

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.
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Very Sincerely
Marby P. Hall

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 EARTH

THE EAST

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE EAST

THE EASTERN PATH OF KNOWLEDGE

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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,

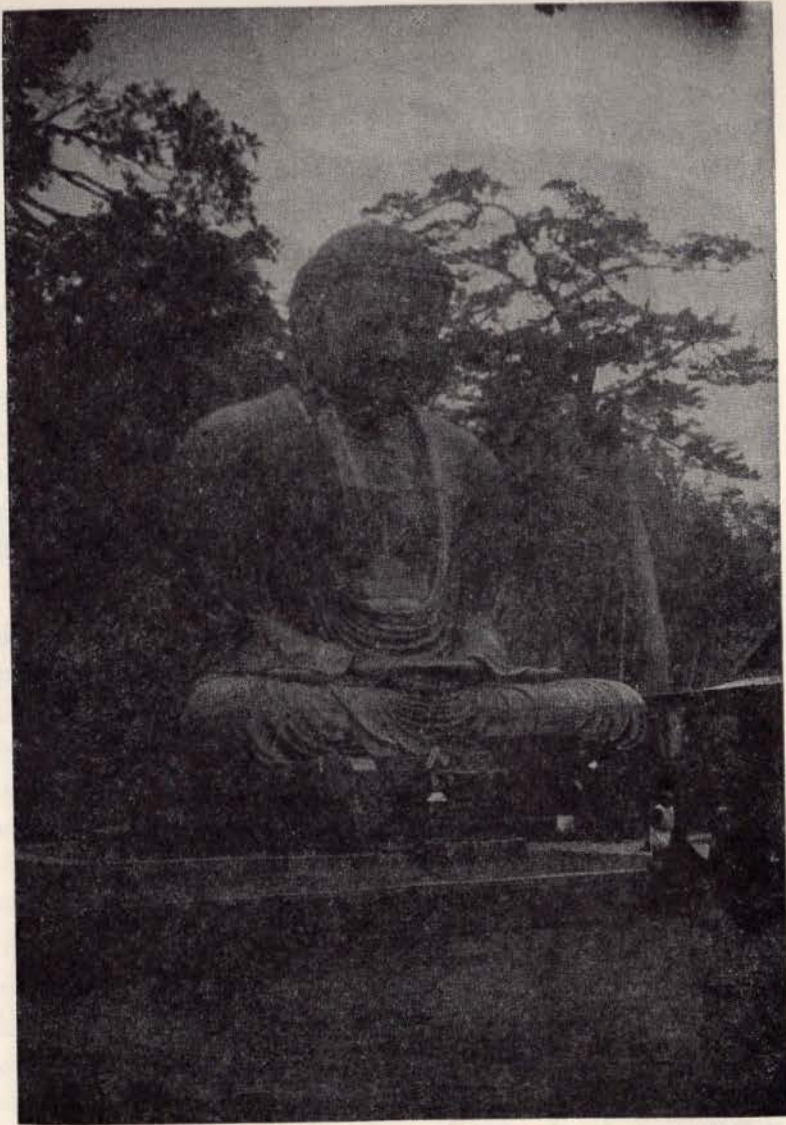
Kamakura, Japan
December 24, 1923.

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



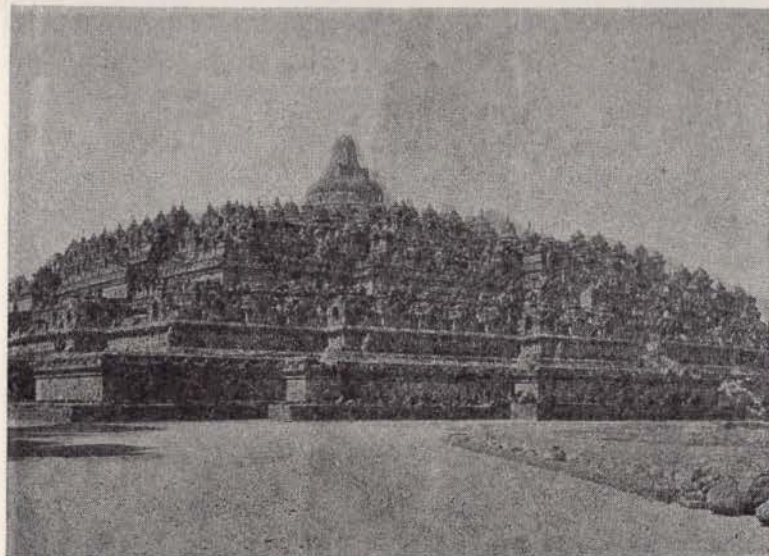
An interior view, taken by the author, in the shrine of the Three Buddhas Temple at Singapore, Straits Settlement. This gives a very good idea of the ornateness of Buddhist temples in the Far East. The figure is made of white marble inlaid with gold.

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

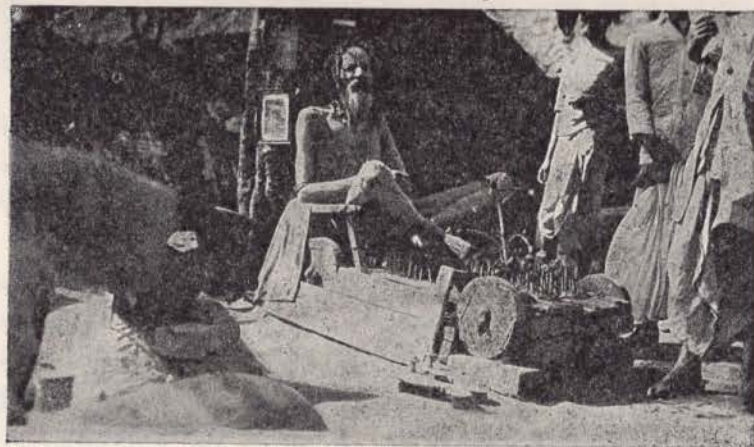
a cure. This, of course, is not reassuring to a squeamish Occidental person trying to pick his way barefoot among the heterogeneous group.

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.

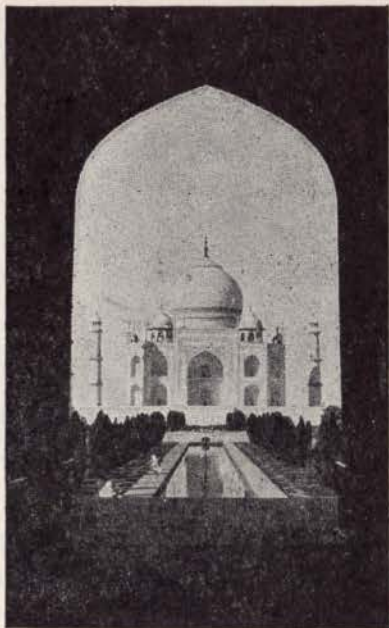
In picture books the camera kindly conceals the sordidness of surroundings and tells nothing of the dust, dirt, and

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 mantle-piece 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 gleaned 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 filagree. 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 co-operative 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

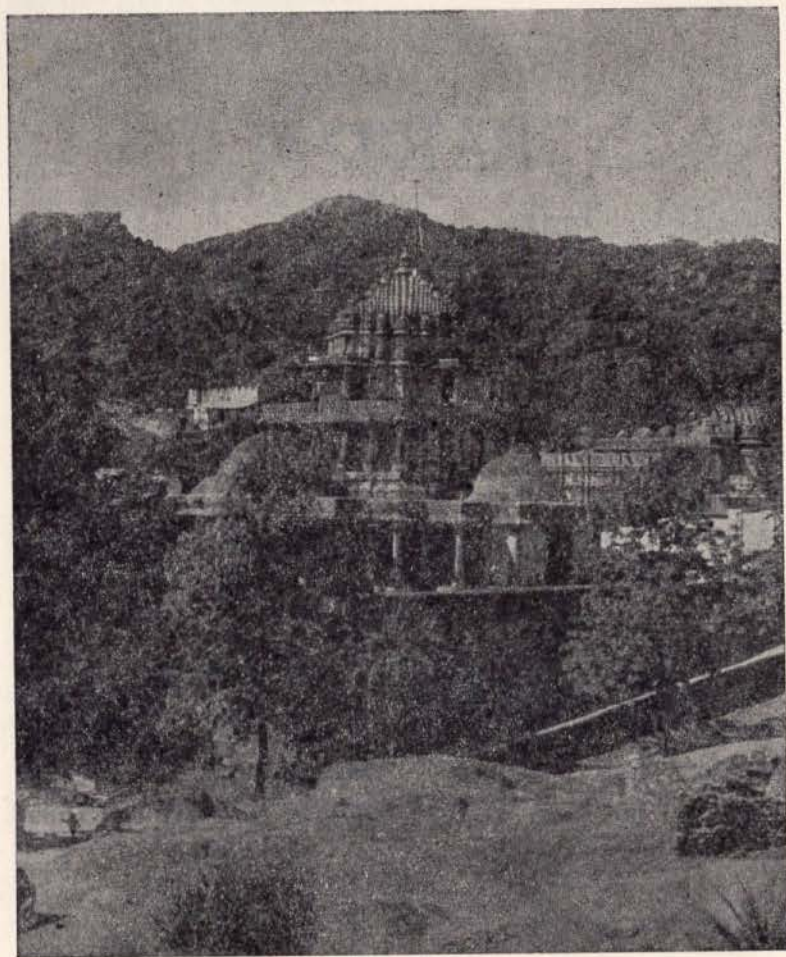
Three Essays

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.

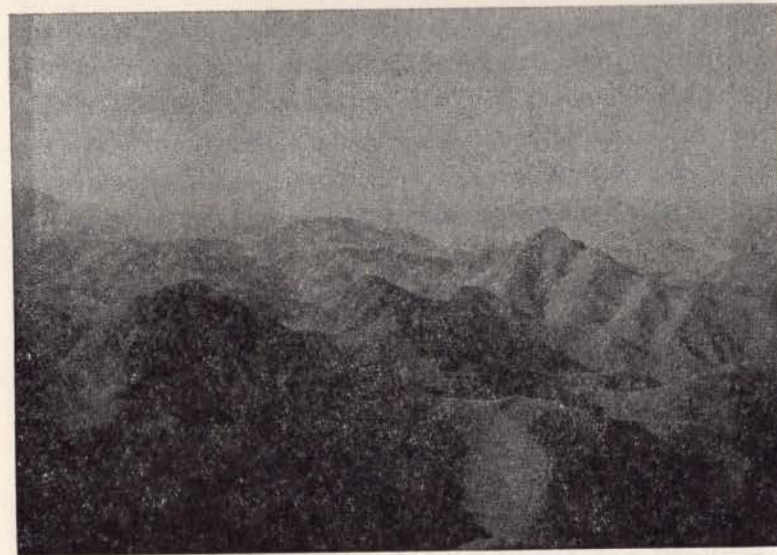
THE SECRETS OF THE GOBI DESERT

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 Lhasa (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 Lhasa, 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 Lhasa, 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.

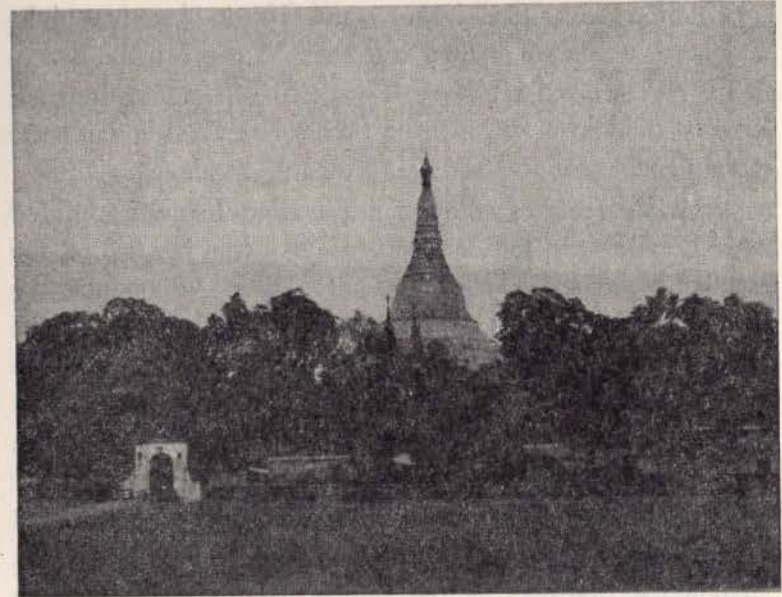
The flights of steps leading from the city level to the

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.

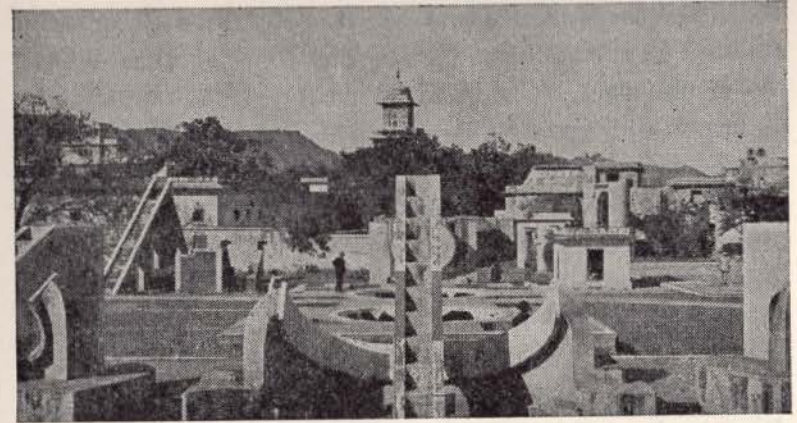
Three things impress the traveler upon entering Jaipur. The first is the width of the streets. All the main thoroughfares are over one hundred feet wide and are a startling contrast to the narrow, tortuous streets of the average Eastern city. It is supposed that there are no streets in Jaipur less than 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.

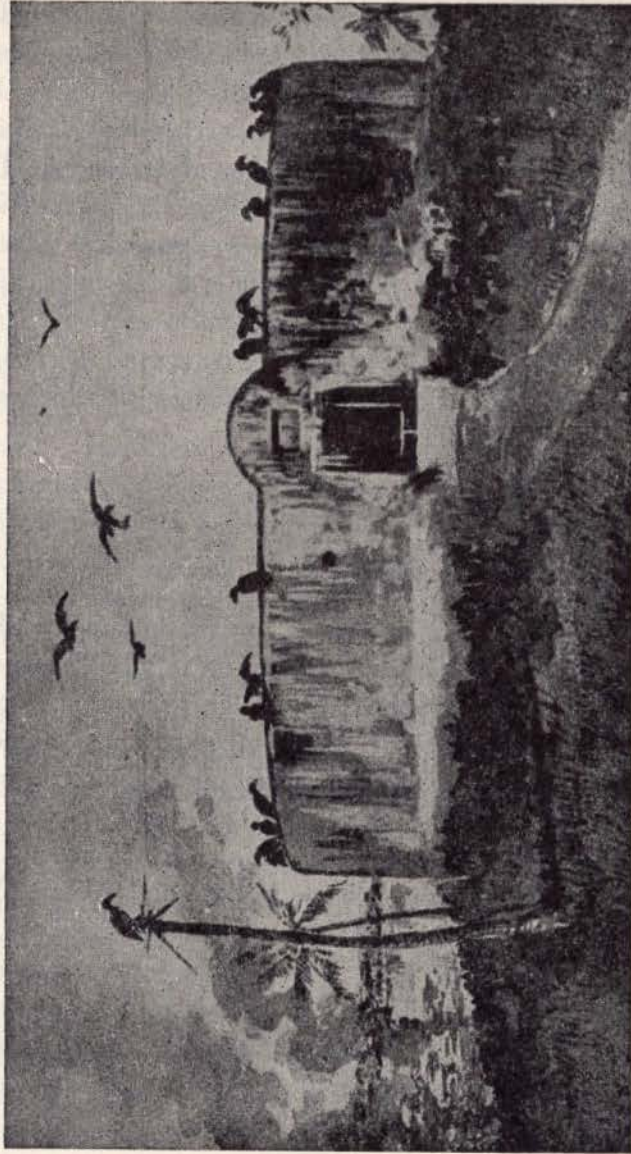
The question is often asked why the princes of India display such fabulous wealth when their people as a mass are in a state of abject poverty. This seeming extravagance is necessary, however, because of the peculiar attitude of veneration common to the Hindu mind. In order to hold the respect of his 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.

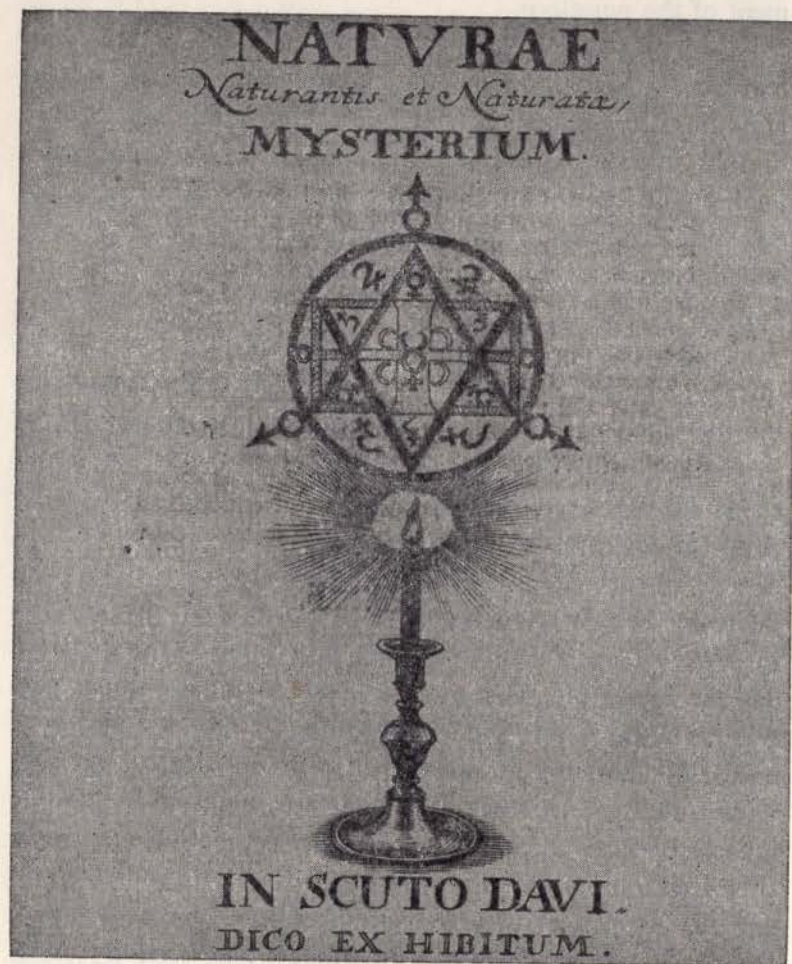
Then, from his little "bag of tricks," the conjurer produced a large oblong mango seed, which he passed around for careful examination, afterwards requesting one of the audience to carve his initials on the seed pod. The magician next produced an empty flower-pot, which he filled with earth and in which 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 unrevered 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.

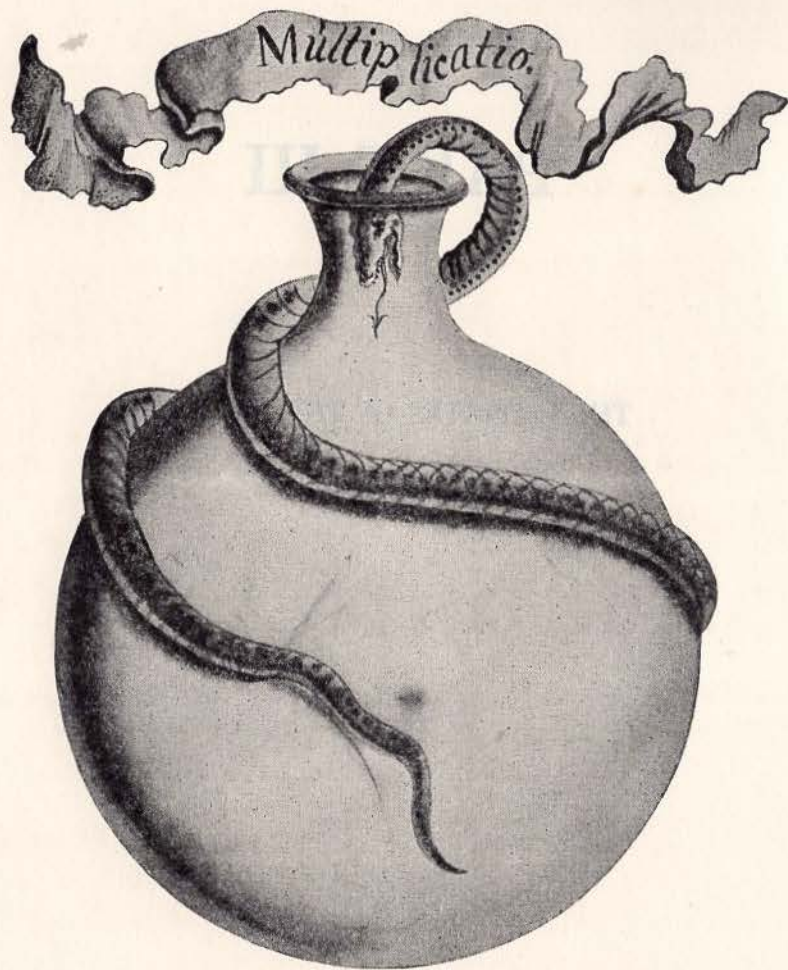
The dual-headed man of Michael Maier is symbolic of the double consciousness of man: *reason* as the masculine head, and *intuition* as the feminine head. These two heads not only rule the individual, but they also rule the race as

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.

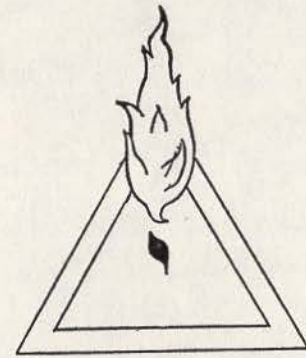
Individual completeness is the end of all individual effort. Perfect adjustment between the spirit of man and his bodies results in the re-establishment of the androgynous man. It is the end of the path of growth as far as we know. The symbol of this accomplishment is the Philosopher's Stone, the rose 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.

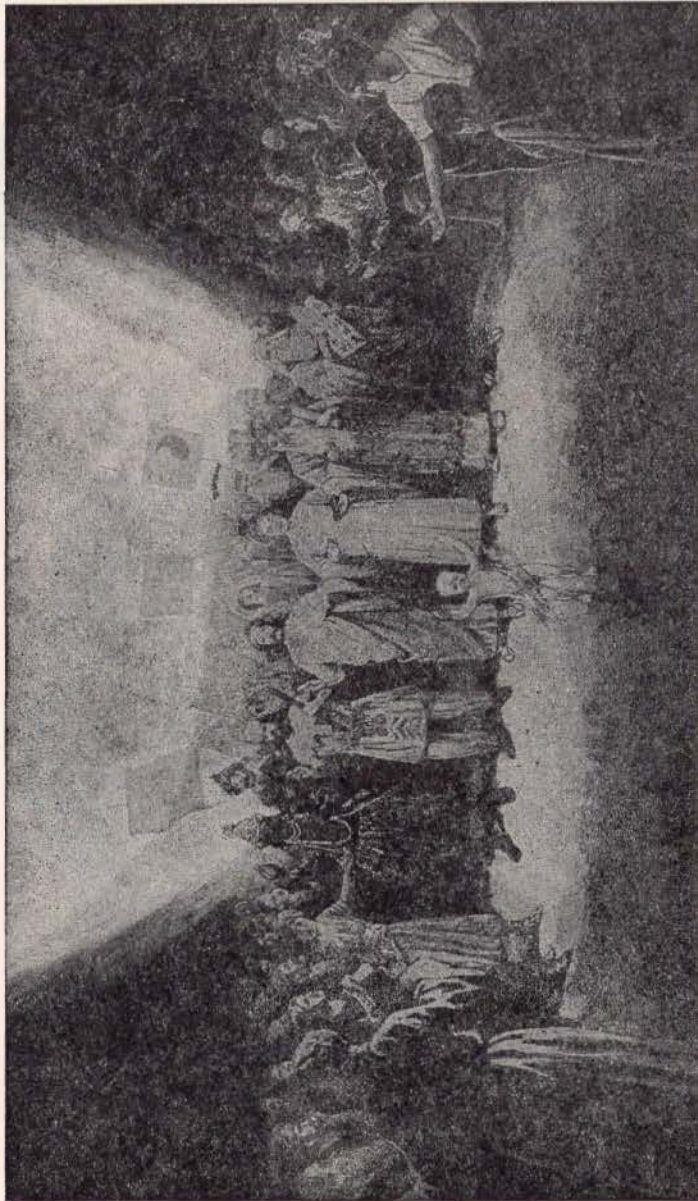


The
INITIATES
of the
FLAME



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.

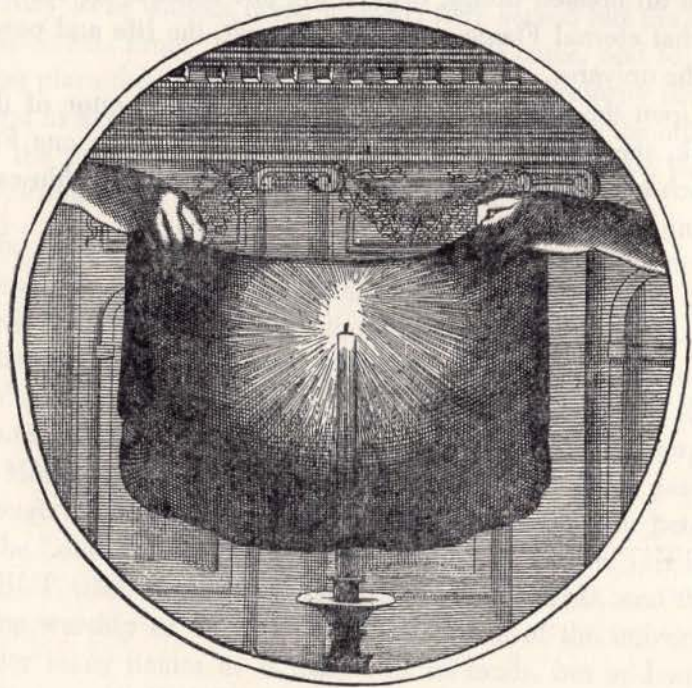
We are the Flame-Born Sons of God, thrown out as sparks from the wheels of the infinite. Around this Flame we have built forms which have hidden our light, but as students we are increasing the light by love and service, until it shall again proclaim us Sons of the Eternal.

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

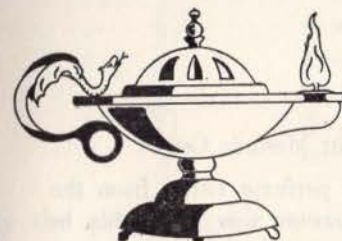
Of the elements of the earth is this altar composed. It is the great cube of matter. On or in this altar burns a Flame. It is this Flame that is the spirit of all created things. *Man, know thyself.* Thou art the Flame, and thy bodies are the living altar.

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



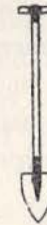
The Masonic Censer

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.

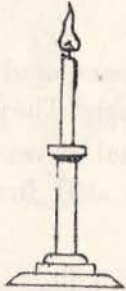
The centering of thought or emotion upon higher or lower things, as the case may be, determines where this life energy will be expended. If the lower emotions predominate, the flame upon the altar burns low and flickers out, because the



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.

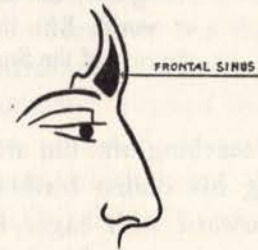
Among the Oriental peoples, there are wonderful legends of this sacred city, where it is said the Great White Lodge or

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

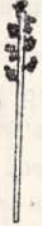
would see that Sacred City in the Lotus Blossom, he must first open that Lotus within himself, which he does, petal by petal, when he purifies and attunes himself to the higher principles within. The Lotus is the spinal column once more; its roots deep in materiality; its blossoms, the brain; and only 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

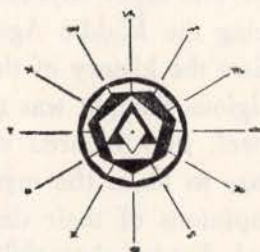
THE MYSTERY OF THE ALCHEMIST

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



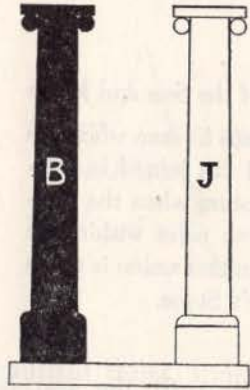
The Marriage of the Sun and Moon

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

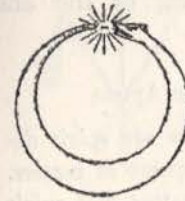


THE PRIEST-KING OF THE DOUBLE EMPIRE

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

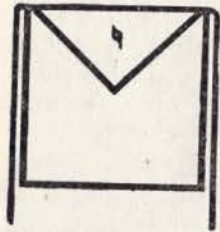


This is the serpent-crown of the ancient gods. It shows that the two paths or parts of the spirit-fire have united. This crown is the symbol of mastery, and the union takes place within the student when the life-forces are lifted to the brain.

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



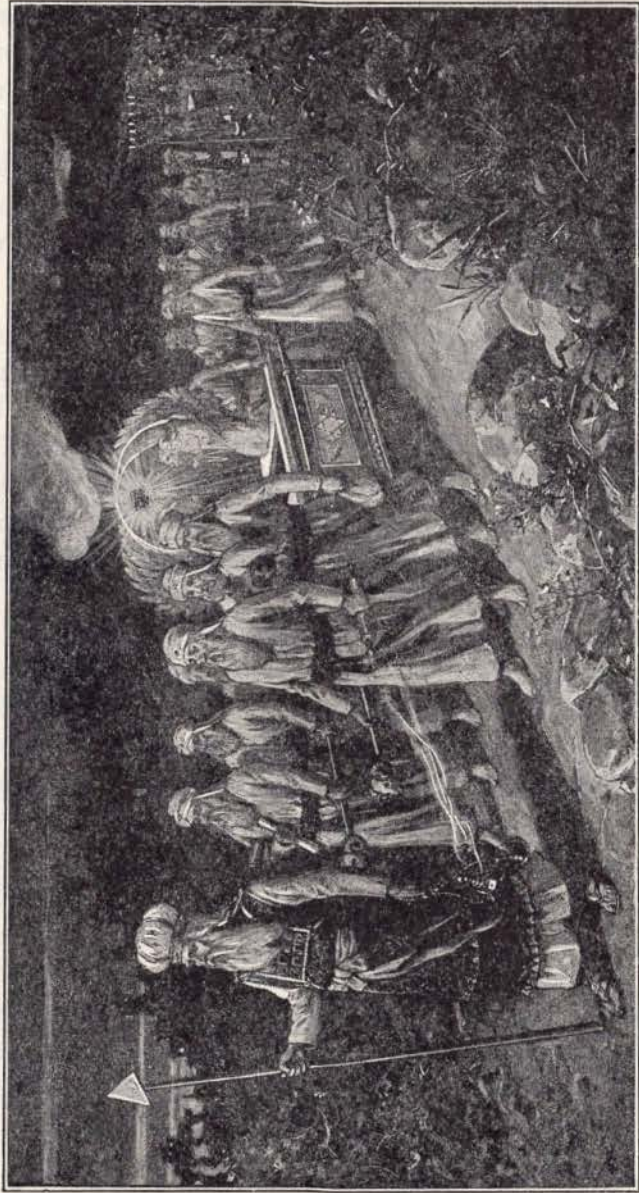
In this form the ancient Egyptians worshipped Khepera, the rising Sun, and the sacred scarab was buried with the dead as the symbol of resurrection. For as the sun rises from the darkness of night, so the divine spirit rises from the body that is no more. The life is eternal.

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-

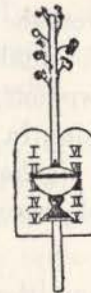
ported, were never removed until it was finally placed in Solomon's Temple. Neither does the spirit fire in man rest until finally it is enthroned in the holy place of his solar temple. Ever toward the rising sun its bearers carry this sacred truth.

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

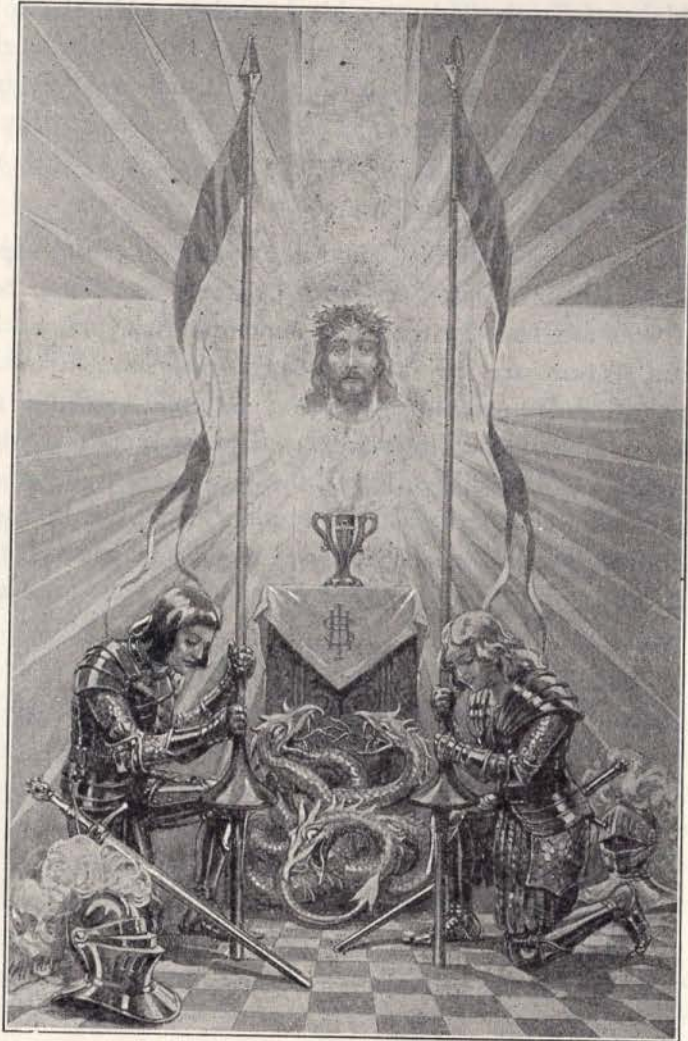
is again the Ark, and within him are the three principles—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—the Tablets of the Law, the Pot of Manna, and the Rod that budded. But as in the case of the ancient Israelites, when they became crystallized, the Pot of Manna and the Rod that budded were removed from 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.

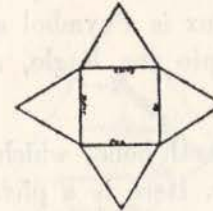
When in sickness and in suffering we beg of the Great Unknown that he send us help, then indeed our knight comes to us as Lohengrin came to Elsa. When our loved ones pass into the Great Unknown, there stands the brother of the Grail, the Invisible Helper, who through lives of labor, has earned the right 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:

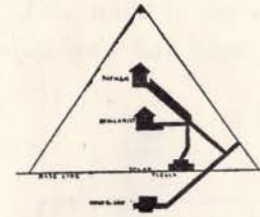
"I am the bodies. If you would go on to the temple you must master me, for I am your animal nature."

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



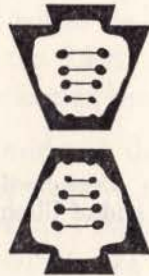
Cross-Section of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

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.

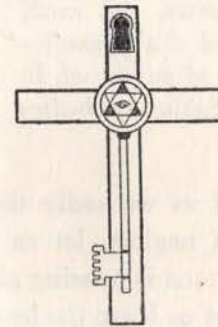
Probably no point is as important in connection with the Pyramid as that of the corner stone. On the very top of the great Pyramid is a comparatively flat place, about thirty feet square. In other words, the TRUE STONE WHICH IS THE HEAD OF ALL THE CORNERS IS MISSING. If we look at the reverse side of 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.

Collected Writings
of
Manly P. Hall

Volume 2
Sages and Seers

NOSTRADAMUS, SEER OF FRANCE

FRANCIS BACON, THE CONCEALED POET

THE MYSTICAL FIGURES OF JAKOB BOEHME

THE SHEPHERD OF CHILDREN'S MINDS—
JOHANN AMOS COMENIUS

THE COMTE DE ST.-GERMAIN

MYSTICISM OF WILLIAM BLAKE

THOMAS TAYLOR, THE ENGLISH PLATONIST

GANDHI—A TRIBUTE

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FOREWORD

For the second volume of my Collected Writings, I have selected a group of related articles which have appeared from time to time between 1939 and 1957. It has seemed best to depart from the strictly chronological pattern in order to create a unit unfolding a central and basic theme—in this case, sages and seers of the modern world. It is usual to consider that period in world history extending from the 16th to the 20th century as the modern era, culturally separated from the medieval period by the Renaissance and the Reformation.

The achievements of mankind in the last five hundred years have been prodigious and highly diversified. Our special interest, however, lies in the descent of idealistic philosophical principles and those mystical aspects of learning generally neglected by conventional historians and biographers. Several of the persons whose lives we discuss have been regarded as "births out of time." They belong not to their own generation, but to past ages or to a future world, the boundaries of which are still undefined. Some were regarded as prodigies and accorded extraordinary honor, even while they were alive; others carried a heavy burden of persecution and ridicule; while a few remained comparatively unknown until the general advancement of learning rescued them from oblivion. In each of these lives, there was something of mystery. They were not all transcendentalists, but they shared a common apperceiving power. Their strength was from within themselves, sustained by

faith, vision, or illumination. In his own way, each labored strenuously for the greater glory of the human soul. They served a tradition, as old as man's consciousness, which affirms the reality of a divine power available to those who seek it with contrition of spirit, and use it with high resolution.

As these articles were written over a period of years, the choice of subject matter was not intended as a critical survey or an exclusive selection. In various research projects, certain names presented themselves to my attention. Most interesting persons have interesting lives, and it is impossible to divide entirely between a man and his work. As occasion and opportunity arose, I prepared these biographical essays, inspired by a keen sympathy for the patient humanity of these faithful servants of man's greater good.

Two of these writings, *Francis Bacon the Concealed Poet* and *The Comte de St.-Germain*, were first published in brochure form, but have been out of print for some time. The study of Nostradamus was originally intended as part of a comprehensive work on his prophecies, which was discontinued when World War II made adequate research in Europe impossible. The tribute to Gandhi was published in our journal at the time of his assassination.

The research facilities of our Library have made it possible to depart from usual procedure and penetrate further into the philosophical and religious interests of the persons discussed. We have also been able to add many unusual and rare illustrations. In this way, we come face to face with these departed friends of humanity, and they speak directly to us across the interval of years or centuries.

We gain inner strength and renewed determination to keep faith with the privileges and responsibilities which we

have inherited, when we realize that in our striving to live well in a troubled world, we are following in the footsteps of the noblest and the best of men. Reputations entrusted to time either grow bright, or dim to oblivion. It is good to know that the world ultimately honors those most honorable, and takes a kindly interest in the fates and fortunes of its real heroes.

Manly P. Hall

May, 1959



NOSTRADAMUS IN THE CLOSING YEARS OF HIS LIFE.



NOSTRADAMUS, SEER OF FRANCE

Part I

THE SAINT OF THE PLAGUE

Shun-Ti, the last of the Yuen Emperors, came to the throne of great Cathay in 1333. The omens were unpropitious. Strange forms were seen in the sky. There were unseasonable storms, and the earth was moved from its foundations. An account of these times, artistically embellished with literary extravagances, has been preserved by Chinese historians. Mountains fell into the sea; wide crevasses opened in the earth; great lakes appeared; fountains dried at their source; streams of water burst forth out of barren hills; cities were destroyed; chasms swallowed up whole towns, and the countryside was laid waste.

In his account of "The Black Death," J. F. C. Hecker, M. D. (April, 1885, Humbolt Library No. 67) describes the natural commotions of that time: "From China to the Atlantic, the foundations of the earth were shaken—through Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangering by its baneful influence both vegetable and animal life."

After the earthquakes came the famine; tens of thousands died. A parching drought prevailed for five months at Honan. In vain the priests chanted the sutras; the gods were not ap-

peased. Swarms of locusts appeared and destroyed every vestige of vegetation. At Nan-ch'ang Fu (Kiang-Si) four hundred thousand perished in floods. Canton was inundated, and torrential rains washed away entire communities. The dynasty founded by Genghis Khan was brought to naught by the anger of the heavens.

Then came the plague. Out of the ruin and desolation wrought by earthquake and famine appeared the grim shadow of the Black Death. Like the pale horseman of the Apocalypse, this fearsome specter rode across the world and left death and devastation in its wake. The Chinese believed that the comets and eclipses, earthquakes and droughts were omens announcing the Great Death. Today we realize that the plague was the result of these natural disasters. Pestilences, having their origin in areas of congestion and squalor, migrate from nation to nation along channels of poverty and malnutrition.

In China, thirteen million died of the Black Death. Relentlessly, the spirit of the plague moved westward across the face of Asia. India was almost depopulated. Pope Clement estimated the number of dead at twenty-three million in India and the rest of Asia, apart from China. In Mesopotamia, Syria, and other parts of the Near East the dead lay unburied. Whole cities perished utterly, not one surviving to mourn the rest. Many, who did not die of the plague, died of fear. Madness howled in the streets. The repentant prayed for forgiveness, and begged God to preserve them from "the plague, the Turk and the comet."

Hecker further points out that various awesome phenomena likewise occurred in Europe. In 1333, Mount Etna erupted; in the winter of 1336, extraordinary thunderstorms were observed in northern France; the following year swarms of locusts appeared in Franconia, and in 1342 there were great floods in France and Germany.

During this same period there is a strange account of a poisonous "mist," which was reported in many places. In the East a meteor fell, which so infected the air that all living things within a radius of a hundred miles perished. Noxious fumes and vapors poured out from subterranean caverns and the rotting dead infected the air. Millions of putrefying locusts were responsible for some of the terrifying odors. At one time, a thick, death-laden fog spread itself over the greater part of Italy. (See Mansfeld's *Chronicles*.) This writer describes how a hurricane had blown great clouds of locusts out to sea. Afterward, the tides cast the dead bodies of the insects onto the shore, and they produced a noxious exhalation.

In 1348, the plague reached the Island of Cyprus. First, a pestilential air flowed across the island, so that many died of suffocation. This was followed by an earthquake. Those who sought to escape on ships found the sea strangely agitated, and the vessels were dashed to pieces on the rocks. In a few short months this beautiful and fertile island was changed to a desert.

About 1348, the bubonic plague reached the Continent of Europe. From that time on it made occasional reappearances over a period of three hundred years. The population of 14th-century Europe has been estimated at approximately 100,000,000. Of this number, 25,000,000 perished of the scourge. One authority wrote that during its course of three centuries the bubonic plague destroyed one fourth of the population of the entire world.

The mortality figures for the plague years are almost beyond belief. In England nine out of ten died; 100,000 perished in Venice; 60,000 in Florence; 70,000 in Siena; 124,000 Franciscan Friars died in Germany; 30,000 Minorites in Italy. In many parts of France eighteen out of twenty

of the inhabitants succumbed, and 60,000 died in Avignon alone. On December 20, 1348, a pillar of fire hung at sunrise over the Pope's palace in Avignon. The same year a grisly comet appeared in the midheaven over Paris. The astrologers declared this comet to be of the order of Saturn and to indicate a horrible mortality.

The Medical Faculty of Paris met in solemn session to determine the cause of the Black Death and to suggest the most approved scientific methods of combating the pestilence. Their findings are preserved in an old document, which opens with the impressive lines: "We, the Members of the College of Physicians, of Paris, have, after mature consideration and consultation on the present mortality, collected the advice of our old masters in the art, and intend to make known the causes of this pestilence, etc., etc." Their pithy findings include a description of a valiant struggle between the rays of the sun and certain emanations from the constellations.

This celestial warfare, which centered in the Indian Ocean, resulted in the creation of vapors which alternately rose and fell for 28 days. These vapors, falling into the sea, corrupted the water so that the fish died. The sun strove valiantly with these vapors but was not sufficiently powerful to consume them, so they floated over Europe, infecting the air. This learned document then added: "The like will continue, so long as the Sun remains in the sign of Leo . . . if the inhabitants of those parts do not employ and adhere to the following, or similar, means and precepts, we announce to them inevitable death—except the grace of Christ preserve their lives."

Then followed the remedies: Everyone should protect himself from the air, especially before and after rain; great fires should be lighted to purify the atmosphere; wormwood

and chamomile should be burnt in the marketplaces and densely populated areas; young pork and old beef should not be eaten; to leave the house at night or in the early morning was considered dangerous on account of dew; olive oil as an article of food was considered fatal, and bathing was considered most injurious.

In spite of these "helpful" hints, the rate of mortality increased, for the reason that no one had hit upon the real cause of the ailment. Following the superstitions of very ancient authors, the doctors and scientists were convinced that the plague was carried in the air. The more materialistic accepted a doctrine of "vapors," while the theologically inclined affirmed that the odors were the effluvia emanating from the invisible bodies of infernal spirits.

Several authors attempted to describe the elemental beings responsible for the infection. Old artists and engravers have pictured these descriptions. A good example is to be found in Henry Khunrath's *Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Aeternae* (1609). Here is a gallery of "infernal" bacteria which must have terrified his contemporaries into a condition of susceptibility to almost any disease. Human-headed dragonflies, forked-tailed salamanders, and numerous winged composita are depicted as buzzing about the firmament, spreading disaster.

It remained for later generations to discover the true "demon" of the plague—the rat. It is now well established that the flea was the malicious sprite that moved in the air, and that the bubonic plague was carried by fleas from the bodies of infected rats. When one realizes that the human population of the earth is outnumbered 5 to 1 by these rodents, the true measure of the problem is understandable. Even today the bubonic plague is not dead. If modern laws

regulating commerce and sanitation were relaxed for even a few months, the specter of the Black Death would rise again.

The astrologers of the 14th and 15th centuries were convinced that the plague cycles were first announced by celestial configurations. Most of them agreed that the conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars in Aquarius on the 24th of March, 1345, was the principal cause of the epidemic. They did not hold that the stars actually created the disease, but rather that they timed the cycles of its recurrence.

The Greeks and Romans had been visited by the plague, but for centuries the disease had not appeared in Europe. By causing certain natural atmospheric and magnetic unrest, the planetary positions created a condition suitable for the spread of the disease. When the planets changed their positions, the virulence of the malady declined.

Modern science still is at a loss to explain the cycles of epidemic disease. Physically speaking, one time is as appropriate as another for the spread of contagion; yet it is well known that pestilences follow definite patterns and, having run their course, decline for some unknown reason. Astrologers maintain that only by consideration of planetary positions can the real secret of these health cycles be discovered.

The Dark Ages conditioned Europe for the plague, which became a devastating force in the late Middle Ages. During the Renaissance, wealth, art, and literature flourished; great princes held their courts and patronized scholarship. Beneath all this glamour, however, was an incredible ignorance of sanitation and cleanliness. Dr. Biagi, in his book, *The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines*, brings out something of the living conditions of a great city during the early years of the Renaissance. The city streets, for example, were scavenged only by herds of swine, and the family refuse was

swept under the beds. Once disease struck these communities, it was almost impossible to cope with its inroads.

Too much cannot be said for the sincerity, devotion, and sacrifice of the physicians of that time. Unequipped to meet the challenge of the Black Death and unable even to protect themselves from the contagion, they still remained at their posts, and often died with those to whom they ministered. Similar credit goes to the religious Orders. These seldom, if ever, shirked their responsibilities. Courageously, if pathetically, they contributed their utmost to the great human need.

The plague doctor was a fearsome spectacle. In addition to certain prescribed habiliments, many evolved their own personal theories for self-protection which, if not effective, were at least impressive. It is recorded that patients died of fright at mere sight of the physician. During the earlier periods, the doctor appeared in the approved cap and gown. He usually carried a small bunch of aromatic herbs, which he held to his nose while diagnosing the plague victims; this was on the assumption that the disease was carried by fumes emanating from the body of the sufferer.

Later, the doctor's regalia took on elaborate proportions. From head to foot he was decked out in protections and medications. Some wore long overcoats that reached to the ground, from which numerous bundles of herbs and powders were suspended. There was a protective covering for the arms and legs; great gauntlet-like gloves often adorned with charms and spells; wide-brimmed, tight-crowned hats, over which various neck and face coverings were draped like curtains, and, most fearsome of all, the plague mask. In some provinces these masks were of glass, and breathing involved a none-too-comfortable process of inhaling through filters of chemicals. The most common of the masks had an immense stalk-like proboscis. This snout or beak was tightly packed

with herbs, and the first impression of the doctor upon his patient was that of some inquisitive and ungainly bird approaching its victim. The efficacy of this elaborate costume was due, however, to one important but unsuspected truth: confronted with this weird armament of science, the lowly flea could find no point of ingress!

The plight of human society during the plague years is almost indescribable. Families fled from their homes and spread the contagion over the countryside; infants were deserted in their cribs; the aged and infirm were abandoned to their own resources; the dead were left in their beds. In the poorer homes the staircases to the upper floors were so narrow that the bodies of the victims could not be brought down and were, therefore, thrown from the windows into the streets.

To convicted felons was assigned the task of gathering up the dead. Christian burial was impossible and thousands were thrown into shallow trenches. Cemeteries were not adequate to hold all the bodies, and at Avignon the Pope consecrated the River Rhone to receive the Catholic dead.

Many dwelling in coastal communities sought to escape on ships, only to discover after their vessel was well out to sea that the plague was with them on the boat. Hundreds of these derelicts floated about manned only by the ghosts of the dead. So great was the terror that many cases are recorded where families buried the sick before they were actually dead. Those stricken with the dread malady often sewed themselves up in their own winding sheets to protect their remains from the indignities heaped upon the dead.

Naturally, in such emergency, many forms of religious fanaticism appeared. Groups of Flagellants wandered about the countryside, recruiting members in various communities until they resembled huge armies. A great pilgrimage to

Rome was attempted, but nine out of ten who went on the pilgrimage never returned. Repentant sinners, carrying banners descriptive of their sins, howled in the streets at night. Crime increased. Thieves broke into deserted houses, and were later found dead of the plague with the loot clutched in their hands. Some sought life through the practice of abstinence and austerities, while others lived by the philosophy: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Such is the story of the Black Death—the most terrifying and malignant scourge of the human race. Century after century it returned to exact its appalling toll of human life and happiness; century after century the learned schools of Europe vainly sought a remedy to cope with it. Rows of physicians sat in solemn conclave, searching the old writings, pondering the words of Galen and Avicenna, questing into the traditions of the Arabs, grasping at the slightest hint. Every known remedy was tried; a few succeeded, but most failed.

Nearly two centuries after the first appearance of the plague in Europe, Michel de Nostra-Dame, a young man of good family, entered the School of Medicine at the old University of Montpellier. He was held in more than common esteem by his masters, not only because of his personal aptitudes but because of the distinguished scholarship of his ancestry. It was most unusual for a youth of nineteen to possess knowledge of the dead languages, chemistry, and dialing. Still further amazed were the professors at his knowledge of the elliptical motion of the planets, together with such obscure problems as the mathematics of eclipses and the orbits of comets.

While it was not seemly for gray-bearded scholars to seek knowledge from novices, the faculty nevertheless listened attentively to the young man's opinions, and predicted for

him a brilliant future when the ardor of youth should be enriched by the experience of maturity.

The young prodigy from Avignon was not, however, an unqualified delight to his professors. His understanding of pharmacology, while extensive, was decidedly unorthodox. He quoted authors with authority, and possessed the disconcerting habit of advancing opinions that could find no verification in the writings of either Galen or Avicenna. Worst of all was the strange kind of astrology he practiced. It was not the sober astrology of Ptolemy, useful in the practice of medicine, but an intricate cabalism involved with theology rather than science.

Like most advanced medics of their time, the doctors at Montpellier were searching for a panacea for the pest. Epidemics of the Black Death and the sweating sickness were forever breaking out in some part of France. The astrologues of Montpellier gathered periodically to ponder the acts of Providence. They resented this youth who, expressing himself openly and with conviction, exercised an ever increasing influence over his fellow students. It was considered the privilege of the old to teach, the duty of the young to listen.

Legends persist that this difficult young student had discovered, by his obscure calculations, that a new and exceedingly virulent epidemic of the plague was about to break out. When rumors of his findings reached the faculty, the dean decided the time had come to administer a few sound words of fatherly advice. It is not difficult to reconstruct the substance of his "counsel." Undergraduates should not indulge too freely in extracurricular meditation; it was the wiser course, by far, to contemplate the solid advantages afforded by the great university.

With special emphasis, the learned dean dwelt upon the fact that at Montpellier it was even possible to study dissection. There had been years when as many as four corpses were available. Of course the university was not always so fortunate; there had been lean periods when, crime declining, there were no public executions and hence no supply of cadavers. All the doctors could do was to hope for the best. So, in the sedate atmosphere of such scholastic opportunities, young students were admonished not to dabble in magic, but rather to fit their minds for the useful practices of purging, bleeding, and surgery. Furthermore, there had been no serious outbreak of the plague for several years—probably the scourge was conquered.

A year later the same young man stood alone in the vaulted corridors of the old School of Medicine. From their niches in the walls, the stone faces of dead physicians looked sadly down upon him. The classrooms were empty. The professors in their black robes had departed. The students were gone. The great college was closed.

The plague had come again! It had come just as this young man had known it would come—even at the time he had predicted correctly. He was not yet a doctor. There were years of study ahead. As the plague spread through the countryside, the young man had resolved to try his own remedies with the sick. He did not dare to practice in the larger cities where the physicians would not accept an unlicensed student. He would go into the countryside where doctors were few and the suffering great. If he were cautious and circumspect, there would not likely be any interference. When the plague came, the rules of medicine were relaxed; minor infringements of medical ethics were overlooked. This was his opportunity to prove the virtue of his theories and prescriptions. Descending the steps worn smooth by the feet of count-

less scholars, the young man left through the broad doorway, shadowed by the tower of a nearby church. A mule—the chosen vehicle of the medical profession—awaited below. Mounting the animal, which was heavily packed with the paraphernalia of the healing arts, this young student rode out alone to fight the plague. He was Michel de Nostra-Dame, the young Christian Jew who became the Saint of the plague, and whom France has honored for four centuries as physician and seer.

The golden age of Jewry in Spain came to an end in 1391. A priest, Fernando Martinez, fired by an unholy zeal, incited a general persecution as the result of his fanatical preachings. There were several massacres of Jews who had earned the dislike of the populace because they had been appointed the King's tax collectors. Many fled the country, and settled in more liberal areas of Italy, France, and Germany. At the time of this exodus, Spanish Jewry had reached a high degree of education and culture. A number of influential Jews had aided Ferdinand III (who died in 1252) in his conquest of Andalusia, and enjoyed his protection and confidence. They were elevated to important positions in the State, and gained eminence as councilors, physicians, and lawyers.

The ancestors of Nostradamus were among those driven out of Andalusia. The family of de Nostra-Donna, or Nostra-Dame, had resided for some time in Italy. The astrologer-physician, Pierre de Nostra-Donna, traveled from Italy to France and established a medical practice in the town of Arles. There he Gallicized the family name, and soon rose to prominence because of the success of his medications. Doctor Pierre had brought with him a number of choice recipes from Italy and Spain, and soon became annoyed with the local apothecaries. They were, he declared, too

ignorant to read his formulas aright and too corrupt to fill the prescriptions.

The good doctor undertook to prepare his own medications. At odd hours he steeped and brewed and crushed and pounded ingredients both rare and common. He further aggravated the local chemists by dispensing these drugs direct to his clientele, thus materially increasing his own income.

The apothecaries of Arles conspired to remove this menace to their fame and fortune. As is usual under such conditions, the ultimate fate of the sick received scant consideration. The "foreign doctor" was subjected to a campaign of slander and abuse. Not accomplishing their ends by these means, the druggists appeared in a body before the local magistrates and accused the Master Pierre de Nostra-Dame of falsifying his drugs.

A providential circumstance rescued Doctor Pierre from his difficulties. The Duke of Calabria, who had long admired both the astrological and medical skill of the Italian savant, retained him as his personal physician. He remained with the Duke for some years, attaining to the position of his confidential advisor.

The Duke of Calabria was burdened with an affable, but irresponsible father, Rene (1409-1480), Count of Provence, Duke of Anjou, of Lorraine and Bar, Count of Piedmont, King of Naples and Sicily, and titular King of Jerusalem. A gentle and scholarly soul, Rene was better fitted for the life of a cleric than a prince. He was devoted to astrology and the mystical arts, and a staunch admirer of the Jews. When Count Rene asked his son for Doctor Nostra-Dame, the Duke of Calabria was well pleased. He knew that his father would receive good counsel and faithful service from him. So Doctor Pierre de Nostra-Dame settled in Saint-Remy as principal physician to Rene, Count of Provence. A manu-

script in the archives of Aix declared that Rene and Doctor Pierre were often closeted for many hours, and discussed the mysteries of the celestial spheres and other choice secrets of nature. As the years passed, Rene developed a great love for his physician, and bestowed upon him numerous tokens of his esteem.

At the court of King Rene, the Master Pierre de Nostra-Dame met another scholar of his own race, Doctor Jean de Saint-Remy, a proficient in the "humanities," a term which embraced the general field of genteel culture, including the classics, belles-lettres and languages. Doctor Jean had lived long at the court of the kindly Count Rene, and was a person of consequence. When he rode his gaily caparisoned mule down the streets of Saint-Remy, the populace made way for him—he was a great personage.

Doctors Pierre and Jean became close and devoted friends. They had much in common; both were astrologers and chemists, and both were philosophically minded. Through long years of association, their friendship ripened. They grew old together in the service of their amiable prince.

Pierre de Nostra-Dame had a fine son for whom he had recently purchased a notaryship, so that the young man might have an honorable profession against the uncertainties of the time. Jean de Saint-Remy had a beautiful and accomplished daughter whom he had named after his friend and patron of many years, the good King Rene. It was only natural that the two old astrologer-physicians should plot a match that would unite their ancient families. In due course, their hopes were realized. At an auspicious time, astrologically computed, Jacques de Nostra-Dame married Renee de Saint-Remy.

The death of King Rene in 1480 profoundly affected the estate of the Jews in Provence. Rene left his territories to

his nephew, Charles, Count of Maine, by his will of 1474. Charles, at his death in 1482, willed Provence to the King of France, Louis XI, but it was not officially annexed until the reign of Charles VIII, in 1486. In 1499, the lands passed to Louis XII. Louis suffered from an affliction common to princes: extravagant tastes and a depleted treasury. He chose a time-honored remedy for his difficulties. On September 26, 1501, he issued his edict against the Jews. According to the terms of this edict, they must become Christian within the space of six months or else forfeit all their lands and possessions and leave Provence forever. For a people who had long enjoyed a tolerant and generous rule, Louis' decree meant the end of everything—hope, future, and fortune. Again, Israel must return to its tents and take up its ageless search for the Promised Land. Many gathered up what they could of their worldly goods and departed; others, especially the learned and the powerful, pondered the matter and finally resolved to accept the Christian faith rather than leave the only homes they had ever known.

Among the families which chose baptism rather than exile were those of Saint-Remy and Nostra-Dame. Thus it happened that Jacques and his young wife became nominal Christians and continued to live at Saint-Remy on the best of terms with their Catholic neighbors. There is nothing to indicate that the natives of Provence ever persecuted the Jews, and many of the more illustrious families of France trace their ancestry to these Jewish converts. With the exception of an occasional tax levied against them, the "new converts" lived on in peace and contentment. It has also been pointed out that because of their superior educational and social opportunities, the Jews of Provence were themselves a tolerant and democratic class, and contributed to the honor and prosperity of the communities in which they dwelt.

Into the cultured home of Jacques de Nostra-Dame, on Thursday, the 14th of December, according to the Julian calendar (23rd of December, according to the Gregorian), 1503, was born Michel de Nostra-Dame. The hour of his birth was near noon, and his horoscope—calculated by the traditional rules of the art—bears witness to the extraordinary qualities of his mind. The Sun is in Capricorn, conferring thoughtfulness, gravity, scholarship, dignity of person, a courtly manner, and a grave, religious spirit.

The ascending sign which, according to astrology, describes the most personal attributes of the native, is Pisces, the constellation of the fishes. This sign has long been associated with mysticism and seership, extraordinary clairvoyant ability, second sight, and such obscure faculties as are associated with oracles and divination. Also ascending is Uranus, the planetary significator of the astrologer, lighting the native with the ray of foreknowledge.

The two grandfathers pondered many hours over the starry portents. Here was a child admirably suited to scholarship and adapted by nature for the mastery of mysterious arts. It is not surprising, then, that guided by the horoscope of their promising grandchild, the two aging physicians appointed themselves his mentors.

The French historians give special emphasis to the tutelage of the maternal grandfather. From their accounts, young Michel may have lived with Doctor Jean for a number of years. In the house of this old physician, the child was brought into early contact with the healing arts. There were herbs and simples, syrups and elixirs, rows of jars neatly labeled and filled with an assortment of prescriptions. There was also the research laboratory. Here Doctor Jean and his alter ego, Doctor Pierre, compounded philters and experimented with the virtues of various waters.

Young Michel absorbed a great deal of medical knowledge during his early years. He observed the ailments of the people, that endless procession of the infirm which passes the doctor's door. Grandfather Jean would stroke his beard and discuss the opinions of Aristotle, and Grandfather Pierre would nod his white head approvingly and balance the conversation with well-chosen comments upon the "humours." Each would vie with the other to explain the mysteries of science and literature to their beloved grandchild. The boy had a quick mind and a retentive memory, and all that he learned from his old teachers was safely stored away for use in later years.

When Grandfather Jean died, Grandfather Pierre officially assumed his duties as guardian of a growing mind. But the old savant realized that Michel must receive a formal education, so arrangements were made for the youth to enter the nearby University of Avignon.

Although Michel de Nostra-Dame was baptized into the Catholic faith and throughout his life exhibited a genuine devotion to the Church, he was not without regard for his Jewish ancestry and tradition. From his doting grandfathers he learned the strange story of the wanderings of Israel after the Diaspora. He was told that his ancestors were of the tribe of Issachar, cabalistically the ninth "son" of Jacob. The people of the land of Issachar had been given to the arts of peace. They were tillers of the fields, and their lands were over against Carmel.

Among the mystical traditions of the Jews it was believed that the people of Issachar possessed the power to prophesy things that were to come in the world. Had it not been written of the sons of Issachar that they were "men of understanding, that knew all times to order what Israel should do, two hundred principal men: and all the rest of the tribe

followed their counsel"? (I Chron. 12:32, Douai.) And moreover, was it not from the tribe of Issachar that had come "the wise men which knew the times"? (Esther 1:13.)

When the tribe of Issachar was dispersed after the fall of Jerusalem, they carried with them into exile secret rolls and manuscripts of magical arts which had belonged to the priesthood of that time. The territories of Issachar had included a sacred place of pilgrimage near Mount Tabor. Here dwelt a very learned school of ancient Rabbins, versed in the sacerdotal arts.

For some centuries the people of Issachar had attempted to carry on their agricultural pursuits in other countries, but repeatedly their lands were confiscated, their crops stolen from them, and they were finally forced to migrate to other areas. Because of this persecution, they were compelled to abandon the agrarian life and take up merchandising, especially such trades as lend themselves to frequent removal. Finding Spain hospitable, the Jews availed themselves of the opportunities for scholarship permitted by the tolerance of that country. They studied the sciences in the Moorish universities, and rose to honorable positions among a liberal aristocracy.

In the course of their wanderings, the personal possessions of the Jewish families were, for the most part, lost and scattered. Thus it came about that the sacred knowledge of Israel—the mysteries of the Mischna and the secret learning of the Sod—vanished from the people. Only the elders remembered, and even these memories were dimmed to a kind of legendry.

From his race young Michel de Nostra-Dame inherited two priceless gifts. The first was the prophetic spirit—the spirit of the patriarchs of old. The second was a great box filled with old manuscripts, vellums and papyri. These price-

less volumes appear to have descended to him through his mother's family. When the tribes of Israel departed from Egypt, they carried with them valuable records from the Egyptian temples. There were rituals of initiation, books on geometry, cosmogony, and algebra, magic scrolls, and strange works dealing with divination and sorcery.

Then came the Romans. The Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed; the Jews were dispersed. Before the Romans sacked the Temple, however, the magical documents and the sacred treasures had disappeared. The Holy of Holies was empty. (See *Le Secret de Nostradamus*, by Piobb.) Some of the tribe of Issachar, who lived near the Temple of the Kings, are believed to have escaped with the priceless documents. The lost books were never recovered.

This literary heritage included other important treasures. There were ancient Persian scrolls, Hermetic and Arabic writings, and rare manuscripts, both astronomical and astrological. Strange books were these that the world has never seen—secret books of ancient mystery!

In the fullness of time, these rare and hallowed manuscripts—wrapped in ancient cloths, into which were woven the secret names of the Splendours—were placed in the young man's hands. Michel de Nostra-Dame became the last custodian of the magical books of Issachar. The transcendental art of Solomon the King, which, traced in strange symbols and ciphers, he had imparted to his son, Rehoboam; the words of power which could draw forth the spirits from the deep; the formulas for the fumigations and the consecration of wands; the making of talismans and amulets; the designing of pentagrams; the rituals for the binding of demons and angels and creatures of the air; the invocations of wizardry and necromancy—all these were the lore of Issachar.

In addition to these ancient treasures of arcane lore, there were more recent books—valuable treatises collected by Doctors Jean and Pierre during their long lives of scholarship—that had come from Spain and Italy, filled with recipes and prescriptions and all that wide array of information which alone can appease the hunger of a liberal scholar-ship.

If Michel de Nostra-Dame truly possessed the gift of prophecy, and surely the centuries stand witness to this strange endowment, much of his power came from these ancient books. Like Iroe, the Greek, who discovered the priceless key to the wisdom of the three worlds in the ivory casket buried with King Solomon, so Michel de Nostra-Dame found in the books of Issachar the “lost keys” to the three parts of Time—the past, the present, and the future. By the use of these keys he became the greatest prophet of the modern world.

Michel of Nostra-Dame began his formal education in the old University at Avignon, the city of the Popes. Historians fail to record dates or details. Avignon was not regarded as a particularly good university, but it was cosmopolitan and convenient. Sympathetic biographers insist that Michel was a good student. One writes: “Such was his memory that he could recite his lessons, word for word, having heard them once.” Michel was about sixteen years old when he entered Avignon to study his “arts.”

University life in the early 16th century consisted chiefly of a tedious excursion into the opinions of classical authors. Michel received a liberal dosage of “gentility” from professors who sat enthroned like emperors, and who talked down to their pupils, both intellectually and literally; in fact, many teachers disdained to humiliate themselves by addressing any remarks directly to the members of their classes. Bundled

in their voluminous robes, they sat in dignified silence, while their assistants read the lectures and quizzed the students. According to reports, the citizens of nearby communities were occasionally called in to examine the undergraduates and thereby relieve the professors of this tedious responsibility.

Books were scarce and most of the writing paper was brought by camel caravans from Arabia. Those desirous of advancing rapidly made use of the university libraries where the important texts were stapled to the walls with links of chain. The French schools were largely dominated by the Church; they owed most of their dignity and no small part of their wealth to the benevolences of the Popes.

At Avignon, Michel de Nostra-Dame received instruction in mathematics (which also included geometry and astronomy). Here, also, were imparted Greek, Latin, literature, and history. Nothing was taught that would offend the clergy; however, this sovereign body imposed no serious limitations to nominal education. It often permitted wandering professors to hold classes, and the faculty at Avignon was frequently augmented by teachers who had graduated from the Moorish universities in Spain. The latter brought with them a specialized knowledge of natural history, algebra, and optics.

While at Avignon, Michel announced his intention of becoming an astronomer, but this ambition was frustrated by parental disapproval. Astronomy at that time was a conglomeration of navigation, meteorology, geography, mathematics, surveying, almanac making, and the broad field of prognostics. The last factor was a particularly hazardous one; a few bad predictions and a career could be ruined! To combine this kind of astronomy with young Michel's natural inclination toward the mysterious and the marvelous might well lead to disastrous consequences, it was thought.

Jacques de Nostra-Dame convinced his son that it would be far wiser for him to complete his course in medicine and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfathers. Then, if he wished to dabble a little in magic or the cabala or horoscopy, he could do so under the protection of his doctorate.

Medicine was not taught at Avignon; so in 1521, after securing his basic letters (Master of Arts), Michel de Nostra-Dame removed to Montpellier, where in 1522 he entered the medical college.

Part II

PHYSICIAN OF FRANCE

Montpellier was one of Europe's great universities. In 1181, William VIII, Lord of Montpellier and a celebrated patron of the sciences, proclaimed the medical college to be a free school. He invited physicians and scientists of all countries to give instruction there. In the years that followed, the university increased, many buildings were added, and departments of jurisprudence and theology were created. As a result, Montpellier gained a wide reputation as a center of educational opportunity.

To enter Montpellier it was necessary to be of the male sex, twenty-two years of age, of legitimate birth, of the Catholic faith, not to be a menial worker or a mechanic, and to have studied the arts for at least two years. As a last prerequisite, there was also a delicate financial consideration.

The highlights of the medical course at Montpellier were the dissections. During the time that Michel de Nostra-Dame was a student at Montpellier there were at least two of these momentous occasions. The students sat in high-backed stalls in the dissection theater. Upon the ancient woodwork of their benches were carved skulls in high relief. The moldings were

decorated with frieze work in the form of festoons of bones and the internal organs.

Each member of the class wore his scholar's robes, and the general atmosphere was one of extreme gravity. On a high dais at one end of the room sat the Doctor of Medicine, hooded and gowned, girdled with the belt of Hippocrates and carrying in one hand the Aesculapian wand. The latter served not only as a pointer but also occasionally for the less dignified office of prodding the dissectors.

It should be borne in mind that the surgery of that day was hardly a part of the practice of medicine; cutting was still in the hands of the laity. Typical of the practice of that period is an authentic account of a Caesarean section being performed by a hog gelder! Since dissection work was much too "messy" for the distinguished scholar, underlings performed this distasteful task. There was no intention to further surgical knowledge or to examine internal pathology. Its chief purpose was to familiarize students with the approximate location of the vital organs, so that poultices and other external remedies might be applied at points more proximate to the center of distress. A few years later, Vesalius caused quite a stir among the Academicians by performing a dissection, with his students gathered about the table.

At Montpellier, Michel de Nostra-Dame improved his knowledge of chemistry, and, like most chemists of his day, dabbled in alchemy and various Arabic formulas then in vogue. A physician was also required to have wide knowledge of herbs, and most of the large universities had herb gardens where various plants were cultivated for medicinal purposes. In some communities a doctor was not permitted to practice unless his herb garden was of a prescribed size.

The clinical observations of Hippocrates were gravely pondered and, of course, Galen and Avicenna were ad-

ministered in liberal doses. Important medical schools usually exhibited impressively the "wound" man. This effigy represented the human body transfixed in every direction by swords and daggers. As dueling was of common occurrence, attempted assassinations frequent, and war practically constant, the major part of the medical practice of that day consisted in binding up the wounds caused by public and private strife.

For three years Michel de Nostra-Dame applied himself diligently to the "mysteries" of medicine. As usual, the historians assume that he did well; in fact, they rhapsodize on his precocity. It has been speculated that during these years he had the distinction of meeting the great Rabelais, for whom French biographies tend to exhibit inordinate pride.

A fresh wave of the plague swept over Europe about 1525. For a time the epidemic appeared to be mild and caused little concern. Then, without warning, the mortality increased until the pest had assumed monstrous proportions. To make matters worse, famine followed disease, and panic became general.

The contagious nature of the pestilence made it necessary to close the universities, and most of the professors returned to their native communities. Soaking their gowns in protective oils and clenching a garlic bud between their teeth, they went forth to fight the Black Death. Michel of Nostra-Dame had been three years at Montpellier when the sessions there were discontinued for the duration of the epidemic. Though not yet a licensed doctor, he resolved to experiment with the empiric theories of healing which were already well-organized in his mind. His grandfathers had fought the plague and he knew their formulas.

The pest was especially bad at Carcassonne. The apothecaries there were in despair. They were trying desperately to

fill the various prescriptions which the ingenuity and imagination of the doctors had devised. Scientific methods had been largely abandoned because of their inadequacy; prayers and magic remained the only hope. The young medical student mingled with the chemists, observed their methods, and memorized their recipes. He also visited learned Rabbins and Talmudists and gained much useful information from them.

About this time, Michel concocted a pomade from a compound of lapis lazuli, coral, and gold. This he presented to the Bishop of Carcassonne, Monseigneur Ammanien de Fays, which caused this most reverend gentleman to "feel life in his body." In his *Traite des Fardamens*, Michel de Nostra-Dame thus describes the peculiar efficacy of the pomade: "If the person is sad or melancholy, it renders him joyous; if he is a timid man, it renders him audacious; if he is taciturn, it renders him affable; if he is sickly, it renders him sweet, making him as of the age of thirty."

During the plague years, Master Michel (as he was already called) stopped for a time at Narbonne where the mortality was appalling. He later journeyed to Toulouse. Here he consulted with the learned, who followed his suggestions with startling success. He then continued on to Bordeaux, where the death rate was exceedingly high. His reputation had preceded him, and he was met by a delegation that begged him to remain in their city and save them from the Black Death.

About this time, he perfected a large brass pump by which he was able to blow a cloud of fine powder into the infected air. Most of the doctors were groping toward the theory of disinfection. They realized that the atmosphere of the sick room should be purified, and they had recourse to

the ancient practice of fumigations. They burned vile-smelling concoctions until the patients were well-nigh asphyxiated. Most of the virtue of the herbs or their compounds was destroyed by the process of burning, but Master Michel's pump released the chemicals in their original condition. The greater part of those he treated with this strange device recovered, and his reputation was permanently established. Because of this pump, Michel de Nostra-Dame is often referred to as the father of antisepsis.

From Bordeaux he carried his pump to Avignon, where he was summoned to the bedside of no less important a person than the Papal Legate, Cardinal de Claremont. Philip de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes, was taken gravely ill while stopping at Avignon, and asked that young Master Michel be consulted in preference to the prominent local physicians.

While at Avignon, Master Michel perfected a quince jelly "of such sovereign beauty" that it was greatly admired by his distinguished clients. So good was this jelly that it ultimately found its way to the larder of King Francis I.

In 1528, the pest abated of its own accord. The doctors who survived returned to their classrooms and the University at Montpellier officially reopened its doors. The four years he had worked with the plague-stricken emphasized in the mind of Michel de Nostra-Dame the necessity for immediately completing his medical course. Already, success was leading toward persecution. He could not hope to practice without his degree, and the doctors showed definite signs of jealousy.

He returned to Montpellier and matriculated for the second time on October 23, 1529.

It was not seemly that a man with the reputation which Master Michel had acquired should return to the simple

estate of a student. Important personages visited Montpellier for the sole purpose of consulting him. He was a popular idol. The college of medicine was very proud of him, and assumed, of course, all credit to itself. The four years he had spent fighting the plague were accepted in lieu of formal training. About a year after his return to Montpellier, Michel de Nostra-Dame took his final examinations and attained to the full privileges of a physician.

Writing in the sarcastic vein of medieval education, a modern essayist has declared that normally it took eight years to complete a college education, of which time the last seven years were devoted to bestowing the degree. The birth of a new doctor was preceded by a period of intense labor.

First, it was necessary to pass the "Triduanes," or the examination of the three days. The candidate presented to the faculty a list of twelve illnesses upon which to be examined. The chancellor thereupon assigned him three of them, and the dean three others. The faculty then convened and solemnly questioned him regarding his mode of treatment for each of the selected ailments. His methods were then debated, the formulas examined, and his prescriptions analyzed. This examination was concluded with a session in which he was examined regarding his knowledge of surgery and amputation. Having successfully passed all these tests, the candidate was admitted to the doctorate.

It was customary for students petitioning for their final degrees to select a patron. Michel de Nostra-Dame chose one of the most learned doctors of his time, Antoine Romier. It was the duty of a patron to try in every way to befuddle the neophyte, although secretly hoping at the same time, of course, that his protege would succeed. Michel made an exceptionally brilliant showing, for which he was loudly ap-

plauded by an enthusiastic audience that had gathered for the occasion.

The final step was the conferring of the full medical privileges; this was called the *actus triumphalis*. The night before this event the bells of the cathedral were rung to convey the glad tidings. In the early morning, the faculty, in full regalia and preceded by musicians, paraded in a body to the lodgings of the candidate. Having received him into their midst, the procession, led by the mace-bearer and other dignitaries and attended by a large part of the citizenry, then entered the Church of Saint-Firmin.

At the church, one of the regents, rising with pomp and circumstance, then mumbled in his beard "a great Latin discourse" redundant with platitudes and hackneyed phrases worn meaningless by repetition. The candidate was thereupon invested with the robes of medicine. On his head was placed a square bonnet with a red pompom. A golden ring properly inscribed was slipped upon his finger as the symbol of healing. The golden girdle of the physician was bound around his waist and the book of Hippocrates solemnly placed in his hands. He received the "Great Oath," after which he was seated on the raised platform beside the regent who had made the formal address. The faculty and student body then passed before him. One embraced him, one blessed him, and one said to him: "Vade et occide Caim!" The biographers quoting this Latin phrase declare that none knew what the words signified, including themselves. But, regardless of this uncertainty, Michel de Nostra-Dame was a doctor.

As evidence before the world that he was a scholar, it was customary for a physician to Latinize his name. In this way, Jerome Cardan became Hieronymus Cardanus; the simple English doctor, Robert Fludd, blossomed forth as Roberto

de Fluctibus, and Michel de Nostra-Dame, precocious student and pride of his university, emerged as Michael Nostradamus.

There was a time-honored precedent that extremely brilliant and successful students should accept professorships in their Alma Mater. In this instance, pressure was so insistent that Nostradamus accepted a chair and taught for a short time in the medical college. But the educational technique of the day was far too dogmatic to satisfy an original thinker.

Nostradamus was forced to teach doctrines which he did not personally believe, and he was not allowed to interpret the texts according to his own judgment and experience. Rather than perpetuate errors and fill the minds of the young with what he regarded as scholastic absurdities, he resigned his chair, and in 1531 left the university. He was born of a wandering people. Like Paracelsus, he believed that learning had its true beginning where schooling had its end. All his obligations to the prejudices of his time had been fulfilled; he was now free to heal the sick in his own way.

Like the Aesculapians of old, the medieval medic belonged to a race apart, a sanctified society of healers which enjoyed extraordinary privileges. His diploma was a universal passport, and it was customary for the new medic to make the grand tour before settling down to the practice of his art. Not only did travel broaden the mind, but it lent professional dignity and often resulted in useful contacts. There was no telling when a community might stand in need of a new town doctor or some noble family become dissatisfied with its astrological adviser.

As Doctor Nostradamus jogged along the road on his docile mule, he presented a picture typical of innumerable physicians of his day. His square scholar's hat had been ex-

changed for a broad-brimmed, all-weather headgear. His doctor's long gown was tucked up around the stirrups. He rode in the midst of a traveling apothecary shop, the various parts of which dangled about him in a well-ordered confusion. There were books and bundles, a small portable furnace, bottles, jars, and boxes. A few choice specimens from the dissecting room also shared space with the customary mortar and pestle. An elaborate case contained the five surgical instruments, and, should the occasion require, the latter also served as cutlery. They also had other uses. Physicians were known to have defended their lives against brigandage with their favorite scalpels.

The most difficult piece of equipment to transport was the birth chair. In Nostradamus' time the presence of this cumbersome device was the true index of the progressive general practitioner. While to our present-day mind the good doctor would have presented a most bizarre appearance, in the 16th century these trappings lent an aura of professional consequence. As there were few druggists in the smaller villages to fill prescriptions, the itinerant doctor must carry with him everything necessary to his practice.

It was on this same heavy-laden mule that Nostradamus rode into the life of Julius Caesar Scaliger, one of Europe's foremost literati. The background of the great Scaliger is strangely obscure. He claimed to be a scion of the illustrious La Scala family of Milan, but his right to this distinguished name has never been proved. He professed to high scholastic dignities, but in sober fact seems rather to have been educated at the mediocre University of Padua. How the Caesar got into his name is also a mystery. He appears to have added this haughty title because of his special admiration for the literary style of Caesar's Gallic Wars. The only part

of his name that he came by honestly is the Julius—if we are to believe his detractors.

Whatever Scaliger may have lacked in ancestry and formal schooling was more than compensated, however, by a rare combination of genuine ability and shameless audacity. It is still a moot question whether he was really a great man without honors or simply a man *sans honneur*. In any event, Julius Caesar Scaliger possessed a wide reading in philology and the natural sciences, and is recognized still as one of the foremost modern exponents of the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle.

Nostradamus was in Toulouse when he received the letter from Scaliger inviting him to Agen. The philologist was intrigued by the reports he had received of the amazing cures wrought by Nostradamus with his "plague gun" and desired to meet the man who fought the Black Death with clouds of white powder.

At their first meeting, the two physicians were mutually "enchanted." They had many long discussions on philosophy, *la critique*, poetry, and history. Nostradamus was so impressed with the extraordinary accomplishments of his new friend that he likened him in eloquence to Cicero, in poesy to Maro, and in medicine to Galen.

The friendship continued for some time and then ended abruptly. Their relations became strained due to Scaliger's Protestant leanings and the choleric disposition which the stars had bestowed upon the noted philologist. The word philology is composed of two Greek words (*philo-logia*) which, literally translated, mean "exceeding fondness for speech." In brief, Scaliger talked too much!

The townsfolk of Agen were flattered by the presence in their midst of these two famous men. The city council resolved to petition them to take permanent residence in the

community. Agen, it was pointed out, was subject to periodic fevers and there was enough work for several physicians. Convinced that the fevers had some local origin, Nostradamus recommended the draining of a nearby swamp from which at night a damp mist arose and invaded the city. But the day of preventive medicine had not yet dawned; the city fathers compromised by ignoring the doctor's advice.

Weary of arguing the mysteries of health with the local magistrates, Nostradamus and Scaliger intimated that they might depart and seek out a more enlightened community. Sorely distressed at the prospect of losing both of their celebrities, the good people of Agen took heroic measures. They appointed a delegation, armed them with gifts and promises and sent them forth to reason with the local heroes. Though touched by the sincerity of the citizens, the two physicians refused the bribes. They reminded the delegates that if the city of Agen were generously disposed, it could devote the money to its aged and infirm who were eking out a miserable existence.

In the words of a French author, this magnanimous gesture "put the whole town into an enthusiasm." The next time Scaliger and Nostradamus rode into Agen, the populace lined the streets cheering and applauding. When the two doctors tried to get off their mules, they were literally picked up by the crowd and carried through the streets. The swamp, however, was not drained.

In his *Life of Nostradamus*, Boulenger gives a vivid picture of the appearance of the great doctor at this stage of his career: "He was more small than great, more corpulent than lean, and he had a face which could be observed with pleasure. His forehead was wide and high, his cheeks always ruddy, his nose aquiline, his hair a dark chestnut, his beard long and forked, producing the best effect. His face

was smiling and open, very pleasing to the younger women, while the older ones were not frightened by it."

Equipped by nature with such devastating charms, it was only natural that the eligible ladies of Agen should set their caps for the young doctor. The town entered into the conspiracy, for if Nostradamus should marry a girl of Agen he would almost certainly settle in the community and be readily available to the sick. Rich farmers with eligible daughters boasted of their farms and hinted at appropriate dowries. With similar motives, merchants showed him the contents of their well-lined cash boxes, while illustrious families hinted at the numerous advantages that would follow from a proper alliance with the aristocracy.

While sojourning at Agen and basking in the light of Scaliger's high mind and ready wit, Nostradamus married, not one of the village belles, but an unknown girl whose very name is not authoritatively recorded. It is only reported that she was of affable disposition and good family, but apparently without means or dower. The only possible clue to the identity of Madame Nostradamus is a reference made by one writer, who calls her Adriete de Loubejac.

When Julius Caesar Scaliger settled at Agen as personal physician to the Bishop, he married Audiette de Roques-Lobejac, a beautiful girl thirty years younger than himself, who appears to have been an orphan. The two names are so similar that it is generally supposed that a mistake has been made. Did some historian by some *lapsus calami* wrongly assign Scaliger's wife to Nostradamus? Or, is it possible that close association with Scaliger's household resulted in a marriage between Nostradamus and some relative of Madame Scaliger?

It is, of course, possible that Audiette and Adriete were not the same person. Precedent for such a deduction may be

found in the case of William Shakespeare. It has never been proved that Anne Hathaway of Stratford was the same Anne whose marriage banns to Shakespeare were posted in a nearby town. Unsympathetic investigators have begun to suspect that there were two Anne's in Shakespeare's life.

Nostradamus continued to share local fame with Scaliger for several years at Agen. According to the meager records, Doctor Michael adored his wife and idolized his two children. His career appeared secure. Distinguished visitors came from afar to consult him. The town was proud of its doctor and he was loaded with gifts as he made his periodic visits among the people in the course of his professional activities.

Then the Black Death struck again. Day and night Nostradamus labored with the sick. The pestilence was especially severe at Agen. Tirelessly the physician visited the stricken homes and applied his *nostrum*. To those simple folk the very word became synonymous with his own name. Those whom he treated recovered, and their gratitude continued throughout the years.

Then in the life of this quiet, good man, tragedy struck an all-but-fatal blow. In a few short hours all that was dear to him was lost; his wife and children sickened and died of the plague. Frantically he worked upon them, using all his skill and knowledge. One by one, the flames of life flickered out. Others he could help, but, by some unhappy fate, his own he could not save. When the holy ground of the old cathedral received unto itself the bodies of his loved ones, the heartbroken doctor sadly turned his back upon their graves to resume his life of wandering.

For eight years Nostradamus journeyed on, always driven by some inner urge. He sought to efface the memory of his personal sorrow by immersing himself in the study of his beloved medicine. He stopped at numerous inns along the

way. Everywhere he asked about the doctors. He desired to know their accomplishments and their remedies. He held converse only with scientists and apothecaries. He would establish himself in some wayside hostelry, remain for a few weeks, then suddenly disappear. His days were spent with the doctors, his nights with his chemical apparatus which he always carried with him. He visited Genoa, Venice, and Milan, ever seeking knowledge, ever desiring to know the formulas other men were using to combat disease.

While in Italy, Nostradamus made his first recorded prediction. Walking along a village street, the physician met a group of Franciscan brothers. Among them was Felix Peretti, a youth of very humble origin who had been a swineherd. As he passed the young friar, Nostradamus suddenly stopped and fell on his knees to receive his blessing. The monks, amazed at this uncalled-for display of deference, inquired the reason. "Because," replied the prophet, "it is proper that I should submit myself and bend the knee before His Holiness." The other Franciscans shrugged their shoulders, and whispered among themselves that he was some strange visionary or mystic whose words could have no meaning. Later, however, the young monk became Cardinal of Montalte, and in 1585 was crowned Pope under the name of Sixtus the Fifth.

About 1538, Nostradamus came to the attention of the Inquisitional Court, an honor which he in no way coveted. Some time before, he had reproached a monk who had cast a bronze statue of him. The monk had insisted that only portraiture was intended, but his technique was so permeated with Gothic fervor that the result was grotesque in the extreme.

Nostradamus suspected that the image was actually intended for magical purposes, of which he was the proposed victim. He realized that he had aroused the enmity of this



Portrait of Nostradamus from the 1656 printing of selected quatrains from his prophetic works.

monk, which would stand him in bad stead if his remarks were misinterpreted. Apparently, the Inquisitors had little interest in preserving his immortal soul, however, and when he failed to appear for questioning, they made no further effort to compel him. Throughout his life Nostradamus was a devout champion of the Church, and there was very little tangible evidence, aside from his astrology, which could be used against him, and that was a subject not officially banned.

In 1539, Nostradamus was at Bordeaux, where he was experimenting with the properties of black amber, which he preferred to gray in the preparation of his tinctures. He

spent much time there with the apothecaries. One of them, Leonard Bandon, left a record of the opinions of Nostradamus which related to the qualities of various types of amber.

In the village of Saint-Bonnet de Champsaur, Nostradamus read the horoscope of the young son of Madame de Lesdiguières. He predicted from the chart that the boy would grow up to be one of the first in the kingdom. François was made marshal in 1609, and in 1622 became constable of France, the highest military officer in the kingdom.

Nostradamus then proceeded to Bar-le-Duc, where it is recorded that he made some rather broad remarks against Luther and the Lutherans, whose cause he did not favor. At Bar-le-Duc, he was lodged at the Chateau de Fains, the estate of the Lord of Florinville. While there, he cured Madame de Florinville and his lordship's grandmother from ailments which had been pronounced hopeless by other physicians. It was while at the Chateau de Fains that the astrologer became involved in the highly amusing episode of the two pigs.

Though secretly convinced that Nostradamus possessed an extraordinary prophetic power, Le Seigneur de Florinville insisted that the astrologer could not be right on all occasions, and challenged him to a test of skill. He should set up the horoscopes of two suckling pigs and predict accurately what the future held for each. Nostradamus gravely calculated the horoscopes and pronounced his findings. He saw only tragedy for the little pigs. The white piglet, he declared, would be devoured by a wolf, and the black one would be served up on his lordship's table.

The astrologer's verdict gave his host a happy idea. The Seigneur secretly summoned his cook and ordered that the white pig should be killed immediately and served up to

them that very night. Waiting until the dinner was over, the master of Florinville then turned to Nostradamus and jestingly remarked: "Well, my good doctor, this time your prophetic powers have failed. We have just eaten the white pig."

After a few moments' silence, the doctor quietly replied: "May it please your lordship, but I must doubt your word. Send for the cook."

When the chef entered the room, it did not take long to discover that something was amiss. After considerable pressure from his master, the poor man finally broke down and confessed all. He had killed and dressed the white pig exactly as his lordship had ordered, and had placed it on the spit to broil. Then a most unhappy incident occurred. A half-tamed wolf that ranged about the chateau was often fed by members of the household. The animal ran into the kitchen and ate a hindquarter from the half-cooked pig. So distressed was the chef at the prospect of his master's displeasure that he then secretly killed and dressed the black pig and substituted it for the other.

When the confession was complete, Nostradamus turned to his host with the quiet remark: "The white pig shall be eaten by a wolf, and the black one shall be served at your lordship's table. Is it not so?" The Lord of Florinville was convinced.

Before leaving the Chateau de Fains, Nostradamus made another prediction. Pointing to a thickly wooded mountain not far distant, he declared that a treasure was hidden there. This treasure, he further declared, could never be found by anyone who sought it; it would be discovered only when the ground was being dug for another reason. This proved to be true. Years later, scientists, carrying on excavation work in that area in their search for the ruins of an ancient pagan

temple, found pieces of money in the very place indicated by the astrologer.

Nostradamus continued his travels until he finally arrived at the celebrated Abbey of Orval, a religious community of Cistercian monks in the Diocese of Treves. It was the custom at this abbey to receive strangers as though they were messengers sent from God; so, prostrating himself in salutation, the abbot invited Nostradamus to abide with them for a time. The learned doctor did so and joined the monks in their strict observances, which included rising each morning at two o'clock for an early mass.

Historians believe that it was at Orval where Nostradamus first began to feel the overshadowing of the prophetic spirit. Prior to that time he had been a physician of empiric medicine and an astrologer of unusual ability. Now was added the awakening of his mystic seership. Was he a little frightened at the strange power that was unfolding within him? Did he desire to retire for a while into the seclusion of a holy life so that he might "try the spirits"? The historians assume such was the case. They write that while at Orval, Nostradamus was possessed by a "lymphatic" spirit and by the "vehemence of a melancholy passion."

