light in the world is *Christ-ened*, or *light-ened*, by the actual labor which he or she is seeking to perform. The fact that light (intelligence) partakes of the natures of both God and the earth is proved by the names given to the personifications of this light, for at one time they are called "sons of men" and at another time the "sons of God."

The initiate in the Mysteries was always instructed concerning the existence of three suns, the first of which—the vehicle for God the Father—enlightened and warmed his spirit; the second—the vehicle of God the Son—unfolded and broadened his mind; the third—the vehicle of God the Holy Spirit—nourished and strengthened his body. Light is not only a physical element; it is also a mental and spiritual element. In the temple, the disciple is told to revere the invisible sun even more than the visible one, for every visible thing is only an effect of the invisible or causal, and as God is the Cause of all causes, He dwells in the invisible world of causation. Apuleius, when initiated into the Mysteries, beheld the sun shining at midnight, for the chambers of the temple were brilliantly illuminated, although there were no lamps of any kind. The invisible sun is not limited by walls, nor even the surface of the earth itself. Because its rays are of a higher vibratory rate than physical substance, its light passes unimpeded through all the planes of physical substance. To those capable of seeing the light of these spiritual orbs, there is no darkness, for they dwell in the presence of limitless light, and at midnight, see the sun shining under their feet.

By means of one of the lost arts of antiquity, the priests of the temple were able to manufacture lamps which would burn for centuries without replenishment. The lamps resembled what is commonly called the "virgin lamps," or those

carried by the Vestal Virgins. They were a little smaller than a human hand and, according to available records, their wicks were made of asbestos. It has been maintained that these lamps have burned for a thousand years or more. One of them, found in the tomb of Christian Rosencreutz, had burned for 120 years without the supply of fuel being diminished. It is supposed that these lamps (which, incidentally, burned in hermetically sealed vaults without the aid of oxygen) were so constructed that the heat of the flame extracted from the atmosphere a substance which took the place of the original fuel as rapidly as the mysterious oil was consumed.

Hargrave Jennings has collected numerous references concerning the times and places where these lamps have been found. In the majority of cases, however, they went out shortly after the vaults were opened, or else were broken in some strange way, so the secret was not discovered. Concerning these lamps, Mr. Jennings writes: "The ancient Romans are said to have preserved lights in their sepulchres many ages by the *Oiliness of gold* (here steps in the art of the Rosicrucians), resolved by Hermetic methods into a liquid substance; and it is reported that at the dissolution of the monasteries, in the time of Henry the Eighth, there was found a lamp which had then burned in a tomb about three hundred years after Christ—nearly twelve hundred years. Two of these subterranean lamps are to be seen in the Museum of Rarities at Leyden, in Holland. One of these lamps, in the Papacy of Paul the Third, was found in the Tomb of Tullia (so named), Cicero's daughter, which had been shut up fifteen hundred and fifty years."

Madame Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled*, gives a number of formulæ for the making of ever burning lamps, and states in a footnote that she herself saw one, made by a disciple



of the Hermetic arts, which had burned steadily without fuel for six years previous to the publication of her book.

The ever burning lamp was, of course, a most appropriate symbol of the "eternal fire" in the universe, and while chemistry has denied the possibility of manufacturing one, the fact that many have been made and seen over a period of thousands of years is a warning against dogmatizing. In Tibet, the Lama-magicians have discovered a system of lighting rooms by means of a luminous ball of phosphorescent, greenish-white color, which increases in luminosity when ordered to do so by the priests, and, after the departure of those who are in the chamber, it gradually becomes fainter until only a spark remains, which burns continuously.

This apparent miracle is no more difficult to explain than another performed by the Tibetans. There is in Tibet a sacred tree which sheds its bark annually, and as the old bark peels off, an inscription written in Tibetan characters is found upon the new bark underneath. These secrets of so-called savage and primitive peoples incessantly refute the ridicule with which Caucasians almost invariably view the culture of other races.

The Druid priests in Britain, recognizing the sun as the proxy of the Supreme Deity, used a ray of solar light to start their altar fires. They did this by concentrating the ray upon a specially cut crystal or aquamarine, set in the form of a magic brooch or buckle upon the front of the belt of the Arch-Druid. This brooch was called the "Liath Meisicith" and was supposed to possess the power of drawing the divine fire of the gods down from heaven and concentrating its energies for the service of men. The buckle was, of course, a burning-glass. Many of the nations of antiquity so revered the fire and light of the sun that they would not permit their altars to be lighted by any other

means than the concentration of the sun's rays through a burning-glass. In certain of the ancient temples, specially arranged lenses were placed in the ceiling at various angles so that each year at the vernal equinox the sun at high noon would send its rays through these glasses and light the altar fires which had been specially prepared for this occasion. The priests considered this process equivalent to the gods having actually lighted the fires themselves. In honor of Hu, the Supreme Deity of the Druids, the people of Britain and Gaul celebrated an annual lighting of fires on what they termed Midsummer's Day.

One of the reasons why mistletoe was sacred to the Druids was because many of the priests believed that this peculiar parasitic plant fell to the earth in the form of lightning bolts, and that wherever a tree was struck by lightning, the seed of the mistletoe was placed within its bark. The great length of time the mistletoe remained alive after being cut from the tree had much to do with the veneration showered upon it by the Druids. That this plant was also a powerful medium for the collection of the mysterious cosmic fire circulated through the ethers was discovered by the early priests, who valued the mistletoe because of its close connection with the mysterious astral light, which is in reality the astral body of the earth. Concerning this, Eliphas Levi writes in his *History of Magic*: "The Druids were priests and physicians, curing by magnetism and charging amulets with their fluidic influence. Their universal remedies were mistletoe and serpents' eggs, because these substances attract the astral light in a special manner. The solemnity with which mistletoe was cut down drew upon this plant the popular confidence and rendered it powerfully magnetic. \* \* The progress of magnetism will some day reveal to us the absorbing properties of mistletoe. We shall then understand the secret of



those spongy growths which draw the unused virtues of plants and become surcharged with tinctures and savors. Mushrooms, truffles, gall on trees, and the different kinds of mistletoe, will be employed with understanding by a medical science, which will be new because it is old."

Certain plants, minerals, and animals have been held sacred among all nations of the earth because of their peculiar sensitiveness to the astral fire. The cat, sacred to the city of Bubastis in Egypt, is an example of a peculiarly magnetized animal. Anyone stroking the fur of a domestic cat in a dark room can see the electrical emanations in the form of green phosphorescent light. In the temples of Bast, sacred to the cat goddess, three-colored cats were viewed with unusual veneration, as was any member of the feline family whose two eyes were of different colors. Lodestone and radium in the mineral kingdom, and various parasitic growths in the plant kingdom, are strangely susceptible to the cosmic fire. The magicians of the Middle Ages surrounded themselves with certain animals such as bats, cats, snakes, and monkeys, because they were able to borrow the power of the astral light from these creatures and appropriate it to their own uses. For this same reason, the Egyptians and certain of the Greeks kept cats in the temples, and serpents were always in evidence at the Oracle of Delphi. The auric body of a snake is one of the most remarkable sights that the clairvoyant will ever see, and the secrets concealed within its aura demonstrate why the serpent is the symbol of wisdom among so many nations.

That Christianity has preserved (in part at least) the primitive fire worship of antiquity is evident in many of its symbols and rituals. The incense burner so often used in Christian churches is a pagan symbol relating to the re-

generation of the human soul. The incense within the burner, made from the extracted essences of various plants, represents the life forces within the body of man. The flaming spark burning in the midst of the incense is emblematic of the spiritual germ concealed in the midst of the material organism of man. This spiritual spark is an infinitesimal part of the divine flame, the Great Fire of the Universe, from whose flaming heart the altar fires of all his creatures have been lighted. As the spark of life gradually consumes the incense, so the spiritual nature of man through the process of regeneration, gradually consumes all the gross elements of the body, transmuting them into soul power—symbolized by the smoke. Although smoke is actually a dense and physical substance, yet light enough to rise in clouds, so the soul is actually a physical element. But through purification and the fire of aspiration it has taken upon itself the nature of intangible atmosphere. Though composed of the substance of earth, it becomes light enough to rise as a fragrant odor into the presence of Deity.

While some authorities have held that the form of the cross was derived from an ancient Egyptian instrument called the *nilometer*, used for measuring the inundations of the Nile, others hold the opinion that the symbol had its origin in the two crossed sticks used by primitive peoples to generate fire by friction. The use of the bell towers and campaniles in the construction of the cathedrals of medieval Christianity, also the more familiar conventionalized church steeple, may be traced back to the fire obelisks of Egypt, which were placed in front of the temples to the superior deities. All pyramids are symbols of fire, while the heart used on valentines is merely an inverted candle flame. The Maypole had its origin in similar antiquity, where it is both a phallic symbol and an emblem of cosmic fire.



The prevailing custom of having churches face the east is, of course, further evidence of the survival of sun worship. Practically the only branch of the human race that does not observe this rule is the Arabic. The Mohammedans face their mosques toward Mecca, but still have their appointed hours of prayer governed by the sun. The rose windows and ivy-covered walls are survivals of pagandom, for ivy was sacred to Bacchus because of the shape of its leaf, and this plant was always allowed to trail over the walls of the temple sacred to the Greek solar deity. The golden ornaments upon the altars of Christian churches should remind the philosophical observer that gold is the sacred metal of the sun, because (according to alchemists) the sun ray itself crystallized in the earth, thus forming this precious metal—which, incidentally, is still being made. The candles so often seen adorning the altars, and most frequently appearing in an uneven number, are a reminder that the uneven numbers are sacred to the sun. When three candles are used, they symbolize the three aspects of the sun: sunrise, noon, and sunset, and are thus emblematic of the Trinity. When seven are used, they represent the planetary angels, called by the Jews *Elohim*, whose numerical and Cabalistic values are also seven. When the even numbers 12 or 24 appear, they represent the signs of the zodiac and the spirits of the hour of the day, called by the Persians the *Izeds*. When only one light is shown, it is the emblem of the Supreme Invisible Father, who is One, and the little red lamp ever burning over an altar is an offering to the demiurgus—Jehovah, or the Lord Builder of Forms.

What oil is to the flame, blood is to the spirit of man. Therefore, oil is often used in anointing, for it is a fluid sacred to the solar power. Because oil contains the life of the sun, it is used in large quantities in far Northern lands

where it is necessary to generate an abundance of body heat. Hence, the proclivity of the Eskimos for eating tallow candles and whale oil.

The actual word *Christ* is itself sufficient proof that fire and the worship of fire are the two most essential elements of the Christian faith. The rays of light pouring from the sun were viewed by the ancients as the blood of the Celestial Lamb which, at the vernal equinox, died for the sin of the world and redeemed all humanity through its blood (rays).

The Mystery Schools of ancient Egypt taught that the blood was the vehicle of the consciousness. The spirit of man traveled through the bloodstream and therefore was not actually located in any one part of the compound organism. It moved through the body with the rapidity of thought, so that consciousness of self, cognition of externals, and the sense of perception could be localized in any part of the body by the exercise of the will power. The initiates viewed the blood as a mysterious liquid, somewhat gaseous in nature, which served as a medium for manifesting the fire of man's spiritual nature. This fire, coursing through the system, animated and vitalized all parts of the form, thus keeping the spiritual nature in touch with all of its physical extremities. The mystics looked upon the liver as the source of the heat and power in the blood. Hence it is significant that the spear of the centurion should pierce the liver of Christ, and the vulture should be placed over the liver of Prometheus to torment him throughout the ages.

Occultism teaches that it is the presence of the liver which distinguishes the animal from the plant, and that certain small creatures having power of motion but no liver, are actually plants in spiritual consciousness. The liver is under



the control of the planet Mars, which is the dynamo of this solar system and which sends a red animating ray to all the evolving creatures within this solar scheme. The philosophers taught that the planet Mars, under the control of its regent Samael, was the transmuted "Sin-Body" of the Solar Logos which originally had been the "Dweller on the Threshold" of the Divine Creature, whose energies are now distributed through the fire of the sun. Samael, incidentally, was the fiery father of Cain, through whom a part of humanity has received the flame of aspiration, and is thus separate from the sons of Seth, whose father was Jehovah.

The Egyptians considered the juice of the grape to be more nearly like human blood than any other substance. In fact, they believed that the grape secured its life from the blood of the dead who had been buried in the earth. Concerning this subject, Plutarch writes as follows: "The priests of the Sun at Heliopolis never carry any wine into their temples, \* \* \* and if they made use of it at any time in their Libations to the Gods, it was not because they looked upon it as in its own nature acceptable to them; but they poured it upon their altars as the blood of those enemies who formerly had fought against them. For they look upon the vine to have first sprung out of the earth after it was fattened with the carcasses of those who fell in the wars against the Gods. And this, say they, is the reason why drinking its juice in great quantities makes men mad and beside themselves, filling them as it were with the blood of their own ancestors—" (*Isis and Osiris*).

The magicians of the Middle Ages were aware of the fact that they, by their occult powers, could control any person by first securing a small amount of his blood. If a glass of water be left overnight in a room where someone is sleeping, the next morning the water will be impregnated to such

an extent with the psychic radiations of that person that anyone understanding the *modus operandi* may find contained in the water a complete record of the life and character of the one who occupied the room. These records are transmitted and preserved in a subtle substance which the medieval transcendentalist called the *astral light*, an ever present, all-pervading, fiery essence, which preserves intact the record of everything transpiring in any part of Nature.

The streaming rays pouring from the face of the sun have caused it to be associated with the lion, because of the shaggy mane of this king of beasts. The golden-haired savior gods of many nations subtly signify by their uncut locks the solar radiations. The sun was the king of heaven, and earthly rulers desiring to advertise their terrestrial power, delighted to be considered as *Little Suns*, their vassals being viewed as planets basking in the glory of the central light. The highest of each kingdom in Nature was also considered symbolic of the sun. Hence the scarab beetle, being the most intelligent of all insects, the eagle, the most aspiring of all birds, and the lion, the strongest of all beasts, were considered fitly symbolic of the solar disc. Thus the Moguls chose the lion for their standard, while Caesar and Napoleon used the eagle to symbolize their dignity. The crowns of kings were originally bands of gold with radiating points to symbolize that they partook of the divine power vested in the sun. As time went on, the crown was conventionalized. Its surface was encrusted with jewels, a number of its points were changed, and its evident resemblance to the sun was lost.

The halo so often seen pictured around the heads of both Christian and pagan deities and saints is also emblematic of the sun power. According to the Mysteries, there comes a time in the spiritual unfoldment of man when the mysterious oil which has been moving slowly up the spinal column



finally enters the third ventricle of the brain, where it becomes beautifully golden in color and radiates in all directions. This radiance is so great that it cannot be limited by the skull, and it pours out from the head, especially from the back of the neck where the uppermost vertebra of the spine articulates with the condyles of the occipital bone. It is this light, pouring out in a fan-shaped aura around the posterior part of the head, that has given rise to the halos of saints and the nimbus so often used in religious art. This light signifies human regeneration, and it forms part of the auric bodies of man.

These auras have greatly influenced the color and form of the garments used in religious ceremonials. The robe of blue and gold which Albert Pike speaks of, and the vestments of the different degrees in the hierarchies of all religious orders, are symbolic of these invisible emanation forms which surround man, their colors changing with his every thought and feeling. By means of these auras the priests and philosophers of the ancient world chose those disciples who would do credit to their teachings. The "Robes of Glory" of the High Priest of Israel are all symbolic, as Josephus, with his Oriental instruction, has shrewdly noted. The plain white linen symbolizes the purified physical nature; the many-colored garments represent the astral body, the blue raiment the spiritual nature, and the violet the mind, for it is a color made up of two shades, one spiritual and the other material.

In the Egyptian Mysteries it was not uncommon to show the rays of the sun ending in human hands. One of the chairs recently found in the tomb of Tutankhamen showed a sun with its rays ending in human hands. Among the ancients, the hand was the symbol of wisdom, because it was used to raise the fallen, and no man is so low in his estate as an

ignorant man. The physical proclivities of the sun, and its water-drawing power, were used to symbolize a spiritual process in which the divine nature of man was raised, or illuminated, and drawn upward by the heat of the sun, these emanating rays spreading the three-fold spiritual power as love, wisdom, and truth.

### MAN, THE GRAND SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIES

Pythagoras said that the Universal Creator had formed two things in his own image: The first was the cosmic system with its myriads of suns, moons, and planets; the second was man, in whose nature the entire universe existed in miniature. Long before the introduction of idolatry into religion, the early priests, to facilitate their study of the natural sciences, caused the statue of man to be placed in the sanctuary of their temples, using the human figure to symbolize the Divine Power in all its intricate manifestations. Thus the priests of antiquity accepted man as their textbook, and through the study of him learned to understand the greater and more abstruse mysteries of the celestial scheme of which they were a part. It is not improbable that this mysterious figure standing over the primitive altars was made in the nature of a manikin and, like certain emblematic hands in the Mystery Schools, was covered with hieroglyphs, either carved upon its surface or painted thereon with everlasting pigments. The statue may have opened, thus showing the relative positions of the organs, bones, muscles, nerves and other parts.

The present generation is prone to underestimate the knowledge of anatomy possessed by ancient races. Owing to destruction by time and vandalism, the available records



do not adequately represent the learning of antiquity. Professor James H. Breasted, archeologist of the University of Chicago, recently stated that his investigations showed that the learned doctors of Egypt during the 18th dynasty—that is, about seventeen centuries before Christ—had a medical knowledge comparable to that of the 20th century. Professor Breasted is quoted as follows: “For instance in it [the Edwin Smith papyrus, an early scientific document] the word ‘brain’ appears for the first time recorded in human speech, and there is evidence that the Egyptians understood the localization of brain control of muscles—a knowledge that has only been rediscovered within the last generation.”

The knowledge which the Egyptian priest-physicians possessed concerning the functions of the several parts of the human body, not only equaled that of many modern scientists, but as regards those functions and powers concerned with the spiritual nature of man, and the organs and centers through which the spiritual essences control the body, their knowledge exceeded that of the modern world.

During ages of research, much was contributed to fundamental principles of the early philosophers, and at the time Egypt reached the crowning glory of her civilization, the manikin was a mass of intricate hieroglyphs and symbolic figures. Every part had its secret meaning. The measurements of this stone figure formed a basic standard by means of which it was possible to measure all parts of cosmos. It was a glorious composite emblem of all the knowledge possessed by the sages and hierophants of Isis, Osiris, and Serapis.

Then came the time of idolatry. The Mysteries decayed from within. The secret meanings were lost, and none knew the identity of the mysterious man who stood over the altar.

It was only remembered that the figure was a sacred and glorious symbol of the universal power. This figure came to be looked upon as a god, the one in whose image man was made. The secret knowledge of the purpose for which the manikin was constructed being lost, the priests worshipped the actual wood and stone, until finally their lack of spiritual understanding brought the temple down in ruins about their heads, and the statue crumbled with the civilization which had forgotten its meaning.

Today the great faith of the white race—Christianity—is served by a great number of honest, sincere, devout men and women. While devoted to their task, they are only partly efficient, because the majority of them are totally ignorant of the fact that so-called Biblical Christianity is an allegory concerning the true spirit of Christianity and of that esoteric doctrine evolved in the temple by the initiated minds of pagandom, and promulgated to serve the religious needs of the human race. Today this faith is served by millions and understood by only a handful, for while the Mystery temple no longer exists as an institution on the corners of the streets, as it did in the ancient world, the Mystery School still exists as an invisible, philosophical structure. It admits into the knowledge of its secrets only a few, permitting the great mass to enter only the outer courtyard and make its offering upon the brazen altar. Christianity is essentially a Mystery School, but most of its adherents do not understand it well enough to realize that there are secrets concealed behind the parables and allegories which are an important part of its dogma.

Why should Christianity not be a Mystery School? Its founder was an initiate of the Essenian Mysteries. The Essenes were disciples of the great Pythagoras and were also connected with the Secret Schools of India. The Master



Jesus was himself a hierophant, deeply versed in the ancient Arcana. St. John by his writing proves himself to be acquainted with the ritualism of the Egyptian cult, and it is contended that St. Matthew was the teacher of Basilides, the immortal Egyptian sage and co-founder with Simon Magnus of Gnosticism, the most elaborate system of Christian mysticism that has ever evolved from the main stem of St. Peter's church. During its early history in Rome, Christianity was in constant contact with Mithraism, the fire philosophy of Persia, from which it borrowed no small part of its rituals and ceremonials.

If Christianity were looked upon less as a church and more as a Mystery School, the modern world would rapidly gain a clearer understanding of its tenets. Every priest of Christendom, every minister of the Gospel, should be an anatomist and a physiologist, a biologist and a chemist, a physician and an astronomer, a mathematician and a musician, and above all, a philosopher. By a philosopher we mean one who could study intelligently all these different lines of thought and discover the inter-relationship existing between them, and use all the arts and sciences as methods by which to interpret the magnificent emblematic pageant and mystery drama of the Christian faith. If they were to intelligently consider the secrets handed down from the priests of pagan antiquity, they would make a number of important discoveries.

First of all, they would discover that in the present translations of both the Old and New Testaments are numerous mistakes, owing to the fact that the translators were not spiritually competent to interpret the secret mysteries of the Hebrew and Greek languages. They would find numberless contradictions caused by misunderstanding, and would also discover that the so-called Apocryphal books (rejected as

uninspired) contain some of the most important keys which have descended to us from antiquity.

They would learn that the Old Testament was not to be considered literally; that concealed between its lines were certain secret teachings without which the true meaning of the Hebrew writings cannot be discovered. They would no longer laugh at the pagans for their plurality of gods, for they would discover that they themselves, if faithful followers of their Scriptures, are polytheists. The word "Elohim," as used in the early chapters of Genesis and translated "God," is a masculine-feminine plural word, meaning a number of gods who are androgynous, and not one Supreme Deity. They would realize that Adam was not a man, but a species—a race of creatures; they would also realize that the Garden of Eden was not located in Asia Minor.

Even if some men knew these things to be true, a great part of humanity would still reject them, because they disagree with the accepted traditions, venerated not because they are true, but because they have been accepted for generations. They would crown their discoveries by a realization that the Holy Land of all nations is the human body; that this is sacred earth, consecrated to the gods. They would realize that their own bodies are the Holy Sepulchres that have long been in the hands of the infidel, and they would realize that there is no infidel of any race half so heartless as the infidel which dwells in the heart of man himself; that there is no enemy to the faith like the lower nature of the individual; there is no Judas like selfishness, no betrayer like ignorance, no tyrant like pride, no Red Sea to be crossed like that which comprises the emotional nature of man.

If the modern theologians could see the ancient manikin over the altar, they would clearly understand all this, but not realizing that there is a secret doctrine, they do not seek



it. Yet who can read the Book of Ezekiel and Revelation and not realize that the Beloved Disciple John, transcending all the others in his vision, was indeed lifted up, or "raised" as the modern Mason might say, and beheld the pageantry of the Mysteries. The allegories of St. John are drawn from every religion of the ancient world. The drama which he unfolds in Revelation is synthetic, and therefore truly Christian, in that it includes the great teachings of all ages. Some believe that God has not willed that man should understand the mystery of his own destiny, but let these recall those immortal words: "There is nothing concealed that shall not be revealed; there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known." This being true, let us take up the labor of solving, of unveiling, of reconstructing. Following in the footsteps of the illumined of all ages, we too shall discover truth by following the winding stairs up which the candidates of every nation and religion have passed, wearing ruts in the stones.

The spirit of man is a tiny ring of colorless fire from which pour streamers and rays of scintillating force. By a mystic process, the rays build bodies around that central formless germ, and man dwells in the midst of these bodies, controlling them by waves of force in a manner difficult to appreciate unless one is familiar with the occult constitution of man. This ring of invisible flame is the eternal fire, the spark from the Infinite Wheel, the birthless, deathless, eternal center which includes within itself all that it has ever been, all that it is, and all that it ever shall be. This germ dwells in the state of Eternity, for to this immortal spark, time is illusionary, distance is nonexistent, joy and sorrow are unknown, for concerning its function and consciousness all that can be said is that "It is." While other things come and go, *It is*.

This germ of immortality enters into the embryo at the time of quickening, and passes out at the moment of death. With its coming, heat is generated; with its leaving, heat is withdrawn. As the flaming orb of the sun is in the midst of the solar system, so this flaming ring of spirit is in the midst of the bodies of man. It is the altar fire which never goes out, and to the service of this divine flame, the wise of all nations have consecrated themselves, for in this flame lies all perfection and the possibility of ultimate attainment.