By such terms they imply that Nostradamus had passed through a profound psychological crisis. His spirit had descended into the shadows of a great sorrow. The inevitable reaction had set in. The loss of his wife and children had affected him far more than he had admitted to himself. For years he had sought to escape the hidden hurt within by filling his life and mind with useful activities. But, at last, he could deny the truth no longer. He was a lonely, frightened man struggling with a strange power that he did not understand and could not entirely control.

As Mohammed prayed through the night in the cave of Mount Hira, so Nostradamus performed lonely vigils at Orval. Always a devout man, he besought divine aid in the ordering of his mortal life. He must find inner strength and peace if he was to continue his ministrations.

Several authors maintain that Nostradamus is the true writer of the celebrated *Prophecies of Orval*, whose authorship has been attributed to a mysterious person named Olivarius. These prophecies contain such a remarkable account of the advent of Napoleon I that only a truly great seer could have produced them. The abbot of Orval, instead of destroying the curious document, concealed it in the abbey, where it remained unknown for more than two hundred years.

In 1793, Francois de Metz was appointed by the Secretary of the Commune to compile a list of the books and manuscripts which had been pillaged from palaces, churches, and abbeys during the Revolution. One of these books was entitled *The Prophecies of Philippe Dieudonne Noel Olivarius, Doctor of Medicine, Surgeon and Astrologer*. The manuscript was dated 1542, and it had come from Orval.

De Metz was so intrigued by the *Prophecies* that he copied the manuscript volume and discreetly circulated it among his intimates. Napoleon read the copy and demanded that the original be found. After considerable difficulty, the book was discovered and presented to the Emperor. Napoleon kept the manuscript with him, but it was not found among his effects. Its present whereabouts is a mystery as great as its origin.

A few extracts from the *Olivarius Prophecies* will suffice to prove their extraordinary accuracy. "France-Italy will see a supernatural being, born not far from its bosom. This man will emerge from the sea . . . While still a young man, will open out for himself, in face of thousands of

obstacles, a pathway in the ranks of the soldiers and become their first leader . . . He will thus gain a name, not as a king but as Emperor—a title coming to him after a while out of the great popular enthusiasm evoked. He will battle everywhere throughout his kingdom: he will drive from their lands princes, lords, kings . . . He will be seen with a mighty array of forty-nine times twenty thousand men on foot in arms, and they will carry arms and trumpets of steel . . . He will carry in his right hand an eagle . . . He will have two wives and only one son . . . Kept in restraint in exile, in the sea from which he started in his young days, close to his birthplace, he will remain for eleven moons . . . Then chased away once more by a triple alliance of European populations after three moons and one-third of a moon, back in his place will be set the King of the old blood of the Capet[.]"

It is certainly a strange coincidence that two prophecies—one by the mysterious Olivarius, the other by Nostradamus, and both compiled at approximately the same time—should describe with equal accuracy the story of the first empire. There may well be grounds for the growing conviction that Olivarius was but a pseudonym and that Nostradamus himself is the author of *The Prevision Out of the Solitudes*.

Nostradamus left Orval about 1543, and resolved to establish himself at Marseilles, a rich and populous center, where he could mingle with scholars of repute. His stay at Marseilles was an unhappy one. He found the physicians there corrupt and the apothecaries worse than uninformed. His criticism brought on the animosity of his colleagues and one of them accused him of magic. His astronomical knowledge they also belittled, and instituted a systematic campaign of vilification.

In 1546 the plague broke out at Aix. It raged from May to January of the following year, and a delegation from the

town committee besought him to come and save their community. Two thirds of the population was already dead and none would survive unless better remedies were employed. Doctor Nostradamus prepared a goodly supply of his favorite powders, gathered the implements of his profession, harnessed his mule, and set out for Aix.

After acquainting himself with conditions in the new community, Nostradamus was convinced that the contagion was being spread in the air. He therefore devised a smelling-powder, a compound of medicine and magic, consisting of finely powdered cypress wood, iris, cloves, sweet-flag and woody aloes, and prepared under favorable planetary aspects. The powder could also be made into troches by mixing it with fresh rose petals.

Nostradamus was fortunate in securing the assistance of a "pure and sincere" apothecary, one Joseph Turel Mercurin. Those who used this strange powder were preserved from the plague; the others died almost without exception. After being showered with gifts and blessings by the grateful citizens of Aix, Nostradamus answered the call of the government of Salon, where he also successfully fought the pest.

Soon afterwards he was called to Lyons. Here he had serious difficulties with the leading physicians. Nostradamus made no effort to force his methods upon the people, but, after much wrangling and numerous interferences, he requested the townfolk to choose between himself and another physician, Doctor Antoine Sarasin. Nostradamus issued his ultimatum in the following words: "I wish very much to help you, but you must permit me to experiment in my own way. I greatly honor the celebrated doctor, Antoine Sarasin, my colleague. But as my remedies differ from his, I desire that you choose who should remain physician of your town, and that you adopt immediately for yourself one or the other,

myself or Sarasin." The delegation at once cried out: "We choose Doctor Nostradamus, the liberator of Aix!"

So successful were the experiments carried on by Nostradamus that the epidemic was conquered in a month, and the astrologer-physician returned triumphantly to Salon. Here, in 1547, he married for a second time. His wife, Anne Ponsart Gemelle, was described as a charming and intelligent woman of wealthy and respectable family. For Nostradamus, the years of lonely wandering were over. The years of prophetic genius were at hand.

Part III

THE SEER

Another magical device mentioned by Nostradamus was the consecrated basin. Examples of these bowls may still be seen in old museums side by side with unicorn horns and dragon teeth. Bowls made of crudely baked clay, their inner surfaces ornamented with complicated formulas and strange symbols, and intended for purposes of divination, have been discovered in the ruins of Sumerian cities. These bowls were filled with water and, when properly consecrated according to the rituals of transcendental magic, the surface of the water was strangely agitated by the presence of familiar spirits.

Hydromancy was practiced by the ancient Greek philosopher Pythagoras, and on the testimony of his disciples he had the power to cause rivers and streams to speak. Comte Cagliostro, the last of the magicians, foretold future events by causing a mesmerized child to gaze into the surface of a basin of water. The consecrated bowl with its shining contents, the magic mirror with its burnished surface, the crystal ball with its luminous depths, and the glittering particles of sand

used by the Oriental fakir are all part and parcel of the same magical procedure.

Also, there was the wand, that indispensable symbol of metaphysical authority. The conjurer's stick is as old as human history. It could be of the purest gold or ivory set with jewels, or only a twig plucked at a crossroad on All Soul's Eve. The wand was the scepter of the Mysteries, carried by the hierophant of pagan rites when he descended into the abyss of enchantments. With this rod of authority, the magician, like Prospero in *The Tempest*, controls sidereal spirits and submundane sprites.

The wand of Nostradamus was a laurel branch, and possessed the properties of a divining rod. When a spirit appeared, the end of the wand inclined itself in a manner similar to the Water Witch of New England farm lore. The leafy head of the wand was used to sprinkle the consecrated waters upon the paraphernalia of the magic arts.

Following the rules set forth in his secret manuscripts, Nostradamus applied his mystic machinery to the problem of foreknowledge. Robed in sanctified raiment, he touched his laurel wand to the waters in the basin and anointed his robe and his foot. As enchantments must be wrought at night, the flickering light of his solitary candle was reflected from the brazen legs of the tripod. The Delphic table moved and the agitation was conveyed to the basin of water that stood on its polished top. Eddies and ripples swirled in the bowl; then from the midst of the water came forth the shrill cry of the captured spirit.

Nostradamus describes the manner in which the strange agitation which moved the waters in the brazen bowl was communicated to his own body. His arms shook, he declared, and could scarcely hold the pen; the room was filled with an eerie mist; phantom shapes moved to and fro in the

heavy air; vapors floated upon the surface of the magical sea; a light shone from the waters. In the midst of an airy turmoil, the spirit appeared, girdled about with a magical circle of pentagrams.

As Nostradamus leaned forward to listen, a small faint voice spoke from across the void, and, shaking in his sleeves, the prophet wrote down the words that were given to him. The Greeks taught that prose was the speech of men, and verse the language of gods and spirits. The Delphic oracles were revealed in obscure hexameter, and when Nostradamus published his *Prophecies* in quatrains and sextains, he but followed the precedent established by the priests of Apollo.

As the revelations continued night after night, terror accompanied them, for the spirit told Nostradamus of the grievous afflictions that should burden the ages as yet unborn. Hour after hour the voice from the waters foretold plagues, famines, wars, and crimes. The great would conspire against the weak; despots would afflict their peoples; corruption would shake the foundations of both Church and State, and the world would be full of crimes and seditions. Year after year would bring pain; generation after generation would see misery.

Ingenious men, the voice predicted, would devise new means for their common destruction. There would be wars in the air, birds of death screaming in the night; there would be battles under the sea for dominion of the land; forts would move upon wheels; death would come like lightning, and poisons in the air would suffocate the living; cities would be destroyed by fire falling from the clouds, and the helpless would take refuge under the earth; whole nations would be utterly wiped out, and art and science would languish as men devoted themselves wholly to destruction.

Throughout many nights the shrill voice of the spirit proclaimed the doom of an afflicted world. The fullness of the revelation will never be known, for Nostradamus declared that so terrifying was the import of the words spoken to him that he dared not reveal them, lest all the hopes of humanity be crushed. He pleaded with the spirit to bring him kindlier tidings. The form, floating in the luminous mist, complied. Despite wars and rumors of wars, sorrow and desolation, it affirmed that in the end truth should yet prevail; for, through its own "self-inflicted pains," mankind would eventually learn the lessons of its survival.

At last the period of revelation came to an end. For the final time, the spectral shape slowly faded away; the sparkling vapors grew dim; the waters in the basin subsided; the strange agitation ceased. Nostradamus stood alone in his study, and silently contemplated that strange future which he would not live to see. How great was the problem of this kindly man! He yearned to give some warning which would incline human beings to a wiser course of action.

Like all great idealists, Doctor Michael longed to change the shape of the inevitable. He had the power to write the history of tomorrow, yet it was no part of his intention—as he observed in his letter to King Henry II—merely to depress men with the terrors of the unborn future.

Out of Nostradamus' meditations was evolved the obscure style which has been the torment of his interpreters these four hundred years. It was his purpose to reveal—and yet conceal—by a cipher of words. The result has been what his enemies have characterized as a jargon, a meaningless mass of words. Needless to state, their verdict would have greatly pleased the object of their detractions, whose firm belief it was that those who lacked the wisdom to understand should also lack the power to discover.

Yet another problem remained to be disposed of by Nostradamus. Suppose another person should follow in his footsteps and perform the same conjurations he had used. The spirit might be evoked to speak again. If it did, would that other prophet also have the wisdom and the patience to hide, with the veil of obscurity, the meaning of its fate-laden words? Would he reveal too much and thus add to the sorrows of an already burdened mortal kind? If another Prometheus of prevision should bring to a future generation the sacred fire of prophecy, would he likewise take the precaution to hide it in some hollow reed?

Out of these meditations the wise doctor came to a high resolution. One night, in the quietude of his cabinet he lit the flame of his alchemical furnace and with the bellows blew it to white heat. Then, to this purifying flame he consigned his secret books of magic. He burned them all—the scrolls, the parchments, and the papyri. Gone forever were the priestly books of Issachar and the magical pentacles of King Solomon. According to his own account, the rolls and parchments blazed up with an unearthly splendor. The room was alive with invisible powers as the flaming fingers of the salamanders clutched at the ancient books.

In a little while only ashes were left behind, and Nostradamus remained the last man who would ever know their contents. It was his responsibility to perpetuate, according to his own judgment, the unknown lore. The prophetic *Centuries and Presages* are the product of his decision. He compiled more than a thousand verses covering two thousand years of the world's history, dedicated them to his king, and left them to far places and distant times.

One day a young man presented himself at the door of Doctor Michael's house. His name was Jean-Aymes de Cha-

vigny, and he had come from the village of Beaune. Chavigny had been attracted to Nostradamus through the influence of Jean Dorat, with whom he had studied Greek. The fame of the prophet had induced Chavigny to present himself as a disciple, so strong was his desire to devote his life to the understanding of the mystical arts of foreknowledge.

Convinced of the youth's sincerity and in need of an amanuensis, Nostradamus accepted him into his confidence. Though the seer could not communicate to his new pupil that strange enthusiasm with which he himself was filled, he could and did supply Chavigny with important keys for interpretation of the prophetic writings. As far as is known, this one sincere follower is the only living person whom Nostradamus made party to his secret methods. The intimacy between these two continued throughout the life of Nostradamus and was broken only by his death.

If the prophet was veiled and obscure in his writings, he was frank and open with his student. Chavigny became his spiritual son, the heir to his mystic writings. It is quite possible that he dictated part of his prophetic verses to his young secretary.

After the death of his master, Chavigny published some interpretations of the *Prophecies*. In 1562, Nostradamus dedicated an almanac to Pope Pius IV. This dedication was accepted by His Holiness, and Nostradamus was shown much respect and consideration by the Church. In 1566, Brother Jean Vallier, a Franciscan attached to the monastery at Salon, which was named Des Mineurs Conventuels de Saint Francois, reprinted the *Prophecies* with ecclesiastical permission.

In August 1554, an ominous event took place in Provence. Two monsters had been born, and the countryside was in an

uproar over the event. It is noteworthy that early scientific books are remarkable for the details with which such prodigious events are recorded. While to ordinary matters only scanty attention might be given, the birth of a monster was so portentous as to be rivaled in importance only by comets and fiery apparitions.

In this case, an infant with two heads, each with a complete set of organs, had arrived unexpectedly at the village of Senas, to the consternation of its parents and the distress of the community. Furthermore, in confirmation of the saying that disasters never come singly, there was born in the town of Aurens near Salon a lamb also with an extra head. These prodigies undoubtedly portended some dire calamity, and both the Church and State were troubled.

There was but one thing to do: Nostradamus must be consulted. So the monsters were brought to him, and in the presence of the Governor of Provence, the astrologer interpreted the omens. These two-headed creatures, he declared, portended a division in the power of France. There would be domestic wounds that only centuries could heal; the long struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism was about to begin, and this religious strife would divide the nation into two warring camps. The assembled elders were duly impressed, and the incident found permanent record in the *Histoire Chronologique de Provence* by Honore Bouche.

Chavigny records another interesting episode of the curious power exhibited by Nostradamus on numerous occasions. While deep in his reveries one night, the prophet was suddenly disturbed by a persistent knocking at the front door. A page of the illustrious family of de Beauveau had been given a beautiful and valuable dog to guard. In some manner the animal had broken loose and had run away, and the

lackey in his desperation had turned to the astrologer as a last resort.

Before his visitor could offer any explanation for his errand at that unseemly hour of the night—in fact, without asking the stranger his business—the doctor responded by crying in a voice loud enough to be heard outside: “What is it, page of the King? You make a deal of noise for a lost dog. Go out on the road to Orleans. You will find it led on a leash.”

Too astonished to speak, the page hastened to a fork where the roads met, and in a little while found the dog held by a valet, just as he had been told. This story was widely circulated, and was followed by a deluge of requests for Nostradamus to discover missing persons as well as lost articles.

Trone de Condoulet, a rich burgher of Salon, was witness to an important prediction made by Nostradamus on the occasion of his meeting the young Prince de Bearn. The astrologer turned to those accompanying the youth with the pronouncement: “This young prince will sit on the throne of France and the title of ‘Great’ will be added to his name.” The attendants dismissed the remark with a smile, since such a contingency appeared to them unlikely in the extreme. It took the Prince de Bearn ten years of strife to win his kingdom, but he was eventually crowned Henry IV, and, due to his immense popularity, he has always been known as “Henry the Great.”

In 1560, the strife between Catholic and Protestant factions became general and, reaching Salon, put the city in an uproar. There were riots in the streets and many suffered violence for their religious differences.

Although Nostradamus’ only desire was to be left alone and continue his scholarly pursuits in peace, his neutrality was not sufficient to protect him from attack. He was a man

of wealth and importance, well known for his strong Catholic leanings. All this was a source of considerable annoyance to the Protestant faction, in whose persecutions of the doctor both religious fanaticism and personal jealousy were often joined.

On the other hand, the doctors and apothecaries had stirred up the Catholic faction by accusing Nostradamus of the practice of sorcery, and insisted that his pious mien was but a cloak to conceal his heretical and devilish inclinations. So bitter did the persecution become that Nostradamus dared not appear on the public streets for fear of bodily harm.

To make matters worse, the Ordinance of Orleans, published on January 31, 1560, included the following: “And because those who prognosticate things that are to come, publishing their Almanacs and Prognostications, using the terms of astrology, against the express commandment of God, a thing which ought not to be tolerated by any Christian Prince, we prohibit all publishers and libraries of publishing, from exposing for sale any Almanacs or Prognostications that first have not been seen by the Archbishop, the Bishop, or such as they may appoint. And against him who will have composed such Almanacs will be prosecution by our extraordinary judges and corporeal punishment.”

Especially dangerous to Nostradamus was the edict because of the false editions of the *Prophecies* attributed to him, which were being circulated under his name and for which he could be held personally responsible under this ordinance.

Just when it seemed that disaster was inevitable for Nostradamus, the course of fate suddenly changed and the prophet emerged triumphant from a period of grave anxiety. His *Prophecies* began to be fulfilled with such startling rapidity

that one government official wrote to the King, recommending that Nostradamus should be duly punished for the misfortunes being suffered by France, as though he (Nostradamus) had been the actual cause of them!

This is reminiscent of the experience of William Lilly, the English astrologer, who a hundred years later foretold the date of the Great Fire of London. When his prediction came true, Lilly was summoned to appear before Parliament to prove that he himself had not personally burned the city. Lilly states that he was treated quite decently and dismissed with honors, having convinced his peers that he was no incendiary.

In France, the quatrains of Nostradamus were on everyone's lips. Henry II had died exactly according to verse 35, "Century I." The conspiracy of Amboise was clearly indicated in verse 13, "Century I;" also the conspiracy of Lyon, verse 59, "Century X." On November 17, 1560, while at Orleans, Francois II swooned in the midst of a religious ceremony. On December 5, of the same year, he died unexpectedly from an abscess in the ear. On this occasion the Venetian Ambassador, Michele, wrote to the Doge that everyone recalled the 39th verse of the "Xth Century," and commented on it in a low voice.

A man's success, however, only makes his personal enemies more embittered. Each time one of his predictions met with fulfillment was a fresh excuse for charging Nostradamus with sorcery. Never had such a prophet appeared in the modern world. It was obvious that no man who had not sold his immortal soul to the Prince of Hell could possibly know so much about the future. A God-fearing man might occasionally utter a prophetic line, but Nostradamus' uncanny accuracy outraged religious decency!

Part IV

DEATH—IN A GOLDEN CAGE

Daughter of Italy's most powerful family, niece of a Pope, wife of Europe's most puissant ruler and mother of three kings, Catherine de' Medici was a woman to be reckoned with. Her indomitable spirit overshadowed France for half a century.

As Lord Bacon observes in his celebrated *Essay on Prophecy*, the Queen Mother "was given to curious arts." She had brought with her to France a veneration for things occult, a predilection for which the de' Medicis had long been famous. Modern writers pass lightly over the Queen's "superstitions," but there is considerable evidence that Catherine herself possessed the gift of second sight and a clairvoyant awareness of occurrences taking place in distant parts.

During the religious wars which burdened the latter years of her life, Catherine described in detail the death of Louis, Prince de Conde, although the incident occurred several days journey from Metz, where the Queen was lying dangerously ill. After the death of the old Cardinal de Lorraine, whose passing was revealed to her in a dream, she declared that his spirit visited her at night, disturbed her rest, and caused terror to her none-too-comfortable conscience.

Catherine's attitude toward sorcery is indicated by several fragments of contemporary history. She was party to a conspiracy to dispose of various important Huguenot leaders by devious methods of enchantment. Typical of such methods are the images which were made of their intended victims, the joints of which were filled with screws of various sizes.

By tightening these screws according to a mathematical pattern or formula, it was hoped that the persons whom the figures represented would be brought to speedy dissolution.

When the great necromancer, Cosimo Ruggieri, was charged with wizardry against her son's life, Catherine accused him of diabolic intent and caused him to be thoroughly tortured. Like the old Roman emperors, Catherine held the practice of the occult arts to be a royal prerogative, and indulgence therein by those of lesser station to constitute lese majesty.

During the early years of her reign, Catherine included among her counselors the celebrated mathematician-astrologer, Lucas Gauricus, Bishop of Civitate. She placed implicit confidence in the opinions of this learned man, and had him calculate not only her own nativity but also that of her husband, Henry II, King of France.

However, the King, an energetic and extroverted man, placed small reliance upon the pronouncements of his wife's soothsayers. Even when Gauricus made the solemn prediction that Henry would die from a duel near the forty-first year of his life, Henry failed to be impressed. Catherine, who had premonitions of her own, was deeply affected.

Years later when Nostradamus published the first part of his celebrated *Centuries*, Catherine at once recalled the fateful words of Gauricus. In the 35th quatrain of the "First Century," Nostradamus describes the circumstances under which the death of Henry II would occur. Catherine communicated with Claude de Savoie, of Provence, ordering him to make arrangements for the immediate presentation of Nostradamus at the court.

When he arrived in Paris on August 15, 1556, by royal post, after a month's hard travel, Nostradamus was met by

the Constable of France and conducted to the royal palace, where the excitement caused by his appearance was rivaled only by the visit of some ruling monarch. The assembled courtiers, however, were permitted only a brief glimpse of the famous doctor. In response to Catherine's orders, he was conducted immediately to her private cabinet, where he was received by the King. Their Majesties then demanded that he explain the meaning of the mysterious quatrain; they also commissioned him to read the nativities of their three sons.

Nostradamus assured the Queen that her husband would perish in combat with a lone adversary, and that her three sons would all become kings. Catherine, a devoted if unfaithful wife, was visibly affected by both predictions. She pondered the strange verse which contained the sinister warnings of Henry's impending death:

"The young lion will overcome the old one,
In a field of battle by an extraordinary duel:
In a golden cage he will pierce his eye,
Two loppings one, then to die, cruel death."

The King's reaction was one of anxiety mingled with amusement. But Catherine reminded him of the earlier prophecy of Gauricus, two warnings, both by men of proved scholarship, could not be entirely dismissed. The defense mechanism in Henry's mind, however, was simple and apparently conclusive. As King, he could not be challenged by any private gentleman. The only man in Europe with whom he could fight a duel was the King of Spain, and such a challenge was beyond credibility. If ever fate should bring about the possibility of such a combat, he would bear the prediction in mind.

Henry then placed the two predictions — the first by Gauricus and the second by Nostradamus — in a special casket near his person. On rare occasions he would take out the prophecies and puzzle over their meaning. Though Catherine tried to explain to Nostradamus the unreasonableness of his prediction, the astrologer refused to revise his verdict.

On July 1, 1599, Henry proclaimed a tournament in honor of the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth of France, with Philip II of Spain. The place selected was in the Rue Saint Antoine, then well beyond the limits of the city. Later the Bastille was built upon this site. Henry de Valois, a man of great personal courage, was also quite an exhibitionist. His favorite sport was jousting, and on this gala occasion of his daughter's marriage, he listed himself as prepared to meet all contestants.

The King's skill with the lance was well known throughout France, and an enormous crowd had gathered to witness the contest. As a young man Henry had often tilted with his father, Francis I, and carried to his grave the scars of these early tournaments.

In the course of the day's festivities, the King broke a lance with the Duke of Savoy and another with the Duke of Guise. His third course was with young Gabriel de Montgomery, Comte de Lorges, a nobleman with estates in Normandy and captain of the King's Scottish Guards. The young Comte took his tilting seriously and the two met at the barrier with a terrific shock. Their lances were splintered, the King lost his stirrup, and the impact was so great that Henry was visibly shaken in his saddle.

Unaccustomed to so doughty an adversary, Henry was both astonished and somewhat annoyed at not making a better showing before so illustrious a gallery. He immediately

challenged Montgomery to another course. When the latter tried to excuse himself, the King commanded.

Catherine, who had dreamed of her husband's death the night before, waited anxiously for the day to end. She sent a message from the ladies' gallery, begging her husband not to ride again. The Duke of Savoy also reminded the King that the hour was late and recommended a postponement. But Henry was obstinate—he would ride once more against the young Norman lion!

Thus it came to pass that the incredible predictions made by both Gauricus and Nostradamus were fulfilled. The King, in his haste or carelessness, neglected to properly fasten the gilded beaver of his helmet. Taking their positions in the lists, the riders balanced their lances, spurred their horses, and the tilt was on.

Montgomery's lance struck the King's helmet, tearing away part of the plumage and crest. The shaft was shattered and the truncheon of his splintered lance crashed full into the King's visor. The half-fastened catch came loose, and several long splinters pierced Henry's eye and penetrated the brain. With a scream, Catherine fainted.

Assisted from his horse, Henry tried to make light of the accident and attempted to walk up the palace staircase with the aid of the Duke de Guise and the Cardinal de Lorraine. The best physicians of the day were immediately summoned, and they removed a splinter of wood four inches long from the wound, also several smaller pieces.

The King stood the pain with the greatest fortitude, and it was hoped that he might survive with the loss of an eye. After the painful operation he was in excellent spirits and commanded the Comte de Montgomery to be brought to his bedside. He assured the young man that he fully realized

the mishap was accidental and bore him no unkindness.

After several days, symptoms of blood poisoning set in and it became obvious that the injury would prove mortal. At the deathbed of Henry II, the two greatest scientists of the 16th century met—Andreas Vesalius, the first modern anatomist, and Ambroise Paré, known as “the father of French surgery.”

Every effort was made to determine the nature of the injury caused by the splinters. Similar pieces of wood were driven into the skulls of executed criminals in an effort to discover the probable courses that the sharp sticks might have taken. But the scientific knowledge of the time was inadequate, and on the eleventh day after the accident, days of excruciating pain, Henry II died in the 41st year of his life.

Thus was brought to complete fulfillment the cryptic quatrain of Nostradamus. What Henry had ridiculed as impossible or improbable had finally come to pass. The “field of battle” was the tournament; the “extraordinary duel” was the joust; the splinters had pierced the King’s “eye;” “the golden cage” was his gilded visor; and, finally, he had died “a cruel death.” Even the psychological factor was also intimated. Henry would probably never have ridden the second time had not the youth of his opponent challenged his own advancing years; “The young lion will overcome the old one,” the quatrain said.

The fate of the Comte de Montgomery has been variously commented upon by later historians. Though Henry absolved him of all blame, there were those who maintained that Montgomery’s failure to cast up the handle of his broken lance was deliberate. Granting such a charge to be true, then the combat becomes an “extraordinary duel” in actuality rather than a mere joust.

The 30th quatrain of the “3rd Century” has been interpreted to predict the fate that would befall Montgomery. The words of Nostradamus read:

“He who in battle and sword with bellicose deed,
Will have carried the prize greater than he,
By night to the bed six will put the pike to him,
Nude, without armor suddenly will be overcome.”

Nostradamus had other things to say about the fate of his royal patrons. The 55th quatrain of the “3rd Century” contains a cryptic account of that which was to follow. It opens with the lines:

“In the year that an eye will reign in France,
The court will be in very awkward trouble.”

Most interpreters agree that the phrase “that an eye” means “one-eyed” or some person with a single eye. The ten days during which Henry II lay dying from the lance wound is the only time in history that a one-eyed king ever ruled in France. Henry’s successor, Francis II, a delicate boy of sixteen, died the following year. His younger brother, Charles IX, ascended the throne in his tenth year, and lived only to the age of 24.

Catherine’s third son, Henry III, then became king, thus fulfilling the other prediction made by Nostradamus, for he had told Catherine that her three sons would each ascend the throne. She had hoped to see them kings of Europe—she did not suspect that for all three it would be the same throne.

Henry III was the last of the Valois. The second “loping” mentioned by the seer certainly implied the assassi-

nation of Catherine's third son. Nostradamus correctly described the circumstances of the death of Henry III in the following prophetic line from one of his *Presages*:

"The King-King will be no more, of the Gentle one destroyed."

Henry III was the "King-King," for he had been crowned King of Poland just prior to becoming King of France. He was, therefore, twice a king. Henry III was corrupt, useless, and weak. He moved in an atmosphere of plots and counterplots. The evil that he schemed for others finally overwhelmed him.

One morning the King's attendants informed him that a monk named Clement brought news from Paris. Begging permission to whisper important tidings in the royal ear, the little monk came close to the King and drove a dagger through his body. Again, the tenure of Henry's rule—fifteen years—came to a violent end as Nostradamus had foretold.

The riddle of Nostradamus' curious words, "of the Gentle one destroyed," is thus explained. Not only does the term "Gentle one" apply to a religious recluse normally given to the works of God, but the assassin's name (Clement) means "clemency" or "gentleness."

This points up another problem in the interpretation of the famous quatrains. In the arrangement of the words themselves are hidden subtle meanings, which are revealed in their true sense only upon fulfillment of the prophecies. This is but another striking confirmation of the belief that it was Nostradamus' deliberate intention so to word his predictions that their significance could not be fully understood until the incident had actually taken place.

In 1560, Catherine de' Medici again commanded Nostradamus to attend her in Paris. The summons was probably

welcome to the astrologer-physician. He was passing through a period of almost constant persecution at Salon. The physicians and apothecaries, jealous of his fame, had spread the rumor that Nostradamus was in league with Beelzebub. Aroused against Nostradamus, the townsfolk burned his effigy on the steps of the cathedral. They then paraded through the streets and threatened to burn the prophet himself if he could be found.

To a man threatened with the possibility of being dragged before the Inquisitional Court, Catherine's summons came as a miraculous intervention. The local tide turned immediately in his favor. The people of Salon, when they learned that their physician had been called to the Court as an advisor to the Queen, found their bitterness had been sweetened to a justifiable pride. The community was honored that one of its illustrious residents should have the royal ear.

Mounted on his favorite mule and attended by the Queen's pages, Nostradamus rode out of Salon amidst the cheers of his erstwhile persecutors. His reputation as a prophet and as a diviner of the mysteries of futurity had preceded him. The rich, in the communities through which he passed, implored him to examine their nativities; the sick begged the privilege of an audience in the hope of securing some of his infallible prescriptions.

Reaching Paris, Nostradamus was immediately conducted to the Queen, who received him in the presence of her sons. Catherine had changed much since those other days when Nostradamus first predicted for her the future of France. After the death of Henry II, the Queen had put on the deepest mourning and continued to dress in black throughout the rest of her life. Never a beautiful woman, she became less

prepossessing with age. The intrigues in her soul etched deep lines upon her face. Her hollow cheeks revealed the shadows upon her conscience. Her deep-set eyes blazed with a fanatical light. She was as proud as Lucifer and, like this fallen angel, was resolved to be ruler over all the kingdoms of the earth.

After her husband's tragic end as the result of the tournament at St. Antoine, she gave herself up completely to the fulfillment of personal ambitions. These ambitions were centered largely in her three sons, for each of whom she plotted a kingdom. It was not so much Catherine's desire to be the mother of kings as to dominate, through them, the States that they should govern.

She relaxed her ambitions sufficiently to wage war upon the obstinate Huguenots. There can be no doubt that she was directly responsible for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Her religious piety was exceeded only by her addiction to political intrigue.

Nostradamus himself, though but fifty-seven years of age, was beginning to show the effects of a life devoted to ceaseless toil. Wearied with fighting the plague, and saddened by the bitterness in his professional life, the astrologer-physician was old before his time. Already his back was bent, his long beard was quite gray, his step less firm. He leaned upon his staff as a man clings to one of life's rare certainties.

Catherine had built a chateau at Chaumont-sur-Loire. It was a fantastic place, combining her love of glory with the strange superstitions of her Italian soul. Her new palace included a great room set aside for occult experiments. Here she assembled the elaborate paraphernalia of ceremonial magic, and to this laboratory of sorcery she invited the best magicians of the day. To Catherine, prayer was not sufficient to her purposes. She constantly implored divine as-

sistance, but in order to be doubly sure that her plots worked out, she would not scorn to use the Devil's aid.

The Queen regarded Nostradamus as possessed of infinite supernatural powers. She led the astrologer to the great laboratory and commissioned him to practice there whatever arts might further her intrigues. Too wise a man not to realize the precariousness of his position, Nostradamus did the only thing possible under the circumstances; he refused to have any dealings with political concerns, and took refuge behind his prophetic abilities. Knowing what had happened to the Italian thaumaturgist, Cosimo Ruggieri, Nostradamus did not wish to end his life on the rack as had this unfortunate Florentine.

Nostradamus spent most of his life fighting the plague and the physicians, and it is an open question which he regarded as the greater evil. The "big-wigs" of medicine never have been kindly to the practitioner who departs from traditional methods. The astrologer-physician continued to practice according to his own convictions, and the more vigorously his methods were attacked, the more resolutely he defended them. Nostradamus returned to Salon after his interviews with Catherine de' Medici and resumed his private practice. His reputation was now enhanced by several almanacs he had already published, but to further complicate his affairs, his verses were pirated by unscrupulous publishers and charlatans who printed nonsense under his name. Every effort to discover the perpetrators of these impostures was in vain.

Then, in 1563, the Black Death returned; this time at Salon. For a while the astrologer found one evil substituted for another. The primary problem of survival thrust prejudice into the background. Men soon found themselves too

busy trying to preserve their own physical lives to have any time or thought for personal or public quarrels.

As usual, in their emergency, they turned to the one and only man who had never failed them, although they, in turn, had often failed him—Doctor Nostradamus. To the victims of the plague, it made little difference whether God or the Devil had brewed the medicine; their only desire was to recover! This last encounter of Nostradamus with his ancient enemy, the Black Death, wrought its havoc in the old man's life. He was never stricken with the disease, but his aging body no longer was strong enough to support him during his long vigils with the sick.

While the plague was at its height, word came that the boy King, Charles IX, accompanied by the Queen Mother, was on his way to Salon to consult Nostradamus. The stricken city was in no condition to receive the royal guests. The citizens had scattered to the countryside to escape the plague, and only after considerable effort was it possible to assemble a representative group of prominent personages to receive their majesties.

When the royal party arrived, the city fathers who could be found put on their best manners and attempted to appear impressive. The boy King looked them over and with not even a pretense of acknowledgment of their greeting, bluntly announced: "I want to see Doctor Nostradamus." The astrologer was among the delegates, and he was immediately advanced and presented to the King. There and then Charles IX bestowed upon Nostradamus the title, "Physician and Counsellor in Ordinary to His Majesty." After this royal gesture, Nostradamus enjoyed considerably more of the community's respect.

A strange life was drawing rapidly to its end. Men did not live so long in those days. Though a few attained ripe

years, there were too many hazards against health, and, measured by 16th-century standards, Nostradamus was an old man. Today he would have had many good years before him, but then only the benevolence of Providence could preserve even princes to their sixtieth year. Those not killed by the plague died of their physicians; and if they escaped the smallpox, the apothecaries poisoned them.

The gout, which had bothered Nostradamus for some years, had now turned to an arthritic dropsy, and each day the disease grew worse. At first, the doctor resolutely opposed his infirmities and outlined his usual habits. As the months passed by, however, it became increasingly difficult for him to go abroad. At last he was confined to his room. He would sit at his bench for a little time, and when the weariness grew too great would take to his bed and rest. The last months of his life—to use his own words—were spent between "bed and bench."

Like all thoughtful men, he made his will. He divided his monies among his wife and daughters, and to his "dear Anne" he left the "furnitures" of her house. His books, together with his letters, manuscripts and miscellaneous papers, he left to that one of his sons who would profit the most from the study of them. He made no inventory of his effects, but instructed that his papers should be put in baskets and locked in one of the rooms of his house until his sons should be of age. It was then to be decided which son should receive them.

He next bequeathed some monies to chapels and holy orders with consideration for the poor. His three sons were his residuary heirs. The executors of the will were Palamede Mark, Lord of Chateauneuf, and Jacques de Suffren, Escuper. In the will is an unusual section giving a detailed account



RARE PORTRAIT OF NOSTRADAMUS AS A YOUNG MAN

of 3,444 pieces of money. This description is believed to be a key to the numerical ciphers used in his predictions.

As might be expected, Nostradamus predicted his own death. On the bench beside him was the almanac of Jean Stadius, and opposite the date June 30 he had written "Hic prope mors est" (Here is death at hand). Earlier he had described the circumstance in one of his *Prophetic Presages*:

"Upon returning from a mission, gift of the King, back
to place,
Nothing more will occur, I shall have gone to God;
Near ones, friends, brothers of my blood
Will find me dead, near to the bed and the bench."

Chavigny, his faithful disciple, who visited Nostradamus on the evening of July 1, 1566, found the sick man in good spirits. He gives the following record of his last meeting with Nostradamus: "The day before he exchanged this life for a better, after I had spent many hours with him, and late at night was taking leave of him until the following morning, he said, 'You will not see me alive at sunrise.'" This, the prophet's last prediction, was fulfilled. In the morning he was found dead at his bench, an open book before him. Like the old Greek scholar, he was a student to the end.

Some fanatics once approached Nostradamus and accused him of being a sorcerer, warning him that on his death the Devil would surely come and drag him away by his feet. To which Nostradamus replied: "Go on with you, wicked, dusty feet. Never will you walk on my throat, neither during my life nor after my death."

By historians, this incident is regarded as the basis for his express desire to be buried in an upright position. So,

in accordance with his wishes, Nostradamus was buried in the wall of the Chapel of Saint Martha, in the Franciscan Church of Les Cordeliers at Salon.

The 17th-century citizens of Salon had a legend to the effect that, like the British Merlin, Nostradamus lived on in his tomb surrounded by his papers, pens, and books, and wrote more prophecies by the light of his ever-burning lamp. And whoever should lift the lid of the tomb, they believed, would perish on the spot. One remarkable account relates that when his tomb was opened, a loose stone fell and killed the man responsible for breaking into the sepulchre. A manuscript was found buried with the body stating that the man who broke into the tomb should die. By the 18th century, however, this legend had lost its terror, for in 1791 the Church of Les Cordeliers was destroyed by the Revolutionists. The remains of Nostradamus, together with those of his son, were carried to Saint Laurent and there re-interred.

His son, Caesar, placed a bust of his father above the tomb, and his widow composed the following epitaph: "Here rest the bones of the most illustrious MICHAEL NOSTRADAMUS, alone in the judgment of mortals worthy to record the future events of the entire world under the influence of the stars. He lived sixty-two years, six months and seventeen days. He died at Salon in the year 1566. Let not posterity disturb his peace. Anne Ponsart Jumelle (Gemelle) hopes for her husband true felicity."

Gradually, through the alchemy of time, the baser metals of jealousy and intolerance are transmuted into the mellow gold of human charity.

The doctors who had hated Nostradamus alive now honored Nostradamus dead. The apothecaries now remembered him only as a conscientious practitioner whose scruples were

not without justification. The religionists, both Catholic and Protestant, now found predictions in the prophet's verses favorable to their causes and decided that he had moments of true vision.

For the citizenry, however, it remained to bestow the final mark of approbation. There was already a fountain enriched by one of his quotations; but this was not deemed enough. In extraordinary session it was decreed that hereafter, and unto perpetuity, the street on which he had lived should be known as Rue Nostradamus.

The prophet lives on, not in his tomb, but in the deathless memory of time which is the final resting-place of the great.

And so it came to pass that a prophet was found at last who was *not* without honor to his own country!

The prophetic spirit, as Nostradamus calls it, began to emerge through him, but being a scientifically trained man, he was not interested in the vagaries of visions and dreams, so he set to work to organize these things mathematically. Some say this was done astrologically; others say, geomantically; but he reduced all these visions and dreams to names, times, and places, being quite disinterested in abstruse, obscure, or indefinite types of material.

Nostradamus gives us an interesting and amazing slant on the shape of things that are to come, and we cannot but realize that there must be some laws operating in Nature by which such phenomena can be produced. If it is possible for any human being, by any means whatsoever, to anticipate the future, then there must be laws governing this; there must be some image or pattern of the future for any-

one to be able to tune it in, or discover it, or become sensitive to it.

Let us consider, for example, the Nostradamus prophecy about Napoleon, previously mentioned. Napoleon had not yet been born. There was nothing available to the normal mind of man that could have told anyone that a man would be born near France, become emperor, marry twice, have one son, and die on a rock. That does not fit into the things we regard as possible, but we are beginning to realize more and more that the possible and the impossible as terms are merely limitations which we ourselves place upon things we do not know very much about; and we know so little about so much that it does not pay us to be too dogmatic about that which is possible and that which is not.

Nostradamus says that after he had completed his prophetic "Centuries" he saw a pattern or picture of world events so complicated and so awe-inspiring, so enormous in terms of human suffering and human misfortune, so horrible in the terms of the things that human beings would do to each other in the name of civilization and progress, that he wondered whether it was wise to reveal to the world the misfortunes that lay ahead. Would man's initiative, his hopes, and his dreams be shattered if he realized the terrible things that he would have to go through in order to find the peace and security that he was seeking?

Nostradamus came to the conclusion that it was not good to reveal too clearly these things that might too profoundly influence the course of human living. So he rewrote the prophecies, obscuring them, veiling them, so that only scholarship could reveal the meaning. He said: "In many instances it will be impossible to interpret my prophecy until the event itself occurs. Then you will discover that I have placed

within the prophecy somewhere a key, a peculiar, limiting circumstance by which it is possible to perceive that this event, and this event only, is the fulfillment of it." Here is an example of it.

Nostradamus wrote, "The French shall advance toward Montgolfier and a man under the hole shall give the warning." Studious checking did not disclose any place in France, or in the French Empire, called "Montgolfier." What happened was this. Nearly 200 years afterward, the Montgolfier brothers invented the hot-air balloon. The first use of this balloon was for military observation; therefore, the line is explained and we can see exactly what he meant when he said "the man under the hole will give the warning," because the old hot-air balloon had a large hole directly over the basket.

That was the way in which he prepared his predictions, obscure and difficult to interpret until the event had fulfilled itself. Not only did he anticipate exact details, but he described a great number of inventions and devices unknown to his own day. He described accurately tanks, airplanes, submarines, aerial warfare. He even described "the globes that will drop from the skies and will lie hidden in the earth for days while the fire burns in them, and will then explode;" they are what we call time bombs.

If you believe this to be an easy accident, try to figure out what is going to happen 100 years from now with all our perspective on the subject. Then realize that a little French doctor, living in a small town 400 years ago, who, in describing the future of America, said that in time to come the American eagle would fly against the Rising Sun. Nostradamus referred to certain things that would happen in Great Britain. In his time there was no Great Britain. He

wrote in 1560, and it was not until 1604 that James I announced the Confederation of Great Britain.

He then goes on to tell us, in his veiled language, that between now and the end of the century we are not going to have too much peace in the world. He regrets it, but with the detached attitude of the scholar he says: "It is all very sad and very terrible, but what can we do about it so long as human nature remains the same?" Wars are not caused by the gods, he says, but by the ignorance, stupidity, and short-sightedness of human beings. So long as that attitude remains there will be no peace, regardless of legislation, world courts, or anything else on earth.

Nostradamus says that the great arc is moving gradually and inevitably toward the year 1997. He is very specific about that date which will be the time of a great war between the East and the West. That is when a united and consolidated Asia, including the Japanese islands, China, India, Siberia, and Mongolia, will form one great empire.

Then it is that the great King of the East will rise and go to war in the air. And in this war, flying machines will be so numerous and will move so continuously across the sky that the sun will be darkened as though by the flight of locusts, and death and destruction shall fall upon the earth. This war will determine the rulership of the whole earth. 1997 is the date. I imagine that most of us will be a little weary of life by that time.

However, Nostradamus does not say that there is no possibility of avoiding this war, but he declares the avoidance of it demands and depends upon basic changes in human nature. Without those changes this great event cannot be prevented. He does not tell us the outcome of that war, except by indirection, but he goes on to say that after that

war the great prophet will arise in Christendom. The presbyter, or new priest, will reform and revitalize the entire structure of the Christian faith.

We are led to assume from these statements that Western civilization will not be destroyed, because Nostradamus goes on to describe happenings in the West which imply that Asia does not conquer the Occident, although she would struggle greatly to accomplish this.

Nostradamus describes very accurately and definitely such phenomena as radio, the sending of words and thought and pictures through the air, pictures that move, and innumerable inventions and discoveries that are to come. Being not only a scholarly man, but a philosophical-minded man with a great dream of the common good in the background of his nature, he also dreams forward to consequences of the things we are passing through. He tells us that these experiences are the inevitable result of the immaturity, the childishness of human beings; that only through undergoing these experiences can we grow up, and that only when we grow up can our world mature.

Nostradamus tells us that there is no possible hope for the Golden Age, where we will live together in peace and security, until human beings have experienced and suffered enough to realize that this security is more important to them than the small, selfish actions they perform which destroy that security. In other words, peace must be earned. It must be earned, not only in the relationship of nations, but also in the relationship of individuals.

As long as we do not want to talk to our own relatives, as long as we squabble with our children and fight with our neighbors, there can be no hope of international peace, because the international unit is nothing more or less than the

enlarged reflection of our daily living cast upon the affairs of State.

Nostradamus describes the twenty-one democratic powers that would unite against the great league of Berlin and Rome. He says that these and other nations would dream the dream of a great commonwealth of peoples, that they would attempt to establish a great common civilization based upon the basic principles of civilization; that is, that weakness is something to protect—not exploit. He declares that all of these dreams would be dreamed, but that we would not be able to live up to them; we would accomplish a little each time, but we would fall back a little each time.

We would go on in this crab-like manner until, finally, after the fullness of experience, we should become rich enough in values to be able to plan and dream of a world in which we should so greatly desire peace and security that we would work for those things with the same enthusiasm that we now have for personal gain. Only when the common good means more to the average citizen than his own profits, can the common good be expected in the world. That is the substance and burden of the moral philosophy of Nostradamus.

Nostradamus says that he sees ships going forth to war, the sides of the ships painted in curious designs and colors to deceive the enemy. He sees men making ships out of iron that will float, and steel fish that swim under the sea and shoot death out of their mouths. He describes the advent of Oliver Cromwell in England. (He doesn't call him Cromwell, he calls him Old Noll, which, curiously enough, is exactly what the English nicknamed Cromwell when he did come along.) He describes the red beard that would plague Europe. The red beards that plagued Europe in the century when Nostradamus lived belonged to the great family of North

African pirates—the Barbarossas. He refers to the Spanish people as the stuttering race because of the impediment in Philip II's speech, which resulted in the soft "th" of the Spanish language; it was copied from the lisping of the King.

This event occurred later but Nostradamus picks it up just to indicate that he doesn't miss small details in passing. He describes how the Pope would lose temporal power when the great black beard came to Italy, but that the papal State would emerge as a free country. He describes the development of the Panama Canal—"the great ditch that would unite the oceans"—and of the Suez Canal under the premiership of Disraeli.

Nostradamus describes the Great Fire of London and dates it exactly. He writes much that has to do with America, which he usually calls the Hesperic Isles. On one occasion, however, he definitely calls it Amerique. This is when he says that the child shall leave his parents' house and take up his own abode as a sovereign State. He describes the modern Russians, calling them the Reds, and he predicts the rise of the Slav.

He predicts revolutions of various kinds affecting countries of the Near East; the terrific sorrow that comes to Greece and the flight of the Greek king. He calls Victor Emmanuel of Italy the French king upon the Italian throne, which is correct because the House of Savoy, the Italian ruling house, is a French house. Nostradamus says that the little king would lose his throne as a result of the fall of the duke. All of these things he brings to us step by step.

In all, Nostradamus wrote 1,000 verses which involve 2,500 predictions. Of these about 800 have already been fulfilled, and the others relate either to the future or to events which cannot be checked. For instance, Nostradamus

says that the young Dauphin of France, the son of Louis XVI, would not die in prison. According to history, he died in prison. But a statement issued by the Dutch government about 50 years later states that he did not die in prison.

We do not know. Nostradamus may have been right, but history is not detailed enough regarding certain events to tell us whether a certain king was murdered by a certain man. However, over 800 of Nostradamus' predictions have been identified and clearly related to the events indicated—those which relate to the future can only be looked forward to.

Beyond and greater than the entire problem of Nostradamus as a universal genius—and he was that—is another problem; that is, what is the principle in Nature by which Nostradamus' predictions were made possible? They contradict everything that we have regarded as reasonable and practical. How is it possible to read the future if the future does not exist? Regardless of powers, how are we going to see something that is not there?

There is only one answer and that is that the future cannot be so abstract or unformed as we generally regard it. Most scientists can make some predictions. A doctor can make a prediction about the probable course of a disease, but there is no known method for predicting what an unborn person is going to be named or what he will do in his lifetime. We do not know how it is done, but Nostradamus did it.

Nostradamus said that after he had learned how to prognosticate, he was so frightened by the magnitude of his discovery that he burned the documents, the books, and manuscripts which had belonged to his family for centuries and which contained the secret formula for making predictions, for fear that they would be passed on to us.

The whole issue is far more than an issue in prophecy; it concerns our conclusions and convictions about reality

and unreality, the known and the unknown. It is a terrific challenge, if we wish to consider it, but most people follow the method of deciding that it is too much of a challenge, and that it is better to ignore it than to worry about it. We cannot *disprove* it; we have no inclination to accept it, so a dignified ignoring is the selected path of procedure.

Now and then thoughtful people accept these problems for what they are worth, study them, and then discoveries are made. Things are worked out by which progress in the race is achieved. To me, the basic interest of Nostradamus is not in his prophecies at all, but in the mechanics of universal Nature by means of which it is possible to predict accurately the tomorrow. To do this, there is only one possible answer—somewhere, some way, tomorrow exists *now*, or nobody could find it and predict from it.

There is something about time and space that we do not understand, and it is a very optimistic person who will deny the possibility of there being much that we do not understand. We are little beings isolated in space, cast away on a little island which we call earth, about which we know almost nothing—and about the larger space we know less. Therefore, we must recognize the possibility of the presence of laws and forces in Nature which, while unfamiliar and unbelievable to us, may be perfectly real and may be the normal acceptance of tomorrow. Surely, were George Washington to be born again today with the memory of his own time, he would be vastly amazed at the things we are doing now—it would seem nothing less than miraculous.

EPILOGUE

The townsfolk of Salon named a street in honor of their distinguished citizen, Nostradamus, and a public fountain was also dedicated to his memory. With the passing of years, legends multiplied, and they grew with the telling. Many of these myths unquestionably originated in actual occurrences, but others are obviously fabrications. Possibly the most interesting of the semi-historical legends are those involved in the story of "The man who could keep a secret"—and did.

In the month of April, 1597, thirty-one years after the death of Nostradamus, an artisan of Salon, whose name unfortunately is not recorded, returned to his home after a long day at his bench; and after a substantial meal, retired to rest. He was a man of small imagination and not given to any special interest in the supernatural. At the midnight hour, he was awakened by a strange chilliness that seemed to fill the entire house. As he sat up in his bed, terrified, the walls of his room appeared to open, and the spirit of Michael Nostradamus, surrounded by an aura of flickering lights, came out of space and stood at the foot of his bed.

The occult physician-magician appeared exactly as in life; he wore the black robe of a scholar, and his long gray beard shone with a silvery fire.

The spectre addressed the artisan, ordering him to go to the Intendant of the province and demand letters to King Louis XIV. These letters should provide for a private audience with the monarch.

"What thou art to say to the King," declared the spectre, "thou wilt not be informed of until the day of thy being at court, when I shall appear to thee again, and give thee full

instructions; but remember thy life depends on absolute secrecy towards everyone save the Intendant."

After repeated warnings that, on pain of death, must no person be told of the apparition or the purpose of its coming, the ghost returned to space, and the walls of the little room closed again.

The artisan was terrified; for several minutes he lay in his bed moaning and praying, beside himself with fear. His good wife, disturbed by the commotion, hastened to his side and pleaded with him to tell her the cause of his fear. At last, desperate at the plight in which he found himself, the artisan bound the woman to secrecy and told her the story.

As he finished speaking, the room was violently shaken and a voice said, "I wanted you to tell no one, on pain of death." At the same instant a blinding flash of light filled the room, and the artisan was stricken dead in his bed.

This extraordinary incident caused great commotion in the little French town. There were many private discussions and several public meetings among the burghers. Soon others were visited by the ghost, and each in turn was bound to secrecy. And each in some way and from some cause betrayed the trust, and died.

The epidemic of mysterious deaths became a principal subject of conversation not only at Salon, but throughout France; for the fame of the great departed seer was known in every district and province.

In Salon was a blacksmith named Francois Michel. Included among his neighbors were two brothers, one of whom had recently died as the result of informing his brother of Nostradamus' ghostly visit. One night Nostradamus came to Michel the farrier under conditions exactly the same as they were on his first appearance. A happy man was Francois Michel, and he had a great desire to live a normal ex-

pectancy of his years. He agreed to fulfill the demands of the spirit, and fortified the decision with the resolve that not even torture should cause him to betray the trust.

He went immediately to the Intendant, but had considerable difficulty in securing an interview, for the official believed the poor blacksmith to be of unsound mind. But in time he secured the ear of the officer, and told him of the letters to the King that must be prepared exactly as Nostradamus had required. The farrier, a practical and direct man, closed his interview with the words, "I can readily conceive, your Excellency, that I must seem to you to be playing an exceedingly ridiculous part; but if you will be pleased to order your officials to examine into the late sudden deaths in our town, I flatter myself that your Excellency will again send for me."

The Intendant made a thorough search into all the circumstances of the deaths and, convinced that some strange supernatural force was at work, decided on his own responsibility to send Francois Michel to Versailles with the special dispatches to M. de Baobefieux, the Minister of State. The Intendant went so far as to supply funds for the journey, and wished the bewildered blacksmith success in his strange mission.

Francois Michel arrived at Versailles by coach without the slightest idea as to what he should say to the Minister of State when he presented his letters. As he arrived late in the day, after a long journey, he decided to rest in a local inn for the night.

At low twelve, the witching hour of spirits, the curtain of the great canopied bed parted, and the ghost of Nostradamus stood beside the blacksmith. The shade of the dead sorcerer dictated to Francois, word by word, the message he was to deliver to M. de Baobefieux. At this time also,

Nostradamus revealed the secret message that was to be given to the King.

"Many difficulties will be laid in your way," concluded the spectre, "in obtaining this private audience; but beware of desisting from your purpose, and of letting your secret be drawn from you by the Minister or anyone else, under pain of instant death."

The Minister of State tried in every possible way to force Francois to reveal his message for the King, but the farrier was not moved, and maintained absolute silence respecting the dreadful message which he could confide solely to the King.

M. de Baobefieux finally intimated that without more explanation he could not request for an unknown blacksmith a private audience with His Majesty. Francois solved this dilemma with the following words: "That your Excellency may not think that what I am instructed to tell the King is all a mere farce, be pleased to say to His Majesty that at the last hunting party at Fontainebleau, His Majesty himself saw the apparition, that his horse took fright at it, and started aside, and that His Majesty, as the appearance was only momentary, took it for a deception of sight, and therefore abstained from mentioning it to anyone."

The Minister of State, gathering his courage, reported to Louis XIV the incident of Francois' arrival and the extraordinary story he had related. To his surprise, the King commanded that the farrier be brought to the palace at the first possible moment. King Louis admitted that he had seen the apparition in the forest in Fontainebleau.

So it came about that the farrier had private audience with the King. He remained at the court of the Grande Monarque for three days, and much of this time he spent in the private cabinet of the King. At the end of the strange

visit, Francois took public leave of the King, whose manner on the occasion was most gracious and appreciative. At the time of the parting, the Duc de Duras, who was Captain of the King's guards, remarked apologetically to the King, "Sire, if your Majesty had not expressly ordered me to bring this man to your presence, I should never have done it, for most assuredly he is only a fool!"

Louis answered this with a strange smile, murmuring, "My dear Duras, thus it is that men frequently judge falsely of others; Francois is a more sensible man than you and your friends imagine."

Through the devious ways of court life, the visit of the blacksmith of Salon to Louis le Grande came to general public knowledge. Every effort was made to discover the nature of the message he had brought; but even those who knew the deepest mysteries of the State were unable to find out what transpired between Francois Michel and Louis XIV.

Speculations were innumerable, and for some years every move that Louis made was examined in the effort to discover if his actions were influenced by some supernatural counsel. The most common explanation was that the message in some way involved the program of French influence in Spain by which the grandson of Louis gained the Spanish throne.

Francois the farrier received a handsome present from the Minister of State and returned to Salon, with strict injunctions that he should never mention to any living soul what had transpired between himself and the King.

The good blacksmith had but one weakness of interest to our story. He would occasionally join his cronies in a local tavern and tittle with them far into the night. On these occasions, he would become quite garrulous, and frequently

the subject of their conversation was his great journey to the King. One of his companions would ask laughingly, "Come Francois, tell us your secret, if you have one." But even when the farrier's tongue was well loosened, he never forgot the warnings of the ghost of Nostradamus, and his lips were sealed. One writer has pointed out that his silence was as intense and complete as that of the celebrated Count Von Moltke, of whom it has been well said, "He was able to hold his tongue in seven languages."

Further fame came to the blacksmith of Salon; his portrait was painted by M. de Rouillet, the outstanding artist of his day. The picture was extensively engraved and copies are still to be seen in collections of old French prints. They depict Francois Michel as a grave and intelligent-looking man of about forty, with a strange somewhat mystical look in his face. In his painting, the artist caught the stubborn silence of a man who had seen something from the other world, and had the wit and courage to take his secret with him to the grave.



FRANCIS BACON THE CONCEALED POET

The true authorship of the dramatic works attributed to William Shakspeare is the greatest mystery of literature. It has been apparent to many scholars that the Stratfordshire actor lacked the intellectual equipment to produce the histories, comedies, and tragedies associated with his name. The universal law of cause and effect demands that a great accomplishment should proceed from an adequate cause. When this law appears to be broken, the subject generally requires further examination.

Who was William Shakspeare? What was his background? What were his opportunities? How did it happen that an obscure apprentice to a village butcher suddenly and without apparent justification emerged into the light of fame as the greatest dramatist of all time?

William Shakspeare was born in the little village of Stratford-on-Avon in 1564. Of his early life little is known. The humble estate of his forebears is suggested by the fact that the family home bordered on the village dumping grounds.

There is nothing to indicate that his ancestry had been burdened by any touch of genius, nor is there any intimation that his parents were even literate.

While poverty is no disgrace, and greatness frequently arises from humble origin, it is generally possible to trace the circumstances which lift a man to an heroic estate. But there is no record, contemporary or otherwise, that Willy Shakspeare possessed great ambitions or extraordinary personal qualifications.

The glowing descriptions of Willy Shakspeare's dreamy childhood and poetic adolescence belong to a sphere of wishful thinking. Only three reasonably established facts emerge from the obscurity which shrouds Shakspeare's younger years. He poached on a rich man's game preserves, and for this he was haled into court for what his biographers have called an "amusing" episode.

Also, the townsfolk of Stratford remembered the day when the young poet-to-be fell face down in the village horse-trough in a state of complete inebriation. He was dragged out and left to dry on the adjacent green. This incident also is passed over lightly as a shadow across the path of greatness.

More creditable is the record of his apprenticeship to the Stratford butcher. While this may have been the beginning of his career as a respectable citizen, it held little promise of outstanding literary ability.

The educational opportunities of Stratford require consideration. Every effort has been made to prove the cultural opportunities of the community. There was a primary school at Stratford, historians solemnly avow. Here Master William learned the three R's. By this fact, the whole mystery of his life is explained. It is even "supposed" that the school-master

took an interest in the youthful prodigy, tutoring him generously in the fine arts.

Literally and factually, it is exceedingly doubtful that any school existed in Stratford until after Shakspeare's death, and the genial schoolmaster retreats to the state of hypothesis. There is no proof of any kind that William Shakspeare learned to read or write while in Stratford, or, for that matter, anywhere else. Literacy was not regarded as essential to success among tradesmen during the Elizabethan Period. In fact, education as a whole was regarded with suspicion. Even princes were ashamed to acknowledge that they could write more than their own names. There were professional scribes employed by the gentry, and these were regarded as little better than lackeys.

Sixteenth-century Stratford was an isolated community connected with London by an irregular coach system. There was little travel and almost no contact between the smaller shires and the great metropolitan centers. When the English raised their armies to fight Spain, the militia from the shires had to bring interpreters with them because the local dialects were so involved and obscure that the men could not understand each other's speech.

Later, we are induced to believe that William Shakspeare, enjoying at best a most inadequate local education and speaking a meaningless jargon, was already on his way to literary immortality while still serving his time with the local meat-chopper.

It must occur to the thoughtful reader that something is wrong with this picture. Allowing that Shakspeare possessed a prodigious capacity for learning, how did he satisfy his thirst for knowledge? Even his most enthusiastic biographers are at a loss to explain this mystery. They can only advance the opinion that in some way he did educate himself, and

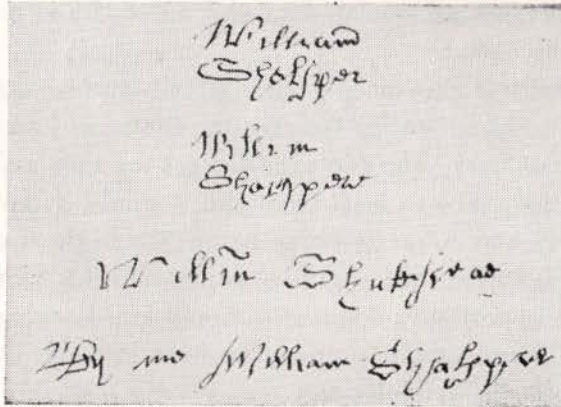
in the process accumulated so vast an erudition that he excelled the ages.

During this process of external self-improvement, Willy Shakspeare had time for the oft sung romantic interlude with Anne Hathaway. The two families got together and decided that in deference to local tradition, it would be appropriate for Willy and Anne to marry before the birth of their first child. Shakspeare was a grudging party to this plan, and at the first opportunity deserted kith and kin. Leaving his wife and children without support, he hied himself off to London to become an immortal.

This domestic irresponsibility is passed over lightly by historians as a classic example of artistic temperament.

Having arrived in London, our young hero passed through a period of starving and struggling that would have gladdened the heart of Horatio Alger. His earliest association with the theater is unanimously agreed upon by his biographers—he held horses' heads at the theater doors and eked out his economic survival from the gratuities resulting therefrom. Soon after this menial apprenticeship he emerges as a playwright. There are no records to show how this came about, but some delightful myths have been fabricated about Master William burning the midnight oil. He dabbled a bit in acting, but never achieved any prominence as a thespian; even the most optimistic and devoted Shakespeareans cannot advance any evidence that he ever enjoyed top billing.

His private life in London is a complete blank historically. There is no record that he ever traveled or studied, or that he enjoyed the patronage of the truly learned. The account of Shakspeare reading his plays to Queen Elizabeth is apocryphal, but there is a statement to the effect that the members of the theatrical troupe to which he belonged received an allotment of scarlet cloth so that they could make



THE SIGNATURES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

These scrawls are the only original autographs of the immortal bard. Can such writings be reconciled with the statement in the *First Folio* that the original manuscript of the plays was "without blot or blemish"? Consider well the structure of the letters. There is not even uniformity of style, nor is the spelling better than the penmanship. Are we to believe that the world's greatest poet could not decide upon the spelling of his own name? Are these signatures the product of a man whose mind conceived the greatest soliloquies of literature? It appears much more likely, as some have suggested, that Shaksper's hand was guided when he wrote, and that these poor tracings represent the extent of his literacy.

new cloaks with which to take part in a parade through the streets of London. This appears to have been a high point in the great man's career.

By 1598 the great plays were being published with some regularity. They were decently printed in octavo pamphlets, some anonymously, some with the name William Shakespeare variously spelled fixed to the titles, and some initialed W. S. There is no record to indicate the financial returns from these literary productions, and their extreme rarity

today would indicate that the editions were not large. It never has been proved that Shaksper received any royalties from his literary efforts.

As actors and playwrights of the 16th and early 17th centuries enjoyed no reputation unless it was bestowed upon them by powerful patronage, there is little to sustain the belief that Shaksper could have accumulated any great wealth from these activities. He finally acquired a small interest in some theatrical projects which may have provided him with a modest pittance and supplied the ink which he is said to have used "without blot or blemish."

After a number of years in London, years which historians have tried desperately but futilely to account for, the great man returned to Stratford and the bosom of his family. He returned as a financial giant, bought one of the best houses in Stratford, and set himself up as a pillar of local respectability.

To exhibit the versatility of his genius, the poet then became the practical business man. It is pointed out with pardonable pride that even in this respect he was original in the extreme. There is a contemporary document to indicate that he entered the brewing business for which, on one occasion, he made a considerable purchase of hops. The letter relating to this purchase is now one of the priceless Shaksperian documents.

As an avocation, the bard took up money-lending. To demonstrate his refined sense of business propriety he pressed a loan for two shillings, and when the debtor could not pay, sued his surety. This is touchingly reminiscent of Shakespeare's philosophy of economics as expressed in the character of Shylock.

Having become truly a man of world affairs and a leading citizen of his community, the great poet took time to

prepare his will. With touching domesticity he bequeathed his second-best bed and his "broad silver gilt bowl." He neglected, however, to make any disposition, or even to make mention, of his literary productions. The will is not in his own handwriting, but was prepared by a notary, and there is question as to whether the actual signatures are his own.

The closing years of his life were uneventful except for mild participation in local politics. The circumstances surrounding his death were somewhat mysterious. It would seem that the immediate cause of his decease was a barroom brawl. His great and noble heart could not stand the strain and stopped abruptly.

He was buried quietly, presumably at Stratford Church. Some years later a half-length figure of him with the hands resting on a sack of malt was erected to his memory. The epitaph, supposed to have been prepared by his own hand, enriched his tomb. The depth and sublimity of the lines have been noted many times.

"GOOD FRENDE FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESE BE YE MAN TY SPARES THES STONES,
AND CURST BE HE TY MOVES MY BONES."

So passed the crowning glory of the literary world, the glorious Apollo of poesy, the mind that enriched the English language, whose artistry elevated drama to its highest pinnacle, the beloved son of the muses.

Was there ever a more incredible state of affairs? Did ever Nature more completely contradict herself? An author, not one scrap of whose manuscript is known to exist, a literateur who never wrote a letter and received but one as far as is known; a man who presented himself with family arms

without benefit of the college of heraldry; a man learned above other mortals whose daughter Judith, being of sound mind and body, and being of mature years, could not write her own name, but merely made her mark.

This is the historical William Shakspeare of whom not even an authentic picture survives. Is it any wonder then that the best thing that Ben Jonson could say of him was that he "knew small Latin and less Greek?" Is it greatly to be wondered at that there has dawned slowly on sincere scholars the subtle conviction that it is quite possible William Shakspeare was not the sole and entire author of the plays that bear his name?

THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORSHIP

If William Shakspeare did not write the plays attributed to him, the problem is to discover the true author or authors thereof and the reasons for the imposture. There is nothing in the life of William Shakspeare known that could have fitted or qualified him as a great literary genius. Nothing short of the miraculous can explain the discrepancies between his life and his supposed works. Before resorting to a doctrine of miracles, we should be wiser to search for reasonable solutions.

To summarize certain somewhat outstanding and obvious points:

The author of the Shakespeare plays must have possessed a superlative education. Shakspeare had little, if any.

The author required a broad scholarship in languages, both classical and contemporary. Shakspeare had no opportunity to acquire such learning.

The author traveled widely and was familiar with the customs, social conditions, political structure, and geographi-

cal particulars of numerous countries. There is no *record* that Shakspeare ever left England.

The author had a profound knowledge of academic law, both theoretical and practical. There is nothing to indicate that Shakspeare received such training.

The author possessed an intimate knowledge of the court of England, court usage, and the psychology of the aristocracy. It is extremely unlikely that the Stratford actor would enjoy such intimate contact with a sphere so far from his own.

The author had an exceptional grasp of the great systems of world philosophy, including the Platonic and the Aristotelian, and was himself proficient in the interpretation of philosophical formulas. There is nothing to intimate that Shakspeare was so trained.

The author must have possessed a considerable library, or, at least, have had constant access to such material with a knowledge of its use. We do not know that William Shakspeare ever owned a book.

The author had definite revolutionary opinions concerning governmental and political reforms, and the larger problems of statecraft. Such considerations were far beyond the ken of a humble playwright or actor.

These points are typical of a great many others which arise and reveal themselves in a critical analysis of the Shakespearean plays. The search for an author or compiler must be directed toward some person possessing these external qualifications. It is most unlikely that such a man could have remained obscure during his own time. He should, therefore, be sought among the outstanding intellects of his day.

An examination of the plays of other 17th-century play-

wrights quickly reveals the towering superiority of the Shakespearean productions. Beaumont and Fletcher wrote great plays, as did likewise Ben Jonson and William Devenant. But the transcendent genius of the Shakespearean dramas is absent; the immense grasp of human emotion is not there; the profound knowledge of human nature is missing. The superlative skill which discovers drama in everything and the great erudition which plumbs the depth of human purpose belong not to the playwright alone, but to some far greater type of mind.

At various times, students of the controversy have advanced a variety of solutions. Some are of the opinion that the plays were the work of no single man, but of a group, each member supplying a specialized type of knowledge. Robert Devere, Earl of Oxford, has been suggested as a possible author. But he resembles William Shakspeare in one particular; it is necessary to build a great part of the case for him upon implication and intimation.

During the last century, the attention of the thoughtful has been fixed largely on the person of Francis Bacon as the logical claimant to the distinction of authorship. He is the only man of his time of whom it is positively known that he possessed every quality required of the unknown author. He was the one man in England whose learning was encyclopedic and whose station and personal tastes fitted him for so complicated a labor. As investigation proceeds, the case for Francis Bacon unfolds naturally and reasonably; and most important of all, the purpose of the plays becomes apparent.

Let us, therefore, now consider briefly the life of this remarkable man who justly has been called the "wonder of the ages."

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS BACON

Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England, was born in York House, London, January 22, 1561.

According to history, he was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and Lady Anne Bacon, a woman distinguished for her scholarship in classical languages. From his earliest years, Bacon was in frequent contact with the Elizabethan Court. The Queen herself was especially fond of the child whom she affectionately called her "little Lord Keeper." As a young boy, Bacon exhibited unusual precocity of mind. He made profound and learned remarks which greatly amused his elders, and in his early teens evinced an interest in the drama and the stage. A masque which he had written was performed before the Queen and her court by a company of youthful players under Bacon's leadership.

It is noteworthy that several portraits of Bacon were painted while he was still a child. Such honor was reserved for the truly great and indicates the estimation in which his family and person were held.

Bacon was educated at Oxford. By his sixteenth year he became so dissatisfied with the scholastic doctrines of this institution that he asked to be removed on the grounds that there was nothing further that the university could teach him. He was a source of constant bewilderment and embarrassment to his instructors, who found it impossible to cope with his brilliant intellect.

Almost immediately thereafter, he was attached to the suite of the ambassador to France and resided for some time on the continent. There is a persistent rumor, but rather well supported, that during this time he developed an in-

fatuation for the Princess Marguerite of Navarre. The policies of state prevented the marriage, and Bacon, brokenhearted, returned to England. Though he later married, Marguerite remained to the end the one great love of his life.

Possessed of an independent spirit and finding the life of a courtier unbearable, Bacon established himself at Gray's Inn at London, setting himself up as a lawyer. Years of struggle followed. Although his legal brilliance was recognized early, he had the greatest difficulty in securing patronage and recognition. It seemed that fate conspired to force obscurity upon him. For some reason, Elizabeth, who had idolized the child, ignored the man. And it was not until her death in 1603 that his fortunes improved.

During his years of comparative obscurity, Bacon had not only continued his study of law, in which field he became a recognized but unhonored authority, but found time to publish a number of tracts, most of them of a legal nature. His first printed work, the *Essays*, is now regarded as one of his finest achievements and one of the great books of the English language.

The ascent of James I brought Bacon the advancement which he so justly deserved. Referring to the debt which he owed his King, Bacon said: "His Majesty eleven times advanced me, eight times by preferments and three times by estate." He was first knighted, then given the Barony of Verulam with its houses and lands, and finally created Viscount St. Albans. His public career reached its peak when he was named Chancellor of England, the highest honor that could be conferred upon him by the King. As Lord Chancellor, Bacon became the virtual ruler of England and the most powerful man in the realm.

During these years of political advancement, the scholarship of Bacon was ripening. Many learned works flowed



FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, HIGH
CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND

from his pen, including the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* or the Advancement of Learning, and his great masterpiece, the *Novum Organum* or the new instrument of human reason. These works revolutionized the whole theory of scholarship and have won for Bacon the added title of "the father of

modern science." Nor was he less in the field of philosophy; even in his own time he was regarded as a reborn Plato in whom all learning was complete. The excellence of his literary style was little less remarkable than the brilliance of his erudition. Even the records of his pleadings before the court and his miscellaneous legal papers have been described as possessing a matchless elegance. His prose is a kind of poetry, each word carefully chosen, each phrase beautifully rounded. Possibly it was in tribute to his literary skill that the manuscript of the great King James translation of the Bible was entrusted to him for editorial revision.

Among his numerous activities, Lord Bacon was responsible for the distribution of land grants in the new world of America. It was his task to divide this territory among certain noble families of England. The *New Atlantis*, one of the most idealistic fragments of his writings, is believed to have been inspired by his vision of the opportunities of the New World. Here the Platonic empire of the philosophic elect could be re-established and men could live together in a camaraderie of knowledge.

Seldom has history produced a man of so diversified accomplishments. He did many things, and the wonder is that he did them all superbly. It is rare to find a great politician who is a great philosopher. But, when we add to these talents the fact that he was likewise a great scientist and an acknowledged master of the English language, we know why he has been termed "the noblest birth of time."

It is inevitable that so brilliant a man should have had enemies. It is the fate of greatness to be envied. In a day given to treasons and stratagems, it would not have been possible for such brilliance to have escaped persecution. The result was the famous bribery trial in which the Lord

Chancellor's power was broken. He was found guilty by a jury of his peers, or, correctly, by a jury of jealous men who feared his power. The most recent edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in summing up the case, states definitely that a review of Bacon's entire legal career does not indicate that any decision which he ever handed down was influenced by personal motives or personal advantage. The article further notes that his decisions would be sustained by any modern court of law as just and equitable, and brilliantly arrived at.

The court that convicted Bacon stripped him of his estates and honors, but these were restored to him by the King himself, and the fines imposed upon him were forgiven by the Crown. It has been said that he never again sat in Parliament, but this is disputed. In the closing years of his life, he was called back on at least one occasion when his judgment and knowledge were necessary to the preservation of the State.

Secure in the respect of his King and honored throughout Europe for his scholarship, Bacon retired to his estate at Gorhambury to devote the remainder of his life to literary and scientific pursuits. In a letter to Bacon, King James declares that great as Bacon's services have been to the State, his services to mankind have been still greater. It were better for posterity that his Lordship should devote his declining years to completing his priceless contributions to human knowledge than that he should continue his political activities.

If we are to believe the historical records, Francis Bacon departed from this life in the sixty-sixth year of his age. The immediate cause was quinsy of the throat resulting from a curious and somewhat unbelievable accident—his Lordship caught cold while plucking a frozen chicken. There are

contradictory statements as to where he died. Three locations are given. A monument to him stands in the church at St. Albans and this has been supposed to mark his tomb. The epitaph when translated reads: "Let compounds be dissolved." His secretary is buried at the base of the statue.

As Bacon died without issue, the estates of Verulam reverted to the Crown and the present Lord of Verulam is not a descendant of Bacon. The old Gorhambury house stands a bleak and deserted ruin a short distance from the town of St. Albans.

In his will, Bacon returned his soul to God and his good name he left to other nations and other times, and to his own nation after a certain time had passed.

THE MYSTERY OF FRANCIS BACON

Modern Baconians have assembled a quantity of important information relating to Lord Bacon which does not appear in the published histories of the man. While Baconians are not in common agreement on all points, a survey of the substance of their conclusions is necessary to an understanding of the claims which they present for Bacon.

Our present space permits only a brief outline of these findings, and those wishing to enlarge their knowledge of the subject or to verify the particulars of this digest are referred to such standard texts as *The Bi-Literal Cipher* by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, *Francis Bacon and His Secret Society* by Mrs. Henry Potts, *Bacon is Shakespeare* by Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, the several works by W. F. C. Wigston, and the first half of the monumental volume by Ignatius Donnelly, his *Great Cryptogram*, which is most informative. The work of Dr. Orville W. Owens entitled *Sir*

Francis Bacon's Cipher Story reflects the most painstaking research.

The substance of these findings is as follows:

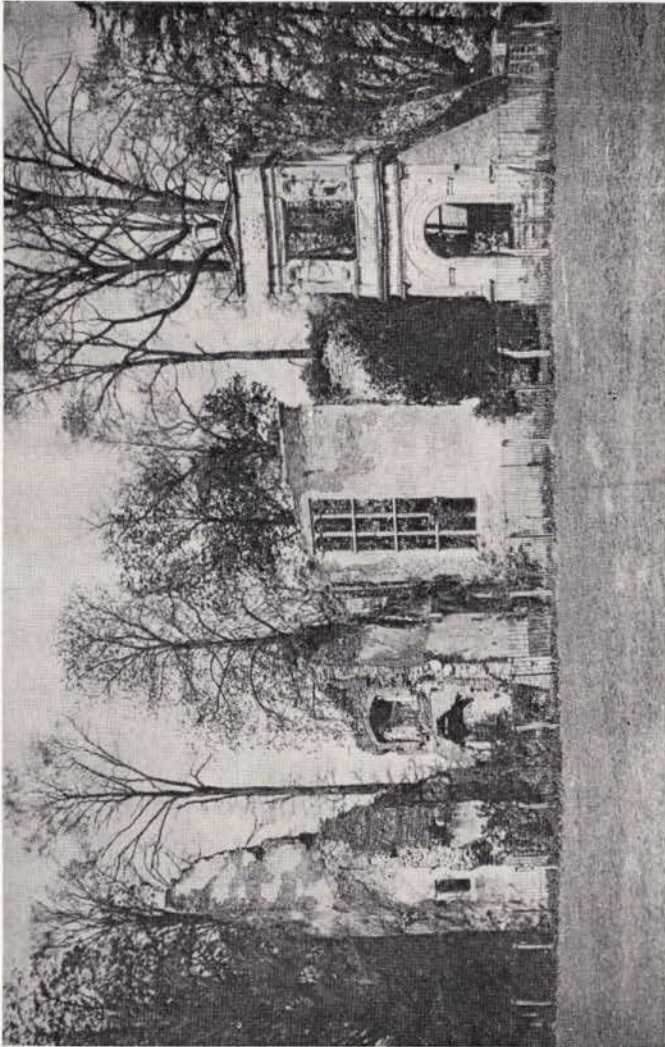
Francis Bacon was the legitimate offspring of the secret marriage of Queen Elizabeth and her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Robert Devereux, the ill-fated Earl of Essex, was Francis Bacon's younger brother, whose ambitions to the crown were founded upon much better grounds than optimism. The Earl of Leicester was poisoned, if not with the consent, at least with the knowledge of Queen Elizabeth. Francis Bacon, therefore, was Francis Tudor, Prince of Wales, and the legitimate heir to the crown of England.

It had been the intention of the Queen to dispose of the child, but she was deflected from this course by the entreaties of her most faithful councilor, Sir Nicholas Bacon. At about the time of Francis' birth, Lady Anne Bacon was also confined, but her child was born dead. Francis was substituted for Lady Anne's dead son and was reared without knowledge of his true parentage.

It was my privilege a few years ago to see a photostat of an engraving in the British Museum depicting the confinement of Queen Elizabeth. It was customary at a royal birth for the entire court to be present. Therefore, a great number of persons were privy to the event, but all were bound to secrecy on pain of death.

Queen Elizabeth had a violent temper and in one of her fits of rage she inadvertently revealed to Bacon the truth concerning his parentage, the knowledge of which changed the entire course of his life. He believed that before her death Elizabeth would acknowledge him. It was with this hope that he aspired to the hand of Marguerite of Navarre.

When Bacon discovered the conspiracy that had been wrought against him and his father, his respect for Elizabeth



THE RUINS OF BACON'S HOME AT GORHAMBURY

was destroyed, and her regard for him turned to a bitter hatred. It was for this reason that she refused to recognize his abilities at any time during her reign.

The personal temperament of Bacon must be considered at this point. He is described as of small stature and with an unhealthful constitution. His youthful mind, saddened and outraged by the injustice of which he was the victim, took on a certain bitterness and melancholy. He resolved to dedicate his life to several purposes grounded in his own affairs. First, if he could not gain his crown, he would build an empire of his own, an empire of secret learning that should ultimately confound the corruptions of the great. Second, the true story of his life should not perish, but should be preserved to posterity as a human document and as a witness to his real estate. Third, he would discover devious means to prick the consciences of those responsible for the murder of his father and the tragedy which overshadowed his own life.

He was too great a man, however, to be lost in bitterness. For the preservation of his own existence, he turned to philosophy where he found reasons and solutions. His learning was designed first as a comfort to himself, but as his character mellowed with mature years, humanitarian instincts within led him to plan for the general improvement of mankind. His own sadness brought him a realization of the sorrows of others, and he became the champion of numerous virtues which were failing due to the corruption of the times.

He was a quiet and reserved man, given to no dissipations and dedicated to what he believed to be a calling worthy of his true estate. He was a king and as a king he would live and die, honored not by birth but by merit, remembered not for family but for personal accomplishment,

and possessed of those qualities which to him represented true leadership. He plunged into the sea of learning; he sailed his little ship of thought out between the intellectual pillars of Hercules into the great sea of the unknown.

The complex internal life of Bacon is the true parent of his genius. His introversion resulted in an almost fanatical intensity of purpose. He fashioned himself into a living repository of learning. He saw himself as a man of destiny. In creating his kingdom upon Mount Parnassus, Bacon drew about himself many of the most brilliant minds of his time. These men, knowing the truth, were his willing servants and instruments, not only because they respected his birth, but because they respected even more his exceptional qualities. Thus even at Gray's Inn, he held court, and here he later laid the plans for his secret society and his philosophical empire, an empire of dreamers, creators, artists, poets, and scholars. He corresponded with the best thinkers of his day in other countries, and everywhere he was acknowledged as a natural leader who had been endowed by providence with the qualities of immortality.

BACON AS THE AUTHOR OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

From the foregoing it is obvious that Francis Bacon possessed in abundance the qualifications required to produce the dramatic works attributed to William Shakspeare. The evidence may be only circumstantial, but it is convincing enough to justify further examination. The objections which arise naturally in those accustomed to accept Shakspearean authorship can be met with a broad array of additional evidence.

The first problem to be considered is: Was Bacon a poet? Did he enjoy the reputation for the production of poetic

works during his own lifetime or immediately thereafter?

The acknowledged writings of Bacon include a poetic paraphrase of some of the Psalms. He also is known to have been the author of a poem entitled *The World's a Bubble*. But the poetic works generally attributed to him would not justify his ranking among the major poets. Yet in a letter written in 1603 and published in his *Resuscitatio*, Bacon beseeches his honored friend, a Mr. Davis, "to be good, to *concealed Poets*." Howes in his appendix to Stow's *Annals* lists in order of prominence the poets that flourished in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth. In this list, Bacon's name is given preference over that of William Shakespeare. George Wither calls Bacon Chancellor of Parnassus, the mountain of the muses. *Manes Verulamiani*, a collection of posthumous tributes to Bacon's memory by the great of his own time, includes references to his Lordship's poetic abilities.

It is curious that a man ranked as a poet above Shakspeare by a contemporary historian should have left no important poetic remains. The only reasonable answer is that his poems must have been published anonymously or under a pseudonym. The solution to the problem involves an examination of the Shakespearean plays themselves. A man is known by his works. The signature of true greatness is not to be found upon the title pages of books, but in the quality of their content. We are reminded of the phrase by Ben Jonson which faces the title page of the early *Shakespeare Folios*:

". . . . Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his booke."

Among the grist that came to Bacon's mill was a certain country bumpkin, one Willy Shakspeare. This ambitious lad from the shires arrived in London penniless and unknown, but with an obliging temper. Such qualities suited Bacon's plans to a nicety. Here was a youth who longed for fame and

lacked the qualities of greatness, a would-be actor whose opinion no one would take too seriously, an obscure mouth-piece not worthy of being tried for treason even if guilty of something which resembled it. Always it has been the privilege of mountebanks to laugh at kings; but for courtiers, such hilarity is fatal.

So Willy Shakspeare emerged in print as William Shakespeare. He became the symbol of Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom who brandished her spear against the dark creatures of the world of ignorance and fear.

It is quite improbable that Francis Bacon alone and unaided produced all of the plays published under the name of William Shakespeare or later attributed to him. They were the product of Bacon's Parnassian empire, gathered, arranged, and vitalized by his personality, and each directly related to some problem in Bacon's complex mental nature. Many of the plays were drawn from older sources or compiled from fragments of contemporary dramas, but each was reclothed and repurposed, and each contained the secret story of Bacon's life and tragedy.

But Francis Bacon had no intention of being lost beneath his own pseudonym. He was determined that future ages should discover the truth. Hence he had recourse to cryptograms, ciphers, and acrostics which were an important part of the statesmanship of his time. Each prince and petty noble had a private cipher to be used in the administration of his devious politics. In *The Advancement of Learning*, Bacon not only acknowledges his own interest in ciphers, but sets forth one of the most complicated ever devised, which he himself developed and perfected while yet a lad of sixteen. Ciphers should be his weapon. With them he would reveal and yet conceal. Sometime, those who should follow after him would have the patience to decode his secret writings.



THE TITLE PAGE OF THE 1695 EDITION OF FRANCIS BACON'S *History of the Reign of King Henry VIII*.

Fortune stands upon the "Globe" Theater, turning the wheel adorned with various symbols, including the grave-digger's spade and the crown of England. The actor, in his stage boots, and with his sword on backwards, represents Shakspeare. The title of the work is hung upon a theater curtain. This plate, when deeply studied, reveals much of Francis Bacon's secret symbolism.

And to insure this, he filled his books and the plays with hints, indications, and arcane references to secret meanings. It requires only a careful reading and a moderate ingenuity to discover that something is concealed, but it requires a great learning to decode all.

Bacon extended his use of cryptograms beyond his personal affairs into the broader scope of his philosophical and scientific knowledge. His mind discovered things which he dared not repeat. He realized the danger of telling men more than they could hope to understand. Some of his choicest discoveries and the rarest gems of his learning he concealed from the profane. Time would reveal all and time would justify him; time would discover him and he was satisfied to rest his case with time.

It may seem to us that this was a difficult, circuitous procedure, involving a vast expenditure of energy when it would have been much easier and simpler to have stated the truths outright. But we are not living in the Elizabethan period; we are not surrounded by jealous courtiers and ambitious knaves; and we are not burdened by the momentous secret which he carried, the secret which hung over his head like a sword of Damocles, threatening his life and liberty, from the day of his birth to the day of his death.

Surrounded constantly by spies, the prize an empire, ends which to the ambitious would justify any means, it was necessary for Bacon to advance cautiously if his dreams were to be accomplished. Not only his own life, but the liberty and fortunes of his friends were closely involved. The death of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered after an appropriate prologue of torture, indicated the fate that any day might befall Bacon himself. Raleigh was not executed because of his depredations against the King of Spain, but because he was a member of Bacon's

secret society. Every effort was made to torture him into naming the mysterious power that was rising in England, but he died without speaking.

The celebrated case of treason brought by the Crown against the Earl of Essex becomes much more understandable when we realize that Queen Elizabeth, out of sheer hatred, forced Francis Bacon to prosecute his own brother. He never would have consented to do this had he not been given the most solemn assurance that Essex would be pardoned at the end. Bacon added this perfidy to his list of injuries and incorporated the record of it in his ciphers.

Imagine the moral force of an invisible, intangible organization which could not be discovered, but which constantly was active beneath the surface of what appeared to be a placid state of affairs. The ciphers appeared in numerous books by reputable and conservative writers. Nothing could be proved against any of them, but they came to be a mysterious band of avengers who knew they could not be tried for their knowledge without exposing too many persons close to the throne.

There is extant a curious 17th-century engraving which I have seen, but of which I have not as yet been able to secure a copy. The engraving represents a cellar along the wall of which are ranged seven barrels apparently filled with wine. A man is broaching one of the casks which bears the date 1623. The significance of this engraving is profound. The seven barrels or casks represent ciphers used by Lord Bacon, and the seven keys to the interpretation of his riddle. The opened barrel dated 1623 from which the wine is pouring represents the *First Folio* edition of the Shakespearean plays which was published in that year.

The year following the publication of the *Great Shakespearean Folio*, the most important book of ciphers ever

compiled was published. This was the *Cryptomenytices et Cryptographiae* by Gustavus Selenus, Lunaberg, 1624; it is generally attributed to Augustus, Duke of Brunswick. According to the fable on the title and colophon, it was written by a "moon-man," and published at Lunaberg or "moon-town," by the "Star Brothers." The work contains an explanation of thousands of varieties of ciphers and includes all of the information necessary to decode the cryptograms and acrostics used in the *First Shakespearean Folio* published the year before.

From such circumstances as these we can gain some insight into the thoroughness of Lord Bacon's strategy.

According to the various ciphers, Lord Bacon did not die at the time nor under the circumstances historically recorded. It is remarkable, to say the least, that the funeral of so great a man should have been marked by such complete obscurity. There is no record that his Lordship lay in state, or that his remains were accorded any of the dignities which his position and honors deserved. The confused and contradictory accounts of his last illness and the uncertainty surrounding even the place of his death are significant.

Feeling that his usefulness in England had ended and that his enemies ultimately must discover his secret and attempt to thwart his purposes, his Lordship resolved to retire to the continent under the protection of a mock funeral. There is in the British Museum a small woodblock print, of crude execution, depicting Lord Bacon with his well-known beard, hat, and ruff, but otherwise arrayed in the costume of a fashionable court lady, stepping mincingly in high-heeled slippers from the map of England onto the map of Europe.

Bacon's life after his mock funeral in 1626 is exceedingly difficult to reconstruct. He moved under a series of aliases

that defy ready penetration. The consensus of research to date indicates that he lived for some twenty years, working with his secret society as its hidden master. The place of his actual decease may have been Holland.

The clearing up of the entire Baconian riddle requires a broad and exhaustive survey of the literature of his time; books in many languages by a number of authors are marked as containing his secret cipher. No wonder, then, that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is regarded by many as the greatest literary riddle of all time.

SOLVING THE SHAKESPEARE RIDDLE

The first known published statement questioning the authorship of the Shakespearean plays appeared in the *Life and Adventures of Common Sense* by Herbert Lawrence, London, 1769.

“At the Time of my Imprisonment in *Florence*, it seems my Father, GENIUS and HUMOUR, made a Trip to *London*, where, upon their Arrival, they made an Acquaintance with a Person belonging to the Playhouse; this Man was a profligate in his Youth, and, as some say, had been a Deer-stealer, others deny it; but be that as it will, he certainly was a Thief from the Time he was capable of distinguishing any Thing; and therefore it is immaterial what Articles he dealt in. I say, my Father and his Friends made a sudden and violent Intimacy with this Man, who, seeing that they were a negligent careless People, took the first opportunity that presented itself, to rob them of every Thing he could lay his Hands on, and the better to conceal his Theft, he told them, with an affected Concern, that one Misfortune never comes alone—that they had been actually informed against, as Persons concerned in an assassination Plot, now secretly

carrying on by *Mary* Queen of *Scots* against the Queen of *England*, that he knew their Innocence, but they must not depend upon that—nothing but quitting the Country could save them. They took his Word and marched off forthwith for *Holland*”

* * * * *

“With these Materials [the stolen goods], and with good Parts of his own, he commenced Play-Writer, how he succeeded is needless to say, when I tell the Reader that his name was Shakespear.”

The extreme rarity of the first edition of the Shakespearean *Folio* limited research until the development of photo-engraving. With the appearance of accurate facsimiles, the work became accessible and was subjected to critical examination. Many interesting discoveries followed.