This flame manifests individualities and personalities, but the extracted essences of experience, intelligence, and activity, stored up in the individualities and personalities, are finally absorbed into this flame, furnishing it with fuel with which it gleams and burns more brightly. From this one altar fire, all of the fires in the human body are lighted, like the countless flames which have been started from the sacred fires of the Parsees.

Compare the flaming spirit of man to the light of a candle. First, in the midst of the candle, close to the wick, is a bluish glow, nearly colorless. Around this is a ring of golden light, and still further out, surrounding the yellow, is a deeper orange flame, which gives off more or less smoke. These three lights—blue, yellow, red—are closely related to the flame in man, for there is a blue, fuelless light, and there is a yellow light supplied by a pure oil that burns with a steady glow, giving no smoke. Then there is a red flame supplied with a coarser fuel. This is called the consuming fire of the ancients, for in the human body, the blue flame is the fire of spirit— aspiring, transcendent. The yellow flame is the clearly burning light of reason, illuminating the mind and lighting the darkness of the night, while the red flame is the false light, the fire of passion and lust. It is smoky



like the battlefield, where hates and fears go up together in one seething, lurid sheet of brick-red flame.

These are the three fires—the fire of divinity, the fire of humanity, the fire of the demons. These three are enshrined within the nature of man, whence their radiance goes forth as the sacred tri-syllabic word by which the heavens were created, the earth formed, and the works of evil destroyed. The disciples of the ancient wisdom realized that during the dawn of this earth scheme, certain instructions were deposited in safe places by the Sons of the Dawn, or as we call them the gods, and that after having insured that these doctrines would be preserved for the ultimate salvation of the race, the gods entered into the constitution of man and lost their identity. For this reason, it is said that the kingdom of heaven is within you, for the kingdom of heaven includes the Divine Father, his Trinity, his seraphim, cherubim, powers, dominations, principalities, thrones, angels, and archangels.

Each of these celestial creatures has contributed something to the nature of man. Through the power of one, he feels; through the power of another, he sees; through the power of a third, he speaks; through the power of a fourth, he understands; through the power of the Divine Father, he is immortal; through the power of the Trinity, he is three-fold in his constitution—spiritual, intellectual, physical; through the power of the seraphim, the great fires were given to him; while from the cherubim, he secured his composite form. Hence these spirits are confined within his own nature until man builds that nature to the point where he releases these cosmic powers through giving them adequate expression and no longer limiting them by his own ignorance and perversion.

In truth, the kingdom of heaven is within man far more

completely than he realizes; and as heaven is in his own nature, so earth and hell are also in his constitution, for the superior worlds circumscribe and include the inferior, and earth and hell are included within the nature of heaven. As Pythagoras would say: "The superior and inferior worlds are included within the area of the Supreme Sphere." So all the kingdoms of earthly nature—the minerals, the plants, the animals, and his own human spirit—are included within his physical body, and he himself is the appointed guardian spirit of the mineral kingdom, and he is responsible to the creative hierarchies for the destiny of the stones and metals.

The infernal world is also part of himself, for within his nature is Lucifer, the Beast of Babylon, Mammon, Beelzebub, and all the other infernal Furies. At the base of his spine burns an infernal fire, and the Witch's Sabbath so glowingly described by Eliphaz Levi, can be traced to its source in the lower emotional centers of the human body.

Thus man is heaven, earth, and hell in one, and his salvation is a much more personal problem than he realizes. Realizing that the human body is a mass of psychic centers, and that during life the form is criss-crossed with endless currents of energy, that all through the form are sunbursts of electric force and magnetic power, man can be seen by those who know how to see, as a solar system of stars and planets, suns and moons, with comets in irregular orbits circling through them. As the Milky Way is supposed to be a gigantic cosmic embryo, so man is himself a galaxy of stars, each of which some day will be a constellation in itself.

Whichever way we look, we find life. Wherever we find life, we find light, for in the midst of all these living things are tiny sparks of immortal splendor. Those whose eyes are chained by earthly limitations see the forms, but to those transcending materiality each life appears as a gleam of



immortal splendor. Even the atmosphere is alive with lights, and the clairvoyant passes through spheres of flame. There are lights of a thousand colors, and rainbow hues far surpassing in brilliancy the luminosity of the sun, lights a thousand times more varied than the spectrum that we know, color undreamed of, lights so brilliant they cannot be seen but are felt as ringing sounds in the head, lights that must be heard, others like solid columns of fire that must be felt. Wherever the seer gazes, he beholds fire. It pours from the stone; it flashes in geometric stars from the petals of flowers, and shoots in waves from the fur of animals. It surrounds man with an aureole of radiance, and the earth with a halo of rainbow bands extending miles from its surface. Fire pours light upward through the surface of the earth; it shoots light downward from the empty air; it radiates light outward from the center of everything, and inward from the circumference of everything.

Is it strange that this universal, living splendor was revered? It is man's most perfect symbol of God, for this light is the primary manifestation of the Unmanifested and Eternal One. This eternal fire, burning fuelless in the soul of everything, has been since the beginning of time, the most sacred symbol in all the world, for while figures of wood and stone, paintings on canvas, and even songs are more or less expressions of the form, the physical side of Nature, this radiant light, this flaming splendor, is symbolic of the spirit, the life, the immortal germ in the midst of form. It was sacred to the Superior Deity and all worshipped it and made offering to it. It was the source, and men worshipped the source, seeking by secret culture handed down through the ages and based upon the instructions of the gods themselves, to make that light shine out more gloriously from within themselves. This is the source of fire and light symbolism.

Light is not only sacred because it dispels the darkness in which lurk all the enemies of human life. It is also sacred because it is the vehicle of life. This is evidenced by the effect of sunlight upon plant, animal, and human life. Light is also the vehicle of color, the coloring matter of all earthly things being imparted from the sun. It is the vehicle of heat, and according to the wisdom of antiquity, it carries the sperm of all things from the sun. Through light also pass the impulses from the Grand Man. According to the Mysteries, God controls his universe by means of impulses of intelligence which he projects through streamers of visible or invisible light. This light serves the universe in a capacity somewhat similar to that in which the nervous system serves the body.

Pythagoras said: "The body of God is composed of the substance of light." Where light is, God is. Who worships light, worships God. Who serves light, serves God. What more fitting symbol has any man ever found for the ever-living, pulsating Divine Father than the living, pulsating, radiating fire? Fire is the most sacred of all elements and the most ancient of all symbols. This being the case, the ancients were not without reason and philosophy when they accepted fire, or light, as their supreme symbol, and chose as the emblem of the universal light the central glory of the sun. In so doing, they became not sun-worshippers but worshippers of God as he manifests himself through the light of truth.

The fire philosophers worshipped three lights—the light of the sun, that of the earth, and that of the soul, this latter being the light in man which they believed would ultimately be re-absorbed into the Divine Light from which it was temporarily separated by the prison walls of man's lower nature. The Mysteries of all ages were dedicated to the re-



union of the little light with the Great Light, its Father and Source. To the Gnostics, Christ was the colorless Divine Light which assumed the form of radiant splendor (Truth), that it might minister unto the needs of the little light struggling for expression in the soul of every human creature. This Divine Light entered into the light of Nature, and by strengthening the latter, assisted the vitalizing of all living things.

The light in man, the God in miniature, was saved—or more correctly, *released*—by a process called *regeneration*. The secret method used to effect this release, without the long spiral path of evolutionary progress, was the great and supreme secret of the mysteries, revealed only to those who had proven themselves worthy to be entrusted with the power of life and death. These Mysteries are perpetuated today in Freemasonry.

The Masonic Order is founded in the Secret Schools of the pagan antiquity, many of the symbols of which are preserved to this day in the various degrees of the Blue Lodge and the Scottish Rite. Concerning the origin of the name "Freemason," which is itself a key to the doctrines of the Order, Robert Hewitt Brown, 32°, writes: "Long before the building of King Solomon's temple, masons were known as the '*Sons of Light*.' Masonry was practiced by the ancients under the name of *Lux* (light), or its equivalent, in the various languages of antiquity. \* \* \* We are informed by several distinguished writers that it [the word *Masonry*] is a corruption of the Greek word *Mesouraneo*, which signifies 'I am in the midst of heaven,' alluding to the sun, which 'being in the midst of heaven,' is the great source of light. Others derive it directly from the ancient Egyptian *Phre*, the sun, and *Mas*, a child: Phre-Massen—children of the Sun, or, Sons of Light."

The true secret of the regeneration of the fire in the human soul is revealed by the ritual of the Third Degree of the Blue Lodge under the allegory of the murder of Hiram Abiff. The name *Hiram* is, as has already been noted, closely related to the element of fire. His direct descent from Tubal-Cain, the first great worker of metals by means of fire, still further connects this cunning worker of metals with the immortal life flame in man. In his *Secret Societies of All Ages*, Charles W. Heckethorne gives an old Cabalistic legend in connection with the relation of early Masonry to the worship of fire. According to this legend, Hiram Abiff was not a descendant of Adam and Eve, as were the Sons of Seth, but was born of a nobler race, for in his blood ran the fire of Samael, one of the Elohim. Further, there are two kinds of people in the world: those with aspiration, and those without. Those without aspiration are the Sons of Seth, true children of the earth, who cling to their parent with tenacity, and the keyword of their nature is *Earthiness*.

The others are Sons of Fire, for they are descendants of Samael, the regent of fire. These flame-born sons are ever fired with ambition and aspiration. They are the builders of cities, the raisers of monuments, the conquerors of worlds, the pioneers, the workers in metals, true sons of the eternal flame. Fiery and tempestuous are their souls, and earth to them is a burden. Jehovah does not answer their prayers, for they are sons of another star. *Aspiration* is the keynote of their natures, and again and again they rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of failure. Never will they rest. Like the element of which they are a part, they are wanderers upon the face of the earth, with their eyes upon the flaming star from which they came.

This fundamental difference is plainly visible in daily life. Some are always contented; others never reach the goal.



Some are the Sons of Water—the keepers of flocks; others are Sons of Fire—the builders of cities. One group is conservative; the other is progressive. One is the king; the other the priest. But within the nature of every living thing, the Sons of Fire and the Sons of Water exist together. In the Scriptures, the flame-born ones are called the Sons of God and the water-born are referred to as the Daughters of Men, for the flame-born son is the divinity in man, and the water-born is the humanity in man. These two brothers are deadly enemies, but in the Mysteries they are taught to co-operate, one with the other, and are symbolized in Freemasonry as the double-headed eagle of the 33°.

According to the ancient wisdom, a time will come when man has two complete spinal systems, both equally developed, and his life will be controlled by two powers working in unity. To express this the ancient alchemists symbolized attainment as a two-headed figure, one head male, and the other female. The androgynous *Ishwara*, the planetary lord of the Brahmins, has the right half of his body male, and the left half female, to symbolize that he is the archetype of the ultimate human race. Man then being positive and negative in one, will no longer reproduce himself as at the present time.

One of the ancient Mysteries taught that the end of all things is like the beginning plus the experience of the cycle, and some day the human race will give birth to its new bodies out of its own nature, as certain primitive animals still do. Then, indeed, will man be his own father and his own mother, complete in himself. Initiation makes possible this process in man much earlier than the natural sequence of human evolution would permit it. Such is the true mystery of Melchizedek, King of Salem, the Priest-King (Priest,

water; King, fire) who was his own father and his own mother, and in whose footsteps all initiates follow.

The highest of all occult orders, which exists only in the inner world, may be called the "Order of Melchizedek," although among certain nations it has other names. This Order is composed entirely of the graduates of the other Mystery Schools who have actually reached the point where they can give birth to their present selves out of their own natures, like the mysterious phoenix bird which, breaking open at death, permits a new bird to fly forth. The phoenix was once regarded as an actual zoological rarity, but it is now known that it never existed other than as a symbol of a high stage in the development of man. The phoenix built its nest out of flames, which is exceedingly significant.

The secret Order of Melchizedek can never appear in the physical world while humanity is constituted according to its present plan. It is the supreme Mystery School, and a few have reached the point where they have blended their divine and human natures so perfectly that they are symbolically two-headed. The heart and mind must be brought into perfect equilibrium before true thinking or true spirituality can be attained. The highest function of the heart is intuition, a sensing process not necessitating the normal working of the mind. Reason alone is heartless; feeling alone is mindless; but these two blended together temper justice with mercy, and kindness with strength.

The spirit is neither male nor female, but both — an androgynous entity. The perfect manifestation of the androgynous spirit must be through an androgynous body, which is self-generating. But many millions of years must pass before the human race learns the lessons of polarity sufficiently well to assume this new nature with intelligence. In that day,



everything will be complete unto itself. Understanding will be mature, and there will be a depth and broadness which cannot be manifested through either a male or a female organism alone. Such is the mystery of the Priest-King, and such was the position which Jesus reached when he was called a priest forever after the Order of Melchizedek. All this is symbolized in the emblems of Freemasonry.

When considered clairvoyantly, the body of man resembles a great bouquet of flowers, for all over the physical form are petal-like groups of emanating force-rays of various shapes and colors. There is one of these mysterious centers in the palm of each hand and in the sole of each foot. Nearly all the vital organs have whirling or radiating vortices of light as spiritual bases. These spinning vibrating flowers are extremely important occult centers. Each of them is capable, under certain conditions, of assisting man to secure a broader function of consciousness.

It is possible to see with the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. In fact, ultimately man will see with all parts of his body. A symbol of this ultimate condition was preserved in the Egyptian Mysteries by the figure of Osiris, who is often shown sitting upon a throne, his entire body composed of eyes. The Greek god Argus was also noted for his ability to see with different parts of his body. The Oriental Buddhas are often symbolized as having peculiar geometric patterns on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The famous footprints of Buddha carved in stone have a miniature sun just in front of the heel of each foot. Some of the Japanese jiu-jitsu artists are acquainted with the secret science of these mysterious nerve centers, although the knowledge has been concealed from the majority of the Japanese wrestlers. There are charts in Japan which show the exact location of these sacred centers. The slightest

pressure upon certain of them will paralyze the entire body, so great is their control over the rest of the nervous system.

The jiu-jitsu exponents are taught how they can resuscitate a person who is absolutely dead by means of pressure brought to bear on certain points in the upper vertebrae of the spine. This is successful in nearly every case, often after all other methods have failed.

The sunbursts of varicolored lights in the body constitute the sacred lotus blossoms of India and Egypt and the roses of the Rosicrucians. They are also the immortal beads of the Bhagavad-Gita strung upon a single thread. It is through these centers that the nails of the crucifixion were driven. The crucifixion contains the secret of opening the flower centers of the hands, feet, side, and head. The three nails which accomplish this are preserved to Freemasonry as the three leading officers of a Lodge and the three murderers of Hiram Abiff.

The Mexican Indian Osiris called Prince Coh, died from three wounds inflicted by his enemies, and his heart was found in an urn by Augustus Le Plongeon, who spent many years in investigating Central American antiquities.

The relationship between these sacred centers and the jewels in the breastplate of the High Priest of Israel must not be overlooked, for both symbols have a similar meaning.

The most sacred part of the human body is the brain and spinal system, revered from all antiquity and symbolized again and again in all the religions of the world. While other parts of the body are of great interest to the student, the mysterious working of the spinal fires by means of which liberation is finally attained is so tremendous that many years must be spent in understanding even the fundamental



principles. The spine is the rod which budded, the Yggdrasil Tree, the flaming sword, the staff of comfort, the wand of the Magi.

### THE SACRED FIRE IN THE SPINE AND BRAIN

Santee called the *medulla spinalis* (spinal cord) the central axis of the nervous system. In a person of average size the spinal cord is about eighteen inches in length, weighs approximately one ounce and terminates opposite the first lumbar vertebra. The upper end of the spinal cord, passing upward through the *foramen magnum* (the large opening in the occipital bone of the skull) ends at the *medulla oblongata*. Running through the spinal cord is a tiny central channel referred to as the *sixth ventricle*. This is described as follows: "It is just visible to the naked eye, but it extends throughout the cord and expands above the fourth ventricle. In the *conus medullaris* it is also dilated, forming the *ventriculus terminalis* (Krausei)."

According to the Eastern system of occult culture, there are 49 sacred nerve centers in the human body, of which the 7 most important and key centers are placed near the spine at various intervals. The total number, 49, is the square of 7, and is also the number of rounds and sub-rounds of a planetary chain. When seen clairvoyantly, all of these centers resemble flowers or electric sparks. Each one of the 7 main plexuses has 6 of lesser importance surrounding it, thus forming six-pointed stars diagrammatically, although the centers are not arranged in star-like order in the body.

Concerning the continued recurrence of the sacred number seven in connection with the organs and parts of the human body, H. P. Blavatsky writes: "Remember that physiology, imperfect as it is, shows septenary groups all over the ex-

terior and interior of the body; the seven orifices, the seven 'organs' at the base of the brain, the seven plexuses (the pharyngeal, the laryngeal, cavernous, cardiac, epigastric [same as solar plexus], prostatic, and sacral plexus, etc.," These seven are the negative spinal plexuses of first importance, but disciples of the mysteries are warned not to attempt the development of these centers, because they are negative poles. All of the real plexuses which the true disciple of the highest knowledge should try to unfold are located within the skull, for the body is a negative pole of that spiritual body contained within the cranial cavity. As the body is controlled by the brain, the true adept works with the brain, avoiding the negative poles of the brain centers which are located along the spine. Proper development of the seven brain discs, or spiritual interpenetrating globes, results in the awakening of the spinal flowers by an indirect process. *Beware of the direct process by concentrating upon or directionalizing the internal breath towards the spinal centers.*

Madame Blavatsky might have added to her list of septenaries the seven sacred organs about the heart, the seven layers of the epidermis, the seven methods by which the body is vitalized, the seven sacred breaths, the seven body systems (bones, nerves, arteries, muscles, etc.), the seven layers of the auric egg, the seven major divisions of the embryo, the seven senses (five awakened and two latent), and the seven-year periods into which human life is divided. All of these are reminders of the fact that seven primitive and primary spirits have become incarnated in the composite structure of man and that the Elohim are actually within his own nature, where from their seven thrones they are molding him into a septenary creature. One of these Elohim, which corresponds to a color, a musical note, a planetary vibration, and a mysti-



cal dimension, is the key consciousness of every kingdom in Nature. The Elohim also take turns in controlling the life of the human being.

According to the ancient Brahmins, the Lord of the human race is keyed to the musical note *fa*, and his vibration runs through the minute tube in the spinal column. This tube is called the *sushumna*. The essence moving through the *sushumna* finally blossoms outward, forming a magnificent flower in the brain. This is called *sahasrara*, the thousand-petaled lotus, in the midst of which is enthroned the divine eye of the gods. In India it is possible to secure inexpensive chromos showing a meditating Yogi with these flower centers along the spine connected together by the three *nagas*, or serpent gods, which represent the divisions of the spinal cord. The caduceus of Hermes shows the two serpents wound around the central staff, where they vibrate as the sharp and flat notes of the central stem.

The naga gods, or serpents, often symbolized with human heads (sometimes as cobras with seven heads), are favorite motifs in Oriental art. In an isolated part of the jungle in Indo-China stand the remains of the ancient city of Angkor, concerning the building of which nothing is known, although the natives maintain that its great structures were raised in a single night by the gods. These buildings contain hundreds of carvings of great serpents, most of them hooded cobras. In some cases the bodies, being of great length, are used as railings around walls and the sides of steps. In the Indian chromos, the blossoms along the spine are often shown with varying numbers of petals. For example, the one at the base of the spine has but four petals; the next above six. Each of these petals is inscribed with a mysterious Sanskrit character representing a letter of the ancient alphabet. The petals

are believed to indicate the number of nerves branching from the plexus or ganglion.

The lotus blossoms are often ornamented with the figures of the gods, for all of the deities of the Brahmin Pantheon are related to nerve centers in the human body, and the proclivities which they demonstrate mythologically are symbolic of activities within the nature of man. One Oriental painting shows three sunbursts, one covering the head, in the midst of which sits Brahma with four heads, his body a dark and mysterious color. The second sunburst, which covers the heart, solar plexus, and upper abdominal region, shows Vishnu sitting in the blossom of the lotus on a couch formed of the coils of the serpent of cosmic motion, its seven-hooded head forming a canopy over the god. Over the generative system is a third sunburst, in the midst of which sits Shiva, his body a grayish white, and the Ganges River flowing out of the crown of his head. This painting was the work of an Indian mystic who spent many years on the figures, subtly concealing therein great truths. The Christian legends could be related to the human body by the same method as the Oriental, for the meanings concealed in the teachings of both schools are identical.

In Masonry the three sunbursts represent the gates of the Temple, at which Hiram is struck, there being no gate in the north because the sun never shines from the northern angle of the heavens. The north is the symbol of the physical because of its relation to ice—crystallized water—and to the body—crystallized spirit. In man the light shines toward the north but never from it, because the body has no light of its own; it shines with the reflected glory of the divine life particles concealed within the physical substances. For this reason, the moon is accepted as the symbol of man's



physical nature. Hiram, or Chiram as he should more properly be called—inasmuch as his name consists of the letters which in Hebrew stand for fire, air, and water—represents the mysterious fiery airy water which must be raised through the three grand centers symbolized by the ladder with three rungs and the sunburst flowers mentioned in the description of the Indian painting. It must also pass upward by means of the ladder of seven rungs, the seven lotus blossoms first described. These blossoms need not be considered entirely from an Oriental angle. Christians could properly call them the stations of the cross, for they are sacred places where the redeeming fire stops for a moment on its way up Calvary to liberation.

The spinal column is a chain of thirty-three segments, divided into five groups: (1) the *cervical*, or neck, vertebrae, seven in number, (2) the *dorsal*, or *thoracic*, vertebrae, of which there are twelve (one for each rib), (3) the *lumbar* vertebrae, five in number, (4) the *sacrum*, (five segments fused into one bone), and (5) the *coccyx* (four segments considered as one). The nine segments of the *sacrum* and *coccyx* are pierced by ten *foramina*, through which pass the roots of the Tree of Life. Nine is the sacred number of man and there is a great mystery concealed in the *sacrum* and *coccyx*. That part of the body from the kidneys downward was called by the early Cabalists the *Land of Egypt*, into which the Children of Israel were taken during the captivity. Out of Egypt Moses (the illuminated mind, as his name signifies) led the tribes of Israel, the twelve faculties, by *raising* the brazen serpent in the wilderness upon the symbol of the Tau Cross. At the base of the spine there is a tiny nerve center concerning which nothing is known, but the occultist realizes that the symbolism of the second crucifixion, which is supposed to have taken place in Egypt, has

reference to the crossing of certain nerves at the base of the spine. A friend visiting Mexico was good enough to count the rattles on the tails of the stone images of Quetzalcoatl, or Kulkulcan as he is sometimes known. In nearly every case, they were nine in number.

The cosmic hierarchy controlling the Constellation of Scorpio has control of the occult fires in the human body. To symbolize this they were given the name of the *serpent gods* and the priests initiated into their mystery wore the coiled serpent in the form of the *uraeus* upon their foreheads. These priests also often carried flexible staffs carved in the form of a snake and from six to ten feet long. The wood of which they were made was specially treated by a process now lost. At a certain part of the ceremonial, the priests bent the flexible staffs into circles, placing the tail of the carved snake into its mouth, accompanying the process with secret invocations. The transcendentalist of the Middle Ages did the same thing, but not with the full understanding possessed by the ancient priests. The Lords of Scorpio, being the great initiators, accepted none into the Mysteries save when the sun was in a certain degree of Taurus, symbolized by Apis, the Bull. When the Bull carried the sun between his horns, the neophytes were admitted. In geocentric astrology, this takes place when the sun is supposedly in the last decan of the Constellation of Scorpio. This is true not only in the ancient Egyptian rituals, but it is still true in the Mystery Schools. Candidates for the occult path of fire are to this day admitted only when the sun is geocentrically in Scorpio and heliocentrically in Taurus. The star group constituting the Constellation of the Scorpion closely resembles a spread eagle, and this is one of the reasons why that bird is sacred to Freemasonry, which is a fire cult.



Although the three tubes of the spinal cord are called in the ancient wisdom the *nagas*, or *whirling snakes*, and the serpent which cannot die till sun-down was accepted as their symbol, the scorpion has also been used as emblematic of the spinal fire. This scorpion was called Judas, the betrayer, for he is a backbiter, carrying his sting in the *sacrum* and *coccyx*. We are reminded of the legend of Parsifal, for the Castle of Klingsor, the evil magician, located at the foot of the mountain in the midst of a garden of illusion, is merely a symbol of this City of Babylon and the Land of Darkness, where all too often the Son of God is tempted to sacrifice his immortality. Here also is the scene which Goethe called "Walpurgis Night." It is here also that the false light is chained for a thousand years, as related by Milton in *Paradise Lost*.

Concerning the descent of the spirit fire down the spine into the place of darkness, Milton says: "Him the Almighty Power hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition, there to dwell in adamant chains and penal fire!"

It is also from here that the hordes of scorpions arose, spreading blight and destruction to all parts of the earth, as is related in the Book of Revelation. Here also is the rock Moriah, over the brow of which Hiram is buried. Here lurks Typhon, the Destroyer, and Satan, who was stoned. This is the dwelling place of the false light, to differentiate it from the true light which shines out through the regions of *schamayim* above. Between these two lies the length of the spinal cord, a rope connecting the Ark and the Anchor.

There is a legend among the Orientals to the effect that Kundalini, the goddess of the serpentine spinal fire, growing tired of heaven, decided to visit the new earth which was being formed in the sea of space. She therefore climbed down

a rope ladder (the umbilical cord) from heaven and found an island (the fetus) in the Sea of Meru (the amniotic fluid) surrounded by the mountains of Eternity (the Choron), all of which existed within the egg of Brahma (the womb of Matripadma). After exploring the island, Kundalini decided to return up the ladder once more, but as she was about to ascend, the ladder was cut from above (the umbilical cord severed at birth) and the island drifted off into space. In fear Kundalini ran and hid herself in a cave (the *sacral plexus*) where, according to certain of the Eastern teachings, she remains coiled like the cobra in the snake charmer's basket, from which she can be lured only by the three mysterious notes of the charmer's flute. When Kundalini begins to unwind, she ascends as a serpentine stream of fire through the spinal canal and into the brain, where she stimulates the activity of the pituitary body.

The spine may be divided horizontally into three sections. The lowest section includes the lumbar vertebrae, together with the segments forming the sacrum and coccyx, and is surrounded by a brick-red haze of a lurid and angry color. This haze is oily in texture and causes the sacrum and coccyx to appear the color of dried blood. The color, however, is living rather than dead. Higher up towards the lumbar vertebrae, the color is somewhat lighter and not so angry-looking. It gradually turns to orange, and through the section composed of the twelve dorsal vertebrae, there is a golden glow radiating outward from a thread-like line of what appears to be a river of yellow fire. These colors extend somewhat outward along the nerves which branch off from the spine between the vertebrae. A little higher, the yellow becomes flecked with green, and through the cervical section the stream becomes faintly electric blue. Through the *ida* and *pingala*—two lateral tubes through the spinal cord, paral-



leling the central tube on either side—this stream of fire goes up and down incessantly. The farther up the fire goes, the thinner and less brilliant its hues, but the purer and more beautiful the colors, until finally they meet in a seething, molten mass in the pons of the medulla oblongata, where the fire begins almost immediately to permeate the third ventricle and agitate the pituitary body.

This tiny form is described by Santee as follows: "The *hypophysis* (pituitary body) is composed of two lobes bound together by connective tissue. A sheet of *dura mater* (diaphragma sellae) holds them in the hypophysical fossa. The anterior lobe, the larger, is derived from the epithelium of the mouth cavity; and, in structure, resembles the thyroid gland. Its closed vesicles, lined with columnar epithelium (in part ciliated), contain a viscid jelly-like material (*pituita*), which suggested the old name for the body. The anterior lobe is hollowed out on its posterior surface (kidney-shape) and receives the posterior lobe, the infundibulum, into the concavity. The hypophysis has an internal secretion which appears to stimulate the growth of connective tissues and to be essential to sexual development.

The pituitary body is the negative pole, yet it plays many roles in the development of the spiritual consciousness. In one sense of the word, it is the initiator, for it "raises" the candidate (the pineal gland). Being of feminine polarity, the pituitary body lives up to its dignity by being the eternal temptress. In the Egyptian myths, Isis, who partakes of the nature of the pituitary body, conjures Ra, the Supreme Deity of the sun (who is here symbolic of the pineal gland) to disclose his sacred name, which he finally does. The physiological process by means of which this is accomplished is worthy of detailed consideration.

The pituitary body begins to glow very faintly, and little rippling rings of light pour out from around the gland and gradually fade out a short distance from the pituitary body. As occult growth continues, according to the proper understanding of the law of occultism, the emanating rings around the gland grow stronger. They are not equally distributed around the pituitary body. The circles are elongated on the side facing the third ventricle and reach out in graceful parabolas towards the pineal gland. Gradually, as the stream becomes more powerful, they approach ever closer to the slumbering eye of Shiva, tinting the form of the pineal gland with golden-orange light and gently coaxing it into animation. Under the benign warmth and radiance of the pituitary fire, the divine eye thrills and moves and the magnificent mystery of occult unfoldment takes place.

The pineal gland is thus described by Santee: "Pineal body (*corpus pineale*) is a cone-shaped body, 6mm. (0.25 in.) high and 4 mm. (0.17 in.) in diameter, joined to the roof of the third ventricle by a flattened stalk, the *habenula*. It is also called the *epiphysis*. The pineal body is situated in the floor of the transverse fissure of the cerebrum, directly below the splenium of the corpus callosum, and rests between the superior colliculi of the quadri-geminal bodies on the posterior surface of the midbrain. It is closely invested by *pia mater*. The habenula splits into a dorsal and ventral lamina, which are separated by the pineal recess. The ventral lamina fuses with the posterior commissure; but the dorsal stretches forward over the commissure in continuity with the roof epithelium. The border of the dorsal lamina is thickened along the line of attachment to the thalamus and forms the *stria medullaris thalami* (pineal stria). The thickening is due to the presence of a bundle of fibres from the column of the fornix and the intermediate stria of the



olfactory tract. Between the medullary striae, at the posterior end, there is a transverse band, the *commissura habenularum*, through which the fibres of the striae partially decussate to the nucleus habenulate in the thalamus. The interior of the pineal body is made up of closed follicles surrounded by ingrowths of connective tissue. The follicles are filled with epithelial cells mixed with calcareous matter, the brain-sand (*acervulus cerebri*). Calcareous deposits are found also on the pineal stalk and along the chorioid plexuses.

“The function of the pineal body is unknown. Descartes facetiously suggests that it is the abode of the spirit (the sand) of man. In reptiles, there are two pineal bodies, an anterior and a posterior, of which the posterior remains undeveloped, but the anterior forms a rudimentary cyclopean eye. In the Hatteria, a New Zealand lizard, it projects through the parietal foramen and presents an imperfect lens and retina and, in its long stalk, nerve fibers. The human pineal body is probably homologous with the posterior pineal body of reptiles.”

The pineal gland is a link between the consciousness of man and the invisible worlds of Nature. Whenever the arc of the pituitary body contacts this gland, there are flashes of temporary clairvoyance, but the process of making these two work together constantly is one requiring not only years, but lives, of consecration and special physiological and biological training. This third eye is the Cyclopean eye of the ancients, for it was an organ of conscious vision long before the physical eyes were formed, although vision was a sense of cognition rather than sight in those ancient days.

As man's contact with the physical world grew more complete, he lost his inner understanding, together with the conscious connection with the creative hierarchies. In order to regain this connection, it is necessary for him to rise above

the limitations of the physical world. He must not, however, sever his connection with humanity by becoming a recluse or an impractical dreamer. The occultist must not *walk* out of anything; he must *work* out of everything. In the pineal gland, there is a tiny grit, or sand, concerning which modern science knows practically nothing. Investigations have shown that this grit is absent in idiots and others lacking properly organized mentality. Occultists know that this grit is the key to the spiritual consciousness of man. It serves as a connecting link between consciousness and form.

The foregoing will give a brief understanding of part of the mystery of man's occult anatomy. Those with discerning eyes will see in the spinal canal leading upward into ventricles of the brain—through certain doors concerning which science is ignorant—the passageways and chambers of the ancient Mysteries. They will realize that the spinal spirit fire is the candidate who is being initiated. In the triangular room of the third ventricle, the Master Mason's Degree is given. Here the candidate is buried in the coffin; and here, after three days, he rises from the dead.

The lower degrees of the ancient Mysteries led through tortuous passageways where howling and crying rent the air, and flames of the Inferno flickered through the darkness. The neophyte seeking for the light was first led through the underworld, where he fought strange beasts and heard the wailing of lost souls. All this was emblematic of man's own lower nature, through which his spiritual ideals must rise to illumination and truth. The higher degrees of the Mysteries took place in beautiful domed buildings where white-robed priests chanted and sang, and lights from invisible lamps shone on golden jewels. The Greater Mysteries represented the felicity of the soul surrounded by light and truth. They symbolized that man had “raised” himself from



the darkness of ignorance into the light of philosophy. Plato said that the body is the sarcophagus of the soul, for he realized that within the form was an immortal principle which could free itself from the mortal sheath only by death or by initiation. By the ancients these two were considered almost synonymous. For that reason the dying Socrates ordered his disciples to make an offering at the time of his death similar to the one which candidates made when about to be initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries.

The mystery of the All-Seeing Eye was sometimes symbolized by the peacock, because this bird had eyes in all of its feathers. In honor of the sacred eye in the crown of the head, the monks of all nations shave their hair over the place where this eye is supposed to look out. Small children who have but recently completed their embryonic recapitulation of humanity's early struggle for life have an unduly sensitive area about the crown of the head. The skull does not close there immediately. In some cases it never closes, although usually the sutures unite between the second and fifth years. The extreme sensitiveness over the area of the third eye is accompanied by a certain clairvoyance. The small child is still living largely in the invisible worlds. While its physical organism is unresponsive, it is conscious and active (at least to limited degree) in those worlds with which it is connected by the open gateway of the pineal gland. Gradually certain manifestations of higher consciousness enter into its physical organism and crystallize into the fine grit found in that gland. There is no grit in the pineal gland until consciousness enters.

Not only are the two glands in the head tremendously important, but the whole glandular system, especially the ductless glandular system, exercises tremendous sway over the human system. The white blood corpuscles are not actually

manufactured in either the pancreas or the spleen, but are really formed by activity of the etheric double, which is connected to the physical form through the spleen. A continuous stream of partly etheric white blood corpuscles pours from the invisible world into the visible organism through the gateway of the spleen. The same is true of the liver, for the red blood corpuscles are to a certain degree a crystallization of astral forces, for the liver is the portal leading into the astral body.

The seven major ductless glands are under the control of the seven planets, and each one of them is actually a seven-fold body in the same way that all the vital organs are seven-fold. The heart is divided into seven complete organs by a certain process of occult anatomy, as is also the brain. The fact that the human brain closely resembles, in certain details—especially the organs grouped about the base of it—an androgynous human embryo, is sufficient to cause further investigations. Sometime, physicians will realize that the knowledge of the organs and functions of the human body is the most important and complete method of understanding the religions of all the world, for all religions—even the most primitive—are based on the functions of the human form. It was not without reason that the ancient priests placed over the temple gate the immortal motto:

“MAN KNOW THYSELF”





—from *Turbæ Philosophorum*

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOON

## THE HERMETIC MARRIAGE

### THE ORIGIN OF THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY

Thoth Hermes, the ibis-headed, was the Egyptian god of wisdom, learning, literature, and science. He is accredited with being the first to reveal the art of writing to the present human race. According to the records available, he lived in Egypt as a contemporary of Moses. Some authorities even claim that Moses and Hermes were one and the same person. The Greek name *Hermes* is taken from an ancient root, *herm*, which means the active, positive, radiant principle of Nature, sometimes translated “vitality” and known to ancient Masonry as the cosmic fire, CHiram, and later as Hiram Abiff.

Hermes Trismegistus, often called Mercurius Ter Maximus, dominated the philosophical and literary thought of the ancient world. His very name became a synonym of wisdom—in fact, he was revered as the personification of philosophy and erudition. He was regarded as the first Cabalist, the first physician, the first alchemist and the first historian. The actual life of this demigod and king of the ancient Double Empire of the Nile is obscured by that twilight which hides the origin of all peoples. By reason of his great wisdom and magical powers, Thoth was listed among the gods, until today many believe that he never existed at all outside of mythology. But if action and reaction are equal, then something more substantial than a mere legend must be the



foundation for the towering superstructure of the Hermetic arts.

During the early periods of human growth, when the intelligence of man was scarcely above that of the animal, all education was controlled by the priestcraft. The ancient priests were called the shepherds of men, for they guarded the flocks of primitive human beings as the shepherd does his sheep. Both science and philosophy were outgrowths of religion; in fact, all our present-day wisdom came originally into the world from between the pillars of the sanctuaries. Hermes was to ancient philosophy what Jesus is to Christianity—its light, its inspiration and its impetus. The Egyptian initiates of the Temple of Isis claimed, therefore, that Hermes was actually the writer of all books on philosophical and religious subjects; that the supposed human authors were merely amanuenses, who wrote down upon parchment or vellum the thoughts which this god impressed upon their consciousness. In scriptural terms, they were the pens, and he, the ever ready writer.

During his lifetime, Hermes Trismegistus is supposed to have actually written forty-two books. Some, however, are probably the work of the ancient Egyptian priests, for in their glory these serpent-crowned hierophants represented the wisest group of philosophers that ever lived upon this planet. Clemens Alexandrinus states that these Hermetic books were divided into six parts, each dealing with a separate subject, under such headings as astronomy (and its inseparable companion, astrology), medicine, geography, the hymns to the gods, and other titles. During the ages that have passed, Hermes has come to be acknowledged as the godfather of science, particularly its chemical and medical branches. Even after the Christian Era, numerous works dealing with religious and philosophical subjects were dedicated

to him, and the general term "Hermetic art" has been applied to practically all the abstruse sciences of the ancient, medieval, and modern worlds.

*The Divine Pymander* (more commonly known as *The Shepherd of Men*) and the Smaragdine Tablet found in the Valley of Hebron are the most famous of the Hermetic fragments (see *The Lost Keys of Freemasonry*). These two works are probably authentic and contain many keys to the universal science of life, of which Hermes was a master. Nearly all Hermetic thought was an elaboration of the principle of analogy contained in the great Hermetic axiom: "That which is above is like unto that which is below, and that which is below is like unto that which is above."

At the present time, nearly all the so-called Hermetic writings are said to be lost. Only a few isolated remnants remain of what once must have been a magnificent collection of philosophical, medical, and religious wisdom.

During the Middle Ages one particular branch of Hermetic thought—alchemy—gradually came into prominence, and for several hundred years dominated all other branches. Alchemy was the androgynous parent of chemistry, which was separated from its sire by the speculations of Roger Bacon and Bayle. While chemistry as a science dealt only with minerals, medicines, and essences, alchemy struggled with the more profound elements of macrocosmic and microcosmic relationships. Alchemy undoubtedly originated in Egypt, for there the secrets of transmuting base metals into gold, and of prolonging the life of the physical body indefinitely, were thoroughly understood by the priestcraft. Ancient records tell us that the Chaldean sages knew how to rebuild their bodies, many of them living to be over a thousand years old. Many of the processes by which this was accomplished were concealed under the sacred Egyptian



rituals, such as the *Book of Coming Forth by Day*, which E. A. Wallis Budge has called *The Book of the Dead*.

In the Middle Ages, when religion, divorcing philosophy, was wed to blind faith, there was a renaissance of the alchemical and Hermetic arts. They were revived by that type of mind which demands reason, logic, and philosophy, as well as hymns and prayers. Alchemy won numerous converts in Germany, France, and England. The long-ignored works of the Arabian magicians enjoyed wide popularity, and from them was extracted the greater part of modern astrology. The ancient philosophies of the Jewish patriarchs were also revived and Cabalism became a universal topic of consideration.

Paracelsus, the great Swiss physician (sometimes called the second Hermes), undoubtedly rediscovered the ancient Egyptian formulae of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, and around him rallied a coterie of medieval philosophers who stand out strongly against the dun-colored background of medieval culture. Back of this revival of interest in ancient Egyptian philosophy, we find the master minds and guiding hands of three great philosophical movements: (1) The Order of the Illuminati—represented by Mohammed, prophet of Islam; Roger Bacon, father of chemistry; and Paracelsus, father of modern medicine. It is an interesting fact that the present buildings and school of Rudolph Steiner, the German mystic, are located in the grounds of the old estate of Hohenheim, where Paracelsus lived. (2) The Order of Freemasons—represented by the great Robert Fludd, master of symbolism and alchemy, and Elias Ashmole, the unique philosopher. (3) The Rosicrucians—a sacred organization founded by the mysterious Father C. R. C. after his return from Arabia. In the mythological city of Damcar he had been educated in alchemy and astrology by Arabian Adepts.

After him came Sir Francis Bacon, the remodeler of British law; Count Cagliostro, the sublime adventurer; and, last and greatest of all, the great Comte de St. Germain, probably the world's greatest political reformer—an alchemist by fire. These superlative minds leavened the loaf of materiality and kept alight the flame of Hermes during the medieval centuries of religious intolerance and bigotry.

Concealed beneath chemistry — the science of relating chemicals and elements—these minds discovered the ancient Egyptian arcana, long hidden by the crafty priests of Ra and Ammon. Alchemy thereupon became the chemistry of the soul, for under the material symbol of chemistry was concealed the mystery of "The Coming Forth by Day." These ancient wise men taught that the world was a great laboratory; that living essences were the chemicals; that the span of life was a period of time given to the mind in which to experiment with the great agencies of Nature; and that to the thoughtful came wisdom from their labors, while for the thoughtless life held only foolishness and sorrow. In this great laboratory man learned how to combine the living chemicals of thought, action, and desire, and by learning the ways of Nature, became master of Nature. He became a God by actually becoming a man. In the words of the great Paracelsus, "The beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power."

Of all the Hermetic mysteries, none is more perplexing than the so-called Hermetic Marriage. A post-Christian interpretation of an ancient Egyptian ritual supposedly written two hundred years earlier was published to the modern world in the first part of the 17th century under the name of *The Chymical Nuptials of Christian Rosencreutz*. Little, if anything, has been discovered concerning the origin either of this book or the *Fama Fraternitatis*, which appeared about



the same time. The exalted Order of Rosicrucian philosophers has been very reticent concerning its members and their works, and even today it is difficult to prove, from a strictly material viewpoint, that the Order ever existed.

Concealed under the quaint wording of the Alchemical Marriage can be plainly traced a series of mysterious formulae concerning the transmutation of base metals into gold. The alchemist taught that man contained within himself all the elements of Nature, both human and divine, and that by a special culture, the base elements of his nature could be transmuted into the spiritual gold called the soul. In discussing this, Paracelsus makes plain that these philosophers did not wish to leave the impression that something could be made from nothing; rather, they emphasized the fact that each individual thing contains all other things, and that the alchemical process of making gold was merely to culture the germ of gold which is contained in every base substance. Modern science substantiates the alchemical point of view by stating that it expects to extract gold from mercury by taking out or isolating the electron of gold, which is one of the constituents of every mercurial atom. Taking the chemistry of human relationships as a basis, therefore, we have prepared the following thesis concerning the true preparation of a Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, according to the fundamentals laid down by Hermes and the ancient Egyptian Priestcraft.

#### HERMETIC ANATOMY

A theory of natural creation has been generally accepted by the faiths of the world, with the possible exception of Christianity. To the ancients, everything in Nature was alive; therefore, they accepted the human body as symbolic of the universe. The Hebrews called this prototype Adam Kadmon,

or the Grand Man, in whose mold all things were made. Every system of cosmogony, except the Christian, makes the universe a living thing. Instead of a God separated from his creation, the Brahmins, Jews, Persians and Chinese have conceived their God as being completely involved in his creation. They have accepted more literally than the Christians the idea that man dwells in God—that in God he actually lives, moves, and has his being. They call this God Macroprosopus, or “the spirit of the Grand Man.” From his body was made the Macrocosm, consisting of suns, moons, planets, meteors, ethers, gases, and the sundry parts of creation. In the Scandinavian *Eddas*, the universe was formed from the body of Ymir, the frost king. In India the universe was constructed from the person of Brahma, whose members became the various bodies of the visible cosmos. The Hermetists, therefore, said “Man, know thyself! for thou, like God, art all wisdom and all power, and the shadow bearing witness unto the Eternal.”

An anonymous alchemist, writing in the Middle Ages, stated: “God has given man three ways whereby he may learn the Infinite Will: (1) Nature, for in the stars that twinkle in the sky, the planets in their thundering march, and the earth with its multitude of laws, are concealed the laws of God; (2) Holy Writ, the inspired word of saints and sages unnumbered; and (3) anatomy, the structure of our own bodies, wherein is concealed the structure of the universe, for all things are made by one mold.” The electron, revolving around its nebular center, obeys the same law that moves planets around the sun. In this we see the truth of the great Hermetic axiom, “as above, so below.” As with the lesser, so with the greater.

The Hermetists spent much time studying the intricate construction of man, and, like the Brahmins of India, they



divided him into three major parts. In India, this trinity of basic parts is called *Adi*, *Buddhi*, and *Manas*, meaning literally Spirit, Soul, and Body. Their *Trimurti* corresponds to the Trinity of Christian theology. Each of these three major parts of a god, a man, or a universe was personified as an individual. *Adi* (Spirit) was called the Divine Cause, or the Father. *Manas* (Matter) was called the Divine Effect, being known in India as Shiva and in Christendom as the Holy Spirit. Between these two stood *Buddhi*—the mediator, the god-man, the Mercury of the Latins, the messenger of the gods. By some, this intermediary is considered synonymous with soul; by others it is called mind, because mind is the uniting link between life in the sense of energy, and death, in the sense of inertia. To the pagans and Hermetists, all things in Nature—the ethers, the air, minerals, even the earth itself—were endowed with intelligence, consciousness, and feeling.

The *Adi-Buddhi-Manas* constitution of man is represented by the alchemists under the symbolism of the Philosopher's Stone and its three important constituents: salt, sulphur, and mercury. According to alchemy, salt is the substance of all things; it is the body, the form, the dense crystallized particles from which all physical things are manufactured. Sulphur is symbolic of fire, the divine agent. Fire is defined by the Hermetists as the life of all things, and is the *Adi* of the Brahmin *Trimurti*. Mercury, the universal solvent, becomes synonymous with *Buddhi*, the mind—the thing which absorbs all experience into itself—the link between God and Nature. All the great World Saviors have come, it seems, as personifications of *Buddhi*, or the Universal Mediator. Like the Indian Vishnu, they have sought to bring God and man closer together. Whether as Christ, Prometheus, Zoroaster, Krishna, or Buddha, they have come to bear

witness to the Father; and being made in the semblance of man, but imbued with the spirit of God, they have become personifications of the Universal Solvent.

To the Hermetists, man has always been considered androgynous, and they created the god Hermaphroditus to represent the duality of all living things. This word is coined from *Hermes*, fire or vitality, and *Aphrodite*, the goddess of water. The great Hermetic and alchemical adage was, "Make the fire to burn in the water, and the water to feed the fire. In this lies great wisdom." The ancient Rosicrucians taught that the eternal feminine was not extracted from the nature of man, as Moses would have us think, but was rather made subservient to the opposite side of its own nature. They believed that every creature was essentially male and female, but for reasons which we will discuss later, only one phase of that nature manifested at a time. By fire these philosophers taught that there was but one life-force in the human body, and that man used it in the furtherance of all his labors; that he digested his food with essentially the same energy with which he thought, and reproduced his species with the same forces which he used in physical exercise. This force personified was said to be the builder of the Universal Temple. It became the Hiram Abiff of Masonry, the builder of the Eternal Temple.

In Egypt, this force is symbolized by a serpent, and it is worthy of note that in ancient Hebrew the words *serpent* and *savior* are synonymous. In *The Stanzas of Dzyan*, an ancient Tibetan fragment, it is stated that at one time a shower of serpents fell upon the earth. This is understood, esoterically, to represent the coming of the great World Teachers, who have long been called "serpents." The Savior of the Aztecs and Incas was called Quetzalcoatl. This name means "Feathered Serpent." From the serpent-kings of Egypt to the feath-



ered serpents of Tibet, the serpent is symbolic of the vital energies of the human body. Moses raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and all who gazed upon it lived. Christ, the serpent reborn, says: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

The simile is obvious, yet few ever understand it. To the ancients, the magic wand was the spinal canal. Through this canal runs a sacred liquid, called *fire oil*, in Greek *Christos*, the savior or redeemer of things. This same thought has been preserved for Masonry under the heading, "The Marrow of the Bone." The Hermetic philosophers recognized this essence in man as a distillation of Universal Life derived from the atmosphere, the sunlight, the rays of the stars and food. This universal vitality, upon which all living things draw, is probably the origin of the myths of the gods who died for mankind. It is undoubtedly the origin of the legend of the Last Supper, for man eternally maintains himself upon the body and the blood of this spirit of universal energy.