On the title page of the *First Folio* occurs the only portrait of William Shakespeare that merits any serious consideration as a possible likeness of the “author.” This portrait is signed by Martin Droeshout. It is a crude, disproportioned figure, the head much too large for the body. It presents a mask-like face with an abnormally high, bulging forehead, and the sparse hair arranged in a manner suggesting a Dutch bob. A mustache and goatee are suggested by a few scraggly hairs.

This noble face rests upon a fantastically shaped ruff, but there is no indication of any neck. This important isthmus between brain and body is totally lacking. The shoulders which support the weight have been strangely deformed by the artist; the engraving shows a coat with two left shoulders, one front and the other back. The left shoulder is correctly drawn, but where the right shoulder should be there has been substituted a rear view of the left shoulder.

We are reminded of Mark Twain's description of the celebrated Stratford bust:

"The precious bust, the priceless bust, the calm bust, the serene bust, the emotionless bust, with the dandy moustache, and the putty face, unseamed of care—that face which has looked passionlessly down upon the awed pilgrim for a hundred and fifty years and will still look down upon the awed pilgrim three hundred more, with the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle, expression of a bladder."

There is nothing to prove that the Droeshout portrait was actually taken from life. Shakspeare had been dead for seven years when the *First Folio* appeared, and he had been away from London for a number of years prior to his death. In fact, it is improbable that any true likeness of Shakspeare has survived. There are two death masks, obviously of different persons, reverently exposed at Stratford. The recent X-raying of the valuable and supposedly authentic portraits of Shakspeare in the Folger collection indicates that they are retouched and revised portraits of Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford. Other famous portraits of the bard would bear similar examination.

Likenesses of Francis Bacon usually depict his Lordship wearing a broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat jauntily tilted. The exception is a painting by Vertue depicting his Lordship in his robes as Lord Chancellor. One is immediately attracted to the massive domed forehead and the prominent aquiline nose. It is the same forehead represented by the Droeshout caricature. A careful checking of the measurements of Lord Bacon's face supports this point admirably. In fact, if the engravings of Bacon by Passe and Watts be enlarged and laid upon the Droeshout Shakespeare, every

part of the features agree exactly, even the eyeballs registering perfectly. It requires no technical knowledge of the Bertillon method of identification to see that the Droeshout portrait is a doctored and thinly veiled mask of Francis Bacon.

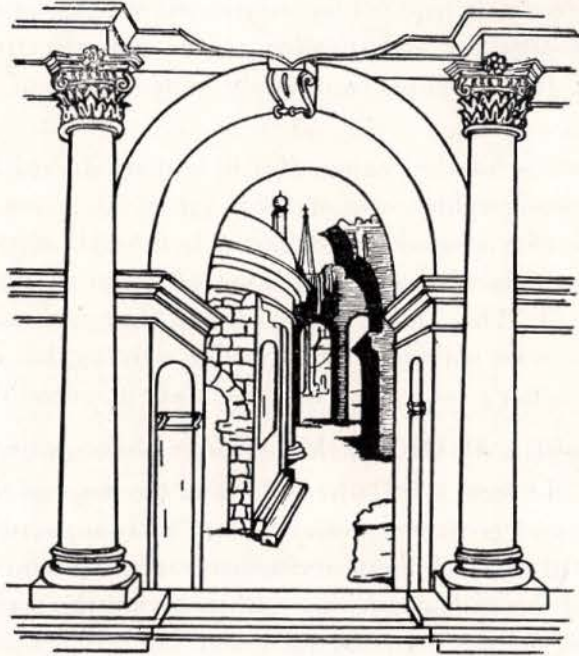
Indicative of the reason why it is necessary to have an exact photographic copy of the *First Folio* is the curious example of type-setting which occurs in the dedicatory leaves. A poem of considerable length but of no great merit is inscribed to "The Author Mr. William Shakespeare." There appears to be nothing unusual in this wording, but consider the typesetter's taste when the letters are arranged thus:

THE AUTHOR Mr. William Shakespeare

It would seem a trifle irregular that the name of the great poet should be in very small letters and the words "THE AUTHOR" in such massive characters. Ben Jonson evidently admired the author much more than he did the man. It has been pointed out that this might well indicate that they were not the same.

The opening play of the *Folio* is *The Tempest*. The first letter is a nicely engraved initial B artistically entwined and with numerous flourishes. Miss Annette Covington of Cincinnati noticed that the curlicues had a certain sense about them. Examining the letter under a magnifying glass, she saw that the name Francis is obvious at the top and bottom, and that the initial itself with the flourishes to the right spell the name of Bacon. This "coincidence" is sufficiently obvious and convincing to be mentioned in the April 18, 1931, issue of *The Literary Digest*.

The text of the *First Folio* is enriched with numerous references that are irrelevant to the action of the plays and which frequently are omitted when the dramas are performed.



A SECTION FROM THE ENGRAVED TITLE PAGE OF *The Essays* OF MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

This is an example of the method used by Bacon to conceal and yet reveal his identity in the frontispieces and vignettes of contemporary printed books. The shaded area of the center background shows a reversed letter "F" formed by the broken arch, with a capital "B," lying on its side, formed by the double arch beyond. To the discerning, the initials "F" "B" are associated with the name Francis Bacon. Also present are his two columns which later appeared in Freemasonic symbolism.

These interpolations are not bright shafts of poetic genius, but loggy and often clumsy bits of superfluous verbiage. There is no reason why the author should have included them. But they become significant parts of the secret story if we assume that Lord Bacon intended both to conceal and at the same time to reveal his own identity in the text.

Consider the line from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Hang-hog is latten for Bacon, I warrant you." In the first place, the statement is untrue. In the second place, it is unnecessary. There is no glitter of greatness in the composition. The line evidently refers to a humorous occurrence in the life of Sir Nicholas Bacon. That worthy jurist once condemned a malefactor by the name of Hog to public execution. The criminal pleaded for leniency on the grounds of relationship. When the surprised Sir Nicholas inquired as to what kinship the man claimed, Hog replied: "The kinship of name. My name is Hog and yours is Bacon." With the quick humor for which Sir Nicholas was justly famed, the Lord Keeper retorted: "A Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Sir Francis Bacon includes that incident in his apothegms as an example of the wit of his day, thus pointing up an important part of the symbolism which he employed. The name Bacon offers many possibilities to a creative imagination. It is a name that can be played upon. During his school years, the diminutive Sir Francis was greatly plagued with nicknames, among which was one he especially disliked—Hamlet, or the little ham.

From the same *Merry Wives of Windsor* can be gleaned another poetic pearl: "What is AB backwards with a horn on its forehead?" Here, indeed, is a riddle! AB backwards is BA; and horn in Latin is *cornu*. Combine them and you have Bacornu. This is evidently a phonetic play on Bacon's name.

King Henry the Fourth contains an example of literary grandeur with thirty-three repetitions of the name Francis, which we quote in part:

“*Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but tomorrow Francis; or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.*”

This quotation sounds as though the author had been writing on the modern basis of two cents a word. This Stein-esque gem born out of time repeats the word *Francis* thirty-three times, an example of Bacon’s simplest numerical cipher based upon his own name. If the letters of the alphabet, I and J considered as identical, are numbered consecutively, A equals 1, B equals 2, and so forth, the sum of the name Bacon is thirty-three, a number rich in religious and masonic implication. Thus the thirty-three repetitions of Francis give us the name of Francis Bacon.

The plays are enriched also with numerous acrostics. The simplest form of an acrostic is that employing the first letter or letters of lines read downwards instead of from left to right. A good example of the acrostic occurs in the following lines from the *Tempest*:

“*Begun to tell me what I am, but stop
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,
CONcluding, stay: not yet.*”

By reading the capitalized letters at the left from above downward, we have the name BACON. Nor is the acrostic merely a signature; it is used as a means of emphasis. Consider the content of the lines. The author intimates that he intends to reveal an identity, and then decides that the revelation is premature.

I have examined more than a hundred such acrostics in the *First Folio*. In many cases the playwright had to resort

to elaborate complications of his text to bring about the required word-patterns. Nor is the acrostic frequently met with by accident. Whole books may be read without this arrangement once occurring by coincidence. While such acrostics may not be regarded as proof positive of authorship, they certainly strengthen the case in favor of the man whose name has been so ingeniously included throughout the text in so many different ways.

The Tragedy of Hamlet presents an entirely different type of concealed writing. *Hamlet* is a play on the name of Bacon, one which he is known to have been troubled with in his younger life. Here the secret meaning requires no special cipher expert to reveal it. Hamlet is Bacon, whose father was foully murdered and who has been deprived of his rightful crown. Inspired by the ghost, the memory of his father, he hits upon the device of the theater as a means of accomplishing his revenge. He hires struggling actors and prepares the play depicting the details of his father’s murder and causes it to be performed before his mother and his uncle.

The reason for the whole Shakespearean cycle is summed up in the words: “The play, the play’s the thing with which I’ll catch the conscience of the king.” How rich and clear the meanings become when purpose is added to the tragedy!

In the limited space of a brief summary it is not possible to elaborate upon the more involved aspects of Bacon’s numerical acrostic and bi-literal ciphers. Suffice it to say that beneath the surface of the more obvious and apparent indications is a wealth of further information. There is scarcely a line that is not enriched with some hidden meaning.

In *The History of King Henry VIII* occurs an outstanding example of Bacon’s ingeniousness. *Henry VIII* is one of the plays that appeared for the first time in the *Folio Edition*

of 1623. At that time the historical William Shakspeare had been dead for seven years. In 1621, five years after Shakspeare's death, Lord Bacon passed through his celebrated bribery trial. As the result of this trial, he was removed from the chancellorship and deprived of the custody of the Great Seal.

Kenneth Guthrie in his brochure *Shakespearean Authorship Divulged*, 1936, comments as follows: ". . . in *Henry VIII* we find the King disgracing Cardinal Wolsey as Chancellor, by sending to him three nobles to retrieve the Great Seal of England, of which he was the caretaker, which was his chief badge of office, and which is seen suspended by a gold chain around the neck of Bacon in most of the current pictures. This is historic; but judge of our surprise in discovering in the play the names of those nobles, the Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk and Surrey who came to Bacon himself to relieve him also of the Great Seal. This could not have been done by any but Bacon himself, especially as the play appeared long after the actor's death. Would the ignorant actor, long since dead, have known enough to do this?"

This circumstance in itself proves at the very least that the plays have been tampered with. If they were merely literary productions, what justification could there be for such a mutilation of the text. If, however, we acknowledge with the Baconians that the entire cycle of plays was devised to reveal historical, psychological, and scientific knowledge concerning the life and works of Francis Bacon, then the errors in the text become obvious clues to the purpose which Wolsey is made to play in the drama.

Confronted with this increasing body of evidence, and apparently impressed thereby, The Cambridge Press, in 1922, published a limited edition of *The Comedy of Errors*. In

this edition no author's name appears upon the title page, but facing the title is inserted the portrait of Lord Bacon. *The Comedy of Errors* is one of the earliest of the Shakespearean plays. It must have been written either before William Shakspeare reached London, or almost immediately thereafter. Was Cambridge impressed by the obvious fact that William Shakspeare was ill qualified at that time to be the author of such a work?

Thus, seeking for clues to the discovery of the man whose genius inspired the *Great Shakespearean Folio*, we shall do well to remember that his Lordship's epitaph may reasonably apply to the systems of ciphers contained in his plays:

"Let compounds be dissolved."



THE MYSTICAL FIGURES OF JAKOB BOEHME

There is a very important message in the story of the life and teachings of the great German mystic Jakob Boehme, for certain of his mystical investigations, if not original or new, are extremely unusual.

He was born about the year 1575; detailed birth data is not available. A cobbler by trade, he lived to the age of forty-nine years. Boehme was a comparatively young man when in his kitchen the sun struck a pewter plate and he was blinded by the light. From that time on, he has said, he was able at will to see the beings of the invisible universe.

It is obvious that Boehme had been previously endowed with clairvoyance; that he came into this life with it; and it was through this curious accident that he achieved his illumination. Being clairvoyant in the 16th century, when it was not at all orthodox, he brought down on his head the animosity of both the Lutheran and the Roman Church.

These churches, particularly the Lutheran, persecuted him unmercifully, and were the ultimate cause of his death.

During a comparatively short lifetime, while cobbling shoes and raising a family, Boehme authored more than twenty-five mystical books. He found it necessary to reprint re-statements of certain of the documents, to write them in a new language, in order to clarify them. He used a jargon created out of the alchemical, metaphysical, and scientific works of his time, and to each word he gave a special meaning. This makes it difficult for the average person to read Boehme; his words are not those used commonly, but are a coined vocabulary to explain metaphysical truths he alone perceived.

During the years of his so-called ministry, which was the period of his writing, he was on at least one occasion forbidden by the State to produce his manuscripts, and for many years he never wrote anything. When the urge again came upon him irresistibly, he moved to another community and continued with his writings. Not until after his death was it appreciated that this simple shoemaker, a man of unpleasing features and harsh voice, had left behind him an exceedingly rich heritage, in the findings of one who had sought long into the mysteries of life. Among his books, the *Mysterium Magnum* and the *Aurora* stand out as very great achievements.

Boehme was a contemporary of some of the mystics of the early 17th century, including the first Rosicrucians. He was contemporary with Dr. Robert Fludd, Michael Maier, Johann Valentine Andreae, and Sir Francis Bacon. An interesting note in Francis Bacon's writings implies that he knew of Boehme, and while he does not mention him as living a contemporary life, they died within a few years of

each other. In the ornamentations of the writings of Francis Bacon, the early editions of which can be consulted in the Library of our Society, is a curious device called an ornament or headpiece; it is engraved and goes across the head of the title page of the book. The heading usually consists of two capital A's, one black and one white. The device is repeated in a dozen different forms, and it occurs in the First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's plays. These two A's, the light and dark A, have never been explained in connection with Bacon's writings. They have been noticed and commented upon, but no one seems to know where they came from. It appears they were derived from Boehme; the light A signifies the Redeemed Man, and the dark A signifies the Fallen Man. Bacon's mysticism led him to the writings of Boehme, which conceived the Kingdom of Heaven reproduced on earth for the benefit of relapsed mankind. Also, the capital A stood for the spiritual man, the Redeemed Man who abode again in heaven, represented by means of a double capital. "A," shaded and light, symbolized the Fall and the Redemption. This keynote to Bacon's writings seems definite, for Bacon's writings were as much concerned with the redemption of man through knowledge as Boehme's were through mysticism.

Boehme's philosophy is intensely human, relating closely to the mystery of man's own salvation. He sensed the Biblical story to be allegorical, not literal. His *Mysterium Magnum*, which is curiously compiled, is largely devoted to proving there is a great and deep mystery behind the story contained in the Bible itself.

It would be very good, I think, if we could cross the centuries and try to get the feeling of Boehme's philosophy, not as 20th-century thinkers, but as 20th-century participants in his ideals and in him, trying to feel as he felt, to think

as he thought, to see as he saw the vision of a great spiritual renaissance.

The mystical doctrines of Jakob Boehme, surnamed "the Teutonic Theosopher," are remarkable for the profundity of their concepts and for the obscurity and complexity of the terminology in which these concepts are set forth. This celebrated German mystic was comparatively unlettered; certainly he was unlettered in the classical languages, and even inadequate in the subtleties of his own language. His parents instructed him sufficiently so that he could read the Bible slowly and laboriously.

In attempting to write out his own material, Boehme was forced to grope for words, and frequently his final selection of a term was unfortunate. Figures of speech suggested by his friends were not always appropriate, and usually obscured more meaning than they clarified. In all probability, Boehme's writings were entirely clear to him, and possibly were not too difficult for those who had the privilege of discussing the subject matter with the master himself. But after the lapse of centuries, a world far removed from both the ideas and the idioms, has been troubled by both.

Boehme drew considerably upon the terminology of contemporary cabalists and students of medieval Jewish esoteric doctrines. But the use he makes of the terms is entirely his own and the accepted cabalistic definitions are of little help when applied to his text. Astronomical and astrological symbols are sprinkled generously through the tracts, but the student of astrology is also at a loss when confronted with Boehme's applications and interpretations of the astrological glyphs. Alchemy is represented through his writings by a number of choice aphorisms, figures of speech, and emblems, but Boehme had nothing in common with the cult of the

gold-makers, as this is represented in historical and literary remains.

Boehme was not using words as formal, intellectual instruments, nor was he building a concept based upon the pyramiding of philosophical terms. His illumination came to him as an internal impact. The spiritual experiences and extensions of consciousness which inspired his writings were by their very nature outside the natural boundaries of the written word. His thoughts transcended the inevitable limitations imposed by language upon the communication of ideas.

In his effort to name the Nameless and define the Un-definable, Boehme sought desperately for terms that could bridge the interval of consciousness which existed between himself and his disciples. Had he been more skilled in rhetorical forms, his doctrines would have attained a much wider sphere of influence. As it was, his teachings were so completely unfamiliar, both inwardly as to content and outwardly as to form, that they discouraged and confused the majority of his followers.

The teaching of Boehme was essentially a Christian mysticism, founded in personal piety and devotion, and extending outward from the gentle sincerity of the man's personal beliefs. In this Christian mystical concept, Boehme discovered a sufficient and sustaining internal extension of consciousness, moving irresistibly toward the substance of the Universal Reality.

There can be no doubt that the experiences of this humble German shoemaker were in part psychological, but certainly they transcended the boundaries of the psychological concepts of today. The revelation was peculiar to the man himself, and actually could have no existence apart from the man. The same mystical intensity occurring to another person would have produced an entirely different pattern of ideas.



PORTRAIT OF BOEHME SURROUNDED BY SYMBOLICAL FIGURES

In this remarkable 17th-century engraving, the entire mystical philosophy of the German seer is unfolded by means of the emblems appearing in early editions of his writings.

For this reason, we must continue to identify men with the messages which they bring. These messages cannot exist independent of the men, for the human being is a positive equation in any mental or emotional concept which emerges through his personality.

The mystical experience remains formless and has no definition or distinction apart from the mystic himself. He is the interpreter of a series of vibratory impacts, and the interpretation must always be consistent with the mental and emotional personality pattern of the seer. Because of this equation, mystics of many races and many religions, experiencing certain definite extensions of consciousness, still remain within the natural boundaries of time, place, and personality. By natural boundaries I mean the racial tradition, the national pattern, and the personal religious or spiritual beliefs of these mystics. Illumination extends or unfolds a belief, but does not exchange one basic pattern for another. Illumination, therefore, may be said to enlarge our concept of that which is already held to be fundamentally true.

In Boehme's own words, and the words of others who have had the experience of enlightenment, it was something like this: Whenever Boehme felt the spirit move him, he would lay aside the shoemaker's hammer and go into a little room back of his shop; and there he would sit down in the quiet and wait. As he waited, practicing only an attitude of piety, which he lived constantly, things would suddenly grow dim about him. According to his own description, he would then see the walls grow dim and then become transparent like glass. The air would become transparent in a new way. Boehme said there is an opaqueness in the air, although men think it is transparent. The air was like a cloud; and slowly, when it cleared, Boehme would find him-

self in a state exceedingly mystical. He was surrounded by light, but he was not in any place. Great mysterious vistas reached out far beyond his comprehension, and these vistas were the living abodes of Beings. And Boehme would flow through these spaces; he had only to will to move from one place to another. He could look upon himself, and his features, hands, and face were different; they seemed to be made of semi-transparent glass. He was out of his physical body, and was in one of his etheric bodies, for he would look back and see himself sitting in his room back of the shop.

And so he learned again in the School of the Angels; discoursed and discovered. What was taught, he perceived. No one spoke; but he could hear words. He could also read thoughts. Then, after a certain period of study, a voice would say, "Jakob, return to your house," and he would see himself back in his little room; and as the walls turned gray again, he would suddenly find himself sitting in his chair.

On paper, he would then write down carefully the secrets told to him; for now, as he expressed it, he no longer saw through a veil dimly, but beheld face to face. He no longer had to depend on the words of men; he was fortified by the inner experience he knew to be true. For he knew it came from no evil source, but from some great good within himself. It was thus he began the preparation of the *Mysterium Magnum*, a great mystical document of interpretation of the true meaning of Creation.

When it was completed, it received favorable local consideration from a number of the nobility, and through the assistance of influential friends, Boehme was able to have the manuscript published. Then the storm broke. He was called up before one religious council after another. He was

ordered to recant. He was ordered to admit that the book was the work of the Devil. He was ordered to say what he had written was a lie; that he did not see these things.

Boehme made a discovery. It was that he could not tell anyone else what he had seen, although he knew it to be true with all the conviction of his soul. For when he told them what he saw, they laughed at him. He explained everything he had seen in minute detail, every experience, and they laughed. Like Plato's Idiot, he had seen more than the rest, and was therefore a fool. This realization came to Boehme as a great shock. To him it seemed incredible that anyone should either intentionally misdirect, or fail to see. He wanted Light so sincerely, and so passionately wanted other men to have the Light, he could not understand why they would doubt.

What Havelock Ellis has called "the mystical experience" may produce a marked change in the life of an individual; but this is because his conduct prior to his enlightenment was inconsistent with his own deepest and most devout convictions, as revealed through those testimonies which converge to produce what we call conscience. Even though a man's early life may be dissolute, as in the case of St. Francis of Assisi, this unreasonable pattern of conduct was contrary to the conscience of the man himself, and his illumination actually restated values already present but submerged in his personality.

To make this point more clear, we can say that the religious experience of the average human being prior to his twelfth year becomes an enduring and comparatively unalterable level of internal convictions. In the course of life, the individual may drift away from the early impressions and even reject them completely. Later, however, some spiritual, mental, or emotional crisis may impel him to the re-

statement of religious convictions. When this occurs, the earlier impressions are released through the subconscious, and play an important part in the formation of a mature philosophy or code of action. The old convictions and concepts may reappear in a much more highly refined and sophisticated arrangement, but they are an inevitable part of the psychocchemistry of the human personality.

In the case of Boehme, we have a man brought up in a devoutly religious home by simple, orthodox parents, who practiced their Lutheran persuasions with gentleness, humility, and sincerity. By personal experience, he knew of no other religion or doctrine except that in which he was raised. Comparative religion was an unknown department of learning in those days in little cities like Gorlitz.

Boehme must have been aware that other religious sects existed, but they all departed, in some degree at least, from the infallible footings laid down by Martin Luther. At the same time, Boehme himself was a sensitive, kindly, and lofty-souled man. Regardless of the creed to which he belonged, he was pious by nature—that is, by instinct and impulse. No matter how strict or dogmatic a faith might be, Boehme would interpret into it the natural benevolence which was an essential ingredient in the compound of his own character.

When the mystical experience came to Boehme, it deepened and clarified the devotion of the man himself, but it did not emancipate him from the inclinations which had already shaped his disposition. It was his own faith—that is, the faith of Martin Luther—that he saw opened and unfolded within him. It was his own conscience that found its final satisfaction in the revealed richness of familiar doctrines. He never transgressed the essential statutes of his childhood beliefs, but he discovered new spiritual treasures, new evidence of

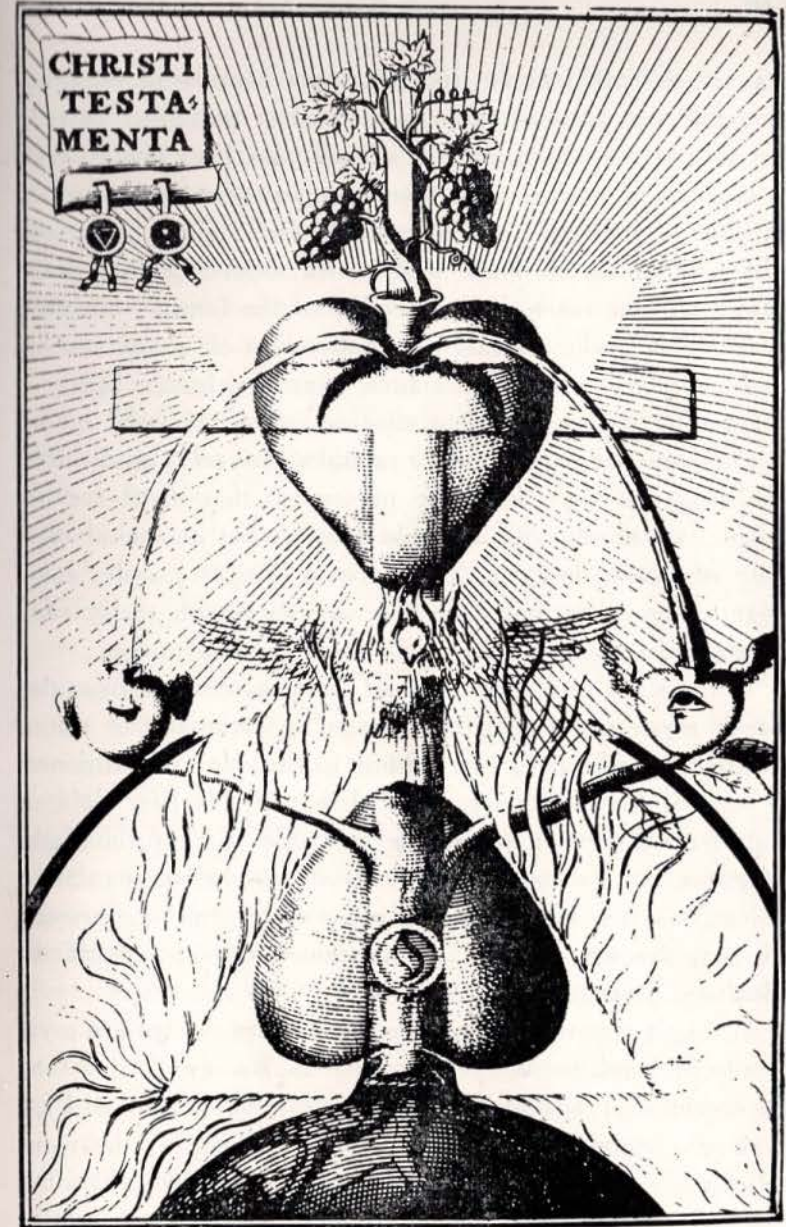
divine love and wisdom in the teachings which had always been familiar to him.

There is everywhere present in Boehme's writings, therefore, not only a mystical profundity but a mystical orthodoxy, for his dreams and visions were circumscribed by the dictates of his own theological morality. This in no way reduces the importance of his revelations, but assists us in developing instruments of interpretation and of sound perspective on the problems involved.

The faculties by which Jakob Boehme was able to experience his strange participation in the divine mystery of the world are beyond scientific analysis. Even the light of modern research into the complicated phenomena of mind is not sufficient to satisfy the thoughtful investigator.

Boehme reported, and others have added their testimony also, that illumination produces a real chemical difference in the life of a person. The first thing it changes is the way of looking at things. Boehme could look at something and instantly, by will power, look through it. He was able to look at a growing plant and suddenly, by willing to do so, to mingle with that plant. He could be part of the plant, and feel its small life struggling toward the Light. He was able to share the simple ambitions of that plant, to rejoice with the joyously growing leaf. This was not because he loved the plant—many people do that; not because he loved life—many people do; but because he was capable, by an actual scientific adjustment, to feel life with the plant, to sense life with other living things. It was not that he knew them through kindness or association with them; his was actual mystical union with them.

Frequently associated with this mystery is the dog; for most people love animals. Not to like an animal is regarded as a bad sign from an esoteric standpoint, because it means



THE HEART OF CHRIST AND THE HEART OF MAN
According to the Mystical Symbols of Jakob Boehme.

that the animal does not like you—not because of tangible thoughts, but because through a peculiar psychological power, the animal senses the motives behind your life. The animal is capable of tuning in on man in a way that few men are capable of tuning in on the animal. You may be a person who will sit up all night with a sick animal, feeling if it passes on you are losing a member of the family; but that is not what Boehme meant. No matter how close you can be to the animal—or, for that matter, to another human being—never can this be related to mystical union. Mystical union is when one person is actually capable, inwardly, mystically, of being one with the other person, so that there are no longer two minds with a single thought, but one mind capable of many thoughts. They are no longer people, each near to the other, but have become one person really capable of identity in ideals. This is the mystical union.

In the story of Pygmalion and Galatea, derived from the Greek mysteries, Pygmalion created a statue out of stone, which he worshipped, and it came to life. He had fashioned it so well that it finally came alive with his life. Galatea represents that phenomenal object outside of itself, the blade of grass, the star, another person, or a so-called inanimate object; Galatea is merely the not-self. Pygmalion, through his art, the art of life, had fashioned out of not-self an idealistic concept.

To explain how this could be done. Suppose we are mystically inclined, but not yet illuminated. We say, "I find God in everything; I find Truth in everything." This is Pygmalion's image, because it is made of stone. We have intellectually found these things, but the statue is not alive, because they are merely qualities which we have intellectually ascribed to the phenomenal universe. We say, "God is in everything," and then we dislike our neighbors because the

image of our idealism is still made of stone. But when finally, through mystical union, through mystical at-one-ment, we cease to bestow our minds upon the things of life, and bestow ourselves instead, then suddenly we find that the stone image of our created idealism becomes the living thing. We find the Light we have sought. As we ensoul the idealistic statue we have built, the universe of divine things comes to life in ourselves, and we come to life in it.

That mystical union leaves the world a very different place. We cannot bestow that communion upon others, but through it in ourselves, we can bestow our lives upon others. Although they may not understand, we can literally flow with them and in them. Although the stone cannot understand the mystic, the mystic can find the heart of the stone. Though the blade of grass never knows the sage who meditates upon its mystery, the sage is one with the blade of grass and understands it.

We can bestow, although the thing upon which we bestow can give nothing in return. We can have nothing in return, for the simple reason that the bestowal of life enriches us beyond any possibility of desiring return. This mystical ability, according to Boehme, becomes like a magical eyeglass. Possibly these were the same magical eyeglasses Joseph Smith is supposed to have used in the preparation of his Book of the Mormons, and Mohammed in the preparation of the Koran. Be that as it may, they become a new lens to the eye, a mystical eye by which we perceive the heart of things. Once the heart of things has been perceived, there is nothing else in the universe worth looking after.

Having received this enlightenment, we are capable of putting the universe in order. We no longer say, "Why did the gods not create it a different way?" Rather, we have a new vision of the universe—a vision so perfect, so tran-

scendental, that all things are as nothing in comparison.

There seems no justification for assuming that Boehme was the type of person who would escape to mysticism because of personal frustration or some pressing neurosis. He was a successful and respected citizen prior to the occurrence of his illumination. He was happily married and his children were an ever present source of comfort and security. He was not obsessed by inordinate ambitions, and there is nothing to indicate that his life had been hazarded or his career made difficult until he complicated his affairs for himself by advocating strange doctrines in an extremely orthodox Lutheran community. There is no report that Jakob was hypersensitive or nursed any phobias, complexes, or fixations which might have caused what psychologists like to interpret as escapes from reality.

Boehme did not show any signs of progressive mental disease or of the deterioration of his faculties. He never became a fanatic or made any effort to force his beliefs or revelations upon an unbelieving world. He was content to live in the light of grace from within himself. He was also willing to share with those who desired to understand the mysteries which had been revealed, but he had no ambition whatever to found a religion or to overthrow the dominant faiths of his time. He seemed to accept without doubt or question that his mystical experiences had revealed to him a fuller appreciation and understanding of Lutheran theology. He was not the kind of man about whom a great deal of biographical material is available. The accounts of his life are meager, but in the main sufficient, and it is scarcely possible that he could have had any outstanding characteristic that has not been mentioned.

Nor can we find any grounds for advanced neuroses in the childhood of the seer. From his own report, his family

was loving and spiritually worthy, though materially poor. He seems to have been well treated, and raised with a gentle care within the means and possibilities of the parental psychology and the family budget. It is possible for any man to be neurotic, but there appears no reason for assuming that Boehme's life was any more repressed or depressed by environmental circumstances than was true of most of his contemporaries, who in no way experienced the revelations that came to him.

The mystic died in 1624, in the full possession of his faculties, and his last words indicated a complete certainty as to the security of his future state. He lived without fear, and died without fear, accepting all the burdens of his years with a patient humility, obviously entirely sincere. Although the second half of his life was considerably burdened by his sense of responsibility for the preservation of his revelations, he seems to have functioned without unreasonable or unusual pressures from within himself. In substance, Boehme was in most respects normal, and his mystical experiences cannot be rejected as the aberrations of an unbalanced mind.

Boehme found censorship inescapable while he lived; and that would be true today. One who possesses an inner enlightenment becomes an outcast, a pariah; he loses social standing and, as I think most metaphysical students will admit, loses financial standing. It is very difficult to conceive of a wealthy philosopher. One Greek said, "Poverty is the disease of the wise." For it is required of the mind, turning toward greater concerns, that it should be impoverished in lesser matters. And it is also inevitable in the world in which we live that a person who does not make a reasonably good showing in material matters will be regarded as a failure; and who will listen to the words of a failure?

Boehme, trying to get his message to the world, reminds us of Confucius, who spent his life trying to find someone who was wise enough to see what he so well understood. When Boehme failed to find understanding among his contemporaries, he settled down and wrote his books, indifferent to his time. If he could have acquired that indifference ten years earlier, he would have lived twenty years longer. As soon as he became indifferent to the results of his work, his work flourished. In this is a valuable thought. When we begin to detach ourselves from the consequences of what we do, simply doing the best we can and letting the chips fall where they may, we do better. When constantly striving to achieve or help, we generally accomplish neither end. Boehme came in time to a conclusion of great importance: Illumination is an individual matter; it is not to be communicated; it is achieved.

When Boehme died, his various works formed a general pattern of doctrine. During his lifetime, these manuscripts were circulated privately among a small group of enthusiastic followers. Shortly before his death, Boehme prepared a key to his writings. This was a table of principles intended to co-ordinate the terms which he used. Even this, however, was not sufficient to clarify for the average layman his more recondite speculations. Perhaps, had he lived longer, he might have realized the need for a simple summary of his teachings, but he died soon after completing his table of principles.

In all parts of the world, wise, virtuous, and beautiful human souls have experienced extensions of understanding, by which they felt themselves to be in peculiar sympathy with the heart and mind of God. Most of the great sages and prophets have belonged to this class, and the impact of their lives and teachings has advanced civilization far more

than the careful plotting and planning of so-called sober intellectuals.

In India, the Yoga and Vedanta schools have led to a mystical state of identity with the divine. In China, the Taoist monk aspires to the same goal. Buddhist and Islamic mystics share the basic belief that a highly spiritualized state of consciousness is possible for man. Many of the canonized saints of Christendom have been honored because of mystical experiences in the forms of visions, illuminations, and the *stigmata*. It is hardly possible that all these accounts preserved among many people over vast periods of time could be entirely psychotic. Perhaps the most natural and reasonable solution to this mystery is that a spiritual extension is possible, but is beyond standardization, at least at the present time.

We may also be asked: What are the practical benefits of advanced mystical experiences? Certainly those benefits are largely personal and internal, but even to those of superficial mind, it is painfully evident that the whole race stands in desperate need of internal enrichment. The weakest part of our life-pattern is the inadequacy of internal power in times of emergency. As nature seemingly never leaves any form of life without the means of attaining its own security, there is nothing remarkable in the concept that buried within the human potential is some faculty or power capable, under specialized development, of supplying the human creature with the means of working out its own salvation.

According to the concept of esoteric physiology, the mystical experience is the result of intensifying the vibratory rate of the pineal gland. The magnetic field of this gland acts as a medium for the transmission of impulses from the over-soul or higher spiritual self. Recent findings indicate that hyperactivity of the pineal gland is not present in cases

of psychological delusions. There is glandular imbalance in such cases, but this imbalance is due to mental, emotional, physical, or environmental pressures, and not to an actual increase of spiritual function. Thus, while neurotics often have psychological disturbances accompanied by visions, voices, and a variety of delusions, such psychological phenomena are not evidences of genuine extrasensory growth or unfoldment.

The zones of mental activity recognized by materialistic psychiatrists, are all aspects of mental activity, and the phenomena produced by and within these spheres can be traced to the intensification of various personality compulsions. After these compulsions have been accepted by the mind and have been reinterpreted symbolically by the subtle machinery of the subconscious, we are likely to lose our perspectives concerning them. When these reinterpreted impulses emerge again under stress or pressure, they are often mistakenly accepted as genuine examples of inspirational or intuitive apperception. It requires considerable experience and wisdom to evaluate correctly the importance of such impulses, and those by nature most impulsive are the least likely to develop this discrimination.

The psychologist, by temperament all too often a materialist, is satisfied to limit his concepts to the sphere of mental phenomena. To him the mind is the source of all thought, and all processes that resemble thinking must be explained by reference to the mind and its functions. Naturally, he attempts to interpret the genuine mystical experience according to the limitations which he has imposed upon his own concepts. His first thought is that these experiences must originate somewhere in the sequence of mental-emotional action and reaction. It does not dawn upon him that under certain peculiar states of mental-emotional exhilaration the personality can receive into itself a ray of

spiritual light, which originates in a part of man superior to and beyond the limitations of the mental organization.

If a spiritual light, which in this case carries an intense vibratory impression, is projected into the mental organization from above and beyond the mind, it does not necessarily follow that this inspirational energy can be distributed through the objective personality independent of the laws governing human thinking. It is necessary for the mind to interpret inspiration and distribute inspirational force through the faculties by which it is rendered susceptible of recognition and acceptance by the objective mind and brain. Therefore, all inspirational and intuitive energies are more or less confused in the process of transmission, and emerge through our personalities imperfectly. Most genuine mystics have discovered the communication of their inward experiences to be almost impossible because they are forced to use a means of communication inadequate to the transmission of spiritual impulses.

The vibration of the pineal gland is increased in one of two ways. It may be intensified by specialized disciplines, such as the practice of the Yogas, but this is extremely dangerous without the constant supervision of a qualified teacher. It is also possible to increase the vibration of the pineal gland by an intense mystical devotion, by means of which the emotions are refined and regenerated through a devout attitude toward life and the mysteries of God and nature. This devotion may lead to a state of apotheosis, marked by a profound sense of internal spiritual exhilaration. This exhilaration may in turn lead to a state of ecstasy in which the entire personality is transfigured from within itself, and seems to approach a state of cosmic awareness. This ecstasy itself, sometimes described as an elevation or a lifting up toward God, results from stimulating the vibra-

tory rate of the pineal gland. If this stimulation is sufficient, it may result in a temporary attunement with a superior level of consciousness, and the mystic becomes internally aware of a qualitative condition of Being which is beyond his normal experience.

With the intellectual phase of his nature, the mystic may be aware that such a superior state exists, but it is only by an actual attunement that he is able to experience the *fact* of this higher plane of consciousness. As his personality is not naturally adjusted to this higher vibratory polarization, his ecstasy cannot be maintained for any extended length of time, but the impressions transmitted to his objective mind in these moments of exaltation are so powerful that they will endure for an entire lifetime, and change the whole pattern of human conduct.

The mystical experience is the only satisfactory explanation for Boehme's extraordinary revelations. Naturally, he could not convey this experience to others, but those who came under the direct inspiration of the man's life and convictions received definite impressions which intensified their admiration. The disciples in turn attempted, through contemplation and devotional meditations, to discover inwardly the true meanings of his mystical writings. One of the most important of the followers of this great German Illuminist was Johann Georg Gichtel, a man peculiarly equipped by his own consciousness for the task of explaining the obscure teachings of the master.

JOHANN GEORG GICHTEL

In a note published in *Lucifer*, Vol. 3, p. 131, H. P. Blavatsky makes the following reference to the German mystic, Johann Gichtel: "There is an enormous difference between the *Sophia* of the Theosophist Gichtel, an Initiate

and Rosicrucian (1638-1710), and the modern Lillies, John Kings, and 'Sympneumatas!' The 'Brides' of the Mediaeval Adepts are an allegory, while those of modern mediums are astral realities of *black magic*. The 'Sophia' of Gichtel was the 'Eternal Bride' (Wisdom and occult science *personified*); the 'Lillies' and others are astral spooks, semi-substantial 'influences,' semi-creations of the surexcited brains of unfortunate *hysteriacs* and 'sensitives.' No purer man ever lived in this world than Gichtel. Let anyone read St. Martin's *Correspondence*, pp. 168-198, and he will see the difference. From Marcus, the Gnostic, down to the last mystic student of the Kabala and Occultism, that which they call their 'Bride' was 'Occult Truth,' personified as a naked maiden, otherwise called Sophia or Wisdom. That 'spouse' revealed to Gichtel all the mysteries of the outward and the inward nature, and forced him to abstain from every earthly enjoyment and desire, and made him sacrifice himself for Humanity. And as long as he remained in that body which represented him on earth, he had to work for the deliverance from ignorance of those who had not yet obtained their inheritance and inward beatitude."

The place of Gichtel in the descent of Boehme's mystical philosophy is not entirely clear. About 1660, Gichtel met Baron Justinus von Weltz, and from this Hungarian nobleman he received the inspiration to attempt the reunion of the sects of Christendom and the conversion of the entire world to a mystical or cosmic Christianity, which was not to be confused with the teachings of the Church. The society which Gichtel promoted was regarded with hostility by the Lutheran clergy, and in 1665 he was banished from Germany and settled in Holland.

According to the life of Gichtel, which appeared in the *Theosophia Practica*, Vol. 7 (Leydon, 1772), it was about

eleven o'clock at night on Christmas, 1673, that the mystic received, while in meditation, the vision of the Heavenly Virgin, (Divine Wisdom) whom, though unseen, he had intensely loved for so long a time. Divine Wisdom spoke into the soul of Gichtel ineffable words which cannot be outwardly expressed. These words were spiritual powers, and were preserved unchangeable within his heart.

Wisdom's inner language transcends all physical speech, yet Gichtel understood the message which he received as though it had been in his own mother tongue. To the mystic, these experiences were proof that God looked upon him with kindness, and with an abiding faith he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his Creator.

After these experiences, much was disclosed to Gichtel about the mystery of the fall of Adam, the regeneration of mankind, and the rebirth of humanity through Christ, but the revelation was so lofty that it could not be revealed by human speech. Divine Wisdom opened to him the treasures of knowledge, both of the inner and outer spheres, and Gichtel was so much affected that it seemed to him that he was living in Paradise rather than in this world.

Gichtel knew that he carried within himself the body of the first Adam. He realized that within himself was a heavenly and sufficient state, although he still had a physical body which laid on him the obligation to strive for his brothers and sisters who had not yet found peace. Thus he attained union with the Virgin of the World, Divine Wisdom, which was lost in Adam and regained in Christ. She was his new heavenly strength, a mystery which no one could understand unless he were united with Jesus.

Gichtel has left us no record of the circumstances which led to his interest in the writings of Jakob Boehme. Apparently this interest did not become a dominant factor in his

life until about 1668. After that date he devoted many years to an effort to comprehend the obscure terms of Boehme, which Gichtel regarded as an important key to the Bible. Gichtel's friends developed such a desire for the writings of Jakob Boehme that the Mayor of Amsterdam was moved to donate six thousand guilders for the republication of these works. This was accomplished in 1682, and the edition was edited by Gichtel, who contributed notes and a complete index.

It cannot be said that either Gichtel himself or the Gichtelians, of whom he was the moving spirit, subscribed completely to Boehme's metaphysical speculations. It has been pointed out that Boehme had no desire to break with the existing Church, and all the feuding which burdened his life originated in the exasperation of the Lutheran clergy. On the other hand, Gichtel taught at least a moderate separatism and his followers became Separatists. If Gichtel did not hold the same convictions as Boehme on many subjects, we cannot be certain that his symbolical figures were un-influenced by his own personal beliefs.

We must not forget that Gichtel was a mystical philosopher in his own right, and should be studied from this premise. His association with Boehme's works does not indicate that he was a mere interpreter. He did interpret, but from certain deep and enduring convictions of his own. Thus, in the edition of Boehme's writings, to which he added figures and descriptions, Gichtel appears as an independent influence, and we must study the doctrine of two men in one work.

Johann Gichtel published his *Theosophia Practica* in 1696, and the complete title of the work freely translated from the German reads, *A Short Exposition of the Three Principles and Worlds in Man, Set Forth in Clear Figures, Re-*



—From Gichtel's *Theosophia Practica**

vealing How and Where They Have Their Respective Centers Within the Inner Man as the Author Has Found Them Within Himself by Godly Contemplation, According as to What he has Felt, Tasted, and Perceived.

A faithful reprint of this rare book was issued in Berlin and Leipzig in 1779 by Christian Ulrich Ringmacher. The reissue is as difficult to secure as the original imprint. In one edition of this work, it is stated that the symbolical figures of the human body, which illustrate the text, were not added until ten years or more after Gichtel's death. A French translation of the *Theosophia Practica* was sponsored by the Bibliotheque Chacornac in Paris in 1897.

Charles W. Leadbeater, in his monograph on *The Chakras*, reproduced one of the Gichtel figures as proof "that at least some of the mystics of the 17th century knew of the existence and positions of the seven centers in the human body." It is not clear, however, that Gichtel, following in the traditional form established by Boehme, intended the various symbols imposed upon his human figures to represent the chakras of Eastern metaphysical tradition. The German mystics were so arbitrary in their selection of their symbols that we must suspect that they may have used familiar designs for purposes entirely different from those of other more conventional writers.

The Gichtel edition of Boehme's works is illustrated with a series of extraordinary engravings, highly mystical in content and exceedingly well-drawn. In most cases these plates are used as frontispieces, but occasionally others are scattered through the text. Usually, the plates are accompanied by one leaf of descriptive text and a list of references to books, chapters, and verses relating to the figures. These

*Plate: Symbolical figure of the spiritual world in the human body.

descriptions, if they can be so referred to, are much in the spirit of the old emblem writers, whose moral remarks bore but slight resemblance to the designs which ornamented them.

The origin of the so-called Gichtel plates has been the subject of considerable unproductive research. It is not certain that Gichtel drew them himself or even supplied the basic design. Many of the figures are extremely dramatic, and they reveal a profound internal apperception of spiritual mysteries. Possibly the engravings were made by one or more of the artists who prepared the curious emblems found in old alchemical and cabalistic books. Some attempts to explain this situation have led to the suspicion that Gichtel may have belonged to some secret order like the Rosicrucians, and merely served as a medium for the dissemination of such esoteric teachings. A more or less careful check seems to indicate, however, that organizations claiming Rosicrucian descent at that time, borrowed, usually without credit, the Gichtel material.

As we have said, the comments accompanying the figures are entirely mystical, and the reader must interpret the inferences and implications to the best of his own ability. The descriptions are not signed, but according to popular belief they were prepared by Gichtel or his group to accompany the symbolical engravings. There is no proof that Boehme himself left any sequential series of symbolic designs to illustrate his principles. There remains the possibility of course that some drawings or sketches of his own or his immediate disciples may have been preserved and inspired the later illustrations. A reprint containing the engravings, slightly larger in format but lacking the description leaves, was issued in 1730. The plates had been modified and recut.

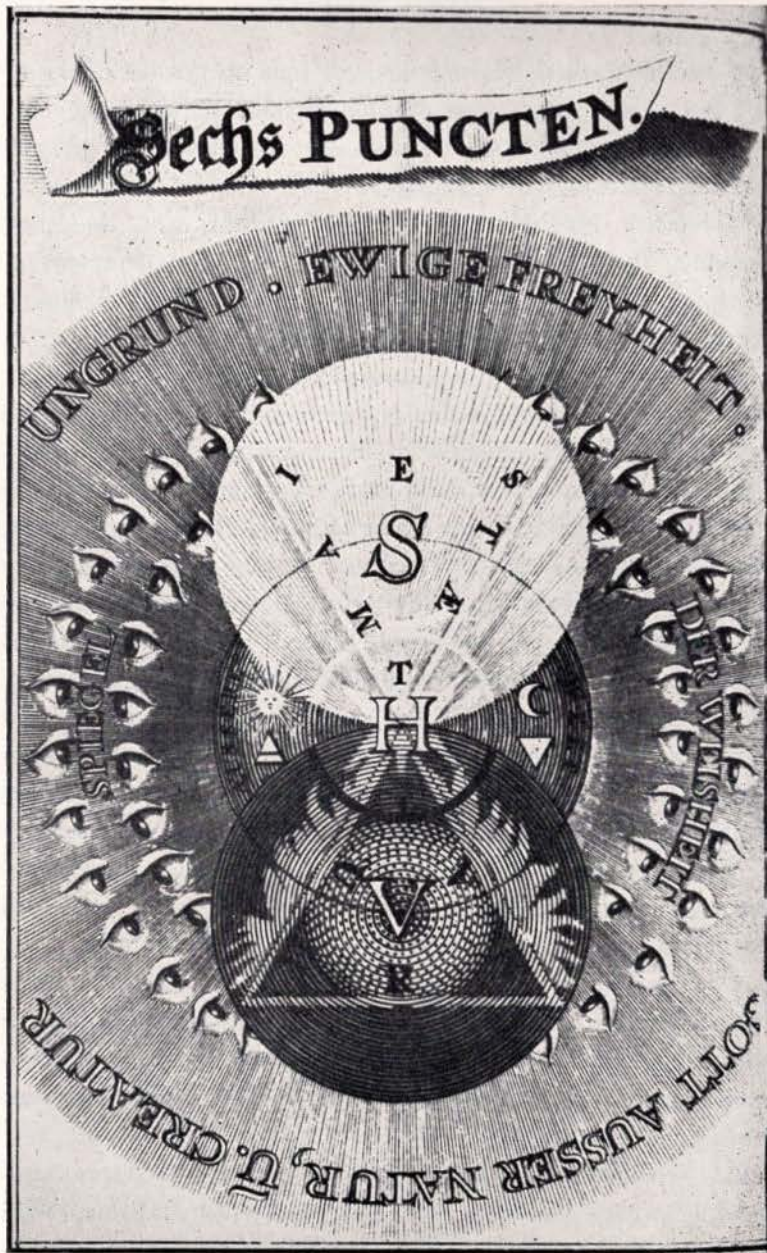
It must have been extremely difficult for Boehme to interpret through any formal medium the formless impressions

and feelings which flowed through him on the occasions of his mystical experiences. It is probable that he never actually integrated his experiences into such a system of symbolism, but some of his disciples were able to systematize his doctrine through contributions of their own, and they designed the explanatory emblems. The Christian mysticism of this old German shoemaker certainly carried within it many concepts which antedated the Christian revelation.

As William Law, whose contributions we will consider in detail later in this article, pointed out, there are definite traces of Pythagoreanism and Platonism present in Boehme's writings. In fact, the system can be defined with reasonable accuracy as a Christianized Neoplatonism. There is no doubt, however, that as far as Boehme himself is concerned his system was entirely instinctual. He was not a trained mystic, and he had little if any acquaintance with previous philosophical schools. He shared in their doctrines only to the degree that his own impressions paralleled those of earlier Illuminists. He experienced all things within himself, even though many of his reports had been anticipated by sages and prophets of earlier times.

The modern intellectualist may be antagonized by Boehme's frequent references to such abstractions as God and his angels, or Satan and his legions. The first reading of the curious books may produce only a certain admiration for the vividness of the German mystic's imagination, but a deeper study will transmute this into a profound astonishment at the magnitude of his comprehension and the extent of his self-acquired knowledge.

"I am not collecting my knowledge from letters and books," writes Boehme, "but I have it within my own self; because heaven and earth with all their inhabitants, and moreover God himself, are in man."



THE EQUILIBRIUM OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS*

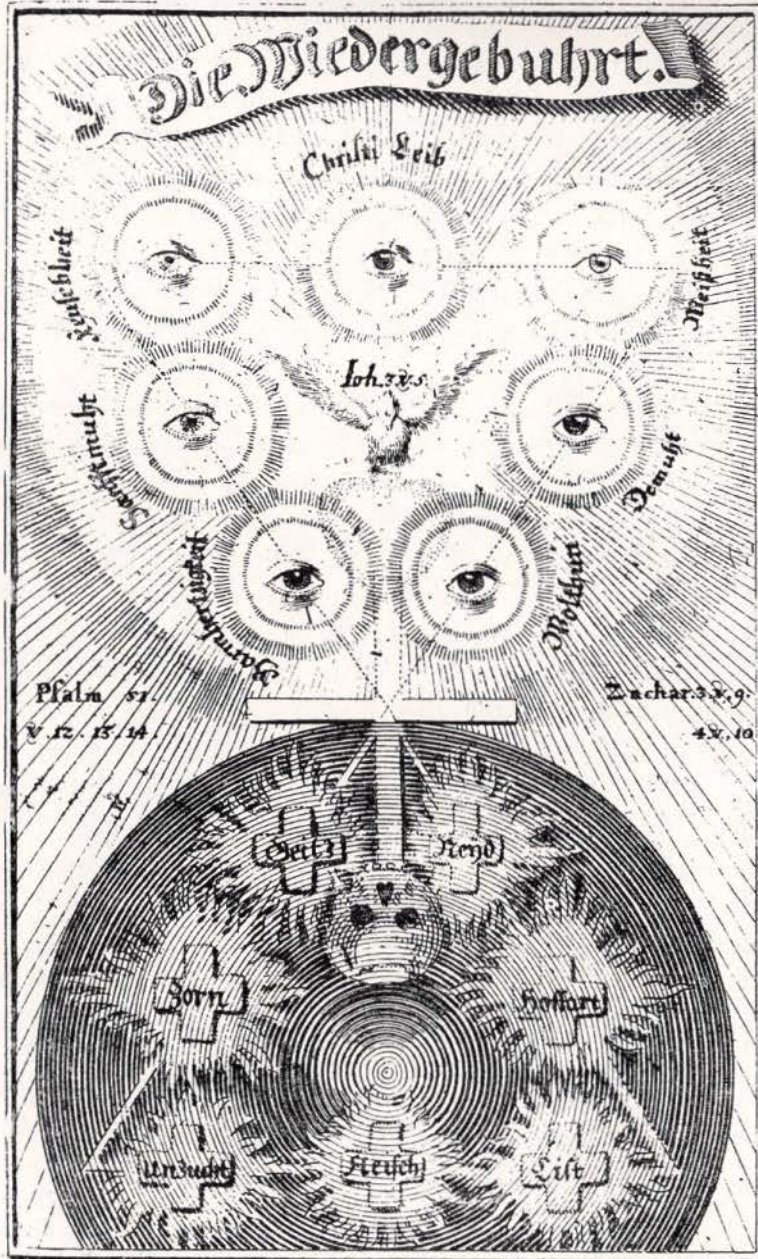
The God of Boehme is not the God of the Church, nor is his Christ the Christ of the theologians. As the pagan initiates of antiquity clothed their profound doctrines in fables and myths, so Boehme concealed his mystical revelations under the form and word of the Christian Scriptures. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Boehme restated a universal doctrine, which for more than fifteen centuries had been locked within the adamantine orthodoxy of Peter's Church.

Boehme's philosophy is established upon a premise that it might profit modern science to examine with great care. Dr. Franz Hartmann, an outstanding Theosophical writer, summarizes the concept in the following well-chosen words: "In the study of man as a cosmic being there are three subjects to consider, although the three are only aspects of one. These three subjects are God, Nature, and Man, and neither one of them can be understood in its inner essence without an understanding of the other two."

Examined apart from God and nature, man is bereft of origin and ultimate, and left as a purposeless accident upon the face of the earth. A recognition of the fundamental identity of God, nature, and man, constituting together a divine equilibrium, is essential to the establishment of a reasonable philosophy of life.

Boehme's God was not apart from man and nature, but within both, expressing Itself through both by what Boehme termed "properties." As he pegged shoes, the seer of Alt-Seidenburg envisioned a universal order, suspended from three principles, themselves resident in and co-eternal with Ab-

*Plate: This figure from Gichtel's edition of Boehme's writings, represents the sympathy of the light and dark worlds, with the divine splendor redeeming the creation and the creature from that outer privation which is called "the Wrath."



THE HEAVENLY PRINCIPLES REFLECTED IN THE MUNDANE SPHERE*

solite Cause. These principles correspond very closely with the scientific concept of light, matter and mind as uncreated agencies, subsisting throughout time and eternity, and precipitating the whole diversity of existence through their mutual strivings.

Accompanying the frontispiece of the first section of the edition of Boehme's writings edited by Gichtel, there is a brief reference to the design and purpose of the plates. A free translation of these remarks is indicative of the dominant concept: "The diagrams attempt to visualize how the entire Holy Scriptures flow out of the mouth of God through his sanctified teachers, prophets, and apostles, for the primary purpose of teaching and motivating [all men] to repentance and to absorption in divine mysteries. The word of God is almost entirely concealed in figures, in obscure prophetic utterances, in riddles and allegories, in which are actually disclosed the wonders of divine wisdom. That which is past is reported, that which is present is indicated in pictures, and that which is in the future is anticipated and implied. Appeal is made directly to the earth-born, self-centered, human consciousness, which cannot immediately understand and decipher such an approach. To the earth-born man the mystery of divine wisdom does not unveil its dignity, but only stimulates the understanding heart to seek and dig after the causes of wisdom. We must discover and release wisdom just as we must excavate out of the dark and coarse earth that radiant gold, which is the noblest of metals in the body of nature."

Johann Lorenz von Mosheim gives us a few side lights on the rise of Boehmenism. As might be expected from Mosheim's position in the world of letters, he was not sym-

*Plate: from the Gichtel figure illustrating the philosophy of Boehme.

pathetic to the mystical point of view. It is only necessary to read a few lines to conclude that his opinions were strongly prejudiced. In all fairness, however, it should be admitted that he accumulated much interesting information on a variety of subjects.

Mosheim included Boehme among the Lutheran fanatics of the 17th century, "who in their flights of enthusiasm had such a high notion of their own abilities as to attempt melting down the form of religion, and casting a new system of piety after a model drawn from their wanton and irregular fancies. At the head of this visionary tribe, we may place Jacob Behmen, who was remarkable for the multitude of his patrons and adversaries and whom his admirers commonly called the German Theosophist.

"This man had a natural propensity toward the investigation of mysteries and was fond of abstruse and intricate inquiries of every kind; and having partly by books and partly by conversation with certain physicians, including Tobias Kober and Balthasar Walther, acquired some knowledge of Robert Fludd (a native of England and a man of a surprising genius) and the Rosicrucians, which was propagated in Germany with great ostentation during this century, he struck out of the element *Fire* by the succours of imagination a species of theology much more obscure than numbers of Pythagoras or the intricacies of Heraclitus—some have bestowed high praise on this enthusiast, on account of his piety, integrity, and sincere love of truth and virtue; but such as carry their admiration of his doctrine so far as to honor him with the character of an inspired messenger of heaven . . . must be themselves deceived . . . for never did there reign such obscurity and confusion in the writings of any mortal . . . He entertained the following chimerical notion: 'The minds of men are purged from their vices and

corruptions in the same way that metals are purified from their dross.' "

The 17th century was remarkable for the quantity of mystical and esoteric publications printed between 1610 and 1690. During this period a number of skillful engravers were producing highly imaginative symbolic plates and emblems, many of which possessed extraordinary artistic merit. This school of engraving upon copper and wood merits more research than has yet been devoted to either the products or the producers thereof.

Doctor Mosheim mentions the English mystic, Robert Fludd, as a possible source of Boehme's speculations. An examination of Fludd's writings does not support the opinion that Boehme was indebted to the English Rosicrucian for his Theosophical doctrines. But the fantastic symbolic figures which illustrate Fludd's treatises and which were cut by Theodore de Bry are imaginative masterpieces and the products of a distinct school of skilled artisans. Fludd remarked that it was more economical and satisfactory to have his writings printed in Germany, especially at Frankfurt, which at that time was actually the printer's city.

One sometimes suspects that the engravers had doctrines of their own, and designed their symbolic plates with more consideration for their own opinions than for the opinions of their authors. In many cases, it appears that any resemblance between the text and the pictures is purely coincidental. The suspicion is increased when we observe that the same engravings are inserted in different works by different authors and to illustrate unrelated material. Fine engravings were a valuable property in themselves, and when no other purpose could be found they were compiled into collections and some writer selected to prepare short verses, epigram-

matic observations, or moral platitudes to tie the unrelated pictures into a loose design.

After the great masters of symbolic illustration had been gathered to their fathers, their designs brought great comfort and profit to the numerous pseudo-esoteric societies that emerged from the general cultural confusion. The various elements of the early emblems were rearranged and extended by inferior workmen to lend an air of verisimilitude to the pretensions of impostors. The so-called Gichtel figures were the products of a high degree of originality. They were not copied from previous emblems, but were themselves the source of numerous subsequent devices of inferior ingenuity.

There is little to support von Mosheim's opinion that Boehme derived inspiration from Doctors Kober and Walther. These small-town practitioners left no impress in the mind of their times except as sincere disciples of the German Theosopher. They probably did contribute such assistance as lay within their power, but von Mosheim was merely seeking an easy explanation for that in itself inexplicable. It is usual for the historian to seek to explain away mysteries by any device that comes to hand. The entire tribe of historians resents exceptions to general rules. To them it appears expedient to sacrifice the exception and preserve the rule.

The point I wish to make is that there was a guild of illustrators, the members of which were extremely sensitive to mysticism, alchemy, and cabalism. These engravers must have possessed a profound knowledge of such obscure subjects, and may have been appointed to prepare emblems and figures without supervision and at their own discretion.

When the Duke of Brunswick wished a symbolic frontispiece for one of his books, he explained his requirements

in a letter to his publisher. The finished engraving was a masterpiece, but its details were not the result of the Duke's suggestions. The finished product was the work of an independent genius, who was amazingly proficient in the creation of an appropriate and, in a sense, self-sufficient emblem that has piqued the curiosity of scholars for over three hundred years. Perhaps the Gichtel plates had a similar history.

WILLIAM LAW

William Law, a prominent English divine, was the major exponent of the teachings of Jakob Boehme in the 18th century. He appeared in the dual role of translator and editor, and was responsible for the first complete English translation of the writings of the German mystic. Law was a controversialist, a utilitarian religionist, and in the later years of his life, a mystic. It should be mentioned that although he is best known for his interest in the writings of Boehme, he was an outstanding mystic and theologian in his own right. He had the type of mind not commonly found among English intellectuals of his day. He was something of a misfit, both historically and geographically. He would have fitted into the early 17th century much better than the 18th century, and had the mood of southern Germany or central Asia as distinguished from that of the English countryside.

William Law was born in 1686 at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire, the son of a grocer. In spite of his father's rather humble profession, there seems to have been sufficient means available for the young man's education, for he entered Cambridge University in 1705. He remained there until 1711. When King George I came to the throne, young Law refused, on grounds of conscience, to subscribe

to the oath of allegiance then demanded, and, as a result, he lost his fellowship at Cambridge. Thus it appears that at an early age Law was already well established in the simple but strict code of personal piety which regulated his entire life.

In 1727 he accepted the position of tutor in the Gibbon family. He was placed in charge of the father of Edmund Gibbon, who was later to acquire immortal fame as the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Law remained for ten years with this family, and upon the death of the senior Gibbon, retired to his native town, where he devoted himself to writing and study. He received financial assistance from the Gibbon family and several of his students, and spent the rest of his life in comparative comfort. As a Jacobite and nonjuror, however, Law's life was plagued with numerous reversals of fortune, and it can scarcely be said that he was entirely addicted to transcendental speculations. He wrote well, and devoted one tract to an attack on the theater, actors, and related subjects, which he described as absolutely unlawful.

Law was drawn to the writings of Boehme about 1735, possibly a little earlier. He admitted that, on first reading, the German mystic put him in complete confusion. Yet, there were certain glimmerings, intimations, and inferences that stirred his eager heart and mind. He therefore continued, combining study and prayer, and was rewarded by a gradually increasing apperception of the secret of Boehme's revelations. He was the author of several works in which he revealed his thorough understanding and enthusiastic admiration of Boehme's profound speculations. Law passed quietly from this life in 1761, and has been described as "a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practiced all that he enjoined."

Just as Gichtel had a mind of his own, Law was definitely a person with strong convictions, and a mentality capable of individual initiative. We must assume, therefore, that the various commentaries and descriptions appended by Law to his great edition of Boehme reflected the individual convictions of this learned editor and compiler, and also, to some degree, the religious and political disturbances of the time.

For students of mysticism William Law is especially important for his translations and interpretations of Boehme's writings. Doctor Alexander Whyte summarizes Law's life and work in these words: "The best books of Law's contemporaries are all more or less known to everyone who loves books. *Crusoe*, *Gulliver*, *Homer*, and the *Essay on Man*, *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Analogy*, and the *Sermons*, as well as Southey and Boswell—but many not ill-read men have never read a single line of William Law. And yet it may with perfect safety be said that there are very few authors in English literature, if there is one, whose works will better reward readers of an original and serious cast of mind than just these wholly forgotten works of William Law. In sheer intellectual strength Law is fully abreast of the very foremost of his illustrious contemporaries, while in that fertilizing touch which is the true test of genius Law simply stands alone. And then his truly great and sanctified intellect worked exclusively, intensely, and with unparalleled originality on the most interesting, the most important and the most productive of all subjects—the Divine nature and human nature, sin, prayer, love and eternal life."

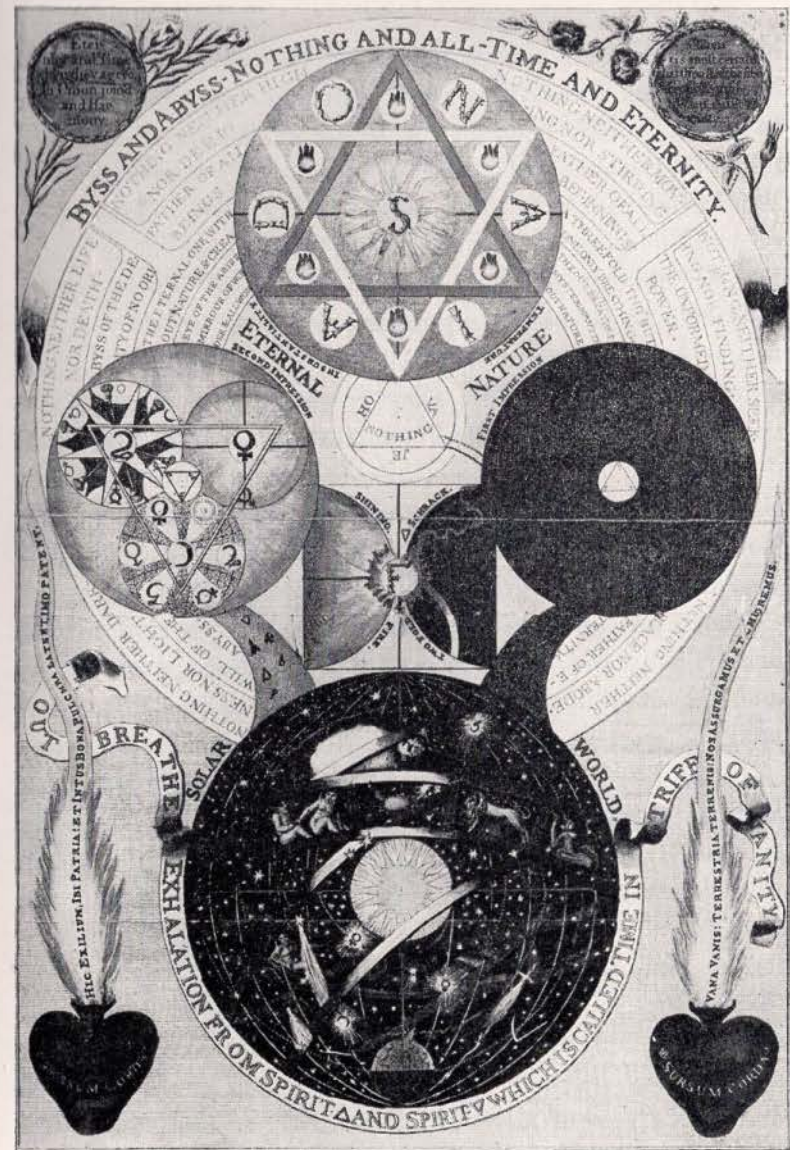
The monumental work of William Law still remains as the finest edition of Boehme's writings in the English language. It was published in four volumes of folio size in

1772, under the title, *The Works of Jacob Behmen, the Teutonic Theosopher . . . With Figures, Illustrating his Principles Left by the Reverend William Law, M. A.* In this edition an entirely new series of symbolic designs make their appearance. Some of these are reminiscent of the earlier Gichtel figures; others bear no obvious relation to earlier illustrations.

Due to eccentricities in binding, the plates occur in different places in various copies of the work, but they usually fall at the end of a short section, entitled *Four Tables of Divine Revelation, Signifying what God in Himself is Without Nature; and how Considered in Nature, According to the Three Principles. Also What Heaven, Hell, World, Time, and Eternity, are: Together with all Creatures visible and invisible: And out of what all Things had their Original.* By Jacob Behmen, the Teutonic Theosopher. There are twenty engravings in the series. Of these, two are hand-colored, and thirteen form a series representing the fall of Adam and the human regeneration through Christ. Then follow two independent designs, one including folding parts, and lastly, there are three manikins with many flaps, revealing the spiritual constitution of man and his relationship with the universe. These last three are the most extraordinary examples of such figures known to exist.

Again, the origin of the design is obscure. In his work now referred to as *The Latin Manuscript*, Peter Paul Rubens referred to Boehme as "that blessed instrument in the hands of the Spirit of God." We further learn that this manuscript was appended to Ruben's *Treatise on the Proportion of the Human Figure; Cabalistic Principles; and the Property of Numbers Applied to Chemical Operations, etc.*

There is evidence that Rubens possessed not only a profound admiration for the writings of the German mystic,



THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF ALL THINGS

Herein are set forth, according to the obscure doctrines of Jakob Boehme, the three principles which, uniting in fire, generate the material universe. (From the William Law edition.)

but also a deep understanding of Boehme's metaphysical speculations. The artistry of the manikin figure in particular is distinctly Rubenesque. The figure of Sophia in the third table is especially reminiscent of Ruben's technique. We should like to hazard the speculation that the manikins either originated directly with Ruben or were inspired by drawings which he prepared.

One thing is certain: the manikins are infinitely superior to the engravings usually found in the occult books of the 17th and 18th centuries. They are more than illustrations; they are works of art. Had William Law actually conceived the pictures, he would certainly have been in a better position to describe them than is apparent from his meager comments. In short, the figures have descended to us with very inadequate keys to their interpretation.

There are many similarities between the designs of the human body which appear in Gichtel's *Theosophia Practica* and the manikins in the William Law edition. The later artist or engraver certainly was aware of the former work.

In his brief introduction to the four tables, we have from Law the following description of the general plan of the enterprise: "It contains four tables with their explanations; wherein may be seen, by a spiritual eye, the ground and foundation of all the author's works, and profound mysteries: Yea, there is also clearly deciphered, that so much sought and so rarely found, secret Cabala of the ancient rabbis. These tables, indeed, contain the sum of all the author's writings; and of all his knowledge; of all in heaven and earth; yea, of all the highest mysteries that man in this life is capable of knowing."

The first table explains and reveals God and how Deity out of Himself continually begets and breathes forth Himself. The mystery of God, concealed within Himself and

separate from all nature and creatures, is expounded as a septenary or a seven-fold essential Being, extending downward from *Abyss to Wisdom*. According to Boehme, God, most hidden and entirely without objective manifestation, is properly designated the *Abyss*—the *Nothing* and the *All*. God is *Nothing* in the sense of *no thing*, completely and entirely incomprehensible, and not to be discovered and experienced except by the complete detachment of consciousness from the illusion of nature and creature. Yet this *no thing* is at the same time the *All*, for from it is made manifest every visible, sensible, and attainable nature and condition.

Within the nature of *Nothing* and *All* reposes the *Will of the Abyss*. This *Will* is the secret Father of all beings, for by means of the *Will* the mystery of God is manifest in the creation, which is the extension of the *Abyss*, from center to circumference, according to *Will*.

It is the *Will* that reveals the *Lubet*, the *Delight* or emotional impression of the *Will*. This is the joy of the God that begetteth the God, according to his own pleasure. This begetting is by the breathing forth of God the Son, a revealed expression of the *Delight* of the Father.

From the *Delight* proceeds motion which is science, for all knowledge in the material world is the knowledge of motion. This motion is the *Holy Spirit*, which is the breath or outbreathing of the *Delight*. Herein is concealed the mystery of how the Father of himself begets the Son, and how the *Holy Spirit* proceeds from them both, yet is one Being.

In the next level is God in Trinity, a triune Being, known unto the similitude of the *Will*, the *Mind*, and the *Senses*, wherein together lie the eternal understandings. Thus, are all natures and creatures locked within their own causes,

from which they may be unfolded or opened by a divine mystery.

From the One Eternal Understanding and the understandings, which are many and one, there stands forth the *Word*, which is the perception of the *Self*, by which the creature is aware of the Creator. By this awareness the creature discovers God to be the eternal good, and even this discovery itself is an experience which abides eternally in God.

In the last and seventh place stands *Wisdom*. This is the divine contemplation of the creature, which, by use of its own divinity, becomes aware of the universal Divinity. By *Wisdom*, God in himself and to himself becomes intelligible, perceptible, and revealed. These seven conditions or states are within the nature of the Eternal Cause and in fact are that Cause. By these seven virtues, that Cause is in itself complete, and that which is outside of these seven departs from the incomprehensible, and moves inevitably toward that which is comprehensible.

That which is comprehensible is nature and creature, and these two are finally embodied, personified, or symbolized by the *World* and *Man*. The *World* is the sum of nature, and *Man* is the sum of creature. He exists within nature, and nature within him. In his outward parts, he exists in *Time*, but inwardly he exists according to eternity, which is the *Abyss of Time*. For *Time*, like God Himself, is *Nothing* and *All*. *Time* in the *Spirit* is *no thing*. *Time* in the *Mind* is past, present, and future, and *Time* in the *World* is *All*, for it measures the duration of both nature and creature.

From this brief excursion into Boehme's principles and terminology the measure of the difficulty of interpreting his writings can be estimated. But if his words are insufficient to clarify his meanings, they are quaintly dramatic and perhaps carry a greater impact than may first appear. The very

unfamiliarity of the terms separates them from the common definitions which arise in the mind. It is necessary to accept Boehme's definitions without any recourse to things previously studied or known. This has one great advantage, even though it is burdened with several lesser disadvantages.

The whole of Boehme's mystical idealism is brought to bear upon the subjects of the fall of man, the miseries of his relapsed state, and the secret of his redemption, through a mystical attunement with the spiritual substance of life.

To the state of Deity, which is beyond dimension and is represented by the *Abyss*, Boehme applied the term "the first temperature." Here God in himself is that Eternal Liberty which the vulgar call *chaos*.

Chaos is not lawlessness but law beyond comprehension. This is the *Mysterium Magnum*; that which is without, before, and above nature. This is the first world, the eternal world; that which gives birth to creations without being itself created; that which decrees form without itself being formed, and that which is ever sustaining growth and motion, but which itself neither grows nor is moved. This state is beyond the objective awareness of any thing that is created. Nothing may know it or share in it but itself, but men and angels may consider it by the powers of the heart and mind without the capacity to actually share in its substance, or identify themselves with its purposes.

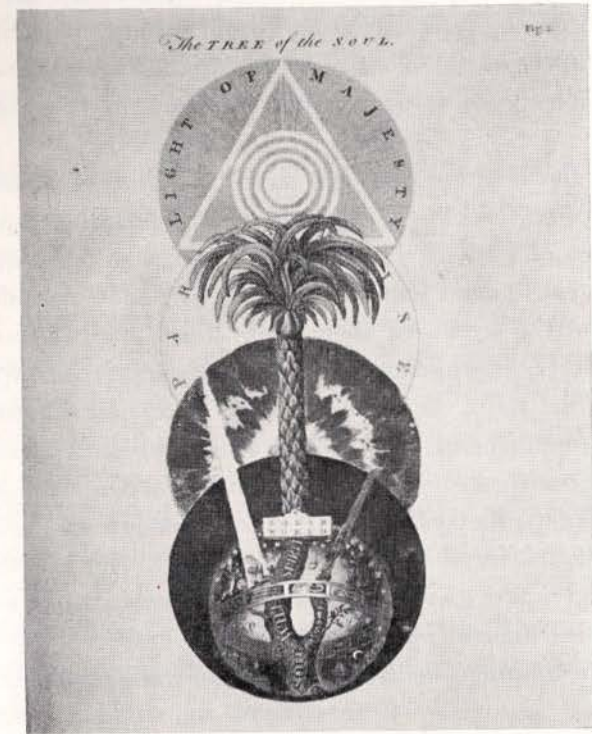
In this "first temperature" abides the triune Deity in the state of complete subjectivity. This triune Deity is called the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost by those who have not been initiated into the mystery. But more correctly, the Trinity exists only on the lower planes of creation; whereas, in the "eternal temperature," there is only a triunity of God, which is the divine fire or the mutual love of that in itself

beyond separation. This is a love in unity, rather than a love striving for unity.

The "second temperature" is the residence of the brightness of the Father or Glory. It is less than the *Nothing* and the *All* for it is of the nature of the *All*, rather than sharing equally in the nature of the *Nothing*. This *All* is the upper extremity of nature, the apex of an ascending pyramid. Here is all union, all concord, and all harmony. This is the *light world* or the *love fire*, whose root is in the divine *Desire*, and which flows forth out of that triune divine fire Deity, which in the "first temperature" was not an object of our understanding, but only of our consideration.

In an effort to sense a mystical experience apart from an intellectual enlightenment, we may do well to consider Boehme's division of terms, by which he contrasts *understanding* and *consideration*. By *understanding* he means the conscious sharing of the state in which the creature experiences the creator as an internal reality. Naturally in this sense, the word *understanding* has a much larger and deeper meaning than in familiar usage, but undoubtedly it is the familiar usage that is at fault. Things, for example, are not understood because they are seen or described. We cannot understand music, for example, merely by attending concerts. To fully appreciate an art or science, there must be self-participation. A thing must be done or performed in order to be fully known.

According to Boehme, the "first temperature" of God cannot be a direct object of understanding except under extraordinary conditions; in fact, no mortal creature can attain through participation to a complete internal experience of the substance of the *Mysterium Magnum*. A creature like man, who knows only the bondage of creation, cannot experience the *Eternal Liberty* of that which is beyond na-



—From the William Law edition

THE TREE OF THE SOUL

In the teachings of Boehme, the human soul and the world are represented by a tree, which, rising from the material universe, ascends through the four spheres of life, attaining to its flower and fruit in the Light of Majesty.

ture and creature. That which dwells forever in the presence of *some thing* cannot fully experience *no thing* and *All*. The relapsed Adam, living in the heart, blended by the dark, cold fire of nature, cannot understand through participation the brightness of the *love* fire of the *light world*, or the *divine fire* which abides forever in the darkness of the causeless Cause.

Thus, the creation becomes aware of the Creator only by *consideration*, and this term we must understand to represent the contemplation of something or some state, separate and distinct from actual experience. Thus, we may consider the natures of the creatures about us in the *World*, but we cannot know these creatures by internal experience. We can consider the stars, the motions of the year, and the intricate balance of universal laws and forces, in which we have our mundane existence. These things may be observed, noted, and recorded; they may give rise to reflection within us.

Our thoughtfulness, in turn, may lead to the formulation of concepts. We may evolve elaborate explanations for the diversity of natural phenomena, and we may even postulate certain profound conclusions about God and salvation, but these must arise only from *consideration* and not actually from experience.

We understand the world of which we are a part better than we understand space, which is without any familiar landmark to assist us toward a reasonable estimation. The mystical apperceptive powers of the seer differ from the intellectual accomplishments of the scholar in this one particular; namely, the degree of conscious identification with life.

The two columns that support the portico of the Everlasting House are *Wisdom* and *Understanding*. *Wisdom* is the natural extension of *consideration*, which ultimately leads to

the acceptance of certain overtones, or contemplated realities. Devotion leads toward *understanding*, which is a communion or spiritual sympathy, in which the mystic in his ecstasy feels that he is experiencing "a sharing in God and with God," and in this way attains the security of the Divine "temperature."

Out of the descent of the "first temperature" into the "second temperature" there is established the middle part of eternal nature. Here the fire of the first principle becomes the constant, clear, burning and flaming fire of manifested divinity. This is the tabernacle of the Father's omnipotence or All Power. This All Power is symbolized by the sun, but it must be understood that this is not the physical orb in the sky but the cosmic spiritual sun, which bears to the whole of creation the same relationship that our sun bears to its solar system.

Boehme's spiritual sun, or manifested divinity, corresponds with the Paracelsian concept of a God light, which appears upon the surface of the eternal darkness, and corresponds to the *Fiat*, or the *spoken word*. This is the sun whose coming is heralded by the *aurora* or the *dawn light*, which is the promise of the revelation of the *Eternal Splendor*.

Boehme represents the eternal manifestation of Divine Being through temporal nature as a triune mystery of *darkness*, *fire*, and *light*. We must understand that the mystic is now considering creation from the viewpoint of *consideration*; that is, he is meditating upon the nature from the natural substances and essences of matter. The three constituent parts of the inferior universe are heaven (the sphere of light), earth (the sphere of fire), and hell (the sphere of darkness). All natures are bound by the light in themselves to the light of the world, and by the darkness of themselves to the obscuring and crystallizing material elements.

Naturally, Boehme does not use his terms in an orthodox or literal sense, but to represent those moods or states of consciousness which he experienced in the mystical extensions of *understanding*. To him, light symbolized increasing awareness of the spiritual mystery; fire, the intensity by which awareness itself was diminished; and darkness, the obscuration of internal comprehension. Fire was a kind of striving, whereas true illumination was a suspension of all effort in a state of perfect luminous tranquillity.

Having established his principles, Boehme extended them out of the nature of God into the substance of the world, and finally into the constitution of man. He set up analogies by which each sphere interpreted the others, so that man himself might become the interpreter of all secrets, human and divine. Only great time and thoughtfulness can elucidate all phases of this extraordinary mystical revelation, but it does unfold sequentially and with remarkable consistency.

Among the William Law figures is one representing the spiritual life of man growing up through the four great spheres or worlds toward the *Light of Majesty*. In this conception the two forms of *Will*, that is, the Divine Will which leads to Christ, and the Self-Will, which ends in the abode of fire, which is the habitation of Satan, are represented as the branches of a tree. The Divine Will leads toward the spirit, which, passing out through the upper part of the solar world, grows through the sphere of darkness and the sphere of fire to blossom and bear fruit in Paradise. In the symbolism, the tree represents the spiritual life which, planted in the human heart—the seed of an immortal being—grows upward toward the light which is its proper destiny.

From these universal considerations, we come naturally to the three curious manikin figures. These form together what Boehme calls the similitudes of the three worlds. In

each manikin, man is represented as consisting of three parts—body, soul, and spirit. This three-fold division may not be at first apparent, because of the numerous sections making up the engravings. Together the three manikins represent man in three states or conditions—"the first, before his fall, in purity, dominion, and glory; the second, after his fall, pollution, and perdition; and the third, in his rising from the fall, or on the way of regeneration, in sanctification and tendency to his last perfection."

The three conditions of man represent his imagination focused upon the three parts of his own nature—i. e. spirit, soul, and body. Before his fall, he dwelt in a spiritual state. By the fall, he descended into a bodily state, and by regeneration, he ascends again into the estate of soul.

Once more we should beware of the confusion arising from the use of a terminology which makes unusual usage of familiar words. For instance, according to Boehme, God is "the Will of Eternal Wisdom," and in *The Three Principles* he writes: "If anyone desires to follow me in the science of the things whereof I write, let him follow rather the flights of my soul than those of my pen." Boehme thus sums up the method by which he is to be understood: "I am often forced to give terrestrial names to that which is celestial, so that the reader may form a conception, and by meditating about it penetrate within the inner foundation."

ALEXANDER WHYTE, D. D.

We should like to introduce at this point the Reverend Alexander Whyte (1837-1921), a Scottish divine who received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in 1910. Dr. Whyte published the life of William Law in 1893, and an appreciation of Jakob Boehme in 1895. From these circumstances and other details of his life, it appears that

Whyte was much addicted to the biographies and doctrines of prominent mystics and religionists.

In the Library of the Philosophical Research Society, we have a curious scrapbook dealing with Jakob Boehme with the *ex libris* of Dr. Whyte. From the appearance and condition of this manuscript collection, which is a large thin folio, it does not appear that the material was written by Whyte but belonged to a somewhat earlier date, probably 18th century. Although no clues are given, it is barely possible from the nature of the fragments that Whyte may have come into possession of some of the original drawings prepared for William Law, and not included in the printed edition. The problem is difficult but most interesting.

In addition to several pages of manuscript laid in, there are thirty symbolical drawings of various sizes in the Whyte scrapbook. The figures were drawn by expert draftsmen, and the text worked into the design is variously in English, German, and Latin. Of special importance are the figures, obviously belonging to the Boehme cycle, which do not occur in the Gichtel edition or the William Law translation. These figures include manikins with movable parts, and are sometimes tied to Boehme by direct quotations from his books. The drawings are by more than one artist, and I have not been able to trace anything similar to them in the British Museum collection of Boehme's works.

Among the curious figures in the Whyte collection is a fragment evidently a part of a larger work. There is no clue to the author, but from the appearance of the writing and the paper the fragment is probably 18th century. The incomplete text is in German, and serves as a description for a curious emblem, drawn in line and washed and tipped onto the margin of the text. Part of the symbol is reproduced herewith. The figure is oval, and the obverse side consists of



WILLEMINA SOPHIA

From the collection of Boehme's symbols made by Alexander Whyte.

an inscription surrounded by a wreath of leaves and berries. The inscription consists of what appears to be an extravagant summary of the honors and achievements of that most noble, high-born princess, Willemina Sophia, by the Grace of God, Queen of the nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Islands of the sea. Next comes a list of her Cabinet ministers and the members of her privy council, with the departments over which they ruled. These great and noble ministers are Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Venus, and the Moon.

In describing this figure, which was inspired by that god-illuminated mystic, Jakob Boehme, our unknown author states that by Willemina Sophia is to be understood that worldly wisdom, by which all material achievements are made possible. Looking carefully, we notice that he has written the name of the princess in large capital letters, so arranged that they are spaced in two words, thus: Wille Mina. Boehme frequently used the word *Wille* to represent the internal resolution in man which impels to action. It does not require much exaggeration to consider that *Mina* is the feminine and fondly diminutive suffix. Thus, Willemina can mean the feminine diminutive or negative or lesser form of the will. When combined with Sophia, it can read "the small, feminine will of wisdom."

Our author, with the redundant literary form usual to the mystical writings of the period, explains, after a number of profuse apologies, that he was indulging in a little game of make-believe. He is imagining that the world is ruled by a beautiful princess, who possesses the attributes of reason and knowledge, but is without internal, mystical apperception. She is given rulership over all the arts and sciences, trades and crafts; and because she is ever making men more skillful and more profound, and assisting them in the ac-

cumulation of wealth and honor, they regard her with the highest admiration and are proud to be subjects of her empire.

The reverse of the same figure shows a coat of arms with two supporters. The coat is divided into six compartments, in each of which appears the hieroglyphic of one of the planets and various implements illustrative of the attributes of the planet. In the center of the shield is a miniature water-color portrait of Willemina Sophia, with a crown on her head, pearls about her neck, and the royal ermine draped from her shoulders. The artist tells us that she is radiantly beautiful, but evidently his technique was inadequate or he was indulging in sly satire, for the princess has a definitely subnormal appearance.

The shield containing the coat of arms is supported by a female monkey wearing a bonnet, and a fox with an eccentric-appearing helmet. The author explains that the monkey is the symbol of the false appearance of worldly wisdom, like Aristotle's ape of learning. The fox represents shrewdness, deceit, imposture and cunning. Thus, worldly wisdom is supported by stupidity and deceit, for there is no foolishness more dangerous than learned foolishness, and no deceit more dangerous than skilled deceit.

With delightful naivete, our author now recommends that we lift up the little central flap, bearing the miniature likeness of Willemina Sophia, and observe that underneath is another representation of the illustrious princess. Here she is depicted as seen by the internal eye of the seer. She now has the complexion and attributes of a scullery maid, an unlettered, untutored farm wench, wearing the crown, pearls, and ermine with bad grace.

The burden of the writer's opinions is in substance that worldly wisdom and all that knowledge which arises only in

the mind, although outwardly beautiful and sufficient, are in fact illusions. There can be no true enlightenment except through the discovery of spiritual truths by meditation, prayer, faith, and good works. Mortal institutions are supported by false knowledge and ulterior motives, until the light of God brings essential wisdom into the heart of man, and he cheerfully exchanges all outward pretensions for inner peace and beauty.

Among the papers assembled by Reverend Whyte is a copy of the last will and testament of a certain Mr. Freeher.*

Unfortunately, the copy is not dated and contains no information about the life or times of the testator. It is quite possible that the whole will is a mystical allegory. In any event, Mr. Freeher distributes his worldly goods by means of five specific bequests, and it would appear that the greater part of his estate consisted of books, manuscripts, and the like.

Item 2 bestows upon Mr. Special the books of Jakob Boehme in High Dutch. Item 3 leaves to Mr. Lichter several volumes by older authors, including "my figures *de uno, puncto, centro*: together with all the manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Watle, and the press wherein they are laid up." It is possible that these figures refer to symbolical drawings dealing with Boehme's writings, some of which may be in the Whyte folio.

Mr. Freeher also bestowed his ring, engraved with the memorandum: "Prepared be to follow me," his hourglass,

*Through this article, appearing in our Journal in 1948, the Freeher will came to the attention of Charles H. Muses, who stated that this item "filled an important hiatus in the bibliographical and biographical data of Freher." For the researches of Dr. Muses bearing upon the material in the Library of our Society, see *Illumination on Jacob Boehme, The Work of Dionysius Andreas Freher*, New York, 1951.

weather house, feather bed, and a very fine chimney gate. It is evident that he was a follower of Boehme or Gichtel, for he concludes: "I die in the communion of the Church of Christ; that is, of all them that are living members of his mystical body, wherever they are dispersed in the world; and keep nothing against any human creature: I thank you all, my friends, English and German, for all your love and kindness, your reward you shall find when you come into the *Mysterium*: and I exhort you all to love one another, and to keep up among yourselves union and peace. God bless you all; and I desire an interest in your prayers."

The gradual accumulation of symbolic devices as instruments for the interpretation and dissemination of esoteric philosophies has been practiced by nearly all religious systems. Formal courses of study, by which the concepts of a teacher or a doctrine are transmitted to followers and disciples, have never solved completely one of the most basic problems in the world of learning: Instruction imposes upon the mind of the student certain patterns of knowledge. These he must accept, commit to memory, and apply as best he can to the complications of personal living. His conduct is motivated by ideas not actually his own, and in critical situations, this imposed learning usually proves insufficient. In other words, his studies may extend over a considerable area, but they are limited to surfaces, whereas life itself depends upon penetration. It may not be correct to say that the intellectualist is superficial, but the entire theory of formal education deals with the acquiring of facts considered in themselves separate and apart from the person learning them.

Symbols, by their very structure capable of numerous interpretations, invite the student to draw upon his own resources in an attempt to discover *the* or *a* satisfactory ex-

planation. The symbol, therefore, leads to an experience intensely personal and individual. We discover what we know when we bring our wit and wisdom to bear upon some abstract device. This is especially true when we have every reason to believe that the emblem or figure was devised by a person of unusual spiritual attainment. The unexplained issues a challenge. It demands that we think for ourselves, and soon reveals the degree of our own ability to perform the function of creative thinking.

Nature about us uses the language of symbolism for the unfoldment of the potentials of all its creatures. The mysteries of life do not explain themselves or issue any dogmatic statement about their ways or workings. As Boehme would express it: "The creature must discover the Creator by extending human faculties toward the Divine Mystery."

It naturally follows that symbols are subject to numerous misinterpretations, even as nature itself can be incorrectly estimated. Thus art is necessary to perfect instinct and impulse. If the mind is trained to proceed in an orderly manner, it will not depart from that which is reasonable and probable. If formal knowledge is strong enough to prevent fantasy, the symbol will be explained with the guidance and censorship of judgment.