If this energy, which passes through the conduit of the spine, is drained off by various parts of the body, it stands to reason that waste will ultimately result in want. We know that it is very undesirable to do heavy thinking directly after eating, for at such times the vital energies are digesting food and cannot safely be diverted to other channels. By analogy, one-pointedness is the basis of success; for when the bodily energies are divided against each other, they cannot perform their proper functions. The ancients taught that the normal individual had two distinct avenues of expression—the first, mental and spiritual; the second, emotional and physical. The mental faculties were radiant, powerful, dominating, and strong, but often cruel and cynical. The mind was called the positive pole of the soul, while the heart was called the

negative pole. We have been taught that the spirit expresses itself through the mind; the soul and the body through the heart. The ancient alchemists called the mind "the sun" and the heart "the moon," for to them strength, reason, and logic were masculine, paternal, solar powers; while love, beauty, intuition and kindness were feminine, maternal, lunar qualities. This will probably make clear why gold and silver had to be blended in the great alchemical enterprises, for the gold and silver of the alchemists were not dead metals, but living qualities in human life.

The marriage of the sun and moon was, therefore, the marriage of the mind and heart, or the two halves of every nature. It was the union of strength with beauty, courage with inspiration; and in its greater sense, the union of science with theology, or God with Nature. The urgency of this alliance is evident in the world today, where cold intellectualism and commercialism need the finer sentiments of friendliness and altruism to offset their heartlessness. On the other hand, fanaticism, blind faith, and ungoverned emotionalism require the strong hand of logic and reason to steer them away from the rocks of insanity and death. Perfect equilibrium in human nature is seldom found; in fact, it is Nature's greatest rarity. A person with that perfectly balanced viewpoint, however, is the living Philosopher's Stone, for he has the strength matched with kindness, and justice tempered with mercy.

Hermetic anatomy teaches that there are two small bodies in the brain which are identified with the living Yin and Yang of China. In the same way, every person has a masculine nature and a feminine nature, and never do we find these two entirely dissociated. It may be that East Indian philosophy gives us our best light on this rather perplexing subject, for both the Hindus and the alchemists agree that



the spirit, like God, is androgynous, being both father and mother. It states in Genesis, "God created man in His own image, male and female created He them." We would infer from this that God is both male and female, and as the spirit of man is of God, it must partake of the androgynous nature of its parent. In harmony with the Eastern sages, sex exists no more in spirit than it does in the embryo before the third month of prenatal life. Sex is a polarization of the body, a manifestation of spirit; but the germ of life itself is capable of projecting both the positive and negative rays.

We now become involved in a still more perplexing problem; namely, what governs the sex which the human being is to manifest during life? Again we turn to the Eastern sages. Evolution is the continuity of form appearing in cycles and gradually unfolding from a simple cell to a complex organism. If a form evolves, it is not absurd to suppose that the cause of that form is also evolving. The Oriental solves one of the Western world's greatest problems by the law of reincarnation. This doctrine (which was removed from the Christian faith, A.D. 550, at the Council of Constantinople) taught that the spirit or life is immortal; that it descends into gross matter not once, but many times, in order that it may ultimately gain that perfection which no living creature has ever yet gained in one appearance in the world. This doctrine also taught that the consciousness thus descending into form does not always appear in one sex, but alternates, first appearing in a masculine body and then in a feminine—in this way developing both sides of the nature symmetrically. If this doctrine be accepted, it will go far toward solving a number of problems concerning heredity and the so-called injustice and inequality in the world. Even without it, Hermeticism can still stand; with its aid, however, the alchemical philosophies become far more clarified.

The ancient wisdom teaches that the circle of the creative forces in the human body is broken at the present time. One end of this broken ring is in the brain, where it furnishes the power or vitality which is the basis of brain function. The other end of this circle is located in the generative system, where it furnishes the means of reproducing the species. At a time remote in history, man was a complete creative unit in himself, being capable of procreating his species like certain of the lower orders of animals of today. At that time, however, he had no mind. According to mythology, the raising of the brazen serpent therefore gave him a mind, but broke the creative circuit. In the masculine sex, the positive pole of the life force is in the brain; the negative pole is used for generative purposes. In the feminine sex, the negative pole is in the brain; the positive pole is used for generative purposes. As a direct outgrowth of this condition (temporarily maintained in order that man may think and develop his higher nature and at the same time offer opportunity for other lives to come into manifestation), the institution of marriage was established.

Marriage is, therefore, the Hermetic symbol of the ultimate reunion of the two halves of each individual's nature, when, after repeated appearances and associations, equilibrium between these masculine and feminine qualities is established. The wedding ring was accordingly symbolic of the golden ring of the spirit fire, which connected the spiritual and material natures of every individual. Ultimately the present methods of reproduction will be abolished, and both halves of the spirit-fire will again be turned into the brain. One of them now finds its polarity in the pituitary body, and the other in the pineal gland. These two tiny ductless bodies, while an enigma to modern science, were recognized by the ancients as organs of great significance.



The Ancient Wisdom teaches that the pineal gland was the original organ of vision, namely, the third eye, called in the Sanskrit *Dangma*, or the *Eye of Shiva*. It is the *all-seeing eye* of the Masons, and the meaning of the word *Buddha*. In uniting its spark with the pituitary body, this gland fuses the broken circle, and thus consummates the Hermetic Marriage, whereby, through an immaculate conception in the brain, the great light—the Shining One—is born as a luminous spark in the third ventricle, which is the Master Mason's chamber in the ancient and accepted rite.

Today, students of the ancient wisdom are seeking to prepare themselves for this peculiar work. The Hermetic Marriage is, therefore, an individual matter, involving the attainment of individual completeness, requiring of the aspirant a sincere effort to be balanced, sane, and consistent in everything he does. In the alchemical retorts and vials we recognize the bodies, glands, and organs of man; and in the chemicals, the essences and forces coursing through the body. With these, the individual consciousness must labor until it is capable of combining them according to the perfect formula.

#### HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY IN FAIRY STORY

What child does not grow up in a fairyland extending from the first glimmer of understanding to the time when the grim realities of maturity tear down the dream world and replace it with hopelessness and despair? Hearts are broken all the way through this tragic pageantry of existence, but the first heartbreak is when the fairy stories and their wonderful little people are given up, and those beautiful beings with which we have peopled the world of our fancies give way to heartless human creatures of real existence.

Man thoughtlessly destroys not only the dreams of others, but makes his own world a nightmare peopled with hobgoblins of selfishness and egotism. The fairies of childhood are always benevolent, kindly, helpful, serving the poor in distress, righting wrongs, and doing many beautiful things; while the realities of later life are generally malevolent and productive of all the miseries that the fairies of childhood sought to heal with silver-tipped wands and rainbow dreams.

In the great game of life, why can we not still preserve some of the beauty and romance of fairyland? The world of pixies, gnomes, and fairy godmothers is just as real in childhood as the grinding commercial system is during later life. Economics would suffer no injury, nor would standards collapse if dreams were perpetuated and man instructed how to build solid foundations under his castles of ether; for human beings are ever children at heart. Man grows old, but he never grows up. Like Peter Pan, he is child-like from the cradle to the grave. Life, for the average person, has an insufficiency of beauty or sweetness with which to combat the sordid grind of modern things. Here and there one lives a whole life in a fairyland of poetry, art, or music. Such a one we call a dreamer. But as the years weigh heavy upon us, we forget Prince Charming and Princess Beautiful, and ourselves become cruel old ogres who live to frighten other children's souls out of their dreams. Are not most of us in our daily lives akin to the same cruel giants who dwelt alone in castles of gloom, and over whom we shivered in terror and sorrow when we read fairy stories of long ago?

Will any child ever forget Cinderella and her wonderful glass slipper—how she met and won the beautiful prince while her envious sisters and cruel stepmother gnashed their teeth in rage? The story is part of childhood. But with the coming of years, poor little Cinderella is forgotten; the rag



dolls are thrown in the corner; the toy blocks are covered with dust, for the dream world of childhood has faded from the mind, and little pattering feet once running hither and thither have given place to slow, uncertain steps. Yet the romance finds another setting. Prince Charming becomes a soda-fountain clerk or a floor-walker in a down-town store, while Princess Beautiful sells ribbons in some little country shop.

The lives of people are really fairy stories, in which they play out the comedies and tragedies of their lives, seeking for something today to take the place of the shattered dreams of yesterday. Few of us have ever realized that fairy stories have their counterpart in Nature. The world about us is filled with ugly step-mothers and half-sisters who cannot wear glass slippers. They are not living people, it is true, but they are attitudes and thoughts; for our own dispositions, when perverted and soured, become hateful ogres and witches seeking to destroy goodness and kindness within ourselves.

Do you remember Beauty and the Beast—how in spite of the sorcery that had turned the handsome prince into a hideous monster, the coming of Beauty into his life restored him again to human form and happiness? Through the lack of beauty in his own heart, many an individual has become a horrible, hideous beast who, while still in human shape, has all the attributes of a ferocious animal. How often the sense of beauty is the thing that redeems! Beauty of soul and beauty of life bring back happiness to the beast. The whole world is a romance of Beauty and the Beast. We see it on the battlefield of Flanders, where flowers are springing up in the shadows of the trenches. In Nature we ever see Beauty redeeming the Beast. Out in the forest, the dark dead tree is gaunt and bare; but Nature, with her magic wand,

covers the tree with creeping vines, decking its gaunt limbs with mantles of flowers, and urging the birds to build their nests amid its dark branches. A beautiful word, a beautiful thought, a beautiful life—all these are magic wands which recall Prince Charming from the darkness of gloom and despondency.

Have you read the story of Sleeping Beauty? If not, go straight to the library and visit the children's room. Sit down on one of those little chairs about ten inches from the floor, get out the book, with its colored pictures and much-thumbed pages, and go with the Prince through the great forest of nettles and thorns which surrounds the palace of Princess Beautiful. The Princess is under a spell which causes her to sleep until she is awakened by the handsome Prince, who passes through all the obstacles of life in order to claim her as his own.

Have you ever realized that you are both the Prince and Princess in one—that the Princess is your own better nature, the spirit of beauty lying asleep in you, hidden away behind walls of nettles and thorns of conflict? These thorns and briars are the struggles and disappointments and impediments of life, for there is a crown of thorns in every life. Man longs for the beautiful and the true, but he must always claim it from a heart of sorrow and sadness. Peace will never be found without labor. So go with the faith of a true prince into the world, which is the forest of nettles, for the world is filled with aggravating, pricking, tearing and wounding things. But if you will go through life with the faith of the fairy Prince, you will find that the thorns give way before you, that the nettles and briars part and let you through; for there is a reward for those who seek to beautify life and awaken the spirit of harmony lying asleep behind the briars of privation. There is beauty in all



things. If your life has been deprived of it, go like the Prince and claim it. Remember, however, that happiness must always be reached through the forest of thorns, and that every spirit must be a hero to attain it.

Let us stop for a moment in passing and read again those wonderful legends, *The Thousand and One Nights*—how Sinbad sailed the seven seas, and Ali Baba watched from his tree while the thieves hid their treasure in the mountain-side. Fantastic stories these, but in every one a lesson. Every one is true, if we can but read the meaning aright.

Will you ever forget Aladdin and his wonderful lamp—how the poor beggar boy who lived with his widowed mother (Masons take note) won, by means of his magic lamp, everything in the world that his heart desired? He married the Princess Beautiful, overpowered the evil magician, and became Caliph of Bagdad. Here again life is unfolded to us. What is the lamp of Aladdin that gives him everything that he desires? The lamp is wisdom, which is gained under the ground in the darkness of the earth—meaning life and its complexities. The genii that serves it is Nature, who obeys all who understand her laws. The Princess is happiness, peace, and the spirit of eternal romance, which lead man in his quest and strengthen him, that he may win the great battle of life; for in saving his own soul he wins the Princess of his dreams. The evil magician is selfishness and his own lower nature, which seek to prevent Aladdin from having the lamp, for the animal must die when man becomes human. Aladdin becomes the Caliph of Bagdad, which represents the attainment of Godhood or wisdom, and the mastery of his own universe, as a result of his exploits. All these stories have a meaning the child never suspects, but so deep that the sage cannot comprehend it all.

The greatest minds that ever lived have believed in fairies

—if not in embodied ones, at least in the principle of fairies. Socrates had his familiar spirit that comforted him in time of sorrow. Napoleon had his little red gnome, which was seen sitting on his shoulder at the battle of the Pyramids. Paracelsus declared that the fairies were elemental creatures, and that the reason small children see them is because in early childhood the soft spot on the crown of the head has not completely closed and the pineal gland, or etheric eye, is still somewhat active.

### THE LOVE STORIES OF THE GODS

Romance fills the mythologies of every nation. They are the romances of natural forces, for in all the faiths of the world the creative powers of Nature are personalized. Human feelings and emotions are attributed to them. Idylls of beauty and pathos fill the scriptures of all peoples, and the sanctity of the highest forms of human sentiment is lauded as virtue by every spiritual message the world has ever received.

The ancients (speaking in the language of men) taught that the gods were the planets, and that the rays from these distant planets came as suitors bringing gifts to the earth. They taught that all things in Nature plighted their troth, one to the other; that from these romances came forth the gods of creation and the spirits that labor with the universe in its forming.

In India, *Brahma*—the Father God, the life of all things—awakened the universal substance, *Matripadma*—the great Mother Lotus—by a ray of light which he caused to descend from the heavens. This ray of light, striking the Lotus, kissed it with a gleam of energy that vibrated through the entire blossom. Thereupon the blossom opened its petals



and dropped its seeds which, falling into Chaos, were the beginnings of the worlds.

In the Greek legend of Orpheus and Eurydice we are told how the god of music and harmony wooed the goddess of beauty and love. Later, because of the sting of the serpent, Eurydice died and descended into the world of Pluto. Orpheus followed her into the depths of hell, seeking to win her back from the realm of death. Losing her at last, he wandered, broken-hearted and alone, to an untimely grave.

This myth (like the others) deals with the beauty of attitudes, and is entirely impersonal, for Orpheus represents skill, and Eurydice signifies inspiration. When she had been taken from his life, he could no longer play the harmonies which before had filled his soul. We often fail in life because of the lack of inspiration which adds *soul* to the dexterity of the fingers. Every life must not only have the power to accomplish; it must also have the inspiration to lead it on. Here we have the laws of polarity at work. These are the two opposites—skill and inspiration. How easily one can destroy the other, yet how perfectly each complements the other! All things in Nature are at their *summum bonum* when each quality complements every other. Reason, logic, philosophy, courage, daring—even aspiration—are the masculine qualities. They lend strength to accomplishment, but they are incomplete unless there is added to them inspiration, intuition, grace, beauty, faith, and love—either love of labor or of the spirit behind labor.

From India comes what is probably the most beautiful of all love stories—the legend of Radha and Krishna. Out in the forest these two loved and played, and their romance has become one of the great spiritual inspirations of India.

Krishna was the spirit—gallant, beautiful, and dynamic—the Prince Charming of every love story—while Radha was

the body, Nature, the eternally receptive thing. As the sun radiates its light upon the earth, so Krishna brought his gifts to the one he loved. In their story is played the drama of the love of Life for Substance, and the romance in which Life redeems Substance through eternal devotion is a beautiful thing indeed. Krishna attained divinity, and through love, Radha—the soul—was liberated from the shell of substance and became one with the spirit of Light.

The analogy is ever present in religion and Nature. From the bubbles of ether to the cells of the body, we find the universal law of polarity. We find the romance of electrons, the love story of the fire mist, the swirling ethers, the endless waves of the sea as they kiss the shore, all manifesting divine romance. There is a sanctity, a divinity, in the lessons of Nature, which makes us all better for the realization of our individual part in the joyous Plan.

Not God, but man, takes the romance out of life. By his selfishness, cruelty, licentiousness, and greed, man tears down the altar of Vesta and fills the world with degeneracy.

If the people would live the occult life, they would come to realize the beauty of comradeship and brotherly love, which are the keynotes of the Universal Plan.

In the last analysis, we are all of one family, and not such a large family at that. We are living together on a little globe which is but a speck of dust in Chaos. With all our presumed mental growth, with all our philosophy and logic, we have not yet learned how to live at peace with one another. We have not yet learned the first principles of social relationships in the universe.

We have come to look upon contention as necessary. We have instituted a reign of hate to take the place of fraternity and kindness, and time after time we have drenched



the earth with the blood of our fellow creatures. We have loosed the beast that goes howling for destruction, slaying our fellow creatures for meat, and trimming our clothing with the fur and feathers of defenseless creatures whom we have slaughtered for our selfish ends. This was not the plan of Nature.

God made a garden and gave it to man. Man, having made of this garden a hell, now offers it back to God. But in the due course of things, the wrong shall be made right, the errors shall pass away, and only the reality shall endure. Let each hasten that day by going, (as did the Prince in the fairy story), to rescue Beauty from her long sleep. Let each awaken Inspiration from the tomb wherein she has lain so long, thus adding to the material attributes of reason, logic, and law, the spiritual attributes of grace, beauty, and ideality.

The world lives not by bread alone, but by hope. Each day man rises to his daily struggle, fed by the spirit of hope. Even the most material of us dwells largely in the spirit of our dreams. That which binds and constructs in our dreams is Good; that which destroys is evil. For ages the spirit has been imprisoned by limitation, and this spark of hope within is the only light that has shone through the barred windows of the soul.

Did you ever think of the romance there is between the spirit and its hope, between the heart and the hand? Did you ever think that there is a marriage within man himself where his reason weds his dream; that his mind—masculine and domineering—is united in spiritual wedlock to the heart—kindly, sympathetic, and compassionate? This is the real romance of the gods. None shall ever reach wisdom until within himself these nuptials have been consummated, and love and logic, hand in hand, guide the spirit in its search for understanding. Thus man is guided in his search

for truth, and led to the greater goal of cosmic understanding.

Neither matriarchy nor patriarchy alone can ever rule the world well, but when these two join forces, then the affairs of the world will be run as wisely as those of the gods. Then the Lords of Compassion will join with the Lords of Reason in molding the destiny of the universe.

### NATURE, THE DIVINE INSTRUCTOR

Age after age, man is forced to admit that Nature, an apparently unintelligent entity, is the final criterion of all his virtues and his vices. In order to survive, all things must be natural. Nature is eternally consistent. All things that are unnatural are false; all things that are natural are true. *True* does not mean good or bad, according to modern standards; it means harmony and consistency. It is natural to be consistent; it is unnatural to be inconsistent. To be consistent is to be happy; to be inconsistent is to be unhappy.

All visible things bear witness to that invisible spark of immortality which we call spirit. This spark is eternally unfolding; it is ever in the state of becoming. Man is a magnificent atom; the universe is a magnificent man. Every moment of life is a transition period—the passing out of an old into a new mental, spiritual, or physical environment. The personality of the bodies ever bears witness to the changes taking place within the invisible spiritual atom. Birth, growth, and decay bear witness to the scope of function attained by the spiritual germ, which is the real "I" of every living thing. This "I" is ever molding bodies in the likeness of itself. Like the shadow, the body moves in consistency with its spiritual urge. Between them is perfect harmony. The body must bear witness, therefore, not only



of the virtues of the consciousness but also of its ignorance and perversion.

As previously stated, harmony and happiness are correlated. Physical harmony is health, mental harmony is balance, and spiritual harmony is peace. Harmony is natural; inharmony is unnatural. To be unnatural is to be unhappy—in spirit, mind, or body, as the case may be. We live in an unnatural age, for nearly everything we do is inconsistent and unnatural. The food we eat is unnatural; the clothes we wear are unnatural; the thoughts we think are either artificial or morbid, or at least distorted by our own unnatural viewpoints concerning life. As a result, we are unhappy, sick, and rendered incapable of filling our proper places in the Great Plan. The white race has a preponderance of nervous wrecks who demand a civilization ever more complex to furnish thrills for their satiated nerves. The day of simple things is passing, and with it many of the finer sentiments of life. We do not mean that our day is devoid of advantages, nor our ethics of their redeeming features, but we do believe our culture to be assumed, our respectability largely a sham, and our virtue a veneer. Our entire code of life is unnatural, and consequently is doomed to destruction. It will carry down with it into dissolution those who have become dependent upon its fallacies.

As surely as physical disease is the result of an unnatural physical condition, so a diseased mentality is the outgrowth of unnatural mental activities. An unnatural emotional nature is a diseased one. And, what is far worse, all mental, moral, and spiritual diseases are contagious. An individual with a diseased viewpoint on life should be quarantined in the same way as a person with the smallpox. The germs that radiate from diseased lives are far more virulent than any ever discovered by science.

The student of alchemical philosophy must needs be an individualist. In modern medicine, physicians do not treat ailments; they treat individuals. Individualization is a property peculiar to all mental development, and has consequently divided all human beings from one another; frequently also from the plan of Nature. In studying the animal, we may study a species, but in studying man, we must consider the individual to represent a unique type in every case. The problem confronting the student of human nature is therefore an ever changing one, with as many angles as there are human minds. The power of choice that the mind exercises independently of Nature, and whereby it elects to disobey Nature, is the cause of nearly all the sorrow in the world today. All human beings have two natures: their truly human nature and their animal nature. The first is natural to man, while the second is natural to the beast. In criss-crossing, or changing, therefore, we have the false process of assumption; for man can assume an animal nature, but it is always degenerating for him to do so.

During the last hundred years, there has been a great revival of the Ancient Wisdom. Incidentally, there has also been a revival of certain things which do not pertain to the subject at hand. Thousands of people have studied the ancient Masters, with profit more or less according to their own basic natures. Most have assumed a great deal and have grown very little. The soul of man grows like the plant. It unfolds under the light of reason and lifts its face to gaze straight and unafraid at the power that gave it being. The great Masters are spiritual gardeners who take care of the human flowers. The Master may love the human flower and tend it with all care, but only God, Nature, and its own inherent life can make it grow. And oh, how slowly it grows! You may sit down and watch it for hours and see no change.



But in due time, and in its own season, it blossoms forth in all its glory, loved and admired by all who pass that way. God is the head gardener, Nature the fertile field, and we the growing plants. Let us make certain that we are really growing half as much as we think we are.

Are we really building a beautiful character of our own, or merely renting one from someone else? Are we borrowing virtues from others, or building them within? Are we spending our time fighting our failings, or cultivating our virtues? Are we praying to the gods for more wisdom, or making better use each day of what we already have? These are questions which everyone must honestly answer, but there are very few honest people, and hence, few responses. If the average occult student could be bought for what he is worth and sold for what he thinks he is worth, fortunes would be made overnight.

The thoughts of other people can never vicariously become part of you. You may take your choice, however, from all the wisdom of the world and make it your own by mental toil. There must always be the adjustment between the fact as it is in its simplicity, and the application of that fact to your own life. You must live upon knowledge like a plant that takes the soil of the earth and builds therefrom its delicate organism. Most disciples believe all they hear, and swear by their instructors. A few wise ones weigh all things and cling unto that which is good (in the sense of being useful). Each person should chew his own intellectual food, or at least digest it, if he wishes to live upon its essences. The ancient Adepts unfailingly impressed upon their disciples the necessity of the individual digesting, assimilating, and applying the things he was taught.

When this wisdom really becomes a part of you, and not merely a registered impression, you will find that it will

begin to mold the tangible nature into a likeness of itself. Mere observation will prove that the student does not digest and apply the knowledge that he secures. Most cult-joiners are crazy—some mildly, others violently. The eternal question is, Why? The answer is obvious: They have overtaxed their minds with abstractions; they have tried to force the expression of virtues which they did not possess; they have tried to burst suddenly into bloom without building their virtues slowly and carefully as the plant does its form. When people try to be something they are not, they generally get into trouble. The only legitimate or practical method is by gradual development and growth. Then the candidate for Hermetic honors becomes an alchemist, gradually transmuting his entire nature into the thing that he desires it to be.

To grow gradually in a balanced manner is the true secret of success in mysticism. The nature must grow as an entirety. To be virtuous in one respect and neglect all others is to be inconsistent; and to be inconsistent is to destroy one's self. A well-rounded nature is far more to be desired than one outstanding virtue and a dozen besetting sins. In occultism, too much stress cannot be placed upon the interrelation of these factors. The candidate may eat certain foods or sleep with his head toward the north if a program of disciplines so requires; but to do anything disconnectedly is very unwise. To be virtuous in speech but careless in thought is rank inconsistency, and the *penalty* of inconsistency is unhappiness. Consistency is a cardinal requirement of all students, and is of far greater help than any single over-worked line of virtue.



### THE ROMANCE OF THE SPIRIT AND THE SOUL

The spirit in man is the divine spark—birthless, deathless, and uncreated, but containing the power of creating as part of its immortality. It is the donor of life—that part of the immortal God which has taken up its dwelling place in the four-fold tabernacle of its children. This ancient Tabernacle (as described in the early Scriptures and also by Josephus) is, in reality, the living temple of the human body, and all its parts and utensils have their symbolic counterparts in the various functions and anatomical principles of the human body. In a rare manuscript, now unobtainable, we find the entire Holy Land depicted as a human body. When we continue this analogy, the spirit in man assumes a position like unto what the ancient Talmudic priests called “The-Lord-Blessed-Be-He.” The ancients also referred to this power as the Causal Man—the Ruler of that universe of effects which He has delivered out of Himself. He is the composite Elohim, male and female, father and mother, who, dividing Himself from Himself, became the *Yin* and *Yang* of China and the *Isvara* and *Avalokitesvara* of the ancient Hindus.

He—the Logos—becomes the perfect lord of His creation, and, having disseminated Himself into the not-self, He ordains for these disseminated parts the great pilgrimage or day of wandering, at the end of which these heterogeneous elements will be led back to their unified Cause. The wanderings of these germs of immortality through the vale of *maya* were called by the ancient Jews “the years in the wilderness.” The tribes of Israel (the divine *Duodecimo*, preserved to our rather prosaic times as the cut-up man in the almanac), under the direction of Moses, still carry on their uncompleted search for the Promised Land.

Spirit is that central cohesive power which binds organisms together—a subtle effluvium in which the evolving granules float like the planets in the Pranic emanations of the sun. Pythagoras and other ancient philosophers taught that bodies are exuded from the spirit in the same way that a crustacean exudes the substances that later harden to form its shell. This is the arcane significance of the ancient Hermetic adage, that the “marrow gives birth to the bone.” This spiritual monad is the Atman who, contemplating the great unreality, gathered the molecules by His magnetism and, passing them through His auric bodies, sent them forth permeated with Himself to form His worlds. These worlds, therefore, are called in Scripture “the daughters of men.” In the same chapter, the spirits are called “the sons of God.” These sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair and came down *into* them.

Grouping themselves together, these daughters of men formed the material world. They are the virgins of Nature who are set aside from all the world to become the brides of Christ. They are (as we will discuss later) the stones from which are built the New Jerusalem which is to be wedded to the Son of Light, according to Revelation. These bodies, moreover, have a voice, called by us the *soul* and by the Greeks, *Psyche*. This soul is a material thing, in one sense of the word, in that it is born in a manger surrounded by animal appetites. Born a son of man, it can ascend to the dignity of a son of God. Of course, we do not refer to the soul as a physical entity in this case, but rather to its principle, which is understanding.

One of the leaves of Hermes' sacred tree bears upon it the significant alchemical word *distillatio*. This means to extract evaporation. We know that our daily life is a course in cosmic schooling. In one sense of the word, a child distills



education from its academic researches. In a similar fashion, consciousness distills the products of wisdom and understanding from the complexities of life. This distillation was called by the ancients the *soul*, or the "perfect voice of the bodies."

You may have read the allegory of the pearl of great price for which the diver searched under the sea. The pearl represents the soul, the diver is the spirit, the diving suit represents his bodies, and the water is the physical world. As the prodigal son was nobler and truer as the result of his wanderings, so man learns to be as great as his gods by alchemical distillations from his experiences. The spirit is immortal; the bodies are mortal, but from them can be extracted an immortal essence—wisdom. *Psyche* is symbolized with butterfly wings, for like the butterfly, she passes through a state of metamorphosis. The bodies are ugly worms, or caterpillars, crawling upon the earth in their unredeemed and unrefined state. But, like the Eastern saint who, entering upon his meditations, is reborn into reality by his asceticism, so this ugly crawling thing, blackened with the earth, enters into its trance condition of chrysalis to be reborn as a glorious, multi-winged creature capable of flying high above the surface of the earth where once it was bound by its worm-like attributes. Recognizing this marvelous transformation, the Greeks used the butterfly *Psyche* to represent the final redemption of the unregenerated man.

For similar reasons, the frog and the serpent were sacred among the ancients, for the tadpole finally comes forth upon the land and the snake sheds its skin in the same way that man sheds his bodies, coming forth each year in a new garment. This sublime thought has been ably expressed in the poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*.

As the bodies must first be transmuted before they can

become immortal, philosophers have long explained this process by the love stories of mythology. The romance of the spirit and the soul is the true mystic interpretation of the underlying principle concealed in nearly every love story of Scripture and myth. The soul may be called "the experience body" of man. It is actually the lower nature that will later be drawn up to union with the higher consciousness to complete the androgynous creation. The soul will some time be the functioning body of *spirit who will make himself known unto all peoples and unto all nations through his dearly beloved Son, who bears witness of him before all worlds*. This Son is the soul, ransomed out of all iniquity, conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of an immaculate conception. This is the Redeemer—*Christos*, "the fire oil," the transmuted essences of all bodies, the conservation of all forces, the proper usage of all natural energies. This universal energy, if it be dignified or lifted up, shall draw all men unto it; for when the brazen serpent is raised, all who look upon it shall live. Experience is the fruit of the Tree of Life, and when man can eat thereof he shall know good and evil, and shall be in truth as great as the gods.

The romance between the spiritual and the material may be understood by taking an example familiar to all Bible readers. The City of Jerusalem, adorned as a bride, is married to the Lamb, according to the allegories of the Book of Revelation. Jerusalem is built upon four hills, from which fact is derived its name, which means "a city of Stacks." This is sometimes erroneously interpreted "the city of peace." The four hills are, Cabalistically, the four beasts of Ezekiel, the four apostle-historians, and the four aspects of the Egyptian sphinx. They are also the four heads of Brahma. Naturally, they are the four bodies of man, which together form the substances from which the soul must be extracted



by distillation. Each of us is a walled city, made up of billions of parts, each alive, each subservient to our will but each demanding justice, integrity, and kindness from its ruler.

The body of the average person is metaphysically a prison, which eternally limits him and makes difficult the accomplishment of his dreams. He would tell the beautiful thoughts that come into his mind, but his tongue cannot describe them; he would reproduce the music that he hears in his dreams, but his fingers are too clumsy. So it goes, until at last many despair of ever bearing witness physically to the indwelling spirit. The wise man, however, never despairs, but by his daily labor and prayers brings closer the day of his liberation, when he shall be transfigured by that glory which, though always within, cannot shine out through the darkened glass of untutored souls. At last his body—the city of his soul—purified and glorified, dons its wedding garment and becomes the bride of that spirit which has long dwelt unrecognized and unrequited in its midst. This regenerated body is the robe of the high priest, “the garments of glory unto the Lord.” It is the golden wedding garment of St. Paul without which the disciple cannot come to the wedding feast of the Lamb.

This is also a key to the Songs of Solomon the king, probably the least understood, and therefore the most reviled, of all Scriptural writings of the Jewish and Christian world. What minister dares to read its chapters from his pulpit? Yet from all accounts it is as highly inspired as any other part of the Scriptures. For ages none have studied it, yet it contains some of the greatest lessons to be found in any Scripture of the world. The dark-skinned maiden of Jerusalem is the earth, and (by cosmic analogy) the planet and also the physical body of all Nature; while Solomon, as

Masons have discovered, is a personification of the sun, the white-faced one whose power and kingdom no living king shall ever equal.

Here we come to another important problem. The story of Solomon and his wives has long been a cause of dissension among Christian advocates of monogamy. The name *Solomon* is derived from three words, SOL-OM-ON. The name conceals the trinity known as the three suns, and is also the name of the superior God in three different languages. We know that a solar system consists of a radiant center around which revolve a number of negative receptive bodies. As substance is the bride of spirit—for the negative is the servant of the positive—so the planets revolving in their orbits about the sun, and all the created things of the universe, were referred to by the Jews as the brides, wives, or concubines of the central Light. Among the ancients, the spirit was always considered masculine, and substance feminine. This further explains the reason for using the foregoing symbols. These planets receive the light of the sun, are bathed in its glory, and exist only because of its beneficent powers. They are therefore called the brides of Solomon, upon whom he showers his treasures. The sun, radiating its light upon the planets, adorns them with their flora and fauna; so it is said of the great king, “He robed his maidens in precious stones, jewels, and costly raiment.” The materialist reads only the words and is offended, for he is of the earth; while the idealist sees the spirit and is glorified thereby. We must learn that there is great difference between the spirit of truth and the literal letter of the law.

In ancient days, those who served the altars of the temple were chosen from among the daughters of the earth. They came from the highest and noblest of families. While still children, they were consecrated to the service of the sanctuary



and were called Vestal Virgins, for they served the altars of Vesta, the goddess of the earth, the home, and the family. In the ancient rituals these virgins were married to the gods, with fitting and imposing ceremonials. The same rite has been carried over into Christianity, where certain persons desiring to renounce the world take holy orders and become brides of Christ. Underlying this allegory is a deep and important meaning, for it conceals the spiritual nuptial—the Hermetic Marriage—in which the lower nature promises to love, honor, and obey its own spirit.

As far back as mythology goes, we have the stories of the virgins of the earth. They have come down to us under the composite symbol of the Madonna. The child of the Madonna represents the perfect being—the Illuminated One born out of Nature, the Eternal Widow. He is the One that shall attain to God and things of the spirit, while himself molded in the pattern of the earth. This Redeemer is the Christ-ened man, of whom the prophets have written. He, the product of Nature, has by distillation attenuated and rarified his bodies so that they reflect the radiant light of the indwelling God. Out of the laboratory of life, where seething chemicals portray the tortures of the agonized souls of Dante's hell, come those great sages and saviors who have led humanity along the pathway to omnipotence. They are the children of the Immaculate Conception. They were the Widow's Sons, the Children of the Fish, whose Father deserted them and left the fish floating in the sea of eternity, but who were ordained by their Father to redeem the world. They are all Joshuas, sons of Nun (fish), ordained to lead the children of Israel through the desert and into the Promised Land. A great soul rising out of the world to save it, because that soul loves the world, is portrayed as the man-child in the arms of the Madonna. Such a soul represents life coming forth out of form, spirit triumphing over mat-

ter, divinity rising out of Nature; *for all things must be accomplished in Nature.*

Among the Mohammedans, or more properly the children of Islam, it has been taught that a woman had no soul. It was believed that only through her husband would she ever be able to reach heaven. This belief has long held Islamic womanhood in bondage to an erroneous understanding of a great spiritual law. Our previous discussion of this subject should show what the Prophet really meant. The woman referred to by Mohammed was not a physical person, but a negative principle of Nature, the earth, material substance, or the clay of bodies. Incapable of self-redemption, the lower substances must be redeemed by Spirit, the Universal Savior, who died for the sin of the world. The raising of the dead is well symbolized in the story of the grip of the Lion's Paw in Masonry or in the raising of Lazarus in the early Christian mysteries.

The Islamites have taken a cosmic truth and applied it to individuals, resulting in a terrible mistake—one that is common, however, among religions which insist upon taking spiritual allegory for literal fact. If this attitude of literalism is insisted upon, Scripture must speedily lose its savor, for no one can possibly accept the literal stories who has passed through a modern high school. The blame should not be placed upon Scripture but upon the narrowness of translations and the lack of idealism in the human mind.

Body is incapable of self-salvation; it must be regenerated and transmuted as the result of intelligent direction from spirit. When it receives these divine impulses, it exchanges its sordidness for a greater and more glorious body, rising, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of its own mortality.

In symbolism, all energies, vitalities, and spiritual powers are represented by the Father. All substances and elements



in the visible universe are included under the great Mother. When this symbolism is understood, the Scriptures of nearly all people quickly reveal their cosmic import and explain their mysteries to the honest and sincere seeker.

Many times the question has been debated whether Biblical characters ever lived. Many assert Scripture to be entirely mythological, while others affirm it to be wholly historical. However, both these viewpoints drop out of sight as comparatively unimportant beside the all-dominating question, "What does Scripture mean to me now? How will it assist me to live better, to think better, to fill my place in the great plan of every-day existence?" The ancient occult records tell us that Jesus lived, but that his life (like all other lives, especially the riper kind long mellowed by experience) also bore witness to the plan of Nature.

The repentant Mary of Magdala, washing the feet of her Lord and wiping them with her hair, is of no value merely as an historical incident, but means a great deal when we see its hidden symbolism. Mary—the body—long servant of Rome, robed in the garments of Caesar, represents man functioning thoughtlessly in the animal world. Awakening from its lethargy, the body turns to serve the spirit of love, humility, and beauty—the divine thing within itself. The woman in scarlet assumes the robe of white; the lower animal nature (the Red Sea) is crossed and, becoming the sole master of its own emotions, serves at last a nobler cause.

Again, the gentle Christ here depicted ceases to be an historical individual, but sinks into his cosmic role as part of the cosmic allegory. The Christ spoken of is the Christ in you, the Hope of Glory, about which the Psalmist loved to sing. Personalities play parts in these dramas, but not important parts. In the physical world the masculine line is domineering, forceful, and offensive, usually demonstrat-

ing few of the finer qualities but dealing in the weighty matters, and clashing shields with the problems of material existence. He is the breadwinner usually, but must sacrifice the finer sensibilities, the intuitive powers, the love of beauty, art, and mysticism for the needs of everyday life—that is, unless an abnormality occurs. These finer instincts are the birthright of the feminine, for they represent soul-qualities. Man was not created with the power of conceiving charity, kindness, or love. These he built into himself through the ages, as the distillation of experience. He had to earn the right to know beauty by suffering long for its lack.

Therefore, the eternal will of the Father is combined with that wisdom which is the fruitage of experience, and the one in whom these two are blended stands forth as a Savior of men. The two great opposites of Nature—father and mother principles—have been united in him. Therefore, he is said to be a son of the Hermetic Marriage. He is his own father and his own mother, a priest after the order of Melchizedek.

#### THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

It has often been said that one of the greatest problems of our civilization is that of the establishment of homes. The strength of a nation depends upon its homes. The moral character of its people is largely the result of the kind of training received during the first fifteen years of life. We have heard it said that those best fitted to marry do not, while those least fitted, people the world with organisms of such inferior quality that only the lowest forms of egos can incarnate. This was presented to the ancient world under the mystery of the immaculate conception.

The idea of the immaculate conception is by no means original with Christianity. It is one of the oldest concepts



of the human mind, for the gods of a hundred races and a thousand generations have been born of immaculate conceptions. In some mysterious way, then, even the half-sleeping mind of man seemed to realize that the world was ruled by an immutable law of cause and effect, and that a great and undefiled spirit could come into the world and manifest only through an undefiled body. So, when the gods found it necessary to take upon themselves bodies of clay and enter this world of defilement, these forms were prepared (so the Scriptures have told us) in a mysterious way. Their coming was heralded by hosts of angelic or spiritual beings called *Devas*. The mass of the human race felt that with the coming of a great mind something divine came into the world; that its coming must be prepared for and its temple made as perfect as man was capable of designing it.

Man is limited by his body, as we have said before, and body is limited by the things of which it is made, the conditions under which it came into the world, and the environments which surround it during the formative periods of life. The wise of all ages have known this. They knew that the better the body in organic quality, the broader the mind, the deeper the understanding, the more noble the position that such a one could reach in this world. Hence, they are said to have prepared in the temples the bodies for their saints and saviors, purifying the lives of the parents so that the coming creature might be free from those taints which normally are the birthright of man. The Essenes, or Nazarites, as they were called, were a group of holy men and women who lived in seclusion among the hills of the Holy Land and in a lamasery on the side of Mount Tabor. They are supposed to have been of Hindu origin, for they were ascetics in every sense of the word, spending much of their time in fasting and meditation. Legend relates that it was in their

house that Joseph and Mary were trained and Jesus was educated prior to his ministry.

The great need of the world today is better bodies. Better bodies mean better lives and nobler outlooks. They mean more high-minded citizens, better able to meet the problems of life. Crime is largely the result of physical bodies that torment the souls of those trying to function through them. The viewpoint on life consequently becomes diseased, and lives of sorrow follow.

Out of the infinite, the law of attraction draws into incarnation lives and intelligences in harmony with the bodies in which they are to dwell. Our world is filled with suffering and sorrow because the bodies prepared for the birth of the race are so polluted and so carelessly considered that true and noble ideals cannot manifest through them. Great souls cannot enter. The immaculate conception must first become a reality in the world before the demi-gods of old can walk the earth again, for these great minds must have their vehicles built according to the law; and today the builders of bodies are lawless, thoughtless, irresponsible, and selfish to the *nth* degree. Into the world come the things which they have thus drawn to themselves by virtue of the law of attraction. In response to this law, souls come to inhabit the bodies that they have built. Their parents pay the price by the incorrigibility of the lives which they have thereby evoked. There is but one answer; build better bodies. When this is done, a nobler and better race will come to dwell in them. This is the stupendous problem that humanity faces; and unless it be solved, race suicide is inevitable, for those who are coming in today are as unfit to give orders as they are unwilling to receive them.

Each ego coming into the world fashions its body not only according to the knowledge that it has gained in its evolu-



tion, but also according to the material at hand. In the case of the average infant, about all the little life has to labor with is ten generations of scrofula, and physical atoms of such low organic quality that the body can only be partly efficient at best. Diseased and hampered, broken even before birth, the ego has but two paths before it—the one, to come through and struggle on in a mediocre existence; the other, to remain waiting, hoping that some day a nobler vehicle will be prepared for it. This is the way in which a race must gain its bodies, and is one of the reasons why the mighty civilizations of the past were overthrown by barbarians. The savage races (whose morality is much higher and life far more natural than ours), being free from the moral degeneracy of civilization, build better bodies and minds, and soon overwhelm those decadent races that have lost the power to give man his suitable birthright.

Behind the veil of *maya* great minds are waiting, waiting for an opportunity to come into the world in a way that will permit them to be efficient workers here and carry on the labor of building the ethical, moral, philosophical, and scientific structure of our civilization. Saints and sages are waiting, but there is no suitable place to which they may come, no home where they can secure the spiritual, intellectual, and physical environment necessary for the manifestations of their highly evolved individualities. As a result, we have only a few great minds, but seething masses who are virtually useless and not a few who are criminal. These souls come, drawn by the law of attraction, because the environments are suitable for the development of their varying types of degeneracy. Behind the veil dividing the living from the dead are the answers of all ages. But great souls cannot come or be known here until the bridge is built between the living and the unborn; until ideal homes are found

and efficient bodies are built in which they may function true to the great law of progress.

With fear and trembling we face the future of the race, which is doomed to disaster unless the immaculate conception becomes a reality. The immaculate conception is not a miracle. It is realization of the responsibilities of parenthood, in which by right living, right thought, and right attitude an opportunity is given for higher and nobler souls to incarnate and glorify the world by their presence. This is the story of the birth of Jesus, who, watched over by the priests, was given a body as nearly perfect as the conditions of that age would permit. This same miracle can be repeated whenever man will live to serve his fellow men, thereby giving the highest and best within himself an opportunity to manifest itself. The future of the race rests in the hands of its mothers and fathers—in these children coming into the world today, many of them uncurbed and undisciplined. Through thoughtlessness and criminal negligence, parents are dooming their race to destruction by sending its lawmakers of tomorrow on their way through life, unenlightened, uninformed, and unprepared.

The Master told the story in the parable of the new wine in old bottles. He recognized the fundamental need of a new organization for a new idea, the fundamental need of a new, clean body as the major factor in growth and progress. If we do not prepare higher types of bodies for those higher grades of intelligence necessary to rule a civilization, then a new race will have to be given to the world, that the spirit of progress may not be thwarted.

Heredity is not a spiritual heritage, for a man inherits only from himself in the spiritual sense of the word. It does hold true to some degree, however, with regard to the substances from which bodies are made. The immaculate con-



ception is therefore a vital factor in heredity, for it teaches that to noble parents come noble children, while those whose attitudes and ideals are false can give to the world only plagues that are worse than nothing at all. Spiritual heredity draws lives into incarnation through type attraction; physical heredity limits the body in its efficiency to the material from which it is formed.

As a philosophical problem, the immaculate conception may be summarized as follows: Immaculate means clean; it has nothing to do with miracles. The immaculate conception means a clean birth, in which the highest and finest of Nature's laws are brought to bear upon the masterpiece of Nature's labors—the formation of bodies for the habitation of living beings.

#### SUMMARY

In conclusion, we may consider three problems: celibacy, as applied to occult students; the Hermetic Marriage as an alchemical process; and the mystery of individual completeness.

All advanced candidates on the path of occultism, mysticism, and kindred subjects must take the oath of celibacy for two very good reasons: (1) They are unfitted for conjugal life. Havelock Ellis has said that among the ministry are found not only some of the brightest children in the world but also more imbeciles than in any other profession. The advanced specialist in occult work is carrying on his spiritual investigations with the transmuted essences of those forces which are normally used in reproduction. (2) Because the candle cannot be burned at both ends, marriage for such types is unfair to all parties concerned. It is often fatal to the occultist, for at a certain time the barriers which

separate the brain from the generative system are removed, and insanity or death will follow those who are not as fully in control of their emotions as their position demands.

All the world, however, is not made up of Adepts or great initiates. Consequently, the assumption of the state of celibacy by people who have no idea of the meaning of such an act has caused much sorrow and suffering. The occultist must remember that Nature is consistent. Celibacy is one of many things which make an Adept. However, he does not become an Adept through one thing alone: his entire life must be harmonized, and celibacy is merely one of many means which together produce the desired end. Modern occultism has too many fads; dieting, fasting, meditating, and a host of other things are held out as methods of obtaining spiritual powers. The jewel of all, however, is consistency. To break all the written and unwritten laws and play on a one-stringed instrument of virtue is foolish and unbalanced. All things must work together. He must eat in harmony with his thoughts, meditate in harmony with his actions, pray in harmony with his daily life. Being in harmony, he is great; and being consistent, he is wise. It is useless to develop spiritually any single point or to try to assume a virtue which is not part of the nature. Instead of being exceptionally virtuous concerning what you eat and completely vice-ridden in everything else, try being normally careful in all things. Spiritualize the animal nature gradually; do not seek to make a god out of a fool overnight. A great occultist was once asked, "What are the stages of human growth?" He said, "To the animal man, indulgence in all things; to the human man, moderation in all things; to the divine man, abstinence in all things earthly." Friends, please do not forget these most important words, "*in all things.*" The fanatic overdoes some one thing; therefore he



becomes unnatural and insane. The wise man, however, grows gradually, overdoing nothing, but building so symmetrically that he will not backslide within the first week.

While a person is striving to be good he has not yet attained virtue, for virtue lies in transmuting the desire to do that which is not right into the natural desire to do good. Many people tell us how they have sacrificed everything for others, expecting us to be impressed. What use is the gift without the giver? *People who give in the spirit of sacrifice have small credit coming to them, for only those truly give who do it for the love of it.* In all relationships of life, therefore, let spiritual growth be symmetrical. Do not be a fanatic, for fanatics and prudes alike are the deadly enemies of virtue. Build and grow in a healthy way. Do not forget to laugh; do not forget to cry; but each day build into the nature those enduring principles of equity, justice, and right, which will produce a consistent occultist.

The Hermetic Marriage is an alchemical symbol found in the nature of all things, for the law of polarity is universal. In the human world it appears as sex—positive and negative, masculine and feminine. As all electricians know, positive and negative are opposite poles of *one* circuit. Spirit itself knows no polarity, but manifests through polarity to the accomplishment of the Great Work. Superiority or inferiority of sex, consequently, is a fallacy and hallucination. Being in himself androgynous, each individual has one of these natures dominant and the other receptive. Marriage, as a human relationship, is merely an institution whereby two persons make a contract *per verba de future cum copula*. Its actual purpose is twofold: (1) to fulfill the natural law of polarity in the reproduction of the species; (2) to fulfill the spiritual law of association whereby the latent side of each nature may be stimulated by association with the

personified exemplification of its functions, qualities, and powers in each other. In simple language, years of association result in each sex assuming to a marked degree the viewpoints, attitudes, feelings, and individuality of the other. The masculine mind in association with the feminine heart, consciously or unconsciously, becomes more or less softened, thereby preventing too strenuous expression of the material intellect. On the other hand, the feminine emotionalism and artistic sense, by association with the practical masculine temperament, becomes more independent and individual, and is thereby prevented from becoming one-sided.

Please remember that we are trying to express the purpose for which the institution of marriage was established. The lack of cooperation in the world today has thwarted this purpose to a great degree. Selfishness and a score of other major and minor sins have entered into the domestic relationship until it has lost nearly all semblance to its former self. As a result, the human race has missed the opportunity to acquire balance and symmetry. Ignoring the actual meaning of life's relationships, and deluded by the idea that happiness is to be found in irresponsibility, mankind has strayed far from the path fixed by Nature for its creatures.