Symbols also can convey a collective impression usually lost by premature analysis. As a result of meditation upon a sacred emblem, a mood or over-all impression of values is communicated without the limitations imposed by word patterns and word definitions. The written word or even the spoken word is seldom sufficient unless the speaker or writer attains an extraordinary degree of artistry. Even then he accomplishes penetration by pressure of his own personality. As Socrates so well pointed out, understanding must

be coaxed or persuaded to come forth out of its hidden retreats within the soul. We never release man by pressing our opinions upon him, even if those opinions are themselves true. We must lure a reluctant consciousness to reveal its own purposes, thus leading the creature to a condition of sufficiency.

The crises which arise in daily living seldom can be solved by formulas, for the incidents are never exactly in line with our preconceived solutions. We prepare for one emergency, and another happens. We then seek advice, only to discover that the experiences of others differ sufficiently from our own to invalidate most of the suggested remedies. Solutions theoretically adequate are practically deficient, and we seek in vain throughout the whole world for the specific device appropriate to our pressing need. In the end we discover that each of us must solve his own problems by drawing upon the reservoir of experience within himself. It is therefore important that inward faculties be stimulated if the external conduct is to be wisely regulated.

One of the disasters of modern civilization is the prevailing tendency to surround the individual with so many external supports, patterns, and techniques that the development of internal resources is largely frustrated. When everything is explained, we are inclined simply to accept and drift with prevailing prejudices.

Once upon a time, most folks met the challenge of a door with a degree of ingenuity. Noting the hinges and the handle, they instinctively recognized the principles involved; and if they desired entry or exit, they took hold of the knob and proceeded accordingly. Today we deny people even this opportunity for personal ingenuity by placing a neat sign above the handle, saying, "Push," or "Pull," or "En-

try," or "Exit." The prevailing conviction seems to be that we would languish indefinitely before the portal without these helpful hints.

This eternal restatement of the obvious can and does result in an inferiority complex and mental laziness. The more we are helped in this way, the more helpless we become. In the end, we mail letters in trash boxes, because no one has labeled the container with an appropriate warning. In dismantling a town pump, twenty letters were discovered carefully posted in the slot where the old handle had been. Every few days the fire department is discomfited by a false alarm, resulting from someone mistaking the firebox on the corner for a public telephone. Such conditions will always exist where life is so regimented that the human being loses all thoughtfulness, and drifts about in a false security demanding no thinking of his own.

Our spiritual institutions could be and should be sources of individual security, but even these are dedicated to saving souls rather than to fitting souls to save themselves. It ends with everyone expecting — even demanding — to be saved, protected, and nursed. Then, when our affairs go badly, we resent the institutions which have failed us, completely oblivious to the fact that we have failed ourselves at every step.

The ancients used mathematical, musical, dramatic, artistic, and graphic symbols and emblems to convey abstract truths, because such a method of conveyance advanced the essential growth of the human consciousness. Boehme probably did not rationalize the importance of emblems, but he and his followers made use of them because they offered obvious advantages. Confronted with the almost impossible problem of transmitting formless truths to minds functioning only

in form dimension, the symbol became the only possible means of attaining the desired end. All students of advanced mystical or philosophical systems will do well to familiarize themselves with the instruments of symbolism. Only those capable of interpreting correctly the symbolism of God in nature, of nature in man, and of man in the dissemination of his ideas, can hope to discover the secrets of the esoteric tradition.



THE SHEPHERD OF CHILDREN'S MINDS JOHANN AMOS COMENIUS

The works of men must always be framed in terms of time and place. It often happens that great sincerity of spirit breaks through the boundaries imposed by dates and localities, but in judging the merits of an endeavor, we like to know its author. We want to understand him as a person, and not merely as a name. His humanity is his reality. It may be of little philosophic import whether he be tall or short, dark or fair, but we still want to know. We would like to become acquainted with his family, the house in which he lived, his friends and, for that matter, his enemies. We cannot know whether he was a reactionary, a liberal, or a progressive, unless we know his time and the history which surrounded him. Did he live in days of peace or war? Did he enjoy security, or was his life troubled with those uncertainties which have burdened most ages? The man without a personality, without a date, so to say without a body, is only a fragment of a person—perhaps little more than the long shadow cast by his words and thoughts.

The history of education is long and complicated. There have been alternating periods of fertility and sterility, with

sterility predominating. The modern story of man begins with the Renaissance, aided and abetted by the Protestant Reformation. So great a change in the collective thinking of Europe could not fail to move the foundations of educational theory and practice. The relentless drive of humanism was gaining momentum; the old ways could never return, and the new ways were yet ill-fashioned. The Reformation in Germany resulted in the establishment of many universities and schools inspired and sustained by Protestantism. It is evident that these institutions were not founded in the same concepts that had inspired education prior to the Renaissance. A strong spirit of rivalry was introduced, and the Church extended its efforts, calling upon the resources of the Society of Jesus. This was perhaps the little-considered source of the division between the secular and parochial schools.

The troublous era was punctuated by the Treaty of Augsburg, which cleared the way, in 1555, for state domination of the school system. The rulers of the numerous kingdoms and principalities were to decide how the educational programs within their territories were to be administered and sustained. Protestant states therefore emphasized Protestant schools, and it was assumed that the right of individual worship would be preserved. The Treaty of Augsburg, however, had little effect upon private and public convictions, and few of the basic disputes were actually solved. The various states, with their differing policies and strong religious prejudices, not only perpetuated their old animosities, but developed new enmities, and these were finally consummated in the terrible Thirty Years' War, which lasted from 1618 to 1648. It is evident that while this bitter struggle continued, all cultural programs languished. Men were too busy hating each other to make any reasonable plans for the future. Thus the children, so far as their schooling was

concerned, became victims of the intemperances of their elders, and noble theories were sacrificed to brutal practices.

In areas not directly ravished by war, Protestant leaders were certainly desirous of rescuing education from the surviving remnants of scholasticism. They were opposed to old methods, but had not yet devised a newer or better methodology. As might be expected where religious prejudices were numerous, the problem of method assumed large proportions. It was not possible to declare that mathematics was either Catholic or Protestant, nor could the sciences and arts be aligned under such banners. The universe continued to move in its eternal course, but there was much philosophizing about the relationship between knowledge and faith. The 17th century has been called "the era of method," and the general drift was from revelation to experience. Authority was giving way to experimentation and research. Infallibilities were sorely shaken, and as they fell, fallibilities became supreme.

The rise of method also had its effects. The learned became so involved in the immediate project of means that ends were almost forgotten. In a world greatly in need of educational facilities, and where illiteracy had long been the rule rather than the exception, it seemed reasonable that there was urgent need for a rapid and efficient method of bringing knowledge to young and old. This laid heavy emphasis upon the selection of those branches of learning most basic and necessary. The trimmings and trappings could well be dispensed with in favor of the enlargement of factual content. School books as such were either unavailable or couched in ponderous Latin beyond the reach of the average reader. There was no systematic program of instruction, and there was special need for books suitable to the mind of the very young. This was long before the coming of the McGuffey

Reader or similar works. The methodologists of the 17th century were, for the most part, sterile thinkers. They were certainly earnest, honorable men, but they totally lacked imagination. They contributed little of lasting value that would entitle them to the grateful remembrance of later times. The one exception that stands out clearly against the drab background was Johann Amos Comenius (1592-1670). It is said of him that his primary interest in education resulted from the badness of his own.

Comenius, born Komensky, was the son of a miller, and his family belonged to a sect of reformed Christians sometimes called The Bohemian Brethren, but better remembered as The Moravian Brethren. Although these Moravians were broadly known as Lutherans, they maintained an organization of their own, claiming ecclesiastical descent from the Bohemian reformer John Hus. Comenius, who shared with other Moravians the simplicity of faith and the belief in the brotherhood of men, was born at Nivnitz in Moravia, and is described as a Slav born within the sovereignty of Austria. He has become a distinguished personality among the Czechoslovakians, and a series of postage stamps featuring his portrait has recently been issued.

The parents of Comenius died while he was still a young child, and his youth and education were entrusted to guardians. Sufficient funds were available for him to enjoy four years of instruction in a local school. This offered only elementary instruction, and was typical of the prevailing situation. It was known as a "people's school," located at Strassnick. These "people's schools" were the direct result of the Reformation, and were usually deeply concerned with the immediate religious problems of the community where they existed. Promising children were encouraged to prepare for the ministry, but this encouragement was sustained only by

courses in elementary reading and writing, the memorizing of the catechism, and the barest rudiments of simple arithmetic.

The young orphan has been described as a quiet and gentle soul, rather slow of learning, but thoughtful and observant. About his fifteenth year, he took up his studies at the grammar school of Prerau. He was considerably older than his fellow students, and therefore more critical of the limitations of the prevailing system. Here the young man was condemned to procedures little better than intellectual punishment. Of course, Latin was required, especially as it appeared likely that Comenius would enter the ministry of the Moravian Brethren. Proper lexicons and grammars were unknown, and teaching was mostly by interminable and practically unintelligible formulas and rules distinguished principally by their acceptance. About four years later, when Comenius was twenty, he passed to the College of Herborn, located in the dukedom of Nassau.

While it can be said that he enjoyed good advantages according to the times, and his college was no worse than those in other localities, Comenius later summarized his conclusions about such places of learning in these words: “. . . They are the terror of boys, and the slaughterhouses of minds,—places where a hatred of literature and books is contracted, where ten or more years are spent in learning what might be acquired in one, where what ought to be poured in gently is violently forced in and beaten in, where what ought to be put clearly and perspicuously is presented in a confused and intricate way, as if it were a collection of puzzles,—places where minds are fed on words.” While he was still at Herborn, Comenius was attracted by what was called the Ratician scheme, a proposed reformation of teaching meth-



—From *The Great Didactic*

PORTRAIT OF COMENIUS AT THE AGE OF FIFTY

ods being favorably considered by the Universities of Jena and Giessen. This hope of general improvement produced a lasting effect on his mind.

From Herborn, the young man traveled to the Low Countries, living for a time in Amsterdam. He also studied in Germany at Heidelberg. In 1614, he returned to Moravia, and, being still too young for the ministry, he was made

Rector of the Moravian school at Prerau, where he attempted some of his earliest educational reforms. Two years later, he was ordained to the ministry and became pastor of the most important and influential of the Moravian churches, located at Fulneck. His duties included superintendence of the new school, and he began seriously considering his new concepts of teaching. While at Fulneck, he also married, and it is reported that the three years between 1618 and 1621 were the happiest and most peaceful of his life. As a result of the Thirty Years' War, Bohemia and Moravia were grievously afflicted. In 1621, Fulneck was captured by Spanish troops serving as allies of the German Emperor Ferdinand II. Although the town was captured without resistance, Comenius was the personal victim of the religious feud then raging. His house was pillaged and burned down and his library and all his manuscripts were destroyed. He fled to Bohemia with his family, and shortly afterwards lost his wife and child by death.

From this time on, the sect of Moravian Brethren was under almost constant persecution. In 1627, the Evangelical pastors in Moravia and Bohemia were formally proscribed by the Austrian government. They fled into various distant places, taking refuge when possible under the patronage of some liberal nobleman. Gradually, their living became more precarious, and, in January 1628, several exiles, including Comenius, left Bohemia. Arriving at the Silesian frontier, they knelt together in prayer to God, entreating him not to avert his mercy from their beloved country, nor to allow the seed of his word to perish within it. Comenius never returned to Bohemia.

In February of the same year, Comenius arrived at Lissa, and here he spent a number of years serving as preacher

and schoolmaster of the small Bohemian community that had settled there. He married a second time, and had five children—a son and four daughters. In 1632, a synod of the Moravian Brethren at Lissa was convened, and Comenius was selected to succeed his father-in-law as bishop over the scattered members of the faith. Gradually, the fame of this earnest and devout man extended beyond the boundaries of Poland, Bohemia, and Germany. In England, where civil war was also threatening, Samuel Hartlib, the friend of Milton, became interested in the works of the Bohemian pansophist. Hartlib offered financial aid if Comenius would visit England. About this period, also, some dissension arose in the community at Lissa, and Comenius, because he was naturally inclined to an attitude of Christian tolerance, was becoming involved in theological controversies.

After a difficult and perilous sea voyage, Comenius reached London on September 22, 1641, where he learned that in addition to Hartlib's interest, he had received an invitation from the English Parliament. King Charles was absent in Scotland at the time, and Comenius had to wait until a commission of learned men could be appointed. The Parliament went so far as to promise that the revenue and building of a college should be set apart for the study and unfoldment of Comenius' great pansophic plan. The proceedings developed so far that Comenius, who greatly admired Lord Bacon's scheme for the advancement of learning, began to hope that his Lordship's dream would be realized, and that a universal college would be opened which would be devoted solely to the advancement of the sciences. About this time, however, there was a serious rebellion in Ireland, with a massacre of the Protestants, and the entire country was on the verge of revolution. Parliament was forced to direct its attention to the preservation of the country and the

Crown, and was unable to proceed with any educational program in the face of this national disaster.

Comenius left London in June 1642, only a few weeks before the outbreak of civil war in England, and, traveling through Holland and Germany, he reached Sweden in due course. He had been invited to Sweden by the Chancellor, who wished Comenius to prepare a series of school books for use in the Swedish schools. This he consented to do, but he decided not to live in Sweden, settling instead in a small town on the Baltic coast near the border of Sweden. Here he remained until 1648, when he returned to Lissa to accept the highest office of the Moravian Brethren. Shortly thereafter, however, he was invited to Transylvania by its ruler, George Rakoczy, a staunch Calvinist in search of a prominent Protestant educator. In 1654, Comenius returned to Lissa, but a year later war broke out between Poland and Sweden. Lissa was sacked, and Comenius, for a second time, lost his library and manuscripts. He was now sixty-five years old, and a homeless wanderer. His wife had died about 1648. He finally settled in Amsterdam, where he died on November 15, 1670. He was buried on November 22nd, in the Church of the French Protestants at Naarden, near Amsterdam.

In his *Traditio Lampadis*, Comenius solemnly passed the lamp of his method, and the dream which inspired it, to those who were to come after him. The work of his life, he commended to God and to the future, sincerely believing that better schools would become the secure foundation for better conduct. Only a world inspired and disciplined could establish this foundation of peace and good will among men.

The learned speculations of Lord Bacon so fired the imagination of Comenius that he hoped to reduce all essential

learning to a systematic or encyclopedic form, perfecting a great pansophic college for the universal study of the whole body of science. Comenius outlined this plan in his most profound, if generally neglected, work, *The Great Didactic*. To attain the perfect end of education, it was necessary that learning should be arranged in a philosophical order, under a broad and inclusive pattern, and thoroughly systematized. All human knowledge should lead to an understanding of God in the heart, and so the new university was to be the temple of Christian pansophy or all knowing, and was to consist of seven parts.

First, the possibility of a total knowledge and the general outline of the entire enterprise were to be justified. Second, the general apparatus of wisdom, and the concept of a total approach to knowing of all things knowable, were to be examined. Third, the resources of visible nature, and all the lessons which could be derived therefrom, should be explored. Fourth, the inner life of man himself, and of the reasoning power within him, should be revealed. Fifth, the essential relationship between free will and responsibility, and the restoration of man's will in Christ as the beginning of a spiritualized existence, should be known and emphasized. Sixth, under the concept of theology, man's complete acceptance of God as the eternal center of eternal life, should be realized. Seventh, the machinery for the dissemination of wisdom should be methodically perfected, so that the whole world might be filled with divine knowledge.

Comenius defined didactic as the art of teaching, and amplified his interpretation of the term as follows: "Let the main object of this, our Didactic, be as follows: To seek and to find a method of instruction, by which teachers may teach less, but learners may learn more; by which schools

may be the scene of less noise, aversion, and useless labour, but of more leisure, enjoyment, and solid progress; and through which the Christian community may have less darkness, perplexity, and dissension, but on the other hand more light, orderliness, peace, and rest."

In outlining the aims of his system, Comenius affirmed certain things to be essentially true. Man is the most complete and excellent of living creatures, and though he has a physical existence, his purpose and destiny lie beyond material limitations. Physical life is a proper preparation for an eternal life. The visible world is not man's true home, but is only a "boarding house." In preparation for an eternal continuance, man must know all things; he must have power over all things and himself; and he must submit all things and himself to God, the Eternal Source. Lastly, the seeds of knowledge, virtue, and religion, are within each of us as gifts of Nature, and therefore they should be released and permitted to grow.

Comenius was convinced that a reformation in education was not only possible, but immediately necessary. Proper instruction should make the human being wise, good, and holy. Every individual should receive an adequate education while young, for such preparation is necessary to adult living. Instruction should be without severity or compulsion, and should be made so inviting, pleasant, and obviously productive, that it will be spontaneously accepted by the child. Education is not merely the training of memory, but leads to a solid kind of learning which makes available the internal resources of the student. Teaching should never be laborious, either for the teacher or the pupil. Any normal child can be well educated, if he attends school not over four hours a day. It is the business of the educator either to prolong life or shorten the processes of learning. Most of the

mysteries of education are in the keeping of Nature, and if man becomes the servant of natural laws, he will instinctively improve his methods of teaching. Intelligence should be opened, and not burdened, for "Nature begins all its operations from within outward." Furthermore, Nature moves sequentially from step to step, never ceasing a project until it is completed. Education should be advanced and unfolded in the same way.

According to Comenius, words should always be conjoined with ideas and things, so that we advance by realities, and not by terms and definitions alone. Reading and writing should always be taught together, and lessons, even for small children, should have body and substance. For example, the child learning to read should be introduced immediately to ideas which, though simply stated, will remain forever true. Anything which demonstrates itself to be irrelevant or superfluous, or likely to break the simple pattern of unfolding knowledge, should be dropped from the curriculum. There can be no division between education and morality, for unless the eye of the mind is pure, the reason will be contaminated or perverted. Whatever is known to be true must be taught, for the prejudiced teacher betrays his student. Moral harmony within the child depends upon early instruction in the cardinal virtues. Prudence, temperance, fortitude and justice—these should be taught with the ABC's, for they are also beginnings of a superior kind of knowing. There are three sources of true piety—the Holy Scriptures, the world of Nature around us, and our own souls. Comenius believed that children should not be taught for this world alone, but for eternity. In his day, school discipline was hard and cruel, but he believed that punishment should not be retaliation for a transgression, but a remedy against the recurrence of wrong action.



Scene in a 17th-century schoolroom. To make study more interesting, Comenius built reading lessons around pictures of familiar scenes. In this case, the teacher and his class are identified by numbers, and the persons and objects are associated with words in the text. From the *Orbis Pictus*. (Illustration by courtesy of the U.S.C. Library.)

In his general outline for a school system, Comenius said that a complete pattern of instruction should cover the first twenty-four years of human life. He divided this period into four sections of six years each, which he called infancy, childhood, adolescence, and youth. During infancy, the child should be taught in the Mother School; that is, at home, where basic orientation must be accomplished. During childhood, the proper place of instruction is the vernacular public school, where the inner senses, including imagination and memory, are exercised. During adolescence, training should be bestowed by the Latin school, or gymnasium, where intellect and judgment are formed and delineated. Having arrived at the last period, the young person should further advance his education at the university and by travel. Thus he would come to learn those things which depend upon the

will of man, including theology, mental philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence.

On the assumption that all learning must be established on an adequate foundation, Comenius advised that education should proceed from generalities to particulars. Arts and sciences should not be separately cultivated, so that a man learned in one thing might remain ignorant of all other things. Full comprehension of any subject depends upon an understanding of the relationship of that subject to the total body of knowledge.

The simplest way for the small child to approach the world around him, and the mysteries of his own soul, is by means of the Mother School. As our space is limited, we shall devote ourselves principally to this aspect of the teachings of Comenius. He seems to have perceived, with unusual clarity, the importance of the first six years of life. During this period, the child gains its first orientation, and opens its eyes, so to say, to the world in which it is going to live. At this time, also, its habits are established, and as the twig is bent, so will the tree be inclined.

Comenius has long been a controversial figure in the sphere of learning. The theologically minded have resented his emphasis upon natural arts and sciences, and the broad footings which he sought to set down as necessary to enlightened living. The scientifically minded have felt that he was first and last a Moravian preacher. They regarded his constant references to personal piety and humility as incompatible with the dignity of higher learning. None can deny, however, that in his own day, and under the conditions which burdened his labors, Comenius was a practical idealist with profound convictions and broad experience.

In many ways, Comenius was a mystery to those who came after him. Despite having been a victim of miserable educa-

tional procedures, he became a distinguished scholar. Although he was perhaps deficient in some parts of philosophy, he read broadly and deeply, and, like Bacon, believed in the importance of the Latin tongue. He collected two considerable libraries and attained standing as a brilliant intellectual. It cannot be said of Comenius that he was ruined by learning. He stands out as proof that scholarship does not conflict with piety and that the well-read man with a prodigious memory need not be lacking in spiritual graces. As his knowledge increased, this Moravian bishop never lost touch with the underprivileged world around him, nor did he ever outgrow his tender sympathy for children and his intuitive perception of their needs. Next only to God, he desired to serve the young, and many generations of boys and girls learned their letters from his picture books.

To be convicted of mystical speculations does not generally endear an educator to his contemporaries, or even those of later times. It has been assumed that dreamers must be impractical or deficient in judgment, or lack immediate contact with their fellow men. Against this broad skepticism, however, there is a strong defense. Comenius lived in a time when Europe was powerfully influenced by an elusive spirit of metaphysics which revealed itself through the writings of the Alchemists, the speculations of the Cabalists, and the manifestoes of the Rosicrucians. Although the prevailing mysticism could not be attributed directly to Martin Luther, it is nevertheless true that the Protestant Reformation released a spirit of inquiry which soon took on a religious coloring and caused a renewed interest in the essential concept of the mystics; namely, the possibility of man's personal experience of God.

Early in his career, Comenius wrote a curious and stimulating little book entitled *The Labyrinth of the World and*

the Paradise of the Heart. Although he admitted in later life that certain details of his first conceptions were imperfect, he never departed from the essential theme of this gentle, but somewhat pessimistic, work. In structure, the book is not remarkable or unusual. It is founded on the old symbolic formula that the world is a city, and man a pilgrim exploring the highways and byways of life. There can be no doubt that Comenius identified himself with the pilgrim in his story. Count Lutzow, in his editorial contributions to his translation of *The Labyrinth*, believes that Comenius was acquainted with the famous Table of Cebes, anciently attributed to a disciple of Plato, but possibly of somewhat later origin. In this celebrated relic of antiquity, the world is represented as a kind of mountain, the summit of which is reached by a circuitous road. All manner of people are traveling along this road, but only a few reach the distant cloud-capped summit of the mountain. The 1640 edition of *The Labyrinth* of Comenius contains an engraving representing the Gate of Life leading into a great city. On the various streets of this community, men reside according to their calling, and in the heights above are the dwellings of eternal bliss.

Comenius mentions both More and Campanella by name in this book, but he does not refer to Lord Bacon, with whose writings he apparently was not yet familiar. Later, however, in his *Physica*, Comenius states that Verulamius and Campanella are "the two Hercules that have vanquished the monster Aristotle." The books that seem to have influenced Comenius most, at the time when he was writing *The Labyrinth*, were some of the works of Johann Valentin Andreae. It is certain that he had studied the writings of this Wurttemberg divine during his stay in Brandeis, and knew him personally. The contact with Andreae is interesting and significant because it forms a link, first with Lutheranism, and second, with the

Society of the Rosicrucians. Andreae was certainly a moving spirit behind the Brotherhood of the Rose Cross, and admitted that he had written the original Manifestoes of that order. Comenius shows indebtedness to the *Fama Fraternitatis*, *Roseae Crucis*, *Peregrini in Patria errores*, *Civis Christianus*, and *Republicae Christianopolitanae Descriptio*—all written by Andreae.

The first chapter of *The Labyrinth* is virtually a paraphrase of the opening part of Andreae's *Peregrini in Patria errores*, and the pilgrim's visit to the philosophers is largely founded upon a passage in Andreae's *Mythologia Christiana*. The pilgrim's experience with the Rosicrucians is mainly copied from Andreae's writings concerning that fraternity. In summary, *The Labyrinth* introduces a pilgrim journeying through the world in search of knowledge and understanding. He sees a city built in the shape of a circle and divided into countless streets, squares, and houses. There are six principal streets, named for the main professions, and here the members of these groups dwell. The purpose of the symbolism is to prove that all professions are vanity, beset with hardships and disappointments, and ending in sorrow and tragedy. In the second part of the work, the *Paradise of the Heart*, Comenius gives a version of the heavenly splendor, much in the spirit of the Apocalypse. The scene ends on a high note of mysticism, and the work, though religious, is essentially non-controversial.

Chapter XIII of *The Labyrinth* is entitled "The Pilgrim Beholds the Rosicrucians." Not much is added to the general literature on the subject, but it is mentioned that these mysterious persons knew the languages of all nations as well as everything that happened on the whole sphere of the earth—even in the new world—and that they were able to discourse

with one another even at a distance of a thousand miles. Comenius then notes: "For Hugo Alverda, their praepositus, was already 562 years old, and his colleagues were not much younger. And though they had hidden themselves for so many hundred years, only working—seven of them—at the amendment of philosophy, yet would they now no longer hide themselves, as they had already brought everything to perfection; and besides this, because they knew that a reformation would shortly befall the whole world; therefore openly showing themselves, they were ready to share their precious secrets with everyone whom they should consider worthy." A curious fable is introduced which tells that the treasures of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood were wrapped in boxes painted in different colors and ornamented with inscriptions derived largely from the titles of books written by Rosicrucian apologists. But when the boxes were opened, the contents were invisible, causing considerable consternation. Comenius seems to have believed that Hugo Alverda was the true founder of the Rosicrucians. It is possible that he had contact with important source material, as Count Lutzow says definitely that Comenius was a pupil of Andreae.

Comenius was fully aware of the practical problems of the Mother School. He knew that the parents might not be so well educated that they could communicate solid instruction to their children. He also recognized that in supporting a family, the adult members might not have adequate leisure time or sufficient freedom from the pressing burden of economic survival. He did not, however, regard these handicaps as completely detrimental. The most important consideration was the general attitude of the parents. If they were sincere, devout persons, conscientious in their desire that their children should grow into honorable citizens, this in itself was a most important object lesson. If the home was

sustained by a spirit of true integrity, the child could recover from other defects as he advanced into the vernacular school.

In the small world of childhood, nearly all lessons and experiences have their beginnings. Among the most important rudiments which should be established and cultivated in the young are piety, morality, virtue, and unselfishness. To teach these things, the parents themselves must set the example. They must convince the child of the importance of right conduct in all things. Most important is honesty, for it becomes the basis of the total policy by which the individual will later live. Also commendable is respect for the rights, convictions, and possessions of others. Honesty, respect, and patience, help to establish regard for truth in all things, and this in turn leads to the valuing of honor and a respectable place in human society.

Comenius was convinced that in the simple procedures of home relationships, the small child could be introduced to nearly all subjects which would later be more thoroughly studied and investigated. Without actually realizing that he was becoming informed, the little one unfolded his five senses, learned the first words of his language, and discovered the names of many simple objects around him. He also learned the meaning of certain abstract words, and could associate them with processes rather than with things. He discovered the significance of "yes" and "no," like and unlike, when and where, thus and otherwise, and these discoveries, according to Comenius, became the foundations for metaphysics. The child should also be encouraged to cultivate the capacity for silence, and discover the joy of that quietude which later would be strengthened into contemplation, meditation, and quiet devotion. He would thus learn

	<i>Cornix cornicatur,</i> die Krähe krahjet,	} d d A a
	<i>Agnus balat,</i> das Schaf blödet,	} bē ē ē B b
	<i>Cicada stridet,</i> der Heuschreck zischert,	} cī cī C o
	<i>Upupa dicit,</i> der Widhopf ruft,	} dū dū D d
	<i>Infans ejulat,</i> das Kind wemmert,	} ē ē ē E o
	<i>Ventus flat,</i> der Wind wehet,	} fī fī F f
	<i>Anser gingrit,</i> die Gans gadert,	} gā gā G g
	<i>Os halat,</i> der Mund hauchet,	} hāh hāh H h
	<i>Mus mintrit,</i> die Maus pispfert,	} ī ī ī I i
	<i>Anas tetrinnit,</i> die Ente schnadert,	} kha kha K k
	<i>Lupus ululat,</i> der Wolff heulet,	} lu ulu L l
	<i>Ursus murmurat.</i> der Beer brummet,	} mum mu M m

An example of the method used by Comenius to correlate the sounds of the letters of the alphabet with various pictures of familiar creatures and activities. From the *Orbis Pictus*. (Illustration by courtesy of the U.S.C. Library).

to seek inner resources when presented with external pressures.

Instruction of this kind is positive, not negative. Recommendations should always be toward the right because it is right, and not because there is penalty for doing what is wrong. A child is more resourceful than we imagine, and grows best when it is protected by a sense of security. It cannot live in a world of exceptions, contradictions, and inconsistencies without being morally damaged. Indirectly, Comenius was recommending to the Christian reader that the simple rules of his faith played a vital part in the instruction of his children.

What is learned should, if possible, lead to some kind of action. The child is thrilled by the ability to do things, and if action is properly cultivated, it supports inquiry and stimulates the desire for attainment. Gradually, the demands of action must be supported by knowledge and skill. Thus the child learns that education is not simply an accumulation of facts, but a strengthening of means so that various necessary things can be done more proficiently. It is probably true that a small child's education cannot always follow a fixed pattern, nor can it be so regularly advanced. It can, however, cause the child to grow into good habits of natural seeking, and transform later schooling from a drudgery into an adventure.

The fine arts also have their place in the beginning of instruction. Music is very good, and the child can experience something of it from the hymns which form a part of family devotion. Poetry should be admired as a gentle and inspiring form of literature, through emphasis upon verses and nursery rhymes. Health should also be brought to the attention of the child at an early age. This includes cleanliness, exercise, and regular habits of eating and sleeping. Young children must play, and when they are not engaged in some

regular enterprise, they should seek recreation in pleasant but not dangerous games and sports. The child must never be idle, and should learn to recognize his own needs.

It is obvious that all children do not develop at the same rate of progress. Comenius warned against the over-cultivation of precocity. He felt that parents should not force their children or demand of them wisdom or understanding beyond their years. To neglect this point, is to disturb childhood. Some part of general experience must be sacrificed if specialization comes too early. Comenius advised that those of markedly inferior abilities, or of uncertain morals and ethics, should be separated from other children in school, lest they communicate their infirmities to the rest who are still in an age of imitation.

The child should reach the vernacular school with a certain degree of internal poise and adaptability. If he is not able to adjust to association with other children, something has been neglected, or the principles of training have in some way been misdirected. The small child normally does not have fears, hatreds, prejudices or intolerances. These he must acquire, usually through poor example. Most children are by nature friendly, with little consideration for controversial subjects or petty antagonisms. They are too interested in the world around them to pass negative judgment, unless they have been conditioned to do so. Comenius points out that many parents say to their children, "Wait until you go to school. The master will teach you obedience and respect." This is wrong, for it will result in a classroom of incorrigibles. The teacher will be confronted with an unreasonable burden, the students will lack respect, and instruction will proceed with great difficulty. It is in the Mother School, therefore, that the child should be prepared to receive edu-

cation, to value it, and to cooperate with those who are endeavoring to teach him. As the young person grows up, the virtue of basic learning becomes ever more apparent. In whatever trade he practices, or in the home which he will later build, the lessons of his first six years will remain a powerful foundation for success and happiness.

Failure of the Mother School endangers the world, for it launches upon society a person intellectually informed but morally immature. As knowledge becomes the basis of action, increase of knowledge may result in an enlarged sphere of influence, and a man may become a leader of other men, a great scientist, or a brilliant scholar. First and foremost, however, he must be a good human being. The end achievement of the Mother School is this natural goodness. It comes from a normal and happy childhood, but one that has had proper discipline and clear inducements to self-improvement.

The prayers learned at his mother's knee may serve a man in good stead in later periods of stress. If the mature person can take refuge in the simple dignity of his own childhood, he will never be without spiritual consolation. "It is an eternal truth," writes Comenius, "that first impressions adhere most firmly to our mind." The Mother School, or as it has also been called, the School of Infancy, sets these first impressions, and without them, the future can never be quite as adequate or useful.

The whole spirit of education is weakened when children regard their schooling as a necessary evil. Nor should they be permitted to assume that they are simply learning a trade or profession so that they may attain economic success or security. All men should practice their trades skillfully, but the real purpose of education is to unfold the total human being, to strengthen his courage, enrich his insight, and pre-

pare him to face his own years hopefully and serenely. If schooling fails to do this, it is because the foundations have not been deeply set in eternal values. It is therefore impossible for any educational system to separate the inner life of the child from his external activities.

Life must be lived from within, by a constant calling upon resources of character and disposition. Not to educate these resources, is to frustrate the real end of learning. Perhaps all things desirable may not be immediately accomplished, but without effort, matters drift from bad to worse. Men of one age may ridicule those few among them who have a vision of better times. Yet in a future age, that which has been ridiculed is accepted as normal, and so progress continues. The perfect school may still be a dream, but dedicated persons, recognizing the pressing need, can strive valiantly to build a foundation under that dream for the benefit of those who come after them.

PHILOSOPHICAL SONNET

(Attributed to the famous Saint-Germain)

*Curious scrutator of all nature,
I have known of the great whole the principle and the end,
I have seen gold thick in the depths of the double mercury.
I have seized its substance and surprised its changing.
I explain by that art the soul with the womb of a mother,
Make its home, take it away, and as a kernel
Placed against a grain of wheat, under the humid pollen;
The one plant and the other vine-stock, are the bread and wine.
Nothing was, God willing, nothing became something,
I doubted it, I sought that on which the universe rests,
Nothing preserves the equilibrium and serves to sustain.
Then, with the weight of praise and of blame,
I weighed the eternal, it called my soul,
I died, I adored, I knew nothing more.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL EDITION IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.



COMTE DE ST.-GERMAIN

Mystery shrouds the life and secret purposes of the Comte de St.-Germain. There is comparatively little authentic material available that does more than pick up the confused threads of a single life. Although his name occurs frequently in the memoirs of celebrated persons of the 18th century, most of the accounts are little better than fragments of opinion, often contradictory. A compilation of these fragments presents such a confused picture of the man and his work that much obviously is inaccurate.

In the *Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia*, Kenneth Mackenzie comments upon some of the stories in common circulation relating to the Comte's identity and origin. According to one writer, St.-Germain was born at Letmertz in Bohemia. By the Marquis de Crequis he was pronounced to be an Alsatian Jew named Simon Wolff, born at Strasbourg about the beginning of the 18th century. He was also identified as a Spanish Jesuit named Aymar. It was held with similar enthusiasm that he was the Marquis de Betmar, born in Portugal. An ingenious account makes him the natural son of an

Italian princess, born at San Germano in Savoy about 1710. Some contemporaries thought they detected a trace of Italian accent, but others were equally sure that he was Polish, Spanish, or Russian.

Out of the general uncertainty has arisen the belief now most generally held, and sustained by his own words, that he was a member of the Hungarian family of Rakoczy, and his Italian accent was derived from his education in that country under the patronage of the Medici.

All other explanations failing, he was identified with the Legend of the Wandering Jew.

THE CONFUSION OF NAMES

The name St.-Germain is a comparatively common one. The Chacornac Brothers, booksellers in Paris, have spent many years compiling data on the various men of the 18th century who bore the name of St.-Germain. They already have identified more than a dozen, and are convinced that these men have frequently been confused with the mysterious magician and alchemist.

One of the most illustrious of the St.-Germaines was Claude Louis Comte de St.-Germain, 1707 to 1778, a French General and Minister of War under Louis XVI. Mr. Arthur Edward Waite in, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, published the portrait of the French general, believing it to be a likeness of the masonic mystic. This is a concrete example of the confusion. Error is unquestionably the key to many contradictions.

Further proof of this can be obtained by considering various examples of the Comte's supposed handwriting. A letter in the British Museum dated November 22, 1735, is en-



—From the painting by Thomas
COMTE DE ST.-GERMAIN

tirely different in its calligraphy from another letter written in Leipzig on the 8th of May, 1777. This letter is signed Count de Weldon, a name St.-Germain frequently employed.

At Maggs Brothers, in London, I examined the *Registre du T. R. Loge du Contrat Social, Mere Loge écossaise*, containing entries from 1775-1789. The name *St.-Germain* appears in bold letters among the signatures at the foot of one of the pages. The signature is irreconcilable with other available examples. Either the elusive Comte changed his handwriting at will, or else, as is far more probable, the signatures are by different men who have been confused by popular legend into one man.

BIOGRAPHICAL SOURCE MATERIAL

In recent years a number of books have appeared dealing with St.-Germain and his teachings. Some of these volumes are merely a collection of earlier opinions, and others are advanced with a considerable air of mystery as esoteric revelations on the subject. The conclusions of dubious clairvoyants hardly can be accepted as reliable sources of information. In the public imagination of our day St.-Germain has become everything from a mountebank to a *mahatma*, with the result that the general obscurity deepens. Biographies that emerge from the unknown to wax mighty en route overwhelm the gullible, but merely irritate the informed.

Incidentally, St.-Germain's complete name has not descended to us. In his letter of 1735 he signs himself *P. M. de St.-Germain*. None of the memoir writers has ever mentioned his first name, a circumstance curious in itself.

My own research on the subject has convinced me that while the Comte has been beatified by his admirers, the known facts of his life are generally disregarded to the point of

complete ignorance. The same may be said of the few fragments of his teachings which have survived.

According to Magre, in *Magicians, Seers, and Mystics*, St.-Germain expounded his philosophy at Ermenonville and Paris. His teaching was a Platonic Christianity which combined Swedenborg's vision with Martinez de Pasqually's theory of reintegration. There was also to be found in it Plotinus' emanationism and the hierarchy of successive planes. St.-Germain taught that man has in him infinite possibilities and that from the practical point of view, he must strive unceasingly to free himself from matter in order to enter into communication with the world of higher intelligences.

Deschamps in his work on secret societies states that St.-Germain was a Knight Templar and that the ritual used at Ermenonville was the ritual of the Knights Templars. In *Franc-Maconnerie* by Baron du Potet there is a statement that St.-Germain established a Theosophical Lodge in the Castle of Ermenonville. This castle was 30 miles from Paris and belonged to the Marquis de Girardin who was the chief of the Lodge. This same de Girardin was a friend and protector of J. J. Rousseau.

Abbé Barreul in his great work on Jacobinism published in 1791, describes the rituals practiced at Ermenonville as those of the theosophical Illuminists. He says that St.-Germain was the lord of this group. Abbé Barreul was a personal friend of St.-Germain.

The principal authentic works available which treat extensively of St.-Germain are: *Memoires* by Baron de Gleichen, Paris, 1868; *Memoires de mon temps* by Carl, Prince of Hesse-Cassel, Copenhagen, 1861; *Graf St.-Germain* by E.

M. Oettinger, Leipzig, 1846; *The Comte de St.-Germain* by I. Cooper-Oakley, Milan, 1912.

With the exception of the last work, these books are exceedingly scarce and are quoted infrequently by modern writers. Yet it is only after a thorough examination of these writings that it is possible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

Baron de Gleichen's book refers principally to a series of personal experiences in which St.-Germain occupies a prominent position. There is special reference to the Comte's jewel collection, his paintings, and his personal culture.

Carl of Hesse is most informative on that period of the estates of Hesse-Cassel. There are references to alchemy, to the Comte's manuscripts, and to his secret society which met on the estates of Prince Carl.

Oettinger attempts an exposition of St.-Germain's personal life and is by far the most detailed of his biographers. The book is in the form of historical fiction which presents some difficulty, but on the whole appears reliable.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley spent many years on intensive research, and has produced a highly colorful monograph, trustworthy and dignified. Her research, though extensive, is limited principally to the Comte's residence in Paris. There are also many pages of letters by contemporary politicians concerning the Comte.

Graf St.-Germain by E. M. Oettinger

It is our present intention to examine in some detail the book by Herr Doktor Oettinger. According to all available information, this German historian was the outstanding historical novelist of his day. His writings are always well documented, and he takes few dramatic liberties with his

characters. There is circumstantial evidence to indicate that Oettinger met St.-Germain in Paris during the 1830's.

Everything dealing with the life of St.-Germain presents strange and irreconcilable contradictions. Oettinger's book is no exception. Most of the book is very sympathetic toward the Comte's activities. In the final chapter, however, Oettinger proceeds systematically to tear down the character that he has built up. This comes as a decided shock to the reader who has come to feel a definite attachment for the eccentric Comte, and to participate sympathetically in his misfortunes.

Oettinger's motives for his closing chapter are not entirely obvious. Furthermore, his conclusions pass into the sphere of personal opinion and definitely are inconsistent with his more serious research. It is possible that Herr Oettinger feared ridicule for himself if he seemed to sympathize unreservedly with the Comte's strange career. Such a precautionary method still is in vogue among the literati who dwell constantly in the fear that their fiction will reflect upon their own good names.

In his gentler mood the German historian is most informative, and as far as we have been able to discover, his research has never been translated out of the German, nor has it been adequately quoted in recent writing. Therefore, we shall take this opportunity to summarize briefly his most outstanding statements.

Oettinger quotes St.-Germain's own words that he was alive at the time of Christ; that he studied magic under the *doctor illuminatus* Raymond Lully (1235-1315), and painting with Cimabue (1240?-1302?). He knew Rabelais (1490?-1553); and on one occasion observed: "I had the fortune to meet Paracelsus (1493-1541) who was professor at Basel, in Switzerland." On another occasion he added of Paracelsus: "I studied his laudanum and he investigated my elixir. Each

of us was stubborn and held his own as the most potent." Again he described his philosophical stone or elixir as being composed of 777 ingredients.

He was with Francois I (1494-1547) when he was crowned in 1515. He claimed to have assisted Nostradamus (1503-1566) in the compilation of his celebrated prophecies. The formula used by Nostradamus in his predictions has never been recovered. St.-Germain mastered music under the guidance of Palestrina (died 1594?), thus explaining his extraordinary ability in musical technique and performance.

St.-Germain was a friend of Dr. John Dee of Mortlake (1527-1608), the famous astrologer, mathematician, and necromancer of Queen Elizabeth. He assisted Dr. Dee and his *alter ego* Edward Kelley in the preparation of a great book on spirits, one of the most inexplicable publications of the 17th century. The book, filled with strange ciphers and obscure lore, was not published until after the death of Dr. Dee, when it was printed under the title of *A True and Faithful Revelation of what passed between Dr. John Dee and some Spirits*. We might note in passing that John Dee was the organizer of the English navy.

The Comte mentioned that he had learned from the magician Ruggieri (circa 1600) the secret of making wax statues to be used in magic and the healing of disease. Ruggieri was the outstanding sorcerer of his time. He was with Montaigne (1533-1592), probably in Rome, in 1580.

Other authors add further names to Oettinger's list, but those given are sufficient to reflect the measure of the problem. St.-Germain repeatedly referred to his friendship with persons long dead, and spoke with an infinite knowledge that confounded the ablest historians of his time.

Among other intimate details Oettinger notes that St.-Germain always carried two books in his baggage, *Ars*

Reminiscendi by Guilio Camillo published in Venice in 1522, and *Pastor Fido* by Guarini published in Venice in 1604. He had received his copy of the *Pastor Fido* bound in red morocco from the author in 1612 as a personal souvenir. The Comte read a few passages from *Pastor Fido* every morning upon rising, and each evening before retiring he studied *Ars Reminiscendi* to train his mind.

St.-Germain also stated that he sharpened his marvelous memory by studying the *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, the four volume edition of Amsterdam, 1740. He had a considerable library, including books and manuscripts on the properties of the mandrake, a root resembling the human body which the ancients believed to have magical powers.

When St.-Germain was with William Pitt (1708-1778) in London, he told the Prime Minister, whose library he was examining, that he was the true author of the very rare anonymous work *De Tribus Impostoribus* of which only three examples were known in the world. The Comte said: "It is my work; I wrote it in 1512 while in Salamanca."

Herr Oettinger also casts some light, if we may call it that, upon the hitherto darkened subject of St.-Germain's private life. According to this historian St.-Germain met, in Venice, Angioletta Bartolomeo, a girl of humble station, the daughter of a gondolier. After some vicissitudes they were married, and St.-Germain took her with him to France. Here the Comte introduced Angioletta to Louis XV, not as his wife but as his sister.

While in Venice during 1756 St.-Germain, under the title of Comte Bellamarre or Aymar, was temporarily imprisoned, accused of traveling in the Republic of Venice under an assumed name. He was shortly liberated when he was able to prove that the estates of Bellamare belonged to his family. St.-Germain's release from prison was effected with the aid

of Abbé de Bernis who was the French ambassador to Venice. St.-Germain was introduced to the Doge and amazed this dignitary by giving him intimate details of the lives of the various people whose portraits were displayed in the palace.

While in prison the Comte met Casanova (1725-1798). A few years later Angioletta committed suicide as the result of a compromising affair with Casanova.

At this time a new personality appeared in the foreground. Benjamin, St.-Germain's personal secretary and familiar, challenged Casanova to a duel without the knowledge of the Comte. Benjamin was killed in the duel, Casanova being one of Europe's greatest duelists. When the body of Benjamin was brought into the Comte's presence he lifted the covering from the face, and after looking at it intently for several seconds sighed deeply, and turning away remarked softly: "He was my son." The inevitable inference is that St.-Germain had been married prior to his marriage with Angioletta. Unfortunately, little information on this subject is available, except that Benjamin's mother was named Melle Couveur.

Years later Casanova, dying of an incurable malady, was offered the elixir of life by St.-Germain. Casanova was afraid to take the medicine for fear that the Comte intended to poison him for the murder of his son. A more dramatic situation would be difficult to imagine. Casanova's *Memoires* is the authority for this last incident.

THE ST.-GERMAIN MANUSCRIPTS

Let us now leave Herr Oettinger and investigate several other important records. Upon the authority of Prince Carl of Hesse, the Comte de St.-Germain was the author of several curious manuscripts. There is a phantom manuscript *Les Arcanes ou Secrets de la Philosophie Hermetique* which I have not been able to see. The existing copy is probably in the writ-

ing of the French esotericist Lenain. This may prove to be one of the books seen by Prince Carl.

Madame Blavatsky, in the *Secret Doctrine* quotes two long extracts from an essay by St.-Germain on the subject of numbers. Unfortunately she does not give us the name of the work or the place in which the original may be found. There is a rumor among the French transcendentalists that a small volume by the Comte, dealing with numbers, is in the files of the Bibliotheque Nationale. The Library was unable to produce the volume, however, when I requested to see it. They suggested that it may have been issued under an assumed name and therefore not so listed with his material.

Only two manuscripts, possibly by his own hand or prepared under his personal supervision, have been identified with reasonable certainty. The first is *La Tres Sainte Trinosophie* now reposing in the Bibliotheque de Troyes by right of purchase. It is a small quarto on paper, magnificently bound in crimson leather and illuminated with many strange and beautiful miniatures.

This manuscript was for some time in the possession of Cagliostro and was among the papers confiscated from him in Rome by the agents of the Inquisition. I published an English translation of this work in 1933, and a year later a second edition with a complete photostat.

The original of the other known manuscript is in my collection. This curious book was for many years in the Library of Lionel Hauser, *Ancien Membre du Conseil de Direction de la Societe Theosophique de France*. It was sold with the rest of his collection at Sotheby's celebrated Auction House in London. Later in Paris it was my good fortune to meet Monsier Hauser. He could give me no additional information about the manuscript which had come to him through the usual book-collecting channels. He showed me at the

time a Masonic Lodge coin which had belonged to a member of St.-Germain's group.

While there is a rumor supported by some sketchy cross-cataloging that a printed form of St.-Germain's Hermetic Manuscript may have been privately circulated in France, it is unknown to the Comte's historians. The book is triangular in shape, on vellum, and written in cipher with the exception of the title page. The cipher itself is quite simple, belonging to the class found in Masonic documents, and decodes into French. This rare manuscript is entitled *LA MAGIE SAINTE revelee a MOSE, retrouvee dans un Monument Egyptien, et precieusement conservee en Asie sous la Devise d'un Dragon Aile.* (The Sacred Magic revealed to Moses, recovered in an Egyptian monument and carefully preserved in Asia under the Device of a Winged Dragon).

It is written on twenty-six leaves measuring 237mm x 237mm x 235mm. Though not dated, expert examination leads to the conclusion that it was written about 1750. The first leaf of this triangular manuscript is reproduced herewith, and from it we learn that St.-Germain prepared the work for an unknown person, presumably one of his disciples. The writing itself belongs to a class known as *Grimoire* or *Manuals of Ceremonial Magic*. A free translation of the opening pages of the text reads as follows:

"The orbit (magic circle) which thou seest on the preceding page will serve thee as a model to make others which shall be nine cubits in diameter. Thou shalt use these to perform marvels, a privilege which thy predecessors Beros and Sanchoniaton did not have. I give thee at the same time the intelligence of the characters in which is written my revelation so that thou mayest make use of them for three purposes: to find things lost in the seas since the upsetting of the globe (the Deluge); to discover mines of diamonds,



The first page of the cipher manuscript, *La Magie Sainte*. Above a wyvern proper are the words: "By the gift of the most wise Comte St.-Germain who passed through the circle of the earth."

gold and silver in the heart of the earth; to preserve the health and prolong the life to a century and over with the freshness of fifty years and the strength of that age."

The balance of the manuscript is devoted to the consecration of magical implements and prayers to spirits. The writing ends with the following prayer addressed to attendant spirits:

"In the name of the Eternal, of the True God, Master of my body, my soul and my spirit, go; go in peace; retire ye.

Let it be that one of you accompany me always and that the others may be ready to come when I shall call."

Most of the formulas are magical rather than alchemical, and so involved in obscure symbolism and Cabalistic names as to be impractical to the modern reader.

La Magie Sainte is obviously based on a mysterious document of unknown antiquity called the *Clavicula Salomonis* or the Key of Solomon. This curious production was circulated widely during the Middle Ages and was supposed to have been derived from instructions in magic bestowed by King Solomon upon his son.

St.-Germain's manuscript is illustrated with drawings of magic circles executed in several colors, including gold. In the text are invocations to spirits, with the names of numerous spirits and demons. It is quite possible that the simple process of decoding does not reveal the true text. The document may have an under-meaning relating to matters of philosophy and esoteric Masonry.

La Magie Sainte was copied on several occasions for the use of the members of the French Masonic Order. The copies are inferior in workmanship and are usually written on paper. I have one such copy for comparison with the original. This copy which is magnificently bound, and decorated with masonic symbols, has an additional page at the beginning describing its original owner. The inscription reads:

"From the masonic collection of the F.· illustrious F.· Antoine Louis Moret founder, and venerable.· honorary of the R.· □ · Sincerity No. 122 Ex president of the Souv ·· Chap. ·· the triple union No. 5946, member of several G ·· — Now ·· master, Elu, chevalier commander, patriarch, Prince and Governor.· Prince of all the masonic orders ·· and of all the Rites: French, Scotch, English, Irish, Prussian, etc., etc. Gov.· G.· insp.· Gen.· of the 33rd de-

gree S.· P.· D.· S.· E.· Now.· of.· New York, U.S.A, 5810. (5810 is the masonic date equivalent to 1810).

This manuscript passed from the collection of Moret to the famous library of occult books and manuscripts formed by the late Mme. Barbe of Paris. In the interval it had belonged to Stanislaus de Guaita, French transcendentalist, who purchased it at the sale of books belonging to Jules Favre, the French statesman and bibliophile.

Moret was one of the heads of Masonry in Europe and America. He came to America and settled here for some time. The manuscript, therefore, is of greatest importance in the literature of early American Masonry.

During the middle years of the 19th century, a school of transcendentalists came into being in France under the able leadership of the Abbe Louis Constant, better known under his pseudonym Eliphas Levi. He was a member of the *Fratres Lucis*, and was devoted to the mysteries of the Holy Cabala. Eliphas Levi gathered about himself a brilliant group of European intellectuals who devoted much time to searching out available information on St.-Germain. Most of the rarer books and manuscripts relating to the Comte passed through their hands, and in some cases copies were made. These are almost as scarce as the originals.

We have summarized the various accounts given by Oettinger of St.-Germain's activities over a period of several hundred years. These findings unfortunately are hopelessly irreconcilable with the account left by Prince Carl of Hesse-Cassel, who states specifically that he had St.-Germain's own word that the Comte was born as the son of Rakoczy Ferencz (Franz Rakoczy II of Transylvania, 1676-1735). Rakoczy was crowned Regent of Transylvania by his nobles in their struggle for independence from Austria. After the cause of

the Hungarians was hopelessly lost, Rakoczy Ferenz left Hungary and finally died in Turkey. He is the national hero of Hungary, and many weird legends surround the entire family. He had a mysterious secretary who was supposed to have been 150 years old, who assumes the attributes of a Merlin.

The Hungarians have a legend that one of the sons of Rakoczy Ferenz was sent away to be educated. At the age of 12 this child was so precocious that he seemed to know all the languages, and his teachers despaired of instructing him.

There is another legend among the Hungarian people that St.-Germain was in Hungary in 1848 during the Magyar Rebellion, under the name of Petofi Sandor (Alexander Petofi) the great Hungarian poet. He disappeared on the field of battle and was never heard of again.

Alexander Petofi seems to have been of Croatian origin, but in his enthusiasm for the Hungarian cause, changed his family name Petrovics to the Magyar form Petofi. He is said to have begun his poetic career at the age of twelve, turned to the theater as a means of livelihood, and played small parts in Shakespearean drama. His poems, which are fired with great enthusiasm for the Hungarian cause, brought him fame and a permanent place in the world of literary arts before his twenty-fifth year.

He joined the Hungarian army, and during the Transylvanian campaigns rose to the rank of Major, distinguishing himself in several heroic actions. It is supposed that Petofi was slain at the battle of Segesvar, July 31, 1894. Prosaic historians assume that his body was buried in the common grave of unidentified patriots. Hungarians who have carried on research in the subject are inclined to regard his disappearance as mysterious. To them it is unreasonable that

a man of his fame and popularity should have perished without the fact being noted by any of his comrades.

Pictures of Petofi show a gentle and scholarly young man with an abundance of curly hair and a neatly trimmed moustache and Vandyke beard. His picture is startlingly reminiscent of portraits of the Master Rakoczy which have been privately circulated for a number of years among Theosophical groups. Petofi vanished at the age of twenty-six, an ardent champion of the rights of man.

ST.-GERMAIN INITIATES CAGLIOSTRO

An important record concerning the philosophical activities of St.-Germain is contained in the *Memoires Authentique pour servir a l'Histoire du Comte de Cagliostro*, the first edition of which appeared in 1785. The work was published anonymously, but generally is attributed to the Marquis de Luchet. Arthur Edward Waite in *The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross* dismisses the entire account as a "comedy." It is generally supposed that de Luchet was a dilettante who dabbled in sensational biography. A more careful investigation, however, reveals that de Luchet was a member of St.-Germain's secret society and therefore was party to the innermost workings of the order. This fact confirmed, the Marquis takes on a much more important character. His account deals with the initiation of the Comte and Comtesse de Cagliostro into the mysteries of the Illuminists at St.-Germain's castle in Holstein in 1785.

De Luchet describes the meeting of the two magicians in substance as follows:

Cagliostro had requested the favor of a secret audience to prostrate himself before the God of the Faithful. St.-Germain set the time at 2 a.m. The drawbridge of the castle was lowered for their reception and they were led into a

dimly lighted room. Suddenly two great doors opened and a temple resplendent with the light of thousands of candles dazzled their vision. On an altar in the midst of the room sat the mysterious St.-Germain. At his feet knelt two acolytes holding golden bowls of perfume. The God of the Faithful wore upon his chest a pectoral of diamonds of such radiance that the eye scarcely could bear their brilliancy.

A voice which appeared to come from everywhere interrogated the visitors: "Who are you? Where did you come from? What do you want?"

Cagliostro prostrated himself before the altar and his wife did likewise. After a long pause he uttered this short address in a low voice:

"I come to invoke the God of the Faithful, the Son of Nature, the Father of Truth. I come to ask one of the fourteen thousand and seven secrets that he bears in his bosom. I come to give myself up as his slave, his apostle, his martyr."

Later in the same ritual a mysterious book was opened and Cagliostro listened while his own future was read to him with a detailed description of his persecution, trials, dishonor, and imprisonment.

In this account St.-Germain assumes a new form. He is deified by his followers, regarded as worthy of veneration and referred to by them as a god. Here again, the elements of the Illuminist ritual reveal the true estate of the mysterious adept. The account of the ordeals that follow are evidently allegorical, but the reference to St.-Germain scarcely can be regarded as such.

ST.-GERMAIN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

It is usual to regard mysterious persons or such as affirm the reality of magical arts as impostors and charlatans. This general condemnation has been turned upon St.-Germain

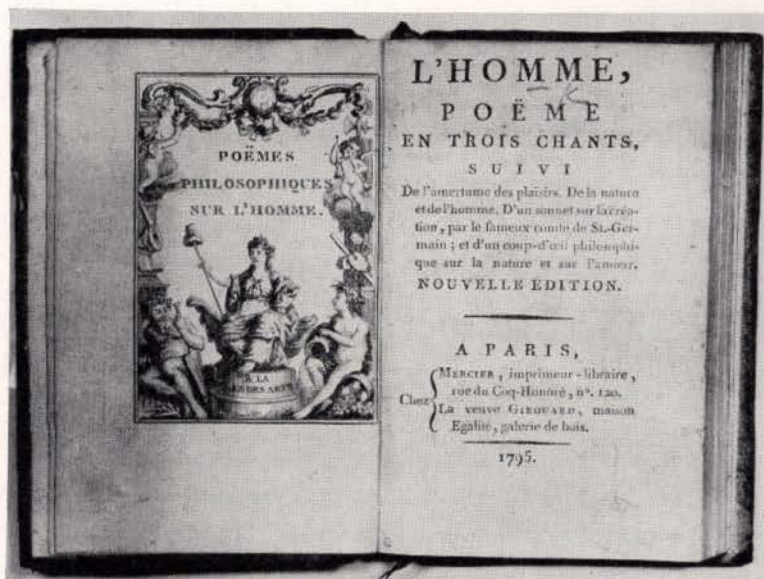
without, however, the usual results. It has been impossible to prove that the elusive Comte ever actually dealt in misrepresentation. Wherever his extraordinary pretensions were susceptible of verification, they were proved to be true.

That the Comte was a man of culture was beyond question. He was a personification of refinement, and all his habits and ways testified to a natural gentility of mind and breeding. His abilities were diversified and intense. His judgment was trained and skillful. His tastes were above criticism. He carried his mysterious estate with charm, with ease and dignity. All this is most discouraging to those looking for evidence of imposture.

He lived modestly in an aura of grandeur, always abundantly supplied with appropriate means. He emerged socially with the resources of a Count of Monte Cristo. He used no bankers and carried no letters of credit. He entertained lavishly, and yet in his own habits practiced complete moderation. He seldom ate in public, but when attending banquets as guest or host, devoted his time exclusively to the comfort and pleasure of the guests. On one occasion, a guest arriving unexpectedly found the Comte in the capacity of a waiter, serving his own retainers.

He was a member of the smoking club of Frederick the Great, an exclusive circle which could only be entered by one owning a pipe. In all gatherings his presence insured a delightful and informative occasion.

The Count was small and slight of person, always immaculately groomed in black velvet and satin. His studs were clusters of diamonds, and his shoe buckles gleamed with the ransom of a king. His hair was powdered according to the prevailing fashion and tied at the back with a black ribbon. His lace and linen were of the finest quality, probably



St.-Germain's Philosophical Sonnet first appeared in the above work.

oriental. His one slight ostentation was his rings. Although he is known to have possessed many military and diplomatic decorations he never wore them. His sword was magnificently jeweled and his capes and hats appropriate to the ensemble. Many efforts were made to trace him by his clothes but none of these carried any labels or markings. One inquisitive French Marquis tried to quiz one of St.-Germain's secretaries by asking him if it was true that the Comte had been a personal friend of the Queen of Sheba. "Alas, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the decorous secretary, "I cannot say. I have only been with his excellency for five hundred years."

St.-Germain was an acknowledged connoisseur of fine arts, and could identify the paintings of ancient and obscure artists at a single glance. He was an authority on precious

gems and could detect the slightest flaw by merely touching the stone. He painted with an admirable technique, mixing powdered mother-of-pearl with his pigments to increase luminosity. He had a small but refined collection of art selected not for the fame of the artists but on the basis of merit alone. He was an expert in the mixing of perfumes and had a liberal acquaintance with rare oriental drugs. So attractive was his manner and so abundant his accomplishment that even the greatest skeptics could not doubt his aristocracy.

For court intrigues he had an ever ready ear but never committed himself. He was the confidant of many great nobles and illustrious ladies. Their confidences died with him. He is never known to have betrayed a trust. All these things are disconcerting to a public opinion which has searched vainly for traces of infamy and double dealing.

When St.-Germain moved his headquarters from one country to another certain arrangements were made in advance. A suitable residence awaited him. His servants in snuff colored livery, appeared at precisely the correct moment. The arrangements created an appropriate atmosphere of anticipation, and when St.-Germain appeared he was immediately master of the situation. There were no unnecessary pretensions, but nothing in any way essential was overlooked or slighted. Each move was utterly correct.

In a letter to the British Museum, St.-Germain reveals a thorough knowledge of the art of printing and its origin. He offers the museum his copy of the second edition of the Bible published in 1462. The volume is in a perfect state of preservation, bound in wood covered with pigskin, ornamented with *fleur-de-lis* crowned with rosettes, enclosed in a frame of dragons. This Bible is now in the British Museum collection.

ST.-GERMAIN THE MUSICIAN

As writer, poet, musician and literary critic, he humbled many of the most brilliant men of his time. It was a privilege to have his opinion on almost any subject. He performed exquisitely on the violin and the viola da gamba, composed with a keen sense of values and was a master of melodic line and counterpoint. On at least one occasion he conducted without a score the private orchestra of Frederick the Great.

St.-Germain composed an opera and a number of sonatas. The London music publisher Walsh who handled only the works of the best composers, published favorite selections from the opera, and a collection of Six Sonatas for Two Violins etc.

The Comte's Opera *La Inconstanzia Deluza* was written before the year 1740, and is now among the rarities of music. The only copy (known to be in America) of Walsh's extracts from this opera is in my collection. Three selections from this work were played for the first time in America, arranged from my copy, and presented in 1940 by the Junior Chamber of Commerce Music Foundation.

THE DEATH OF ST.-GERMAIN

The death of St.-Germain, like his life, is shrouded in deepest mystery. He is supposed to have died on the estates of Prince Carl of Hesse. According to Waite "the last authentic record is that of the Church Register of Eckernforde, which has this entry: 'Deceased on February 27, buried on March 2, 1784, the so-called Comte de St.-Germain and Weldon — further information not known — privately deposited in this church.'"

The usual uncertainties attended this great man's demise. Some who saw him but a few weeks before his death, found him in splendid health; others report years of lingering ill-

ness. One group comments upon the exalted calmness which radiated from his person, and still others are certain that he was devoured by a corrupting melancholy. Perhaps each interpreted the Comte's moods according to his own nature. To some calmness might convey the impression of despair. According to Oettinger, St.-Germain passed away peacefully in his sleep. M. de Genlis is the authority for the melancholy. And Prince Carl of Hesse himself acknowledged that the Comte was in robust health at the time of his decease.

It is curious that so illustrious a person should not lie in state or be accorded an appropriate funeral. Apparently no one of importance, with the exception of Prince Carl, saw the Comte's body. Without will or any document testamentary, the settling of St.-Germain's various estates and titles should have presented quite a problem. If such a dilemma did exist, the executors, whoever they may have been, suffered their burden in silence. It is also unusual that such an illustrious man should have no heirs, real or fictitious. No one ever came forward to claim kinship. A rich man with no relations is a circumstance phenomenal in itself.

No one would have doubted his death had he not been seen on several occasions, years after his supposed demise.

The secrecy attending his final illness, his funeral, and the distribution of his effects, all incline the mind to suspect a mock funeral. This possibility is strengthened definitely by later records of his activities.

In support of the belief that reports of St.-Germain's decease were exaggerated we can mention a few of his subsequent appearances. He was present at a Masonic conference of the French Higher Bodies in 1785, and put in an appearance at the Lodge of the Philalethes in 1786. His faithful historian Mme. D'Adhemar saw him in 1788, and

according to Franz Graffer, he was in Vienna with the Rosicrucian lodges in 1788-90. His friend M. Grosley saw him in France just before the execution of the Princess de Lamballe in 1792. For a number of years thereafter he appeared briefly in several places.

The celebrated French writer and critic Jules Janin kept open house for intellectuals at Rue Tournon 8. In 1835 St.-Germain appeared among the guests at one of M. Janin's soirees. Several of those present had known him before his supposed death in Schleswig. One of these was Dr. Oettinger, previously mentioned. M. Janin is said to have known that St.-Germain was alive and addressed him by name.

Between the years 1842 and 1845 a literary group of importance met with some regularity at the Cafe de Dwan in Paris. The group included such men as Vandam, Alexander Dumas pere, Honore de Balzac, and Eugene Sue. It is believed that Lord Bulwer-Lytton occasionally met with them. Among the habitués of the Cafe de Dwan was an interesting and curious man who went by the name of Major Fraser, from his Britannic Majesty's Indian Army. There is a persistent rumor that Major Fraser was in fact our elusive Comte.

The description of Major Fraser appears in the memoirs of Albert Vandam entitled *An Englishman in Paris*. Major Fraser possessed an extraordinary knowledge of arts, sciences, literature, and history, and implied that he had lived for hundreds of years. The Major resembled St.-Germain in appearance and build and was the author of a book describing his journeys in the Himalayas. When his friends expressed interest in his personal life and history, he disappeared, removing his possessions overnight and was not seen afterward.

There is a record in India of a European answering the description of St.-Germain who lived in Darjeeling for a

number of years. He was buried under the name of Count Cosmo or Cosmos about 1840 in a small cemetery connected with the town.

THE MAGIC AND MYSTERY OF THE NAME OF ST.-GERMAIN

It sometimes appears as though some mysterious force in nature conspired to preserve the secrecy which surrounds the memory of the mysterious Comte. In his *Magicians, Seers, and Mystics*, Maurice Magre records an incident of this almost providential intervention:

"Napoleon III, puzzled and interested by what he had heard about the mysterious life of the Comte de St.-Germain, instructed one of his librarians to search for and collect all that could be found about him in the archives and documents of the latter part of the 18th Century. This was done and a great number of papers, forming an enormous dossier, were deposited in the library of the Prefecture of Police. The Franco-Prussian War and the Commune supervened, and the part of the building in which the dossier was kept was burned. Thus once again an 'accident' upheld the ancient law which decrees that the life of the adept must always be surrounded with mystery."

It is not difficult to understand why St.-Germain should be a name to conjure with. He is mystery in the modern world, almost within the memory of the living. Yet no sorcerer of the Middle Ages, no witch of Thessaly, had a more dramatic or mysterious life. The unknown remains forever the proper foundation for conjecture. We are challenged by the mysterious, and the inventive faculty of man soon fills in where history fails. Today the Comte is more talked about than in his own time. Years have added to his fame. A world longing for eternal life sees in him the justification for this hope. Such personalities as St.-Germain are necessary to the

escape mechanism of the mind. This is no fiction like the *Markropoulos Secret*. This is fact stranger than fiction.

Therefore we can understand easily why modern theological and mystical movements include this man among their patron saints. St.-Germain was rich, he gave away emeralds on invitation cards, he owned some of the finest jewels in Europe. Most men desire to be rich; the appeal is obvious. St.-Germain was the friend of kings, the associate of princes; all men naturally like to associate with that which is superior. St.-Germain was mysterious. His birth and death are unrecorded. His ways were strange and inexplicable.

Men, tired of being prosaic, take him to their hearts as he was—or is. But above all, he possessed the secret of life. He did not live forever by growing old and full of the ills of age. He remained in his prime, surviving from century to century, if we are to believe his own words, always accomplishing, always adventuring. Is there any wonder why he becomes the personification of the very philosophical elixir which preserved the youth of Madame de Pompadour for twenty years? It is all very natural, reasonable, and therefore, an admirable foundation for exploitation.

There is an adage that if you wish to get somewhere in this world and do not know how, find a man who is going somewhere and follow him. Also, if you have an organization that is not doing well, a fraudulent cult that is hopelessly obvious, the only way to give it pre-eminence is to hang it onto some illustrious name and follow in the wake of that name to prosperity.

So, in this modern world of thoughtless people who want things they do not earn and desire frantically to evade those things that they have earned, an adept is more than a luxury, he is a necessity. St.-Germain has been accredited with some

extraordinary opinions and beliefs. Most of these are entirely inconsistent with what he is *known* to have believed and taught, and the only possible conclusion left is that either he is not responsible for that which is ascribed to him, or he has suffered a complete mental breakdown since the end of the 18th century.

The teachings of St.-Germain partook of the doctrines ascribed to the Illuminati, a group of social reformers established in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt, professor of canonical law at Ingolstadt. The society flourished for a few years, but after the decease of its principal members, sank into comparative oblivion, to be revived in part by the French Transcendentalists of the 19th century.

There is no evidence to be found among historical documents to establish that St.-Germain was a Rosicrucian, although he is suspected of membership in the society. In fact, it has even been advanced that he was the *magus* of the society. This is purely conjectural, all claims notwithstanding. There is considerable evidence to support the belief that St.-Germain was a profound Orientalist; in fact, practiced Hindu breathing exercises and other meditative and contemplative disciplines. There is no evidence that the modern organizations which include him in their hagiology have preserved any balanced program in the various subjects which claimed his interest during the historical period of his life. These interests were most varied, including language, art, invention, science, military tactics, statesmanship, alchemy, astrology, Orientalism, wool-dyeing and manufacturing, hat-making, herbalism, ceremonial magic, cryptography, comparative religion, medicine, psychology, music, cabalism, and in his spare time, he was an excellent judge of horses.

It is incredible that a man of such accomplishment, had he rulership over any modern order, would govern it less wisely

now and with less skill and prudence than he displayed in 1770. Nor is there any evidence that St.-Germain ever delivered his manifestoes through automatic writing, slates, or table tilting. He came in person, and there was no power in Europe that could stop him when he chose to leave. Nor was he nationalistic, desiring the supremacy of any nation over any other nation. In a few short years he served Persia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Russia, being fully accepted in each of these countries as a gentleman of rank and authority. In several countries, he possessed lands, titles, and military rank. He came as he pleased, had very few friends and only one intimate recorded in history. And in the words of one of his biographers, "Those who knew him best knew him least."

Those of the rationalist persuasion have attempted repeatedly to destroy the character of St.-Germain by asserting that he was an impostor and a charlatan, but they have never been able to make either of these accusations stick. He could not be an impostor without imposing upon someone, which he has never been known to have done. Nor could he be a charlatan without misrepresenting, and he has never been known to make an erroneous statement. About the best his traducers have been able to accomplish is to affirm vigorously that "it cannot be so."

The average student of the old philosophies may legitimately ask the question: "What does this whole controversy mean to me?"

Its merit lies in its protective aspect. A person properly informed is not easily deceived. But a person whose opinions must rest entirely on hearsay and pretensions is not properly equipped to preserve his own integrity.

There have been so many claims and so many statements made about St.-Germain that it seems important to clarify

and organize the available and reliable data. Thus a measuring rod is established in the mind by which intelligent comparisons can be made. Faith in human nature and a belief in the fundamental integrity of people is regarded as a virtue. But in these times when every ideal of the human being is exploited for the profit of others, a blind faith will lead only to misfortune and disillusionment. Most people who are deceived in spiritual matters have only themselves to blame.

Philosophy demands no blind acceptance from anyone. It deals not in promises but in principles and law. Philosophy does not insult the common sense; it does not cause people to believe under the influence of some glamorous, fantastic, and irrational doctrines. From what we know of St.-Germain, we know that he was a trained thinker and a trained scientist and as such, any work attributed to him must reveal in its very fabric the evidence of a superior mind. The two manuscripts now existing attributed to St.-Germain, the *Holy Trinosophia* and the *Sacred Magic* are consistent in every way with what he is known to have taught. There are other manuscripts by him in European libraries; of this there can be no reasonable doubt. These libraries belong to organizations and individuals, who have preserved these secret works from century to century, revealing their contents only to those qualified to receive such important information.

In closing, therefore, let us simply restate what we have previously indicated. Only adequate knowledge, adequate preparation, and adequate mental capacity developed through years of self-improvement, entitle the seeker after wisdom to expect that he will be made party to any body of knowledge worthy of his consideration.



MYSTICISM OF WILLIAM BLAKE

To attempt an interpretation of the mysticism and artistry of William Blake may appear little short of audacity. No other personality in the field of esoteric speculation presents as numerous or as diversified difficulties. Unsympathetic critics have suggested that Blake lived in such a state of internal confusion that neither he nor anyone else could make heads or tails of his philosophy. A superficial reading certainly invites such criticism, but the more we investigate the curious productions of this extraordinary genius, the more convinced we become that a broad pattern underlay and motivated his vision of the universal scheme. As in the case of Dante, splendid particulars have obscured the framework of his project.

To the modern world, Blake is known principally for his drawings and engravings. For nearly a century, these turned

up in English auction galleries where they brought no great price. The compositions were too intellectual and were in violent contrast to the altogether charming and intensely meaningless products of Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Romney. The public taste was so addicted to Mrs. Siddons and Lady Emma Hamilton in various poses and impersonations that it had slight sympathy for what it considered the wretched distortions of Mr. Pars' most individualistic pupil. We now recognize Blake as the first important English artist to break the nostalgia surrounding "Pinky" and the "Blue Boy."

It has long been a moot question as to whether a great work of art should appeal to the mind or merely interpret the obvious to no purpose. The schools that bestow upon the waiting world an endless stream of buxom nudes insist that we should be satisfied with color, line, and mass—especially mass. Blake broke the prevailing concept and, for that matter, the entire modern concept by selecting his subject matter from a sphere of cosmic symbolism entirely beyond the human experience. He gained a reputation for madness, outraged most of his contemporaries, and suffered the full weight of that penalty which is reserved for courage and originality.

It was only after the turn of the present century that the artistic world began to take Blake seriously. Of course he had a few earlier champions, but these were regarded as touched by the same malady from which Blake himself had suffered—a sickly mysticism. Then the art world caught up to William Blake. Modernism had overthrown the academic tradition, and art was emerging as a vehicle of impression and interpretation. The prints and water colors of the master commanded high, even fabulous prices, and today the private collector seldom has an opportunity to purchase an original.

The great galleries of the world are now proud to own even sketches and unfinished drawings.

The mature style of William Blake cannot be mistaken for the work of any other artist, although there are certain doubts about some of his earlier productions. The keynote of his technique may be termed Gothic, with the dynamic elongations and exaggerations common to that school. He was also considerably influenced by the work of Michelangelo, and is known to have made an extensive study of the figure composition of "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. There is also a fascinating quality of naivete in all of Blake's delineations of the human face and figure. Even his "Fallen Angels" appear virginal, and his numerous representations of Mother Eve would indicate that she was entirely uncontaminated by the unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden.

In order to estimate the mind of William Blake, we must first examine his background and early life. He was born in London, Nov. 28, 1757, the son of James Blake, a dealer in hosiery. The mother's maiden name is not recorded. William was the second son, in a family of four sons and one daughter. With the exception of the youngest son, who died in his twenties after showing some artistic talent, there was little promise of genius among the Blakes; nor is there anything to indicate a tendency toward scholarship.

London of the period is preserved for us in the later caricatures of Hogarth, and was a rough-and-ready metropolis, to say the least. There may have been important conditioning circumstances, but, unfortunately, no one had the wit or wisdom to preserve the records, and even Gilchrist, Blake's principal biographer, rescued little of importance from the prevailing obscurity. We learn that young William showed early promise of artistic talent, and his father,



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BLAKE

From the painting by T. Phillips, R.A. This portrait appears in *The Grave*, a poem by Robert Blair. (London, 1808.)

strangely enough, encouraged the boy. This in itself must have been quite a decision for a man with a solid business in knitted goods.

James Blake, Senior, arranged that William should attend a school of drawing in the Strand, presided over by one, Mr. Pars. It appears that Pars followed the profession of enchasing until that type of ornamentation went out of fashion. He then opened an "art academy" for infant prodigies. There is an amusing line referring to the precocious youngsters who graced the memoirs of that day. It was said that they "commence their career at three, become expert linguists at four, profound philosophers at five, read the Fathers at six, and die of old age at seven."

Mr. Pars naturally did not provide any facilities for drawing from the living figure, but he supplied a fair assortment of plaster casts "after the antique." Blake's father was moderately successful and of an indulgent turn of mind, and he supplied his son with such pin money as was necessary to purchase additional casts and to attend auctions, where useful copies of celebrated masterpieces could often be secured for a shilling or two. William early indicated a preference for Raphael, Michelangelo, Duerer, and Hemskerk.

In describing the childhood of Blake, Gilchrist indulges in that type of literary daydreaming which distinguishes Sidney Lee's woolgathering about the early life of Shakespeare. These pleasant nothings, choicely expressed, contain only two or three matters of serious interest. When young Blake was eight or ten years old he seems to have experienced his first vision: "Sauntering along, the boy sees a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars. Returned home he related the incident, and only through his mother's intercession escapes a thrashing from

his honest father, for telling a lie." Other visions followed, and about his twelfth year Blake began to write blank verse, selections from which were published many years later.

The most famous engraver of the time was Ryland; and in order to give his son every opportunity, Blake senior negotiated to have William apprenticed to this great man. The boy himself frustrated the plan by announcing that he did not like Ryland's face, adding: "It looks as if he will live to be hanged." The prophecy was fulfilled twelve years later—Ryland was hanged for forgery.

When William Blake was fourteen years old, he entered the workshop of Basire; and the second of these famous engravers, James Basire, was especially associated with the young man's studies. During this apprenticeship of seven years, Blake met Goldsmith and, according to speculation, may have contacted Emanuel Swedenborg. Young William received a thorough training in illustration and portraiture, and made a number of contacts which were valuable to him in later years. In order to escape the wrangling caused by other apprentices, Blake spent much time in Westminster Abbey and other old churches about London, preparing illustrations for books and chimney places.

Blake completed his apprenticeship in 1788, and four years later he married Catherine Sophia Boucher of Battersea, the daughter of a market-gardener. At the time of the wedding, it appears that Catherine had not been greatly burdened with schooling, for she signed the parish-register with an X. Evidently, however, she had a ready mind, and her husband taught her to read and write. Later, he gave her lessons in art, and she learned to draw and paint so creditably that she contributed considerably to his work. Catherine has been described as an almost perfect wife. She

outlived her husband by four years, and the marriage was without issue.

So much for the physical career of William Blake during the first twenty-five years of his life—those formative years which established his character, his taste, and his philosophy. There is nothing to indicate the scope of his educational opportunities beyond Pars' academy and Basire's workshop. The old apprenticeship system involved a continuous drudgery each day from dawn to dark. The masters grumbled if their boys so much as burned an inch of candle after hours.

Even presuming that Blake's abilities brought him considerable preferment, we cannot but wonder how he enriched his mental life under such conditions. Of course, he lived in the great city of the world with libraries and galleries and numerous groups of outstanding intellectuals. It remains, however, a little difficult to marry a profound scholarship to a man whose father was a stocking merchant and whose wife could not write her own name. This state of affairs has influenced the minds of biographers and led them to assume that Blake was but a dabbler in the abstract doctrines which dominate his artistry. But let us examine the facts, as these can be assembled from the actual productions of Blake's genius.

First, we must bear in mind that only an interpreter versed in the lore with which Blake was completely familiar can hope to estimate the depth of the artist's learning. Blake was a mystic and an occultist, and such addictions are sufficient in themselves to frustrate the average biographer. In a day when free thinking was considered a dishonorable type of mental activity, Blake was not only an iconoclast but a profound scholar. Early, by means unknown, he had mastered Locke, Bacon, and Descartes. He knew the works

of Boehme, Paracelsus, and dared to criticize Newton. His understanding of Greek mythology and the Hellenic mysteries was prodigious. He was a master of the subtle transcendentalism of Plotinus and the Alexandrian Neoplatonists, but in some matters he chose to follow the Syrian and Egyptian Gnostics. As a cabalist and alchemical philosopher, he can be described as the last of the illumined Hermetists. He had imbibed deeply of the wisdom of the Troubadours, and showed familiarity with the tenets of the Rosicrucians, early Illuminists, and Freemasons.

To him the Bible was the book of books, but he interpreted it with a grandeur of concept that would have bewildered the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of St. Paul's. It is hard to decide whether he was a great pagan Christian or a Christian pagan. One may suspect that he had some contact with the celebrated Platonist, Thomas Taylor, for these two men had much in common.

Blake refused to be limited by the boundaries of any theological despotism. Literally, he created a universe of his own, administered it by laws originating within his own conviction, and populated it with creatures fashioned by his own high fantasy. Yet, he was in no sense of the word merely a repository of ancient doctrines. His vision was his own, a strange compound of inspiration and prophecy flowing from deep hidden places within himself.

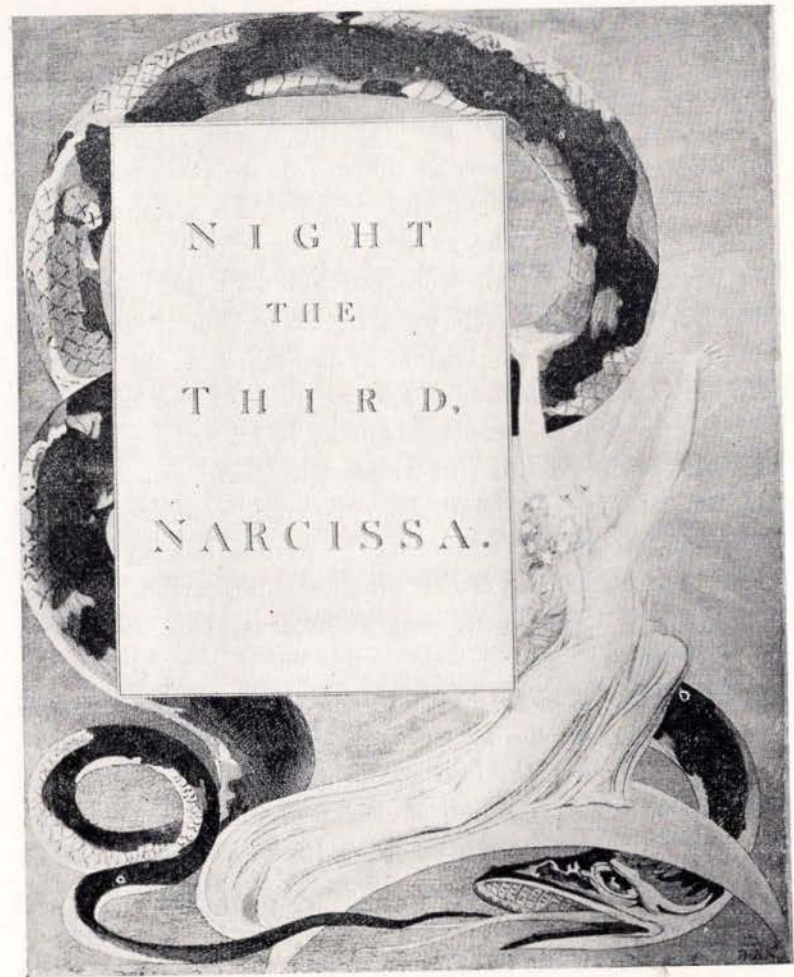
As we examine the illuminated manuscripts of the mystics, alchemists, and thaumaturgists of old, we see the pages filled with curious symbols and designs. Many of the emblems are daring and original, belonging to a world entirely beyond the common ken. Vast were the dreams, but unskilled the hands that committed the symbols to paper or parchment. Blake was the first to bring a superb and dynamic artistry to the esoteric tradition. Through him, abstract concepts took

fantastic forms of such intrinsic merit that they are now included among the greatest productions of human skill.

Although Blake illustrated many works and even drew astrological faces for his friend, Varley, the astrologer-watercolorist, and at times descended to artistic potboiling in order to survive, most of his productions are parts of one vast pattern. The names which he gave to his prints and books often had little to do with the subject matter. Whoever paid the bill was secondary; Blake always worked for himself. He might label his mystic vision of Christ as the personification of art with such a title as "Lord Nelson." No one understood just what he meant, but the work itself was admirable.

Having overlooked the basic fact that all of Blake's so-called prophetic works are chapters of one book, and that the text which accompanies them is reminiscent of the subtlety of the Sufi mystics, the interpreters are at loose ends. It seems easier to deny so vast a plan than to acknowledge such genius in the artist. As the merit of his drawings and prints has already been the subject of many learned comments and remarks, it would serve no useful purpose to devote space here to this phase of the artistry. We are concerned primarily with Blake the Illuminist and his generally unknown contributions to the descent of the secret doctrines of antiquity.

Although Blake, the artist, had a considerable market for his illustrations and engravings, Blake, the mystic, was without any practical medium for the distribution of his ideas. By the end of 1788, Blake had completed the first section of his wonderful series of esoteric prose-poetry and poetic prose. He anticipated by more than twenty years the school of free verse, and pioneering is a thankless task. He was entirely capable of preparing the illustrations for his mystical writings, but no publisher was available who would risk money



Engraving by William Blake to illustrate *Night Thoughts*, by Edward Young. (London, 1797.)

and reputation to compose the text. At this critical moment, Blake had on hand less than twenty shillings in the coinage of the realm, and was in no position to finance reluctant printers.

In his emergency, Blake believed that he received guidance from his younger and favorite brother, Robert, who had already passed beyond the grave. Robert appeared to him in a vision at night and supplied the solution to the pressing difficulty. The answer was amazingly simple, and the necessary materials were purchased at the cost of approximately two shillings by Mrs. Blake. There were other complications, but his friends in the spirit world assisted, and the result contributed a large part of the distinction peculiar to Blake's prophetic books. If an artist could prepare the plates for his illustrations, he could also draw the plates for the text by hand. Thus, he could combine text and design in one artistic structure. The writing was done on the metal with a kind of varnish which was impervious to acids, and the rest of the metal was afterwards eaten away with aqua fortis.

Mrs. Blake was entrusted with the delicate task of making the prints for the new plates, which she did in various colored inks which her husband prepared. Later, the printed outlines were hand-colored by Blake or his wife. To reduce expenses, the plates were small, a limitation greatly to be regretted. Somewhere along the line, good Catherine also became a successful amateur book binder, and the volumes were produced complete and ready for the market by these two patient persons. It has been said that they made everything except the blank paper.

Of course, the curious works thus produced had a limited sale and distribution, but the costs were so low that they became the principal source of income, and continued a limited

popularity throughout the life of the artist. Occasionally, the books were issued uncolored, which shows the basic technique to the best advantage. In this way, between the years 1789 and 1795, Blake issued *The Book of Thel*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *The Songs of Innocence*, *The Songs of Experience*, *America*, *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, *Europe*, *Urizen*, *The Book of Los*, *The Book of Ahania*, and *The Song of Los*. Although the originals of these are now great rarities, accurate hand-colored facsimiles are available through the industry and patience of William Muir. Most are now procurable by modern lithographic processes.

These are the prophetic books, and to them Blake entrusted the principal parts of his philosophy. As the mood grew within him, however, a number of supplementary engravings invented for other purposes extended the symbolism by using the same characters, and occasionally incorporating fragments of text. As the prophetic books expanded their doctrines, Blake became more and more completely immersed in his mystical pre-occupations. The mood of the evangelist grew upon him, and the artist became the teacher, the seer, the sage, and the prophet.

During this period also, Blake seems to have felt an increasing guidance and overshadowing from the invisible worlds. Like Swedenborg, he became the enraptured spectator of a mystery in the spirit. It never seemed to concern him greatly whether his message was immediately perceived or understood; in fact, he became almost unintelligible even to his nearest friends. He depended almost entirely upon the dramatic impact of his productions for the survival of his ideas.

Blake's metaphysical philosophy was enclosed within one dominant concept, which an interpreter of his work has

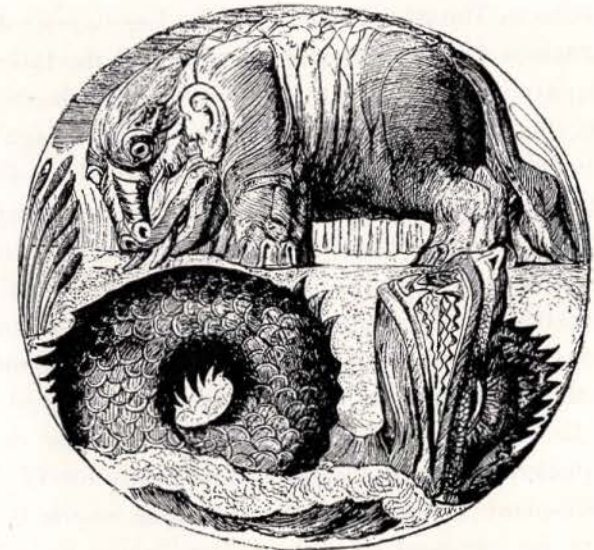
called "the circle of destiny." As the power of his own vision increased, the pressure brought with it the kind of urgency so often present among Adventists. Blake was convinced that the possibility of a great spiritual regeneration was immediate, and that it was his duty to herald the dawn of a new age.

It is interesting to observe the consistency with which those motivated by internal illumination are dominated by this sense of immediateness. All the rounds, cycles, and circles of the Blakean anthropology and psychology converged toward the time, the place, and the person that was Blake himself. Unless humanity released its consciousness from the prevailing delusions, it must plunge back into darkness and despair for another vast circle of time. Blake believed himself to have been entrusted with the secret of human liberation. Only by recognizing the universal truth which he revealed at the critical moment, when one cycle ended and another was about to begin, could the world preserve itself from the disaster of reason without faith. We may or may not agree that Blake was the prophet of a new order, but we cannot deny that in the century following his death humanity became the victim of a despotic materialism.

It never occurred to Blake that it was necessary for him to justify or prove even the most abstract of his concepts. To him, his doctrine was self-evident. He proved his principles from his particulars, and his particulars from his principles. To question the inner reality of that which was outwardly consistent was to reject the testimony of the senses themselves. To accept part of the grand scheme was to accept all, and to reject part was to reject all.

Blake's mood was not so different from Kant's, to whom pure reason must lead to the complete acceptance of the

Kantian concept. To differ was to stand condemned of ignorance or intolerance. Blake did not have the belligerence of personality that distinguished the little professor of Koenigsberg. Blake did not dislike those who failed to appreciate the profundity of his visions; in fact, he did not require the approbation of anyone. He lived in a state of almost complete absorption in the magnitude of the cosmic and moral



BEHEMOTH AND LEVIATHAN

Fragment from the *Book of Job* engravings by William Blake.

scheme that his mind had conjured out of the abyss of false doctrines.

It has been said that Blake became almost obsessed by his own ideas. The creatures he had fashioned gained such reality for him that he suffered by them, with them, and for them. The imagination of great artistry opened the sensitive

consciousness to the impact of his own symbolism. Then, as he drew the physical likenesses of his mental progeny, they became even more tangible and substantial. Psychologically speaking, Blake possessed a strangely involved personality, which gradually introverted until it had but slight existence apart from the concepts with which it was merged.

The Blakean metaphysics will be most comprehensible to those who have some familiarity with the doctrines and tenets of Gnosticism. The grand scheme of the Gnosis—its doctrine of emanations and their female counterparts, the fall of man from a paradisiacal state, the intercession of the Soter, or Messiah, the final redemption of the human family—re-occurs in the mystical revelations of William Blake. In metaphysics, *Gnosis* means *positive knowledge, especially of spiritual truths*. To the Gnostic, therefore, his eons and emanations, though imperceptible to his external faculties, were an absolute reality to his contemplative faculties. His invisible world, with its powers and planes and creatures, was held empirically as demonstrable to those who accepted rather than to those who questioned the substance of the doctrine.

The principal figure in Blakean metaphysics is Albion, who corresponds closely with the anthropos of the Gnostics. Albion is the universal man, the Being "whose body Nature is, and God the soul." Albion is the ideal or archetypal man of Plato. He is both the pattern and the fulfillment of the pattern. He is Adam Kadmon, the man fashioned of the red earth, who occurs in the doctrine and literature of the Cabala. He is the Grand Man of the *Zohar*, whose parts and members form the world. Albion is humanity itself as one person, and he is the universe likened unto a man. While Albion remains aware of his own eternal unity, he dwells in the light and in a spiritual state, which Blake calls Eden. When sleep comes upon Albion and he experiences division within him-

self, the fall is the inevitable consequence. Division, therefore, is itself the illusion and the disaster.

The division that is set up in Albion by the loss of the consciousness of unity brings into existence an infinite diversity of parts within Albion. These parts then enter into an intricate combination of moods, motions, and modes, and it becomes the final duty or responsibility of the parts to redeem their own sense or awareness of wholeness. Thus, in a strange way, the sleeping Albion is awakened and "saved" by the re-integration of his own divided nature. Here Blake shares the vision of Jakob Boehme, who saw in Adam, Satan, and Christ one force moving under three compulsions. The heavenly man, Albion, is redeemed by his own fulfillment in the mundane sphere—the man of heaven, Christ.

Albion personifies universal consciousness, which abides naturally in the consciousness of universals. He possesses without effort that all-sufficiency which the fragments of himself must attain through ceaseless striving. He is, therefore, the true and selfless Self in all men who partake of unity through him, even as they partake of diversity through a false Ego, or illusion of separate sufficiency. Only Albion lives, dies, and is reborn in glory. These vast occurrences underlie all the motions and impulses which manifest in human affairs. Thus, Albion is the universal hero, whose adventures in space make up the legend that is more than legend.

The primary division of Albion is reminiscent of the doctrines held by the Brahman mystics of India. All universals, including *the Universal*, contain the potential of polarity. Albion, as Universal Knowing, emanates a feminine counterpart whom Blake calls Jerusalem, the universal to be known. This is the same Jerusalem adorned as a bride referred to in the *Apocalypse*. This "Bride of the Lamb" is popularly

supposed to represent the Church, which will ultimately be married to Christ. Blake uses it, however, in a larger sense. It is the assembly, the Ecclesia, as those brought into union. The Redeemer, the redemption, and the redeemed are one mystery, and Blake is careful to point out that this is the supreme mystery in which factually there is no secret at all.

In Brahman theology, four castes or orders or life (later classes of humanity) emerged from the body or meditation-unity of Brahma. These emerged from the head, the heart, the loins, and the feet of the Supreme Deity. In Blake's system, Albion, as he sinks into the condition of non-identity, releases from himself the four Zoas. The term is derived from the Greek *zoion*, meaning an animal; and there is definite analogy with the four beasts of Ezekiel's vision and the four creatures of *The Revelation of St. John*.

According to Blake's concept, the four Zoas are released into a state of separate existence by the differentiation of the powers of the head, the heart, the loins, and the body of Albion. Once these centers of separate awareness or power emerge, they take over the administration of a divided world-consciousness and enter into a state of competition for dominion, in this way bringing about the tragedy of disunity. We might point out that the Blakean perspective is psychocosmical, for like Buddhism, it emphasizes the creative processes as moods of life primarily metaphysical. These moods react upon the world-form and the world-body, thus producing the complex physical phenomena.

The first of the Zoas, which emanates from the head of Albion, is Urizen, usually represented as an aged man. In Blake's drawings, this patriarchal figure, performing various stately functions, resembles the popular artistic concept of God. This majestic being measures Infinity with compasses, hovers in clouds and whirlwinds, and seems to create, by

decree alone, the creatures of this world. But as we proceed to a more careful study, we see that this ancient man appears also humbled, bound, blinded, and melancholy. Like Odin, the splendid All-father of the Nordics, Urizen is subject to moods of fear, despair, revenge, and fretfulness. This Jehovahistic being personifies the power of reason which inherits the world when truth goes to sleep.

When the Zoas abide together with Albion in Eden, they are internally lighted and may properly be termed *the Eternals*. As reason descends into the corruption of Ulro, the material sphere of spiritual death, the internal light gradually extinguishes and the majestic demiurgus is reduced to a fretful, uncertain old man, bound and blinded, like Samson, who was chained to the millstone of the Philistines. Of course, the millstone itself is a symbol of cycles, the very power of reason, which in its spiritual state redeems; in its material state destroys. The god becomes the tyrant; for the mind, naturally the servant of spirit, once it loses its inward light, attempts to make itself master over matter and the creatures of the material world. Reason degenerates into intellectual despotism, and Urizen is transformed into an ungainly giant, a Titanic monster that plunges the human nature into a deeper abyss of doubt, fear, and false knowledge.

The female aspect of Urizen, Blake calls Ahania, or the repose of reason. She is the mind's desire, ever pressing Urizen by the mystery of the unconquered unknown. In a way, Ahania is the mistress of every materialistic intellectual. She eternally invites the reason to speculate upon those universal workings which are in substance beyond the capacity of the reasoning power. She is responsible for the illusion that man is placed in a material world to conquer it for the fulfillment of small personal projects and conceits. Reason would lie dormant unless it contemplated the repose of space.



URIZEN BROODING OVER THE WORLD

—From William Blake's prophetic work, *America*.

Fired by the determination to explore and exploit all things for its own survival, reason changes from the kindly god who walked in Eden to the Lord of Battles, of vengeance and of sin.

In the prophetic works, Blake uses the character of Urizen to personify restraint or repression manifesting through vested authority. In his *America*, which Blake issued in 1793, Urizen attempts the restraint of the rights of man through his angel, Albion. In this instance, Albion certainly refers to England, and Albion's angel is King George III. The second of the Zoas, under the name Orc, quickening the souls of men like Washington, Franklin, and Payne, leads them to rebellion against the tyranny represented by the plagues and blights of restraint. To Blake, the American Revolution was the beginning of a world motion toward the eternal liberty

which constitutes the perfect existence as decreed by the eternal order of life.

Thus we see that Blake, having established the symbolic instruments of his concept, applies them variously to human institutions, finding the ageless warfare between repression and expression at the root of mortal confusion. We must not, however, assume that Blake was an advocate of spiritual, moral, or political anarchy. He points out that entrenched despotism always regards the rebel as evil. To repress rebellion is to maintain the status quo, a condition which binds the mortal creature in a state of intellectual or physical slavery. But it is impossible to chain man merely by enslaving his body; the mind also must be held, and to accomplish this, fear is the accepted weapon. The common man must be kept afraid. He must fear life, fear death, fear God, fear the Devil, and fear those mortal masters and overlords who have proclaimed themselves the keepers of his destiny.

Although Blake is not entirely correct in his timing, he anticipated in his prophetic mood those revolutions of States and Empires by which tyranny should finally be shaken to its foundation. To him, the American Revolution was the shadow of things to come, an indication of the internal resolution of the oppressed to cast off the shackles of their oppression. The physical political changes, however, were not merely accidental and incidental phenomena. They bore witness to immutable laws abiding in space, which decreed that in the fullness of time man should be free.

Incidentally, one of Blake's most interesting examples of extrasensory perception occurred in connection with Thomas Payne. In September, 1792, in the modest home of Johnston, the bookseller, Blake was present when Payne summarized an inflammatory speech in favor of liberty, which he had given at a public gathering the previous evening. As he was

leaving, Blake stepped up to him, saying: "You must not go home, or you are a dead man!" Blake hustled Payne to the Dover docks and put him on board a ship for France. By that time, the police were in his house, and a detaining order reached the docks twenty minutes after Payne had been passed through customs. He never returned to England.

By way of interlude, it should be pointed out that any explanation of Blake's philosophy must be considered, to a degree at least, an interpretation. The poetic style of the mystic, the brevity of his text, and the fantasy which permeates his literary form make it impossible to dogmatize upon his meanings. Often Blake, the metaphysician, applies his symbolism to several particulars almost simultaneously. He must be explained in the terms of the convictions of his commentator. Therefore, there is considerable confusion about the more obscure phases of his metaphysical images.

We have already mentioned the character Orc, the second of the four Zoas. Orc is a mode or qualification of a being called Luvah, the personification of the emotional (spirit-soul) life of Albion, enthroned in the heart of the universal man. Luvah, as the true emotion of the soul, appears in several forms on the various planes of emotional energy, but he is always directly or indirectly the liberator of that which is oppressed or repressed.

In *America*, the prophetic book, Luvah as Orc is the fire of liberty, the flame that blazes in the heart of the patriot. Luvah also appears as Satan, personifying negative rebellion. Satan is not essentially evil, but is liberation without love. Goethe sensed this mystery when he caused Mephistopheles to describe himself as "part of the power that still works for good, though ever scheming ill." Blake also used Luvah as the divine imagination-in-art, identifying ultimate liberation or redemption and the power which produces it with

the true figure of Christ. Aspiration toward the universal beauty of freedom under the law of love has its passive phase, or female counterpart, in Valla, whose demon form becomes Lilith.

From the loins of Albion comes the third of the Zoas, Urthona, the generative and regenerative power which manifests as Los, and whose feminine counterpart is Enitharmon, or pity. From the body of Albion comes the fourth of the Zoas, Tharmas, which is the bodily union of things, and his feminine counterpart, Enion, the great earth-mother. In the descent through the worlds brought about by the mystery of the fall, these Zoas come into dominion over the creatures which emanate from the composition of the universal man, within whom these creatures live and move and have their being.

The descent itself is through four spheres, planes, or states, which are really the psychic organisms of the Zoas themselves, and therefore are divisions of the body of the universal Albion. Here we have the cabalistic doctrine of emanations, with the four Adams existing in the four worlds which emanate from the Ancient of the Ancients. The first world is Eden, the home of eternal, and the natural abode of all the Zoas in their inward state, with their faces turned toward the Eternal Light. The second world is Beulah, the etheric paradise where facts are no longer evident or dominant, but whose creatures have certain abiding beliefs about facts and, therefore, have not descended completely into error. It is here that Urizen fashioned the Mundane Shell to encircle the higher spheres and to prevent the fall of the creation into the abyss. The third world is Ulro, the sphere of spiritual death and physical generation. Here beliefs have degenerated into opinions, and men are led in darkness. The fourth sphere seems without clear definition, and may not

be included among the worlds except as a fourth-dimensional quality. It is something added by the power of the soul. It is a world or sphere of regeneration or redemption, a state achieved by high imagination-in-art.

Blake also introduces a ghostly and demoniac character called the Spectre. This Spectre, often represented crowned and bearing a flaming lance, is the personification of the consequence of reason without faith, and Blake implies that his strange symbol signifies doubt, which haunts all things with a mortal fear. Some interpreters believe that the Spectre is man himself, the personification of unreasonable uncertainties. The preachment is clear: The mind developed without the heart can never attain tranquillity. We live in a sphere of unknowns, extending the feeble powers of our minds toward infinities, only to discover that we lack the very faculties necessary to answer our eternal questions. The conviction of inability, the realization that we abide in an unknown and probably unknowable universal, has given to mankind an over-shadowing inferiority complex and bound mortals with the shackles and chains of endless opinions.

Although Blake was a devoutly religious man in his own way, he had little respect for those revealed doctrines which men must accept without question or endanger their immortal souls. To him, all these institutions of infallibility, grounded in ignorance and perpetuated by playing upon the fears and doubts of mortals, were the work of Urizen, striving desperately to maintain the tyranny of mind over the natural aspiration of truth-seekers. All the "thou shalt" and the "thou shalt not" are part of a dictatorship of reason without faith. In a way, doctrines set up tension in the mind and emotions, and tension itself is the destroyer of reality. Man cannot find truth by doubt, by fear, or by concepts forced upon him by human institutions. Truth belongs to



From *Illustrations of the Book of Job*, in twenty-one plates, invented and engraved by William Blake. (London, 1826)

the free and to those who seek it without pressure or restraint. It can never be ours until as free men we incline to a natural and beautiful faith, embraced through love and gladness.

The Blakean vision of the universal redemption is reminiscent of the alchemistic doctrine of "art perfecting Nature." By art the alchemist implied a spiritual chemistry, a science of human regeneration. Man himself becomes master of a method or discipline by which he can ascend to a state of conscious unity, in this way discovering and experiencing internally the substance of Albion. Although Blake did not agree with Francis Bacon's political policies, there is evidence that the artist appreciated the ideas underlying the concept of the philosopher.

Bacon referred frequently to the power of art and to the possibility of moral and ethical improvement by personal effort according to law. Art is a kind of divine ingenuity possible to man. The human creature is possessed of capacities by which he can cause two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before. Skill enlarges, improves, and enriches; and man is the only animal endowed with this quality of skill. As Luther Burbank could improve plants and flowers, so all men have the innate ability, if they exercise their birthright, to improve both their world and themselves.

This power to be more than we are by an effort that we alone can make is the secret of redemption. On the material plane, we use this skill only to increase our goods or to advance our fortunes. This does not mean, however, that material industry exhausts the potentials of our strength. Physical advancement is only the shadow or symbol of essential growth. If we can organize our world, we can organize our own natures. If we can free a garden of weeds so that the

plants that are useful can flourish, it is also possible for us to free our minds and souls of their infirmities, thus permitting the spiritual life within us to bear its perfect fruit.

Salvation cannot be bestowed; it must be discovered by the experience of art. If the scientist thinks of art as method, the mystic defines art as a sensitive appreciation for all that is noble, beautiful, and true. Appreciation in turn results in a kind of awareness. The human being must be taught to see with the dimensions of his own mental and moral nature. As long as we see only the outer forms of things and are satisfied to live in a world of forms, explaining one in the terms of another, we abide in separateness and discord. From the eternal roots of our own being, however, we derive the inalienable right to love the beautiful and to serve the good.

The technique of art, then, is regeneration through clarification. We set ourselves the task of revealing through an obstinate personality the unity-in-glory, which is eternal life. The kingdom of Urizen is overcome, not by a warfare of the reason, but by each man in himself forgiving the world sin. In a strange way man himself becomes Christ, and achieves through the Christ in himself the salvation of the God which fashioned him. The creature attains the state of forgiveness *by forgiving and not by being forgiven.*

Thus Blake emerges as a champion of positive rather than of negative attitudes. He had no place for a concept of life under which men are forever begging their bread and depending for survival upon crumbs from the banquet table of a universal tyrant. He shared with Thomas Payne a general aversion to despots, whether celestial or terrestrial. He had no patience for doctrines which regarded the universe as a vaster England, or Deity as a highly glorified George III.

Nor could he bend the knee to those dogmas of the Church which taught salvation to result from the sacrifice and suffering of one good man. Blake did not believe in salvation by the grace of God. He preferred to think of men themselves growing in grace, and in the fullness of time rescuing God from the clutches of higher ecclesiasticism. Most gods are but men seen from below, and all men are gods when seen from within.

Blake's understanding of the Christian mystery was completely mystical in the best sense of that term. He used the word *forgiveness* in an unusual way. It implied an enlargement of understanding by which things become truly known. True knowing in turn leads to true loving. The human soul, cleansed of unreasonable and unnatural fears, relaxes from error to a state of grace. As the child, confident of the strength and wisdom of its parents, lives without fear, so the enlightened man, sure of the integrities which preserve him, can cease the unnatural struggle against phantoms and abide in a peace that surpasses understanding.

There is much of the Oriental in this positive recognition. Man is resigned to the good and not to the evil. Virtue is thus a simple gesture of acceptance, and not a tyranny upon the wayward. As an artist, Blake lived on a plane of intense emotional activity. He interpreted life in terms of tone, symmetry, and design. He experienced the complete satisfaction which comes through the use rather than the abuse of artistic principles. He sensed right use as the natural remedy for misuse. More than this, he knew that the power within him by which he was impelled, gently but inevitably, to the appreciation of the beautiful, was a spirit of redemption and regeneration.

Like so many mystics, he required no intermediary between himself and the universe. True religion is not institu-

tional but intimate and internal. Theologies, conjured into existence by Urizen, were concerned primarily not with the salvation of man but the preservation of themselves. They had substituted the passing glory of this world for the eternal glory of the divine world. Even as they taught redemption, they were binding men to the machinery of sect and creed and dogma. Human destiny could not be fulfilled by setting up democracies in the physical world and at the same time worshipping a concept of spiritual autocracy. Yet Blake was in no way an atheist or agnostic. He was devoutly religious, as we have said, but he stood on the threshold of an era of emancipation. He acknowledged the rights of man, but required that men themselves be right.

The Christ of Blake was perfect spiritual freedom, guided by the gentle power of enlightened love. It was the practice of the brotherhood of man, developed and perfected by inner conviction. Men united in action become aware through their own union of the universal One. They restore the broken body of Albion, not by innumerable ineffective remedies or learned debates about the physiology of First Cause, but by discovering that they, and not God, are divided. It is man who has decreed the division. He has seen his own enraged and distorted visage reflected from the mirrored surface of space, and named this reflection a god of vengeance.

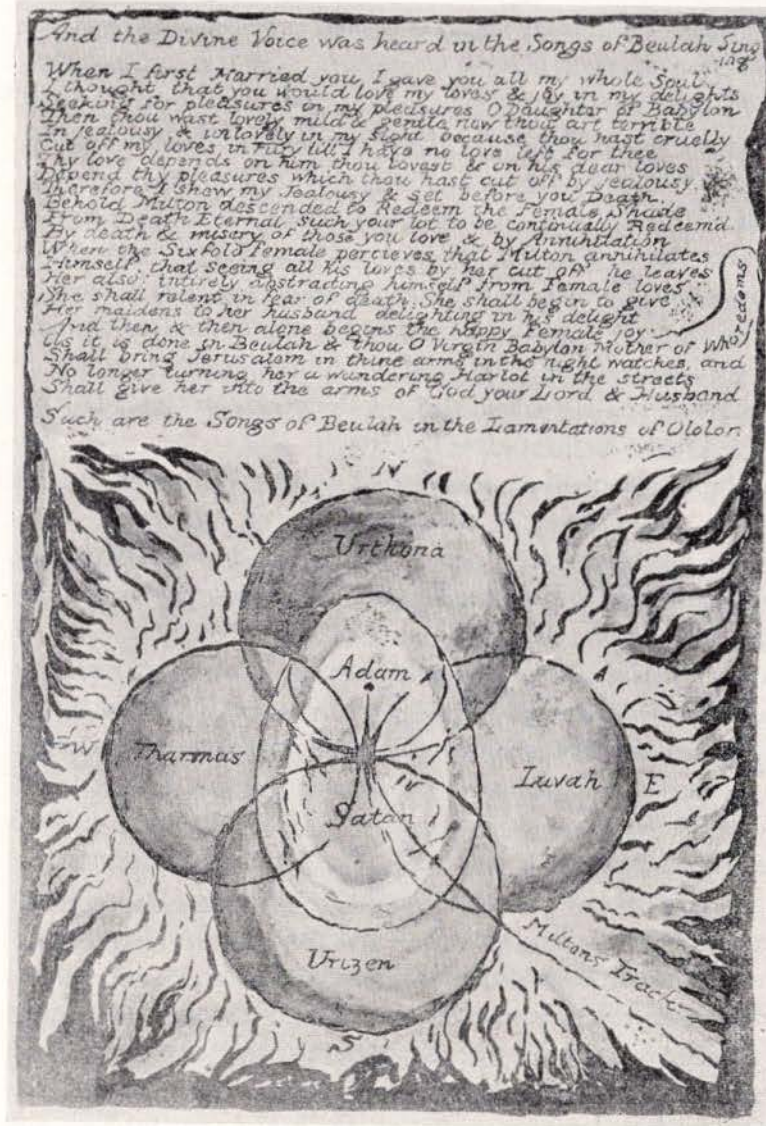
In this part of his philosophy, Blake approaches basic tenets of Buddhism, the great Eastern school which teaches that the universe exists primarily in consciousness rather than in matter. The Eastern way of union is through disciplines of realization. What the Easterners call realization, Blake covers by his interpretation of the act of forgiving. *Forgiveness* is a loving acceptance which has seen through appearances and discovered the reality. It is difficult to confine the dreams of the mystic to the narrow and inadequate

structure of words. We must even ask words to forgive us for the sins we have committed with them.

The Utopia of Blake is a social order of civilized human beings. It is the kingdom of heaven set up in the hearts of men. When human beings have attained to a state of spiritual democracy, then and then only can physical States and nations abide together in a true comradeship of enlightened understanding. Mortals can never protect themselves against the consequences of their own actions except by outgrowing their own insufficiencies. Man masters the world by overcoming the specter of worldliness, conjured into being by fear, ambition, and selfishness. The negative forces of life cannot control us unless we acknowledge their sovereignty. We must accept the illusion or we cannot be the victims of the illusion. This does not mean that the physical world does not exist, but rather that material things are themselves parts of an eternal beauty until man disfigures them with his own ulterior motives.

The redeemer is not a separate creature either human or divine, but the eternal rightness of things, ever present and ever awaiting acceptance. Truth knocks at every man's door, but for most is an unwelcome guest. Even at best, reality is the stranger, and we all fear and doubt that which is strange. The Last Judgment is not a weighing of souls, but is the judgment of man himself judging righteous judgment. This final judgment results in the selection of that which is unchangeably good. To weigh all things and to cling to that which is beautiful and true is the high decision and the Last Judgment.

If, then, we may not fully share in Blake's vision, nor completely comprehend the strange wild beauty of this great artist, let us at least be patient and sympathetic in the pres-



A cosmological figure illustrating the principles of William Blake. From his poem, *Milton*, in two books engraved in 1804.

ence of his vision. He was one of those who "saw God in flames and heard him in the winds." The wild grandeur of space was not to Blake the savagery of tortured elements, but the free beauty of eternal spirit. This freedom, perfected by imagination-in-art, makes possible the emergence of a free man. To Blake, freedom was the right to be beautiful, noble, kind, and wise. Only the free man can serve truth and redeem the world which he has betrayed.



THOMAS TAYLOR, THE ENGLISH PLATONIST

In England, a protestant who disputes the authority of the Church of England is called a Dissenter, or a non-conformist. In the 18th century, these Dissenters were subject to numerous indignities, and special abuse was reserved for Dissenting ministers. The father of Thomas Taylor was such a minister and, as a result, was impoverished by his convictions. He was described as a worthy and God-fearing man, but it also appears that he was set in his ways and strongly opinionated. He was one of those good souls who made life difficult for himself and others. Into this meager and frustrated atmosphere, Thomas Taylor was born in London, on the fifteenth day of May, 1758. Early admirers referred to this event with philosophical elegance, declaring that on his natal day the soul of the philosopher "descended into this mundane sphere." While Thomas was still in his trim, his reverent father decided that his son should follow in his

footsteps and become a Dissenting minister. It seems, however, that the muses and those tutelary spirits which attend such matters decreed otherwise.

When Thomas reached his ninth year, he was sent to St. Paul's school, a proper atmosphere in which to absorb theology and non-conformism. Even at this early age, the boy gave indications of a contemplative turn of mind. He also revealed a strong spirit and a profound aversion to pedantry and pedagogy. He disliked to listen to the opinions of those whose wordiness indicated no depth of personal understanding. A certain Mr. Ryder, who was one of the masters of St. Paul's school, became interested in the serious and penetrating mind of young Taylor. When the lesson involved some especially grave or meaningful passage by a classic author, Mr. Ryder would turn to Thomas, saying "Come, here is something worthy the attention of a philosopher." After remaining three years in this school, young Taylor became so thoroughly disgusted with the superficial manner in which classical languages and sciences were taught that he finally persuaded his father to take him home. There were then further family councils and Thomas succeeded in convincing his father that he was not designed by natural endowments for the ministry. This was a great blow, for it seemed to the good man that the career of a Dissenting minister was the highest, noblest, and most enviable employment which the world could offer.

Young Thomas was an impetuous fellow, and shortly after his twelfth year he fell deeply in love with a Miss Morton, the oldest daughter of a respectable coal merchant in Doctor's Commons. She must have been an extraordinary person, for it is recorded that she was younger than Thomas and he had recently passed his twelfth year. Miss Morton, the coal merchant's daughter, was already highly and technic-

ally educated with a profound interest in the most advanced subjects of philosophy. Young Thomas sang her praises constantly, and declared himself to be as much in love as any of the famous heroes of romance and chivalry. His greatest joy was to converse with his beloved or to describe her charms and attainments to any who would listen. It was considered almost incredible by his biographers that this boy, scarcely in his teens, should have been so deeply and lastingly smitten, but future events seemed to indicate that destiny had decreed this association.

Taylor's father found difficulty in deciding a new direction for his son's future. He was not overly enthusiastic when young Thomas indicated a strong preference for higher mathematics. As a Dissenting minister, the senior Taylor was deeply skilled in modern theology, but was hopelessly deficient in the classical sciences and philosophies. It seemed to him that the boy had chosen a difficult and unpromising field of endeavor. Thomas found it necessary to study at night and to conceal his books, and the long and constant sacrifice of sleep may have contributed to the delicacy of the young man's constitution.

In 1773, when Thomas was about 15 years old, he was placed under his uncle, who was one of the officers of the dock-yard at Sheerness. This worthy uncle believed in keeping young people as busy as possible. Leisure hours were few, but these were used to advance the speculative parts of mathematics, for Thomas was early of the opinion that those sciences were degraded when applied to practical affairs. Thomas was also reading Bolingbroke and Hume at this period. Young Taylor remained with his tyrannical and uninspiring uncle for about three years and, unable to endure longer what he considered a state of abject slavery, sought liberation by returning to the Church. He left Sheer-

ness and studied for two years with the Reverend Mr. Worthington, a celebrated Dissenting preacher. Here he recovered his basic knowledge of Latin and Greek. He did not advance very rapidly, however, because the text with which he worked did not challenge his mind. While he was a pupil of the Reverend Mr. Worthington, Taylor renewed with increased ardor his acquaintance with Miss Morton. It would seem that he maintained a rigorous program. He studied Greek and Latin all day, courted his fair lady in the evening, and read the Latin Quarto of Simson's *Conic Sections* at night.

In some way, Taylor found it possible during these congested years to approach the study of modern philosophy and, armed with the subtler parts of mathematics, he attacked Newton's *Principia*. He never finished the book, however, because he regarded a number of Newton's Propositions to be plainly absurd. He particularly disapproved of Propositions VI, VII, and VIII in the Third Book. The biographers have noted that up to this point, Mr. Taylor's life had flowed "limpid and unruffled." They meant that in comparison to his future adventures, his childhood was scarcely noteworthy.

Conspiracy now entered the picture. It was time for Thomas to enter the university, so he bade Miss Morton an impassioned farewell. Her father, the respectable coal-merchant, intended during Taylor's absence to marry his daughter to a wealthy man who was also courting her most ardently. The young lady, who returned our hero's devotion with full measure, seeking to protect herself from the tyrannical weight of parental authority, consented to marry young Taylor secretly, under the condition that the marriage would be only a formal one until he had finished his studies at Aberdeen. And so it came about that these remarkable young people were bound in holy matrimony.

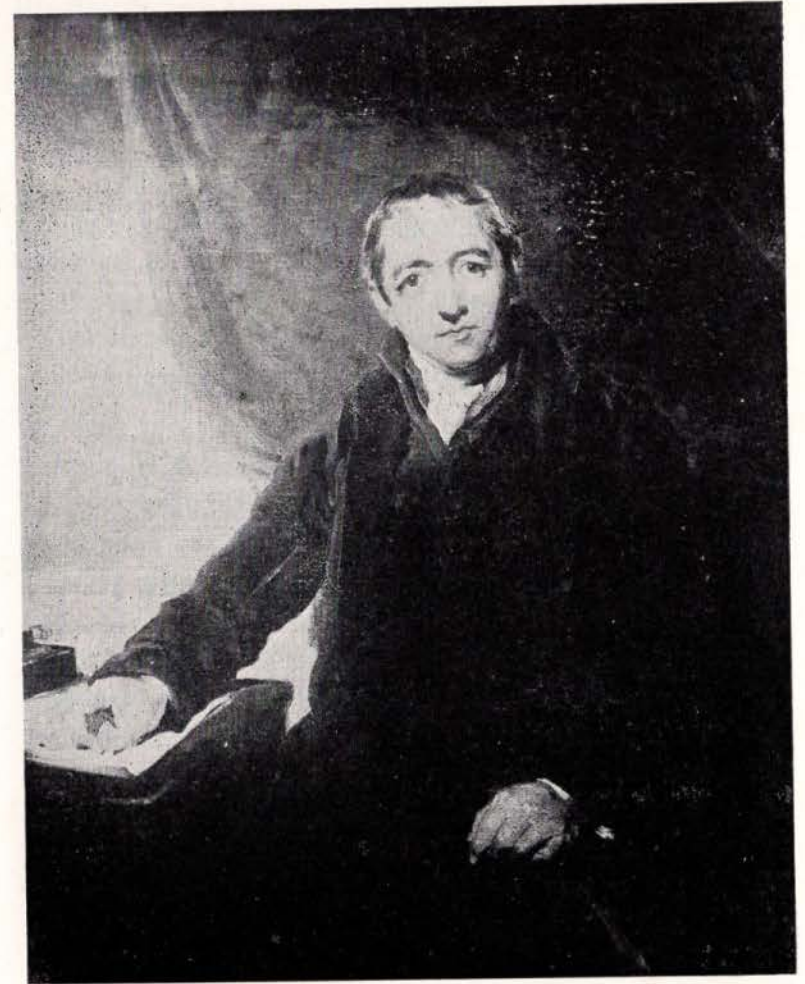
The secret was soon discovered, however, and a series of distressing parental outbursts followed. Fortunately, the times were such that even the most desperate and embittered parent would scarcely think of divorce. In time, the rages subsided, and the young couple attempted to establish themselves in a home of their own. It was then that young Thomas discovered that his selection of interests scarcely fitted him for successful employment. For nearly a year, the two young people lived on seven shillings a week. Mrs. Taylor was cheated out of her inheritance by a relative who was left the executor of her father's estate. The young couple was abandoned by both friends and relatives and, in an emergency, could not borrow ten shillings and sixpence. Finally, Mr. Taylor secured a position as usher in a school at Paddington. He did not earn enough money so that his wife could be with him, and he was permitted to see her only on Saturday afternoons. He later found the situation of a clerk in Messrs. Lubbock's bank in London. This paid him 50 pounds a year, and he received his money quarterly. He was unable to take care of his wife and keep enough funds for his own living. On a number of occasions when he reached his room in the evening, he fell senseless on the floor from malnutrition. At last, he managed to rent a house at Walworth through the assistance of a schoolmate, and here, for the first time, the Taylors were able to experience a frugal family existence. Already, however, Thomas was showing serious impairment to his physical health and, in the years that followed, there was no remedy for this impairment.

Settled in his new home, Taylor directed his attention to the study of chemistry, but his selection of texts indicated an inclination toward alchemy. He remained true, however, to mathematics, and having given much attention to the quadrature of the circle, which he believed could be verified

geometrically, he published, in 1780, a pamphlet entitled "A New Method of Reasoning in Geometry." A very small edition of this little work was printed and it attracted slight attention. Later, the substance was incorporated into the first volume of Taylor's translation of *Proclus on Euclid*.

Up to this time, Taylor's studies were merely preparing him for the specialization which was to establish his reputation in the literary world. He became acquainted with the treatise of Sir Kenelm Digby *On Bodies and Man's Soul*. Digby was a celebrated physician and philosopher of 17th-century England, and is remembered especially for his famous theory of "the weapon salve," a method of treating wounds by placing the medication on the weapon that caused them rather than upon the injury itself. The remedy was startlingly successful, but one factor in the cure had been generally overlooked—Digby insisted that the wound be kept scrupulously clean. Taylor considered Sir Digby to be a great logician, metaphysician, and universal scholar, whose name should never be mentioned but with reverence for his unparalleled worth. Through Digby, Taylor's attention was directed to the philosophy of Aristotle, and he had no more than read Aristotle's *Physics* when he determined to make the study of parapatetic philosophy the principal work of his life. He was so enthusiastic that he soon fitted himself to read Aristotle in the original, and later remarked that he had learned Greek through Greek philosophy, rather than Greek philosophy through Greek.

All this time, Taylor labored in the banking house from early morning to seven o'clock in the evening, and when business was pressing was expected to remain until 9 or 10. He was therefore obliged to do most of his studying at night, and for several years seldom retired before two or three o'clock in the morning. He trained his mind to free himself



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS TAYLOR, THE GREATEST OF
THE MODERN PLATONISTS

from all interruption during those precious hours which he devoted to the classics. Neither poverty nor daily responsibility interrupted his dedicated pursuit of knowledge.

It was said that, like Penelope of old, Taylor's ability to pursue his studies under the most trying circumstances was due to the mental discipline which he imposed upon himself. He organized his daily employment so efficiently that he was able to satisfy the exacting requirements of banking and at the same time carry on philosophical reflections during working hours. As he made out bills, balanced accounts, and interviewed depositors, his mind was busily engaged in expanding lines of thought without making mistakes in either.

Through Aristotle, Taylor passed naturally to the contemplation of the works of Plato. As these researches unfolded, Taylor came to the conclusion that the philosophies of Aristotle and Plato might be likened to the Lesser and Greater Mysteries of the Greeks. It was only a step from Plato to Plotinus, whose mystical apperception brought a new and deeper light to Taylor's soul. He also studied Proclus' *On the Theology of Plato*, a work so abstruse that he observed that he did not thoroughly understand its full meaning until he had read it three times. While Taylor was reflecting upon the writings of Proclus, the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft lived in his home for nearly three months. Taylor considered her a very modest, sensible and agreeable young woman, and she referred to the little room where Taylor studied as "the abode of peace." When Taylor published his little book *A Vindication of the Rights of Brutes*, he declared that he had been induced to this particular labor because Mr. Thomas Payne had convinced thousands of the rights of man, and Mary Wollstonecraft had indisputably proved that women are in every respect equal to men.

After Taylor had served nearly six years in Lubbock's Bank, he found it necessary to make an important decision. His health had been so undermined by long hours of uncongenial employment combined with his intensive program of reading and research, that he could no longer continue this double life. He therefore resolved to find a means of creating a career in his chosen field. His first effort was most curious. He attempted to construct a perpetual lamp such as is reported to have been found in ancient tombs. He used phosphorus, and exhibited his creation at the Freemasons Tavern. Due to circumstances beyond his control, the experiment was not a success, but it did attract several devoted and influential friends through whose assistance he was able to sever his connection with the banking world.

Next, at the suggestion of Mr. John Flaxman, the distinguished sculptor and artist, Taylor composed twelve lectures on Platonic philosophy, which he delivered at Mr. Flaxman's house to a respectable and distinguished audience. His lectures were enthusiastically received and a Mr. Bennett Langton was so impressed that he mentioned Thomas Taylor to the King of England. His majesty, though reminded several times of Taylor's work, went no further than to express his admiration, although it was hoped for a time that he might become a patron of the scholar. During his lectures, Taylor also met and formed a lasting friendship with Mr. William Meredith, a man of large fortune and liberal mind. Meredith became a staunch supporter of Taylor, and assisted him financially in the publication of several of his books.

In 1787, Taylor became acquainted with Dr. Floyer Sydenham, a learned Platonist, who died in prison because he was unable to pay a debt which he owed to the keeper of a restaurant. Dr. Sydenham had come to the study of Plato

late in life, but might have advanced to a greater knowledge had he not been so limited by infirmity, poverty, and a tragic death. On April 1, 1787, Taylor composed an eloquent panegyric dedicated to Dr. Sydenham, which appeared in seven journals and was reprinted, with some changes, in Taylor's *Miscellanies*.

According to the outline in *The Platonist*, Taylor's life after his attaining the support of a few sincere and enthusiastic friends was largely devoted to his literary work. In 1787, he published his translation of *The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus*, and this was followed in regular order by most of his other translations and original writings. To conserve space, a check list of these important books will be found at the end of this biographical outline.

In 1788, the Marquis de Valadi, a French nobleman with philosophic inclinations, visited England in search of Pythagorean lore. He presented himself to Thomas Taylor and, with true French enthusiasm, is said to have thrown himself at the master's feet. He presented Taylor with a small sum of money, which constituted his entire fortune at the moment, and begged with great humility to become a disciple. Taylor received him most graciously, and for a time instructed the Marquis in the essentials of philosophy. In due course, however, Valadi decided that the contemplative life was not for him, and he returned to France to take part in the political commotion then agitating the country. He bade adieu in full military attire, remarking, "I am going back to Alexander."

About 1791, while working in the British Museum, Taylor discovered a remarkable Hymn of Proclus to Athena. Taylor was fortunate in having the facilities of the Museum at his disposal, for while it was not the institution it is today, it was rich in ancient works, most of which were unknown

to 18th-century scholars. It was Mr. Samuel Patterson who recorded the incident which led to the translation of *Pausanias, The Description of Greece*, which appeared in 1794. Patterson was present, and remarked that the assignment was "enough to break a man's heart." The bookseller replied easily, "Oh, nothing will break the heart of Mr. Taylor." The work was completed in ten months, including all the notes and addenda, and for his labor Taylor received sixty pounds. The strain of this assignment was so great that when the manuscript was finished Taylor lost the use of the forefinger of his right hand, which he never regained.

As may be expected, the critics attacked the translation of *Pausanias*, intimating that Mr. Taylor was no scholar. He answered his principal critic, Mr. Porson, as follows: "I only add that their invidious insinuation that I do not understand Greek is too contemptible to merit a reply, unless they mean that my knowledge of Greek is by no means to be compared with that of Mr. Porson, because I am not, like him, unable to do anything without accents; for I confess, that in this respect I am so far inferior to him, that I can read a philosophic Greek manuscript without accents with nearly as much facility as a book written in my native tongue."

During the six years between 1795 and 1801, Taylor translated the remaining dialogues of Plato which had not been completed by Dr. Floyer Sydenham, and continued his work upon the writings of Aristotle. During this period also, he contributed to several periodicals, where some of his most important writings first appeared. About 1799, Taylor became assistant secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Through the efforts of his friends, he secured a large majority of votes for this office, but he was forced to relinquish it because

his health would not permit the additional exertion. Soon after this, he engaged in a philosophical controversy with Dr. Gilles, whom he vanquished to the satisfaction of everyone except Dr. Gilles. About this time also, Taylor paid a special tribute to William George Meredith to whom he expressed deepest friendship and the most profound gratitude for his continuous assistance and inspiration. He also answered Dr. Gilles in a pamphlet published in 1804. The *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, which appeared in 1805, is especially interesting because it contains Taylor's original summary of Platonic philosophy under the title *The Creed of the Platonic Philosopher*.

At this time, Taylor was also at work on his original translation of the complete Aristotle in ten volumes, which is the most rare of his productions. He said that only fifty copies would be printed of each volume, and that they would be distributed according to his own discretion. Unfortunately, this monument to erudition has never been reprinted, and complete sets are almost unobtainable. Mr. Bridgman, the critic who reviewed this work, was as unpleasant as possible; but he is forgotten, and Taylor's memory remains green. In 1809, the audacious Mr. Taylor published anonymously his *Arguments of the Emperor Julian Against the Christians*. This book had the distinction of being rigidly suppressed and most of the copies destroyed. We are fortunate in having an original copy of this book, which belonged to an intimate friend of Taylor's, in our library.

In 1818, Taylor was heartened by a very pleasant letter which he received from Dr. Copleston, provost of Oriel College. This letter paid high tribute to the depth and dignity of Taylor's translation of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, which enjoyed a second edition. Such encouragement was cherished by the scholar because it was rare, especially com-



The inside front cover of a rare first edition copy of Taylor's translation of *The Arguments of the Emperor Julian Against the Christians*. Pasted on to this cover are the book-plate of Dr. Ingals (one of Taylor's personal friends), a rare portrait of Thomas Taylor, and two figures representing Julian and Christ.

THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER'S CREED

ing from an advanced authority in the field. After 1818, Taylor gave special consideration to the Neo-Platonic philosophy, and in 1822 he produced his well-known translation of the philosophical works of Apuleius, from the original Latin. This is probably the most often reprinted of Taylor's translations. The last of his works appeared in 1834, and consisted of several treatises of Plotinus. It is noteworthy that there was no indication that his faculties or powers were diminishing.

Thomas Taylor passed from this life early on Sunday morning, the first day of November, 1835. The Reverend Alexander Dyce, the distinguished editor of Shakespeare, was with Taylor the day before his death. He recorded this visit as follows: "That he [Taylor] endeavored to carry into practice the precepts of the ancient philosophers is sufficiently notorious; that he did so to the last hour of his existence I myself had a proof: the day before he died I went to see him, and to my inquiry, 'how he was?' he answered, 'I have passed a dreadful night of pain,—but you remember what Posidonios said to Pompey,' (that pain was no evil)."

Thomas Taylor wrote his own epitaph, and it would be difficult to imagine lines more appropriate.

"Health, strength, and ease, and manhood's active age,
Freely I gave to Plato's sacred cave.

With Truth's pure joys, with Fame my days were crown'd,
Tho' Fortune adverse on my labors frown'd."

The following description of Mr. Taylor will help to complete the picture. He was described as of medium size, well-proportioned, with an open, regular, and benevolent countenance. There was a quiet dignity about him, but no intel-

lectual affectations of any kind. His manner was such that he won the friendship and affection of all who knew him well. His dress was simple, and his conduct irreproachable. Even among friends, he would never compromise his principles, but he was free and easy, and never attempted to dominate situations. As he grew older, his appearance became memorable, but his manner was always gracious, without pride, haughtiness, or vanity. He had an extraordinary memory, which was always available, and he was an acute observer with a profound understanding of human nature. A wonderful conversationalist, he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, and was able to entertain his associates without ever becoming personal or referring to his own joys or sorrows. Though a profound mathematician, he had none of the attributes of a traditional scholar. His abilities were diversified, but his purpose always the service of truth. Taylor has been called the *Great English Pagan*, and it seems that he even attempted, in a quiet way, to re-establish some of the rituals of the Greek religion. Early in their marriage, he taught his wife the Greek language, and it was used extensively in their home. There is a report that in order that he might more readily comprehend the times and circumstances of the great philosophic era, he lived in a Grecian fashion, even in matters of food and clothing, but of this we can find no documentary proof.

The interest in the work of Thomas Taylor has increased through the years, and his books, which have remained scarce from lack of reprinting, are highly regarded by all students who wish to understand the soul of classical thinking. A tribute to his memory is both proper and timely.

TO THE ARTIFICER OF THE UNIVERSE

BY THOMAS TAYLOR

To thee great Demiurgus of the world,
With various intellectual sections bright,
My soul the tribute of her praise shall pay,
Unfeign'd and ardent, mystic and devout.

Thee shall she sing, when Morning's rosy beams
Lead on the broad effulgence of the day,
And when the hand of softly-treading Eve
Invests the world with solitary shade.

Artificer, and father of the whole!
With perfect good, and deity replete,
Through which the world perpetually receives
Exhaustless stores of intellectual good.

To thee belongs that all-sustaining power,
Which mind, and soul, and mundane life supports.

To thee, their fabrication bodies owe,
And things the due perfection of their kinds.

Through thee, each part of this amazing whole
Is link'd by Sympathy's connecting hand,
And in the strongest, best proportions join'd;
And the world's various powers and pondrous weights
Are bound by thee in beautiful accord.

By thee, the world is form'd a perfect whole,
From age exempt, unconscious of disease,
And with a shape adorn'd by far the first,
Most simple, most capacious, and the best.

By thee, this *all*, was self-sufficient fram'd,
And with a self-revolving power endu'd;
And motion intellectual owes to thee
Its never-ceasing energy, and life.

THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER'S CREED

By Thomas Taylor

(Note: In his preface to the volume from which the following extract is taken, Thomas Taylor writes: "The Creed of the Platonic Philosopher is added for the purpose of presenting the *intelligent* reader with a synoptical view of that sublime theology which was first obscurely promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras and Plato, and was afterwards perspicuously unfolded by their legitimate disciples; a theology which, however it may be involved in oblivion in *barbarous*, and derided in *impious* ages, will again flourish for very extended periods, through all the infinite revolutions of time. The reader who wishes to have a more ample view of it, may peruse the author's Introduction to his translation of Plato, from which the whole of this Creed is nearly extracted.")

1. I believe in one first cause of all things, whose nature is so immensely transcendent, that it is even super-essential; and that in consequence of this it cannot properly either be named, or spoken of, or conceived by opinion, or be known, or perceived by any being.

2. I believe, however, that if it be lawful to give a name to that which is truly ineffable, the appellations of *the one* and *the good* are of all others the most adapted to it; the former of these names indicating that it is the principle of all things, and the latter that it is the ultimate object of desire to all things.

3. I believe that this immense principle produced such things as are first and proximate to itself, most similar to itself; just as the heat *immediately* proceeding from fire is most similar to the heat in the fire; and the light *immediately* emanating from the sun, to that which the sun essentially contains. Hence, this principle produces many principles proximately from itself.

4. I likewise believe that since all things differ from each other, and are multiplied with their proper differences, each

of these multitudes is suspended from its one proper principle. That, in consequence of this, all beautiful things, whether in souls or in bodies, are suspended from one fountain of beauty. That whatever possesses symmetry, and whatever is true, and all principles are in a certain respect conate with the first principle, so far as they are principles, with an appropriate subjection and analogy. That all other principles are comprehended in this first principle, not with interval and multitude, but as parts in the whole, and number in the monad. That it is not a certain principle like each of the rest; for of these, one is the principle of beauty, another of truth, and another of something else, but it is *simply principle*. Nor is it simply the *principle of beings*, but it is *the principle of principles*; it being necessary that the characteristic property of principle, after the same manner as other things, should not begin from multitude, but should be collected into one monad as a summit, and which is the principle of principles.

5. I believe, therefore, that such things as are produced by the first good in consequence of being connascent with it, do not recede from essential goodness, since they are immoveable and unchanged, and are eternally established in the same blessedness. All other natures, however, being produced by the one good, and many goodnesses, since they fall off from essential goodness, and are not immoveably established in the nature of divine goodness, possess on this account the good according to participation.

6. I believe that as all things considered as subsisting *causally* in this immense principle, are transcendently more excellent than they are when considered as effects proceeding from him; this principle is very properly said to be all things, *prior* to all; *priority* denoting exempt transcendency.

Just as number may be considered as subsisting occultly in the monad, and the circle in the centre; this *occult* being the same in each with *causal* subsistence.

7. I believe that the most proper mode of venerating this great principle of principles is to extend in silence the ineffable parturitions of the soul to its ineffable co-sensation; and that if it be at all lawful to celebrate it, it is to be celebrated as a thrice unknown darkness, as the god of all gods, and the unity of all unities, as more ineffable than all silence, and more occult than all essence, as holy among the holies, and concealed in its first progeny, the intelligible gods.

8. I believe that self-subsistent natures are the immediate offspring of this principle, if it be lawful thus to denominate things which ought rather to be called ineffable unfoldings into light from the ineffable.

9. I believe that incorporeal forms or ideas resident in a divine intellect, are the paradigms or models of every thing which has a perpetual subsistence according to nature. That these ideas subsist primarily in the highest intellects, secondarily in souls, and ultimately in sensible natures; and that they subsist in each, characterized by the essential properties of the beings in which they are contained. That they possess a *paternal, producing, guardian, connecting, perfective*, and *uniting* power. That in *divine beings* they possess a power fabricative and gnostic! in *nature* a power fabricative but not gnostic; and in *human souls* in their present condition through a degradation of intellect, a power gnostic, but not fabricative.

10. I believe that this world, depending on its divine artificer, who is himself an intelligible world, replete with the archetypal ideas of all things, is perpetually flowing, and perpetually advancing to being, and, compared with its paradigm, has no stability, or reality of being. That considered,

however, as animated by a divine soul, and as being the receptacle of divinities from whom bodies are suspended, it is justly called by Plato, a blessed god.

11. I believe that the great body of this world, which subsists in a perpetual dispersion of temporal extension, may be properly called a *whole, with a total subsistence*, or a *whole of wholes*, on account of the perpetuity of its duration, though this is nothing more than a flowing eternity. That the other wholes which it contains are the celestial spheres, the sphere of aether, the whole of air considered as one great orb; the whole earth, and the whole sea. That these spheres are *parts with a total subsistence*, and through this subsistence are perpetual.

12. I believe that all the parts of the universe are unable to participate of the providence of divinity in a similar manner, but some of its parts enjoy this eternally, and others temporally; some in a primary and others in a secondary degree; for the universe being a perfect whole, must have a first, a middle, and a last part. But its first parts, as having the most excellent subsistence, must always exist according to nature; and its last parts must sometimes exist according to, and sometimes contrary to, nature. Hence, the celestial bodies, which are the first parts of the universe, perpetually subsist according to nature, both the whole spheres, and the multitude co-ordinate to these wholes; and the only alteration which they experience is a mutation of figure, and variation of light at different periods; but in the sublunary region, while the spheres of the elements remain on account of their subsistence, as wholes, always according to nature; the parts of the wholes have sometimes a natural, and sometimes an unnatural subsistence: for thus alone can the circle of generation unfold all the variety which it contains. I be-

lieve, therefore, that the different periods in which these mutations happen, are with great propriety called by Plato, periods of *fertility* and *sterility*: for in these periods a fertility or sterility of men, animals, and plants takes place; so that in fertile periods mankind will be both more numerous, and upon the whole superior in mental and bodily endowments to the men of a barren period. And that a similar reasoning must be extended to irrational animals and plants. I also believe that the most dreadful consequence attending a barren period with respect to mankind is this, that in such a period they have no scientific theology, and deny the existence of the immediate progeny of the ineffable cause of all things.

13. I believe that as the world considered as one great comprehending whole is a divine animal, so likewise every whole which it contains is a world, possessing in the first place a self-perfect unity proceeding from the ineffable by which it becomes a god; in the second place, a divine intellect; in the third place, a divine soul; and in the last place a deified body. That each of these wholes is the producing cause of all the multitude which it contains, and on this account is said to be a whole prior to parts; because considered as possessing an eternal form which holds all its parts together, and gives to the whole perpetuity of subsistence, it is not indigent of such parts to the perfection of its being. And that it follows by a geometrical necessity, that these wholes which rank thus high in the universe must be animated.

14. Hence I believe that after the immense principle of principles in which all things causally subsist absorbed in super-essential light, and involved in unfathomable depths, a beautiful series of principles proceeds, all largely partaking of the ineffable, all stamped with the occult characters

of deity, all possessing an overflowing fulness of good. That from these dazzling summits, these ineffable blossoms, these divine propagations, being, life, intellect, soul, nature, and body depend; *monads* suspended from *unities*, deified natures proceeding from deities. That each of these monads is the leader of a series which extends to the last of things, and which, while it proceeds from, at the same time abides in, and returns to its leader. Thus all beings proceed from and are comprehended in the first being; all intellects emanate from one first intellect; all souls from one first soul; all natures blossom from one first nature; and all bodies proceed from the vital and luminous body of the world. That all these great monads are comprehended in the first one, from which both they and all their depending series are unfolded into light. And that hence this first one is truly the unity of unities, the monad of monads, the principle of principles, the god of gods, one and all things, and yet one prior to all.

15. I also believe that man is a microcosm, comprehending in himself *partially* every thing which the world contains divinely and *totally*. That hence he is endued with an intellect subsisting in energy, and a rational soul proceeding from the same causes as those from which the intellect and soul of the universe proceed. And that he has likewise an ethereal vehicle analogous to the heavens, and a terrestrial body composed from the four elements, and with which also it is co-ordinate.

16. I believe that the rational part of man, in which his essence consists, is of a self-motive nature, and that it subsists between intellect, which is immoveable both in essence and energy, and nature, which both moves and is moved.

17. I believe that the human as well as every mundane soul, uses periods and restitutions of its proper life. For in

consequence of being measured by time, it energizes transitively, and possesses a proper motion. But every thing which is moved perpetually, and participates of time, revolves periodically, and proceeds from the same to the same.

18. I also believe that as the human soul ranks among the number of those souls that *sometimes* follow the mundane divinities, in consequence of subsisting immediately after daemons and heroes the *perpetual* attendants of the gods, it possesses a power of descending infinitely into the sublunary region, and of ascending from thence to real being. That in consequence of this, the soul while an inhabitant of earth is in a fallen condition, an apostate from deity, an exile from the orb of light. That she can only be restored while on earth to the divine likeness, and be able after death to reascend to the intelligible world, by the exercise of the *cathartic* and *theoretic* virtues; the former purifying her from the defilements of a mortal nature, and the latter elevating her to the vision of true being. And that such a soul returns after death to her kindred star from which she fell, and enjoys a blessed life.

19. I believe that the human soul essentially contains all knowledge, and that whatever knowledge she acquires in the present life, is nothing more than a recovery of what she once possessed; and which discipline evocates from its dormant retreats.

20. I also believe that the soul is punished in a future for the crimes she has committed in the present life; but that this punishment is proportioned to the crimes, and is not perpetual; divinity punishing, not from anger or revenge, but in order to purify the guilty soul, and restore her to the proper perfection of her nature.

21. I also believe that the human soul on its departure from the present life, will, if not properly purified, pass into other

terrene bodies; and that if it passes into a human body, it becomes the soul of that body; but if into the body of a brute, it does not become the soul of the brute, but is externally connected with the brutal soul in the same manner as presiding daemons are connected in their beneficent operations with mankind; for the rational part never becomes the soul of the irrational nature.

22. Lastly, I believe that souls that live according to virtue, shall in other respects be happy; and when separated from the irrational nature, and purified from all body, shall be conjoined with the gods, and govern the whole world, together with the deities by whom it was produced.

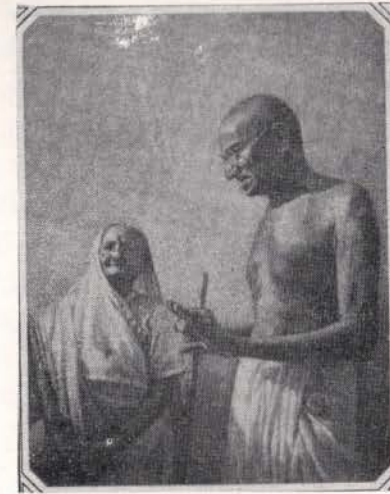
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GANDHI

A TRIBUTE

The reaction of the public to the assassination of Mohandas Gandhi reveals clearly the general state of confusion dominating this generation of uncertainties. The Press of the world, though divided as to the feasibility of the Mahatma's political program, was united in a spontaneous expression of genuine sorrow over the tragic end of the kindly little man himself. Seldom has the "fourth estate" been so deeply moved, and the memorials and tributes were for the most part dignified, thoughtful, and respectful.

Public reaction was intense. Persons of all races and faiths and practically every political allegiance joined in accepting the death of Gandhi as a personal loss. To all of them, he represented a rare quality of integrity, which appealed to the highest sentiments in human character. No other man in

modern times has been accepted so completely as a personification of the principles of enlightened leadership.

Even while the ashes of Mohandas Gandhi were being scattered upon the sacred rivers of India, the shocked and outraged public mind, rallying from the first impact of the tragedy, began to think in terms of causes and consequences. It was inevitable that history and tradition should supply the materials for certain obvious comparisons. The story of civilization includes numerous records of heroic idealists who paid with their lives for the contributions which they made to the essential progress of the human race.

Pythagoras, the first philosopher of the Grecians, was burned to death with his disciples by an angry mob of illiterates, led by a disgruntled man who had been rejected by the master as unfit for higher learning. Zoroaster, the fire prophet of Persia, had a spear thrust into his back while kneeling in prayer before the altar of his temple. Socrates was sentenced to death by the court of Athens on a trumped-up charge supported by perjuring witnesses. Jesus was executed as a common criminal for teaching the brotherhood of man. The death of Mohammed was hastened by poison.

We can all understand how ancient nations might have been so deficient in spiritual understanding that they could have persecuted the prophets without realizing the magnitude of these crimes. But we like to think that modern man has outgrown these destructive, primitive instincts. The assassination of Gandhi brought with it the sickening realization that even in the 20th century a gentle, tired old man, who gave his life wisely and lovingly to the service of humanity, could be brutally murdered on his way to prayer.

Time magazine compared Gandhi and Lincoln, and found them both martyrs to ideals beyond the comprehension of

the mass-mind. It also pointed out that both men were astute politicians, a fact generally overlooked. Each skillfully used the forces at his command to accomplish those ends which he regarded as necessary. Both were essentially practical, and their programs revealed rare judgment in making use of every available opportunity. They were men of vision, but not visionary men.

As might be expected, George Bernard Shaw came to the profound conclusion that trying to help folks is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and could assemble an immense amount of evidence in support of his conclusion.

A number of editorial writers developed quite an instinct for semantics, and tried to draw a clear line of distinction between a *good* man and a *great* man. In my opinion, the distinction which they tried to make is completely worthless, for the simple reason that only a good man can be truly great. Anyone who attains fame without virtue is merely notorious—a term applicable to most outstanding rascals in history.

When we attempt to estimate the qualities of Gandhi's personality, we must arrive at conclusions contrary to most of our prevailing concepts of greatness. The appearance of the little Mahatma was scarcely heroic, with none of the attributes of the matinee idol. Certainly his success was not measured in terms of wealth or the supremacy of money over morals. He built no palaces, and neither practiced nor encouraged cupidity. He inspired no fear, and demanded no allegiance. In an age of dictators, industrial tycoons, and wizards of high finance, he remained untouched by those extravagant personal ambitions which contaminated most of his contemporaries.

It is somewhat embarrassing for a success-mad world to realize that this humble little man, with his loin cloth, safety pin, and dollar watch, received as his natural right that uni-

versal admiration which material success is unable to demand. The incongruity of the situation is best summarized in the distress of the important motion picture executive when Gandhi declined an offer of one million dollars to appear in a super-colossal Hollywood production.

The canonization of Gandhi by the popular mind is inevitable. Even during his life, there was a timelessness about him, and he belonged to the ages while yet he still lived. His tragic death fulfilled one of the oldest patterns in the spiritual experience of the human race. Already the myth of the world hero is forming about him. He appealed to the common man, the poor and the down-trodden, the weak and the oppressed, and it is among these classes that the legend of immortality always originates.

A number of serious thinkers regret the immediate sanctification of this venerated leader. This is not because they wish to withhold honors so obviously merited, but because this deification is likely to obscure the vital human purpose for which the Mahatma gave his life. It is much easier to deck a man's shrine with flowers than to unite for the attainment of his objectives. Worship so easily becomes static, and at this critical time the world is in desperate need of a dynamic vision. The loss of a practical champion of the cause of human rights is a serious disaster. The mere veneration of Gandhi's memory is not sufficient to fill the empty place which he left behind him in Asia.

What were the forces responsible for the brutal murder of Mohandas Gandhi? Enough evidence is already at hand to prove that he was not the victim of an unbalanced fanatic, but that his death was part of a deeply laid plot to remove the one man who was capable of maintaining a degree of religious and political unity in India. He was an obstacle in the path of those who were resolved to force the two

newly created nations—Hindustan and Pakistan—into a state of religious and political strife. The man of peace was murdered by men who wanted to make war. He stood in the way of traditional hatreds and intolerances, and was sacrificed to the greeds and ambitions of those who make profit from human misery.

We cannot agree entirely with some of the emotional editorial writers who insist that the assassination of Gandhi is a general indictment of human morals and ethics. Outside of a few essentially dishonest opportunists, Mohandas Gandhi could have traveled unguarded in almost any part of the world with complete safety. Scarcely a door would have been closed to him. The rich and the poor alike would have been honored to accept him into their hearts and homes. The English people gave Gandhi a tremendous ovation when he was in London, even though his program of non-co-operation was working a serious hardship in England. Even religious groups, with many prejudices against the Hindu faith, acknowledged and admired the personal virtues of the humble little man.

No doubt there were many who realized that Gandhi's program was too far from the common experience of mortals to be likely to succeed. We believe in ideals, but we fear them and we fear for them. In our hearts we know that we are living under a highly competitive concept. We will go so far as to admit that the concept itself is basically unsound, but we lack the power and the wisdom to change the patterns which afflict all of us in varying degrees. The world did not wish this lovable man to die; but even from the beginning of his career, tragedy was ever nigh unto him.

In many ways Mahatma Gandhi was the most universal person of his time. His philosophy was derived from many

sources. He found inspiration from the writings of Thoreau and other New England Transcendentalists. He read carefully the social writings of Count Leo Tolstoy and other European liberals. He was most sympathetic to the teachings of Jesus, and naturally was well informed in the doctrines of Mohammed, which dominated such a large group of the Indian people. Himself a devout member of the Hindu faith, he was in every sense of the word the outstanding modern example of the highest ideals of that religion. But at no time was it reported that his conduct was influenced by any religious prejudices. In his personal living, many faiths met and mingled; and by living the spirit of one faith, he lived the spirit of them all. To him, true religion was the practice of the brotherhood of man.

So many accounts are now available dealing with the historical incidents in the life of Mohandas Gandhi that there is no need to repeat such anecdotes. He was the father of Indian independence, but the very day it was attained, he was rewarded by extremists throwing rocks through the windows of his apartment. It is reported that the unhappy incidents following India's freedom caused Gandhi to feel that his mission had failed. He found no worldly peace in the closing months of his life, and at least one unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate him with a bomb. We can remember the last words of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, "I have failed." There is comfort in the thought that the philosophy of Confucius became the most powerful and constructive force in China.

The assassination of Gandhi provides the substance for a general re-estimation of the spiritual achievement of the human race. We have so long assumed that we are a mature creation on the very threshold of perfection that we have

developed a highly aggravated form of the superiority complex. It is time to face the facts. While we glimpse a distant Utopia, our conduct is inconsistent with our concept of the shape of things to come. Between us and the golden time we look for is an abyss which can be bridged only by a vast human effort over a long period of time.

Actually, we have solved very few of the problems which we have inherited from the past. Peace is still a dream, and war a fact. Co-operation is a beautiful ideal, but competition is the moving force of our life-pattern. Man is still a blundering adolescent, dominated by those uncontrollable impulses and emotions natural to these difficult years. Like small children, we like to dress up in our parents' clothes, but the masquerade deceives no one but ourselves.

We are not really wicked, but we are really stupid; and the final proof of our stupidity is that we do not know or realize our own limitations. There is little virtue in precocity. Children are not any better by appearing to be in advance of their ages. The infant prodigy is seldom a success in life. Humanity would be no better off if a maturity beyond its years were forced upon it by artificial means. The wiser course is to understand things as they are, and build forward slowly and intelligently. We can never put the world in order until we recover from the delusion of the infallibility of our current conceits.

The average man, in any country of the world and in any class of society, has the internal rational and emotional equipment approximating the standard of values of a twelve- to fourteen-year-old child. This is his true age in the universe, even though he may be an octogenarian in physical years. His notions and opinions may have the appearance of maturity, but his actions are impelled by his internal capacity to estimate the consequences of his own conduct. It

is in his conduct that he reveals clearly his psychological immaturity.

It was Confucius who pointed out that the superior man was one so firmly established on his own ethical foundation that he was incapable by nature, and not by self-discipline, of performing an inferior action. In other words, we are never really good until we have attained this state without trying to be good.

When gracious instincts are graciously expressed, we have accomplished the true integration of the personality. As long as there are conflicts in ourselves between the things we believe and the things we do, this conflict will manifest itself in all of our larger social and political patterns. This conflict cannot be overcome merely by instruction; it must be outgrown by the evolving consciousness of the human being. Until he reaches this state, man is merely a child in a mature body.

The common mistake of idealists is to overestimate the human being, even as it is the common mistake of the realist to underestimate the spiritual potencies in man. Regardless of all estimates, the creature remains itself, and its reactions are consistent with its inner understanding or lack of understanding. This is one of those inevitables about which we cannot afford to grieve. Man is growing up in an infinite universe, or, as some physicists believe, a finite universe, infinitely beyond our comprehension. In either case, there is abundant space and opportunity for growth and development. Man, a million years from now, will be a far better creature than he is today; but only a million years, with their vast sequences of experience, can accomplish this improvement.

The power of Gandhi is that of noble example. He revealed through his life a spiritual dimension beyond the

comprehension of his followers and well-wishers. As one writer puts it, Gandhi was not a person; he was a phenomenon. Just as the good examples of parents are the most powerful environmental force operating in the life of a child, so the example of a mature human being is the most powerful force operating in the lives of those less mature in terms of spiritual growth. No great ethical leader, regardless of his internal strength, can bestow security upon his race. His standard of life is too remote to be understood, even if its proportions are partially appreciated. Admiration may cause us to wish to be like that which we admire, but wishing is too weak a sentiment to bear fruit unless it is supported by strong, continuous resolution.

Instead of feeling that Gandhi was betrayed by those he sought to serve, we should realize that he possessed a strength of character that others lacked. They wished to be true, but they could not follow in his path. It is useless to say that the followers should have been bigger and stronger and wiser. They did their best, and many will continue to do so. Some will grow and become powers for good, and others will fall by the wayside, unable to bear the strain.

Political convictions are extremely difficult to rationalize. Many who differed from Gandhi were equally sincere. One of the forces working against the Mahatma was the pressure of tradition. We are all creatures of habit, and in India especially, where all traditions are sanctified, Gandhi violated many of the most ancient and sacred habitual practices.

More than three thousand years ago, the Egyptian Pharaoh Akhenaten attempted to defy the long-established religion of Amen-Ra. He succeeded for a short time, but the cult he created was overwhelmed by the pressure of ancient rites and practices. He, too, was a man born out of time, and died of a broken heart before he reached his thirtieth year.

In India, the caste system is deep and strong. Buddha attempted to break it down with the most powerful system of ethics ever to oppose an entrenched tradition. But slowly the old ways came back, and Buddhism vanished from the life of the Indian people. If the religion of the Hindus is ancient and powerful, the faith of Islam, though younger, is dynamic and intense. It is one of the most rapidly growing religions in the world today. The Moslem and the Hindu have mingled for centuries, but in the main they have found little common ground. Each group owes allegiance first to its faith, and until these faiths are reconciled, the followers cannot meet on terms of spiritual equity.

It is not enough to point out that Hinduism and Islamism have much in common. Even if this were proved beyond any doubt, the proof would not be acceptable. We still think in terms of Moslem virtue, Hindu virtue, Christian virtue, and Confucian virtue. To all appearances the Golden Rule is the same in each faith, but in fact, to the devout believer, there are theological differences which transcend reason and understanding. While such differences are accepted as the reality, unity is impossible.

Gandhi as a man transcended these differences, and to a considerable degree reconciled them among his followers. By the strength of his own personality, he set up a state of amity. In many cases, the love for the man himself was the binding force, but beneath the surface, the old antagonisms remained. The various groups loved him, but they had not learned to sincerely love one another. In all parties there were reactionaries who regarded the Mahatma as a menace to the traditional institutions. To them, these institutions were divine, above fault, and beyond reform. Even though these reactionaries might admire the man, they could not

forgive the attack which he made upon their competitive concepts of doctrinal infallibility. To the man who already regards himself as superior, the doctrine of equality is seldom acceptable.

One thing is certain: The majority of mankind agreed that Mohandas Gandhi was a good man and a great man. Even those extremists who accomplished his destruction probably would concur with this estimation of his character. To them, however, it appeared expedient to remove this good man who was interfering with the natural inclinations of discordant factions. Friend and enemy alike will honor Gandhi's memory, relieved of his further interference with their immediate plans.

Already the inevitable critics are attempting a negative estimate of the qualities and attributes of Mohandas Gandhi. They point out the peculiarities of his disposition, and seek out the flaws in his diplomacy. Those who understood nothing of either the man or his work will pass judgment upon both. They will attempt to tear down the hero and reduce him to their own level. They will discover impulses in him which exist only in themselves and will assume that his appearance of virtue concealed an array of ulterior motives. This is called rationalization.

Simple virtue is the most difficult to explain of all moral convictions. We must complicate natural human impulses to justify our preconceived definitions of behavior patterns. But the critics labor in vain, for the heart of humanity has taken this little brown man to itself. The world does not love him primarily because he was wise or great or powerful or, for that matter, just because he was good. It loves him because he was the most lovable man in the last thousand years of history. Naturally, we admire his virtues, but we

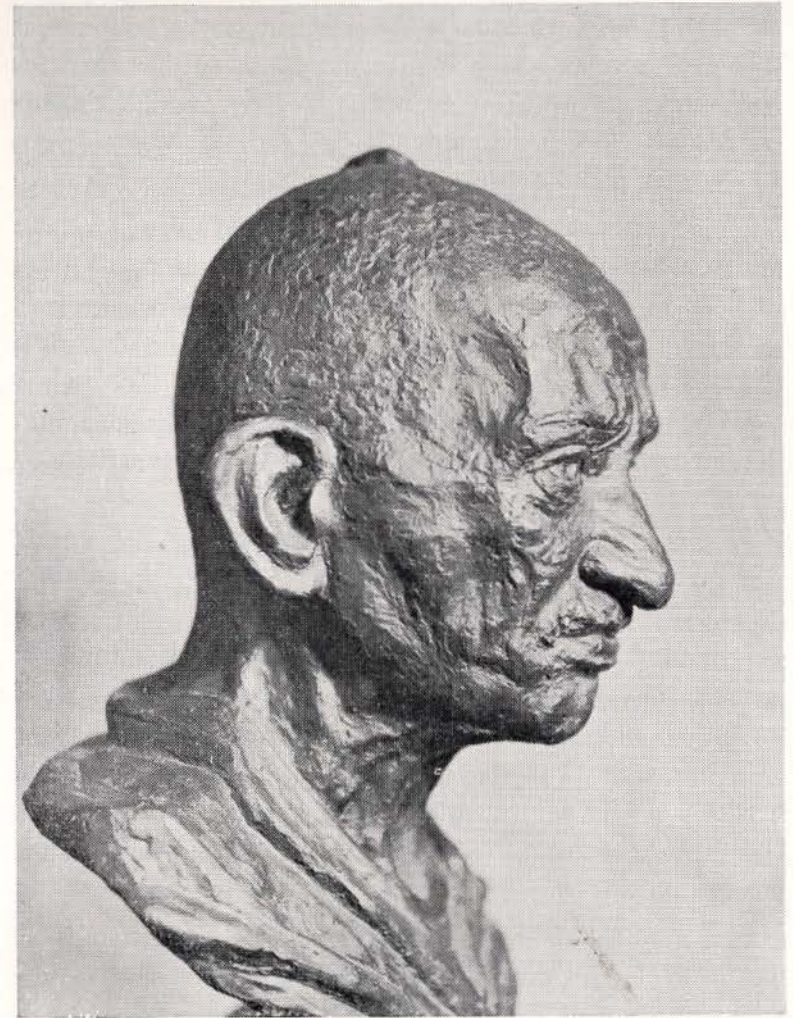
instinctively return, in like measure, the sincere devotion he gave to us.

Gandhi proved the possibility of solving the disputes of nations by peaceful means. We are attempting to do the same thing by means of the machinery of the United Nations Organization. It is doubtful if we will be as successful with our ponderous project as the Mahatma was with his simple program. Western nations have not accepted the most essential element in Gandhi's concept; namely, the supremacy of soul power over brute force.

The Mahatma was a devoutly religious man. His spiritual convictions gave him an inner security, unavailable to those functioning only on a material plane of thinking. The materialist may have noble ideals and aspirations, but he is insufficient within himself. He lacks the kind of courage which comes only to those whose inner life is lighted and warmed by the flame of a holy dedication.

Gandhi was not a religious fanatic, but he was strengthened and sustained by a deep and abiding love of God. Like Washington and Lincoln, he turned to prayer for guidance in critical times. Although physically frail and infirm, his indomitable spirit never failed. Through him moved a force so tremendous that it transcended all the natural limitations of his personality. It was this God-power that carried him from comparative obscurity to a position of universal esteem and regard. Western leadership cannot succeed until the Occidental world produces heroic spirits moved to action by enlightened principles rather than by ulterior motives, political or economic.

While public opinion is widely divided over the proposed architectural structure that is to house the United Nations Organization, the pressing world concerns of the moment



—Modeled by Manly P. Hall

PORTRAIT HEAD OF MAHATMA GANDHI

receive scant consideration. In true Western fashion, we spend millions of dollars to house our hope of future peace, forgetting that an honorable friendship under a buttonwood tree will advance the human cause much further than intrigue in a palace. The American tragedy of high finance originated under a buttonwood tree, and this might be an appropriate place to discover the remedy.

Gandhi was the outstanding exponent in modern times of the doctrine of the ultimate victory of right over might. He realized that it was impossible to organize the resources of the masses so that they could oppose the entrenched institutions of vested interests on their own level. It was useless for an unarmed, underfed, untrained and disorganized population to oppose the military might of powerful nations or combines of nations.

It is not possible to attain peace by making war. It is equally useless to call together conferences of politicians and diplomats concerned only with maintaining the status quo at all costs. The only possible solution is to stand firmly on right principles, willing to sacrifice life, liberty, and worldly goods rather than to compromise these principles in any particular. The impact of principles works a serious hardship on the unprincipled. We can destroy men, but we cannot destroy truth. That which is established upon truth must ultimately win.

If a nation like America would take its stand firmly on the principles set down by its founding fathers and rise up as a champion of eternal values, it could accomplish much more than one dedicated man. Gandhi started with nothing. We have everything to work with except the abiding conviction of a divine destiny. Nations do not fall because of the strength of their enemies, but because of the weaknesses of

themselves. All nations and all individuals are weak unless they have faith in the right, and, like Lincoln, have the courage to perform the right, as it is given them to know the right.

Even today we are overshadowed by innumerable fears: further wars, waves of crime, depressions, and those other misfortunes which result from man's inhumanity to man. We have no solution beyond competitive armament, and we are in constant apprehension of the infiltration of subversive elements resolved to overthrow the American way of life. Mahatma Gandhi faced all the problems that we face, or are likely to face, in the next hundred years of our national history. He had no vast appropriations at his disposal, and no organization to ferret out the purveyors of alien political and social doctrines. He had nothing but his own courage, his own faith, and his own integrity with which to defend himself and the four hundred million whose futures depended largely upon him.

Gandhi accomplished what the statesmen of the world solemnly declared to be impossible. It is true that he was not entirely successful, but he proved beyond any reasonable doubt that his method was practical, and not merely the abstract theory of a mystic. There is no way in which the average human being can estimate correctly the potential power of the human soul over the pressures of its environment. Man can emerge victorious in his struggle for individual and collective security.

The assassination of this inspired Indian leader only revealed more clearly the desperate need for a higher ethical concept in world affairs. Although he was struck down at the most critical time in the destiny of his people, he lived to attain the freedom of India. The use and abuse of that

freedom is now in the keeping of those he emancipated. That which was attained with the ever present help of God must be preserved by the ever constant vigilance of man. It must be preserved with the same spirit by which it was attained, or it cannot survive. That which men build with high convictions must afterwards be defended with high convictions. Continuous dedication to principle is the price of security.

With the death of Gandhi, a great dream must fail, unless those who found comfort and inspiration in that dream carry on the work. Each of us has received a fragment of his conviction as a priceless heritage. All the world is better because he proved the power of an inspired life. If we can feel enough of this inspiration within ourselves to live nearer to the truth, we can carry his concept forward as a vital force in world affairs.

Years ago it was the common belief in India that the day would come when the Hindu people would reckon history before and after Gandhi, as Christians measure their annals before and after Christ. The tragic death of the Mahatma adds to the probability that such an honor will be conferred upon his memory. His picture, draped with garlands of flowers, already is venerated and carried in solemn procession. In a strange way, this sanctified ascetic has become the symbol of modern India. He personifies something deep and strong in the life stream of this distant people. He was different in many ways from most Hindus, and yet he was the fulfillment of their pattern. He was part of the classical lore, the cultural heritage of the first Aryans.

India has drifted far from its own concept of life. It has been invaded and conquered and converted so often and so long that the proportions of its natural philosophy are dim

and uncertain. Most of all, the significance of its mystical convictions has been distorted and obscured. The world had long thought of the Hindu holy man as a fanatic, a curiosity, someone given to fantastic practices, a survivor of old superstitious rites and systems. We pictured in our own minds the Hindu ascetic seated on a bed of spikes, or wandering about the countryside with long unkempt hair and beard and his body plastered with gray mud.

The example of Mahatma Gandhi has corrected many of these erroneous conclusions. He proved that a powerful and practical inspiration flows through the *Vedas*. With his shaven head, gold-rimmed spectacles, and quaint manner, he was like thousands of recluses who meditate their lives away in the sheltered gardens of old ashrams. But suddenly the holy man emerged as prophet, inspired leader, astute diplomat, skillful lawyer, and enlightened friend. He was the living proof of the vitality of India's mysticism and esoteric philosophy.

The title *Mahatma*, which the Indian people have conferred upon their inspired teacher and friend, means simply "great soul." It was in this sense that they used the term when referring to Gandhi. It was not that he was some conjurer or fabled arhat, but in his own way, he was the greatest magician in modern Asiatic history. He wrought a miracle by the power of his love, and he has revealed to a tired and disillusioned humankind the magic powers of unselfishness, sincerity, kindness, and self-sacrifice. Already, orthodox Hindus are praying that soon he will come back to his people in a new body. As one Hindu expressed it simply: "How can we live in this world without him?"

With the eyes of our hearts, we can see the tired little man, leaning heavily on his crooked stick, trudging along a

road that leads away from this earth, with its pains and burdens, to a distant place beyond the glittering stars. But we share in the feeling that he will not be long away. He was not the kind of man who sought rest and peace and liberation for himself. He will be back, laboring not only through years, but through lives, to bring that peace and rest and liberation to those millions and hundreds of millions whom he loved. This is India's belief, and there are many outside of India who feel the same way. The beloved little man has left us, but he has not gone far, nor will he be gone long.

Collected Writings
of
Manly P. Hall

Volume 3
Essays and Poems

ATLANTIS: AN INTERPRETATION

THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALAH

THE RIDDLE OF THE ROSICRUCIANS

UNIVERSAL REFORMATION OF TRAJANO BOCALINI

ZODIAKOS: THE CIRCLE OF HOLY ANIMALS

AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES
OF OPERATIVE OCCULTISM

THE SPACE-BORN

FIRST EDITION

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY, INC.

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Mary P. Hall

Volume 3

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FOREWORD

The kindly reception which has been accorded the earlier volumes of this series, has been most encouraging. Therefore, it seems appropriate to continue the project as planned and to issue *Collected Writings, Volume 3*. For this book I have chosen several writings, no longer available in separate form, for which there is a continuing demand. All of these works were originally published between 1929 and 1941. Most of them have passed through several editions. Two have appeared only in my early magazine, *The All-Seeing Eye*. My little book, *The Space-Born*, is my only excursion into the realm of verse. The poems were actually written between 1925 and 1928, and were not intended for publication. A small edition was printed in 1930, and no copies have been available for many, many years.

As my career has always been dedicated to the immediate needs of students and the problems which concerned them, it is necessary to consider this group of material in terms of a historical reference frame. Between the great depression of 1929 and World War II in 1941, this nation passed through a long and difficult period of financial adjustment. The disturbed public mind turned to religion and philosophy for help and courage. Numerous groups and organizations arose—some essentially constructive, and others forthrightly exploiting man's spiritual emergency. Although misunderstandings are not as numerous now, and pretensions are less

pretentious, these writings have a continuing usefulness. Reliable information in the areas of my researches is not abundant even today, and the modern truth seeker is still in need of discrimination as he advances his studies.

Reading these essays again after a long interval of years, I do not find it necessary to revise my original conclusions. In a few places I have rephrased a sentence or changed a word or two where I have come upon better terms. Typographical errors have been corrected, and punctuation has been "modernized." One diagram has been changed, and a few illustrations have been added to assist the reader. Repetition has been avoided as far as possible, but it must be remembered that articles appearing at different times had to be complete in themselves, and it did not seem proper to delete any part of the text.

I sincerely hope that the third volume of *Collected Writings* will be acceptable to old and new friends. Perhaps it will remind some, who purchased the original printings as they appeared, of the countless happy hours in which we journeyed together along the path of questing.

MANLY P. HALL

May, 1962

ATLANTIS

An Interpretation



MANLY PALMER HALL

1940



A MAP OF THE LOST ATLANTIS

A reconstruction, by Dr. Paul Schliemann, made from deep sea survey. The concentric ovals show how the great city of the Atlanteans was built, according to the story told by Plato.

ATLANTIS

An Interpretation

The most famous of all accounts describing the condition of Atlantis and the causes for its destruction are to be found in the *Critias* and *Timaeus* of Plato. Most modern books dealing with the problem of Atlantis are built upon Plato's description. The integrity and learning of this great philosopher cannot easily be assailed. Had it not been for the weight of Plato's authority, the whole subject would have been discredited by modern archeologists.

There is, however, in fairness to both sides of the controversy, a certain weakness in Plato's story. The thoughtful reader is impressed immediately by the allegorical and symbolical parts of the account. While these do not detract from the possibility that an Atlantic continent actually existed, they do present the necessary elements for an alternative interpretation. The anti-Atlantists contend that in the *Critias* Plato takes a flight into fiction; in the words of Plutarch, "manuring the little seed of the Atlantis myth which Solon had discovered in the Egyptian temples."

A DIGEST OF PLATO'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATLANTEAN EMPIRE

According to tradition, Solon was given to the writing of poetry and had intended to preserve the Atlantic story in the form of a great epic. But the responsibilities of statecraft, pressing in upon the aged man, forced him to abandon his purpose. Solon told the story to his intimate friend Dropis, who, in turn, recited it to his son Critias. In his

ninetieth year, Critias communicated the account to his grandson of the same name, who later became a disciple of Socrates. It is in this way that the account descended, to be incorporated finally in the Platonic dialogues as part of a conversation between the younger Critias and his master, Socrates.

Solon, visiting Egypt, was nobly received by the priests of Sais. At his request, the Egyptians recited for him the ancient history of the Greek states. Their narration included an account of an expedition against the Hellenes attempted by the princes of Atlantis. The *Timaeus* contains the following summary:

“In this Atlantic island a combination of kings was formed, who with mighty and wonderful power subdued the whole island, together with many other islands and part of the continent; and besides this, subjected to their domination all Libya, as far as Egypt; and Europe, as far as the Tyrrhene Sea. And when they were collected in a powerful league, they endeavoured to enslave all our regions and yours, and besides this all those places situated within the mouth of the Atlantic Sea. * * * * * But in succeeding time prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all the warlike race of the Athenians was at once merged under the earth; and the Atlantic island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared. And hence the sea at present is innavigable, arising from the gradually impeding mud which the subsiding island produced. And this, O Socrates, is the sum of what the elder Critias repeated from the narration of Solon.”

A fuller account is contained in the *Critias*. In this dialogue, the younger Critias enlarges the description which

he had received when but ten years of age from his grandfather.

In ancient times, the gods received several parts of the earth by allotment, each receiving a part proper to himself and accomplishing the distribution of the parts by righteous and proper means. The various divinities established their races and civilizations, and ruled over them with wisdom and virtue.

But in the lapse of ages, numerous destructions wore away these ancient civilizations, and only traditions remained, vague memories of ancient splendors and of the divine order of life under which all men dwelt together in peace.

Poseidon, god of the seas and the whole humid distribution of nature, received for his lot the island continent of Atlantis, which was greater in size than all of Libya and Asia. At this time, the Atlantic lands were inhabited by primitive creatures, men born from the earth, who abode in a crude and barbarous condition.

In the central mountainous part of the Atlantic island dwelt Evenor, his wife, Leucippe, and an only daughter whose name in the language of the Greeks was Cleito. After the death of her mother and father, Poseidon, seeing Cleito alone and unprotected, became enamoured of her.

Taking the form of a mortal being, the god Poseidon changed the form of the land about a central hill on which Cleito dwelt. He made alternate zones of sea and land, large and smaller encircling one another; two were of land and three were of water; and each of the zones was equidistant every way, and as perfect as though turned upon a lathe.

He then caused two springs of water to come up from under the earth, one warm and the other cold, to make

fertile the central island. He devised every variety of food, and caused it to spring up abundantly from the earth, so that the island with its mountain became an earthly paradise entirely protected by the great zones which he had fashioned about it.

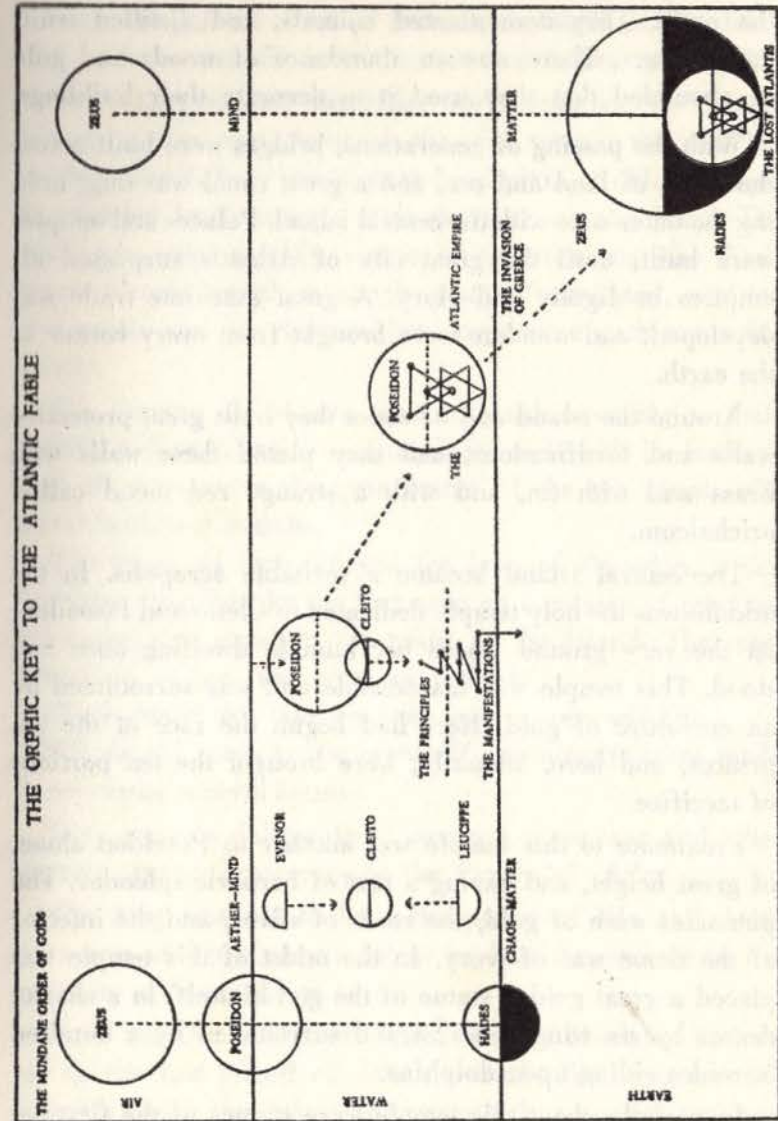
From Cleito, the god Poseidon begat five pairs of men children. He divided the island of Atlantis into ten portions and gave each of them an allotment. To the first-born of the eldest pair he bestowed the central island, containing the dwelling of Cleito, and made him king over all the others. To the other nine he gave great territories and rulership over many men; and he made them princes and their sons after them.

The five pairs of children received their names in this order:

Atlas	Eumelus
Ampheres	Evaemon
Mneseus	Autochthon
Elasippus	Mestor
Azaes	Diaprepas

It is to be understood that these are the Grecian forms of the original names. Solon declared that the Egyptians had taken the Atlantean names and adapted them to the language of their own country. He, in turn, had taken the Egyptian names and had Grecianized them. This is stated positively in the dialogue.

Atlas had a numerous and noble family. His oldest son inherited the kingdom. Thus, generation after generation, the family prospered and the empire of Atlantis gained so greatly in wealth that never before or again could such riches be assembled. They took minerals and metals from



the earth. They domesticated animals, and distilled fruits and flowers. There was an abundance of wood; and gold so abounded that they used it to decorate their buildings.

With the passing of generations, bridges were built across the zones of land and sea, and a great canal was dug, uniting the outer zone with the central island. Palaces and temples were built, until the great city of Atlantis surpassed all empires in dignity and glory. A great maritime trade was developed, and wonders were brought from every corner of the earth.

Around the island and its zones they built great protective walls and fortifications, and they plated these walls with brass and with tin, and with a strange red metal called orichalcum.

The central island became a veritable acropolis. In the middle was the holy temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, on the very ground where her humble dwelling once had stood. This temple was inaccessible and was surrounded by an enclosure of gold. Here had begun the race of the ten princes, and here, annually, were brought the ten portions of sacrifice.

Proximate to this temple was another to Poseidon alone, of great height, and having a sort of barbaric splendor. The pinnacles were of gold, the roofs of silver, and the interior of the dome was of ivory. In the midst of this temple was placed a great golden statue of the god himself, in a chariot drawn by six winged horses and surrounded by a hundred Nereides riding upon dolphins.

In a circle about this temple were statues of the first ten kings and their wives, and many altars of offerings.

Following this description is a detailed account of the palace and its greatness, the houses for servants and re-

tainers, the palaces of titled persons, the stadium, the docks and harbors, and all that forms part of a great metropolis.

The dialogue then describes the terrain of the central island. It was precipitous on the side toward the sea, but further inland there was a great level plain of oblong shape, surrounded by mountains with many rivers and lakes. The plain was cultivated by a race of agriculturists who dwelt there. Great irrigation canals watered the land, and so temperate was the climate that crops were gathered twice yearly.

The citizens of Atlantis were assigned according to their estates and positions to communities, each with its leaders; and all was under the government of the ten kings, who were absolute monarchs.

The kings, in turn, obeyed the laws of Poseidon, which had been inscribed by the first men on a column of precious substance that stood in the midst of the island. The most important of the laws were as follows:

They should not take up arms against one another.

All should come to the rescue if any attempt were made to overthrow a royal house.

They were to deliberate in common about war and other matters, giving supremacy to the family of Atlas.

The king was not to have the power of life and death over any of his kinsmen unless he had the consent of the majority of the ten kings.

Such was the vast power which the god Poseidon had set up in the lost island of Atlantis. Such, likewise, was the strength which the Atlanteans attempted to use for conquest of the world.

For many generations, the Atlanteans dwelt together, practicing gentleness and wisdom, and despising everything

but virtue. They were neither intoxicated by luxury, nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control. They saw clearly that their wealth and goods increased as a result of friendship, one with another.

So the Atlantean continent flourished for many ages, until at last the divine portion began to fade away in them. Their souls became diluted with a mortal admixture and human nature gained ascendancy, and they became unseemly and lost the fairest of their precious gifts.

It was thus that the spirit of conquest came to them. They resolved to increase their lands by violence and by force. Unrighteous avarice increased and they no longer had eye to see the true happiness.

Zeus, the god of gods, who rules with law and is able to perceive all things from his central throne, beholding this honorable race in a most wretched state, resolved to chastise them. To this end, he collected all of the gods into his most holy habitation, from which he could see all that partook of generation. And when Zeus had called the gods into conference, he addressed them.

Thus ends Plato's story of Atlantis. Unfortunately, the words of Zeus remain unknown to us. It appears that the Atlanteans, in their pride, offended their Olympian father. He hurled his thunderbolts against their continent, shaking it with earthquakes and destroying it with horrible combustion.

Thus passed the kingdom before the deluge, and because the catastrophe was so great, and so large a part of the civilized earth was destroyed, no records remained except tradition and the two columns set up at Sais.

In this way passed the splendor of the old world, and Atlantis became a myth.

ATLANTIS, THE LOST WORLD

In 1915, M. Pierre Termier, a member of the Academy of Science and Director of Service of the Geological Chart of France, delivered a remarkable lecture on Atlantis before the Institut Oceanographique. This lecture was translated later and published in the *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1915*. The valiant French savant declared: "It seems more and more evident that a vast region, continental or made up of great islands, has collapsed west of the Pillars of Hercules." M. Termier's reasons were purely geological, and have been well substantiated by subsequent findings.

Theopompus and Marcellus, ancient historians, refer to both a continent and islands in the Atlantic Ocean. Marcellus writes of seven small islands and three great ones which together constituted the Atlantides. Confusion is continually arising as to whether the seven islands mentioned were actually seven independent land areas or merely seven national divisions of the great continent itself. Many volcanic cataclysms occurred before the last upheaval which finally destroyed Poseidonis—the name given by the Greeks to the last form of the great oceanic continent. The Azores Islands are now regarded as remnants of the mountain peaks of Poseidonis.