In due time the androgynous man will reappear, balanced and perfected in all those things which now he lacks. This will not be a racial move, but in every instance an individual attainment. To this end the race is laboring at the present time; but the individual will never gain the end until he reflects upon the serious side of life and learns that he is in the world to secure his spiritual and moral education.

The dual-headed man of Michael Maier is symbolic of the double consciousness of man: *reason* as the masculine head, and *intuition* as the feminine head. These two heads not only rule the individual, but they also rule the race as



the statecraft and the priestcraft. The priest after the Order of Melchizedek, was termed "priest-king" to symbolize his dual office, which is also symbolically portrayed by the two cherubim on the Mercy Seat of the Ark of the Covenant and by the onyx stones on the shoulders of the high priest. The so-called modern institution of marriage is, in reality, the manifestation of the Trinity; for father, mother, and son are a part of the divine order. The child represents the soul of the parents, for to a great degree, its life bears witness of its progenitors.

Individual completeness is the end of all individual effort. Perfect adjustment between the spirit of man and his bodies results in the re-establishment of the androgynous man. It is the end of the path of growth as far as we know. The symbol of this accomplishment is the Philosopher's Stone, the rose diamond of the Rosicrucians, and the great pearl of the Illuminati. All the things which we see are but means to an end; to be met, to be battled, and to be conquered, as Caesar might have said. The Hermetic Marriage is symbolic of the individual who has made himself right with all things, has become one with the spirit of all things, and (most of all) is true to himself and to his fellow men. Human relationships lead to divine relationships, and the unfolding soul builds ever more noble mansions as vehicles for its expression. Only through the broadened vista of philosophy does man see hope; for to the narrow-minded, things are seemingly hopeless. If, behind the apparent chaos, the spirit can still discern the divine order which is moving him slowly but persistently toward adjustment with himself, he will then be able to recognize the myriad ways in which the desire of the Infinite is made known to his creations.

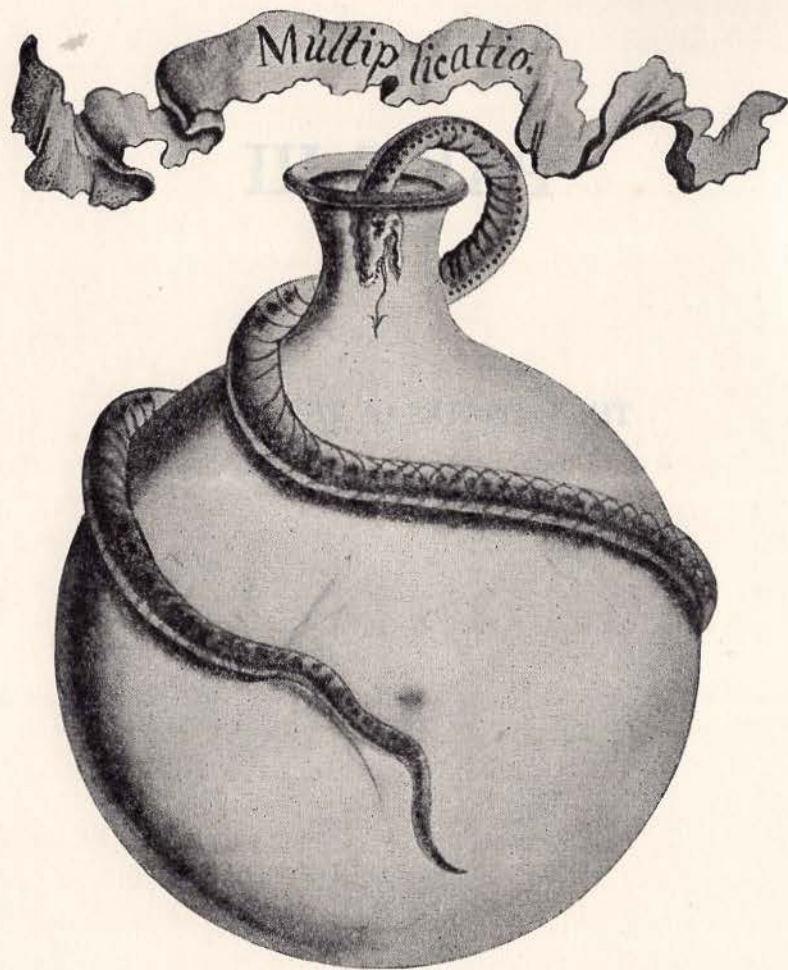
Out of the present maelstrom of perverted sexology, the philosopher can see a more noble spirit arising—not one who

in a lofty way has avoided the endless pitfalls, but one who, nauseated with falsity and sham, has risen to loftier aspirations. The great task of our age is to dignify human relationships; to return the divine crown to the head upon which it belongs; to purify, cleanse, and redeem all things; to transmute civilization as one would transmute a personal habit. The *Hermetic Marriage* is the apotheosis of the world's most abused institution, which will rise again from the degeneration into which it has sunk; for in its proper recognition and application we see the hope of the race.

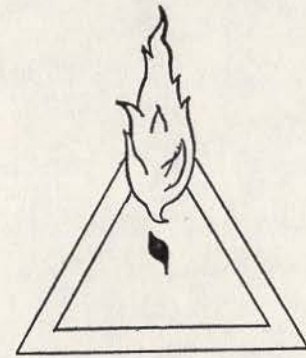








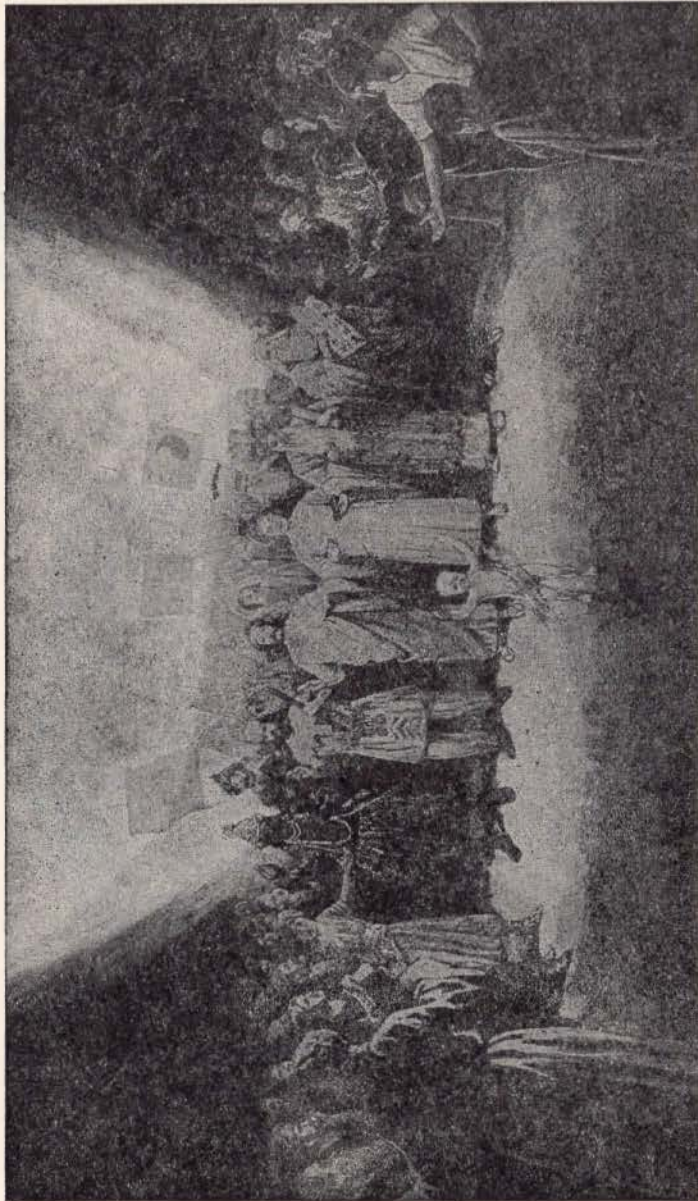
The  
INITIATES  
of the  
FLAME



He who lives the Life shall  
know the Doctrine

Full-page illustrations  
by J. Augustus Knapp





THE CONQUERORS

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

THE INITIATES OF THE FLAME was my first literary effort, and it is indeed gratifying that through the years it has been out of print, a demand sufficient to justify its re-publication should have persisted. It is therefore again presented to the public, entirely re-illustrated and with considerable editorial revision.

Twelve years have passed since the first publication of this little work on mystical symbolism. During this interim I have considerably extended the scope of my researches into the subject matter of which the work treats. However, in reviewing the book today, I do not feel moved to make any change in the basic viewpoints set forth.

*The Initiates of the Flame* is a little essay on the mystery of fire. To all ancient peoples fire was a symbol of the divine One dwelling in the innermost parts of all things. Robert Fludd, a Rosicrucian mystic, writing in the seventeenth century, declared that the fire of the philosophers was divided into three parts: first, a visible fire which is the source of physical light and heat; second, an invisible or astral fire, which enlightens and warms the soul; third, a spiritual or divine fire which, in the universe, is known as God, and in man, as spirit.

The Initiates who took their oaths in the presence of the Flame renounced the lesser concerns of ordinary life and, freed from the attachments of this material sphere, these



purified souls became custodians of that symbolic Flame of wisdom which is the true Light of the world. This Light is a manifestation of the one Universal Life, that active agent whose impulses are the cause of all sidereal phenomena. Where in antiquity this flame of light, this spirit-fire, was the object of a universal adoration and was worshipped as the very presence of God Himself, it now lies buried beneath the ruins of man's fallen temple. Obscured by the paramount interests of the flesh, it emits but the faintest gleam in this non-philosophic age.

Manly Hall

Los Angeles, 1934



## INTRODUCTION

Few realize that even at the present stage of civilization in this world, there are souls who, like the priests of the ancient temples, walk the earth and watch and guard the sacred fires that burn upon the altar of humanity. Purified ones they are, who have renounced the life of this sphere in order to guard and protect the Flame, that spiritual principle in man, now hidden beneath the ruins of his fallen temple.

As we think of the nations that are past, of Greece and Rome and the grandeur that was Egypt's, we sigh as we recall the story of their fall; and we watch the nations of today, not knowing which will be the next to draw its shroud around itself and join that great ghostly file of peoples that are dead.

But everywhere, even in the rise and fall of nations, we see through the haze of materiality, justice; everywhere we see reward, not of man but of the invincible One, the eternal Flame.

A great hand reaches out from the unseen and regulates the affairs of man. It reaches out from that great spiritual Flame which nourishes all created things, the never-dying



fire that burns on the sacred altar of Cosmos—that great fire which is the spirit of God.

If we turn again to the races now dead, we shall, if we look, find the cause of their destruction. *The light had gone out.* When the flame within the body is withdrawn, the body is dead. When the light was taken from the altar, the temple was no longer the dwelling place of a living God.

Degeneracy, lust and passion, hates and fears, crept into the souls of Greece and Rome, and black magic overshadowed Egypt; the light upon the altar grew weaker and weaker. The priests lost the Word, the name of the Flame. Little by little, the Flame flickered out, and as the last spark grew cold, a mighty nation died, buried beneath the dead ashes of its own spiritual fire.

But the Flame did not die. Like spirit, of which it is the essence, it cannot die, because it is life, and life cannot cease to be. In some wilderness of land or sea it rested once again, and there rose a mighty nation around that flame. So history goes on through the ages. As long as people are true to the Flame, it remains, but when they cease to nourish it with their lives, it goes on to other lands and other worlds.

Those who worship this Flame are now called heathens. Little do we realize that we are heathen ourselves until we are baptised of the Holy Spirit, which is Fire, for Fire is Light, and the children of the Flame are the sons of Light, even as God is Light.

There are those who have for ages labored with man to help him to kindle within himself this spark, which is his divine birthright. It is these who by their lives of self-sacrifice and service have awakened and tended this fire, and who

through ages of study have learned the mystery it contained, whom we now call the "Initiates of the Flame."

For ages they have labored with man to help him to uncover the light within himself, and on the pages of history they have left their seal, the seal of Fire.

Unhonored and unsung they have labored with humanity, and now their lives are used as fairy stories to amuse children; but the time will yet come when the world shall know the work they did, and realize that our present civilization is raised upon the shoulders of the mighty demigods of the past. We stand as Faust stood, with all our lore, fools no wiser than before, because we refuse to take the truths they gave us and the evidence of their experience. Let us honor these Sons of the Flame, not by words, but by so living that their sacrifice shall not be in vain. They have shown us the way; they have led man to the gateway of the unknown, and there, in robes of glory, have passed behind the Veil. Their lives were the key to their wisdom, as it must always be. They have gone, but in history they stand, milestones on the road of human progress.

Let us watch these mighty ones as they pass silently by. First, Orpheus, playing upon the seven-stringed lyre of his own being, the music of the spheres. Then Hermes, the thrice greatest, with his emerald tablet of divine revelation. Through the shades of the past we dimly see Krishna, the illuminated, who on the battlefield of life taught man the mysteries of his own soul. Then we see the sublime Buddha, his yellow robe not half so glorious as the heart it covered; and our own dear Master, the man Jesus, his head surrounded with a halo of Golden Flame, and his brow serene with the calm of mastery. Then Mohammed, Zoroaster, Confucius, Odin, and Moses, and others no less worthy, pass by before the



eyes of the student. They were the Sons of Flame. From the Flame they came, and to the Flame they have returned. To us they beckon, and bid us, in our robes of self-earned glory, to join them and serve the Flame they love.

They were without creed or clan; they served but the one great ideal. From the same place they all came, and to the same place they have returned. There is no superiority there. Hand in hand, they labor for humanity. Each loves the other, for the power that has made them masters has shown them the *Brotherhood* of all life.

In the pages that follow we will try to show this great thread, the spiritual thread, the thread of living fire that winds in and out through all religions and binds them together with a mutual ideal and mutual needs. In the story of the Grail and the Legends of King Arthur, we find that thread wound around the Table of the King and the Temple of Mount Salvart. This same thread of life that passes through the roses of the Rosicrucians winds among the petals of the Lotus and among the temple pillars of Luxor. THERE IS BUT ONE RELIGION IN ALL THE WORLD, and that is the worship of God, the spiritual Flame of the universe. Under many names he is known in all lands, but as Iswari or Ammon or God, he is the same, the Creator of the universe, and fire is his universal symbol.

We are the Flame-Born Sons of God, thrown out as sparks from the wheels of the infinite. Around this Flame we have built forms which have hidden our light, but as students we are increasing the light by love and service, until it shall again proclaim us Sons of the Eternal.

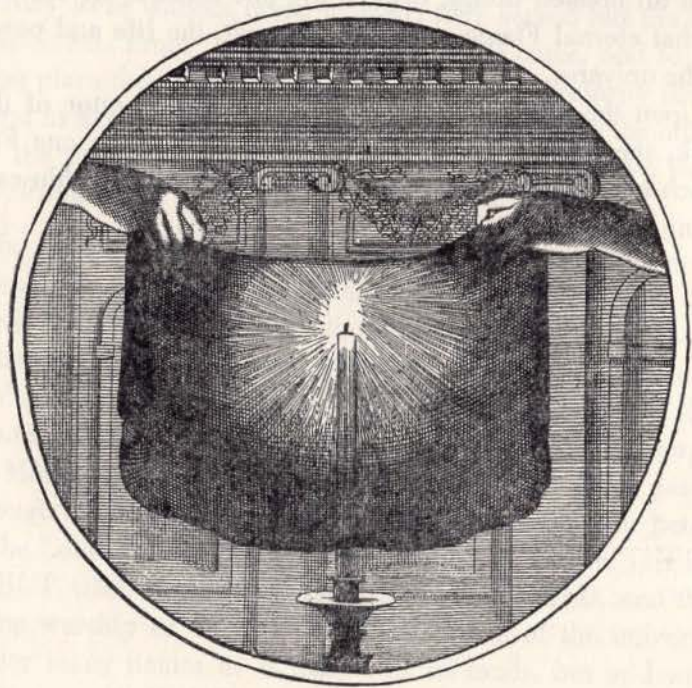
Within us burns that Flame, and before its altar the lower man must bow, a faithful servant of the Higher. When he serves the Flame he grows, and the light grows until he takes

his place with the true Initiates of the universe, those who have given all to the Infinite, in the name of the Flame within.

Let us find this Flame and also serve it, realizing that it is in all created things, that all are one because all are part of that eternal Flame—the fire of spirit, the life and power of the universe.

Upon the altar of this Flame, to the true creator of this book, the writer offers it, and dedicates it to the one Fire which blazes forth from God, and is now hidden within each living thing.





THE VEILED LIGHT

## FOREWORD

### THE GREATEST OF MYSTERY SCHOOLS

The world is the schoolroom of God. Our being in school does not make us learn, but within that school is the opportunity for all learning. It has its grades and its classes, its sciences and its arts, and admission to it is the birthright of man. Its graduates are its teachers, its pupils are all created things. Its examples are Nature, and its rules are God's laws. Those who would go into the greater colleges and universities must first, day by day, and year by year, work through the common school of life, and present to their new teachers the diplomas they have won, upon which is written the name that none may read save those who have received it.

The hours may seem long, and the teachers cruel, but each of us must walk that path, and the only ones ready to go onward are those who have passed through the gateway of experience,

### *GOD'S GREAT SCHOOL FOR MAN*





ZOROASTER HAS RETURNED TO HIS FLAME

# The Initiates Of The Flame

## CHAPTER I

### THE FIRE UPON THE ALTAR

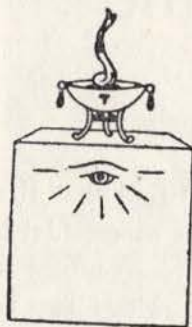
As far back as our history goes, we find that fire has played an important part in the religious ceremonial of the human race. In practically every religion, we find the sacred altar fires, which were guarded by the priests and vestals with greater care than their own lives. In the Bible we find many references made to the sacred fires which were used as one form of devotion by the ancient Israelites. The Altar of Burnt Offerings is as old as the human race, and dates from the time when the first man, lifting himself out of the mists of ancient Lemuria, first saw the sun, the great Fire Spirit of the universe. Among the followers of Zoroaster, the Persian Initiate, fire has been used for centuries in honor of the great Fire God, Ormuzd, who is said by them to have created the universe.

There are two paths or divisions of humanity, whose history is closely related to that of the Wisdom Teachings. They embody the doctrines of fire and water, the two opposites of nature. Those who follow the path of faith, or the heart, use water, and are known as the Sons of Seth, while those



who follow the path of the mind and action are the Children of Cain, who was the son of Samael, the Spirit of Fire. Today we find the latter among the alchemists, the hermetic philosophers, the Rosicrucians, and the Freemasons.

It is well for us to understand that we ourselves are the cube altar upon which and in which burns the altar fire. For many centuries the Initiate of the fire has been nourishing



The Cube Altar

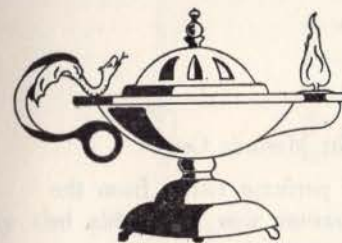
Of the elements of the earth is this altar composed. It is the great cube of matter. On or in this altar burns a Flame. It is this Flame that is the spirit of all created things. *Man, know thyself.* Thou art the Flame, and thy bodies are the living altar.

and guarding the Spiritual Flame within himself, as the ancient priests watched day and night the altar fires of Vesta's temple.

The ever burning lamp of the alchemist, which has burned for thousands of years without fuel in the catacombs of Rome, is but a symbol of this same spiritual fire within himself. In the picture we see the ever burning lamp which was carried by the Initiate in his wandering. It represents the spinal column of man, at the top of which is flickering a little blue and red flame. As the lamp of the ancients was fed and kept burning by the purest of olive oil, so man is transmuting within himself, and cleansing in the laver of purification, the life essences, which, when turned upward, provide fuel for the ever burning lamp within himself.

Upon the altars of the ancients were offered sacrifices to their gods. The Ancient Hierophant offered up sacrifices of

spices and incense. The Masonic brother of today still has among his symbols the incense burner or censer, but few of the brothers recognize themselves in this symbol. The ancients symbolized under such things as this the development of the individual, and as the tiny spark burning among the incense cubes slowly consumes all, so the Spiritual Flame



The Ever Burning Lamp

Know that the Flame that burns within thee and lights thy way is the ever burning lamp of the ancients. As their lamps were fed by the purest of oil, so thy spiritual Flame must be fed by a life of purity and altruism.

within the student is slowly burning away and transmuting the base metals and properties within himself, and offering up the essence thereof as the smoke upon the altar of Divinity.

It is said that King Solomon, when he completed his temple, offered bulls as a sacrifice to the Lord, by burning them upon the temple altar. Those who believe in a harmless life wonder why so many references are made in the Bible to animal sacrifice. The student realizes that the animal sacrifices are those of the celestial zodiac, and that when the Ram or the Bull was offered upon the altar, it represented the qualities in man which come through Aries, the celestial Ram, and Taurus, the Bull in the zodiac. In other words, the Initiate, passing through his tests and purification, is offering upon the altar of his own higher being the lower animal instincts and desires within himself.

Among the Masonic brothers we also find what is called the Symbol of Mortality. It is a spade, a coffin, and an open grave, while upon the coffin has been laid a sprig of acacia,



or evergreen. In the picture we see the spade of the grave-digger, which has been considered the symbol of death for centuries.

In the Book of Thoth, that strange document which has descended to man at his present stage of evolution as a deck of playing cards, we find a very wonderful symbolism. Of



The Masonic Censer

As the perfume rising from the incense burner was acceptable in the sight of the Lord, so may our words and actions ever be a sweet incense acceptable in the sight of the Most High.

all the suits of cards, that of the spade is the only suit in which all the court cards face away from the pip. In all the other kings and queens, the faces are looking at the little marker in the corner of the card, but in the spade suit, they look away from it. Now it is said that the spade has been taken from the acorn, but the occult student has a different idea. He sees in the spade, which has for ages been the symbol of death, a certain part of his own anatomy. If you will again turn to the picture of the spade, you will see, if you have ever studied anatomy, that the grave-digger's spade is the spinal column, and the spade-shaped piece which is used on the deck of cards, is nothing more nor less than the sacrum bone.

This bone forms the base of the spinal column, and is also the spear of the Passion. Through it and the foramina which pierce it, pass the roots of the spinal nerve, which indeed

are the roots of the Tree of Life. It is the center through which are nourished and fed the lower vertebrae of the spine and the sacrum and coccygeal bones that dig the graves for all created things. This point has been beautifully symbolized



The Grave-Digger's Spade

Let us take the spade that now digs our grave through the passions and emotions of life and use it to unearth the secret room far below the rubbish of the fallen temple of the human soul.

by the grave-digger's spade, which has been used by the brothers of many mystic organizations for ages. The currents and forces working through these lower spinal nerves must be transmuted and lifted upward to feed the altar fire at the positive or upper end of the spine.

The centering of thought or emotion upon higher or lower things, as the case may be, determines where this life energy will be expended. If the lower emotions predominate, the flame upon the altar burns low and flickers out, because the



forces which feed it have been concentrated upon the lower centers. But when altruism predominates, then the lower forces are raised upward and pass through the purification which makes possible their being used as fuel for the ever burning lamp. Thus we see why it was a great sin to let the lamp go out, for the pillar of flames which hovers over the Tabernacle, purified and prepared after the directions of



the Most High, is the Spiritual Flame that, hovering above man, lights his way wherever he may go.

The sun of our solar system—that is, the Spiritual Sun behind the physical globe—is one of these Flames. It began no greater than ours, and through the power of attraction and the transmuting of its ever increasing energies, it has reached its present proportions. This flame in man is the “light that shineth in darkness.” It is the Spiritual Flame within himself. It lights his way as no exterior light can.



#### The Candle

This is the light that has gone out. It is the candle that is hidden under the bushel. This is the true light that forever dispels the darkness of ignorance and uncertainty. Let the light shine forth through a purified body and a balanced mind; for this light is the life of our brother creatures.

This radiating out from him brings into view, one by one, the hidden things of the cosmos, and his ignorance is dispelled in exactly the same proportion as his light is spread, for the darkness of the unknown can be removed only by light, and the greater the light, the further back the darkness is driven. This is the Lamp of the Philosopher, which he carries through the dark passageways of life, and by the light of which he walks among the stones and along the narrow cliff edge without fear. But although he gain all other things and have not this light within himself, he cannot know where he goes; he cannot watch his footsteps; and he cannot dispel his ignorance with the light of truth.