It is possible that Poseidonis was the Land of Mud which, according to the *Troano Codex*, an early writing of the Mayas of Yucatan, was destroyed in the year 6 Kan on the 11th Mulac in the month Zac. Recent discoveries in the departments of Aztec and Mayan chronology now substantiate the approximate date of the Atlantean destruction as preserved by Plato. The time of the submergence of the last remnants of the old Atlantean continent would thus be fixed

at approximately B. C. 9500. But when the *Codex* declares that the Land of Mud was sacrificed, that ten countries were torn asunder and scattered, and finally sank, carrying their sixty-four million inhabitants with them, it should be remembered that the term "ten countries" coincides with the number of islands mentioned by Marcellus and the ten kingdoms described by Plato.



A MAP OF ATLANTIS
(After R. M. Gattefosse)

Having exhausted the possibilities of the Greek and Egyptian writings, at least until more records come to light, we are justified in turning to the peoples of the old Americas

for such information as they may possess on this fascinating subject.

In *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky calls attention to the fact that both the story of Atlantis and the name of the country itself came to the Greeks as an historical inheritance from remote antiquity. Crantor, writing circa 300 B. C., declared that in his time the Atlantean pillars at Sais described by Solon were still in existence. It was from the writing upon these columns that the Egyptians had deciphered the Atlantic story.

The word *atl* itself, like many other Nuahtl, Egyptian, and Greek roots, is probably directly Atlantean. Le Plongeon has shown the similarity between certain Mayan glyphs and the Egyptian hieroglyphs. Gerald Massey assembled an impressive array of parallels in the word forms of widely separated races. The oldest forms of Sanskrit indicate parallels with the language of Central America. Research is building up evidence that Mayan is a very ancient language of definite Atlantean origin.

The following sentences from Baldwin's *Ancient America* are illuminating: "The words *Atlas* and *Atlantis* have no satisfactory etymology in any language known to Europe. They are not Greek, and cannot be traced to any known language of the Old World."

It would seem reasonable, therefore, to search for the origins of these words in the etymological systems of ancient America. The only part of the New World which developed any refined historical system, or perpetuated a systematic record, was Central America, composed of the area extending from southern Mexico to the northern parts of South America.

It now appears reasonably certain that the words *Atlas* and *Atlantean* have their origin in the primitive American

word *atl* which means water. In the calendar system of the Aztecs, the month *Atl* was associated with rains, floods, and storms; its hieroglyph was water from heavily laden clouds. The association between the conception of the universal deluge which destroyed the prehistoric world, and the root word signifying deluge and inundation should not be dismissed as coincidental.

Early European historians were so profoundly impressed with Plato's detailed description of the Atlantean empire that until the beginning of the 16th century, designers of maps often included the Atlantean islands in their charts and globes. It was only after the discovery of America that this practice fell into general disuse.

While Plato took liberties with the old legend, it is obvious that he did not originate the name Atlantis. Had Plato or any of the Greeks fabricated the name for Atlantis, they would have selected a word derived from their own speech to designate the continent. The same could be said for the Egyptians. These learned people bestowed upon their gods and heroes a multitude of names and titles derived from their own language. The derivation of the name for the lost continent from a dialect in the distant Americas is significant.

There is much evidence of Atlantean blood among the red Indians—the Bering Straits migration theory notwithstanding. It is highly possible the Asiatic tribes also reached this country, and, by the mingling of two definite strains of blood, produced what we now term the American Indian race. In fact, more than two races may be represented in their blood stream. John Johnson, Esq., in *Archæologia Americana*, says that the Shawnees, an Algonquin tribe, have a tradition that their ancestors crossed the sea.

These same peoples preserved, for many centuries, an annual ceremony in celebration of a deliverance, but it is

impossible to discover the nature of the evil which they providentially escaped. The catastrophe must have been of considerable import to have become the subject of such perpetuation. May it have been their escape from the sinking Atlantis?

Schoolcraft, in *The Indian Tribes of the United States*, says: "They relate, generally that there was a deluge at an ancient epoch, which covered the earth, and drowned mankind, except a limited number." Even the Chinese perpetuate an account of the flood, and, as it is quite evident that the earth's surface never was entirely inundated, all these accounts may be traced to the Atlantean catastrophe.

There is no more significant fragment bearing on this subject than the famous speech which Montezuma, the Mexican king, delivered to Cortez, the Spanish conqueror: "I would have you to understand before you begin your discourse, that we are not ignorant, or stand in need of your persuasions, to believe that the great prince you obey is descended from our ancient Quetzalcoatl, Lord of the Seven Caves of the Navatlaques, and lawful king of those seven nations which gave beginning to our Mexican empire."

In several of the Mexican codices, the origin of the people is symbolically set forth by diagrams showing seven irregular circles, presumably intended to represent caverns. In each of these is a twisted-up human figure resembling an embryo. These seven are the progenitors of the race.

If we are bold enough to claim that these so-called caverns really signify islands or continents, we shall not be more daring than Col. Hamilton Smith who advances this same hypothesis in his learned work, *The Natural History of the Human Species*. It should be quite evident that when Montezuma refers to Quetzalcoatl as the Lord of the Seven Caves,

he does not intend to convey that the divine man—Prince Feathered Serpent—was literally a ruler over seven caverns.

It is a common legend among the American aborigines that their progenitors came forth out of openings in the earth, ascending from their subterranean abodes to escape a flood or deluge loosed by one of the gods of the underworld. In the Navajo account of the deluge, seven deities were involved. The whole account may be a survival of the primitive agricultural mythos. This legend suggests that the Indians had originally inhabited the lowlands, but had fled to the mountains to escape the terrible tidal waves caused by the Atlantean disaster which, temporarily at least, inundated great areas of the earth.

Plato infers that the Atlantean deluge was loosed by the gods because of the sins of men. In the American Indian legends, the flood from which the Red Men escaped in various ways also was an act of retribution on the part of a great manito.

Referring to Montezuma's speech to Cortez, Schoolcraft notes that in speaking of Quetzalcoatl as Lord of the Seven Caves, it probably is implied that he was the lawful chief of seven bands, tribes, or nations, and was metamorphosed into a god by the people to whom he had brought culture and enlightenment.

The occult traditions tell that in an ancient age, there were winged serpents upon the earth. The rulers of Atlantis were known as the serpent-kings and the winged serpent was their totem. According to the old traditions, the serpent originally walked upright, but because of his pride and sin he fell. The "fallen serpents" may well have been the Atlantean sorcerer-kings described in Oriental secret lore.

Among the Portuguese, there is a legend of a mysterious island called by them *Isla das Sete Cidades*, the Island of

the Seven Cities, or Antilla. Are these seven cities the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola for which the Spanish sought in their conquest of Lower California? Are they also the original seven cities ruled over by the "feathered serpents" or "winged seraphs"?

The thought of the serpents is not so far-fetched when we remember that the Arab geographers always referred to Antilla, or Atlantis, as the Dragon's Isle. Was the dragon the great King Thevetat, the mysterious spirit who ruled Atlantis from the air, unseen at any time, and, according to the ancient traditions, whose agents upon the earth were the serpent-kings who carried his feathered scepter as a symbol of their regency?

If so, then the natural symbol for this dragon-king, Lord of the Seven Cities or Nations, would be the seven-headed serpent which is perpetuated as the seven-headed Naga of Cambodia. Similarly, the Atlantean empire is represented by a strange dragon whose heads represent the sources of the race and whose long coils reveal the migrations of the Atlanteans in their serpentine path across the world.

The account of Atlantis being under the dominion of a great invisible being may have given rise to certain Celtic legends, particularly those dealing with the account of how Ireland was originally peopled by an invisible race and ruled over by an aerial king. These myths may have come to Ireland by way of the "men from the sea," accounts of whom have been preserved in their traditions. Their descendants, the Druids, were the "snakes" whom St. Patrick is supposed to have destroyed.

Both Homer and Horace apparently sensed the allegorical import of Atlantis, for by reading between the lines, one gathers from their writings the impression that, to them,

Atlantis signified a superior universe or higher world, possibly the one which descended into matter when the physical universe was created. This was the fabled Eden, or that antediluvian sphere referred to in scriptures as ruled over by the kings of Edom. Atlantis thus becomes the Elysian Fields or the Abode of the Blessed, and the Avalon of the Welsh.

The Atlantides, or Seven Islands, are described by early mythologists as the seven Pleiades, the daughters of Atlas, for they were lifted out of the depths on the shoulders of the great giant of the earth. It should be remembered that ancient myths must be interpreted by seven different keys. Therefore, each fable signifies the seven different phases of universal development.

In order that the wide extent of the Atlantis story may better be appreciated, consider the words of Louis Jacolliot, a French writer on Oriental philosophies who, in his *Histoire des Vierges*, shows that there are traditional accounts of both the continent and the disaster which destroyed it preserved among nearly all civilized people:

"A religious belief, common to Malacca and Polynesia, that is to say the two opposite extremes of the Oceanic world, affirms that all these islands once formed two immense countries, inhabited by yellow men and black men, always at war; and that the gods, wearied with their quarrels, having charged Ocean to pacify them, the latter swallowed up the two continents, and since then it has been impossible to make him give up his captives."

The other continent referred to by M. Jacolliot is unquestionably Lemuria, a great area of land which is said to have disappeared prior to the sinking of Atlantis, leaving only the Australasian archipelago. Fragmentary infor-

mation concerning these continents is continually coming to light in different parts of Asia, and geology adds its confirmation to the old traditions.

A discussion of Atlantis would be incomplete without a brief outline of the causes for its disappearance. The explanation given in the old occult writings is substantially as follows:

The great King Thevetat, the invisible dragon, is what Eliphaz Levi called the "astral light." This is the same force which the Knights Templars were accused of worshiping under the name of the Goat of Mendes. The astral light is the sphere of sorcery or what the ancients termed "infernal magic." The ruler of this sphere is the great fire prince, Samael, who is supposed to have taken upon himself the form of a serpent when he seduced Eve. His is the sphere of fire, or more correctly, the sphere of ambition with which the ancients identified the martial spirit.

The Atlanteans were natural psychics. They could see the invisible worlds and possessed, in part, the secret of functioning in them. But they did not understand completely the mystery of the astral light.

Nearly all aboriginal peoples worship various forms of demons, elementals, spirits, and ghosts. The present red and black races are of Atlantean origin, and their demons, shades, specters, wraiths, and vampires are characters which their progenitors actually saw or precipitated by the power of imagination in the subtle, fluidic essence of the astral light.

The question as to what caused the destruction of Atlantis, then, is very simply answered. The Atlanteans did not possess the power to control the imagery projected into the astral light by human thought and emotion.

Atlantis never produced a philosopher. How, then, might be asked, can an individual or a race possess supernatural power without philosophy?

This question can be answered by another. Why are mediums so often illiterate and, having so little knowledge of the affairs of the living, still can talk with the dead?

The Atlanteans, like the mediums, did not possess supernatural powers—they were possessed by the powers. They were moved by the astral light like a planchette. As the sphere of the astral king was one of excess and fury, he poured forth his qualities through them until the whole civilization collapsed in a common ruin.

Before the destruction of the continent, the Atlanteans were divided, for within a portion of the people was born the realization of personal responsibility. These escaped from the rulership of the dragon king, and, obeying the instructions of the great white lord, prepared for themselves a better destiny. When the destruction came and the sorcerers were consumed by the fire which they themselves had invoked, the white adepts, led by the great father of the Thinkithians (Noah), escaped and established themselves in lands which survived the great destruction.

The demon king, Thevetat, did not always control Atlantis. He gradually gained dominion over it, as an evil habit gradually gains control of human life, until he finally obsessed the land. The Atlantean adepts (superior beings who incarnated in Atlantis to protect the people) could no longer protect the continent from the demon of the astral light, and so they became the leaders of the several migrations.

These adepts were also termed serpents, but with them the serpent had been raised as is described in the Bible.

Quetzalcoatl is symbolized by an upraised snake, and is pictured as carrying a cross. He is one of these white adepts, for it is declared in the codices that he was a "white" man, a term which may mean purity rather than color.

Atlantis is the missing link in the great chain of civilization, without which many of the greatest mysteries of anthropology must remain unsolved. Also, as Ignatius Donnelly reminds us, Atlantis is the unsuspected basis of nearly all great world mythologies with their weird tales of giants and demons battling for ages against the gods.

It is my present purpose to indicate the true secret of Plato's account of Atlantis. The historical existence of the continent will some day be established. But the philosophical Atlantis is a more difficult riddle. In Plato's account are to be found all the elements necessary to reveal the true secret. As great saints and heroes of the past have come to be identified with the religious doctrines which they founded, and as a consequence have been deified, so there is a two-fold Atlantis. There is the historical continent which sank in the Atlantic Ocean, and the philosophical continent, an ingenious device by means of which Plato revealed and yet concealed the most profound arcana of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

We shall close this section with another quotation from M. Termier's address to the Institut Oceanographique:

"I dream of the last night of Atlantis, to which perhaps the last night, that 'great night' of humanity will bear semblance. The young men have all departed for the war, beyond the islands of the Levant and the distant Pillars of Hercules; those who remain, men of mature age, women, children, old men, and priests, anxiously question the marine horizon, hoping there to see the first sails appearing, her-

alds of the warriors' return. But tonight the horizon is dark and vacant. How shadowy the sea grows; how threatening is the sky so overcast. The earth for some days has shuddered and trembled. The sun seems rent asunder, here and there exhaling fiery vapors. It is even reported that some of the mountain craters have opened, whence smoke and flames belch forth and stones and ashes are hurled into the air. Now on all sides a warm gray powder is raining down. Night has quite fallen, fearful darkness; nothing can be seen without lighted torches. Suddenly seized with blind terror, the multitude rushes into the temples; but lo! even the temples crumble, while the sea advances and invades the shore, its cruel clamor rising loud above all other noise. What takes place might indeed be the Divine wrath. Then quiet reigns; no longer are there either mountains or shores; no longer anything save the restless sea, asleep under the tropic sky."

THE KEY TO THE ATLANTIC FABLE

Marcellus, in his *History of Ethiopia*, wrote of Atlantis: "For they relate that in their time there were seven islands in the Atlantic sea, sacred to Proserpine; and besides these, three others of an immense magnitude; one of which was sacred to Pluto, another to Ammon, and another, which is the middle of these, and is of a thousand stadia, to Neptune."

The most learned of the interpreters of Plato were the Neoplatonists of Alexandria. Neoplatonism flourished in the first centuries of the Christian era and included a number of outstanding thinkers. Among these should be mentioned Porphyry, Proclus, Iamblichus, and Syrianus. To these may be added the name of Origen, the ante-Nicene father, whose opinions on many subjects were definitely Platonic. The Neoplatonists agreed that the story of Atlantis should be accepted

as both historical and allegorical, but they were at variance as to the true interpretation. Certain opinions of these learned men form the basis of my interpretation.

The Orphic theology, which is the true foundation of the Greek philosophical system, is an exceedingly intricate and profound subject. The keys to the allegorical Atlantis story are to be found in the ritualism and fantasy of the Orphic rites.

The Orphics divided the universe, visible and invisible, into three parts. The Orphic initiate Pythagoras named these parts, in descending order, the Supreme World, the Superior World, and the Inferior World.

The Supreme World was the abode of pure truth, and consisted of one single substance and essence, the Divine Nature itself, formless and unbegotten, eternal and incorruptible.

The Superior World was the dwelling place of the principles, the gods, the qualities and manifestations of the Divine Nature; here dwelt the causes of all material phenomena, invisible in their own natures, but visible through their manifestations.

The lowest or Inferior World was the plane of corruptible forms, the sphere of bodies and of such tangible natures as have beginning and end. The Inferior World frequently is referred to as the sphere of generation.

The three worlds, in the terminology of the Orphics, are referred to as the bodies of the blessed gods. Heaven, or Ouranos, ruled the first or Supreme World. Kronos, the aged god of the crooked tooth, devourer of his own progeny, ruled the Superior World. Zeus, the demiurgos or material creator, from his ethereal throne, controlled the destiny of the Inferior World.

For our purpose, it should be especially remembered that Zeus is the third person of the great triad of gods, lord of

the physical universe, regent of matter in all its forms and conditions, and the chief of the order of gods which rule the planets, stars, constellations, and elements.

The ancients recognized three conditions of matter. The highest they termed airy or intellectual; the second they termed watery or spermatic; and the third they termed earthy or corporeal.

These three conditions of matter are, therefore, properly termed the three natures of Zeus. They personify the three parts of matter, regarding them as the bodies and abodes of the principal mundane gods. The airy or intellectual region they allotted to Zeus, under the form of Jupiter-Ammon. The watery or spermatic they allotted to Zeus-Poseidon, or Zeus, lord of the humid ethers. And the earthy or corporeal part they allotted to Zeus-Hades, or the subterranean Zeus, lord of the underworld.

In this way, Zeus, the airy, intellectual part of the material world, dominated the three conditions or states of matter, fashioning them into the cosmos through the powers conferred upon him by the supermundane gods who abide in the superior sphere far beyond the cognition of mortals.

The material creation of worlds, or more correctly their material generation or manifestation, therefore, occurs on three planes sequentially. There is first the world idea which arises in the mind of Zeus on the plane of airy intellect. It is therefore explained that Zeus first contemplated the abyss or outer space (matter) and envisioned the pattern of the worlds. This pattern or intellectual conception of creation then descends into the watery or spermatic level where it becomes what Plato called the archetype. The creative, forming power passes from Zeus to Poseidon; that is, the newly formed universe comes under the laws of the etheric,

humid, germinating sphere. When this stage has been reached, we enter upon the actual beginning of the Atlantean allegory.

It should be remembered that the universe is not yet visible as a corporeal body. Rather the germs of the universe have been immersed in the seminal fluids of space. The principle of body building, of forming and reproducing, was being developed within the spiritual nature of the world. Poseidon, the personification of humidity and moisture, was the peculiar guardian and god of this project.

The supermundane gods, acting through Zeus, distributed space to the twelve zodiacal orders of gods. To one of these, the last, lord of the constellation of the fishes, Poseidon, was assigned the empire of the watery element. It was here that he was to establish his kingdom and rule over it. It should not be interpreted that Poseidon merely received the watery parts of the planet earth. At the time the gods distributed the universe, there was no earth and no sea as we know them. The sea over which Poseidon was given rulership was the humidity of space, within which the forms of the world were to be built. In the allegory, the universal place of generation is set forth in terms of the form of the solar system with its planets, or of the earth with its zones.

Having received his allotment, Poseidon began the process of fashioning his world. The humid ethers of the watery diffusion were divided by the Greeks into two parts, the one denoting a spiritous state, and the other a grosser or sedimentary. Working through the higher parts of the ether upon the lower parts, therefore, Poseidon is said to have brought them together or united them. The higher ether was called Evenor, and the lower ether, Leucippe. From their union was produced Cleito, or the etheric body of the solar system.

Cleito was referred to as an orphan because her very emergence was the result of the union of the extremes which pro-

duced her. And the extremes themselves ceased to exist when their equilibrium had been accomplished. As hydrogen and oxygen disappear as pure elements in the visible compound of water, so the etheric extremes lost their identity in their own progeny.

The family of Cleito was referred to as barbaric or primitive because it represented the humid substance itself, irrational and uncultured, until it was quickened or released into manifestation through the overshadowing of intelligence.

When the humid body of the solar system or of the planet was prepared, the god Poseidon took upon himself a humid form, described in the Chaldaic Oracles as serpentine; that is, vibratory. In this form, he united with Cleito, and from this union was born a tetractys, the Pythagorean pattern of ten dots, the key to the entire formula of material generation. These ten dots are, likewise, the ten brothers, the framework of the material world and the common denominator of all magnitude and multitude.

Let us now pause for a moment to review several important points. In the quotation from Marcellus, it is stated that the Atlantic continent consisted of seven islands sacred to Proserpine, and three immense continents, one sacred to Jupiter, the second to Pluto, and the third, between these two, to Neptune. The three great continents represent the three parts of the Inferior World of Pythagoras—the airy, the watery, and the earthy. The central continent between the extremes, the abode of Poseidon, is the location of the watery empire, Atlantis. The seven smaller islands sacred to Proserpine are the planets which surround the body of the sun in the solar system, or the seven continents which emerge sequentially from the imperishable island with its zones of land and water in the evolution of life itself.

In describing the ten numbers, Pythagoras said that there were two orders of numbers, numerations and numerals. The numerations are the souls of the numbers, and the numerals are the bodies of the numerations. He explains thus:

Unity is the numeration called the monad, and the number one is the body of the numeration. The monad symbolizes the one as all, and the numeral symbolizes the all as one. The numerations are the subjective patterns or ideas, and the numerals are the shadows of these patterns cast in the physical substances of the world.

In the Atlantic fable, the ten sons of Cleito are the numerations—monad, duad, triad, tetrad, etc., the principles of the numbers. By the same analogy, the Atlantic empire was to our material creation as we now know it, what the numerations are to the numbers; that is, it was the archetype, the pattern, the principle which was to manifest through personality. To understand this, is to grasp the true significance of Plato's allegory.

Now, to resume the story. The oldest of the sons of Poseidon was Atlas, who bears the world upon his shoulders. Atlas is a form of Adam. Both names are derived from the root *at* or *ad*. As Adam was the first of the ten patriarchs, so Atlas is the first of the ten princes of Atlantis, and the monad is the first and chief of the numerations. Atlas, representing the monad or unity, was therefore given rulership over the whole world, which he must support by the principle of unity. In other words, the universe is sustained by its own oneness. The other brothers, each of which esoterically represents a law and the principle working within and under unity, were given principalities; that is, they were assigned spheres of manifestation; they were given rulership over orders of seminal life.

In the meantime, Poseidon, as the great sea-serpent, turned the waters of space into the nebular, spherical form of the globe. The key to the symbolism is apparent, for in the account of Atlantis, Poseidon is described as turning out the concentric zones as though upon a lathe, even and symmetrical in all their parts. In the midst of the bands or zones is a mountain rising in the midst of the imperishable land or island.

We know from the Egyptians and the Greeks that this central mountain represents the sun in the solar system, and, in the planetary arrangement, the polar mountain, Meru or Olympus, the abode of the gods. This part of the symbolism could be developed at great length. In the Norse theology, the mountain Asgard, with its three temples, rises in the middle of the earth and is surrounded by the zones and sea, the outer extremity of which is a wall formed of the eyebrows of Emir, the primordial giant, a type of Atlas.

Plato refers to the central island of Atlantis as an acropolis where are gathered temples and great buildings which surround the golden-domed shrine of Poseidon. Here Poseidon is the invisible sun which, in the words of Paracelsus, lights the humid worlds as our physical sun lights the material world.

The zones with which Poseidon surrounds the central island represent the orbits of the planets, five in number (in the old system, the sun and moon were not planets). In the development of the earth itself, these zones are the magnetic bands, which have descended to us under the symbolism of the five belts; that is, the Equator, the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer, and the arctic and antarctic circles.

There, then, is the angelic world described in the vision of Milton, the paradisiacal sphere where humanity dwelt before the mysterious and symbolical fall. Here was the

empire of the kings of Edom, which has vanished in the abyss. Here was the race of the demigods, the old order that has passed away. Here was the council of the Ases, the twelve Nordic gods who perished in the Gotterdammerung. Here was the pre-Adamic world—not prehistorical in the physical sense, but pre-physical in the historic sense. This was the race of the shadows, an intangible creation abiding in the humid essences of the middle region. Here, then, also, is the true root of mythologies, of folklore, of fairy stories. From Atlantis come the accounts of the little people, of the nymphs, of the dryads, and of that whole race of intangible creatures that float in the atmosphere above the cold surface of our own visible globe. These are the children of the fire-mist, the progeny of Poseidon, the spermatoc life that came down to our physical plane hundreds of millions of years ago to become all the physical species and genera that we know through the process of adaptation and evolution.

The account then proceeds with a description of the glories of the Atlantean empire. Bridges were built to connect the zones, a canal was dug to unite the outer sea with the inner island. This single statement conceals the whole mystery of the esoteric system, the priesthood, and the creation of the state Mysteries. The laws given by Poseidon were preserved, and the race of Atlantis flourished and grew richer than all the races and kingdoms that would come after. This is the story of the Golden Age so beautifully set forth by Hesiod in his *Theogony*. This was before the battle of the Titans, and, as is specifically noted in the account, prior to the Trojan War.

When the Egyptians discoursed with Solon on the Atlantic myth, they likewise ridiculed the barbarism and ignorance of the Greeks. As might be expected from a rival culture, the Egyptians ingeniously employed the pre-historic

Greeks to symbolize the lowest corporeal part of nature. We must now consider the symbolism of Hades or the subterranean Zeus, lord of the physical world.

Hades is the physical body of the sun in the solar system, and the physical body of the planet in the planetary system. It likewise represents the physical part of all embodied life. The descent of the consciousness or intelligence into the material form is declared to be a descent into Hades. The physical life itself is the purgatorial sphere where spirits wander, exiled in the dark caverns of form which represent all the laws and bodies of physical nature. The figure of Zeus-Hades was formulated in the Mysteries. His throne stands in the midst of a great subterranean cavern gouged out of space and set aside as a place of travail. Birth guards the entrance, and death, the exit. All of nature must depart by the appointed gates.

Berosus, the historian of the Chaldeans, declared that when the earth itself was in the forming, it produced from itself composita, monsters with many heads, strange, misshapen creatures that lived and died before the dawn of reason. These were the bodies, the snares, the nets which were to trap the souls of men. Thus it is that the Egyptian priests, in their allegory, called the empire of Hades Hellenic. They likewise showed that this world was divided from the Atlantic continents by a great sea. This is the sea of ether, the humid ghost-world that divides the states of being.

In the Atlantic account, the kings of Atlantis resolved to conquer the states of Greece. As the human soul descends into this physical body for the sake of experience, and enters upon the tribulations of the flesh, so it was written that in ancient times a part of the angels rebelled and, growing proud, were cast from the heavenly light. The rebellion of the angels is the story of the lost Atlantis. The same is con-

tained in the Biblical statement that the sons of God, beholding the daughters of the earth and seeing them to be fair, descended unto them and conceived by them a race of giants.

When Zeus and the gods perceived the pride that had entered into the hearts of the Atlanteans, a council was called upon the great central throne to determine the fate of the rebellious race. It is here that Plato's narrative ends. Why? Was it true that he never finished the account? Or was his writing destroyed? This we shall probably never know.

It seems probable, however, that the reason for the destruction of the manuscript, or for its incompleteness, belongs among the mysteries of the old initiations. Plato could say no more without revealing the true meaning of the whole story. The very words that Zeus would have to speak would expose a mystery. Therefore, all that remains of the story is the account of the disaster during which both the Greeks and the Atlanteans perished together, and with them the memories and the records of the old order.

When the Atlanteans, the seminal souls, descended into bodies in their war with matter, they lost the memory of their own celestial origin. The story describes the submergence of the Atlantic islands; the whole ethereal empire fell together into a material state, and vanished in the abyss of matter. Gone were the palaces, the temples, the great walls, and the glory. Yet the old Atlantis is not truly gone. It is now emerging through man. The civilization we are building today is the resurrection of Atlantis. The souls that descended into matter are now struggling to extricate themselves, and are emerging gradually into the light of reason.

Why do all nations and peoples preserve a record of the deluge and the race that existed prior to the destruction? The answer is simple. It is the story of the origin of man

himself. The whole physical human race is the fallen Atlanteans. Atlantis was the homeland from which we have come to our present estate. This was generally known to ancient peoples, but this knowledge has been lost through the vicissitudes of time.

The ancient Hindus declared that the human life-wave comprises approximately sixty billion entities. These are symbolized by the sixty million who perished in the Atlantean deluge. In the esoteric numerology, sixty-four million is the exact figure given. In the Pythagorean theory, the number sixty-four is an evenly even number because it can be divided back to unity without remainder by the formula:

$$\frac{64}{2} = 32; \frac{32}{2} = 16; \frac{16}{2} = 8;$$

$$\frac{8}{2} = 4; \frac{4}{2} = 2; \frac{2}{2} = 1.$$

Sixty-four is also the perfect number of the Chinese trigrams, or of the numbers governing the physical creation. If the six and the four be added, the result is one. It is the diversity concealing the monad. It is, therefore, like the word ADM, a symbol of species or types, and represents an entire hierarchy or order of living things, rather than a specific number of persons.

Here is the key to the old theological doggerel:

"With Adam's fall,
We sinned us all."

The Atlantic civilization describes the descent of living souls individualized under the constellation of Pisces from

their previous ethereal state into material form at the beginning of human evolution upon the planet. Making use of the records of the historical deluge which had occurred several thousands of years earlier, Plato, by combining the accounts, revealed and yet concealed much of the deepest mysticism of the Greek esoteric science. He exposed nothing, but intimated much. And coming finally to the place where he could say no more without revealing all, he followed the admonition of Harpocrates—he became silent.

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THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALAH



THE SACRED MAGIC OF THE QABBALAH (1929)

INTRODUCTION

THE SCIENCE OF THE DIVINE NAMES

The religious teachings of all nations may be divided into two general divisions. The first is the religion of the common people, and is the exoteric faith. The second is the religion of the wise and initiated few. This is the esoteric faith, which seldom, if ever, appears in the world without the cloak of ritual and symbol to conceal it from the uninitiated. The esoteric faith occupies the same position with respect to religion that the spirit holds in relation to its bodies. The bodies bear witness of the spirit. Through the spirit comes the life which animates and vitalizes the bodies. These bodies are often referred to as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the witnesses or recorders of the life of the spirit. Man's four bodies are the evangelists, who go forth bearing accurate witness to the spiritual life that animates and gives power to them. In a similar way, the body religious bears witness to the life spiritual. The world recognizes only the body, while the wise and initiated few study only the spirit.

All concrete or visible things belong to the world of effects. These are studied by the esoteric student only that he may discover through them their invisible Cause. True esotericists follow the Aristotelian method of reasoning, using the visible only as a means whereby to know the invisible, studying the multiplicity of effects to become mentally and

spiritually aware of the unity lying behind the diversity in nature.

Behind the veil which conceals the great unknown, stretches the world of causation, the invisible side of nature. It is not given to man, at the present time, to understand the mysteries of this prototypal sphere. The veil of *Maya* which divides the world of men from its source—the world of God, is not really a structure of fabric, but rather, the line of limitation. The things that lie beyond the hypothetical circle which surrounds man are unknown because they are too attenuated and subtle to be recorded by the senses thus far developed by the human race.

This invisible world is explored only by a few hardy travelers who, striking out from the human race, brave all in their efforts to chart and map the great vistas of eternity. These daring ones are rewarded for their efforts by being accepted into the Invisible. They become citizens of two worlds, and are known as the Initiates and Masters. Only those who have gradually learned the subtle laws of the invisible nature are permitted to pass beyond the veil.

All the arts, philosophies, and sciences which surround us in the material world are effects and doctrines concerning effects; for when they have become concrete or organized, and have reached that point where they can be grasped by the human mind, they have come across from the intangible to the tangible and have assumed, to a partial degree at least, the veil of substance. They have taken on coats of skins, and in becoming one with men, have severed their connection with the Infinite. As the body conceals the spirit, so within the soul shrine of every philosophy and religion is hidden a living, divine, glowing coal. This fiery radiance is the esoteric power, or the spirit of every art and science.

It is that part of the human being which still preserves its divine element. With the sword of discrimination, man must sever the true from the false, the head from the body, the spirit from its sheath of clay.

Philosophy is a concrete, exoteric study, but within itself it conceals occultism, the mystical philosophy of the soul. The former bears witness to the latter, for both are one. The visible, tangible body is for the materialist and those who are wedded to form, while the invisible body is for those few who can realize its existence because of special training along the lines of mystical thought. The Craft Mason, with his geometry, conceals behind his exoteric rituals the geometry of natural law. Beneath chemistry, alchemy lies hidden, waiting to give to those who can search its depths the secrets of spiritual transmutation and the chemistry of life. Religion, as we know it, prepares for the path of the mystic, for it is unfolding gradually the ideals of service and brotherhood, which are the basis of true mysticism.

The true student of music can never gain the full inspiration of his art until the attuned keyboard of his being registers the music of the spheres, for these are the eternal harmonies in nature. No artist has ever really learned color, no lawyer or physician his profession, until its hidden side has been understood, and no student of modern religion can unlock his sacred books without the twofold key of the Qabbalah.

The Bible, as studied today by the average Christian, is a sealed book. There are few who can sense its meaning, for we can see and understand only those things which are already part of our own natures. From the time of Moses, the Jews preserved by oral tradition certain spiritual laws or mystic principles, which, when applied to the exoteric

documents of Scripture, reveal to those able to use them the unseen spiritual wonders of the Invisible. With these keys, the student can unlock many of the hidden sections of religious philosophy, and unravel the complicated story of the gods. In the following pages, will be found a series of concise statements intended to give the student of the invisible path a few principles or foundation stones upon which to build the superstructure of personal experience and first-hand knowledge. By them, he may disentangle the thread of existence and, like Alexander, cut the knot the world has tried so long to untie. Life is the Gordian knot; wisdom, the sword of quick detachment. According to the ancient views, the veil between the false and true was composed of draperies of knotted cords and tassels. Each of these knots was placed in a peculiar position in relation to others, and he who can read the cipher of these knots, can solve the Qabbalistic mysteries of the Jews.

PART I

KEYS OF THE SACRED WISDOM

1. In studying the sacred sciences, the first point that the student must understand is that they will give him no powers or opportunities greater than those which he has prepared himself to receive by the life he has lived. The daily life is the test of the student, and until he lives true to the laws of the mystic temple builders, he can never gain anything from the study of the Qabbalah; for the esoteric wisdom is not a series of intellectual facts, but a living, spiritual thing which can be recognized only by those who live and think in harmony with it.

2. There is only one reward for those who seek spiritual unfoldment or extension of power without first cleansing

the body and the soul. The very powers which the student draws to him in his studies will destroy him unless he is robed in the garments of purity. Unto the unpurified, God is a consuming fire; for wherever dross is in the nature, His power will burn it away. With the influx of the spiritual power, there is a great cataclysm in the body of man; and if he has not prepared it to the best of his ability to receive this light, his foolhardiness will precipitate obsession and perhaps insanity, for broken bodies, nerves, and minds follow in the wake of broken laws.

3. The student of the Mysteries must learn to be patient. He must be prepared to strive for ages without reward; with no more encouragement than the realization of a life-work well done. The power of the true mystic and the insight of the Qabbalist are not assumed, but are slowly evolved by years, even lives, of unselfish service and self-improvement. Nowhere on the White Path are there any exceptions to this rule.

4. The ancient Qabbalistic magic of the philosophers had nothing to do with fortune-telling, divination, or the so-called art of numerology, for such things were said to be of the earth-earthy and it was considered a prostitution to make these great spiritual things serve the human side of nature. Those who study the Qabbalah to find out their lucky days, the length of their lives, their birth paths, and so forth, are failures before they begin. They prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that they are not worthy or prepared to receive the guardianship of the sacred teachings; for man cannot know truth until he realizes the value of it, nor can he be wise while he seeks anything else but wisdom.

5. The study of man can be pursued successfully only by those who have acquired the qualities of reverence and

obedience. Each must have one ideal as his guiding star. Each must study principles, and not personalities. With simplicity of heart and clarity of mind, he must approach the great mystery. When man abuses his privileges or makes no use of his opportunities to understand nature's law for his being, he brings down upon himself unhappy karmic reactions.

6. The old Jewish rabbis taught that those who study the Qabbalah play with fire, and the student of today knows that this is true of all esoteric teachings. Wisdom is a two-edged sword. For that reason, the Mystery Schools demanded years of purification and preparation, and the student of the Ancient Wisdom must, without hesitation, accept these obligations if he desires illumination.

7. The curiosity-seeker and those searching for thrills can never gain the sacred truth or fathom the secrets of the Qabbalah. The same is true of those who study magic only that they may derive power therefrom with which to take advantage of people less informed. He who searches for wisdom in order to gain temporal power, will never secure the true spiritual light. All who follow such a course are disciples of the Black Path.

8. Only students actuated by the highest motives and purest ideals can hope to gain true knowledge of this great science concerning the secrets of the soul. Not until the seeker after spiritual illumination so lives that he proves by his thoughts and actions his right to receive the celestial knowledge, will the keys of the sacred sciences—the silver key of the old and the golden key of the new Qabbalah—be entrusted to him.

9. Man must cease his efforts to mold the universe according to his own desires, and God's laws to temporal

ends. He must realize that he is wise who molds himself into the Divine Plan, and, instead of drawing God and wisdom down to himself, rises through the seven heavens, like Mohammed ascending to the footstool of Divinity.

10. The student must realize that a balanced intellect, to hold emotional excesses in check, and a harmonized body, through which both the mental and emotional natures may find expression, are essential to the understanding of a teaching which is harmonious and balanced. Only those who have been faithful in little things can ever hope to be given the sacred scepter of divine power which makes them masters over greater things.

11. In the Hebrew alphabet, consisting of twenty-two letters, are the fundamentals of Qabbalistic knowledge. Each of the letters is composed of tiny flames joined together in various combinations, the number of flames to each letter ranging from one to four. With the letters of this flaming alphabet the student of the Qabbalah is first concerned, for they are the basis of a great fire-born doctrine.

12. The ancient Jews declared that it was with various combinations of these flaming points that ADM named all things while in the Garden of the Lord. The student of occult philosophy realizes that everything has both its own true name, which is its eternal word, and also a form or material name which changes with its manifestations. All the true names are based upon various combinations of *Yod*, the great fire flame. *Yod* is the primitive figure or hieroglyph of the Hebrew alphabet. It is the name of the independent fire flames which gather together to form the twenty-two letters. Masons have accepted this symbol as that of God. It is also the first letter of the Hebrew name *Jehovah*.

13. These fire flames represent living forces among the creative hierarchies, which we know as the vitalizing or life-giving forces of nature. Various combinations of these celestial creatures differentiate and vivify all the forms seen in the material world.

14. All differentiation is the result of various combinations of spiritual energies, which cross and recross at different angles according to the receiving poles and centers within the evolving life. The various combinations of these forces in the invisible world spell out the archetypes of bodies, and these bodies become the consonants of the Hebrew alphabet.

15. The vowel points, which were never written by the ancient Jewish people—because they represented divine elements and were too sacred to be symbolized upon paper—represent the life centers which animate and give expression to the consonants or forms. In the same way, the whirling vital centers in the human body are the invisible causes which lie behind our visible bodies. As there are seven vital centers, so there are seven vowels; but as two vowels (*w* and *y*) are at the present time only partly used, so certain spiritual centers are latent under certain conditions at the present time. As no word can be formed without vowels, so no body can be built of consonantal elements alone. Every body must have its unwritten but sounded and admitted life element.

16. The vowel points and their sounds, colors, and forms were grouped together by the ancients as the spirits before the throne, and composed the unspeakable name of the unknowable God. (In the Sanskrit the seven vowels are the *Dhyani Chohans* radiating the life force of Fohat.)

17. According to the Jews, there are two great worlds. The higher or superior world was called the *Macrocosm*, and in it rules the divine man, *Macroprosophus*. The lower world, or the lesser sphere, was called the *Microcosm* (little cosmos), and in it ruled an emanation of *Macroprosophus*, known as *Microprosophus*, or the lesser reflection of the greater. Man, made in the image of his Father, the Great Man—Adam Kadmon, the archetype—contained both the nature of the human, or lower, and the nature of the divine, or higher. In order to understand nature and God, these philosophers taught that man must unravel the mystery of his own being, which was made in the shadow of God, and find the sacred meaning of the twenty-two hieroglyphic letters and the vowel points as they play out their drama in the realms of spirit and substance.

18. It is said that there are a number of mysterious forces playing through nature. These forces are correlated to the letters of the divine name *Tetragrammaton*, which in turn is correlated to the four elements; and these, combined into seventy-two combinations, are referred to as the ministering angels, or the intelligences dwelling in and manipulating the life-giving forces. The celestial language, which we see around us in our world of ever-changing lights and colors, is called the Bible of Nature. The word *Bible* here has its original meaning, *a book*. This book is composed of the consonants of the divine alphabet. When these letters are given meaning and illuminated by the unuttered and unwritten vowel points dwelling within the senses, man then reads his own destiny as it is written by the hand of Divinity.

19. All forms are composed of one substance, the difference being in the combinations and positions of the life centers (the vowels). Nature furnishes the book, but the po-

sitions of man's sevenfold consciousness interpret the book. The consonants may, and do, change their meaning through the position of the vowels which give life to their dead forms. The early translators of Jewish literature experienced literally the difficulty that students of the book of nature experience spiritually. The early Jewish Scriptures were written without vowels and without spacing between words. The confusion which resulted can be appreciated by taking two consonants such as *l* and *g* and trying to reason out whether the word is *log* or *lug* or *leg*, for with the vowel the meaning is changed. It is the same in nature. The difference between a plant, an animal, and a man, the difference between the intelligences of different men, is the result of varying the placing of the vowels (consciousness) in the consonants (form).

20. These vowel centers (or life poles) are evolved by the lives we live; and as their position and power are all-important in interpreting the message of life, we lose the faculty of discernment when our lives are out of harmony. The words of life lose their meaning because the vowels are misplaced. In the same way, if we have a certain vowel (center of life or interest) that is over-emphasized, we have a habit of placing it in everything that we see. As a result of this undue emphasis, we distort nature and become incapable of discrimination.

21. The present relationship of the consonants (bodies) and the vowels (life centers) in man produces a *word*, which is not primarily a combination of sounds, but rather, like words, a symbol of an invisible activity; yet in the last analysis it is literally a word. It is the key to the position in the scale of evolution occupied by the life of which it bears witness.

22. Every living thing consists of a sound, a color, and a form; for these are the trinity of manifestations which bear witness to the life within. All colors have a sound and a form; all forms have a color and a sound; and all sounds have a color and a form. Many sounds have rates of vibration which our ears are unable to detect. There are numerous colors which we do not see, and forms which elude the perceptions of the senses; but, nevertheless, they exist. Life on every plane of nature (in the sense of the objective worlds, the Lesser Face) manifests through these three divisions, which are correlated to the powers of the triune Divinity.

23. Thousands of years before the radio was discovered, Jewish philosophers realized that the world was a checkerboard of criss-crossing, vitalizing currents, alternately positive and negative. This is the checkerboard of the ancient Temple.

24. Man is a human radio, and like this instrument can be attuned satisfactorily to but one rate of vibration at a time. Of the thousands of messages passing through the air simultaneously, a well-constructed receiving set can be attuned to any one, while all the rest will have no more effect than if they never existed. The more selective the instrument, the higher grade is its mechanism. It is the same with man and the planes of consciousness in nature through which he is evolving. The scatterbrain, like the cheap instrument, is not sharply selective, and therefore brings in several stations at once. So the finer the receiving equipment, the more perfectly it will receive the spiritual messages of nature. The differences in the rationality in our natures, and in our spiritual unfoldment, are primarily the result of our adjustments with these fire-flaming currents of natural force, function, and intelligence, symbolized by the Jews as the

alphabet of nature, or the elemental letters from which the words of manifestation are formed.

25. Daily and hourly development of body, mind, and spirit attunes us to ever finer currents, whereby we receive an influx of energies from ever higher and finer natural planes. These influxes are the materials with which we are eternally rebuilding our organisms. Consequently, the better the quality of the organism, the better the materials it will draw; and the more attenuated and ethereal the source of our vital energies, the more our bodies will be molded and attuned with the spiritual spheres of nature. The more closely our bodies approach perfection in function and organic quality, the more perfect our characters become and the more satisfactory the results of our labors.

26. Everything is created by a word. This word is a rate of vibration, and is said to be the true name of the thing or body which it builds around itself. We may say that bodies are spiritual thoughts put into words. The letters of the alphabet which form the constituents of words in the physical world are the chemical elements. Therefore, our forms are words made up of a certain number of chemicals. An example of this can be studied first-hand by the advanced student who sees the word-forms created by the rates of vibration of a person's voice; for man is a creator on a small scale, giving a certain degree of immortality to his thought-forms and word-pictures. Hence, he is held responsible by karma for these invisible creations.

27. The great vibratory fiat of cosmic creation (called in the ancient Qabbalah the *Sacred Names*), when placed in the hands of the wise unlock the mystery of being. In the hands of the foolish, however, they are destructive forces which will ultimately destroy all who seek to desecrate them.

They are, in truth, the flaming letters which illuminate the way of the sincere aspirant, but which burn the unpurified and insincere with a consuming fire.

28. According to the ancient Israelites, the knowledge of the Qabbalah was given by the angels in paradise to man at the time of his fall, so that he might thereby regain his lost estate. It was perpetuated by Moses and the schools of Samuel the Prophet, during which time it consisted of a series of oral traditions and keys which were communicated solely by word of mouth to those who had proved worthy of the trust. The Qabbalah formed the esoteric teachings of one of the most profound of the Atlantean Mystery Schools.

29. The Qabbalists taught that the body of man consisted of the consonantal letters which on a larger scale formed the body of the Grand Man of the Universe. The vowel letters were the planets—the *Elohim*; and on the walls of the heavens they wrote eternally in ever-changing combinations, concentrating their influence upon the lesser man through the miniature corresponding centers within the human body. (This is undoubtedly the origin of the story of the hand-writing on the wall; at least, this is the deduction of James Gaffarel).

30. The vowels, as symbols of the life centers, were divine; they belonged to God and were his name, for he was considered the composite of all life energies. In man these are the lotus blossoms or roses that bloom on his cross of matter, and as no word can be formed without a vowel, so no body can be formed without one of these centers. It must be sounded, even if not written.

31. It was a secret belief held by ancient mystics that peoples of various races pronounced their vowels differently. The Pythagoreans are said to have speculated on the for-

mation of sounds both in the brain and in the vocal equipment. It was held that the larynx was especially affected by both the evolutionary growth of races and the spiritual development of the individual. It was early taught that the larynx was an instrument of spiritual generation, and that the time might come when living organisms could be created by the speaking of certain sacred and mystical words. This is part of the belief in the efficacy of mantrams, prayers, and the speaking of the Ineffable Name. In early Qabbalistic philosophy, it was held that the tongue paid homage to the Most High, and its position in the mouth when vocalizing various sounds was regarded as significant. Thus, in pronouncing the name of the eternal and living God, the tongue must be raised to the roof of the mouth, thereby signifying an act of adoration. When speaking the letter *s*, it is necessary to hiss like a snake, and we know that the present form of the letter is derived from the ancient glyph of a partly coiled serpent. Each letter of the alphabet was itself a kind of magical formula, and was therefore said to have special Qabbalistic significance. Because of the gradual changes in the formation of the larynx due to the refinement constantly taking place in all organs of the body, the Qabbalists taught that every living thing, when speaking a word or making a natural sound, is revealing, to the initiated listener, the mental, spiritual, and physical status of the embodied entity which forms the sound. It is this individual rate of vibration, not a particular word, which is called "the true name," or basic tone quality, peculiar to each creature. And this is also the mysterious *word of power* which man forfeited when he was cast out of the Garden of Eden, or fell into the state of material consciousness.

32. Occult scientists have declared spirit to be air in motion. The ancients also taught that when the rate of vibration

which we call matter was raised to a certain point, it became a spark of life. In man, this spark is born out of the larynx by the rates of vibration set up by the shape of that organ. This rate of force coming into objectivity, clothes itself with colors, sounds, and forms. Among hashish addicts particularly, it is not an uncommon form of hallucination for them to declare emphatically that while in the state of partial stupor, they have seen words coming out of people's mouths. The occultist knows that the use of drugs is one of the easiest methods to secure a negative form of mediumship; for when the conscious mind is thrown into a stupor, certain astral and psychical records are often brought through. Delirium tremens is another familiar example of the same principle. The Ancient Wisdom teaches that man was born out of the mouth of God; for which reason this creative fire that brought him into being by calling him out of the darkness of space, is called the Great Name—the keynote of his creation.

33. Let us apply this idea to the problem of everyday existence, recognizing that the world is made up of consonantal elements and that the sense centers evolving within ourselves are the vowel points that bring order and sensibility out of the chaos of confusion and ignorance. The thousands of examples to be seen in nature and life, when reduced to a composite unit, comprise the Bible or the sacred book of creation. As stated before, however, this sacred book was written without spacing between words and without vowels.

34. To the problems of his existence each individual must apply the keys furnished by his own centers of consciousness. With these Qabbalistic keys of wisdom he must make true logic and sense out of the sacred book, vivifying it with

his own life—dividing its letters into words by the power of discrimination. Only when he has done this, can the secret of the Sacred Name be understood, and will he realize that incantation and invocation were merely blinds used by the wise magicians of the ancient world to conceal the true spiritual mystery of ceremonial magic.

35. The Qabbalah can never be written, nor can it ever be explained to the profane, for its own depths conceal it. Unrecognized and unknown, it stands behind the veil of human ignorance. The impossibility of materially objectifying this sacred science was well understood by the ancient philosophers. This is the true reason why there are so few students of the mystic sciences. Like all great things for which man seeks, the student of the Qabbalah must be prepared to pay the price demanded by nature for the wisdom he receives.

The unwritten law cannot be learned; it must be evolved within the spiritual body of the aspiring seeker through right thought, right emotion, and right action. When the student has actually reached the point of self-mastery, then and then only do the vowels assume their correct positions; the sacred centers are opened; and the Master's *word*—the key to all creation—is found in man, and the student becomes a Master of the Sacred Name.

PART II

THE MYSTERY OF THE NUMBERS

36. According to the Ancient Wisdom, all numbers came forth out of AIN SOPH—the unknown, the dot, the Absolute. The One is the primary manifestation, and as such we are going to consider its power, first in its descent out of the

dot, and then in its ascent back again into the nature of the dot.

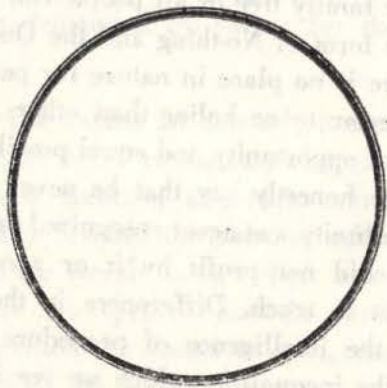
37. Manifesting out of the formless dot, the beginning of all things is a state of one-ness which man calls unity. All things in the world today have one natural origin. All things began as one, which came forth out of No-thing, the Un-manifest, by the "elongation of the dot." To the ancients, *one* indicated the unity of source, and a unified source meant equal opportunities for all. If all things had one source, there can be no superiority among them, except that superiority resulting from the victory of action over inaction. In short, we may say that difference is the result of the diligence of some and the indolence of others.

38. Since the family tree of all people can be traced back to the dot—the form of No-thing and the One, its first out-breathing—there is no place in nature for persons or things which are superior to or holier than others. All things in unity have equal opportunity and equal possibility. No thing and no one can honestly say that he never had a chance. Either the opportunity was never recognized or, if recognized, the individual did not profit by it or accept the lessons which it sought to teach. Differences in the desire to accomplish and the intelligence of procedure are solely responsible for the inequalities which we see in the world.

39. Within his own soul, everyone has the possibility of ultimate perfection and the daily opportunity for relative perfection. These possibilities and opportunities remain dormant, however, until man himself awakens them by aspiration and activity. Perfection—at least, relative perfection—is the undeniable goal of all things, and the length of time we are forced to struggle for it depends largely upon the

abilities which we unfold and the application we make of our newborn faculties.

40. Science teaches that all forms are various combinations of one primitive essence. This essence, or *primum hyle*, is the substance of the dot, and manifests through its personification and extension in the One. A stone, a flower, a man, and a god are all stages in the differentiation of one life. A vegetable is in the process of becoming a man; a man is a stage in the unfoldment of a planet; while an electron is a god in the process of becoming. All things are stages in the expression of one connected life, which at the present time is engaged in the task of liberating itself from the dense crystals of physical substance.



41. All thought is a unity. All natural forces which man uses in his various manifestations are one in their causation. A person's ability to think does not depend upon chance, but upon the attuning of his consciousness to the planes of thought, so that his mental powers may be energized. Those who attune themselves to the various planes of nature governing the major divisions of life, will receive the influx of

thought, life, or power that dwells in and manifests through that particular plane.

42. The number *one* also governs the reason for man's labor here. There is but one motive in all his works; there is but one end to all his labors. He must seek to unite his intelligence with that of his Creator, the Ancient of Days. This he does by adjusting his organisms to the body centers of the Macrocosmic Man. This sequential adjustment of internal centers of consciousness with eternal qualities we call *evolution*.

The One in its Return to Unity.

43. The one Source of life and the first principle thereof manifests itself in the world as a multiplicity. The one cause, the eternal unit, is diversified into the millions of existing forms, all of which bear witness to the infinite diversity of powers concealed within the structure of the primitive One. Since this unified causation expresses itself as a multiplicity, we recognize it as a stream of ever-evolving individualities pouring out of the abyss of Space through the One and into the Many-ness. This One is like a ray of light which spreads out, to be finally swallowed up in darkness as the spirit is enmeshed in form.

44. All differentiation must be unified without the loss of rational individuality before even a relative state of perfection is attainable. Consciousness in man is always growing. (We use the word *growing* to express the idea of spreading out over the area of its bodies.) Its path is from unconscious One-ness to semiconscious Many-ness, and then back again to superconscious unity. When he returns to his source again, however, man has the circle of a completed cycle to add to the extended point of first expression. This is symbolized by the number *ten*, which stands for the com-

pletion of the first round, for it is the *one* and the *round*, or cipher. It means that the One has returned to itself after circumscribing the circle of Many-ness.

45. The young soul is a unity of unconscious possibilities; it is One, and yet has in potentiality endless differentiation, for it has not as yet split up its rays through individualization. It is asleep. The old soul, after its wanderings, is again a One-ness, containing within itself the possibilities that it has awakened into dynamic powers; for, having split up its rays to gain experience, it has again united them to a single end. The young soul is the expression of One pouring itself into Many-ness in search of experience. The old soul has increased its One-ness to contain all diversity and all Many-ness and still remains a unit.

46. If all things are phases in the unfoldment of one thing, and we are seeking to understand that one thing, what is the logical course to pursue? Obviously, there is but one answer. If its manifestations are reflections of itself, the only way to understand its nature is to master the gamut of its moods. Those who are masters of the complete expression of divine manifestation are masters of the divine will. As long as a single link is missing, man cannot know his Maker. As all things combined in proper proportions form the body of the Grand Man, so all these things combined in the same proportions on a smaller scale produce the transmuted terrestrial Adam, or the symbol of species.

47. All things move and evolve as diversity in unity. Let us take, for example, a man with a bag of seed to plant. He scatters the seed all over the field. Each minute particle grows and bears fruit tenfold. He gathers the fruit and, after removing the seed, returns it to the bag, and now he has ten times as much as he had before. The simile is ap-

plicable to the unfoldment of man who, by passing through diversity, multiplies his acquirements and, finally, as the old soul, gathers the fruitage of his works and returns with them to unity. In place of the one latent possibility he originally brought with him, he carries back ten dynamic powers.

48. Realizing this fundamental unity of all form and all life manifesting through infinite diversity, infinite time, and infinite space (as Herbert Spencer puts it), the student can understand the ancient occult demand for brotherhood. If all things are individualizing sparks from one neutral source, then each is a brother to everything else. Man is not to coalesce, but to cooperate, with all living things. Upon the causal plane of life the principle of brotherhood is universal. Upon the form side alone is the primal One-ness diversified and the sense of unity lost. The unity buried in this diversity, and hence unrecognized by the young soul, is seen in its true aspect as the sole Reality by him who has raised his spiritual consciousness above the plane of matter.

49. From the clash of material forms inevitably results the spark. When we raise our consciousness above the concrete, we see and realize the universal One-ness of life behind the illusional evil. This realization is one of the first steps on the path of wisdom. We are to include not only the human family, but all nature in our bond of brotherhood. It is our duty and responsibility to use every natural element constructively for the good of the Plan. If not, we overlook the bond of brotherhood which connects us with every part of the visible and invisible cosmos. All wanton destruction and carelessness respecting the rights of others generate inharmony in those who have failed to recognize

cooperation as the most fundamental and sacred of their spiritual obligations.

50. In the One-ness, we find the ultimate of all manifestation. All diversity is destined to return again to its own source. Therefore it is said that the life of the great outpouring has its beginning and its end in its own center. All life is consequently symbolized by a great circle which returns again to that from which it came—a serpent with its tail in its mouth. This, however, can be understood in all its fullness only by those who have lived through the outpouring and found again the divine source.

The Mystery of the Number Two.

51. The number *two* is symbolic of the dual system of human thought, which views everything from the standpoint of opposites or comparison. Things are judged in their relation to other things, but seldom, if ever, weighed and measured according to their own intrinsic merits. The mystic realizes that everything in nature is a law unto itself and can be honestly evaluated only when judged by its own standards alone.

52. The *one*, outpouring and reflecting itself in matter, generates the *two*. This is the first negative number, for when divided it leaves no remainder. All even numbers are called negative and feminine, and are ruled by the moon. All odd numbers are called positive, because an odd number cannot be divided without leaving the First Cause, *One*, in the center. They are therefore under the dominion of the First Vibrant Power, the Sun.

53. As *One* is called the Number of the Father, so *Two* is the Number of the Earth—cosmic root substance or the base of form. This is the negative pole of life, called by

ancients the Divine Mother, in contrast to the vitalizing ray which carries the title of Great Father.

54. People who are mastered by bodies (which are the expressions of matter on the various planes of nature) are referred to as negative. They may be courageous, violent, and apparently very positive, but in all things where the body rules the life, they are negative. Hence, people who are ruled by appetites and passions, who are swayed by emotion and torn by things of the lower worlds, are said to be negative types, while those who rule their bodies in wisdom and integrity are called positive. All true mystics and occultists are positive.

55. When the vitalizing centers in the body are nourished by the spinal fires descending through the black serpent wound round the famous staff of Hermes, man is said to be negative; while those who are raising these powers and unfolding the cerebrospinal nervous system are said to be positive, for they are nourished by the ascending white serpent of wisdom raised by Moses in the wilderness.

56. As long as man is ruled by opposites, one of which is ever combatting the other, he is incapable of true spiritual growth. He must first unify these two opposing factors, which, like two thieves, steal his powers of concentration.

57. *Two* is said to be the number of unconsciousness, because the single spiritual power is broken or its flow impeded. It is also referred to as the number of contention, because the two extremes of nature are always seeking mastery over each other. Too often man fails to realize that domination on the part of either means the destruction of both; for in slaying its opposite it slays itself, since one pole cannot manifest without the other. Equilibrium is consequently the point of greatest efficiency in nature.

58. When the center of consciousness is thrown out of its true position, it is rendered negative and impotent. Thousands of occult students are negative (and, consequently, incapable of growth) because they have allowed themselves to be led out of their own true center of consciousness. Some people wander millions of miles (figuratively speaking) from their own centers of being, and go off on endless tangents by following other people's advice. Both offender and offended lose sight of one of occultism's important laws—namely, the necessity of unifying all opposites and synthesizing all philosophies.

59. Man's chief trouble is that when he weighs anything he also includes the human equation in one end or the other of the scale. Instead of weighing conditions as they actually are and remaining, as he should, at the point of equilibrium, his likes and dislikes distort his judgment, which therefore becomes null and void. Peace can never result from the rulership of extremes; for as the pendulum swings in one direction, so it will swing back and react in the opposite direction.

60. An excellent example of this is to be found in the political conditions of our day. For many hundreds of years—in fact, thousands—the world has been ruled by a patriarchy. Now the general trend is toward a matriarchy. Many people believe that this will solve many of the problems of life. The occult student, however, with his broader vision, realizes that this is merely shifting the weight of rulership from one end of the scales to the other and, consequently, can never bring about the desired effect—namely, balance. The superiority of either extreme destroys the harmony of the Divine Plan. Only when these extremes are blended—at least, to the stage of constructive coadunation—will re-

ligion, philosophy or politics ever find an answer to their eternal problems. Since earliest history, first one end has been up and then the other, and humanity must suffer from this condition until it learns that the greatest good is wrought when all things work together.

61. The number *two* is symbolic of discrimination; for it is the number of man's free will, which at this stage of his growth is not free, but is merely the power of choice. Through experience with the opposites in nature, man is developing the power of discrimination, and by its application, will remove much of his present suffering.

62. Those who learn the mystery of the number *two* must learn how to use the power of thought to blend the opposites in nature, for the mind is the uniting link between God and man. Without thought, man is an animal carried away by the sway of emotions. Those who do not think are not truly human. Those who are unable to discriminate between what is better and what is best—maintain perfect balance as they walk between the pillars of opposites—are not thinkers in the highest sense of the word.

63. Man will learn how to choose in but one way—through knowledge of the two extremes. Swinging like a pendulum, the ego alternates both viewpoint and body from one life to another. Through this knowledge of opposites, it gains the power of discrimination and finally learns how to blend differences that weaken into unities that strengthen.

64. Safe and intelligent judgment on any question depends upon the knowledge of the opposite phase of the thing discussed. Judgment of an individual does not depend solely upon his good points or upon his bad points, but upon a blending of the two. If you are giving a learned discussion on the subject of *up*, be certain that you have

considered equally the problem of *down*. People whose knowledge is limited to only one side of a question are unfitted to pass judgment on any phase of it. This is a rule very frequently broken in nature, for the majority of people who talk with glibness concerning things have totally ignored other viewpoints which may have an important bearing upon the subject.

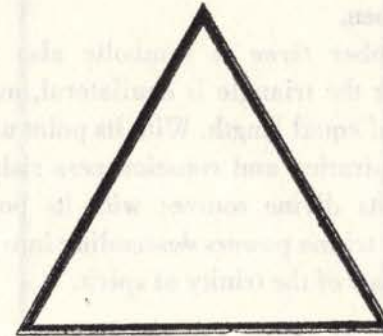
65. Every element in nature has its opposite. In most cases the opposite of a thing is the lack of that thing. Light is an element; darkness is the absence of it. Knowledge is an evolved state; ignorance is the lack of it. Good is a quality; evil is the least degree of good. As we evolve, we form a triangle out of the opposites by lifting our own center of consciousness above the plane in which lie the two points of our horizon.

The Mystery of the Number Three.

66. The number *three* is symbolized by the triangle, for it is the number of outpourings which radiated from divine Being in the process of creation. Its basic principles are spirit, soul, and body. This trinity manifests in the world of form as thought, desire, and action, which are the concrete attributes of the threefold Divinity. These three principles or forces mold the destiny of all living things. The three spiritual phases are the centers of life and consciousness, while the three bodies (or methods of expression) are media by which the spiritual consciousness of man expresses itself in the objective world.

67. *Three* is also the number of the blended opposites, for out of the duality of the *two* there is born a child partaking of the natures of both of its progenitors, but being a manifestation of neither in full. This divine *three* is born

in man as a result of the power of discrimination and the union of spirit, mind, and body. The secret formula for this accomplishment has come down to us in the secret of the Philosopher's Stone, composed of its three elements—salt, sulphur, and mercury. The triangle is the simplest of geometric forms; in fact it might almost be called a geometric unit. And such it is in the world; for as father, mother, child, it is the fundamental cornerstone of all expression, generation, and regeneration in nature.



68. The number *three* is also known as the threefold path, for it symbolizes the highest expression of the three major divisions of human character. These three paths are symbolized by a philosopher, a priest, and a soldier. Occultism is the path of the philosopher, mysticism is the path of the priest, while service is the path of the soldier. All life seeking union with its source, is advancing toward mastery along one of these three great rays.

69. The *three* is also the number of the three worlds which the true Qabbalist is investigating with his self-evolved powers. It stands for the triple crown of the ancient Magus, who was king of heaven, earth, and hell; and, of course, it represents the three grand centers in the human body—the

brain, the heart, and the generative system. The triple scepters of the Egyptian kings, the triple tiara of the Dalai Lama of Tibet, the three domed roofs of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, all carry the same symbolism. Only when these three great universal natures are blended in harmonious understanding—each serving the other and the three uniting to serve the Divine—do we have the eternal triangle in man, which is symbolic both of his divine search and its consummation. Jakob Boehme, the great German mystic, said that these three natures were three witnesses by which God was known to men.

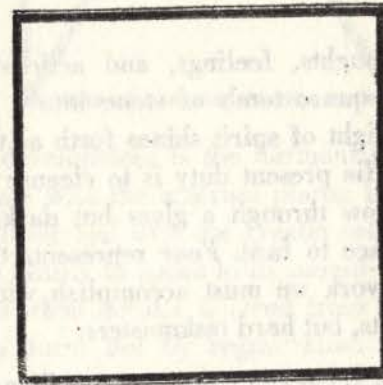
70. The number *three* is symbolic also of balance or equilibrium; for the triangle is equilateral, meaning that all of its sides are of equal length. With its point upward it represents human aspiration and consciousness rising out of form to union with its divine source; with its point downward, it represents the triune powers descending into matter to mold it into a semblance of the trinity of spirit.

The Mystery of the Number Four.

71. *Four* is the symbol universally accepted to represent the path of accomplishment and the labors to be done. *Four*, being the number of form, and hence of earthly things, is represented as a cube or stone within which life is imprisoned. Wherever this is found, it means that the labor of liberating life is the next thing to be accomplished. During involution, man assumed bodies; now, since the point has turned and evolution is under way, man must concentrate his energies upon the labor of liberating life from its vestments of ignorance.

72. *Four* is the number of matter, and for our particular day of manifestation, matter manifests as earth, water, fire, and air—action, vitalization, emotion, and thought. Science

recognizes four basic principles as the key to all form, which is built up of their compounds. These four elements are carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. The higher the plane of evolution, the more the life controls its own bodies. These four principles, however, form the *cross* upon which is crucified the spirit of life. *Four* is called the symbol of crystallization, and is also known as the number of impediment.



73. In astrology (a science well understood by the Qabbalists), *four* is symbolized as a square, one of the so-called evil aspects of a horoscope. It merely means that at the points where the square falls, crystallization has not yet given place to vitalization. The square presents us with a problem to be solved, and is therefore a greater benefactor in spite of its oppression. Matter is always opposing its own vitalization because of its negation. Matter, symbolized by the cube block of salt in alchemy, is symbolic of the body, which, while unregenerated, seeks to smother and destroy the life imprisoned within. The square, therefore, is the symbol of the tomb, and this holy sepulcher is the tomb of matter in which our own spiritual nature lies buried. This is the cross

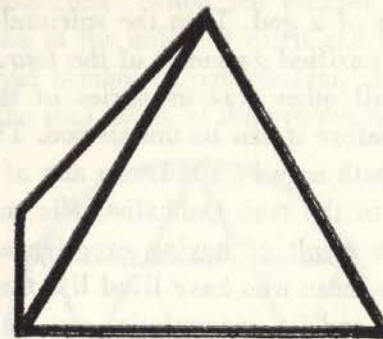
of four arms which man must carry if he is to reach the footstool of Divinity. When our physical body is not properly taken care of, one corner of the square strikes us; when our emotions are not mastered, then the second corner of the square falls; when our vital systems are depleted, the third angle, as body crystallization, steps in; while our destructive thoughts react upon us as the fourth corner. When we have not been true to any of these, our nature collapses and we are buried in the tomb of matter under the symbol of the *four*.

7. By his thoughts, feelings, and actions, man slowly transmutes this square tomb of stone into a cube of glass from which the light of spirit shines forth as through a protecting lantern. His present duty is to cleanse the glass; for though we see now through a glass but darkly, some time we shall know face to face. *Four* represents the number of bodies and the work we must accomplish with them. They are useful servants, but hard taskmasters.

The Mystery of the Number Five.

75. *Five* is the hand of the philosopher. It is made up of the four elements plus spirit, which—like the coordination between the human thumb and the fingers—cooperates with the four elements, but is not with them, for it works by opposition. *Five* is called the *Christ*, and in the Tarot, it is the hierophant or priest, because it is the spirit of man rising from the tomb of matter. Those who have lived through the laws of the *four* and have mastered themselves, have become the *five*—that is, liberated from the casket of matter. The geometric form of the condition is the pyramid, in which one corner rises from the four corners of the base. When the four elements have become the pedestal upon which the spirit stands, as a city upon a hill and not with stone

walls which close it in, then man has reached the spiritual number of the *five*.



76. Man's development is the harmonizing of his centers of consciousness with the external planes in the universe by attuning the lesser self with the greater self. The tiny spark thus gains the ability to speak to its parent—the great spark. All this comes when the life is freed from the form—not by destruction of form but by regeneration of the bodies, a process symbolized mathematically by the freeing of the *one* from the *four*.

77. If our minds are befuddled or unbalanced, we cannot comprehend the mysteries of God. If our hearts are filled with misgivings or passions, we cannot have the divine compassion of the Christ. If we have expended our vital energy and wasted our substance in riotous living, we cannot attune ourselves to the living planes of the eternal. If our bodies are crystallized and broken, we cannot perform the daily labors that give us a right to our position in the Great Plan. These four bodies are our cross, upon which the *one* is crucified. Buried in materiality, we see only the *four*. As we revivify and harmonize this cross through right living, then the *one* shines out and man becomes the divine *five*.

78. When the *one* dictates to the *four*, fear, selfishness, and egotism disappear. In their place is one who is great because of utter simplicity; great with the faith of a child and the wisdom of a god. Then the spiritual man, the *one*, is robed in the purified garments of the *four*. But this great mystery—like all other true mysteries of the Qabbalah—must be lived before it can be understood. The fact that his name or birth path may be similar to any of these numbers means nothing to the true Qabbalist. His conscious understanding, as the result of having experienced these truths, means all. Only those who have lived life through and have risen above life and its uncertainties can truly comprehend the mystery of the number *five*.

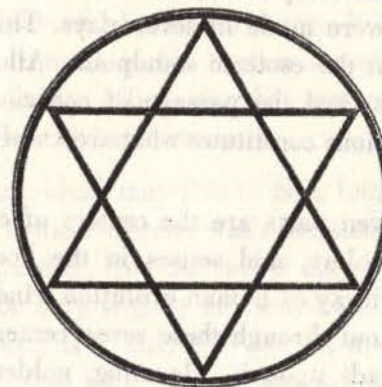
The Mystery of the Number Six.

79. The first consideration in the study of the number *six* is the well-known six-pointed star, or the two interlaced triangles commonly known as the Shield of David. Man consists of two interlaced triangles—the threefold spiritual body and the threefold form. They are his life principles and the casings of matter which are ensouled by them. In the trinity of creation are the three builders of the Temple who sit in council in the secret room. These three form the first triangle, with its point descending into matter. The three master-builders; the three lords of creation; the Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva of India; the Father, Son and Holy Ghost of Christianity; the Ammon, Ra, and Osiris of Egypt—each of these groups represents the divine triangle. The ancient Qabbalists knew them as the vehicles of causation.

80. These three never manifest except through vehicles of expression. Therefore, in order that they might make themselves known on this plane, it was necessary for the three kings to build a threefold body. This they accomplished,

and then took up their dwelling places in the brain, heart, and generative system, which in man are their thrones.

81. *Six* is sometimes called the number of materiality, for it is symbolic of the union of spirit and matter. It really becomes a second symbol of equilibrium, and is sometimes referred to as the soul. Man, at the present time, is symbolic



of the union of spirit and matter, for he has barely passed the turning point where the higher begins to control the lower. This *six* forms the protection or vehicle for the manifestation of the unknowable in man. The two triangles are symbolic of fire and water, and when these are interlaced they are said to stand for the Philosopher's Diamond. They also stand for the interblending of all pairs of opposites within man's own being.

82. *Six* also represents the six senses, the sixth sense being clear vision and the ability to function on the plane of the astral world, which is the next of our many latent faculties to be unfolded. This sense will have much to do in assisting man to gain mastery over his emotional nature.

83. The figure 6 is a line descending into a circle. The coil with the line descending is symbolic of the serpent's

coil, which descends in 9 and ascends in 6. Therefore, in the case of *six*, the serpent is returning upward to the power which was its source.

The Mystery of the Number Seven.

84. *Seven*, the immortal number of the Mosaic law, is called the day of completion; for it is said by the ancients that all things were made in seven days. This is true when understood from the esoteric standpoint. All life is divided into seven parts, and the passage of consciousness through these seven divisions constitutes what are known as the "days" of creation.

85. These seven parts are the centers of consciousness—vowels, notes, colors, and senses in the body of the man cosmic. The pathway of human evolution winds in serpentine fashion in and out through these seven centers, finally uniting them as beads upon its gleaming, golden thread.

86. The so-called seven days of creation are not numbered or divided by man-made time. They are steps in the unfolding of the soul, and man finishes a day of creation when he bridges a certain gap between incidents and raises his consciousness one full rate of vibration over his former position.

87. The time may be seven minutes or seven million years, but regardless of how long it takes in these figures, man can never spend more spiritual time in his evolution than the seven creative days.

88. The seven centers within man's own being, and the seven senses he is slowly evolving through contact with natural conditions, show, when completed, that the soul has finished its days of wandering and is to be liberated upon the seventh day to start its own creative labors.

89. Seven fundamental laws mold all created things. No individual can be greater than these laws, and those who are greater than law among the spiritual hierarchies are far too great to doubt its powers. Every living thing has become subservient to certain laws as the result of its gradual growth, and while the law never varies in its fundamental principles, its effects vary according to the combinations of intelligence upon which the law reacts. It is absolutely true that one man's meat is his brother's poison—not that the law changes, but its effects are different when striking variously attuned receiving systems.

90. One individual may live to be a hundred and nine on limeade and cottage cheese, while another could not live a week on such a diet. One individual may fall from an upper window and be only slightly bruised, while another, slipping on the sidewalk, is killed. One person may go to sleep on board a battleship while broadsides are being fired, while another is kept awake by the ticking of a clock. One is exposed for years to every variety of weather a rigorous climate can offer, and lives to be a hundred; another stands in a draft for a few moments and contracts a fatal case of pneumonia. Accordingly, all students, when advising others, should realize that their great work is to analyze reasons, to understand causes, and, most of all, to discover their own weak points and strengthen them as rapidly as possible.

91. It takes a person exceedingly wise to live his own life—realizing the way he is constituted, and acting in harmony with the influxes of the law that affect him. While all students of spiritual philosophy must realize the necessity of living a clean, wholesome life, they must give to all others that same freedom of expression which they wish others to grant for their own idiosyncrasies.

92. Cranks can never learn the mysteries of creation, for they have narrowed themselves to the circle of their own ideas, and no one who is narrow can ever know God, who is broad. When we are inclined to be offended by a brother's act and concur in his damnation, we have the privilege of reminding him of his error—rather, what we believe to be his error. If he resents our interest, our responsibility ends. If we would know God, we must be God-like; and God will allow the drinker to drink and the raver to rave until the individual himself learns his lessons in his own way. In the vernacular of the street, God “butts” into no one's affairs; neither do God-like people.

93. *Seven* is the number of knowledge, and those who believe they are going to attain mastership in ignorance show that they are too ignorant to know what mastership is and, consequently, are incapable of applying a Master's power. None has completed learning who is not master of the seven liberal arts and sciences and all the various elements that make up the knowledge of the earth.

94. Man must realize that his first step is to learn the laws of being. The second and more important step is that having found the laws of being in his own way, he must live them in his own way, but always to the best of his ability.

95. To work out a problem and get it wrong often contributes more to the growth of the soul than to have someone else tell you and get it right. The student is always seeking for first-hand knowledge. He will not be satisfied with anything but the best; he desires to stand alone, and not to lean. The one who sits down and reasons it out gets a great deal more benefit than the one who asks questions and has them answered. Only the thinker and the worker learn the sacred mystery of the Qabbalah.

96. The *seventh day* is called the day of rest, and the whole religious world has argued and waxed eloquent and even wroth in its efforts to settle the moot point of which day is the seventh. Which day are we supposed to keep sacred? (We can't afford to keep them all!) Once again, the true mystic sits back and would smile if he did not weep first. When we want to know what day is sacred to the worship of our God and Creator, let us no longer study a single creed but all religions, and then we find a singular thing. Each day of the week is sacred to some one of the great religions, and on each one of the days of the week a great multitude of people meet and carry on their adorations. Man, in his sevenfold nature, must worship his God in thought, action, and desire seven days a week.

97. *Seven* is called the number of divine harmony, for it is the music of the spheres. All nature is one great, harmonious melody to those who have harmonized themselves with it. Man must learn to recognize this eternal harmony and realize that all so-called inharmony is the result of inharmonious adjustments with himself within and his neighbor without. When we do not like something, let us like the result of that thing. If we do not like misery, let us learn to like the deepness and the understanding that comes out of it. If we do not like sickness, let us like the lesson that it teaches us. When we harmonize ourselves with the Plan, the mystic melodies of the seven spheres are echoed in our own seven-pillared temple.

The Mystery of the Number Eight.

98. *Eight* is the divine symbol of vitality. It is the symbol of the mystic marriage and of spiritual and physical regeneration. It is the great current without an end passing up and down through man as a golden band of light. *Eight*

is the strange symbol inscribed by nature upon the puffed head of the Indian cobra, the symbol of the Logos, and the symbol of the universal creative power. All things in the universe are said to have come into being as a result of the twisting or spinning power of the figure 8.

99. *Eight* is considered by many as an unlucky number, another instance of sublime ignorance. The world is filled with people who have unlucky things and are troubled with unlucky days, astrological complexes, *et cetera*. Really they should not complain. It is the one who has to suffer as a result of their bad-luck attitudes that really is unfortunate. The bad luck of the universe is the misfortune of having people in it who are subject to misfortune.

100. There are no such things as bad numbers, bad days, bad planets, unlucky birth hours, or similar afflictions; and those who are failures because of them would have been failures with anything else. All so-called misfortune is referable to the fact that at various times in the evolution of all creatures, it becomes necessary for them to attune themselves with new cosmic influences. With those with which they have already become familiar, they no longer have any trouble. In this world, that which is easy has the preference and is called good, while that which opposes us because of our own ignorance of it, and which therefore requires effort to overcome, we call unlucky or evil. People with unlucky birth hours are merely confiding to their friends the fact that they are lazy—too lazy to exert themselves sufficiently to make those adjustments which they came into the world to complete.

101. The *eight* stands for recompense—for the bringing back again of that which is lost. It is the return of those forces which have been redeemed from the animal world.

It is the fusing or joining of the broken ends of the spiritual circuits which, combining in the body of man, form the spiritual wedding ring which unites the masculine and feminine natures within himself. Those who have not raised the sleeping serpent, nor labored for years for the Hermetic Marriage and the Qabbalistic union, can never understand the mystery of the number *eight* until they, too, have wandered through its twisting, coiling form.

The Mystery of the Number Nine.

102. *Nine* is called the number of humanity, or the symbol of incompleteness, because it falls short, by three, of the cyclic number *twelve*. It is the number of man's body, because it takes nine solar months to build the human form prior to birth. In China, a child is said to be a year old three months after he is born, and it would seem that the Chinese are aware of the old Qabbalistic doctrine. *Nine* is called by the ancients "the broken wheel." One symbol for this wheel was the zodiac with twelve spokes. In the broken wheel, three spokes are missing—the signs of Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces. Mankind has always divided the year into four seasons of three months each—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. In many mythological cycles, the sun is said to die at the Winter Solstice and be reborn at the Vernal Equinox. To explain this annular death of the sun, a solar myth was devised, which set forth a miracle of spiritual intercession. It was held that a Messianic power from God descended into the earth on the twenty-fifth day of December to sustain the spiritual life of creatures through the winter months. The Christian mystics held that this is told in the parable of the seed which falls into the earth and dies, and then comes to life again in the glorious Resurrection of Easter. Early Christian mystics also believed that

the three symbolic days when Christ was in limbo, between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, refer to the bridging of the three winter months, during which it was said death ruled the world. Thus, Christ was the master of the bridge between the Winter Solstice and the Vernal Equinox. The same story is suggested in the legend of Jonah and the whale, for the whale represented the dark months swallowing up the light. After three days, the whale cast Jonah upon the shore, and Christian Qabbalists have always used Jonah as a prototype for Christ in this respect.

103. Man is *twelve* and so symbolized in nearly all of the ancient teachings, and *twelve* is *nine* plus *three*. It is at this point that Freemasonry enters the scene, for the three steps of the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow-Craftsman and the Master Mason add to the nine months of physical birth the three degrees of spiritual birth, completing the broken wheel and making man the perfect *twelve*.

104. Man must wander in the lower worlds until he makes of his *nine* a *twelve*, for there is happiness only in completion. *Nine* is evil, so-called, only because it is unfinished; but man completes his birth when he goes up the three steps that lead to the Temple. (Occult legend states that some time in the future man will spend twelve months instead of nine as an embryo.) Three times three is *nine*, and the thirty-three degrees of the Ancient Rite are very closely connected with the history of man. As applicable to spiritual growth, each vertebra of the human spine represents a year, or a degree. As there are thirty-three segments in the human spine, we discover why there are thirty-three degrees in Freemasonry and why Jesus died in his thirty-third year and ascended to heaven. The human spine is the Jacob's Ladder of the ancients, upon which the angels ascended and descended. To

the Qabbalist, the mystery of numbers is unveiled, for 666—the number of the Beast in Revelation—when its digits are added together makes eighteen, and eight and one equal nine; therefore man himself is the Beast. In the same document, we understand that 144,000 shall be saved. When the digits of this number are added, the total likewise is nine, which proves that man also is to be saved as a unit or mass. Further applications of the system will occur to the student as he continues his research.

PART III

THE POWER OF INVOCATION

105. The power of invocation, so-called, as used by the ancient Jews, has a wonderful spiritual meaning unsuspected by the average student of the magical arts. It was stated by the ancient rabbis that all the celestial influxes and personified natural forces had names, and these names and certain magic formulae were secretly communicated to those who had prepared themselves to receive them. This is practically all that the world knows concerning the secret instructions and strange conjurations used in the mystery of spirit invocation.

106. It was maintained by the ancient Masters of ceremonial magic and Qabbalistic arts that when the names of these great beings were properly invoked, the intelligence to whom the name belonged was forced to appear in answer to the summons of the magician. There were, however, certain instructions which must be carefully followed, or serious harm would come to the magician. The disciples were instructed how they should build their circles, placing in them the various articles and implements which were prepared for the purpose. The magicians must have their censers and

specially prepared incense, their swords, their rods strangely engraved with hieroglyphic figures, and their virgin parchments inscribed with seals and pentacles. If all these things were as they should be and the magician had inscribed the sacred name of the intelligence he wished to invoke, it would appear to him, usually with considerable attendant noise and tumult. The spirit would then await the instructions of the adept, for it was claimed by these magicians that they could control the intelligences belonging to the spiritual worlds of nature.

107. Varying combinations of vitalizing rays, which we call the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, and the vowels which form the life of the alphabet, were used to produce the conjurations of the ancient magicians. These men, by their magic power, had learned how to combine these symbols into the forms of great celestial beings, like Faust in his laboratory invoking the earth-spirit. Certain combinations of these vital energies, inscribed on the virgin parchment of a purified body, united the consciousness of the individual with the plane of nature which he had invoked by the organic quality of his own life.

108. Man must learn that he is identical with these letters. Every one of his thoughts is a letter; every action is a word; every combination of thought, action, and desire, every combination of the four elements of his life, produces a name as he lives them. That name is the name of one of the lower planes of nature; and every action attunes him to an external influx, which has been personified under the name of the angels.

109. We are the living invocation, and our every thought and action spells out a word. These words are the names of things, and when we spell out their names, they come to us.

110. The combination of the consonants and vowels in the human body into words—the combinations of all the mental, emotional, spiritual, vital, and physical elements in man, which are the result of a sounding of these keynotes—brings an influx equal to the combination which man sends out. In invoking, the ancient Jew, with his silver key, used his letters. The modern mystic, with his golden key, uses his life.

111. Christianity, as found in the New Testament, is a mystic ritual to be unlocked only by the golden key of the Christian Qabbalah, which key is the vitalizing ray of the sun with its spiritual, mental, and physical regenerative powers. The key of the ancient Qabbalah was the silver key of the moon, with its body and form-building propensities.

112. Christianity can never be understood until its students discover the sacred keys now hidden deep beneath its rubbish, literal and physical. The reason the average interpretation of Christianity does not appease the soul-hunger of the Christian student is because he has only the crystallized, external ritual. Its sublime magic—the magic of invocation, not as taught by the black magicians, but as shown by the great adepts of the White School—is missing. There are two schools of Christianity. The physical, literal school would have died ages ago had it not been for the binding ties and the divine sacrifice of the spiritual school.

113. Each great religion has its sacred names symbolic of the state of development of those souls who are passing through it. The vowels and consonants composing these names in each case tended, when properly applied, to unite the seeker with his ideals. As Christian mystics, (and this applies to all peoples, regardless of their beliefs), let us consider the invocation of the Christ.

114. It is a fact well known to students that the true names of the Exalted Ones are unspoken and unknown. Christ, like Krishna and Buddha, is a complimentary title, and the true name of the Great One who labored through and inspired mankind, is unknown to the lay brother, and must always remain unknown while he searches for it on paper or by word of mouth; for it is a sacred word written in the divine alphabet, not in the language of men. This sacred name is the golden secret of the priest initiate, and *he had to be it before he found it.*

115. The pure transcendentalist, in invoking a great Intelligence, drew his circles with chalks and pigments, prepared his physical robes of linen, his symbols and insignia, totally unaware of the fact that he was as far from the truth as East is from West, having failed entirely to grasp the true interpretation of Qabbalistic magic. Let us now see how a true Magus of the White Brotherhood sought to invoke the great Christ Spirit.

116. The true Magus stood in the center of his circle, but the circle was the sphere of his experiences; for, like the magician of old, he knew that if he left that circle, all would be lost. Any true student knows that when he leaves the center of his own being, he forfeits all right to celestial power; for the circle is his own aura, while the life within, enthroned in its center, is the master of all conditions. The true magician was robed in the white garments of a purified body, in the silence and stillness of a harmonious being. He carried the living offerings of his daily labors, and there, with the vowels and consonants of the celestial alphabet as his own being, he blazed forth in the living name that invokes all things. And when that invocation was made, and he had invoked the Christ by being like the Christ, then he

was one with the Spirit of Light, for nothing could refuse his call. His path finished, his mastership at hand, he had become one with the Christ by the power of the living word written in the celestial language radiating from the centers of his own soul. He then stood a Master of the Qabbalistic arts.

117. Let us now consider the black magician, who sells his soul to the demon. He also builds his circle, formed of his evil thoughts and emotions, and there he invokes his spirits by speaking the Divine Name; but now he can draw only the powers of negation and the principles of evil, because his life has spoken the word, and it must draw that which is like unto itself.

118. We cannot invoke the Great Ones by chanting songs, for the only music that they can hear is the song of the lives we live. Many are the intelligences and planes of nature which we attract by the power of invocation during our wanderings in the lower worlds; but always, regardless of what they may appear to be, they are drawn not by the things we say, but by the things we do.

119. The Qabbalah is a science by which that sacred name is learned, and the secret of the Qabbalah is that your own life is the word; and whatever that is, that will you invoke. Man is the living magician, juggling with the elements of nature. He is the living ritual, the living secret, and the living magic of the Qabbalah.

The Riddle of the Rosicrucians



By Manly P. Hall

1941

The Riddle
of the
Rosicrucians



THE RIDDLE OF THE ROSICRUCIANS

1491

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The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross is the most mysterious Secret Order of the modern world. The origin of the Society, the purpose which it was intended to serve, and the identity of its founders and leaders are all equally obscure.

The purpose of this essay is to present in simple digest form the results of many years of painstaking research into the Rosicrucian riddle. In addition to an examination of the many original tracts and manifestoes of the Society which are in my own collection, I have made use of the facilities of the departments of manuscripts and early printed books in the Library of Congress, the British Museum, and the Bibliotheque Nationale, and have examined photostatic copies of manuscripts in the libraries of Leipzig, Vienna, and Budapest.

Rosicrucianism presents a twofold enigma. It is not only necessary to assemble documents relating to the Society, but it is even more essential to distinguish between those documents which probably are genuine, and those which obviously are fraudulent. The whole subject has been intensely complicated by misrepresentation and imposture.

The conscientious student is reminded that the public concepts relating to Rosicrucian traditions are, for the most part, apocryphal, and are not representative of critical scholarship. A few years ago, an American author prepared an outline for a survey of Rosicrucian history and origins. In the preparation of this volume (never published), he contacted a number of modern Rosicrucian groups, inviting their assistance in the compilation of an authoritative text-

book. He discovered to his amazement that, with the exception of a few vague generalities, no tangible information could be gathered from these sources. Each group had its opinions, its beliefs, and its claims, but was woefully lacking in the documentation necessary to justify its pretensions.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE SOCIETY

The first and principal text of the Rosicrucian Society is *The Fame and Confession of the Fraternity of R: C:*, originally published in 1614. There is no reference to the word *Rosicrucian* known in literature prior to this date. It is believed, however, that manuscript copies of the *Fame* and *Confession* may have been circulated privately as early as 1610. There is no proof of any kind that the Rosicrucian Society existed prior to the opening of the 17th century.

The true author or authors of the *Fame* and *Confession* remain unknown. Several efforts have been made to trace the writers of these tracts. The most likely suspect is the German theologian, Johann Valentin Andreae. This worthy cleric acknowledged in his diary that he was the author of the *Fame*, but mentions no other Rosicrucian activity.

The *Fame* and *Confession* pretended to be manifestoes published simultaneously in several languages and circulated throughout Europe to prepare mankind for certain great and marvelous changes that were to take place in the world. Although the works were supposed to appear in five languages, no copies are known to exist other than in German and Latin; and English translations of the German work were not made until forty years later.

The *Fame* and *Confession* relate that the Society of the Rosy Cross was founded by a mysterious person who conceals his identity under the initials C. R. C. This man is

described as of German origin, of refined but impoverished family, who journeyed in his youth to Palestine, where he was initiated into mysterious orders by magicians of Arabia and Egypt.

Returning to Europe, Father C. R. C. collected about himself a small group of inspired and devoted men, and these formed the first circle of the Rosy Cross. According to the dates given in the *Fame* and *Confession*, these incidents took place during the middle years of the 15th century.

None of the statements relating to C. R. C. in the *Fame* can be verified historically. For example, it is described that when C. R. C. visited the Near East, he was entertained by the magicians of Damcar. Unfortunately, there is no record of the existence of any community by this name. It has been suggested that Damcar was a misprint for Damascus, but this is mere supposition.

In another place, the *Fame* and *Confession* give an account of the death of the mysterious Father C. R. C. He was buried in a seven-sided vault; the writings of Paracelsus were buried with him. Yet if the dates given in the *Confession* be correct, a serious discrepancy exists—Paracelsus had not yet been born at the time when Father C. R. C. was said to have died. The *Confession* states that C. R. C. was born in 1378 and that he lived to the age of 106. Paracelsus was born in 1493.

In addition to certain vagaries regarding the history of their Society, the authors of the *Fame* and *Confession* set forth the six principal rules of the Society. These rules include: (1) the gratuitous healing of the sick; (2) conformity with the customs and laws of the country in which the brother may be dwelling; (3) attendance at an annual meeting; (4) each brother should look for a worthy successor; (5)

C. R. should be their seal, mark, and character; (6) concealment of the identity of the Society for one hundred years,

While the *Fame* and *Confession* caused a tremendous stir among the mystically inclined of the early 17th century, they caused more problems than they ever solved. The tracts invited the learned and the conscientious to unite with the brothers of R. C. to bring about a general reformation in Europe, but it neglected to give any details as to how the brotherhood could be contacted. The result was bedlam.

Every metaphysically-minded person was suspected of being a Rosicrucian. Alchemists, cabalists, and magicians were deluged with applications for membership into the mystical Society which could not be found. Book-sellers, publishers of alchemical tracts and other such works were inundated with applications. But no Rosicrucians could be found.

Failing in every other way, a few of the more persistent of the would-be joiners resolved to publish their applications in booklet form, hoping that these pamphlets would fall into the hands of members of the Society and thus the applications would be noted. Many requests were published, but no record exists that any member of the Rosicrucian Society ever came forward and revealed himself in answer to the pleading.

In the two years following the publication of the *Fame* and *Confession*, a considerable Rosicrucian literature came into existence. The works consist principally of brochures and booklets in duodecimo conspicuous for the paucity of their contents. Everyone was talking, wondering, questioning, and discussing, but no one seemed to possess any answers that clarified the situation.

The hundreds of tracts ramble aimlessly *ad nauseam*, and speculate vaguely in voluminous German. An example of

their approach to the dilemma is typical of many of them.

God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to reveal his mysteries through the divinely illumined Brothers R. C. Where does the brotherhood dwell? Its abode is an Olympic height located in the suburbs of heaven and obscured from the profane by imponderable clouds.

This is the substance of several tracts, by an equal number of authors, extending in detail to three or four hundred pages embellished with rare figures of speech. The more one reads, the more one becomes convinced that the authors knew not whereof they spoke, and were floundering helplessly in a sea of doubts.

Then, in 1616, appeared another important landmark associated with the history of the Rosicrucians. This was the *Chemical Marriage*, written in high Dutch by one Christian Rosencreutz. The *Chemical Marriage* takes the form of a sort of vision or mystical experience. The hero, Christian Rosencreutz himself, travels forth into a symbolic land where, after numerous adventures involved in alchemical symbolism, he is made a Knight of the Golden Stone. The book ends abruptly, and there is no clue to the actual identity of the author. With the other early Rosicrucian manifestoes, it has been ascribed, because of certain physical evidence, to Johann Valentin Andreae.

No one questioned the authenticity of the *Chemical Marriage*, or if they did, their doubts have not survived. It was accepted as a veritable pronouncement of the Society, although there is no proof whatsoever that it has any reference to the other tracts, and it is generally ignored by the early Rosicrucian apologists. There is not the slightest evidence to sustain the belief that the Christian Rosencreutz of the *Chemical Marriage* is the Father C. R. C. of the *Fame* and *Confession*. It simply is assumed that he was. The *Chemical*

Marriage is quite lacking in the noble, altruistic sentiments of the *Fame* and *Confession*. It is really a book of alchemical formulas, much more akin to the street of the gold-makers at Prague than to the temple of the Rosy Cross on the slopes of Olympus.

It is strange that books like the *Fame* and *Confession* and the *Chemical Marriage* should be accepted without question by thoughtful and scholarly people over a period of more than three hundred years. It does not seem to occur to anyone that it is quite possible to produce a literary imposture. The importance of a book lies not in the fact that it is printed, but the integrity of its contents. In religious and philosophical matters, where it is difficult, often impossible, to prove or disprove abstract speculations, the importance of a book depends upon the known veracity and ability of the author.

In the case of the *Fame* and *Confession*, and also of the *Chemical Marriage*, the authors are unknown, the text cannot be verified, and the very substance of the writing, the existence of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, has not been proved. Yet no one questioned, or even seemed to doubt, the existence of the phantom brothers and their phantom founder.

It began to dawn gradually upon unscrupulous opportunists of the 17th century that the mysterious Society, the whereabouts of which could not be discovered and the membership of which was too reticent to reveal itself, offered a magnificent opportunity for imposture and exploitation. Several of the worst rogues in Europe came forward and announced that they were members and Grand Masters of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. In this way, old rackets took on a new dignity and knaves basked in the glory of the mysterious Society. One such personality, whose exploits are recorded

in a tract entitled *The Complete History of an Unknown Man*, proved his Rosicrucian affiliation by whistling rats out of houses.

The literature relating to the Society now increased mightily. The published tracts ran into hundreds, and the more important effusions passed through several editions in the course of a single year. The public mind was fascinated beyond words at the thought that strange and mysterious beings possessing supernatural powers dwelt unknown in their midst. Possibly one of their neighbors was a Rosicrucian. Nor should the gold-making element be overlooked. If the brothers possessed universal knowledge, as the manifestoes asserted, who could tell but that they might soon reveal to all mankind the elixir of eternal life and the secret of inexhaustible wealth. Some were inspired by holy zeal, and others by very unholy avarice. At any rate, the literati and intelligentsia were scurrying about, peering into dark corners and out-of-the-way places, seeking for the elusive Brotherhood of R. C. There is no record arising from any reputable source to the effect that these seekers, regardless of their motives, ever discovered what they sought.

Two noteworthy apologists presented themselves in the early years of the Rosicrucian controversy. They were the German physician and alchemist, Michael Maier, and the English doctor and mystic, Robert Fludd. These were beyond question among the best minds of 17th-century Rosicrucianism. Most modern Rosicrucian groups and several writers on the subject assume that both Maier and Fludd were members of the Rosicrucian Order. While this may be true, I have never seen any evidence to substantiate the assumption. Neither Maier nor Fludd, in any of their published writings, admits membership in the Society, and, quite to the contrary

by indirect statement and by innuendo, each more or less definitely denies such membership.

Maier mentions the Rosicrucians in several of his books, and two of his writings are devoted entirely to them. The first is *Silentium Post Clamores*, and the second, the *Themis Aurea*. The latter work contains the laws of the Fraternity R. C. It is largely an amplification of the six rules given the members of the Fraternity as set forth in the *Fame*. When he reaches the rule concerning the gratuitous healing of the sick, he bogs down, and two thirds of his book is devoted to a debate with himself on just what is meant by gratuitous healing of the sick, what this implies, and why the Rosicrucians were justified in including this in their rules.

Robert Fludd was a man of tremendous internal inspiration. His name will be remembered as long as men seek truth along the path of mysticism. The nobility of his mind had no place in it for the consideration of subterfuge. He was honest himself and never doubted the honesty of other men. He approached Rosicrucianism with the reverence of a good man coming into the presence of a holy object. He admitted quite freely that he did not know who the Rosicrucians were, but the concept of such a brotherhood of adepts fitted perfectly into his understanding of the mystical life of nature. So Fludd gave thanks to God who, in his goodness, had revealed the truths of nature to this select order of adepts.

Fludd wrote two books relating specifically to the subject of Rosicrucianism. One was the *Summum Bonum*, and the other was an elaborate history of the Rosicrucians. Quite without intention of contributing to a dilemma, Robert Fludd, in his history, advances the opinion that the Rosicrucian Society was of the greatest antiquity. Upon Fludd's assumption a whole new cycle of Rosicrucian hypotheses

was built up. Various authors vied with each other in their efforts to dignify and bestow antiquity upon Rosicrucian origins. The patriarchs were Rosicrucians. The prophets were Rosicrucians. In fact, Adam himself was a Rosicrucian. The Phoenicians were Rosicrucians and the Egyptians were Rosicrucians. Plato, Aristotle, and pagan heroes and Christian saints were all members of this elect Fraternity.

What Fludd meant to imply was that mysticism itself is an eternal tradition. If the Rosicrucians were mystics—and he assumed that they were—they would share in an eternal mystical tradition. The origins of mysticism go back to the religious systems of the ancient world. But this does not mean necessarily that the Society of the Rosy Cross was ancient as an organization. It would be equally as absurd to say that the American Medical Association was founded about 400 B. C. because Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, lived about that time.

It should not be supposed that the Rosicrucian challenge of a universal reformation should pass unanswered. A new note creeps into the literature. Division arises within the broad field of the subject. The pro-Rosicrucians aligned themselves against the anti-Rosicrucians. As the *Fame* and *Confession* were violently anti-papist, it was only to be expected that the clergy should come back with appropriate remarks. There is a delightful tract entitled *Grease for the Fall*, a diatribe by an anonymous Catholic authority, setting forth in eloquent German that Rosicrucianism was a sort of infernal lubricant that kept well oiled the hinges of perdition.

Such, in substance, may be said to be the beginning of Rosicrucian literature and history. Every scholar who has attempted to investigate the subject has found the same

thing. Beneath the glamour of broad assumption and high pretension, there is nothing but a sort of vagary.

A book was written by an unknown person, advancing the claims of an unknown society, making promises that were never fulfilled, and inviting the learned to membership in an organization that never was discovered. The Society of the Rosy Cross taught an esoteric philosophy that never has been explained or revealed. It claimed a membership, yet no bona fide member of it has ever been found. And it describes as its founder and originator a man whose identity, concealed under the symbolic letters C. R. C., remains unknown. A stalwart group of followers, who admitted that they could not find the Society, wrote an elaborate literature in its defense. This literature was answered, at least in part, by a series of theological criticisms and condemnations, and by others who could neither prove nor disprove the existence of the Society.

Upon this slender and exceedingly attenuated strand of circumstances, a number of modern organizations make high-flown and concrete claims. But these claims, for the most part, evaporate into the same vagueness which has surrounded the entire subject for more than three hundred years.

THE RITUALISTIC PERIOD

Rosicrucianism drifted through the second half of the 17th century without leaving any imperishable landmarks. The rise of science in France and England was dominating the intellectual world. Mysticism was losing ground among the scholastically learned.

The 18th century was marked by an extraordinary revival of public interest in occult subjects. This interest, however, was for the most part superficial. This was the century of the dilettante and the dabbler in knowledge. Such serious

scholarship as that of Maier and Fludd was gone. More dramatic personalities such as Mesmer, Cagliostro, and St.-Germain dominated the public curiosity.

By the year 1700, ritualistic Rosicrucianism made its appearance. Groups sprang up in several countries, each with extravagant pretensions and very little evidence to support them. Naturally, each group claimed to be the one original and ancient Rosicrucian organization, and traced its descent through hypothetical adepts and charters of dubious authenticity. This was a period of forgery and fraud. Rosicrucianism had already become a name with which to conjure.

There was nothing in the *Fame* and *Confession* to imply that the Rosicrucians were a fraternal organization selling ritualistic degrees. But new laws and by-laws were written to take care of all this, and to prove conclusively that the old Fraternity had become a sort of membership-mill catering to the vanity of the superficial dabblers in metaphysical mysteries.

These pseudo-Rosicrucians did much to obliterate whatever records might have been preserved relating to the older Society. By the end of the 18th century, the entire problem of Rosicrucian descent was so hopelessly confused by intentional misrepresentation that the task of straightening out the tangle becomes well-nigh impossible. Fraud was built upon fraud, imposture upon imposture, and misrepresentation was pyramided until at last the whole ridiculous structure of pretension fell to pieces.

Typical of the disillusionment which was the common lot of the 18th-century Rosicrucian neophytes was the case of Hans Carl von Ecker und Eckhoffen. Under the pseudonym of Magister Pianco, this German nobleman described and exposed the false Rosicrucian organization which had victimized him. He described the elaborate grades with their

insignia and symbols, and his conclusions are identical with those of others who have ventured into the same field. He discovered that as a reward for years of patient study and considerable financial investment, he had reached the top of an elaborate system of membership that led nowhere. The promised secrets of nature were not communicated to him. The esoteric knowledge which had been held out as a bait did not exist, and the Society was simply a hollow sham, a religious racket.

Ritualistic Rosicrucianism was closely associated with clandestine Masonic rites which flourished during the same period. In fact, the study of ritualistic Rosicrucianism is an integral part of the study of 18th-century Freemasonry. The number of books on Rosicrucianism rapidly increased until the bibliography reached more than a thousand volumes. The 18th-century books were quite different from the earlier tracts. The early works contain little that can be proved; but the later productions, a vast amount that can be disproved. The quality was no better, but the quantity was infinitely greater. Engravings and plates became more numerous, and, for the first time, such insignia as pendants, charms, sashes, aprons, swords, and later, drapes, were vividly reproduced. We learn such vital bits of information as the account of the Lodge of Rosicrucian adepts which supplied each of its members with a black silk cord. This was done so that the member could strangle himself if tempted to reveal the secrets of his Lodge.

This is indicative of what has been termed informative literature. These books were hungrily devoured by the masses, but they had nothing in them to correct the poverty of the existing knowledge.

Some of the binding oaths were masterpieces of gruesome literature, but they were quite unnecessary. There never was

any real danger of exposing anything because nobody knew anything worth exposing. The search for the Philosophers' Stone went on apace, but needless to say, it was never found by these pseudo lodges or pseudo adepts.

The outstanding Rosicrucian organization of the 18th century was the Brotherhood of the Rosy and Golden Cross. This was particularly broad in its pretensions, and it did an excellent job of cribbing from earlier writers on various subjects. It is due largely to the activity of this group that the names of numerous mystics and magicians of the middle ages and early modern times came to be identified as Rosicrucians. It was this same organization that in 1785-87 published, or caused to be published, the *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*. For a detailed account of this volume and the conditions under which it came into existence, see my *Codex Rosae Crucis*, 1938. (Now out of print.)

If the historical descent of the Society is hopelessly obscure, the doctrinal descent is equally intangible. The 17th-century Rosicrucians, if we may use such a term, neglected to commit their philosophy to print. The *Fame* and *Confession* contain only vague references to a universal knowledge and anti-papist convictions. There is a slight flavor of Second Adventism, but even this is open to dispute. The *Chemical Marriage* adds nothing except a possible alchemical implication, and the tracts contradict themselves and each other.

The 18th-century revival continued the process of hinting at great matters, and embellished the riddle with fragments of Boehme's mysticism, Paracelsian pharmacology, Maier's alchemical researches, Fludd's cabalistic reflections, and the inspirationalism of Henri Khunrath. These were worked together with a little of Agrippa's magic and Faustian demonology. The result was a conglomeration. There were high-

sounding terms and much abracadabra, but those who entered the portals of this strange temple in search of truth invariably came out by the same door wherein they went.

To the questions: What do the Rosicrucians teach? What is the Rosicrucian philosophy?, there are no satisfactory answers. If the *Fame* account is accepted, the founder of the order was initiated into Islamic theurgy. But this one slender thread has been entirely neglected by all groups, who agree on insisting that the Society was devoutly Christian.

The end of the 18th century, with its profound political changes, especially in France, brought to a somewhat abrupt termination the ritualistic period of Rosicrucianism. Freemasonry absorbed the smaller Lodges or abandoned them as clandestine. The political significance of Secret Societies gradually decreased, and the public mind turned to the more tangible subjects of social and political reconstruction. The result was an entire lapse in Rosicrucian history.

The middle years of the 19th century brought with them the foundations of the last great revival of Rosicrucianism. The period from 1790 to 1850 was marked with itinerant adepts. It was assumed that after the breaking up of the Lodges, certain qualified and informed persons, possessing secrets of momentous importance, wandered about Europe occasionally initiating disciples and bestowing upon them proper certificates.

The outstanding example of this practice is the story of Dr. Sigismund Bacstrom and the mysterious Comte de Chazal. Bacstrom was a student of alchemy and Hermetic mysticism who resided for a time on the Isle of Mauritius. Here he was initiated into the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone by a supposed Rosicrucian adept who went under the pseudonym of the Comte de Chazal. Bacstrom received his Rosicrucian diploma, a copy of which was for some time in the pos-

session of an eccentric metaphysician by the name of Frederick Hockley, who dabbled in a little of everything from numerology to necromancy. After his decease, Hockley's copy of the Rosicrucian certificate passed into the archives of an English Masonic-Rosicrucian organization where, according to the last report, it still reposes. I have eighteen volumes of Dr. Bacstrom's diary, many of the volumes written after the supposed date of his initiation by Chazal. These volumes consist principally of translations of rare alchemical and Hermetic tracts. They are invaluable in their own right, but there is nothing in these diaries to indicate that Bacstrom suddenly came into possession of any extraordinary body of secret knowledge. He was an alchemical philosopher and a very learned man. But the only figures or diagrams in the volumes which I have relative to our subject consist of a group of sketches entitled *The Hieroglyphical Seal of the Society of unknown Philosophers*. The hieroglyphical seal is nothing but a redrawing of some symbols appearing in William Law's translation of the writings of Jakob Boehme. These drawings have been ascribed sometimes to Peter Paul Rubens, and were designed solely to illustrate Boehme's interpretation of the Fall of Adam.

The above is indicative of the entire dilemma. Who were the itinerant adepts glibly referred to as Rosicrucians? If the men themselves had no traceable reputation, how authentic would be any certificate which they might issue as proof of the wonders which they bestowed?

It is this rickety bridge which connects 18th- and 19th-century Rosicrucianism. Somebody met somebody else. The second somebody dubbed the first somebody as a Rosicrucian. Thus descent was established; also, the advent of the third cycle of organizations. This cycle endures to the present time. There is still a competitive Rosicrucianism. More than

THE DIAGRAMS OF JACOB BOEHME

(From *The Works of Jacob Behmen the Teutonic Theosopher*
by the Reverend William Law.)

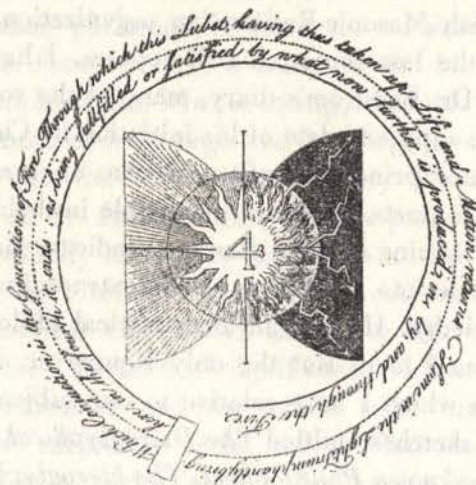


Figure 1

Three of the figures reproduced by Dr. Sigismund Bacstrom and described by him as official seals of the Society of Unknown Philosophers. These drawings constitute the frontispiece to a collection of letters supposed to have been written by the alchemist Michael Sendivogius to the Rosey Crucian Society. The letters were translated in manuscript form by Dr. Sibly in 1791. The context of the letters is alchemical.

The first symbol (Figure 1) represents the projection of Azoth or the Philosopher's Stone by the union of heat in motion.

The second symbol (Figure 2) describes the philosophical union of salt, sulphur, and mercury under the titles of harshness, bitterness, and anguish.

The third symbol (Figure 3) sets forth the secret of the Elixir of Life as a tincture resulting from the harmonious properties of the philosophical elements in perfect equilibrium.



Figure 2

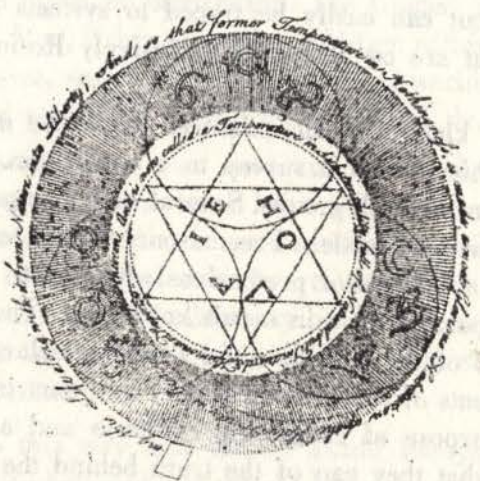


Figure 3

a dozen groups in different parts of the world solemnly defend their claims. Each demands that the world shall accept its supremacy of claim to a body of intangible lore, and each tries desperately to interpret from this lore some connected system of teaching.

That many of these organizations are essentially honest and really believe that which they claim, cannot be denied. Each, however, descends from someone who has claimed to know or to have been initiated into secret knowledge by a person or persons unknown. The members must accept the validity of this unknown person in order to accept the authenticity of the teachings.

In some cases, the teachings are so obviously fraudulent that it is evident that the unknown person was guilty of either fraud or delusion. In many cases, the teachings may be constructive, but can easily be traced to systems of religious thought that are by no means exclusively Rosicrucian.

Another kind of Rosicrucianism should be mentioned in bringing this historical survey to a conclusion. This is the Rosicrucian research groups. Several such groups exist, some under the wing of modern Freemasonry. These research councils make no claims or pretensions whatever to antiquity of origin or participation in occult knowledge. They admit the difficulties of the situation and frankly declare themselves to be students of Rosicrucian history and doctrine, gathering for the purpose of examining evidence and attempting to discover what they can of the truth behind the Rosicrucian controversy. Such groups are entirely creditable and effective to the degree that their members possess the faculty of critical scholarship.

THE METAPHYSICAL EQUATION

In order to understand the place of Rosicrucianism in the plan of the occult sciences, it is necessary to review briefly the descent of mystical tradition throughout Secret Societies of the ancient, medieval, and early modern worlds.

The State Mysteries of the older world were created for the purpose of perpetuating a divine tradition concerning the spiritual nature and dignity of man, and the plan of evolution and the responsibilities for which he was differentiated in the Divine Cause. The teachings were definitely twofold in their application. The first part dealt with the release through man of divine powers and the evaluation of human consciousness into a state of identity with Truth. This was the heavenly theurgy, the most secret and sacred mystery of the blessed gods, described by the Platonists and Neoplatonists. The second part of the State Mysteries was concerned with the perfection of community existence. Corrupt laws must be reformed; corrupt princes must give way to the supreme needs of humankind. The Golden Age was to come again. Men, living the secret tradition within their own individual lives, would ultimately inherit a world made harmonious and secure by the spiritual force of this tradition.

Each nation had its own state and community cults. As nations increased in the scope of their influence, their religious beliefs evolved into great institutions. Pageantrics and rituals added visual splendors to moral lessons. All of the noblest part of civilization may be defined as the lengthened shadow of the ancient Mysteries cast upon the subtle substance of futurity.

It was in this way that Robert Fludd interpreted Rosicrucianism. He believed that the old Mysteries had been born again or, possibly in more correct terms, had emerged again

from the womb of time. With most mystics, he regarded the sacred Mysteries as imperishable institutions. He did not concur with those more severe historians who affirm that the ideology of the pagan world perished after the Edict of Constantine.

In all fairness, it must be stated that there is a certain mystical evidence that the secret institutions of the pre-Christian world have survived, if not as organizations, at least as impulses. These impulses are periodically re-embodied. The human mind, in its search for reality, demands the historic order. In ages when such organizations do not manifest themselves, they are conjured up by wishful thinking. Man has lived so long in the shadow of the temple, and has grown so used to its brooding presence, that it has become an absolute requirement to his existence.

If we wish to assume that the pagan Mysteries have continued and are a truly imperishable body of lore, what is the place of Rosicrucianism in such a pattern of things? Is it safe to make such an assumption and upon that assumption found future assumptions? Obviously not; at least, not without giving the reader a full realization that he is in the presence of assumption rather than actual fact.

The ancient Mysteries did claim to possess certain knowledge relating to a metaphysical existence and the reality of extrasensory perceptions. They taught mystical disciplines for the improvement of the human soul, and they emphasized the reality of man's spiritual life independent of matter. These Mysteries, likewise, declared the existence of a superior race or kind of human beings. These higher mortals, abiding closer to the Divine Presence, possessed faculties and powers beyond the conception of the uninformed. The Greeks called this superior race the heroes; and modern occult So-

cieties have named this order of perfected men the masters, or adepts, or mahatmas. Traditions, legends, stories, and accounts of the reality and existence of such masters abound in the literature and folklore of all ancient races.

Was the Rosicrucian Society founded by such adepts? Was it a school of the Mysteries, an emergence of the eternal tradition? John Heydon describes the Rosicrucians as a kind of immortal mortals abiding in the suburbs of heaven, and as servants of the *generalissimo* of the world.

It must become obvious at this point that the problem retires to an extremely abstract level. Here we wander about on a plane of metaphysical intangibles. Realizing how closely delusion and imposture are linked with uncertainty, it behooves us to proceed slowly and cautiously. Let us, then, estimate the weight of the evidence on hand.

If we accept the well-sustained tradition that certain secret and occult Societies have flourished among men, were the Rosicrucians such a Society, and were they bound to a world program of human regeneration?

Of course, the enthusiast immediately says "Yes," and the disillusioned skeptic says "No." An actual examination of evidence must lead the impartial historian to the utterance of a hesitant "Perhaps."

Why the uncertainty?

The Society, through its original manifestoes, made no claim to direct kinship with the great Mystery systems of antiquity. Such claims have been made *for* the Brotherhood and *not by* them—a vital point of difference. On the other hand, if the aims described by the Rosicrucians were religious and social reforms, and the re-education of humanity toward the establishment of a more perfect social order, these aims were consistent with, in fact identical with, one

of the two great purposes for which the Greater Mysteries were founded.

It does not follow, though, that simply because an individual or group of individuals manifest a noble inspiration they must be initiates of some Secret Society or part of some connected mystical tradition. The case rests on circumstantial evidence alone.

As the Rosicrucians could not be found when sought, and as the Society apparently never possessed an identifiable spokesman, its claims or, more correctly, the claims for it must be recognized in their true light as assumptions, not realities.

Out of this dilemma have arisen two distinct schools of Rosicrucian speculation. The first school or type belongs definitely to the class of introverted mysticism. It is composed of persons devoutly and conscientiously convinced that Rosicrucianism is a spiritual reality, who are satisfied to nourish their souls upon the substance of things unseen and unprovable. To these entirely sincere mystics, inner conviction is the final criterion. They believe; therefore, they know. And knowledge acquired through belief becomes the solid foundation for future believing. They are convinced that through the development of internal spiritual faculties, they will discover the secret brothers of the Rosy Cross.

For such as these, Rosicrucianism is no longer a system of moral or social philosophy, nor is it even a fragment of the divine theurgy. Rosicrucianism is simply and plainly a religious creed, a sect of belief which shares with most of the other religious beliefs of the world the power to inspire and improve man through ennobling appeal to the devotional aspect of human nature.

As distinguished from these, we have those who assume the necessity of perpetuating Rosicrucianism as a system of

State ritualism. Here the emphasis is upon landmarks and descent. These regard the Rosicrucians as a sort of super-Masonic Lodge. The adepts meet in solemn conclave behind closed doors with a cherubim for a tyler. Neophytes must ascend the difficult ladder of degrees, each assigned by law, with insignia sanctified by association and tradition. The Lodges of such groups are adorned with appropriate charters, and are draped and festooned according to the dictates of taste, and embellished with altars, censers, candles, lamps, and other ritualistic paraphernalia.

When we deal with ritualism and its implications, we come face to face with the problem of authenticity. Rituals that have been changed lose their meaning; symbols that have become distorted can no longer be correctly interpreted. The ritualist, ceremonialist, and the transcendentalist must also be historians.

What are the true symbols of the Rosy Cross? What are the true rituals of the degrees? What is the correct orientation of the Lodge? What are the duties of its officers? And what proof is there to substantiate present usage in these matters?

The answers to these questions are not only difficult to state, but they are practically impossible to discover. When General Albert Pike was offered a high position in an English body of Rosicrucians, he declined the honor in the spirit of true scholarship. His statement was in substance as follows:

If Rosicrucianism is ever to be anything more than a word, there must be extensive and scholarly research carried on by persons properly equipped to weigh and estimate evidence. There would have to be compiled an authentic account of the activities of the Society, its aims, and its purposes. He (Gen. Pike) felt himself to be too advanced in years and

too heavily burdened with other responsibilities to attempt so vast a labor.

Both of the viewpoints which we have here described, that of the mystic and that of the ritualist, can be, and are in most cases, entirely sincere. Each individual, in his own way, is filling his life with activities which interest and satisfy the problems of his soul. As long as the mystic is satisfied with his simple inner communion, and the ritualist is happy researching through the archives seeking to piece together what he believes to be an infallible tradition, each is fulfilling a purpose in his own way and according to his own light.

It is neither gentle piety nor zeal for history that causes trouble; but mysteries and wonders descending to the level of popular imagination produce a kind of madness for which it appears there is little remedy. The mystic too often forgets the very truths of mysticism, and the would-be historian loses sight of the very landmarks which should guide and order his procedure.

In the field of Rosicrucianism, there has arisen a kind of lunacy, an extravagant, irrational structure of pretension that could have nothing in common with any reasonable system of philosophy or religion. It is toward such misunderstanding and misinterpretation that attention should be directed. When mysticism becomes sectarianism, it ceases entirely to be itself and becomes something inferior. When organizations, in the name of mysticism, try to dominate the personal lives of their members as to what they should think, how they should think, what they should read, eat, and do, mysticism ceases. The true mystic is one who has discovered through inner communion a joyous life in the spirit. He is not merely a human being seeking redemption

by cramming himself into some preconceived pattern. He is growing up in light and beauty, and certainly there is no place in his philosophy for smallness, bickering, bigotry, and contention. To the mystic, all history is mystical, all knowledge is inner experience, and only the internal is real. If he cannot maintain his mystical standards of perception, he falls inevitably into a fanaticism which is mysticism gone mad.

The ritualist, conversely, may find great inspiration from his history and his symbols, and may feel a true inspiration from abiding in the presence of the great and noble intellects whose works he is examining. But he is sadly mistaken if he imagines for a moment that rituals and ceremonials performed are going to perfect either the human soul or the human social structure. The ritualist over-estimates the significance of forms and histories. He feels that if he can receive the ninth degree and become an illustrious frater with the rights to the insignia of his accomplishments, he is a man apart.

What these Pharisees of ritualism do not understand is that all of the history in the world, whether it be true or false, does not alter the state of man, but rather, is the cause of man's present condition. Likewise, all the ritualism that ever has been devised cannot elevate the human being above his own nature.

Rituals, symbols, and history are valuable only to the degree that we are lured to a contemplation of their meanings, and by inner reflection we are made to perceive truth through form. But the form itself is never the legitimate end of human effort.

Would-be mystics who have not the strength for the inner experience, and would-be ritualists and historians who lack

the faculty of judgment, gather together, and from their misunderstanding produce some extraordinary patterns of delusion. Others, no wiser than themselves, but impressed by these false patterns, accept them. And thus it is that organizations spring up that have no justification for existence. These do not last long, but they usually survive long enough to contribute considerably to the discomfort and disillusionment of mankind.

There is a Rosicrucianism of this kind, a conglomeration of borrowed and stolen fragments of religious belief from all over the world. Some so-called Rosicrucians are practicing Yoga breathing, others are engaged in table-tipping, a few have resorted to Vedantist meditation or Buddhistic renunciation. One group is addicted to Brahmanic cosmogony, another to Taoist philosophical nihilism. These, combined with fragments of Chaldean astromancy, a bit of medieval necromancy, some magic mirrors, a smattering of alchemical terminology seasoned with a dash of the cabala, have resulted in an extraordinary compound regarded by the uninformed as very deep, but by the intelligent as very stupid.

Admitting that the Rosicrucians neglected to inform truth seekers as to any of their instruction, it is obvious that it cannot be discovered merely by attributing a sort of omniscience to the Brotherhood and then announcing that every opinion evolved by the human reason is essentially Rosicrucian. The mystic must find Rosicrucianism within himself, and the historian must rescue it by the expedient of research.

When confronted by no system of direct thought, the untrained mind resorts to evasion. The mind not trained to think clearly attempts to depreciate the entire process of

thinking. When outwitted, it is the human tendency to run and hide behind a platitude. In this respect, metaphysicians are among the supreme offenders.

You explain to the modern enthusiast that he really does not know nearly so much as he thinks he knows, and he immediately affirms that you disbelieve because you lack inner perception. If you refuse to see history where it is not, or fail to be converted to intangible doctrines, you simply are not spiritually awakened.

All of this is quite unanswerable, but certainly the facts are unassailable by theological logic. If we are asked to join a physical organization, we then are dealing with problems in the physical realm and are entitled to reasonable, physical explanations. If the whole matter is a spiritual mystery abiding in space alone, then that mystery is one of inner realization, and physical organizations have little place in the plan. If we keep the values straight, we shall have little difficulty.

The already complicated problem of Rosicrucianism is made worse confounded by the very human element of hallucination. It is a known fact that the human mind has an extraordinary ability to believe that which it earnestly desires to believe, regardless of the absence of vital content. A large part of psychical clairvoyant experience is nothing but metaphysical woolgathering. The individual dreams, and in his dream sees himself taken to some mysterious place where robed figures are gathered. Ergo! he is a Rosicrucian initiate. This in complete defiance of the physically obvious fact that he has none of the personal requisites for initiation into anything.

I have battered through the initiations of a considerable number of persons who were convinced that they had en-

joyed extraordinary spiritual privileges. In every case to date, it has been obvious that the initiation was nothing but wishful thinking. This complicates our problem no end. To the desire to believe is contributed a visual phenomenon in the form of a dream or delusion. Accepted as a fact, this becomes the unassailable foundation upon which to build a superstructure of future delusions.

It is not necessary to take refuge in clairvoyance, or in invisible worlds either, to explain or defend Rosicrucianism. The difficulty has been that too few people have had access to original records and too few students have had the slightest interest in such records. They have been perfectly willing to accept the second-hand products of dubious scholarship. They have believed in the incredible, rather than search for the facts.

SOLVING ROSICRUCIAN PROBLEMS

By making use of such positive information as is available, as the result of examining nearly a thousand books and manuscripts, we have come to certain reasonable conclusions supported by reasonable evidence.

The first edition of the *Fame and Confession* appeared in 1614. There is no evidence that Rosicrucianism existed prior to 1610, and all attempts to bestow greater antiquity on it must be regarded as assumptions. There is good reason, supported by the positive admission of the man claiming authorship, to believe that at least the *Fame* was written by Johann Valentin Andreae. The books were published in Germany, and no effort was made to circulate them outside of Germany during the early years of the controversy. There is no proof whatsoever that the Christian Rosencreutz of the *Chemical Marriage* and the C. R. C. of the *Fame and Confession* were identical. And there is no proof that the *Chemi-*

cal Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz actually was issued by the same group that published the *Fame and Confession*.

These statements, while not necessarily informative in themselves, are at least justified by historically known facts, and are supported by the style of writing and the internal content of the documents themselves.

The key, however, lies in the fact that the first editions of these books contain ciphers, that is cryptograms, codes, acrostics, and anagrams, methods of secretly perpetuating knowledge which had been in use for thousands of years, and which are part of the equipment of most Secret Societies. Personally, I have found and decoded ciphers in these three books, but the very existence of such ciphers is unknown to the majority of modern Rosicrucian Societies. Therefore, it is obvious that these Societies do not share in the secrets which the ciphers reveal.

I have a great mass of the Rosicrucian literature which has been accumulating during more than three hundred years. The *Fame and Confession* are the only works which may be regarded with reasonable certainty as being the products of whatever original group created or conceived the organization.

The story of C. R. C., as contained in the *Fame*, is almost certainly allegorical and should not be interpreted as an historical account of the activity of a single man. C. R. C. is the personification of an idea; he is not a person. He is a symbol built up to conceal the true living man whose ideas were expressed in the *Fame and Confession*.

The reason why the tract-writers and apologists received no answer to their insistent requests for more knowledge is that the original authors had no intention of giving out any further knowledge. As these authors and their intimates were all dead by 1660 or soon thereafter, the original So-

ciety did not survive that date. The modern organizations, including those of the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries, have no direct historical descent. The Rosicrucian Order was a 17th-century phenomenon, and in its original form did not perpetuate itself, and no one yet, on any historical or literary grounds, has been able to prove that it did.

Although Rosicrucianism is said to have had its beginnings in Germany, it did not flourish there, and disappeared from the country entirely within a few years. It did not return until a much later date, and then only as a pseudo-Rosicrucianism. The stronghold of 17th-century Rosicrucianism was definitely in England, and there is reason to believe that it had its supposed origin in Germany as a blind to protect its leaders.

There is nothing in the original evidence of the Society to indicate that it was an elaborate religious system. In the *Fame* and *Confession* it is advanced as a body of reformers desirous of correcting certain corruptions in the Church and State. It made no claims to esotericism other than the reference to the acceptance of Father C. R. C. into certain learned groups in Islam. As we have noted, this took place in a nonexistent city. Shorn of its glamour and reduced to its facts, Rosicrucianism is not so difficult to understand.

A few of the more erudite 17th-century thinkers knew the facts, decoded the ciphers, and incorporated new ciphers in their own books, explaining the story. It is my opinion, supported by a sound structure of proof, that the Rosicrucian Society was founded during the opening years of the 17th century by the English statesman and philosopher, Sir Francis Bacon, as part of his plan for a general political reform of the states of Europe.

Michael Maier, the German physician, was a party to this knowledge, which he has included by means of anagram-

matic ciphers in his work on the laws of the Fraternity. In the first place, Maier says that the dwelling place of the Rosicrucian brothers is located at Helicon on Parnassus, where the winged horse Pegasus brings forth fountains by stamping on the earth. How many students of Rosicrucianism are acquainted with Maier's work?

The first edition of the *Fame* appeared as an appendix to a book entitled *The Universal Reformation of Mankind*, being part of the *Advertisements from Parnassus*. In a work published in England by George Wither, *The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus*, it is stated particularly that the Lord Verulam [Francis Bacon] was Chancellor of Parnassus [the mountain of the poets]. At least eight or nine other references exist pointing up this same fact, but to find them requires an elaborate survey of the literature of the Elizabethan period.

John Wilkins, in his *Mathematical Magic*, describes the tomb of Francis Rosie Cross. Thus we have the key to the real name of the man who went under the name of C. R. C. Robert Burton, a learned 17th-century divine, in his work *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, states distinctly that at the time he was writing his book, the founder of the Society of the Rosy Cross was still living—this in complete defiance of the statement in the *Fame* that the founder had been dead for one hundred twenty years. In a footnote quoting the German theologian, Johann Valentin Andreae, Burton gives credit for his statement in the following way: "Johann Valentin Andreae, Lord Verulam." By the punctuation, Burton intends to show clearly that Andreae was a pseudonym used by Lord Verulam; that is, Francis Bacon. Thus Bacon's name is associated definitely in print with the name of the man who acknowledgedly wrote the *Fame* of the Rosicrucians.

Space prevents the publishing of all my findings in this field, but the substance of them may be briefly stated:

Francis Bacon is known to have had a wide correspondence with scholars on the European Continent. Using the mask of the respected Andreae to conceal his own purposes, Bacon published his *Fame* and *Confession* at a considerable distance from his own homeland because of their treasonable implications. He was the founder and moving spirit of Rosicrucianism. Himself a profound student of sociology and comparative religion, and one of the most learned scientists of all time, he not only rewrote the laws of England, but was resolved to correct the great evils existing in the political systems of his time. With a small group of intimates, he devised the Society, which was definitely a closed corporation, and through which he intended to bring about certain reforms. These reforms were brought to pass by the motions which he started and have resulted in what we know today as the democratic form of government, the most important political reform in the last thousand years. All of these facts are not only concealed, but subtly revealed through the various channels which Lord Bacon developed.

The program for the Philosophic Empire, which Bacon derived from Plato, was clearly set forth in Bacon's *New Atlantis*, which was dedicated to the proposition that it was necessary for the security and permanence of mankind that they should investigate into the mysteries of nature and discover all things that are knowable concerning matter, time, and space.

The English writer John Heydon, who had a smattering of Rosicrucian lore, republished the *New Atlantis*, without credit, inserting the necessary Rosicrucian references to complete the story. This is contained in his work *The Holy Guide*.

It is another link between Bacon and the Rosicrucians of the 17th century, recorded while the memory of the subject was still green.

After Bacon's mock funeral in England, he returned to the Continent, where he lived for more than twenty years as the head of his Secret Society.

The Society had no intention or desire of perpetuating itself as a secret group. Its purpose was to revitalize and reactivate all the existing forms of knowledge. Part of his plan Bacon accomplished through the founding of Freemasonry, which was to be the vehicle for the ethical reforms which he desired to accomplish. Then, with a group of scholars, he published the Shakespearean plays, which contain the records of his Secret Society. Then, with another phase of his brilliant nature, he established the Royal Society for the purpose of furthering scientific knowledge.

During this whole program, he was at work upon his masterpiece, the *Instauratio Magna*. This was his universal encyclopedia and compendium of all necessary and useful information.

It should be remembered that the great work of C. R. C. was to prepare an encyclopedia of the world's knowledge.

One part of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna* was published under the title of the *Novum Organum*. This was the book that changed the face of Europe and rescued education from scholasticism. The *Novum Organum* contains all the secrets of science which Bacon's brilliant mind, aided by the best scholarship of his time, could comprehend.

The influence of this book was profound and far-reaching. Upon this foundation has been built the elaborate structure of modern science. These ends were brought about by a

closely united group of men, often working at great physical hazard, but dedicated to a vision which they had inherited from classical antiquity—the vision of a new Golden Age upon earth.

During the early years of the 17th century, there were wandering about Europe a considerable number of intelligent human beings who had been scattered by the Inquisition and forced to retire into secret places in order to survive. Some of these termed themselves alchemists, but they were not seeking physical gold. Others were Illuminati, whose quest was for the “pearl of great price.” There were remnants of the Troubadours, a few survivors and descendants of the initiated Knights Templars, some cabalists and astro-mancers, and others of the Paracelsian persuasion devoted to the healing of the sick according to unorthodox medical theories.

These perfectly normal human beings, differentiated from their time by superior knowledge and personal idealism, were the so-called adepts. To them and their kind, Bacon turned to find the instruments for his own purposes. They were the heretics of their day, the free-thinkers, the men whose mystical, inward perception revealed to them the dream of a better world. Uniting these, Bacon created from them such groups as the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons, and through them he poured an ideal into the circulatory system of mankind. In several foreign lands and under various guises, they became the leaven which produced the phenomenon of the modern world.

The 17th century was the dividing line between the old, narrow, and decadent order, and the dawn of emancipated thinking. No one knows exactly what caused the modern world, with its freedom, to emerge as though spontaneously

from the old order of things. The unseen molding power was Bacon's secret Society. Having accomplished its purpose, the Society lived only in its accomplishments. The colleges, universities, and learned societies, the democracies and commonwealths, and such great documents as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are consequences which resulted from the stimulation bestowed by Bacon's dynamic personality.

It was quite reasonable, then, that in his will Bacon should say that he left his good name to future ages. He lived not for his own time, but also for the future.

It was within the shadow of the mysterious Society which lived on its works that Rosicrucianism as a religion was born. It was the result of the human mind building upon a mystery. The truth was not understood. It was all the realization of the gold maker and the magician. What we cannot understand, we misunderstand; and upon misunderstanding has been built an elaborate structure which, like Christianity itself, has been thwarted by the lack of adequate intelligence upon the part of its followers and believers.

The tomb of Sir Christopher Wren at St. Paul's invites those who read the epitaph of this great architect to look about them and see what he had done. Those searching for Rosicrucianism should look about them. It is the order under which we live—invisible in the sense that it is a way of living and a way of thinking, but visible in the more apparent implication that it is civilization itself.

As time goes on, I hope to be able to prepare a work which will amplify and prove, from documentation which I have available, this vision of Rosicrucianism. In the meantime, it is most desirable that all who are interested in this subject should direct their most scholarly insight toward

the study and discovery of the external facts involved in the mystery.

The Rosicrucians were not a Society of ethereal adepts, but an order of enlightened philosophers who worked assiduously and intelligently to bring about in the world a condition under which men might live together toward the fulfillment of their noblest purposes.

The symbol of the Rosicrucians was the crucified rose of Tudor, the family crest of Sir Francis, Lord Verulam. Francis Tudor, crossed in his efforts and in his rightful heritage to a kingship which would have given him the legal power to reform the world, created his own empire—the invisible, Philosophic Empire, the empire of afflicted and persecuted dreamers. He bound them together and ruled over them as their Grand Master; with his invisible power he brought about certain great visible changes in the state of man. Lord Bacon was not a materialist, nor was he unaware of the old Mysteries and the debt which we owe to the secret institutions of the past. If there were an initiate adept in this mystery, it was Lord Bacon himself.

Of him, Doctor Rawley so well wrote: "I have been induced to think that if there were a beame of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books; yet he had not his knowledge from books but from some grounds and notions from within himself."

Those who would read the secret book of the Rosicrucian mystery should read the *Novum Organum*, for therein is contained the arcana of the Secret Master of the Rosy Cross.

THE C.R.C. PORTRAIT

A ROSICRUCIAN PROBLEM

(1930)

For several years we have been investigating the secret societies of the ancient and medieval worlds. These organizations may be divided into three general classes—political, philosophical, and religious. During the last three centuries, a fourth type of secret order has appeared—namely, the fraternal. All secret societies were originally priestly institutions created to perpetuate the Mystery religion which had been revealed to the first of humanity by the gods.

"Knowledge is power" declared the Egyptian, but knowledge in the possession of such as have not yet mastered the animal soul, is dangerous. The Mystery Schools were created in order that divine wisdom should neither perish from the earth, nor yet fall into the hands of the profane. The great truths discovered by the illumined were therefore carefully concealed under abstruse symbols and allegories, and a man desiring to know them was compelled to pass through a number of tests to prove that he was entitled to this honor.

Christianity, like all the wisdom religions, is a threefold structure, consisting of a spirit, a soul, and a body. Ante-Nicene Christianity was a school of the Mysteries, and as such promulgated a secret teaching concerning which the modern Church knows practically nothing. The first Christian mystics were the Gnostics, but nothing now remains of their cult except a few inscribed gems and an occasional literary fragment mutilated almost beyond recognition.

The Middle Ages found Europe struggling to free herself from the limitations of religious intolerance, philosophic

despotism, and scientific ignorance. The doctrines promulgated by Galen, Avicenna, and Aristotle held the minds of the learned in intellectual bondage. It was against this bigotry that the great Paracelsus directed his hammer blows, liberating the medical profession from the dogmas of Avicenna. Centuries after him came Sir Francis Bacon, who with the sheer transcendency of his genius brought down, Samson-like, the pillars of Galen and Aristotle, and with their fall, the house of arbitrary notions collapsed.

We shall probably never fully appreciate the part played by the Rosicrucians in the reconstruction periods of European thought. The Rosicrucians constitute the most remarkable organization of the modern world. During the 17th century, their name was upon every man's lips, but none knew who or what they were. In their manifestoes, published between 1610 and 1620, the Rosicrucians declare that their purpose was to promulgate the secret teachings which they had received from their illustrious founder, Father C.R.C., and to heal the sick *without pay*. They were deeply concerned with alchemy and astrology, and their ranks included several great Cabalists and transcendental magicians. Elias Ashmole, one of the Order, declares that two Rosicrucian physicians cured Queen Elizabeth of smallpox, and a young duke of leprosy. There are also records that the Rosicrucian chemists manufactured gold and furnished it to the British mint. Raymond Lully (probably a member of the fraternity), is said to have transmuted thousands of pounds of base metals into gold in the Tower of London. Lully did this in order that the English might finance a crusade against the Mohammedans.

After describing the purposes of their organization, the Rosicrucians in their first manifestoes recount the adven-

tures of their leader and how he came to establish the society. The story is briefly as follows:

Father C. R. C. was the son of poor but noble parents, and was placed in a cloister when but five years of age; but several years later, finding the instructions unsatisfactory, he associated himself with a monk who was about to start on a pilgrimage for the Holy Land. This brother died at Cyprus, and C. R. C. continued alone to Damascus. Here poor health detained him, and he remained some time, studying with the physicians and astrologers. Hearing by chance of a group of wise men abiding in Damcar, a mysterious city in Arabia, C.R.C. made arrangements to visit them, and arrived in Damcar in the sixteenth year of his life. He was received by the wise men as one long expected, and remained with them for a considerable time, during which he learned the Arabian tongue, and translated the mysterious book "M" into Latin. From Damcar, C. R. C. journeyed to Fez, where he was instructed concerning the creatures existing in the elements. From Fez, the young Initiate took a boat to Spain, carrying with him many rare medicines, curious animals, and wonderful books. He conferred with the learned at Madrid, but they dared not accept his teaching because it would reveal their previous ignorance; so, deeply discouraged, he went to Germany, where he built himself a house on the brow of a little hill and devoted his life to study and experimentation.

After a silence of five years, C. R. C. gathered about him a few faithful friends, and they began to arrange and classify the great knowledge which he possessed. Thus the Rosicrucian Fraternity was founded. New members were later accepted, and the brethren traveled into various parts of the world to give their knowledge to those who were worthy and willing to receive such a boon. The first of the Order to die

passed away in England, and it was after this that Father C. R. C. prepared his own tomb in perfect miniature reproduction of the universe. None of the Order knew when their founder passed on, but 120 years after his death, they discovered his tomb with an ever-burning lamp suspended from the ceiling. The room had seven sides, and in the center of it was a circular stone under which they found the body of their founder in perfect condition, clasping in one hand a mysterious paper containing the arcana of the Order.

Many efforts have been made to interpret the symbolism of this allegory, for it is undoubtedly a myth, symbolically setting forth the deepest secrets of the Rosicrucians. Father C. R. C. is to be considered not only as a personality, but also as the personification of a power or principle in nature. This practice of using an individual to set forth the workings of divine power was frequently resorted to by the ancients. The Masonic legend of Hiram Abiff, the Chaldean myth of Ishtar, the Greek allegory of Bacchus, and the Egyptian account of Osiris are all examples of this type of symbolism. It is not improbable that the entire mystery of Rosicrucianism could be cleared up if the story of Father C. R. C. were properly interpreted.

During the 18th century many pseudo-organizations sprang up claiming to represent the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, but the very nature of the teachings they promulgated proved beyond all doubt that they were fraudulent. The pseudo-Rosicrucians were short-lived; for, after passing through all the degrees of the elaborate rituals and spending considerable sums of money, the unfortunate "initiates" discovered that these organizations did not possess the knowledge they claimed to disseminate. Many false claims were made by charlatans who attempted to capitalize the name

of Rosicrucianism, but in some mysterious way, these dishonest parties were exposed, and their plans came to naught.



Several years ago, Arthur Edward Waite, an English Masonic writer of note, published a work in two volumes entitled, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*. Among a large number of plates he reproduced was one he declared to be the supposed portrait of Father C. R. C. We examined the reproduction with great interest, but with a certain amount of skepticism, in view of the vast number of false claims and documents that have appeared in recent years. We had a feeling that somewhere we had seen that picture before, and the general appearance of it made us suspect that it was a copy of a more ancient painting. At last, after considerable pains, we discovered what we believe to be the original of the picture.

In the Lisbon museum, there is a famous painting by Albrecht Durer. The resemblance to Waite's picture is very marked. The position of the head, the finger touching the temple of the skull, the hat, the reading table, the beard, and the folds of the cloak are all nearly identical. The reader may say that Durer copied the painting from the supposed portrait of Father C. R. C., but this is most unlikely, as Durer was a truly great artist and great artists seldom copy the paintings of other men. Furthermore, the Durer painting was made about A.D. 1500, and is apparently much older than the other picture. The Durer painting is an idealistic conception of St. Jerome, and Durer has, in several other pictures, shown this saint with the same reading table, and a skull is always placed near him. In the Harding collection in Chicago, is also a portrait of St. Jerome by the Master of the Life of the Virgin, which resembles the C. R. C. picture even more closely.

The only natural presumption is that the picture supposed to be that of Father C. R. C. is in reality a copy of St. Jerome, and not an overly good copy at that. Mr. Waite was careful to make no committal regarding the authenticity of the painting, but others more enthusiastic have accepted the picture as real. This is an occurrence which should deter any person not acquainted with the real issues of Rosicrucianism, from accepting the wholesale accounts now circulated concerning the historicity of the Order.

The *bona fide* Rosicrucians are an organization of Initiates and Adepts, and only through development of the internal spiritual faculties can the true purpose of the Order be recognized. Only when the disciple lives the Rosicrucian life can he know that sublime Fraternity whose members—so the ancients declare—inhabit the suburbs of heaven.

Universal Reformation of Trajano Bocalini



By Manly P. Hall

1939



PORTRAIT OF TRAJANO BOCCALINI

UNIVERSAL REFORMATION OF TRAJANO BOCCALINI

In the year 1613, Trajano Boccalini was strangled to death in his bed by hired assassins. At least this is one account. We are informed by another historian that he died of colic. A third describes his demise as the result of being slugged with sandbags. One thing appears to be certain—he died.

The cause of his untimely end appears to have been a satirical work entitled *Ragguagli di Parnaso*, a witty exposition of the foibles of his time. He trounced his contemporaries so thoroughly that he was forced to leave Rome and take refuge in Venice, where, according to the records in the register of the parochial church of Santa Maria Formosa, he died on the sixteenth of November from one of the causes listed above.

Ragguagli di Parnaso, or "Advertisements from Parnassus," was published in two parts, each called a *century* because it contained one hundred sections or advertisements. The 77th Advertisement of the first century, entitled *A General Reformation of the World*, is usually regarded as the most important part of the entire book. The *Universal Reformation* was published separately in 1614. In the back of this edition, the *Fame and Confession* of the Rosicrucian Society first appeared as an appendix or supplement. Thus the *Universal Reformation* must be included in the bibliography of Rosicrucianism.

The writings of Boccalini first put on English garb in 1656, when the two centuries of Advertisements, together

with the *Political Touchstone*, were translated "By the Right Honourable Henry Earl of Monmouth." Milord heightened his translation with a fine portrait of himself. Several editions of his translations followed in rapid succession. The book was a great favorite during the seventeenth century.

A new edition was prepared in 1704 by N. N. Esq., who took great liberties with the text for reasons not entirely obvious, but of the greatest significance. This edition contains a portrait of Bocalini supported by satyrs, which is reproduced herewith.

N. N. Esq. was particularly original in his treatment of the 77th Advertisement. Jacopo Mazzoni da Casena is no longer secretary of the Delphic committee. Instead, the name of Sir Francis Bacon is introduced as secretary of the assembly of the Sophists. There is reason to believe that Bacon himself was the true composer of the 77th Advertisement, and that Bocalini, in this particular section, was only his mouthpiece.

Bayle, in his *Dictionary, Historical and Critical*, writes: "Boccalini was never charged with stealing the work of another, but with lending his own name to conceal the true Author." This supports my belief that the true author of the *Universal Reformation* remains unknown.

Minshaeus published, in 1625, his *Guide into the Tongues*. This book frequently is called the Baconian dictionary. The 1575th entry gives the meaning of the word *boca*. The entry reads: "BOCONIE, *poison, Italian figges*. G. Boucon. I *Bocone*, a Boca, *i. the mouth*." Not only does Bocalini become the diminutive of mouth, but *Bocone* is decidedly reminiscent of Bacon.

A third point of interest is that the English translation should so conveniently have been made by *Monmouth*, or

my mouth. For some reason, also, the motto engraved around the portrait of Monmouth has been cut backwards, and can be read only by looking through the paper. The sheet of paper which bears the portrait is the famous Baconian *vase* paper, the watermark being a pitcher-shaped urn with a handle, from which rise flowers surmounted by a lunar crescent. Within the body of the vase are three capital letters. The upper letter is B, and below it together are R C. If the B stood for Bacon or Brother, and the R C stood for Rosy Cross, the result would be most intriguing.

The *Universal Reformation* restates the evident fact that human nature is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Civilizations may come and go, languages and customs may change, but man is forever exploiting man.

Bocalini ridicules the fallacies of his age, but these same fallacies afflict also our present time. They have afflicted every generation recorded in history. Stupidity emerged with man from the prehistoric world. The strong always have persecuted the weak. The weak always have grown strong with desperation and have overthrown the great.

Three hundred years ago, Trajano Bocalini, or the man writing behind his name, compressed the problem of human policy and fallacy into an imaginary setting suitable for his satire. He conceived the court of Apollo on the summit of high Parnassus. Here dwell the wise of all time, and some who are not so wise who have been acclaimed by others more stupid than themselves. Here also are the *literati*, the intelligentsia of the world, men of good reputation in their own time who have come to lave forever in the pools of Helicon.

Yet even in this fine setting, the humanity in human nature remains strong. Even on Parnassus, there are petty

jealousies, and, if we are to believe the satirist, strong prejudices of race and time. There are cliques and groups of super-mundane aristocracy who are so far from the mortal sphere that they rather have lost touch with man and the problems of his mundane state. These think in the broad generalities of opinion, seeking to solve mortal ills with formulas rather than facts.

The wise and noble Emperor Justinian ascends to the high throne of Apollo, beseeching the god of light and of truth for a solution to the afflictions that have reduced mankind to the extremity of self-destruction. Apollo, burdened with the necessity of preserving the whole order of the cosmos, decides to delegate Justinian's problem to the wisest of his philosophers, whom he has been supporting in Parnassian style.

The fact that the *Universal Reformation* should be linked to the *Fame and Confession* of the Rosicrucians reveals clearly the objectives of that mysterious society. They sought the universal reformation; they desired through the promulgation of knowledge to improve the general state of humanity. They envisioned a golden age to come, in which men should dwell together in enlightened peace.

The *Universal Reformation* cleared the way for their dispensation. It stated the problem and the uselessness of available remedies. The unrest in society bears witness to soul-sickness in man. This can be healed only through enlightenment. But enlightenment cannot be rapidly achieved. It must result from ages of refinement and regeneration.

The only panacea for the wasting disease which has threatened on many occasions to destroy mankind is the reform of the individual through a mystical participation in Universal Truth.

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM PARNASSUS
FIRST CENTURY

77th Advertisement

The Universal Reformation of Mankind.

(A digest from the first English edition, London, 1656.)

The Emperor Justinian, that great compiler of statutes and books of civil law, recently presented for Apollo's approval a law strictly forbidding suicide.

"Is the good government of mankind fallen into such great disorder that men voluntarily kill themselves? I have fed an infinite number of philosophers only that by their words and writings they might make men less apprehensive of death. Are things reduced to such a calamity that those who formerly feared death will now no longer live?"

"The law was necessary," answered Justinian, "because many men have committed suicide, making worse to be feared unless some remedy be found."

After diligently informing himself as to why men found the world so impaired that they valued not their lives or their estate, just so that they might be out of it, Apollo resolved to create a Congregation of the most famous men in his dominions for wisdom and goodness of life. But when he came to choose the members of this Congregation from among the many moral philosophers and the almost infinite number of *virtuosi*, he could not find one who was endowed with half those parts which were requisite in him who ought to reform his companion.

His Majesty knew very well that men are better reformed by the exemplary life of their reformer than by any of the best rules that can be given. In this penury of fitting per-

sonages, Apollo gave charge of the Universal Reformation to the seven wise men of Greece. These are of great repute in Parnassus as those who have the method of washing black-amours white.

The Grecians rejoiced at the honor paid to their nation. But the Latins were much grieved, thinking themselves injured. Apollo, knowing that the dissatisfaction of those to be reformed in their reformers hinders the fruit which is hoped, appointed Marcus Cato and Annaeus Seneca to satisfy the Romans, and in favor of the modern Italian philosophers, he made Jacopo Mazzoni da Casena secretary of the Congregation and honored him with a vote in their consultations.

The Congregation, accompanied by a train of the choicest *virtuosi*, went to the Delphic Palace. The *literati* were pleased to see the great number of pedants who, with little baskets, went gathering up the sentences and apothegms which fell from those wise men as they went along.

The next day after the solemn entrance, the assembly met to open the business. Thales, the first wise man of Greece, spoke thus:

“Difficulties which frighten others ought not to make us despair of their cure. The impossibility will increase our glory and will keep us in the esteem we are in. I assure you that I have found the antidote for the poisons of our present corruption. Nothing has more corrupted the present age than hidden hatreds, feigned love, impiety, and the double-dealing of men cloaked under the mantle of simplicity, love and religion, and charity. The true and immediate cure for these present evils consists only in necessitating men to live with candor and purity of mind. This cannot be effected better than by making a little window in men’s breasts. Men would be forced to speak and act

knowing that there was a window wherein one might see into their hearts. Men would learn the excellent virtue of being, and not appearing to be; and would conform their deeds to their words, their dissembling tongues to sincerity of heart.”

Thales’ opinion was affirmed by the Congregation. Apollo approved it and commanded that the little window should be begun to be made in the breast of every man that very day.

Just as the surgeons took their instruments in hand, Virgil, Plato, Aristotle, Averroes, and other of the chief *literati* went to Apollo and reminded him that the prime means whereby men rule the world with so much ease is the reputation of those who command. If his majesty should unexpectedly open the breasts of every man, the greater part and better sort of the esteemed philosophers ran the evident hazard of being shamed. He might find the foulest faults in those whom he formerly had held to be immaculate. Before a business of such importance should be begun, he should give his *virtuosi* time to wash and cleanse their souls.

Apollo was pleased with the advice and extended the time eight days. During this time everyone attended to the cleansing of his soul from all fallacies, hidden vice, concealed hatred, and counterfeit love. When they were finished, there was no more honey of roses nor laxative syrups to be found at any grocer’s or apothecary shop. The more curious observed that the greatest activity took place among the platonists, peripatetics, and moral philosophers.

The day before they were to begin making the windows, Hippocrates, Galen, Cornelius Celsus, and other skillful physicians went to Apollo and said: “This *microcosm* must not be deformed. It is so nobly and miraculously framed

that if any chief muscle, if any principal vein be but touched, human creatures run the danger of being slain. Should so much mischief be done only for the advantage of a few ignorant people?"

Apollo was so much impressed that he changed his former resolution and bade the philosophers to proceed in delivering their opinions.

Solon began thus: "In my opinion, that which has this present age in such confusion is the cruel hatred and spiteful envy which reigns in men. We ought to employ our skill in taking away the occasions of those hatreds. I long have held the opinion that the true springs of human hatred proceed from disparity of means, from the hellish custom of *mine* and *thine*. This world was created only that mankind might live upon it as the brute beasts do; not that avaricious men should divide it among themselves and turn what was common into *mine* and *thine*, which has put all men to such confusion. What justice is it that everyone should not share thereof equally with his companions? But that which infinitely aggravates this disorder is that usually good, virtuous men are beggars; whereas wicked and ignorant people are wealthy. From the root of this inequality, the rich are injurious to the poor and the poor envy the rich.

"It is easy to apply the medicine. Divide the world anew and allot equal parts to everyone. In order to prevent like disorders in the future, I advise that all buying and selling be forbidden."

Solon's opinion suffered a long debate: Great disorder would follow such a division—too great a share would fall to fools and too little to gallant men—plague, famine, and wars are not God's severest scourges—his greatest punish-

ment for mankind is to enrich rascals. Thus was Solon's opinion set aside.

Chilon spoke to this purpose: "Who does not know the thirst men have for gold? What wickedness, what impiety men willingly commit if thereby they may accumulate riches. No better way can be found to extirpate all the vices that oppress our age and to bring in that sort of life that best becomes men, than to banish out of the world the two infamous metals, gold and silver. The occasion of our present disorders ceasing, the evils necessarily will cease."

Chilon's opinion could not endure the test: Men took much pains to get gold and silver because they are the measure and counterpoise of all things—it is necessary to have some standard of price—if there were no such things as gold and silver, men would make use of some other thing instead, which, rising in value, would be as much coveted; for example, cockleshells are more valued in the Indies.

Cleobulus suggested: "Banish iron from the world, for that is the metal that has put us in our present condition. Gold and silver serve for the use which is ordained by God, to be the measure of all things. But iron, which is produced by nature for making plowshares, spades, mattocks, and other instruments to cultivate the earth, is by the malice and mischief of men turned to the making of swords, daggers, and other deadly instruments."

Though Cleobulus' opinion was judged to be very true, yet it was concluded by the whole Congregation that it was impossible to expel iron and that it would be imprudent to multiply, or to cure one wound with another. Gold and silver should be kept, but in the future, the refiners should cleanse them well, and not take them out of the fire until they had taken from both metals the vein of turpentine in

them, which is the reason both gold and silver stick so close to the fingers of even good and honest men.

Pittacus, with extraordinary gravity, began thus: "Men in these days have given over travelling by the beaten road of virtue and take the byways of vice. None can get into the Palace of Dignity, Honor, or Reward by the Gate of Merit and Virtuous Endeavor. But like thieves, men climb the windows with ladders of tergiversation. There are some who by force of gifts and favors have thereby entered the House of Honor.

"If you will reform this corrupted age, you should do well to force men to walk by the way of virtue, and make severe laws, that whosoever desires supreme honors and dignities must travel by the wagon of deserts, and with the sure guide of virtue; and take away so many byways, little paths, and crooked lanes found by ambitious men and modern hypocrites, which multiply faster in this miserable age than locusts in Africa. What greater affront can be put upon virtue and merit than to see ambitious men rise to the highest preferments when no one can guess how they got there?"

Pittacus' opinion was not only praised but would have been approved, had not Periandro made them alter their minds. "Gentlemen, these things are true, but what we ought to consider is why princes bestow great places on new fellows, raised out of the dirt and mire, without either worth or honor. Princes do not act by chance. What they do is out of interest. Those things which to private men appear errors and negligence are accurate political precepts. All who have written of state affairs freely confess that the best way to govern kingdoms well is to confer places of highest honor and dignity upon men of great merit and known worth and valor. Though princes do not observe it, he is a fool who believes that they do it out of carelessness.

"I am persuaded through long study that ignorant men of no merit are preferred through default of the *virtuosi*. I acknowledge that princes need learned men, and men of experience and valor. But none of you will deny that they likewise need men who are loyal. It is evident that if deserving men were but as faithful as they are able, as grateful as they are knowing, we should not see undeserving dwarfs become great giants in four days space, nor see ignorance seated in the chair of virtue, and folly in valor's tribunal. It is common to all men to think much better of themselves than they deserve. But the *virtuosi* presume so much upon their own good parts, that they rather pretend to add to the prince's reputation by having any honors conferred upon them, than to receive credit themselves by his munificence. These men prove so ungrateful to their princes and benefactors in their greatest necessities as to cause themselves to be abhorred. Princes seek for loyalty and trust in those they prefer for high places."

Bias then spoke: "God, knowing that the harmony of the world would be filled with incurable diseases if men should exceed the bounds which he had allotted them, and that he might make the ways to such disorders more difficult, added a multitude of languages to the mountains, precipices, violent courses of rivers, and immense seas.

"But men boldly cross all hazards to ruin other men's affairs and to decompose their own. The true remedy is first to force every nation to return home to its own country. Then, to end all like mischief, destroy bridges over rivers, make the mountains more inaccessible, and forbid navigation."

Further examination by the best wits found Bias' opinion not good: The greatest enmities between nations are not nat-

ural, but occasioned by the cunning princes who are masters of the proverb *divide and rule*—men early learn wisdom by travelling through the world—by navigation the precious benefits peculiar to certain regions are distributed to the world.

Cleobulus rising, seemed with a low bow to desire to speak: "I clearly perceive that the reform of the present age, a business of itself very easy, becomes by the diversity and extravagance of our opinions, impossible rather than difficult. I find here the common defects of ambitious and slight wits, who get up in public and labor more to show the rarity of their own wits, than to benefit their audience by useful precepts and sound doctrines. To raise man out of the foul mire and dirt into which he has fallen, why need we make windows in his breast? Why should we undertake the laborious division of the world into equal parts? Banish gold and silver from earth? Force men to walk in the way of virtue and merit? Why make more difficult the passage over nature's barriers? These are sophistical fancies and mere chimeras.

"Our chief consideration ought to be that the remedy applied to the undoing of evil may be easy to put into execution, that it may work its effect soon and secretly without any noise, and that it may be received cheerfully by those who are to be reformed. Otherwise, we shall deform instead of reform the world. It is the duty of reformers to provide themselves with a sure remedy before they take notice of the wound. It is not only foolishness, but impiety, to defame men by publishing their vices, and to show to the world that their maladies are grown to such a height that it is not in the power of man to cure them. Wise men lay axes to the greatest root to fell a tree. The reform of the

present world consists wholly in rewarding the good and punishing the bad."

Thales opposed these words with such violence, that he showed how dangerous it is to offend those who have a reputation of being good and wise, even though telling the truth. "Since you have rejected our opinions as sophistries and chimeras, we expected rare wisdom from you, some miraculous cure from the Indies. There is not one of us, my Cleobulus, who did not know before you were pleased to put us in mind of it, that reformation of the world depends wholly upon rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. But who in our age are perfectly good and who exactly ill? How is true goodness to be known from the counterfeit? Hypocrites seem most exactly good, while really perfect men who live in sincerity and singleness of soul are thought to be scandalous and silly. True virtue is known only and rewarded by God, for he alone penetrates into the depths of men's hearts. We, by means of the window proposed by me, might have penetrated therewith, had not the enemy of mankind sowed tares in the field where I sowed the grain of good advice. But new laws, no matter how good and wholesome they may be, have ever been and ever will be opposed by those vicious people who are thereby punished."

The assembly was mightily pleased at the reasons alleged by Thales and all turned their eyes on Periandro, who began thus: "The variety of opinions that I have heard confirms me in my former tenet, that four out of five that are sick perish because the physicians do not know the disease. These may be excused because men are easily deceived in things about which they may only conjecture. But that we, who are judged by Apollo to be the salt of the earth, should not

know the evil under which the present age labors redounds much to our shame. The malady which we ought to cure is not hidden in the veins, but is so manifestly known to all men that it cries aloud for help. Yet from the reasons I have heard I think you go about to mend the arm when it is the breast that is fistuled.

“But, gentlemen, since it is Apollo’s pleasure that we should do so, and since our reputations stand upon it, let us take from our faces the mask of respect and speak freely. Great disorder has always reigned among men. Powerful men disorder the world by their detestable vices while others go about to reorder it by mending the faults of private men. But these are not the vices that have depraved our age. Fitting punishment provided by law enables a few ministers to make it possible for every one to walk safely both by day and by night. But public peace is disturbed by ambition, avarice, and diabolical engagements which some powerful persons have usurped over the states of those who are less powerful. This is the true cause of the scandal of the present times. It is this, gentlemen, that has filled the world with hatred and suspicion, and defiled it with so much blood that men, who were created by God with human hearts and civil inclinations, are become ravenous beasts tearing one another in pieces with all sorts of inhumanity. The ambition of these men has changed public peace into most cruel war, virtue into vice, charity and love for neighbors into such hatred that nation appears to nation not to be men, not brothers as they are, but creatures of another species.

“Theft is so persecuted by all that the stealing of an egg is a capital fault, and yet powerful men are so blinded with the ambition of reigning as to rob another man of his whole estate. This is not thought to be an execrable mischief but

a noble occupation fit only for kings. How can those who obey live virtuously quiet when their commanders abound in vices? To bereave a powerful prince of a kingdom requires a multitude of men who do not feel the shame of stealing their neighbors’ goods, or of murdering men, and of firing cities. They change the base name of thief into that of gallant soldier and valiant commander. And that which aggravates the evil is that even good princes are forced to run upon the same rocks to defend their own estates, to regain what they have lost, and to revenge themselves on those who have injured them by stealing their estates. Being allured by gain, they betake themselves to the same shameful trade.

“The art of bereaving other men of their territories has become a highly esteemed science. Thus human wit, which was made to admire and contemplate the miracles of heaven and the wonders of the earth, is wholly trained to invent stratagems and plot treasons, and hands which were made to cultivate the earth that feeds us are taught to handle arms that we may kill one another.

“This is what has brought our age to its last gasp. The true way to remedy it is for the princes who use such dealings to amend themselves and be content with their present fortunes. It appears strange to me that there should be no king who can satisfy his ambition with the absolute command over twenty millions of men. Princes were ordained for the good of mankind.

“Therefore, bridle the ambition of princes and limit the greatness of principalities. There never was a monarchy excessively great which was not in a short time lost by the carelessness and negligence of its governors.”

Solon opposed Periandro thus: “The true cause of the present evils, which you have been pleased with much free-

dom to speak, was not omitted by us out of ignorance as you may believe, but out of prudence.

"These disorders began when the world was first peopled. The most skillful physicians cannot restore sight to one born blind. When vice and corruption have a deep rooting, it is wiser to tolerate the evil than to go about remedying it out of time with danger of occasioning worse inconvenience. Moreover, we are here to call to mind the disorders of private men and to use modesty in so doing; to be silent in what concerns princes and to bury their disorders which a wise man must touch very tenderly or else say nothing of them. Princes have no superiors in this world and it belongs to God to reform them."

After Solon's words had been commended, Cato began: "Your opinions, most wise Grecians, are much to be admired for infinite wisdom and human knowledge. But the malady is so spread through the parts of the patient that medicines good for one part would harm the others. The maladies which molest our present age are as the stars of heaven or the sands of the sea, and I believe the cure so desperate that it is beyond human help.

"It is my opinion that we must have recourse to prayers and other divine helps. When the world formerly had fallen into difficulties, God sent universal deluges that razed mankind full of abominable and incorrigible vices from off the world. When a man sees the walls of his house gaping and ruinous, and the foundations so weakened that it is ready to fall, it certainly is wiser to build anew than to waste time and money in piecing and patching the old. Since man's life is so foully depraved with vices, I beseech the Divine Majesty, and counsel you to do the like, that he will again open the cataracts of heaven and send new deluges upon

the earth, and by so pouring forth his wrath upon mankind mend the incurable wounds by the salve of death; that a new ark may be made wherein all boys not above twelve years of age may be saved; that all the female sex of all ages be consumed and nothing but the unhappy memory remain. And I beseech the same Divine Majesty that he grant to men the benefit of procreation without the feminine sex, for, gentlemen, I have learned for certain that as long as there shall be any women in the world, men will be wicked."

Cato's discourse displeased the whole assembly. They did not abhor so much the harsh conceit of the deluge, but cast themselves on the ground with their hands held up to heaven and humbly beseeched Almighty God that he would preserve the excellent female sex, that he would keep mankind from any more deluges and send them upon the earth only to extirpate those decomposed wild wits who, being of depraved judgment with an overweening opinion of themselves, are nothing but mad men. These, and other specious petitions to God, brought Cato's opinion to its unlucky end.

Seneca thus began: "Rough treating is not requisite. The chief thing is to deal gently with them. It is rash to go from one extreme to another. Man's nature is not capable of violent mutations. If it be true that the world has been falling many thousands of years into the present infirmities, he is a very fool who thinks he can restore it to its former health in a few days. Moreover, in reformation, the conditions of those who do the reforming, and the quality of those that are to be reformed, ought to be exactly considered.

"We that are reformers are all of us philosophers, learned men. If those to be reformed be only stationers, printers, and such as sell paper, pens and inks, we may well correct their errors. But if we attempt to mend the faults of other occupations we should commit worse errors and become more

ridiculous than the shoemaker who would judge colors and censure pictures.

"Upon this question I am forced to put you in mind of a fault which is usual among us of the *literati* who for four *cujus* pretend to know all things. We appear unaware that when we first swerve from what is treated in our books, we run riot and say a thousand things to no purpose. I say this, gentlemen, because there is nothing which more obviates reformations than to walk therein in the dark, which happens when the reformers are not perfectly well acquainted with the vices of those that are to be reformed. Which of us knows the abuses and excuses which we must correct? If we go about to mend such disorders which are so far from our profession, shall we not be thought blind? It is a manifest presumption in us to pretend to know all things, to believe that there are not three or four of every trade or occupation who fear God and love their own reputation. We should send for three or four men of known goodness and integrity in every trade or occupation, that every one may reform his own trade."

While some favored Seneca's views, others were moved to indignation: By taking in more reformers they would dishonor Apollo who had thought them not only sufficient but excellently fit for that business—that it was not wisely advised to begin the reformation by publishing their own weakness.

The whole assembly, by the refutation of Seneca's opinion, found small hopes of effecting a reformation. They relied but little on Mazzoni who was but a novice. Though Mazzoni perceived by many signs that they did not think he could speak to any purpose, yet not discouraged he spoke thus:

"It was not for any merit of mine, most wise philosophers, that I was admitted by Apollo into this reverend congrega-

tion, but by his Majesty's special favor. I know it better becomes me to use my ears than my tongue. I certainly should not dare to open my mouth on any other occasion, but reformation is the business in hand and I lately came from where nothing is spoken of but reformation and reformers. You seem much like those indiscreet physicians who lose time in consulting and disputing without ever having seen the sick party for himself.

"We, gentlemen, are to cure the present age of the awful infirmities with which we see it oppressed. We have labored to find out the reason for the maladies and how to cure them. And none of us has been wise enough to visit the sick party. I advise that we send for the Present Age, question it, and see the affected parts naked. Thus the cure which we hold so desperate will prove easy."

The whole assembly was pleased at Mazzoni's motion. They commanded the Age to be sent for, which presently was brought in on a chair by the four seasons of the year. He was a man full of years but with such a fresh and strong complexion that he seemed likely to live for many ages. But he was short of breath and his voice was very weak. They told him that they had sent for him to cure him of his infirmity and bade him speak freely.

The Age answered: "Soon after I was born, gentlemen, I fell into these maladies under which I now labor. My sickness resembles the ebb and flow of the sea which always contains the same water though it rises and falls. When my looks are outwardly good, my malady is more grievous inwardly. When my face looks ill, I am best within. For the infirmities that torment me, just take off this gay jacket with which good people have covered the rotten carcass." Having stripped the Age naked, they saw the poor wretch

plastered with appearances four inches thick all over his body. The reformers tried to scrape them away with razors, but found them so far eaten into the bone that in all that huge Colossus they could not find one ounce of good live flesh.

After dismissing the Age and finding the cure altogether desperate, they assembled themselves close together. Forsaking all thought of public affairs, they resolved to prepare for the indemnity of their own reputations.

Mazzoni wrote what the rest of the reformers dictated. In the manifesto they witnessed to the world the great care Apollo had of his *literati's* virtuous living and of the welfare of mankind, and what pains the reformers had taken in compiling the General Reformation. Then coming to particulars, they set down the prices of cabbages, sprats, and pompions. All the assembly had signed the Reformation when Thales reminded them that certain hagglers who sell lupins and black cherries give such small measure that it was a shame not to take order therein.

The assembly thanked Thales for his advertisement, and added to their Reformation that the measures should be made greater.

Then the palace gates were thrown open and the General Reformation was read to the people, who flocked in infinite numbers. It was so generally applauded that all Parnassus rang with shouts of joy, for the meaner sort of people are pleased with every little thing, and men of judgment know that as long as there are men there will be vices.

Men live on earth not well but as little ill as they may. The height of human wisdom lies in being discreet and in being content to leave the world as it was found.

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ZODIAKOS

The Circle of Holy Animals



—Circular zodiac of Dendera

BY MANLY P. HALL

1930

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The true astrologer must be more than an interpreter of horoscopes; he must be a philosopher. He is the successor to an exalted order of learning, and he must be true to the high destiny to which his science calls him. The origin of the celestial science is obscured by that night of time which preceded the dawn of history, yet the elements of astrology are perpetuated in nearly every form of learning. According to the first traditions of the Orphics, the universe was originally divided among twelve gods, or units of rationality. These gods are the ideas or monads of Universal Order. They are the four Chaldean triads of divine beings perpetuated in modern astrology under the symbolism of the elemental triplicities. To each of these twelve ruling gods was assigned a division of the world, and the divinity presided over its own respective division, establishing its own Mysteries, orders of worship, and those arts and sciences of which it was the peculiar patron.

The establishment of the divine orders is beautifully set forth in the myth of Apollo, the Sun-god, and Python, the great serpent. The Sun is the hierophant, the lord of the Mysteries, the exalted being who dwells in the twelve chambers of zodiacal initiation. Upon entering the sign of the Scorpion (which is represented by the rocky spur of Mt. Parnassus), the Sun-man found coiled among the rocks Python, the huge reptile which had crawled out of the slime left by the flood. In the Greek account of the Deluge, all mortals perished with the exception of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who repopulated the earth by throwing stones over their shoulders. With his arrows (symbolic of his rays of light),

Apollo, the Solar Spirit, slew the evil Python and, casting its body down into a deep crevice in the rocks, established the order of the Delphic Mysteries. The noxious fumes arising later from the decaying body of the serpent were the vapors of ecstasy by which the Pythian priestess was caused to enter into an ecstatic state. In his precessional march, the Sun thus performs twelve Herculean labors, founding in each age his own peculiar Mysteries. The sign occupied by the Sun at the Vernal Equinox is thus regarded as oracular, for the voice of the Sun-god is heard speaking through the depths of this sign from the penetralia of his zodiacal sanctuary in the remoteness of the heavens.

Through antiquity, the schools of heavenly Mysteries existed in every great civilized nation. The constellations visible in the midnight sky were represented upon the earth by shrines and temples of philosophic learning, by schools of an inner wisdom. There were therefore twelve great Mysteries, from which flowed forth those spiritual truths essential to the well-being of humanity. In like manner, the planets were venerated, the Seven Wonders of the ancient world being erected as penticles to propitiate these wanderers of the sky.

Research reveals that the rites of Aries, or the Celestial Ram, were celebrated in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan desert; the rites of Taurus, in the Egyptian Mysteries of Serapis, or the tomb of the Heavenly Bull; the rites of Gemini, in Samothrace, where Castor and Pollux, the Dioscuri, were hymned with appropriate ceremonial; the rites of Cancer, in Ephesus, where Diana, the Multi-mammia, was revered; the rites of Leo, in the Bacchic and Dionysiac Mysteries of the Greeks; the rites of Virgo, by the Eleusinian Mysteries in Attica and the Christian Mys-

teries of the Virgin Mary. In India, Virgo is "Durga," a goddess of great power and dignity.

The rites of Libra are peculiarly related to the Roman Catholic Church, and the hieroglyphic of Libra is worn as one of the chief ornaments of the Pope. The rites of the Scorpion are the Mysteries of the Apocalypse and the ceremonials of the Sabazians. The rites of Sagittarius are the Mysteries of the Centaurs. Chiron, one of this vanished race, was the mentor of Achilles. The rites of Sagittarius were of Atlantean derivation, for Poseidon, the lord of the sea, was the patron of the horse. The rites of Capricorn were the Mysteries peculiar to the Babylonians, and the composite body of the sea-goat signifies that these were celebrated at Babylon and Nineveh. The rites of Aquarius, the ancient water-man, pertain to the Mysteries of Ganymede, the cup-bearer of Zeus and the lord of the ethers, keeper of those waters which are between the heavens and the earth.

The rites of Pisces are those of Oannes and Dagon, the fish-gods; for, as St. Augustine writes: "There is a sacred fish which was broiled and eaten by the sinful for the redemption of their souls." Pisces is also the sign of the great Deluge, when the waters of heaven, descending upon the earth, mark the close of a Kalpa, or cycle of manifestation when the worlds cease and the Creator, upon His serpent couch, floats over the surface of oblivion.

Thus while the origin of man's concept of the zodiacal constellations, and the forms which he assigns to them, must remain an unsolved mystery, the doctrines founded upon the orders of the stars and the wanderings of the planets through the houses of heaven have come to dominate in a most powerful way the affairs of men. The ancient astrologers were wiser than their modern imitators, for they were in possession of a secret doctrine relating to the mysteries of

the constellations. If this doctrine could be re-established, it would go far to clarify the all-too-complicated issues of modern existence, and would re-elevate astrology to its true position of dignity as the cornerstone of the house of human learning. Heathen, pagan, and Christian alike are united by astrology, for all faiths—with the possible exception of a few primitive forms—are astrological in origin. This fact alone should develop tolerance in matters of religion, and incline us to study the sacred science of the stars and learn the inner import of their respective revelations.

For the purpose of making more evident the importance of astrology in the mysteries of philosophy and the soul, let us briefly examine a few of the mystical and spiritual allegories founded upon astrological correspondences. James Gaffarel, court astrologer to Cardinal Richelieu, in his remarkable work, *The Talismanic Magic of the Persians*, declares that he has discovered the alphabet of the stars by which the celestial writing was caused to appear on the walls of heaven. Gaffarel traces the Chaldaic Hebrew characters of the early Jews in the star groups, affirming that the destinies of both men and empires are written in letters of light upon the broad expanse of the firmament. Thus is the Universal Bible written in the heavens and the will of the gods continually made manifest in the combinations of zodiacal consonantal elements and the planetary vowels.

ARIES

The glorious day when the sun entered into the constellation of Aries at the Vernal Equinox was a time of great rejoicing among ancient peoples, for it marked the beginning of the march of the victorious Sun-god up the vaulted arch of heaven toward his golden throne in the

constellation of Leo. This radiant solar divinity is represented, therefore, as a golden-haired youth, holding in one hand a lamb and in the other a shepherd's crook. Thousands of years before the birth of Christ, the pagans adored this figure of life and beauty, gathering in the squares before their temples and crying out as with a single voice: "All hail! Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." In the ancient Isiac Mysteries of Egypt, the goddess Isis stands upon an altar formed of a black cube stone, the corners of which are ornamented with the heads of rams.

The ram is the symbol of fertility, for at the season when the Sun enters Aries, the seeds, impregnated with the solar life and rendered moist with the lunar humidity, germinate and burst forth into growth and power. To the Egyptians, the horns of the ram were symbols also of royalty and divinity, for they appear upon the plumed helmets of the Egyptian gods and also the hieroglyphical representations of their deified Pharaohs. Jupiter Ammon is depicted with ram's horns upon his forehead; the Moses of Michaelangelo is also shown with horns. Jupiter Pan, the Lord of the World, and God as the Demiurgus or Generator of the inferior sphere, are both represented as a goat-man. The pipes of Pan are the Seven Spheres, and the composite figure itself signifies the sun as the symbol of virility. Aries, the ram of energy and ambition, becomes man's tempter also. Therefore the devil is represented with the head of a goat.

Among the ancient Scandinavians, the hieroglyphic of Aries is the hammer of the gods. In Freemasonic ritualism, this hammer is not only the mallet of the Third Degree with which the candidate is struck, but also the hammer of the Master Builder—chief among the tools of the Craft. Nor should we forget the lambskin apron, which is the em-

blem of purification of the generative processes. In Greek mysticism, the Golden Fleece, for which Jason and his Argonauts risked so much, is directly related to the ritualism of Aries, for this Fleece is now declared to have been a book, written upon the skins of rams, which contained the wisdom of the Mysteries. The Golden Fleece, therefore, is the "wool of the wise," the same wool which they pull over the eyes of the foolish.

In the ancient symbolism, Aries, the ram, was the throne of the god Ares (Mars), the figure of creative energy. Ares was the symbol of the divine fire, the flame of spirit. It was the beginning of life, for at the season over which it ruled, victorious Spring escaping from the embrace of Winter begins its cyclic journey down the pathway of the year. Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn were called the Yugas, or ages of the year. Winter was the beginning and the end, infancy and decrepitude. Spring was glorious adolescence; Summer, strong maturity; and Autumn, brave decline. Born in Capricorn, the "Light of the World" finds in Aries the turning point where it casts aside its swaddling clothes and, filled with the exuberance of youth, sets all creation athrill with the vibrations of its radiant life.

TAURUS

When the Vernal Equinox took place in the constellation of Taurus, it was declared that the Bull of the Year broke the Annual Egg with its horns, thereby liberating the spirit or destiny of the year. Apis, the sacred bull, was revered by the Egyptians as the creature into which the spirit of Osiris transmigrated. The selection of the sacred bull was an occasion accompanied by great ceremonial. Many noble bulls were examined before the one was discovered which bore the marks of the divine incarnation. There were thirty

of these distinctive markings, and only the animal in which all were present was the residing place of the spirit of Osiris. The bull, for example, must have a scarab under its tongue; the hair of its tail must lie two ways; it must have a crescent upon its flank and a star upon its forehead. Osiris was the Sun-god, and when he took upon himself the form of the Celestial Bull at the Vernal Equinox, he was declared to have been born into the body of this beast. Hence, the annual horoscope of Egypt was erected for the moment of this incarnation, or the annual entrance of the Sun into the sign of Taurus.

In India, the god Shiva rides upon the great white bull Nandi, and in the sixth avatar of Vishnu (called the Parasu Rama incarnation), the World Savior takes upon himself the body of the son of a holy man to whom Indra had entrusted the sacred cow. A wicked Rajah once conspired to steal the cow, and to this end murdered the holy man. Assuming the personality of Parasu Rama, Vishnu slew the evil Rajah after twenty battles. In the "Elder Edda," the gods were licked out of the blocks of ice by the Mother Cow, Audhumla. The children of Israel made offerings to a golden calf because they were released from Egypt in the age of the Bull (Taurus). This displeased the God of Israel. The same divinity was not offended, however, when King Solomon elevated his laver, or molten sea, upon the backs of twelve oxen.

The five-footed Assyrian man-bull is a favorite symbol in the Mysteries, and has a significance similar to that of the Sphinx, the latter creature being composed of the four fixed signs of the zodiac, or the foundation of the universe. In the abduction of Europa, Zeus took upon himself the body of a bull. Ancient altars were often ornamented with the

horns of bulls; and in the temples, the horns of bulls and rams were used as drinking vessels to contain the holy mead. Among early Christian princes, there are records of several such drinking vessels, some presumably carved from the twisted horns of unicorns. The cherubim placed at the entrance to the Garden of Eden at the time when primitive man was exiled from his celestial abode, signifies (according to the original meaning of the word) Kireb, an ox. The ancients employed the bull in plowing and furrowing. Thus, this divine creature was said to turn the fields of space and prepare them for the reception of life.

In ancient times, it was also customary to use the entrails of animals for divination purposes, and the bull was frequently chosen in this ceremonial. While such a custom now appears to be but an abject form of superstition, there was a definite motive back of the seeming madness. For example, when deliberating upon the founding of a city, a likely spot was first tentatively chosen, and the priests then pastured in this place a herd of cattle carefully selected for their health and vigor. The cattle were permitted to graze for several months upon the site of the proposed new community. Then, with great ceremony, one of the animals was slain and its entrails carefully examined. If the animal's health had been impaired by its pasturage, or the normal functioning of its internal organs upset, the city was not built upon that spot, for it was decided that either the air, the water, or the earth upon which men must depend was not conducive to health; consequently, a new location was chosen.

In the Cabirian rites, the initiates stood beneath specially prepared sacrificial gratings and were bathed in the blood of sacrificial bulls. In the Eleusinian and Bacchic rites,

candidates took their vows of secrecy while standing upon the skins of newly sacrificed bulls. In the Mithraic Mysteries of the Persians, Mithras, the Saviour Deity, is shown driving his sword into the heart of a bull. This is significant of the release of the life blood of the sun, and reminds the initiated philosopher that when the Vernal Equinox takes place in the sign of Taurus, all men are bathed in the blood of the Celestial Bull, but when the Vernal Equinox occurs in Aries, their sins are washed away by the blood of the Lamb.

White oxen were used in the processions of the Druid rites to draw the rough carriages on which were transported the images of the gods; and in the ceremony of the gathering of the mistletoe, white bulls were sacrificed under the tree from which the plant was taken. Sacred bulls were treated with great respect by ancient peoples. Their horns were plated with solid gold, as were also their hoofs. Jewelry and trappings were also hung upon them, and they were blanketed with most costly material and housed in specially constructed stables adjacent to the temples. These animals were even decorated with necklaces and jeweled leg bands. The breath of the sacred Apis was regarded by the Egyptians as a certain cure for all ailments, and to this day the excrement of sacred bulls is reputed to have rare medicinal virtues by many Hindu castes.

The bull also has an adverse symbolism. Among the Tibetans, Yama, the god of death, is often pictured with the head of a bull because of the materiality and the physical propensities associated with this animal. The Minotaur, or bull-headed man, that dwelt in the recesses of the Cretan labyrinth is another example of the symbolism of the bull as destroyer. In this case, the creature represents the ani-

mal that seeks to destroy the spiritual man wandering in the labyrinth of form. The University of Oxford derives its name from the Celestial Ox because of the Mithraic and Druidic figures of this animal which have been discovered in the environs of the college. It is also assumed that the bleeding heart, so conspicuous among the symbols of Roman Catholicism, was originally the heart of an ox, but that the heart of a lamb was later substituted for it.

GEMINI

The constellation of Gemini, the Celestial Twins, is particularly related to the ancient cults of phallic worship, the building craft, and the establishment of communities and cities. Castor and Pollux, the Dioscuri of the Greeks, appear again as Romulus and Remus, the mysterious twins who were suckled by the wolf and who later became the founders of the Roman Empire. Nor should we forget the two famous brothers of Biblical narrative, Cain and Abel, through whose misunderstanding crime is presumed first to have entered the world. Castor and Pollux are associated with the concept of a door. They are the pillars of Solomon's Temple and the figures raised on each side of an entrance, like the Fo dogs of China. The pylons and obelisks at the entrances to Egyptian temples, as well as Jachin and Boaz (the columns of the Masonic Lodge), bear witness to the survival of this ancient phallic cult. Born out of a single egg, the original twins probably also signify the sun and moon, the father and mother of the generations, the progenitors of all life. In the ancient Mysteries, the Twins were the serpent and the egg, and have this same symbolic import.