Therefore, let each student watch the fire that burns upon his altar. Let him also make that altar, his body, as beauti-

ful and harmonious as possible, and let him sacrifice upon that altar the frankincense and myrrh—his actions and his deeds. As in the Tabernacle he offers all upon the altar of Divinity, so let him day by day dispel the symbols of mortality—the coffin and the open grave by which he prepared himself through the mastery of the lower emotions within himself—and recognize that no matter how crystallized or dead his life may be, the fact that he exists at all proves that the sprig of acacia, the promise of life and immortality, is somewhere within himself; and although the flame of life may appear faint or cold, if he will supply the fuel by his daily actions, he will kindle the altar flame once more within himself, which, shining forth, will also help his brother to kindle this flame— a living sacrifice to the living God.





THE PATH TO SHAMBALLA

## CHAPTER II

### THE SACRED CITY OF SHAMBALLA

In every mythology and legendary religion of the world, there is one spot that is sacred above all others to the great ideal of that religion. To the Norsemen it was Valhalla, the City of the Slain, built of the spears of heroes, where feasting and warfare was the order of the day. Here the heroes fought all day and reveled by night. Every day they killed the wild boar and feasted on it, and the next day it came to life again. In the Northland they tell that Valhalla was high on the top of the mountains, and that it was connected to the earth below by Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge. Up and down this bridge the gods passed, and Odin, the All-father, came down from Asgard, the City of the Gods, to work and labor with mankind.

Among the Greeks, Mount Olympus was held sacred, and here the gods are said to have lived high on the top of a mountain. The Knights of the Grail are said to have had their castle among the crags and peaks of Northern Spain on Mount Salvart. In every religion of the world there is a sacred spot: Meru of the Oriental, and Mount Moriah and Mount Sinai, upon which the Tablets of the Law were given to man; all these are symbols of one universal ideal, and as each of these religions claimed among the clouds a castle and a home, so it is said that all the religions of the world have their headquarters in Shamballa, the Sacred City in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia.

Among the Oriental peoples, there are wonderful legends of this sacred city, where it is said the Great White Lodge or

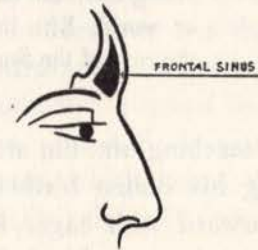


Brotherhood meets to carry on the governing of world affairs. As the Aesir of Scandinavia were twelve in number, as Olympus had twelve gods, so the Great White Brotherhood is said to have twelve members, who meet in Shamballa and direct the affairs of men. It is said that this center of universal religion descended upon the earth when the polar cap, which was the first part of the earth to crystallize, became solid enough to support life. Science now knows that the earth has not only two motions—that of rotation upon its axis and revolution around the sun—but that it also has nine other motions, according to Flammarion, the French astronomer. One of these motions is that of the alternation of the poles; in other words, some day that part of the earth's surface which is now the North Pole will become the South Pole. Therefore it is said that the Sacred City has left its central position and after much wandering is now located in Mongolia.

Those who are acquainted with the Mohammedan religion will see something of great interest in the pilgrimage to the Kabba at Mecca, where thousands go each year to give honor to the Stone of Abraham, the great aerolite upon which Mohammed is said to have rested his foot. Old and young alike, some even carried, wind through desert sands and endure untold hardships, many coming from great distances, to visit the place they cherish and love. In India we find the same thing. There are many sacred places to which pilgrims go, even as the Templars, in our Christian religion went to the Sepulchre of Christ. Few see in this anything more than an outward symbol, but the true student recognizes the great esoteric truth contained therein. The spiritual consciousness in man is a pilgrim on the way to Mecca. As this consciousness passes upward through the centers and nerves of the body, it is like the pilgrim, climbing the heights

of Mount Sinai, or the Knight of the Grail returning to Mount Salvart.

When the spinal fire of man starts upward in its wanderings, it stops at many shrines and visits many holy places, for, like the Masonic brother and his Jacob's Ladder, the way that leads to heaven is upward and inward. The spinal fire goes through the centers or seedground of many great principles, and worships at the shrines of many Divine Essences within itself, but it is eternally going upward, and finally it reaches the great desert. Only after pain and suffering and long labor does it cross the waste of sand. This is the Gethsemane of the higher man, but finally he crosses the sacred desert, and before him, in the heart of the Lotus, rises the Golden City, Shamballa.



In the spreading of the bone between the eyes, called the frontal sinus, is the seat of the divine in man. There, in a peculiar gaseous material, floats—or rather exists, or is—the fine essence which we know as the mental spirit. This is the Lost City in the Sacred Desert, connected to the lower world by the Rainbow Bridge, or the Silver Cord, and it is to this point in himself that the student is striving to rise. This is the Sacred Pilgrimage of the Soul, in which the individual leaves the lower man and the world below and



climbs upward into the Higher Man or Higher World, the brain. This is the great pilgrimage to Shamballa, and as that great city is the center for the direction of our earth, so the corresponding great city in man is the center for his governmental system.

When any other thing governs man, he is not attuned to his own higher self, and it is only when the gods, representing the higher principle, come down the Rainbow Bridge



The Lotus

May your consciousness be lifted upward through the Tree of Life within yourself until in the brain it blossoms forth as the Lotus which, rising from the darkness of the lower world, lifts its flower to catch the rays of the Sun.

and labor with him, teaching him the arts and sciences, that he is truly receiving his divine birthright. In the Orient, the student looks forward with eager longing to the time when he shall be allowed to worship before the gates of the sacred city; when he also shall see the Initiates in silent conclave around the circular table of the zodiac; when the veil of Isis shall be torn away, and the cover lifted from the Grail Cup.

Let the student remember that all of these things must first happen within himself before he can find them in the universe without. The twelve Elder Brothers within himself must first be reached and understood before those of the universe can be comprehended. If he would find the great Initiates without, he must first find them within; and if he

would see that Sacred City in the Lotus Blossom, he must first open that Lotus within himself, which he does, petal by petal, when he purifies and attunes himself to the higher principles within. The Lotus is the spinal column once more; its roots deep in materiality; its blossoms, the brain; and only when he sends upward nourishment and power, can that Lotus blossom within himself—blossom forth with its many petals giving out their spiritual fragrance.

Sometimes you will see in store windows funny little Chinese gods or Oriental Buddhas sitting on the blossom of a lotus. In fact, if you look carefully, you will find that nearly all of the Oriental gods are so depicted. This means that they have opened within themselves that spiritual consciousness which they call the Kundalini. You have seen the funny little hats worn by the Hindu gods. They are made to represent a flower upside down, and once more, like the rod of Aaron that budded, we see the reference made to the unfolding of consciousness within. When the lotus blossom has reached maturity, it drops its seed, and from this seed new plants are produced. It is the same within the spiritual consciousness, which, when the plant is finished and its work is done, is released to work and produce other things.

In the Western world, the lotus has been changed to the rose. The roses of the Rosicrucian, the roses of the Masonic degrees, and also those of the Order of the Garter in England, all stand for the same thing: the awakening of consciousness and the unfolding into full bloom of the soul qualities of man. When man awakens and opens this bud within himself, he finds, like the golden pollen in a flower, this wonderful spiritual city, Shamballa, in the heart of the lotus. When this pilgrimage of his spiritual fire is accomplished, he is liberated from the top of the mountain, as



in the Ascension of Christ, and the spiritual man, freed by his pilgrimage from the Wheel of Bondage, rises upward from among his disciples—the convolutions of the brain—with the great cry of the Initiate, which has sounded through

#### The Rod That Budded



The buds in the Rod are the seven centers within yourself which, when you develop their spiritual powers, shine out as centers of fire within your own being. The ancients have taken flowers to symbolize these centers, which, when they shine out, show that the dead stick, cut from the Tree of Life, has budded.

the Mystery Schools for ages when the purified Adept goes onward and upward to become a pillar in the temple of his God. With that last cry, the true mystery of Shamballa, the Sacred City, is understood and he joins the ranks of those who, in white robes of purity—their own soul-bodies—gaze down upon the world and see others liberated in the same way, and who also sound the eternal tocsin: “Consummatum Est”—It is finished.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE ALCHEMIST

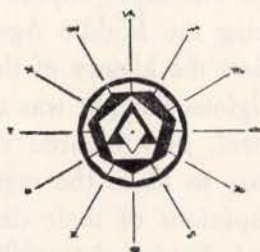
There are few occult students today who have not heard of the alchemist, but there are very few who know anything about the strange men who lived during the Middle Ages and concealed under chemical symbolism the history of the soul. At a time when to express a religious thought was to court annihilation at the stake or wheel, they labored silently in underground caves and cellars to learn the mysteries of nature which the religious opinions of their day denied them the privilege of explaining. Let us picture the alchemist of old, deep in the study of natural lore. We find him among the test tubes and retorts of his hidden laboratory. Around him are massive tomes and manuscripts by ancient writers; he is a student of nature's mystery, and has devoted years, maybe lives, to the work he loves. His hair has long since grayed with age.

By the light of his little lamp he reads slowly and with difficulty the strange symbols on the pages before him. His mind is centered upon one thing, and that is the finding of the Philosopher's Stone. With all the chemicals at his command, their various combinations thoroughly understood, he is laboring with his furnace and his burners to make of the base metals the Philosopher's Gold. At last he finds the key and gives to the world the secret of the Philosopher's Gold and the Immortal Stone. Salt, sulphur, and mercury are the answer to his problem. From them he extracts the Elixir of Life; with the power they give him he transmutes



the base metals into gold. The world laughs at him, but he goes on in silence, actually doing the very things the world believes impossible.

After many years of labor, he takes his little lamp and silently slips away into the Great Unknown. No one knows what he has done, or the discoveries that he has made, but



#### The Philosopher's Stone

This is the true stone of the philosopher, which gives him power over all created things. This stone is himself. The experiences of his evolution have cut and polished the rough stone until, in the Initiate, it reflects the light of creation from a thousand different facets.

he, with his little lamp, still explores the mysteries of the universe. As the close of the fifteenth century enshrouded him with mystery, so the dawn of the twentieth century is crowning him with the glory of his just reward, for the world is beginning to realize the truths he knew, and to marvel at the understanding which his years of labor had earned for him.

Man has been an alchemist from the time when he first raised himself, and with the powers long latent pronounced himself as human. Experiences are the chemicals of life with which the philosopher experiments. Nature is the great book whose secrets he seeks to understand through her own wondrous symbolism. His own Spiritual Flame is the lamp by which he reads, and without this, the printed pages mean nothing to him. His own body is the furnace in which he prepares the Philosopher's Stone; his senses and organs are the test tubes, and incentive is the flame from the burner.

Salt, sulphur, and mercury are the chemicals of his craft. According to the ancient philosophers, salt was of the earth earthy, sulphur was a fire which was spirit, while mercury was only a messenger, like the winged Hermes of the Greeks. His color is purple, which is the blending of the red and the blue—the blue of the spirit and the red of the body.

The alchemist realizes that he himself is the Philosopher's Stone, and that this stone is made diamond-like when the salt and the sulphur, or the body and the spirit, are united through mercury, the link of mind. Man is the incarnated principle of mind, as the animal is of emotion. He stands with one foot on the heavens and the other on the earth. His higher being is lifted to the celestial sphere, but the lower man ties him to matter. The philosopher builds his Sacred Stone by harmonizing his spirit and his body. The hard knocks of life chip the stone away and facet it until it reflects light from a million different angles. The ultimate achievement is the Philosopher's Stone.

The Elixir of Life is once again the Spirit Fire, or rather the fuel which nourishes that fire, and the changing of the base metal into gold is accomplished when he transmutes the lower man into spiritual gold. This he does by study and love. Thus he is building within himself the lost panacea for the world's woe. The changing of the base metal into gold can be called a literal fact, for the same chemical combination which produces spiritual gold will also produce physical gold. It is a known fact that many of the ancient alchemists really did create the precious metal out of lead, alloy, etc. But it was upon the principle that all things contain some part of everything else; in other words, every grain of sand or drop of water contains, in some proportion, every element of the universe. Therefore, the alchemist did not try to make something from nothing, but rather to extract



and build that which already was, knowing this to be the only reasonable course of procedure.

Man can create nothing from nothing, but he does contain within, in potential energy, all things; and like the alchemist with his metals, he is simply working with that which he already has. The living Philosopher's Stone is a very



#### The Five-Pointed Star

This picture, known to all Masons, is that of the Soul. It is the Star of Bethlehem, which heralds the coming of the Christ within. The two clasped hands are the spirit and body united in the marriage of the Lamb. It is from the union of the higher with the lower that the Christ is born.

beautiful thing. Indeed, like the fire opal, it shines with a million different lights, changing with the mood of the wearer. The transmuting process, whereby the spiritual fire, passing through the furnace of purification, radiates from the body as the soul body of gold and blue, is a very beautiful one.

The Masons have among their symbols that of a five-pointed star with two clasped hands within it, and in that we have the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. The clasped hands represent the united man in which the higher and the lower are working for their mutual betterment, by a cooperative rather than a competitive system. The five-pointed star is the soul-body, born of this cooperation; it is the living Philosopher's Stone, more precious than all the jewels of earth. From it pour the rivers of life spoken of in the Bible; it is the Star of the Morning that heralds the dawn

of Mastery, and it is the reward that comes to those who follow in the footsteps of the ancient alchemist.

It is well for the student to realize that the alchemy of life produces in natural sequence all of the states of progression which are explained in the writings of the alchemist, until finally the sun and the moon are united as described



#### The Marriage of the Sun and Moon

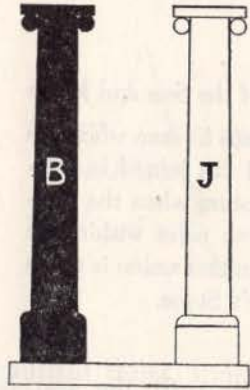
This takes place in man when the heart and mind are joined in eternal union. It occurs when the positive and negative poles within are united, and from that union is made the Philosopher's Stone.

in the Hermetic Marriage, which is, in truth, the marriage of the body and the spirit for the mutual development of each other. We are the alchemists who centuries ago carried on in secret our studies of the soul, and we still have the same opportunity that we had then, even more than then, for now we can state our opinions with little danger of personal injury. The modern alchemist thus has an opportunity that his ancient brother never had. In the contacts of daily life, he sees nature's experiments carried on. He sees the fusing of metals, and from the everyday book of life, through the power of analogy, he may study Divinity. Through experience, and often suffering, the steel of his spirit is tempered by the flame of life. As the moon in the zodiac touches off like a fuse the happenings of life, so his own desires and wishes touch off the powers of his soul, and the experiences may be transmuted into soul qualities



when he has developed the eye which enables him to read the simplest of all books—everyday life.

The alchemist of today is not hidden in caves and cellars, studying alone, but as he goes on with his work, it is seen that walls are built around him, and while he is in the world, like the master of old, he is not of it. As he goes further in



The Pillars of the Temple

These pillars symbolize the heart and mind, the positive and negative poles of life. Those who would enter the temple must pass BETWEEN the pillars. Every extreme is dangerous. It is the point between all poles that is safe to stand upon. You cannot enter the temple by the development of either the heart or mind alone, but only by the equal development of both.

his work, the light of other people's advice and outside help grows weaker and weaker, until finally he stands alone in darkness. Then comes the time that he must use his own lamp, and the various experiments which he has carried on must be his guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed, and with it fill the lamp of his spiritual consciousness, and holding that above his head, walk into the Great Unknown. There, if he has been a good and faithful servant, he will learn of the alchemy of Divinity. Where now test tubes and bottles are his implements, then worlds and globes he will study, and as a silent watcher will learn from the Divine One, who is the Great Alchemist of all the universe, the greatest alchemy of all: the creation of life, the maintenance of form, and the building of worlds.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE EGYPTIAN INITIATE

Many ages have elapsed since the Egyptian Priest-King passed through the pillars of Thebes. Ages before the sinking of Atlantis, thousands of years before the Christian Era, Egypt was a land of great truths. The hand of the Great White Brotherhood was held out to the Empire of the Nile, and the passages of the ancient pyramid resounded with the chants of the Initiates. It was then that the Pharaoh, now called half-human and half-divine, reigned in ancient Egypt. Pharaoh is the Egyptian word for king. Many of the later Pharaohs were degenerate and of little account. It is only early Pharaohs we now list among the Priest-Kings.

Try to picture for a moment the great Hall of Luxor—its inscriptive columns holding up domes of solid granite, each column carved with the histories of the gods. There at the upper end of the chamber sat the Pharaoh of the Nile in his robes of state; around him his counsellors, chief among them the priest of the temple. An imposing spectacle it was: the gigantic frame of the later Atlantean, robed in gold and priceless jewels; on his head the crown of the North and South, the Double Empire of the ancients; on his forehead the coiled serpent of the Initiate, the serpent which was raised in the wilderness, that all who looked upon it might live. This uraeus represented the sleeping serpent power in man which, coiled head downward around the Tree of Life, drove



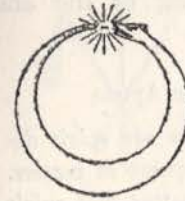


THE PRIEST-KING OF THE DOUBLE EMPIRE

him from the Garden of the Lord, but which, raised upon the cross, became the symbol of the Christ.

The Pharaoh was an Initiate of Scorpio, and the serpent is the transmuted Scorpio energy which, working upward in the regenerated individual, is called the Kundalini. This

#### The Serpent



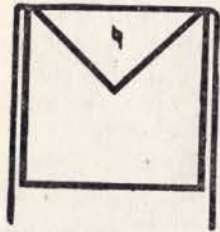
This is the serpent-crown of the ancient gods. It shows that the two paths or parts of the spirit-fire have united. This crown is the symbol of mastery, and the union takes place within the student when the life-forces are lifted to the brain.

serpent was the sign of Initiation. It meant that within him the serpent had been raised, for the true Pharaoh was a priest of God, as well as a master of men. He sat upon the cube altar throne, indicating his mastery over the four elements of his physical body—a judge of the living and of the dead. In spite of all his power and glory and the grandeur of the world's greatest empire, still he bowed in humble supplication to the will of the gods. In his hand he carried the triple sceptre of the Nile—the Flail or Whip, the Shepherd's Crook, and the Anubis-headed Staff. These were the symbols of his work. They represented the powers which he had mastered. With the whip he had subjugated his physical body; with the Shepherd's Crook he was the guardian and keeper of his emotional body; with the Anubis-headed Staff he was master of his mind and worthy to wield the powers of government over others, because, first of all, he obeyed the laws himself.

With all his robes of state, with the scarab upon his breast, and with the All-seeing Eye above his throne, there was still nothing as precious or as sacred to the ancient Egyptian



Priest-King as the triangular girdle or apron which was the symbol of his initiation. The apron of the ancient Egyptian carried with it the same symbolism as the Masonic apron of today. It symbolized the purification of the body, when the seat of the lower emotions, Scorpio, was covered by the white sheepskin of purification. This symbol of his purification was the most precious belonging of the ancient



The Masonic Apron

In the triangle we see spirit descending into the square of matter. Let us so purify matter that spirit may shine through it and make of us lights to guide the footsteps of humanity.

Pharaoh; and this plain insignia, worn by many others below him in rank and dignity, but equal to him in spiritual purification, was the most precious of all things to the Priest-King. There he sat enthroned, adorned with the symbols of his purification and mastery, a wise king over a wise people. And it was through these Priest-Kings that the Divine worked, for they were of the Order of Melchizedek. Through them was formulated that doctrine which degeneracy has not been able entirely to obliterate, which we know as the divine right of kings—divine because through spirituality and growth, God was able to manifest through them. They were conscious instruments in the hands of a ready ruler, willing and proud to do the work of those with whom, through knowledge and truth, they had attuned themselves.

But the time came, as in all nations, when selfishness and egotism entered the heart of king and people alike,

and slowly the hand of the Great White Brotherhood that had fed ancient Egypt was withdrawn, and the powers of darkness transformed the land of glory into one of ruins, and the names of mighty kings were buried beneath the



The Sceptres of Egypt

These are the three bodies that are the tools with which we are to build our temple. When they are mastered, they are the living proof of our right to kingship.

oblivion of degeneracy. Mighty cataclysms shook the world, and out of the land of darkness the Great White Brotherhood led the faithful few into the promised land. Egypt, the land of glory, disintegrated into dust.

The great temples of the Pharaohs are ruins, and the temples of Isis are but broken heaps of sandstone. But what of the Priest-Kings who labored there in the days of its glory? They are still with us, for those who were leaders before are leaders now, if they have continued to walk the path. Although his sceptre be gone, and his priestly vestments molded away, the Priest-King still walks the earth with the dignity and the power and the child-like simplicity that made him great before. He no longer wears the robes of his Order; yet although he bears no credentials, he is as much a Priest-King now as then, for he still bears the true insignia of his rank. The coiled serpent has given place to knowledge and love. The hand that bestowed the riches of the past does little acts of kindness now. Although he no longer carries the sceptres of self-mastery, still he manifests that mastery in his daily life. Although the altar fires within the temple at Karnak have long been dead, the true



fire within himself still burns, and before it he still bows as he bowed in the days of Egypt's glory. Although the priest no longer is his counsellor, and the wise ones of his

#### The Sacred Scarab



In this form the ancient Egyptians worshipped Khepera, the rising Sun, and the sacred scarab was buried with the dead as the symbol of resurrection. For as the sun rises from the darkness of night, so the divine spirit rises from the body that is no more. The life is eternal.

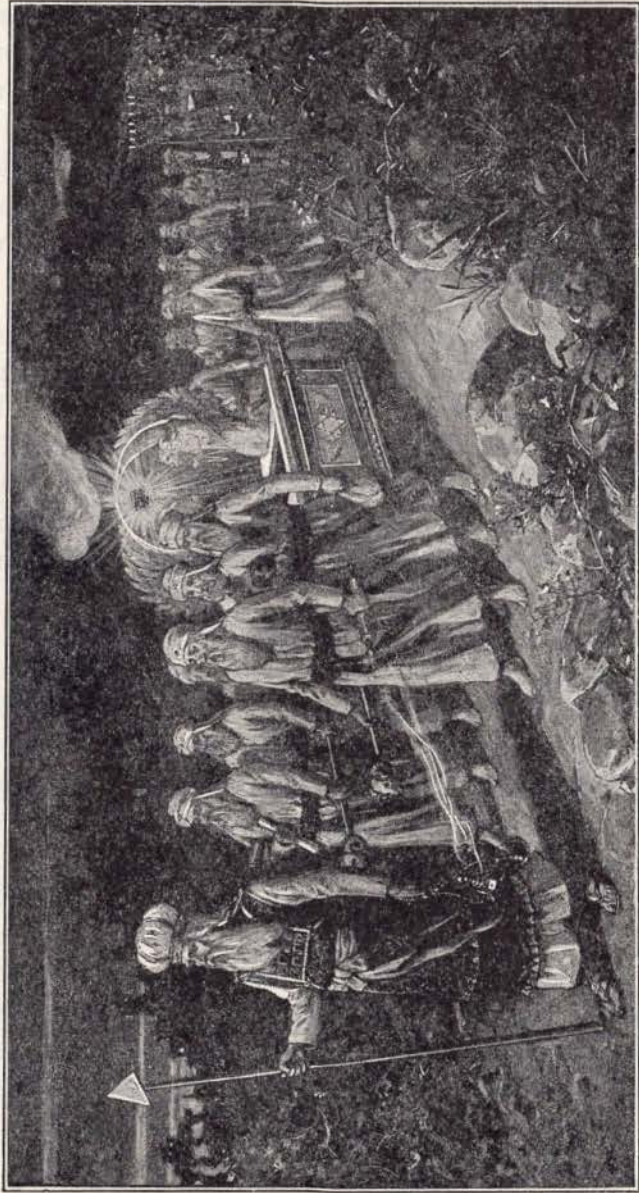
country no longer aid him in problems of state, still he is never alone, for the priests in white and the counsellors in blue still march with him and whisper words of strength when he needs them.

Have you not seen people whom, somehow, you instinctively liked? Have you not seen charming people whom, in spite of their charms, you disliked? Have you not seen learned people who were fools, or impressed you as such? And then there are those who, though unschooled, give us the instinctive impression that they are very wise. They have the insignia of rank, truth and love, which the loss of title or position cannot destroy. Kings with or without crowns they were, and they still are kings, and will be to the end of time. They still manifest their rank, not by their superiority and their high-headedness, but by the soul-qualities which they radiate from themselves. The purity of life and motive still radiates from those of old who wore the apron of the Initiate, for while that triangular apron with the serpent drawn upon it, has long since rotted away, the spiritual counterpart of that symbol is still seen in the radiance of their daily lives, thus proving beyond all dispute that as

they were Priest-Kings then, so are they today. In every walk of life we find them—in the high places and in the low. But wherever found, they are still the mouthpieces of the gods, and through them comes the promise to all who strive. Kings they are, not of earth, but of heaven, and in the life of our own Master Jesus we find one who joined himself to those who served, and who was a true King, even when his only crown was a wreath of thorns.

Still in the invisible ether about the Pyramid of Gizeh, the initiations continue; still the Initiate receives the insignia of his rank. Before that Fire within himself he makes his vows, and upon the burning altar of his own higher being he lays his crown and his sceptre, his robes and his jewels, his hates and his fears, and sanctifies his life as a Priest-King, and swears to serve none but his own higher self, the god within.





THE ARK IS CARRIED FROM THE LAND OF DARKNESS

## CHAPTER V

### THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

One of the most interesting symbols that has come down to us from the ancients is that of the Ark, or the box that was said to contain the sacred relics. Many people believe that this belongs particularly to the Jewish nation, but this is a great mistake, because the Ark has been the birthright of every country. Like the Jewish people, all races lost much of their power and glory when they lost the sacred Ark. In ancient Chaldea and Phoenicia, the Ark was well known. India celebrates it as the Lotus, and the ancient Egyptians tell how the moon god Osiris was imprisoned in an ark. In all the Mystery Religions of the world, individually and cosmically, the ark represents the fountain-head of wisdom. Over it the Shekinah's glory hovers, as a column of flames by night and a pillar of smoke by day. When the Priest-Kings and Initiates, surrounded by those faithful to the truth, take the sacred Ark away from an old civilization, they carry it into other lands and to other peoples, where its presence becomes the foundation of a great order of spiritual enlightenment.

In every creed and religion we find crystallization. We find small groups of people separating themselves from their brother man. We find those who, clinging to the old, refuse to advance with the new, and whenever we find this crystallization, we find the spirit of truth carried away to other people and embodied in other doctrines. The staves by which the ancient Ark of the Israelites was carried or trans-



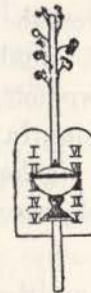
ported, were never removed until it was finally placed in Solomon's Temple. Neither does the spirit fire in man rest until finally it is enthroned in the holy place of his solar temple. Ever toward the rising sun its bearers carry this sacred truth.

Nations are born of those who love the truth, and are buried when they forget it. The time has come when its silent bearers have taken the sacred Ark and the Shekinah's glory, and in solemn file have moved across the waters and brought it to the new world. The call has sounded through the universe, and those who are true to their own higher principles have surrounded the sacred chest. Those who have sworn alliance to their own higher being are following the priests and their sacred burden, and a beautiful mystery temple is being built in this beautiful land of ours, loved and guarded by those who are laboring for humanity. The staves are still in the Ark, however, and only when real good can be accomplished, will they be removed and the sacred Ark find a new resting-place.

The opportunity is now confronting the Western world. The knowledge of the ancients, the wisdom of the ages, is knocking at the door and seeking those who will follow it. The bearers of the Ark have stopped and are gathering a nucleus of spiritual souls to carry on their work, and whether or not the word of the Lord will remain with a nation depends upon its own actions; and the actions of a nation are the collective actions of its individuals. If the Ark finds nothing here attuned to itself, if it finds few who will answer to its call—the call of service and brotherhood—then will its priests lift again the staves and the sacred work will go out into other lands.

A nation thus deprived of its spiritual life will, like the ancient city of the Golden Gate, be swallowed up in oblivion.

The call is sounding, and those who love the Truth and revere the Light must join that band of servers who have for centuries dedicated themselves to the preservation of Truth. Their lives they have given a thousand times; their happi-



The Rod that Budded, the Pot of Manna, and the Tablets of the Law

In these three things contained within the Ark we see the three-fold spirit contained within the ark of man's bodies.

ness has been second to their duty. They are the keepers of the sacred Word, and the law of attraction draws to them all who love and live the Truth.

A great influx of spiritual light comes to those who live the life and have learned the doctrine, and regardless of clan or country, they have joined the silent file of watchers and workers around the sacred Ark of the Covenant. Every individual, by his daily actions, is expressing more plainly than by words his ideals, his desires, and his attitude toward this great work. The composite attitude of a certain number of people either shuts out or lets in the light. Therefore every individual has a great duty, a great work to do, and to that the true student must dedicate his life. Then, wherever he may go, whatever he may do, he is being led, and the Shekinah's glory directs his footsteps.

In the brain of man, between the wings of the kneeling cherubim, is the Mercy Seat, and there man speaks with his God as the priest of the Tabernacle spoke to the spirit of the Lord hovering between the wings of the Angels. Man



is again the Ark, and within him are the three principles—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—the Tablets of the Law, the Pot of Manna, and the Rod that budded. But as in the case of the ancient Israelites, when they became crystallized, the Pot of Manna and the Rod that budded were removed from the Ark, and all that was left were the Tablets, or the letters, of the Law. So, when the individual crystallizes and closes his mind to differing viewpoints, he excludes the life force which was flowing into him. In shutting out strangers, he shuts out his own life, and all that he has left are the Tablets of the Law, the material reasons from which the spiritual life has gone.

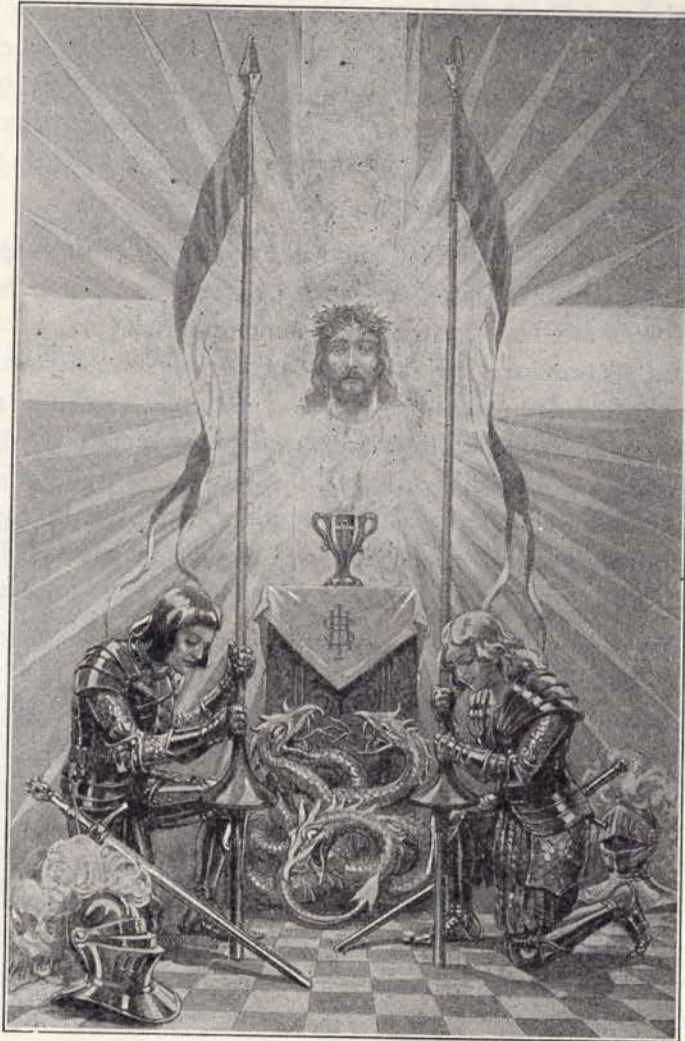
Solomon's Temple—the perfected temple of the human body, the perfected temple of the soul, and the perfected temple of the universe—finally forms the perfect shrine for the living Ark. There, at the head of a great cross, it is placed, and there in man it becomes permanently fixed. The staves of polarity upon which it was carried are removed, and it becomes a living thing, a permanent place where man converses with his God. There man, the purified priest, arrayed in the robes of his Order—the garments of his soul—converses with the spirit hovering over the Mercy Seat. This Ark within is always present, but man can reach it only after he has passed through the outer court of the Tabernacle; after he has passed through all the degrees of initiation, and after he has taken the Third Degree and become a Grand Master. Then and then only can he enter into the presence of his Lord, and there in the darkened chamber, lighted by the jewels of his own breastplate, he converses with the Most High, the true spiritual essence within himself.

We are working toward this, and the time will come when each person will know for himself the mystery of the Ark;

when the student, through purification, shall be led through the door of the Holy of Holies and there be enveloped by the Light of Truth. This was his birthright which he sold for a mess of pottage. "To this end came he into the world that he might bear witness to this truth, that through this light all men might be saved." The Ark—that great spiritual principle—surrounded by its loving workers, is calling all to follow it.

When, through materiality and degeneracy, a great people is destroyed, or a continent sinks beneath the ocean, then those who are true are called around the Ark and, as its faithful servers, are led out of the land of darkness into the new world and a promised paradise. All great teachings set forth the same idea. The student will find that it is true, and when he allies himself with the powers of light, when he becomes a channel for its expression, and when he radiates it from himself to all who need it, then indeed will the Light protect him and he shall become a "Sun" of God.





THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL

## CHAPTER VI

### KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL

Before starting to take up the study of the Grail legends, it will be well for all who are interested to read those tales that are now listed under the heading of children's fairy stories. For example, the story of good King Arthur and his Round Table is a cosmic myth, and while there is little doubt that he as a man actually lived, the real mystery, as in the story of the Christ, is not the literal tale, but the great mystic or occult truth that is concealed under allegory and parable. It is the same with the story of Parsifal, which can never be really understood or appreciated until the student sees in the Knight, and later King, of the Sacred Cup, his own spiritual development and the temptations he must also master if he would become a King of the Grail.

In Lohengrin the same truth is again shown to the world. It is the path of Initiation along which each must pass on his road to self-mastery. To every nation and in every tongue, sacred legends have been given to teach man the path he must follow. The blind Homer of the Greeks, who told of the wanderings of Ulysses, gave the same great truths to the world. The Scalds of ancient Norway and Sweden, and the Prophets of the Jews, used the same means, and everywhere from the Sacred Books of the East to the legends of the American Indians, we find one great connected truth told



to many different peoples in ways that were best suited for their development.

Such a truth is the legend of the Round Table, given to King Arthur as a wedding gift. All true students know what that wedding was: not of earth, but the wedding of the



#### The Holy Grail

See in this cup your own body within which is the life-blood of the Sun Spirit of the Universe. Each day that we live, we perpetuate the Last Supper, and in all that we do, we drink again the blood of Christ, the life power of the Cosmos.

Spiritual and Intellectual within the Initiate himself, when the spirit and the body are united eternally, each swearing to honor and protect the other. Such a marriage was the union of Arthur and Guinevere in the legend of the King.

Let us, first of all, consider the coming of Arthur the King. We read in the legend of Arthur about Merlin the Magician, the wise man who it is said had charge of the coming King during his youth. Merlin represents the hand of the Elder Brothers, who, realizing that a great ego had come into the world, consecrated themselves to the work of preparing him for his mission.

It was under the direction of Merlin, the master mind, that the anvil and stone with the sword thrust into it were raised in the square of the city when it became necessary for a new king to be selected. It was he also who called all the brave knights of the land together and told them that the one who could draw forth the sword would be king. And of all the knights assembled, Arthur, the half-grown boy, was the only one who could release the sword.

There is a very wonderful mystery of the soul contained within that divine allegory. Let us read the letters that were engraved upon the sword. "WHOSO PULLETH OUT THIS SWORD OF THIS STONE AND ANVIL IS RIGHTWISE KING BORN OF ENGLAND."

The cube stone is the body. It has been so symbolized for centuries, and today among the Masons the Ashler is the symbol of man. Experience is the anvil, and it is upon this anvil that the sword is tempered. The sword is spirit,



#### The Stone and the Sword

WHOEVER CAN DRAW THIS  
SWORD FROM THIS STONE IS  
THE MASTER OF THE UNI-  
VERSE.

and he who would be king, in the true spiritual sense of the word, must first show his divine power by freeing the Sword of Spirit from the casings of the lower man and the world.

It is the same symbol as that later used by Sir Galahad, the guileless knight, the personification of the purified man, who comes without a sword, but who later arms himself with the sword of spirit that he draws from the cube block which was floating down the river (of life) past Camelot. Sir Galahad had the strength of ten because his heart was pure, and the Knight of today must follow in the same path.

If you have read the story of King Arthur, you will remember how he was given Excalibur, the enchanted sword, how it came up out of the water held by a hand draped in



white. Excalibur represents light and truth, which is the weapon of the true Initiate.

In England there still hangs on a courthouse wall the Round Table of King Arthur. In the very center of the



The Rosicrucian Rose

In this flower, which was painted upon the Center of King Arthur's Table, we see the soul of man, which, through purification and service, has blossomed out with all the grandeur of the Initiate.

table is a beautiful rose painted in natural colors. This symbol is that of the Rosicrucians, the ancient alchemists, and there is a direct connection between the legend of the British King and the ancient philosophers of fire.

Now let us turn our attention for a moment to the history of the Holy Grail, or the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper and which was said to have caught his blood when he was dying upon the cross. Ancient legends tell us that this cup was made from a sacred stone which had been the crown jewel of Lucifer, the dynamic energy of the universe. It was said that the green stone had been struck from the crown of Lucifer by the Archangel Michael during the famous battle in heaven.

After the death of Christ it is said that Joseph of Arimathea took the Sacred Cup and the Spear of the Passion and carried them into a distant land. He wandered with his sacred relics through Europe and is said to have finally died, and those who came after him carried the sacred relics, through many centuries of tribulation, to Mount Salvart in Northern Spain, where they remained until

Parsifal finally took the Grail and Spear back to the East, where they are now preserved.

It is around this Cup and Spear that the legends of Parsifal and King Arthur have been written, and it is through study of this fact that we are able to better understand the mystery of the Great White Lodge of which the Round Table of Arthur and the circular temple of the knights of the Grail are symbols.

Although we no longer have the Cup as a physical symbol, it is not gone from among us. As in the days of old the brave knights of the Round Table went out to fight for right, so those knights of today who belong to the Great White Brotherhood go out into the world in the name of truth and labor with mankind and seek to right the wrongs of the world. It is said that the knights of Arthur's court always fought for virtue and purity, and so did those who rode out of Mount Salvart.

The Grail Cup is the symbol of the creative force of nature; it is also the symbol of the human race which is slowly learning the mysteries of creation. Within the cup is the blood of Christ, that force which is transmuting the body into soul, fast or slowly, as we give it greater or lesser opportunity.

In the sacred Spear we find symbolized again the creative force, which, in the hands of Klingsor, the evil one, wounds and causes suffering, but which, when held by the pure Parsifal, heals the very wound that it caused.

A great lesson is being taught to man through these allegories, but the average person is unwilling to stop and consider it. Many do not realize that they themselves are the ones whom the Elder Brothers of humanity must use in the fight against the forces of evil. They do not realize that the



dragons and ogres of the legends are their own lower natures which they must overcome. They do not see in the hand to hand combat of the knights of old for a lady's hand, the higher and lower man fighting for the soul within.

The knight of today does not realize that the white armor that he wears is his own purified body which is proof against

#### The Sacred Spear



This is the spear of Passion that pierces the side of the Christ, the higher principle in man. But when in the hand of the pure of heart, this power can heal the very wound it caused.

all the attacks of vice and passion; nevertheless, this is the meaning of the legend. His shield is truth, which is a perfect protection to the inner man; his strong right arm is the knowledge and spiritual power he has developed within; and the sword that he uses is the spiritual light with which the pure flame of the spirit fire dispels the darkness of ignorance and the demons of lust. The Sacred Spear and the Cup which he serves are the two poles of the creative life force within, the development of which he gains as he daily serves his fellow men.

Far from the uninitiated, the twelve Elder Brothers of mankind, sitting around the circular table of the universe, watch the knights in their battle of life. In due time, the student, having finished his work here, is liberated at the foot of the Grail. There the candidate stands, robed from head to foot in the armor of spirit and in the pure white of a body that has been cleansed. Then the cloth is lifted from the Sacred Cup, and he is illuminated by the light

which would have killed him, had he seen it without purification. He then takes his place among the knights of the Round Table, and joins those who gave up all to labor for humanity.

When in sickness and in suffering we beg of the Great Unknown that he send us help, then indeed our knight comes to us as Lohengrin came to Elsa. When our loved ones pass into the Great Unknown, there stands the brother of the Grail, the Invisible Helper, who through lives of labor, has earned the right to become a member of that great band of servers who gather around the table of the King and, while their bodies are asleep, still labor in their great search for light and truth, and pray for the day when they shall also become Kings of the Holy Grail.

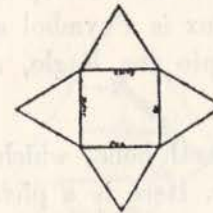


building of our bodies, which are symbolical of the same structure.

There are many pyramids all over the world. We find them in South America and in Mexico; we find mounds which were made to represent them among the American Indians, and in Europe and Britain we find remnants of the same things. But there is only one real pyramid in all

#### The Pyramid

Here we see the pyramid laid out so that the four triangles and the square are clearly seen. This represents man once again, and the ancient pyramid is man offering his higher being upon the altar of the Great Fire-Spirit.



the world. Even the others in Egypt are but copies of the Great Pyramid, and were used as tombs for the Pharaohs, but no body was ever found in Cheops, nor were there ever any signs that it had been so used.

Now let us continue our analogy between the pyramid and man. If you will look at the accompanying illustration, you will see the pyramid laid flat, and you will notice it is made of four triangles laid around the base square. The four-sided base of the pyramid represents the four elements of which man's bodies are composed. These are hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon; or water, fire, air, and earth. These are called the base of all things, and upon this base the four bodies of man are raised, each from its own element. Thus the physical body is raised from the element earth, the vital body from water, the emotional body from fire, and the mental body from air.

There are twelve lines used in the drawing of the four triangles, which stand for the twelve-fold constitution of

## CHAPTER VII

### THE MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMID

There comes a time in the development of the occult student when he understands one of the great secrets of the Initiates, and that is that every sacred thing outside of himself stands for some organ or function within himself. This is, of course, true in the case of the Great Pyramid, except that this particular pile of stones, said by many to be the oldest building on the surface of the earth, is the great symbol of composite man. In other words, it stands for man as a unit.

Let us first consider the pyramid simply from the exterior standpoint. When we first look at it in the distance, it seems to be one great stone, but as we come close, we see that it is made of thousands of smaller stones, each one carefully fitted into place. Here we see the first likeness between the pyramid and man. We consider man to be a unit, but when we examine more closely, we find that he is a great number of small units, each working in harmony with the others. It is the same with everything. We take a successful life and we think of it as an entirety, but when we examine it, we find that it is a number of small achievements joined together.

As thousands of workmen were used in the building of the pyramid, so unnumbered workmen are engaged in the



man when it is complete: the three-fold body, the three-fold mind, the three-fold soul, and the three-fold spirit. It also gives us the twelve signs of the zodiac, divided into their respective groups.

Out on the desert stands the Sphinx, the Guardian of the Threshold mentioned by Bulwer-Lytton. It represents the bodies of man, and is that strange being which must be passed before the student can go on in his development. The four fixed signs of which the Sphinx is a symbol are: Taurus the Bull, Leo the Lion, Scorpio the Eagle, and Aquarius the Man, or the human head.

We have already considered the sacral bone, which is symbolized by the grave-digger's spade. Here is a picture of the head of the Sphinx, and the inverted sacral bone when it has been turned upward. In the inverted sacrum, we see the Sphinx, and it is also the inverted Masonic keystone. All this is very interesting, but unless we realize the inner meaning of it, its true value is lost. But it is not chance that these things should be so.

Most students have heard of the Dweller on the Threshold, that creature built by our own wrong actions and mistakes. Out in Egypt's desert it stands and bars the way to the pyramid, the temple of the higher man. And the message that it gives to the world is:

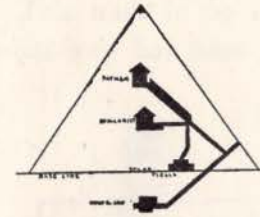
*"I am the bodies. If you would go on to the temple you must master me, for I am your animal nature."*

The Sphinx again symbolizes man, with the human mind and spirit rising out of the animal desires and emotions. It is the riddle of the ages, and man is once more the answer.

It is said that in ancient times the Sphinx was the gateway of the pyramid, and that there was an underground

passage which led from the Sphinx to Cheops. This would make the symbolism even more complete, for the gateway to the spirit is through the bodies, according to the ancients.

Let us now enter the pyramid and, passing through the corridors, come to the King's Chamber, as it is called. There are three great rooms in the pyramid which are of great



Cross-Section of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

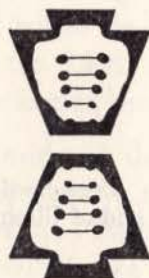
interest to the student. The highest is the King's Chamber, then below that is the Queen's Chamber, and down below the surface of the earth is the Pit. Here we again find the great correlation between the pyramid and man. The three rooms are the three major divisions in man, which are the seats of the three-fold spirit. The lower room, the Pit, is the generative system, under the control of Jehovah. The center room, or Queen's Chamber, is the heart, under the control of the Christ; and the upper room, or the King's Chamber, is the brain, which is under the control of the Father. In this upper room is the coffer made of stone, the meaning of which has never been explained, but which the student recognizes as the third ventricle in the brain.

It is quite certain also that this coffer was used as a tomb during initiation, when, as in the Masonic initiations of today, (which are the remnants of the ancient Mysteries), the candidate was buried in the earth and resurrected, a



symbol of the death of the lower man and liberation of the higher.

It is said that Moses was initiated in the Great Pyramid, and some also claim that Jesus was instructed there. Be that as it may, we know that for thousands of years since the time it was built by the Atlanteans, it has been the



greatest temple of Initiation in the world. It seems also that its work is not yet done, for it is still a mute teacher of the mysteries of creation.

It is said by many to be the original Solomon's Temple, but this we know is not true, for while it may be the first and original material temple, the true temple of Solomon is the universe, the Solar Man's Temple, which is slowly being rebuilt in man as the temple of the Soul of Man.

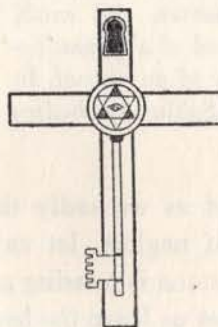
Probably no point is as important in connection with the Pyramid as that of the corner stone. On the very top of the great Pyramid is a comparatively flat place, about thirty feet square. In other words, the TRUE STONE WHICH IS THE HEAD OF ALL THE CORNERS IS MISSING. If we look at the reverse side of the United States seal, we find again the pyramid from which the top is separated.

Omar Khayyam, the Persian Poet, gives us the secret of the keystone when he says:

"From my base metal shall be filed a *key*,  
Which shall unlock the door he howls without."

The importance of the capstone is better understood when we see that it completes all of the triangles at once, and without it not one of them is complete.

This stone is the spirit in man, which fell from its high estate and has been lost beneath the rubbish of the lower



#### The Key and the Cross

Upon the cross of matter that forms our bodies, hangs the key to all the mysteries of creation. It is our duty to take this key and with it unlock the door that conceals from us the unknown. This key is the spirit. Release it.

man. This is the true capstone that is now hidden in the pit of man's temple, and which he must exhume and place again as the true crown of his spiritual pyramid.

He can do this only when he calls the thousands of workmen within himself and binds them to the service of the higher man. There must be no traitors to murder the builder this time. And Lucifer, the one rejected by man as the devil, is the one who must, through the planet Mars, send man the dynamic energy which man himself must transmute from the fire of passion to the flame of spirit. He then must take the tools of the craft and cut and polish his own being into the capstone of the Universal Temple.



It is interesting to note how the casing stones that once made the Great Pyramid so beautiful and true were carried away to build cities near by, even as the soul-body of man—the casing stones of his spiritual pyramid—has been sacrificed in order that he might have material things.

As we look at pictures of the ancient pyramid and Sphinx which have stood on Egypt's sands for ages, let us see in them our own mystery temple, made without the sound of



#### The Sphinx

This is that mysterious being suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, which has the head of a human being and the body of an animal. In other words, the Sphinx symbolizes man.

hammer or the voice of workmen. And as we sadly think of this mighty ruin, broken by ages of neglect, let us remember our temple, and that its corner stone is missing also, and our walls are falling with neglect. Let us learn the lesson which it teaches, hasten to perfect our pyramid, cap it with the stone of spirit, offer upon its altars our sacrifice to the Great Sun Spirit, and bury our lower nature in its ancient coffer. Then for us will its mysteries be revealed, and the sealed lips of the Sphinx give up their secret.