Among the Arabs, Gemini is sometimes symbolized by two peacocks. In the Platonic philosophy, the twins signify the division that took place in the archetypal sphere at the

time of the division of the sexes. For this reason, the children who form the constellation are generally shown as embracing or reaching out their hands to catch each other. The number *two* was the ancient Pythagorean number of diversity and sorrow, for from it the sense of division was established, and this division destroyed the realization of life's fundamental unity—the oneness of purpose and the impulse of all creatures to join together in a common bond. In *Prometheus Bound*, AEschylus causes two beings, Kratos and Bia, a male and a female potentiality respectively, to bind Prometheus. From this it is to be inferred that the heavenly light-bearer and the divine splendor which he carried are rendered impotent by the philosophy of the opposites which, by dividing man's resources and severing the elements of his concentration, cause him to scatter his agencies and dissipate his strength. In his book *Numbers*, W. Wynn Westcott also notes the fatality which follows the number *two* in connection with the British Crown. The English kings, William II, Edward II, and Richard II, were all murdered. The Romans also dedicated the second month of the year to Pluto, the god of death.

The Twins have a Qabbalistic significance, for they not only signify the two Talmuds of the Jews, but also the written and unwritten law—the Torah and the Qabbalah. Jewish writings contain many strange statements with reference to the number *two*; as for example, that speech is worth one coin, but silence is worth two. The number *two* is also referred to as the number of pride, and is related to the fall of man. It is the number of Satan, and the sign which it rules is the false, or lower, mind unilluminated by the spirit fire of Sagittarius, the centaur instructor. The number *two* is again related to the rebellion of the angels, because it is the first number that dares to depart from the *one*, thus

signifying a kingdom set up against a kingdom—two lights, from which are born division and discord. In the Mysteries, Gemini signifies the rational processes, for by thought, things are weighed against each other. The mind, however, that is ensnared by the intellect is bound to the material sphere, there to die from the complexity of its own cogitations.

CANCER

In the ancient astrological symbolism of the Egyptians and Greeks, the constellation of Cancer, the Crab, was especially significant. Astronomically speaking, the constellation is not too well defined, as it contains no particularly important stars. To the Egyptians, Cancer and its zodiacal opposite, Capricorn, were emblematic of the Summer and Winter Solstices respectively. Modern Freemasonry preserves the symbolism of the solstices in the figures of the two St. Johns, and also under the form of the two pillars. The ancient caves of initiation were always provided with two gates, through one of which the soul descended into generation, later to escape again into the higher world through the other. Cancer was called the gate of physical birth, and was sacred to the goddess Isis and to Hathor, divinities who presided over the mysteries of generation. As birth had a twofold significance, Cancer may be regarded as a dual sign, and the Crab signifies both physical birth, with its attendant consequences leading to inevitable decay, and spiritual birth through the Mysteries into the eternal effulgency of the rational sphere.

In the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Nine Degrees recapitulated the nine months of the prenatal epoch and symbolized the descent of the soul from the zodiac through the seven planets, and finally its immersion in the elemental world. The last sphere through which the soul migrated before it

assumed its physical body, was that of the moon. This luminary was the keeper of the ways of generation, and is enthroned in the constellation of the Crab. The philosophers declared that the solar agent, or life germ, before precipitation into phenomenal life, is suspended in an etheric humidity resembling water. They denominated this humidity Isis, or the World Mother. Cancer, a water sign, being designated the gate of souls entering the untr tranquil sphere, is evidence that the early initiates were acquainted with the now generally accepted postulate of science that all life originated in water. The rudimentary gill-clefts visible in the human embryo demonstrate that in some period in his early development, man existed in an amphibian state. Jules Verne, the celebrated writer of the last century, builds his entire story of "The Mysterious Island" upon this assumption. The great sea of the Brahmins, in the midst of which the World Egg was generated, is but an arcane allusion to the amniotic fluids in which the human embryo floats during the period of gestation. Here is further confirmation that man comes into life through water.

Thales is popularly accredited as having been the first of the wise men of Greece; in fact he was the only one among the seven original Sophists whose reason transcended the subjects of politics and ethics. When Thales declared the world to float in a sea, it is evident that he referred to this etheric liquid resembling the albuminous part of an egg, a super-essential protoplasm, whose constitution is best described by the symbolism of Cancer and the moon.

The crab walks backwards, or at least on a rather sharp oblique, from which the sages inferred that the presumed advancement of man into physical birth was, in reality, a retrogression; for by the phenomenon known as generation,

the rational soul was immersed in the unresponsive elements of an irrational nature from which it could be liberated only by death or initiation. But as the first birth, or descent into the state of ignorance, was revealed to the body of mankind as the esoteric significance of the Crab, those accepted into the higher body of the Mystery Religion substituted the scarab for the crab, for by this most sacred of insects was obscurely revealed the mystery of the "second birth." As man is born through the processes of physical generation into the mortal realm, he is born again through the processes of spiritual regeneration into the transcendency of ever-abiding wisdom.

It becomes increasingly evident that the zodiacal symbolism was devised by a group of highly informed priests for the dual purpose of perpetuating and yet concealing the secrets of the ancient temples. Many interpretations have been advanced to account for the zodiacal symbols. Superior to and of far greater import than later concepts, however, are the original philosophic and religious significations, which are the very "soul of the soul" of astrology.

LEO

Whereas Cancer is the throne of Luna, the Queen of Heaven, Leo is the mansion of lordly Sol, the ruler of the solar family and the arch-regent of nature. It is natural—yes, inevitable—that men should pattern their earthly affairs according to a heavenly order. Petty princes of earth have attempted to make themselves impressive by bedecking their persons with solar emblems. Probably the most common of the solar symbols is the imperial crown, or coronet, whose radiating points are symbolic of the Sun's far-reaching rays. For a similar reason, gold, which is the metal

of Leo, is regarded as fittingly royal, and the flashing diamond also bears witness of the regal light.

When, ascending the celestial arch, the Sun enters the constellation of Leo, he is declared to be properly enthroned. Great power lies in this essential dignity. The lion is the king of beasts, and has been assigned as the symbolic animal of Leo. His shaggy mane is but the Sun's corona; and his roar, the voice of absolute authority. When the Sun is in Leo, he is the lion-faced Light Power of the ancient Gnostics, or, as the old Greek philosophers called him, "The Tyrant of the World."

In the esotericism of the ancient Egyptians, the sign of Leo was sacred to the High Priest, who wore upon his person the symbols of a supreme royalty, before which even Pharaoh must bow abashed. Like Cancer, Leo has a dual significance. That which was revealed to the masses was the lordly dignity of temporal power. Upon this throne upheld by lions, sat the prince of the earth whose legions must blindly serve the tyranny of his will. Master of Life and Death, splendid in a celestially justified egotism, the Sun and his representative upon the earth, the king, ruled their respective provinces in space. The minor despot, patterning his garments from a heavenly design, dazzled men with a reflected light. The secret and more profound mystery of the Sun was revealed only to those who had penetrated to the very innermost recesses of the temple. To such it was revealed that the Sun was not designed merely to dazzle men, but that each ray was a giver of life and a disseminator of light. In Egypt, the rays of the Sun were symbolized as ending in human hands, and by this multitude of members, the great solar power finally "raised" all things into union with its own all-powerful nature.

To the hierophant, the Sun was the symbol of that perfect wisdom which adorns the learned with raiments of the mind, more precious than the regal cloth of gold. As metallic gold forms the coin of temporality, so wisdom—which is the gold of reason, the coin of the realm of thought—renders its possessor wealthy beyond the dreams of Cræsus. Hence, the lion of Leo, not only spreads awe by reason of its strength, but has a secret virtue in its own nature, for it is ruler of a family of animals which possess the uncanny power to see in the dark. Kings may roar like a lion, shake their manes, and feel that they have expressed adequately their divine prerogative, but the Kings of kings—those illumined sages who are Princes above the princes of the earth—make no vain show of worldly splendor, but with the gift of the seer penetrate with rational vision the Stygian gloom of the underworld.

And behold the lordly destiny for which man was created. Having sensed the magnificent purpose of this thing called Life, he has come into the secret power of the lion. He is ruler of a world that shall not pass away; for while cities crumble and the achievements of men are at best impermanent, these royal Lions of Judah's mystic tribe are seated upon permanent thrones in the sphere of reason, lighting the universe about them with a magnificence of their own awakened consciousness. There are two ends which all may seek, and both ends are a type of rulership. Those who strive for temporal power must all receive a similar fate: they shall be cut down in the midst of their accomplishment. But those who sense the true dignity of the Solar Light turn from the glories which are ephemeral to accomplish, through the disciplines of the Mysteries, a greater work. These become, as it were, Heavenly Lights, and their rays, piercing the centuries, light the way of unborn civilizations.

VIRGO

The constellation of Virgo introduces a new element in zodiacal symbolism. Like the preceding signs, two definite and almost opposing doctrines are concealed within the single figure. This constellation of stars is supposed to have the rough form of a female figure carrying a sheaf of grain in one arm. Virgo, the World Virgin, represents the beginning of harvest, and is one of the zodiacal symbols of abundance. On the other hand, being the house of the Sun's decreasing light, she is employed (as the legend of Samson and Delilah) to signify the temptress, who lures the Solar Man from his path of power, and, cutting off his rays, causes him to lose his strength. Virgo is the throne of the planet Mercury, and in this respect becomes the symbol of a divine scheming. Life, to a great degree, is a continual plotting toward some rather indefinite end.

In antiquity, the figure of the Virgin was continually employed to signify the Mystery Schools. While the fact remains unnoticed by the majority, the genius of Freemasonry is often represented as a feminine figure. The thought is well expressed in an ancient Egyptian tablet where Isis is described as the Mother of the Mysteries. The secrets of regeneration, as has been previously indicated, were always concealed in Egypt and Persia under the more natural symbols of generation. The adept, or initiate, was born by an Immaculate Conception, being the progeny of the Mysteries. While a feminine sign, Virgo is the throne of an essentially masculine potency, and Mercury (or Hermes) is the Lord or Keeper of the House of Wisdom. Consequently, to the profane, Virgo was symbolic of autumnal abundance, and also of the various institutions erected by mankind and controlled by the human intellect. These institutions ultimately

overthrow civilization; for, tempted by power, the mind forgets the origin of its own creations and, ascribing a divine origin to its own conclusions, falls into the snare of the temptress.

In the Mysteries, however, Virgo becomes the house or body of wisdom, symbolic of the negative pole or vehicle of Hermes, the mind. To the human mind, the body must always be negative and hence, symbolically, feminine. To Virgo, therefore, the hierophants ascribed the key to the rebirth of the soul through the Secret Doctrine. This Secret Doctrine itself then becomes the principle for which Virgo stands. Here also is the weeping virgin of Masonic symbolism—Isis, the Widow, who, gathering up the parts of the dismembered Osiris, in this way collected the fragments of the Secret Doctrine. In Freemasonry, the widow's sons are the initiates, and Virgo herself is Freemasonry, left widowed by the murder of the Builder.

As stated before, Mercury is the symbol of scheming. To the profane, scheming implies the plotting whereby men deprive each other of their common goods. In the Mysteries, however, scheming signifies the conclave of the wise in which those who have beheld the truth plot and scheme together, not to a nefarious end, but that they may discover some method by which wisdom—which is the common goods of the elect—may be safely distributed among all men to the glorification of the Creator and the resurrection of the martyred Builder. The profane scheme how they may take; the wise, how they may give.

LIBRA

To the astro-philosopher, the constellation of the Scales reveals the whole secret of the fall of man. As all such mysteries contain the inherent evidence of an eternal law,

so Libra points out the way of liberation and salvation of the fallen angels. In the zodiac is portrayed the entire process of spiritual evolution, with Aries as the beginning and Pisces the end. In the Oriental philosophies, Aries is thus the light of Parabrahm, the Universal Reality, the One Cause of all manifestation; while Pisces is the super-mental Buddhi, that perfection of consciousness achieved by the evolving monad after it has completed a revolution of the hypothetical Circle of the Holy Animals.

Taking a flat astrological figure, with Aries upon the ascendant, and turning it so that Aries occupies the mid-heaven, or highest point of the circle, and with all the other signs in their proper order from Aries, it will be found that Libra occupies the nadir, or lowest point of the wheel, upon the cusp of the fourth house. In such a flat figure, under normal astrological conditions, Capricorn occupies the mid-heaven, and Cancer the nadir. To discover the secrets of human evolution, it must be understood that the "Ladder of the Seven Stars" referred to by Hermes in *The Divine Pyramander*, finds its analogy in the seven signs descending from Aries to Libra inclusive. From Libra the signs re-ascend to form the ladder of evolution.

Let us now consider the allegory of the fall of man, as preserved in early astrological legends. We are told that the zodiac originally consisted of ten signs, but that in remote antiquity the number was increased to twelve. This increase was effected in the following manner: the then androgynous sign of Virgo-Scorpio was divided into two signs, and a new figure—that of the Scales—inserted between them. Herein is revealed astrologically the Qabalistic legend of the creation of Adam and Eve, who were formed united, back to back, like grotesque Siamese twins.

The old Jewish writings describe how God, with a mysterious instrument, severed them. Then followed the Fall and the generations of mankind began, these generations signified by the sign of the Balance. From the ecclesiastic point of view, man is conceived in sin and born in iniquity, with only the Church between him and damnation. Hence, the Pope, as the personification of the divine man, or the vicar of God, wears the symbol of that decadent humanity whose wretched state can be improved only by an abundance of faith.

The hieroglyphs of the signs of Virgo and Scorpio, which were divided to form mortal man, are still strikingly similar. Both resemble a capital *M*. In one figure—that of Virgo—the final point of the *M* is downward, and in Scorpio it is upward. Taken as a whole, the sign of Libra signifies material equilibrium; that is, the balanced forces which conspire to produce man, whose nature the ancients were wont to describe as suspended between heaven and hell. Spirit and matter are here combined in a middle field to produce form. Intelligence and substance engender a personality, which is united to spirit by inspiration and aspiration, and to matter by its chemical constituents and animal instincts.

No study of Libra would be complete without reference to the Egyptian ceremonial of weighing the soul in the scales of divine justice in the judgment hall of Amenti. This was an integral part of the Egyptian initiatory ritual, and in it the scales become emblematic of natural justice. As the seventh sign, Libra must also convey the various significant facts associated with the number 7, chief of these being that of law. Justice is usually represented as holding a pair of scales, the modern figure being simply a conventionalization

of the ancient concept, which was based upon the seven natural laws.

In the Egyptian judgment scene, the soul of the deceased was conducted by the god Anubis into the hall of the forty-two truths and their judges. This hall, generally termed the "Hall of the Twin Truths," represents the two pans of the balance. Here the heart of the dead, usually shown within a small urn, was placed upon one end of the scales, and a feather (the emblem of eternal truth) upon the other. If the scales balanced, it signified that the truth within the heart was equal to the truth within the world, in which event the deceased was permitted to pass into the presence of the many-eyed Osiris. After propitiation and offering, the soul then passed into the Elysian fields, which are called "the abode of the blessed dead." If the balance, however, disclosed a discrepancy between the truth in the heart and that in the world, then the soul of the dead was committed to the fate of being swallowed up by Typhon, the Destroyer. Typhon here is symbolic of rebirth, which swallows up the individual who has not earned liberation.

It is noteworthy that the two most conspicuous figures in the ceremony of the weighing of the soul—namely, Thoth, as the scribe, and Typhon, as the destroyer—should be analogous to the zodiacal sign on each side of Libra. Virgo is the nocturnal house of Mercury, and the Latin Mercury is identical with the Greek Hermes and Egyptian Thoth. In the Egyptian form of Thoth, the fact that he is the nocturnal Mercury is frequently shown by the lunar crescent upon his head and the reference to him as the guardian of the Moon or the night. Scorpio will be readily recognized in the personality of Typhon, the destroyer. It will be remembered that Typhon, or Set, who was the betrayer of

Osiris, was always regarded as a genius of depravity. In the mortuary papyrus, Typhon is shown with the head of a crocodile and the body of a hog. He is the spirit of evil, whether in the form of Lucifer or some chimerical monster.

At the 15th degree of Libra, the scales of justice tilt. Here the involution, or descent, of the soul into the darkness of death gives place to the evolution of the soul. Passing from Libra into Scorpio, the evolving ego essays the first great work of liberation, the slaying of the dragon.

SCORPIO

Scorpio, the eighth sign of the zodiac, is generally regarded as the most evil potency in the Circle of the Holy Animals. As ruler of the house of death, the ancients assigned to it three creatures to signify the triune phases of its nature. All astrologers should realize that what ordinary mortals term evil is simply a maladjustment of universal forces. Nothing is intrinsically evil, but those vibrations to which, for any reason, we respond adversely are termed evil. In the greatest evil, however, always lie the possibilities of the greatest good. St. Peter three times denied his Lord and as a reward for this, was given the key to Heaven. Nowhere is this seeming contradiction more strikingly set forth than in the complex symbolism of Scorpio.

The first—and lowest—of the creatures used to symbolize Scorpio is the scorpion, which, because of the sting in its tail, is an appropriate symbol of the backbiter, the deceiver, the betrayer, the adversary who constantly seeks to nullify the noblest efforts of mankind. Furthermore, the scorpion signifies that this undoing will be most subtle and insidious—an endless intrigue designed to test the integrity of all who come under its influence. This power is referred to as “the

Lord who is against us.” In the ancient Egyptian Mystery rituals, this demon was the Guardian of the Threshold of the inner sanctuary.

The second form of Scorpio is that of the serpent—sometimes the winged serpent or even the fiery serpent, or seraph. In philosophy, this serpent is the symbol of the occult mind, that mysterious and penetrating power which achieves embodiment in the sage and prophet. The great adepts of the Mysteries were often referred to as serpents or dragons, and despite the unsavory reputation which the snake gained from its role in the Edenic triangle, it has been for centuries the symbol of true wisdom as opposed to pedantry and sciolism. Even in its serpentine form, however, Scorpio remains more or less the tempter; for in magic, the snake represents the astral light—the sphere of illusion from which it is very difficult to escape once the unwary neophyte has lost himself therein. In India, the serpent is the symbol of the Kundalini fire, sometimes termed the serpent power, and in Wagner’s opera *Parsifal*, the power of Scorpio reappears again in the person of the snake-maiden, Kundry.

The third form of Scorpio is that of the eagle or phoenix. This is the emblem of the greatest spiritual achievement—that of Melchizedek, the priest who is above the law. Mythology abounds with references to traitors, evil monsters, serpents, dragons, and strange birds. If the discerning student will analyze these allegories carefully, he will sense certain mystical truths underlying them, the value of which cannot be overestimated. In the Grail cycle appears a mysterious being, called Merlin the magician, whose father is said to have been a dragon. By this it is certainly to be inferred that he was a Son of Wisdom, an initiate of Scorpio. Likewise, the story of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ire-

land is almost self-evident. The "serpents" were the Druid priests, whose power was broken and their Order scattered by the early Church. The dragon slain at the mouth of its cave by Siegfried signifies the mastery of the animal nature by the reforged sword of illumined will. The victory of St. George over the dragon, which probably originated in the Chaldean legend of Merodach slaying the dragon, signifies the victory of light over darkness; and, in the case of the St. George allegory, the victory of the Church over paganism. The famous dragon of China is a form of Mahat, the Yellow Emperor of the Mind, and signifies the illumined state of a people when ruled over by the golden scepter of enlightened intellect. One of the most remarkable forms of the Scorpio myth is the story of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas, a story probably derived from the betrayal of Osiris by his brother, Typhon. The thirty pieces of silver received by Judas for this deed relate presumably to the thirty degrees of the sign.

It should also be noted that Scorpio, as the eighth sign of the zodiac, is related to the number 8, which is referred to by the Pythagoreans as the little holy number, a great and unfathomable mystery. The eighth sphere was regarded by the ancients as the abode of evil, and was likened to the moon. The Egyptians, and also the Yezidees of Iraq, believed in the existence of a dark planet but a short distance from the earth, which was the abode of all evil. This dark star, as they termed it in their secret teachings, was an invisible psychical sphere, reflecting no light and casting no shadow save that deep moral shadow which, clouding continents, rendered dim the light of truth. These ancient peoples believed that evil magicians and sorcerers were carried after death to this planet, thereby increasing the sum of evil and radiating loathsome vibrations which crystallized into

war, pestilence, and crime. Over this benighted globe ruled a dark angel, a prince of demons, whose brooding wings enveloped the blackness.

Another important line of symbolical interpretation of Scorpio is concerned with the problem of generation. The reproductive principles are particularly related to this sign, which controls what may be termed the fire of bodies. In describing the fall of Lucifer, Von Welling, an early alchemist, declared that this world was created to liberate Lucifer from the deep gloom of matter into which he had been plunged at the time of the rebellion in heaven.

From the functions of Scorpio and the sidereal properties which it controls and precipitates into material form, is extracted a mysterious pabulum, called by the medieval Rosicrucians the *soul*. It is the quintessence of both the metals and the spirit within bodies, and is the homunculus, or crystal child, referred to in the *Chemical Marriage* of Christian Rosencreutz.

SAGITTARIUS

In the Pythagorean system, the number 9 is definitely related to man, and in astrology the hieroglyph of the ninth sign, or Sagittarius, is a most appropriate symbol of evolving humanity. The Centaurs were a mythological race of remarkable erudition, if we are to accept the story that Chiron, one of their number, was the mentor of Achilles. In the Mysteries, there were two orders of beings who assisted in the evolution of humanity: one called the *supermen*, and the other the *demigods*. The Centaurs were evidently an order of supermen, possibly a secret society of adepts and initiates. They were not actually part equine and part human. This symbolic allusion merely signified that they were

men who had partially lifted the human nature out of the animal constitution. Astrologically, it is not surprising, therefore, to find that the sign of Sagittarius is the symbol of the human or physically intellectual mind. In Platonism, this has sometimes been referred to as the irrational nature, whereas the higher mind, or Capricorn, is the rational nature. The Centaur is generally depicted with a bow and arrow, aiming his shaft at the stars, and hence is the significator of aspiration. One of the earliest forms of the Centaur is to be found on the circular zodiac of Dendera, a fact which establishes the antiquity of the symbol.

In the triad of fire signs, Sagittarius signifies the fire of intellect, that quality of rational enterprise which lures the mind from the commonplace into the realm of abstraction and, consequently, often into hazardous speculation. In his article on the circular zodiac of Dendera, John Cole gives the following detailed description of the figure of Sagittarius found on the ancient Egyptian zodiac, which should mean much to the astrologer: "This figure of Sagittarius appears to have a crown on his head, and two faces, one looking earnestly forward, apparently female, the other looking behind, having a hawk's head similar to the men's faces who, in the middle of the sides of the square, support the circumference of the Planisphere, representing by all probabilities the faces of slaves. He has a bow and arrow in his hand, and his body is united to the neck of the horse, which is galloping full speed, with wings on his back. He has also two tails, one exultingly elevated, and the other hanging submissively down." Mr. Cole notes the correspondence between the symbol of this ancient zodiac and the description contained in Revelation 6:2, "And I saw, and beheld a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a

crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."

The winged white horse may also refer to the famous Kalki Avatar of Vishnu, or the White Horse incarnation, which is yet to come and which will usher in the redemption of mankind. The combination of man and horse, rather than simply placing the man upon the steed, indicates that in essence both horse and rider are identical. The beast is not extraneous to the rider, but is a part of him. Here again we sense the ancient philosophical allegory: mind, the flying horse, is a vehicle of that inner consciousness which should directionalize its activities toward rational lines of accomplishment. Is not the Centaur, furthermore, another form of the winged Egyptian globe, a symbol of the self and its bodies? Three creatures are involved in the construction of the Centaur. Only two of these are popularly considered: the horse and the man. The third is the bird. The horse is the proper symbol of the physical body; the bird, of the soul; and the man, of the spirit.

Sagittarius governs the religious impulses of humanity. It voices the instinctive yearning of man to escape from the limitations of flesh and ignorance and lift his rational nature through all those heavens that intervene between nature below and the Empyrean above. In philosophy, one of the greatest problems confronting the student is to divorce the mind from ambition. It may be difficult to sense the vast interval which exists between ambition and aspiration. Ambition is concerned wholly with material things: the desire either to possess them or to possess power over them. Few ambitious people ever achieve even a relatively permanent degree of happiness. The ambitious are slaves to their ambitions, spending their lives in servitude to ephemeral things.

We must turn to the Orient for an understanding of aspiration as differentiated from ambition. While ambition seeks to possess the imminent, aspiration desires the immanent. While ambition seeks the greatest power, aspiration seeks the greatest good. We are ambitious to possess; we aspire to become. Aspiration depends for its existence upon an ever-broadening vista of consciousness, whereas ambition is thwarted by reason and must find gratification in blind impulse. Sagittarius is the divine fool, the dreamer who reaches for the stars. Aspiration dies in poverty, while ambition lies murdered in its bed. In the twentieth century, it is dangerous to aspire; it is fatal to dream, and visions must be their own reward. While these temporary conditions for a moment turn awry the force of consciousness, man is innately the Centaur, whose aspiration will not rest despite every effort to cultivate a materialistic mien. Through uncounted ages, he must gaze upward at the stars and dream of that vaster sphere which lies above him. He must inevitably realize how little he can achieve by the mastery of temporal circumstances. Though a citizen of every land and master of uncounted men, he will never be satisfied until he is a citizen of that vast space compared with which his efforts and accomplishments are utterly negligible. Man can never be wholly satisfied with the earth while uncounted suns traverse the firmament above him. Like Alexander, satiated with pomp and power, he cries for more worlds to conquer; for, mounted upon the winged horse of Mind, he would soar to the end of time—yes, even to the metes and bounds of eternity.

CAPRICORN

The constellation of Capricorn, whose form is that of a goat with the tail of a fish, was referred to by the ancient

astrologers as the sign of the increase of the Sun, for from the moment of the Winter Solstice, the solar power waxes. The Sun-god is therefore born at the Winter Solstice, after having been conceived at the Vernal Equinox. In the old symbolism, it is written that John the Baptist was born at the Summer Solstice, at which time the sun must necessarily decrease. This accounts for the statement of John in the New Testament, where he says that Jesus shall increase, but he shall decrease. Jupiter, who like most solar gods, was born at the Winter Solstice, is sometimes depicted as a babe riding on the back of a goat to reveal this mystery to the initiate.

Capricorn is referred to by the Arabs as *Al Dabih*, which means *the sacrifice* or *the atonement*, and it is not difficult to recognize in this symbol the famous scapegoat of Israel, the sin-offering of the people. The goat and the ram were both phallic symbols of vitality, and it is significant that in astrology these creatures should occupy the two most vital angles of the heavens—the midheaven and the ascendant—and should both be assigned to major points in the increase of the solar light and life. The ancients observed that the goat had a peculiar habit in its grazing, eating its way, so to speak, up the side of a hill. It would ascend as it grazed, and invariably finished its meal at the highest point. This probably contributed to the symbolism, and caused astrologers to associate this sign with elevation and dignity.

The first sign of the zodiac being Aries, the ram, and the last sign being Pisces, the captive fishes, these two signs came to be associated with the beginning and the end of the year, when figured from the Vernal Equinox. The beginning and ending of the sun, however, occurred in Capricorn. Therefore, we find the ram and the fish united there in one symbol. Here is the Lamb of God and the Fisher of Men

symbolically set forth. From the Winter Solstice life begins to increase, its vitality being consummated at the Summer Solstice. Thus, in the old Babylonian system, the sun rose out of the earth in December and passed down under it again in June. In the Cave of the Nymphs, as described by Porphyry from the Wanderings of Ulysses, the constellations of Cancer and Capricorn ornamented the gates of entrance and exit from this material life.

The Egyptian Capricorn was the crocodile, an amphibious creature which, like the mythological sea-goat, could exist on both land and water. The crocodile was sacred to the Egyptian god who corresponds with the Roman Saturn, so astrologers are perfectly consistent in assigning this god to Capricorn. The dolphin was another sign used by the ancients to symbolize Capricorn, and Apollo the sun-god is occasionally depicted as a child riding on a dolphin. The Egyptians so revered crocodiles that they often made golden bangles inlaid with jewels for the legs of these creatures and valuable collars for their necks. The Jews, following an early symbolism which shows Capricorn as part antelope and part fish, speak of Naphtali, the son of Jacob who represented Capricorn, as "a hind let loose." This graceful creature, racing through the year, well symbolizes the sun hastening through the twelve signs to its tryst with death.

Some early astrologers believe that the sign of Capricorn was fabricated by the Chaldeans to represent the two great seats of their civilization — Nineveh and Babylon — for these rose in their grandeur from the marshy banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. It is not generally known that the ancients associated Capricorn with Neptune by making the sign that of the sea-horse, a creature especially sacred to him.

Capricorn was always associated with darkness and the underworld, and its ruler, Saturn, is the familiar Santa

Claus, who comes down from his world of winter to spread the joys of the new year. The Christmas tree represents fertility, and the toys, which were originally fruit, are the promise of the harvest and the general regeneration of the world. It is interesting to reconstruct the appearance of the constellations as they were on the night of the 25th of December two thousand years ago. The sun is at the nadir, and Cancer, the symbol of the manger in which Jupiter was born, is in midheaven, as is also the constellation of the Ass upon which Bacchus rode victoriously. On the eastern horizon rises the Virgin with the bright Star of Bethlehem, Spica—the same star for which Hercules labored so arduously in his task of securing the Girdle of the Amazon. On the western horizon is the ram of Aries, which is in opposition to the Dragon beneath the feet of the Virgin. The three brilliant stars in the sword belt of Orion, which are still known in Arabia as the three Wise Men, are close to the Ram, the Lamb of God which they have come to worship, and they will soon ascend in their quest of the divine child. (See *L'Origine de Tous Les Cultes*, by Dupuis; Paris, 3rd Year of the Republic.)

The theologies of nearly all nations have been built up from a contemplation of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and throughout the pagan world, the birth of the sun-god was annually celebrated while the sun was in the first decan of Capricorn. The fact that at midnight on the sacred day the sun was at the nadir, or the weakest point in the horoscope, is curiously associated with the humble origin of the god who was born as the least among men.

There is a popular belief that it is unfortunate to be born with the sun in Capricorn or with Capricorn rising. Such people are supposed to be crystallized and inflexible, of gloomy disposition and of adverse fortune. Capricorn de-

mands a very high degree of perfection of those who are born under its influence, and if they cannot rise up to these positive qualities, Capricorn does unquestionably bring out very unfortunate characteristics. The sun-gods, symbolic of absolute perfection, are all presumably born with the sun in Capricorn and Virgo rising upon the eastern horizon. But ordinary mortals have not yet learned to carry these great dignities of force in an adequate manner.

AQUARIUS

In a footnote to *Isis Unveiled*, Madame Blavatsky consigns the Brahmanical deity Indra to the constellation of Aquarius. Sir William Jones writes that Indra, the king of the immortals, corresponds to the Jupiter *conductor* of the Platonic philosophers. One of the numerous names of Indra is *Dyupetir*, meaning the Lord of Heaven. No one can examine the similarity of the words *Jupiter* and *Dyupetir* without realizing the universal diffusion of the astronomical myths among the nations of antiquity. Indra is the chief of the eight genii presiding over the eight directions of the world, sometimes referred to as the eight winds. In the zodiac of Dendera, eight hawk-headed genii support the celestial sphere. Indra was a god of thunders, winds, and meteoric phenomena. The thunderbolt carried by the Tibetan lamas was brought to the high Himalaya country by the Lama Padma-Sambhava, and with it he routed the Bon demons who, so tradition tells, had terrorized Tibet into a state of subjugation. This thunderbolt which Padma-Sambhava brought had belonged to the god Indra, who carried it as a symbol of his power in his aspect of Jupiter Elicius, or the Jove of Electricity.

All of this brings us to the main issue involved. Aquarius is an air sign, and yet its name associates it definitely with

water, as does its hieroglyphic which is the Egyptian hieroglyphic for water. The sign itself is generally represented by a youthful person—sometimes male, sometimes female, and occasionally androgynous—either carrying a jug of water or pouring the liquid from a pitcher or amphorae. In some of the older zodiacs, no human figure appears; there is simply the water vessel. All the evidence points to one inevitable conclusion—the water of Aquarius is of an airy or heavenly nature. In the Greek system, Aquarius is Ganymede, the cup-bearer of Zeus. Thus the symbolism of the sign is tied up with the Grail mysteries of the later Christian period. The Holy Grail was supposed to have contained the blood of the Christ, or in simpler terms, the life essence of the sun. The water of Aquarius is therefore the “living water” of which it is written that those who drink thereof shall thirst no more.

Leo and Aquarius are linked together in the relationship of spirit and body, for Leo is the very sovereign sun itself, and Aquarius is the universal psychical humidity or heavenly ether which carries and distributes the solar rays throughout the parts of the world. Ganymede carries the cup of immortality, for even the gods must drink of the One Life if they are to endure. In alchemy reference is made to a mysterious fiery-water, a sort of fluidic flame; and the eleventh process of the Philosopher's Stone, which is called multiplication, or the increasing of things through the nurturing of their divine substances, is also assigned to Aquarius.

One cannot think about the thunder and lightning of Zeus without associating these phenomena with electricity. Here we have a substance both fiery and fluidic, a mystery which actually flows through the air, and is the very scepter of the Logos himself. The parallel wavy lines which form the hieroglyphic of Aquarius should be regarded, then, as sym-

bols of parallel lines of force rather than as water. The mysteries of electricity still elude us. While we have classified many of the effects of this force, its actual composition is beyond our ability to comprehend. We realize that it is about us everywhere in space, that it contributes life to all living things, and motion to all moving things. There is even the possibility that everything which exists is simply a mode or mood of this electrical agent. If all things are not actually electricity, they are of a certainty released into expression through its activities. Yet we can approach this wonder without any particular reaction of veneration. We live in an age when gods are dead, and to our minds only blind forces remain. Yet the electrical agent of today is but the magical agent of yesterday; and the sorceries from which men perished at the rack and gibbet less than three hundred years ago, were not so different from the experiments now carried on in scientific laboratories all over the world. We pride ourselves that we have discarded superstitions and outgrown "the calamity of our forefathers, who, in addition to the inevitable ills of our sublunary state, were harassed with imaginary terrors and haunted by suggestions." Yet we should beware, lest in our scientific zeal we throw away the substance with the shadow, discarding both the real and the unreal together.

Aquarius is ruled over by two widely different forces as expressed through the rulers of the sign—Saturn and Uranus. Saturn is scientific, statistical, and conservative. Uranus is scatter-brained, progressive, and revolutionary. Both, however, have a scientific flavor, for Saturn is orderly and mechanical, and Uranus is inventive and ingenious. Aquarius itself is the most progressive and revolutionary sign in the zodiac. It stands for change, reorganization, humanitarianism, and the general betterment of mankind. It encourages

reforms, promotes benevolent institutions, patronizes science, inspires to exploration and research, is associated with publicity, education, and the general reorganization of human affairs. As a human sign—that is, its symbol includes a human figure—it encourages the development of such sense perceptions and attributes as are peculiar to man and are not shared by the brute—abstract reason, morality, aesthetics, and ethics. Philosophically, it is eclectic; politically, it is socialistic; religiously, it is agnostic; and economically, it is individualistic. As air is the element in which the sign particularly functions, it is associated with aviation, radio, and even the motion picture.

The dawning Aquarian Age, when for over two thousand years the sun will cross the Vernal Equinox in the constellation of Aquarius, has brought with it the tremendous impulse toward machinery and the worship of mechanistic concepts which are so evident in our modern affairs. The era of invention will continue until the close of the present age—over two thousand years from now—and during this entire period, men will concern themselves more and more with the mysteries of space, time, and other Einsteinian concepts. The possibility of communication with other planets will be developed, for Urania is the peculiar Muse of the stars. Astronomy will make vast progress during this age and, needless to say, astrology will keep pace with it, for astrology also is under the patronage of Uranus.

Revolutions, both political and sociological, are always inspired by Uranian impulses, as the horoscopes of France and the United States for their revolutionary epoch will demonstrate. During the Aquarian Age, there will be revolutions in the field of thought; for Aquarius, being an air sign, rules those intellectual vapors which the ancients con-

ceived as flowing through the skull. The Aquarian Age will be one of utter progressivism and kaleidoscopic change. Needless to say, such a period will be one of great nervous tension, with tremendous strain upon the nervous and vital resources of the individual. Before the end of this period, there will be many and marked changes in the whole institution of civilization.

Uranus, in general, favors occult and spiritual subjects, and it is a fortunate planet for those attempting the development of superphysical forces. During this age, men's minds will turn more clearly toward spiritual values, and the value sense will be stimulated and balanced. It will not be an age of peace, however, for Uranus is not peaceful. All such concerns as she has dominion over are, like astrology, subject to innumerable vicissitudes of fortune. It will be an age of impulse, and impulsiveness very often leads to disaster. Very few Aquarian persons, unless their charts are strengthened by other configurations, can control their impulses. They are attractive, vivacious people, usually with much breadth and geniality, but lacking in depth and continuity. The age must be likewise, for it will take upon itself the qualities which its ruler bestows. Saturn, which was assigned to Aquarius by the ancients, may under some conditions have a neutralizing effect, but Saturn's rulership over Aquarius is somewhat problematic now that the new planet has been found and placed in this sign. Very often the Saturnine qualities of Aquarian people can be traced to other configurations. Saturn may possibly be responsible for the consistency with which Aquarians are inconsistent, and it may also contribute something to the very strong and usually unwarranted opinions which these people hold.

It is the utter lack of ideals over a period of centuries that is more or less responsible for the present discord in

human affairs, and one of the most hopeful signs, in connection with Aquarian rulership of the world, is that nearly all Aquarian types are dedicated to some ideal.

PISCES

The sign of the two fishes, which closes the Circle of the Holy Animals, has been associated by both astrologers and philosophers from time immemorial with the concept of the ending or summing up of life and the world in their various aspects. The Egyptians recognized this constellation as signifying the end of the world, at which time all things would be dissolved in a great deluge or oblivion. To the Chinese, the twelfth sign also represented the periodic inundation of the world by means of which the way was prepared for a new beginning of life upon the planet. By the Hindus, Pisces was associated with the Kali Yuga, or last age, during which old orders crumble away and that which has failed is removed by nature, and the way is prepared for the establishment of new generations. In astrology, the sign is associated with bondage, limitation, and confinement. The fishes are tied together by their tails and, though swimming in opposite directions, cannot separate themselves. The sign is a constant reminder that man is ever in bondage to the lower aspects of his own nature, from which there can be no escape until the accounts of nature have been settled.

The ancient Christians, adopting the sign of the fish as a hieroglyphic symbol of redemption, employed the figure to signify bondage to sin and iniquity. Christians recognized each other by drawing the form of a fish in the sand. This was also a signifier declaring oneself to be a hopeless sinner, and as such, was representative of the strange attitudes developed in the early Church, in which the penitent glorified in his own less-than-nothingness. The principle involved

seemed to be that the worse a man was, the more glory to the institution that could save him.

This curious complex led Celsus to maintain that the new faith held out heaven to rogues and small reward to honest men. In this sense, the fish summarized all human failings and limitations, as well as a relapsed condition—an appropriate figure for persons who were miserable for the glory of God! The history of flagellation and extreme austerities informs us that when through some curious streak of Providence, Nature was momentarily kind, this weakness of the terrestrial sphere was corrected by visiting upon oneself and others artificially designed and cruelly fashioned forms of discomfiture.

St. Augustine likens Christ to a fish which is broiled for the sins of the world, probably because of the cryptic *ikhthus* which is derived from his name and title. This calls to mind that numerous divinities have been associated with the fish. Dagon, the Babylonian savior god, has the body of a fish and the head of a man; and Vishnu, in his first avatara, is shown rising from the mouth of a fish. This seemingly has reference to the beginning of life, for after every pralaya, or night of the gods, the Deity, symbolized in the form of a great fish, swims through the sea of Eternity. The ancients recognized all life as rising from water, which was the common mother substance. The fish gods consequently refer to the celestial intelligences who existed at a time when a heavenly water filled the whole cavity of space. Even Deity itself is sometimes referred to as a great fish, and the story of Jonah and the whale has been interpreted to mean that Jonah signified an aspect of the Noah legend. Jonah, therefore, signifies the seed of mankind. The ship from which he is cast is the old world which is to be destroyed. Divinity

is the great fish which, receiving the germ of life, carries it through the deluge which destroys the world and finally, upon the establishment of the new cycle, casts it upon the shore, where it becomes the progenitor of a new order of life.

Regarding Pisces as signifying the end of enterprise, regardless of its magnitude, and also assuming with the Egyptians that the twelfth sign was associated with karma or an accumulation of unfinished business carried forward through the cycle, we next hear of it as associated with misfortune. There is much question as to whether any sign of the zodiac should be allotted two rulers—that is, whether Aquarius should be assigned both Saturn and Uranus, two widely different forces; or whether Jupiter and Neptune should share honors in the rulership of Pisces. Neptune is a planet strangely associated with the occult forces of nature, and while it may not often bestow its appearance upon the Piscean native, it most certainly bestows peculiarities of temperament and eccentricities of person. Most Piscean people are creatures of destiny or, at least, puppets of fate. There is nearly always something mysterious or unusual about them, and in many cases they are given to unaccountable depression and melancholy. Their lives are usually eventful in one way or another, often involving sudden changes. Like Neptune, they are very often revengeful and, again like this planet, inclined to keep their real feelings to themselves; their words often have little to do with their thoughts. Neptune again strikes them in their relationship to the occult, or at least in their fondness for the mysterious, the bizarre, and their thrill from intrigue. They are quite often mediumistic or clairvoyant, and are almost certain to be surrounded during life with circumstances not explainable by the average man's philosophy. As an old work on the subject says: "They are addicted to dreams, fancies and even frenzies." They

are inclined to be secretive, and are often tempted to evil habits or dangerous intrigues and crime.

In none of these qualities do they partake of the Jupiterian influence which is supposed to partly govern the sign, nor are their finances as plentiful as generous Jupiter would be expected to bestow. They are a worrying caste, and the only point where Jupiter really shows himself in their outer appearance is in size and weight; and through their inner temperament as generosity.

If Pisces be accepted as a sign connected with the rounding up of a cycle of experience, then it is easier to understand why Piscean people are seemingly continually confronted by responsibility and so-called misfortune. The facts are that they are faced with the loose ends of their own lives. In Pisces, the individual is temporarily in bondage to the limitations of himself. In this sign, he must overcome in himself those conditions which, through the other signs, he has been attempting to overcome in the outer world. It is a well-known fact that just before dawn, vitality is the lowest upon the earth; and in the horoscope, Pisces represents that zero hour which precedes the dawn which is symbolically presumed to take place in Aries. Thus Pisces is the weakest point in the chart. It represents the place where the energies of life have run down. It has neither the strength, combativeness, nor optimism which in some of the other signs literally bubbles over. The Piscean native is born tired and, lacking the vitality bestowed by more robust configurations, may also lack the self-assurance which surmounts obstacles and defends its own rights. Pisces bestows the peacemaker, who is generally badly pummelled by both contending factions.

The world has just passed through a Piscean cycle, and it has been a period of travail. Man's idealism and humani-

tarianism have been exploited to the uttermost. Virtue has lost caste, and honesty has lost merit. The order of life has been hopelessly upset, and a certain despair has been bred in the subconscious strata of men's souls. But as the darkness of night gives place to the sparkling colors of the dawn, so the inhibitions of Pisces find expression in the spontaneous exuberance of Aries. The sun, having completed its cycle, begins a new one. Night gives place to day, hopelessness to hope, and the great wheel turns as before. In our cycle of spiritual progress, we are born again and again in each sign, as the wheel goes round. When it comes time for us to be born in Pisces, we are brought face to face with the things which are as yet unfinished. This experience is necessary, for it gives incentive and purpose to future effort.

FUNDAMENTAL
PRINCIPLES
OF
OPERATIVE
OCCULTISM

The first part of the book is devoted to the history of the occult. It traces the roots of the occult to the ancient religions of the East and the West, and shows how the occult has been preserved in the secret societies of the present. The author discusses the various branches of the occult, such as magic, alchemy, and astrology, and explains their principles and practices. He also discusses the role of the occult in the development of human civilization and the future of the world.

The second part of the book is devoted to the practical application of the occult. It describes the various methods of occult practice, such as meditation, visualization, and ritual, and explains how they can be used to develop the occult powers of the human mind. The author also discusses the dangers of occult practice and the need for a strong moral character and a high level of spiritual development.

The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for both the beginner and the advanced student of the occult. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the occult and its role in human history and civilization.



AN
 ESSAY ON
 THE
 FUNDAMENTAL
 PRINCIPLES
 OF
 OPERATIVE
 OCCULTISM

BY MANLY P. HALL

FOREWORD

This essay summarizes the ancient teachings of esoteric schools, especially those of Eastern nations, bearing upon the unfoldment, by certain disciplines, of the divine powers latent in man. As many of these older systems still have large followings, and it appears that the beliefs that they taught will be more widely circulated in the years ahead, it may be useful to summarize the doctrines involved. Some aspects of the mystical tradition may seem strange and highly speculative, but in the East, these matters are taken very seriously and disciples still follow in the convictions of their forefathers.

When this essay was first published, many years ago, it was my intention to give certain warning against the superficial experimentation with development exercises. Much other interesting information will be found dealing with principles of Yoga, and it seems appropriate to include this work in the present volume of Collected Writings.

MANLY P. HALL
May 1962

AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OPERATIVE OCCULTISM (1930)

To Accompany Three Oil Paintings by Mihran K. Serailian

The question is asked, "What must I do to unfold the divine powers latent within myself?" While it is not possible to give a direct answer to this question, we may cast some light on the subject by refining the fundamental principles upon which the Mystery Schools of all ages were established as institutions of philosophic, ethical, and religious culture.

The Schools of the Mysteries were composed of illumined men and women who had been accepted into the company of the Immortals. To reach this exalted position required an almost inconceivable amount of preparatory labor; for if man would associate with these advanced types of humanity, he must raise himself to their level.

Realizing that nothing is more dangerous than the indiscriminate circulation of occult secrets, the Mysteries established their schools for the purpose of concealing rather than revealing knowledge. They were the original and sole custodians of all the divine arts and sciences, the secret keys to which they revealed only to those whom they considered qualified to receive them. Inasmuch as man's power increases with his knowledge, the secrets of nature's finer forces could not be revealed to him until he had passed through these Mysteries, which tested him as to his motives and demanded certain standards of moral and philosophic excellence.

Before the candidate was in a position to begin his studies in occult philosophy, (which, if successfully completed, would result in discipleship and final admission into the

Mysteries) he had to lay the groundwork by familiarizing himself with certain systems of ethics, and gain at least reasonable proficiency in several material arts and sciences.

1. *The candidate must realize the value of education.* While the ignorant person may be capable of spiritual growth, the fact remains that man's ethical progress is seriously retarded through ignorance of the material arts and sciences. Not realizing the great value of discipline, many students of the occult sciences ridicule modern educational systems, which are valuable because they discipline the mind. Learning how to study is a prerequisite to effective studying. Before it is possible to think, it is necessary to train the mind in reason, continuity, and logic—the essentials of thought. In the last analysis, all the so-called material arts and sciences are reflections of the secret wisdom. A man with an understanding of mathematics cannot help but know more of the divine plan than one without. Pythagoras demanded proficiency in music, mathematics, and astronomy of all candidates seeking admission into his school.

Before a candidate can honestly seek admission to the Temple of Wisdom, he must prepare his offerings and bring them to the Temple. The only possible offering which he can make is himself, and his offering is acceptable only when it is usable for the dissemination of wisdom. The more nearly perfect that vehicle is, the greater its usefulness. If able to speak a dozen languages, he has a decided asset. If skilled in chemistry, gifted in oratory, clear in thought, he has valuable talents which can be quickly turned to the service of mankind. If the candidate, regardless of his sincerity, presents himself at the door of the Temple ignorant and untrained, it is first necessary to equip him for his work. This preparatory training requires years. A person



THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EYE

This painting of the head of Minerva shows, in part, the activities of the pineal gland and the pituitary body at the time of the phenomenon commonly termed "the opening of the Third Eye." The Kundalini fire is seen rising upward through the spinal canal into the pons of the medulla oblongata. The golden light radiating from the base of the brain, at the back, gradually increases in size and intensity until it forms the nimbus, or halo, of the saint. The pituitary body is here shown surrounded by an elliptic rose aura. The pineal gland—the Third Eye of the Mysteries—is here depicted as blue in color and surrounded by a radiating blue aura. In reality, however, this aura includes within itself all the colors of the spectrum, but blue decidedly predominates. The tiny vibrating finger on the pineal gland points toward the pituitary body. This finger, vibrating at a very high rate of speed, is the actual cause of true spiritual illumination.

willing to consecrate himself unselfishly to the service of God—the first requisite for entrance into the Temple—should certainly be willing first to educate himself by learning what the material world has to teach. He must never seek for the Masters of wisdom until he has something of real value to offer them, for usefulness is to a great measure limited by trained ability.

2. *The candidate must understand the importance of continuity.* The curse of the modern world is its inability to finish the enterprises which it begins. As a child starts several things, but completes none of them, so the immature mind vacillates from one activity to another. Failure to achieve is the result of scattering the power of the mind over too great an area of endeavor. Man can cultivate no quality more essential to his spiritual well-being than that of finishing what he begins. Success can never be achieved in the material world without at least a reasonable development of the power of continuity. In matters pertaining to occultism, the same is true. A person who studies several lines of philosophy may call himself broadminded, but if he carries none of these lines to a successful culmination, he is, in reality, "scatter-brained." Again and again, such a person turns off and tries a new road, when just a few more steps upon the old one would have brought him within sight of achievement.

3. *The candidate must recognize his debt to society.* If in his zeal to unfold his spiritual nature he neglects those daily labors which have been assigned to him in the material world, he can never hope to attain true spirituality. Each individual born into the physical world has obligations which if not assumed by him, must be carried by others. Among the Hindus, for example, the debt which the Brahmin owes

to the race that produces him is very keenly felt. This debt is not paid until a son is born to him and he has lavished upon him the parental regard and care which he previously received from his parents.

Woe to those who neglect their fellow creatures to serve their God! In this world it is necessary first to earn the right to that leisure time which is essential for personal improvement. The chief reason why people are always confronted by problems is that they are ever seeking to evade problems. So many say, "Life is just one difficulty after another," when, in reality, it is the same difficulty presenting itself again and again, because it is not mastered. The candidate is urged to face and settle each problem of his life. In this way, perplexities are eliminated and more leisure is available for ethical progress. The prosaic duties of daily life are the elements out of which character is built, and those unable to cope with them are as useless in things spiritual as they are in things material.

Occult development is an exceedingly slow process. The results of the time and energy expended are often imperceptible. This brings discouragement; the candidate gives up the struggle, considering the task before him a hopeless one. Discouragement is one of the temptations placed in the way of the candidate by the Mysteries, for in spiritual matters he who can be discouraged is not worthy of encouragement. It is by means of discouragement that mediocre minds are eliminated. Recognizing the difficulty of preserving mental continuity, the Mysteries demand it of their candidates, for only those who struggle on to the single goal, year after year, wandering in darkness but with one-pointedness and perfect faith, are considered worthy to enter the Temple—the House of the Immortals.

4. *The candidate must realize the importance of motive.* An analysis of motives generally demonstrates them to be basically selfish, regardless of how unselfish they may appear. Only those who assume the study of occultism with the highest and most unselfish motives can hope to succeed in this the supreme science. In the present age, nearly every one has ulterior motives, most of which center around the aggrandizement of the individual not-self, mistaken for the Self. We desire power so that we may be recognized as powerful; we desire wisdom so that we may be recognized as wise; we gravitate about important people in the hope that we may shine a little with their reflected glory; we seek to be virtuous so that one man may say to another, "There goes a godly person!" To the average person it is inconceivable that greatness should not promenade. And yet an analysis of the men and women who have become great—either in spiritual or material affairs—reveals, in the majority of cases, humble, retiring individuals whose greatness is never offensive. Those who study occultism, hoping thereby to improve their material condition, fail utterly. Before power can be safely entrusted to man, he must become supremely indifferent to it. Perfect unselfishness is perfect consecration to the service of the One Universal Self.

Before anyone begins a study of the mystic sciences with the hope that he will add to the dignity of his position or to the weight of his coffers, he should consider for a moment the social, financial, and worldly position of those who during the ages past have been recognized as exponents of occultism and philosophy. Count Cagliostro, languishing for years in prison; Marshal Ney, an exile living under an assumed name; Abbe Villars, murdered for writing his *Romance of the Gnomes*—these are but a few examples

demonstrating the rewards which the world holds out to those who try to educate it. In order to serve more effectively, a few initiates (such as Comte de St.-Germain and Francis Bacon) were placed in positions of world power; but with this increased dignity came increased responsibility. The crown of spiritual adeptship is a far heavier one than the crown of material rulership. The use of occultism for the gratification of personal ends constitutes *black magic*.

It is for these reasons that the applicant is asked, "What motive urges you to take up these arts and sciences? Is it your supreme and all-ensouling desire to be of unselfish service to humanity?" To these questions some reply, "Gladly will I *die* for truth." To them the answer is, "That is not enough. Will you *live* for truth?" A few brief moments and the act of martyrdom is consummated; a few seconds of pain and the soul of man is beyond the reach of the executioner. This is a tremendous sacrifice—a glorious death. But the daily living, surrounded by problems and worries, year after year of disappointments—this is the supreme test of unselfishness. Until the soul can find perfect joy in giving, perfect companionship in aloneness, perfect sufficiency in the power of truth, perfect abundance in the gratitude of the few and the scorn of the many—until such a state is reached, the disciple is not ready to leave the broad road on which the world walks and take the thorn-lined path which leads to conscious immortality.

Years are spent by the Masters testing the hearts of candidates. Those who begin spiritual unfoldment find difficulties of all kinds rising before them. The even tenor of human existence is shattered, temptations of all kinds confront the seeker, and it is only when he rises triumphant above them all that he is usable in the great plan of human progress. In a man of little mind, selfishness is a small sin; should

that man develop a great mind and control the destinies of thousands, the small sin, if left unmastered, becomes a great menace. The impotent selfishness of ignorance becomes the potent tyranny of power.

Occasionally we find persons who, if not in some way restrained by nature, would become archdoers of evil. But nature, Delilah-like, has shorn them of their locks. One such case will suffice to demonstrate the principle: A sardonic iconoclast, with a tongue like a two-edged sword, who ruthlessly—even gleefully—destroyed hope, love, and faith in the hearts of others, was struck with paralysis which, affecting his tongue, made speech a slow and painful process. His heart was still filled with malice; in fact, he was more malignant than before, but his power to injure others had been taken from him. All men are born with many faculties and members paralyzed. Some are filled with malignancy, held in curb only by their inability to vent their spleen. All human beings have latent faculties and powers, but all are not privileged to develop them at this time. Before it would be safe to loosen the tongue of the malignant creature who calls himself a man, it would first be necessary to transmute the bitterness in his heart.

In a similar manner, before it would be advisable to liberate man from the natural paralysis of ignorance, there should be assurance that the newly awakened faculties shall be a blessing to humanity and not a curse. Before the Masters gave man the power to loosen his tongue, his heart had to be purified so that the power which was given him should not frustrate the plan of true spiritual unfoldment. This was the real reason for the periods of probationship. During these periods the mind and heart were cleansed of those things which, if given power of expression, would work evil. When the supreme forces of nature were placed in the hands

of the newly raised initiate, his heart, his mind, and his soul had to accept these gifts with divine humility, without thought of self, and use them for the greatest good to the greatest number.

5. *The candidate must shun all kinds of psychism and phenomenalism.* The fundamental purpose of occultism is not to equip a disciple with the power to see auras, elementals, or thought-forms. Nor is it concerned with the processes of bringing those who have passed on into communication with bereaved relatives on the material plane. Occultism is, first, an ethical philosophy; second, an operative science. As the candidate obeys the laws imposed upon him by the Mysteries, and as he is faithful in his discharge of the new duties which he is assuming, he gradually and sequentially unfolds the various parts of himself. His faculties become so sensitized that he is able to see at each step of his growth that which is essential for him to see, and sense that which is essential for him to sense. Clairvoyance is an effect, and not a cause; it is the result of certain adjustments of the life and a gradual regeneration of the bodily parts and members. True occult growth is so slow that it is almost imperceptible, the faculties unfolding from within outward like the petals of a flower. To hasten these natural processes beyond a certain point, is to endanger the sanity and health of the candidate.

So-called clairvoyance may take many forms. A student may reach a comparatively high degree of *Chelaship* and still be unaware of any extension of sense perception such as is commonly associated with spiritual growth, while a person possessing many psychic powers may be totally unfit even to enter upon the path of *Chelaship*. One of the surest signs of true occult unfoldment is a peculiar exten-

sion of sense perception or of the mental sense of awareness, which might be called "clair-cognizance." The average person would describe this condition as a form of mental clarity or acuteness. Instead of presenting itself through the organs of vision or hearing, occult cognition sometimes comes in a purely intellectual form, the mind becoming actually aware of occult truths and philosophic verities without any involvement of the lesser senses.

An example of this is the student who desires to learn the color vibration of a certain invisible organ or part of the body. The mind instantly replies that it is red, without actually giving any color impression—the information coming more as words imprinted upon the mind than in any other form; yet the mind itself registers no awareness of words spoken either physically or spiritually. Apparently the mind of itself announces the color to be red.

In things pertaining to occult philosophy, this faculty seems to be the particular reward of the teacher. If the lay instructor is actually in contact with the higher worlds, he will learn far more while he is teaching than will those to whom he is explaining the subjects under discussion, the "clair-cognizance" revealing spontaneously that which the faculties of the mind under normal conditions could not reason out in months. This is the only so-called psychic faculty whose coming should not be viewed with a certain amount of apprehension. The premature development of clairvoyance and psychism is a serious impediment to the spiritual growth of the student, who is all too likely to wander astray in the byways of the astral plane and end in the blind alley of self-delusion.

6. *The candidate must realize that with the increase of knowledge there is a proportionate increase of responsibility.*

With the acquirement of knowledge, the student must acquire the sense of discrimination, so that he may use most intelligently the information he has received. Nearly all who take up the study of occultism eventually become teachers of its abstruse sciences. It is proper that they should do this, for as they themselves were instructed, they but pay their natural debt by becoming instructors of others. The lay teacher should realize, however, that he becomes accountable for the use which others make of the knowledge he entrusts to them. He cannot shift this burden on to the Mystery Schools; he must bear it himself. For this reason he must be as wise as the gods if he would save himself from the karmic reactions of the forces which he has enabled others to set in operation.

In the occult tradition, the initiate always spoke only for himself. Unless actually upon an official errand for the School to which he belonged, he never made the esoteric Orders in any way responsible for his individual utterances and actions. Unless specifically ordered to do so, the emissaries of the Mysteries spoke only for themselves—never for the higher initiates. Those illumined minds who represented the Schools of the Mysteries in the world needed no heralding, nor did they require credentials from the invisible Brotherhood to which they belonged. Never did they announce themselves, for their power lay not in their affiliations, but in themselves. Why should an initiate tell the world that he is a superman? Unless he demonstrates it by his actions, the world will not accept him as such; and if the exceptional qualities of his intellect prove it, the claim is unnecessary.

All over the world there are hundreds of individuals and institutions claiming to represent the secret Schools of the

Ancient Wisdom. Few of these organizations, and still fewer of the individuals, can successfully defend their claims in the face of a critical analysis of their principles and policies. Those disciples truly consecrated to the service of the invisible Schools, have made it their policy to refrain from even mentioning the august bodies which they so inadequately represent, until that time when the invisible Order no longer could be discredited by their actions. The true disciple would rather die than compromise his Master or the School into which he hopes sometime to be initiated. He can protect the institution only by assuming personal responsibility for all that he says and does. Then his faults disgrace no one but himself. Only when he has reached the point of complete spiritual illumination does he reveal the source of his knowledge, and then only to a limited few.

One of the laws of occultism is that in order to receive, one must give. Those desirous of greater insight into things spiritual must earn the right to that broader understanding by the intelligent use of that knowledge already possessed. The student-teacher must realize that he is personally responsible for whatever effects his theories and doctrines may have upon the minds and bodies of others. By instruction we actually change the course of others' lives; we direct them into new channels of mental and physical activity; we change the tenor of their existence. If, directly or indirectly, these changes are not beneficial to them, we who gave them the knowledge become responsible before the gods for the results of our indiscretion.

In a similar manner, those who teach us are responsible for our actions and the use we make of the wisdom they have shared with us. Hence, when the disciple fails, it is the Master who suffers most. Most of all, we are responsible if we place in the hands of those unfit to receive it that knowl-

edge of nature's forces which enables one person to injure another. If we are not mentally developed to that point where we can determine beforehand, with a reasonable amount of certainty, the integrity of the person to whom we intend to reveal occult secrets, we are not far enough advanced to possess such secrets ourselves.

In justice to himself, therefore, no one should be in a hurry to go forth serving humanity, lest in his impetuosity he destroys not only others but himself with them. The groundwork should be laid first, but when such a one feels that he is equipped to disseminate a message, he should do it reverently, with deep consideration and no little trepidation, saying to himself: "I am responsible from now on for the use and interpretation placed by others upon the words that come out of my mouth. Therefore, I will choose them with care, consider them in the light of my truest and highest intelligence, and send forth with each a prayer that it shall serve only the cause of good. I will not claim to be anything or anyone, but let my works speak for me, for I am only as great as my works. If it be the will of the Masters that I should in time reach an exalted position as their messenger, I will then (if they so desire it) be their chosen and authorized mouthpiece. But until the day of that supreme achievement, if a man should ask me who I am, I shall answer that I am a voice crying in the wilderness. If he should ask who sent me, I shall answer that my soul sent me. If he should ask by what authority I teach men, I shall answer that I am my own authority. If he should ask what message I bring, I shall answer that I bring no message, but only interpret according to my light that message which is eternally here. And if he should ask, 'What reward have we if we follow you?' I shall answer that the accomplishment of labor is the reward of labor."

7. *The candidate must maintain a constructive mental attitude.* All thinking people are dissatisfied with existing conditions. They also realize that the universe is ruled by the law of cause and effect, and that in order to improve affairs it is first necessary to establish those remedial and corrective causes the natural results of which will be universal peace and enlightenment. It is imperative that we accept things as we find them in this world; and instead of complaining or criticizing if they are not in accordance with our desires, let us set about with diligence and intelligence to create newer and better conditions. If his mind be soured or his nature be established in the habit of complaining, the prospective candidate bars himself from the service of the Masters.

Since life is so serious an affair, it has well been said that the sense of humor is a saving grace. We become useless to our fellow creatures if we permit ourselves to be oppressed by the weight of the world's woe. It is a mistake to believe that seriousness can take the place of integrity. There is no substitute for the happy smile or the normal, healthy attitude toward the problems of life. The candidate need not cultivate thoughtless optimism, but rather that attitude of mind which sees the hand of God in everything and realizes that all things are working together for the ultimate good of each. The iconoclast is a useful and important member of society, but he never attains the highest state of usefulness because his mind is on a tangent.

Man is much like an apple: some mellow with age, while others rot; some people are deepened and sweetened by experience, while others are hopelessly soured. Those who become soured have failed utterly. They are mentally diseased and incapable of constructive thinking. Sourness is often the result of self-pity, one of the most subtle and terrible forms

of egotism. It is *egotism* that makes people actually believe that they are so important that nature singles them out to heap infirmities upon them. No one who pities himself has any inherent sense of justice. Without a perfect faith in a natural justice, man cannot attain the heights of either philosophy or religion. Make it one of the fundamental rules of your life that you will never be sorry for yourself. If you become the slave of self-pity, you will soon become a legitimate object of pity on the part of intelligent people.

These seven cardinal requirements therefore constitute the ethical foundation of occultism. Without consecration of the life to the attainment of proficiency in these qualities of character, it is useless to go on—if such a thing were possible. The foundation must come first. Most of the failures in mysticism and philosophy result from neglect of the ethical basis. The superstructure of esotericism must be raised upon the solid rock of virtue and integrity, for without this foundation it inevitably falls.

Man cannot prepare himself for philosophic pursuits in a few weeks or even a few years. He must build slowly and solidly, realizing that one step properly taken is worth many taken haphazardly and without direction. When the general self-improvement is fairly well advanced, it is then time for the student to prepare himself along certain special lines of endeavor which will peculiarly fit him for occult attainment. *This is not the first step but the second, and is not to be taken until the initial groundwork has been thoroughly established.*

With each advancing step, the candidate finds the standards of life more exacting and difficult of attainment, with deviation from these ideals productive of ever-increasing

sorrow and suffering. The requirements of the law for the initiate are much more strict than for the average individual, for the initiate can possess his transcendent powers only by sacrificing everything else. The would-be disciple of the Ancient Wisdom, after having schooled himself in the seven principles described above, must now turn his attention to the choice of that particular line of endeavor and that particular School of the Mysteries in which he feels he will be most useful. The qualities previously developed by the first ethical training are now tested, for only by their aid can the selection be intelligently made. While the path of accomplishment differs in each School, all the Mystery Schools teach the same fundamental doctrines and ultimately attain the same results.

Let us suppose that you have chosen one of the Eastern Schools. Before you can actually begin your studies, you must familiarize yourself with the particular ethical code which it disseminates. The School will educate you in certain concepts and attitudes which, when incorporated into your life, have a marked effect upon the invisible nature. Only when these effects reach a certain point is it safe for you to begin any special system of so-called spiritual development. Although the sevenfold cardinal requirements are applicable to persons in any walk of life (whether religiously or atheistically inclined), the more advanced requirements are concerned directly with the individual need of the student. This more advanced code is open to the consideration of all who have conducted themselves worthily according to the primary requirements. But woe to those who, ignorant, selfish, and otherwise unqualified, dabble in any form of occult science without first overcoming the more important faults of the lower nature! The proof of man's sincerity is his willingness to sacrifice, and the occult

student must sacrifice his own lower nature if he would enter the Temple of Wisdom.

Again and again, the student of occult philosophy deplores the fact that he cannot discriminate between the true and the false. He reveals his dilemma by saying: "Oh, if I only knew which of the paths of discipleship I ought to take! If I were only sure that this teacher is really qualified to instruct in these subjects! If I could only be certain that this book is the one I should study! But I am afraid to trust my decision on these matters. Won't you please decide for me?"

Such questions demonstrate beyond all doubt that the mind of the student has not matured to the point where it is capable of discrimination. Not knowing right from wrong, and incapable of dividing the real from the unreal, too many students are seeking advanced spiritual instruction when their ethical education is hopelessly inadequate. If you do not know what you want to do, you are not ready to do anything. You must first develop sufficient ethical perception to be cognizant of what you want to accomplish. The lack of such discrimination is much too common among occultists, and is often the unsuspected cause of their inability to attain spiritual unfoldment. Many students feel that this ethical training, by itself, is a waste of time and that it is far more desirable to become immediately engrossed in arcane traditions. The lack of this mental and moral culture effectually disqualifies the candidate for the steps which follow; the inevitable result is sorrow, suffering, incompetence, and disappointment.

Assuming that you have carefully considered the seven cardinal requirements already described, it is now in order to analyze the more specific factors with which the candidate must familiarize himself.

1. The first—and most important—is the selection of the person or institution whose instruction will constitute your course of occult procedure. Consider with us for a moment the attitude of the Eastern mystics on this vital subject.

The assistance of a properly qualified teacher is essential to the progress of the student. Just as a plant grows in the light of the sun, warmed and vitalized by its Pranic emanations, so the disciple unfolds, flower-like, nurtured and assisted by the spiritual radiance of his Master. The aura of a highly evolved adept is also of great assistance to a young student who as yet is unable completely to create certain atmospheres for himself. Gradually the perfect and continued communion between Master and disciple brings them very close together in spiritual understanding. A beautiful friendship is born between the two, which gradually merges into a perfect and impersonal love. The *Guru* (teacher) comes to know the innermost thoughts of his disciples. He tests the student by bringing him into the presence of temptation and encouraging him to be strong. He perceives where the student is weak. He discovers the faults in the nature which inhibit attainment, and by wise counsel aids his “spiritual son” to avoid pitfalls and blind alleys.

While the *Guru* may have many exoteric students, he seldom takes more than twelve at one time into the esoteric phase of his instruction. He realizes that no one can properly direct the studies of too large a number at one time and give each of them the individual help which is so necessary. He realizes that he is the parent of a spiritual infant who is being nurtured in the nature of his disciple, and that this spiritual child needs almost constant attention during the early stages of its growth. By carefully observing these requisites, the Master protects the life and health of his

disciples and leads them step by step to the state of accomplishment which they could not reach unaided.

To study for a few weeks or even months with an unknown teacher (even though he may be suspected of having great intelligence) and then to attempt to work out by yourself future exercises and systems of development, is the height of madness, for the daily unfoldment resulting from occult exercises requires intelligent supervision by a teacher who is prepared for any and all emergencies. Hence the disciple who undertakes the actual operative processes of spiritual regeneration generally lives (for a time, at least) with his teacher, so that every hour of the day or night the Master is within call. In India, the *Chelas* remain with their teachers for an entire lifetime to make certain that each step in their attainment is properly completed and the subsequent work correctly outlined.

Who is qualified to instruct in the operative mysteries of either Eastern or Western occultism? The answer is: only an initiate or the disciple of an initiate. An initiate is one whose attainment to a position of spiritual understanding has been in harmony with the laws of attainment. Therefore he must be and is in consistency with the laws which have produced him. Not only this, but he must be of that Ray of the Mysteries which is devoted to teaching. Many great initiates are not in the teaching Ray; therefore never take disciples. Others, again, are so highly advanced that none but initiates are eligible to their instruction, as in the case of the Master J. The laws of attainment demand purity of life and purpose; simplicity of demeanor and appearance; humility of mind and heart; selflessness, kindness, wisdom, and absolute freedom from the taint of worldliness and commercialism. And on either side of this narrow path which the disciple must walk are the pitfalls of *Dugpa* magic.

We should also bear in mind that there are few, if any, Westerners who are qualified to teach the esoteric principles of Eastern occultism. Many are attempting to do so, but their bungling efforts demonstrate their incompetence. The East deals in subtleties, and occultism is a subtle science, everything depending upon inflections which are totally beyond the average Western intellect. While Western scholars may learn to understand the general outline of Eastern occultism, even a lifetime in India or Tibet will not qualify them as teachers of Eastern esotericism, unless during their sojourn in the Orient they have actually been initiated into the Eastern Mysteries. Even then, there are certain key secrets which the Brahmins, for instance, will not reveal to any person of a race or caste different from their own. For this reason, most of the concepts promulgated by Westerners are hopelessly erroneous or, at best, incomplete. None but the East, apparently, can understand the East, for it is a world totally different in attitudes and concepts from the one with which we are familiar.

Then, again, the Hindus themselves, while far more religious and philosophical as a race than the Western peoples, are not all qualified to teach these abstruse occult sciences. As the average Christian minister is comparatively ignorant concerning mystical Christianity, so a great number of Orientals have little knowledge of the finer points of their faith. While it is true that the percentage of Orientals who understand their religion is much higher than the percentage of Christians who understand Christianity, the mere fact that a person comes from the Orient is no assurance that he is qualified to instruct concerning the secret teachings of his faith. It requires a highly advanced Oriental to adjust his doctrine to the Western world, for if presented without certain adjustments, it is almost useless. In choosing an in-

structor in any line of occult science, then, great care and discrimination must be used and an acid test applied. The point where lack of true understanding is most evident is in the commercial attitude, and if the student will eliminate from his list pseudo-occultists with axes to grind, he will escape the majority of the pitfalls.

2. The second point is the consideration of the time element. Time is the primary prerequisite of occult growth. The disciple may expect it to require at least twenty years to attain success in even the first degrees. In the early part of a disciple's training, he will probably find it necessary to receive his instruction from someone in the physical world, but as he goes higher and acquires the ability to separate his consciousness from his lower vehicles, he may receive his instruction from teachers and initiates working through the subtle essences of the invisible worlds.

No layman, either in the East or in the West, is qualified to begin the practice of so-called occult exercises without special preparation covering a period of years. Even in the East, where the mind is concerned with occultism and philosophy from infancy, special preparation is required before even the simplest of the exercises are begun. Even though a student has delved into occultism for years and has attended countless lectures, he is not justified in thinking that he is ready for deep esoteric work. Unless during those years he followed a certain prescribed and systematic course of training, he must begin to do so, and until he has achieved success therein he is not ready for deeper or more complicated forms of culture. Notwithstanding the fact that he considers himself a highly developed person, he must begin at the bottom and pass through his years of probationary work, just the same as the disciple who apparently is far less in-

formed. The true occultist realizes that it is not always how long we are at a thing, but how intelligently we pursue our labors that counts; and many who have spent an entire lifetime have achieved comparatively little.

It is for the *Guru* (and not the *chela*) to decide when the period of probationship is completed, for the teacher is capable of investigating man's invisible spiritual nature, upon which the record of accomplishment is imprinted. The period of time for the first probationship is usually from two to five years. Pythagoras of Crotona demanded five years of self-purification before he would even discuss the matter of spiritual unfoldment with a candidate applying for membership in his university.

During these years of preparation, the disciple adjusts his entire life to the work to which he looks forward. He becomes permeated with certain spiritual and intellectual attitudes, and thus comes *en rapport* with the holy science. It means that every atom and molecule of his quaternary constitution must be purified and made over. The organism must be unfolded, and every part of the structure must thrill and vibrate in a peculiar manner. What does this mean? It means that the attainment of spiritual power is impossible unless the life, mind, and body are dedicated entirely to that labor. It also means that so much depends upon the teacher into whose hands the student places himself that it is, in reality, a matter of life and death.

3. The third point for the candidate to realize is the necessity of remaining silent concerning any esoteric secrets which may be revealed to him. He may discuss the theoretical part of occultism with any whom he feels deserving of such information, but the operative secrets he must reveal to no one. They are given to him as Master to disciple,

and are for him alone. The curse of the gods is upon the head of the man who reveals the hiding place of his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. The Christ in you is the secret and powerful spiritual nature—the miracle-worker, the divine, invisible man. The one who reveals the nature and power of this secret Lord betrays his divine Master (the spiritual nature) and turns its power over to the hands of the mob (his own lower animal nature). At the hands of the mob, the Christ (the secret power) is crowned with a wreath of thorns and taunted as a king. He is given the kingdom of death to rule, and is scourged by the soldiers. In the hands of the mob-nature in man, the secret and divine power, which has thus been betrayed, is crowned with sorrow; the divine science is prostituted, that ignorant mortals may, by the aid of spiritual powers, secure material prosperity, marital happiness, or improve lagging business conditions.

Approach with the utmost care, therefore, the subject of occult exercises. Remember that the esoteric secrets of occultism are designed for the use of only that illumined few who, having first consecrated their lives to the unfoldment of the spiritual powers latent within them, have reached a point after many years where they are qualified to assume the responsibility of liberating their spiritual natures from the bondage of matter. *For the layman—ethically unprepared and wholly ignorant concerning the operation of occult currents and forces—to dabble with any form of occult exercises is almost certain to result in disaster.*

4. The candidate must realize the great danger of becoming involved in black magic. The line of demarcation between black and white magic is so fine that even those highly advanced must exercise eternal watchfulness in order to avoid involvements in *Dugga* sorcery. To a great degree,

the difference between black and white magic lies in the motive. An impersonal and unselfish attitude is the surest protection against black magic, but many other things, especially self-control, are necessary to insure that the candidate shall escape the dangers of sorcery. Both the white magician and the black magician use identical forces. The former, however, grows through his constructive use of the divine sciences, whereas the latter slowly but inevitably destroys himself by their perversion.

The attainment of transcendental powers must be either through the regeneration and scientific reconstruction of the body—the gradual liberation of the consciousness enmeshed within the form—or through sorcery, black magic, and necromancy. Woe to him who believes even for a moment that he can tamper with black magic and survive! Both the East and West are filled with *Dugpas*—black magicians who, by the perversion of occult forces, have become temporarily manipulators of cosmic energy. Gradually, but inevitably, these *Dugpas* are drawn into the maelstrom of their own evil, and perish. The great danger which confronts haphazard students is that they may develop spiritual forces within their bodies to a degree where they can be used by the *Dugpas* for one purpose or another before they have developed the strength and enlightenment to use these forces to any good end. Thus many really good people become unconscious doers of evil because they are not sufficiently intelligent to understand the right application of the forces they have awakened within themselves.

5. The candidate must realize that the application of commercial terms to occult values is a direct prostitution of this most sacred of all sciences. While a teacher of philosophy, like a professor of botany or mathematics, may be,

and should be, remunerated for his efforts—which remuneration may be accepted to a moderate degree without prostituting his science—the operative secrets of occultism must never be involved in any form of commercialism. They have no commercial value. To attempt the buying or selling of them is one of the most heinous of sins. By *operative secrets* we mean that knowledge which will assist the individual to personally unfold by secret but scientific processes the latent forces or faculties of his own nature. These must not, shall not, and cannot be bought or sold.

When a man is decorated by a government for a deed of valor, he does not have to buy the medal that is pinned on his breast. The same rule applies with respect to the secret doctrine, which is revealed to man as the reward for spiritual, moral, and intellectual valor. When the disciple is ready, it is an inconceivable and unpardonable sin to deny him that which is his by right of merit. To sell the secrets of the invisible world to one unworthy to know them and incapable of earning them, is a sacrilege; to try to sell them to one who has already earned that wisdom by virtue of the superior qualities of his own nature, is also a sacrilege.

To place the great secrets of occultism in writing is dangerous, and brings a heavy karmic debt down upon the head of the one so foolish as to do it; and to sell a document containing such secrets compounds his karmic obligations. When revealed to the public, all material dealing with operative occultism must be veiled. And when it seems desirable to reveal the theory behind these processes, certain keys must always be omitted, so that a careless reader will not be able to hurt himself by experimenting with the information thus gained. These facts are well known to those entrusted with esoteric information, and any who break these

rules demonstrate their total unfitness to instruct students in the mysteries of the occult sciences.

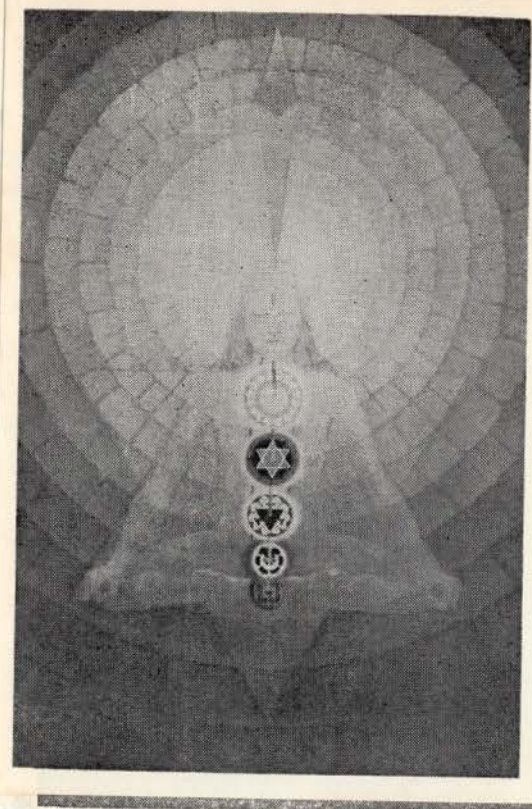
6. The candidate must beware of unbalance. Equilibrium can be safeguarded by continual emphasis of the ideal of symmetry. The student should always bear in mind that one virtue is not sufficient to make a saint, no matter how excellent that one virtue may be. Man must grow symmetrically—his heart, his mind, and his body must coordinate and complement each other. He must achieve the condition of mental, spiritual, and physical equilibrium. If the mind is over-developed, the scientist results; if the heart dominates, the religious fanatic and emotionalist is produced; if the physical nature controls, the materialist is the inevitable product. It is only when all three of these parts unite in the glorification of the divine nature that the composite unit—the spiritual philosopher—becomes a reality.

The most common occult exercises taught to the general public today are various forms of concentration and breathing. Many of these exercises are hopelessly incorrect. Both concentration and breathing, when properly understood, have their place, for both profoundly influence the entire constitution of man. But neither of these alone, nor both together, will produce any permanent or satisfactory results, unless at the same time the nature possesses certain other virtuous qualities and has adjusted itself to the general plan of spiritual unfoldment. You may use a perfectly correct form of Yoga breathing, but if your body is impure you will never attain any but harmful results. You may sacrifice all to your gods and be a vegetarian for an entire lifetime, and yet practically nullify the good resulting from these practices by failure to control an obstinate temper which you have tolerated in spite of efforts you have made to overcome other faults. The possible value of any concentrative exercise which

you may attempt will be destroyed by an uneradicated streak of selfishness; an unconquered egotism will continually prevent the consummation of a lifetime of endeavor. If you dislike but one person, you can never attain upon the path of white magic. Any occult development which may be made without conquering these qualities within the nature, exposes the student to the perils of *Dugpa* sorcery and black magic.

It is because of the necessity of controlling and transmuting all of the lower qualities of the nature that the years of probationship are so essential. During this period of battle with self, the sincere student gets hold of the threads of his life and begins to make the adjustments necessary before the actual spiritual work can begin. It is not by destroying the lower nature that man becomes virtuous; it is by the transmutation and regeneration of every base quality and attitude that he achieves divinity. This gradual process of self-conquest ultimately brings the disciple to the state of complete self-control. From that point, attainment is not so difficult, for having controlled self, he is the master of the universe.

All occultists know that true spirituality is not to be gained through either extremes or excesses. Those who try to become ascetics by retiring from the world and rejecting the problems of life, those who fast, those who neglect the problems of daily existence—such cannot achieve, for in the last analysis, only that which is natural and in harmony with common sense can produce permanent benefit. It is the failure to observe these requisites that has caused so much misunderstanding with respect to occultism today. People desire to unfold clairvoyant powers and enter a Nirvana of happiness, peace, and selfish enjoyment. They believe that occultism will vicariously solve their problems. All this is wrong, for no one can attain occultism who has not first given up the desire for earthly happiness and proved his



THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS

This painting of the CHAKRAS is based upon a number of native drawings brought from India by Mr. Hall in 1924. In the Orient, diagrams of the Chakras are comparatively common, but several symbols not generally included have been added, which make the painting more complete. The most important additions consist of (1) the interlaced triangles behind the figure, the body of the Yogi himself forming the upright triangle; (2) the beam of golden light rising from the BRAHMARANDRA, or GATE OF BRAHMA, in the crown of the head; and (3) the SAHASRARA, or THOUSAND-PETALED LOTUS, in the upper part of the brain, which is generally pictured as an inverted lotus-like cap but is here shown as a great flower-like sunburst, with a white center and concentric rings of petals.

courage and ability to master the problems which beset him in this mortal sphere.

7. The candidate must next consider the esoteric interpretation of the so-called material arts and sciences. Astronomy, mathematics, music, rhetoric, geometry, grammar, and logic are often called the seven liberal arts and sciences. There are, in reality, forty-nine great arts and sciences. An extract from occult anatomy will show how esoteric science differs from material, or exoteric, science. Turn to the painting of the seven spinal *chakras*. In the picture the general form of the *chakras* has been carefully preserved, special emphasis being placed upon the correct number of petals. In the secret teachings, to each of these petals is assigned a letter of the Sanskrit alphabet. The human figure has been made semi-transparent, as it might appear to one actually gazing upon a Yogi in meditation. The Yogi is apparently suspended in the air, for the power of sight which would enable one to see the *chakras* would take no cognizance of the physical earth upon which he is sitting. The plate is, of course, diagrammatic and must not be considered too literally.

Study carefully the flower-like centers upon the spinal column of the Yogi. Through the center of the seven flowers passes the tube *Sushumna*, which corresponds to the sixth ventricle of science, a tiny tube passing through the center of the spinal cord. On the left side of *Sushumna* is another tube called *Ida*, and on the right side a third called *Pingala*. These are the poles of the central tube—the sharp and flat of *Sushumna* itself. These two tubes are profoundly influenced by the nostrils on their respective sides. The *Ida* and *Pingala* cross at the base of the skull and both rise out of the four-petaled lotus at the base of the spine. The *Ida*, *Sushumna*, and *Pingala* together are the chief of the *Nadis*,

and of these three the *Sushumna* is the most important. In the ordinary individual, the tube of the *Sushumna* is closed, but by Yoga it is opened so that there is direct connection between the sacral plexus at the base of the spine and the pineal gland in the head.

According to Hindu allegory, *Kundalini*—the goddess of the serpent fire—descends into man through the umbilical cord at the navel, but when the umbilical cord is cut, this serpentine power coils itself in the sacral plexus, where it rests upon the triangular bone at the end of the sacrum. This triangular bone is shown as an inverted triangle in the *Muladhara*, the four-petaled lotus-blossom at the base of the spine. Here *Kundalini* remains coiled until, through occult exercises, she is caused to rise through *Sushumna* into the brain, where she awakens the activity of the third eye—the pineal gland. This third eye is the link connecting man with the spiritual world or, to be more correct, with the higher spiritual nature of himself. The *anthropos*, or *overman*, which never descends into incarnation, was called by the Greeks the *Cyclops*—the giant who had but one eye, which eye was the pineal gland, by means of which the higher ego was capable of seeing downward into the human nature, and the human ego was capable of seeing upward into *Buddhi*, or the *overman*. *Kundalini* is more or less excited into rising as the result of the ascending essences in *Ida* and *Pingala*.

Here we have the *caduceus* of Hermes. The two serpents coiled around the staff are *Ida* and *Pingala*; the central staff is *Sushumna*; the bulb at the upper end of the rod is *Sahasrara*; and the wings are *Ajna*—the two-petaled lotus above the bridge of the nose. There is some dispute among Eastern occultists as to whether the pineal gland is actually the thousand-petaled lotus. Some affirm that it is; others that

it is not, but that a higher center in the brain is actually the *Sahasrara*.

Let us now consider the centers, from the lower upward. That division or step of Yoga called *Pranayama* is devoted to awakening *Kundalini* from her coils and causing her to rise upward through the *chakras*. As she contacts these in turn, they result in an extension of consciousness. Each of the five lower centers distributes one of the five forms of *Prana*, or the broken-up energy of the sun. Each of the seven *chakras* also has a corresponding *tattva*, or breath—a motion or condition of spiritual air. Beginning at the bottom of the spine and working upward, the centers are as follows:

First, *Muladhara*. This has four petals and an inverted triangle in the center. The *tattvic* power of smell is associated with this *chakra*. It is probably correlated with the Church of Ephesus mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and corresponds to the sacral ganglion of modern science.

Second, *Svadhithana*. This is the second from the bottom and contains six petals, with a crescent in the center. Its *tattvic* correspondent governs the sense of taste. It probably corresponds to the Church of Pergamos, and is the prostatic plexus of modern science.

Third, *Manipura*. This is the third *chakra* from the bottom, containing the red triangle. It has ten petals and is associated with the epigastric plexus and the navel. Of the seven churches it is probably Smyrna, and is associated with the *tattva* of sight.

Fourth, *Anahata*. This is the fourth from the bottom and its symbol is two interlaced triangles. This *chakra* has twelve petals, and is associated with what is commonly called today the cardiac plexus. It is probably the Church of Thyatira, and its *tattvic* power is the sense of touch.

Fifth, *Vishuddha*. This is the fifth *chakra* from the bottom and consists of a white circle surrounded by sixteen petals. It is known to modern science as the pharyngeal plexus. Its *tattvic* correspondent gives the sense of hearing, and it is probably related to the Church of Sardis.

Sixth, *Ajna*. This is the cavernous plexus of the brain and is the sixth from the bottom. The lotus consists of two petals caused by the fanning out of spiritual rays, one to either side. It is probably related to the Church of Philadelphia, and its *tattvic* power is to give the quality of thought.

Seventh, *Sahasrara*. This is the thousand-petaled lotus, the highest of the sacred seven. Its *tattvic* power is purely spiritual. It is probably related to the Church of Laodicea, and corresponds either with the pineal gland or an unknown center directly above it. When *Kundalini* reaches this point, divine consciousness is attained.

The passage of *Kundalini* upward toward *Sahasrara* is marked by a gentle warmth. As it rises, the lower part of the body becomes cold, until only the head remains warm. The condition is also accompanied by other phenomena. Woe to the unhappy mortal who raises *Kundalini* prematurely to the brain! The sting of the fiery serpent is most deadly, as those well know who have seen the results of her premature raising. She will burn her way to the brain and destroy the reasoning qualities of the mind.

Such, in brief, is the story of the *Chakras* and that science called Yoga—the art of developing and controlling them. The story of these centers is clearly set forth in the Book of Revelation, where the seven seals, the seven trumpets, the seven vials, and the seven voices all refer to the spinal centers and the various mysteries concerning them. *The warning cannot be too strongly emphasized that, while the study of the theory of Yoga will acquaint you with many of the*

mysteries of nature and of your own constitution, the practice of it should be limited to such as have united themselves with those schools of Eastern philosophy of which it is the esoteric work. It is well that all should know the theory, but woe to the foolish mortal who attempts the practice without proper instruction and guidance!

The system of training through which disciples must pass in order to prepare themselves for the highest honors of occultism is rigorous. Take, for example, the eight steps which the Yogi is expected to climb to union with his Divine Self. While these processes differ in each of the Schools, they are equally severe and exacting in all; for it is only after the neophyte has shown his ability to master and directionalize every force in his organism that he is given the secret keys by means of which he can control the destiny of creation. The eight steps of the Yogi School are: *Yama*, *Niyama*, *Asana*, *Pranayama*, *Pratyahara*, *Dharana*, *Dhyana*, and *Samadhi*. What does each stage imply? What qualities must the disciple unfold in order to reach the final stage of perfect spiritual union with the Supreme Self? These are questions which we shall try to answer.

The first step is *Yama*. Under the heading of *Yama*, an exceedingly strict control of the mental nature begins, for the disciple is placing his foot upon the first step which leads to Self. Here he must cease destructive activities forever. He must no longer kill either the body, the hope, or the faith of any living creature. He must become absolutely truthful. His words must be carefully thought out before they are spoken. In spite of his truthfulness, he must never hurt. Unquestionable honesty must be cultivated. He must not even desire after a thing which is not his own; and he must also give up the sense of possession over that which is

his own, realizing that it is only loaned to him so that he may use it for the glorification of God. He must cease receiving gifts of any kind. The only thing which he is permitted to receive is sufficient food for his existence and sufficient clothing to cover his body. (This last is not literally practical in the Western world). He must gradually cultivate a beauty within his own soul so that he radiates peace, tranquillity, harmony, and wise sympathy. He must live to do good, serving all things and loving all things. He must have no enmity, but must love his enemies as he loves his friends, and both of these he must love impersonally. Only when he has accomplished this has he actually achieved the first step in his long path toward the liberation of Self. It is only when we have achieved this perfect peace within ourselves that we are ready to go on; yet how many American students are trying to concentrate and develop spiritual powers who have not even begun the conquest of their lower natures or the purification of their bodies! This is one of the chief contributory causes behind the tragedies of modern occultism.

The second step is *Niyama*. This stage is even more difficult than the first, for it demands perfect self-control. It also requires the perfect conservation of energy. Wasteful expenditures of life energies must cease. Nothing shall be wasted; the tongue shall be held in restraint, to speak only when speech is necessary; the energies of all parts of the body shall be conserved, and used only to accomplish that which is essential. Then must come cleanliness of mind, soul, and body, for unless all parts are clean in their structure and expression, spirituality cannot be attained. There must come the development of the sense of peace—the realization that all things are as they should be; that all activity is united to the attainment of good; that the Supreme One

is actually controlling His world. In this stage, the disciple reads the books of wisdom, familiarizes himself with the sacred Scriptures, and ponders and meditates upon the symbols and allegories. To consummate this stage, he surrenders himself and all that he is to God, living only to serve God, existing only to fulfill the dictates of God, offering his hands and his feet, his heart and his mind to God, and claiming nothing for himself. He must withhold nothing. Regardless of his own likes and dislikes, he must offer himself to the Supreme One without reservation or hesitation. Whatever God wills to be done, he will do it; at all times of the day or night, he is at the command of the Father. When he has achieved this perfect condition of willingness to be that which God would will him to be, the disciple is then ready to begin the study of body postures—an art which serves many purposes.

The third step is *Asana*. The purpose of this step is to gain control over the muscles and members of the physical body. It is one of the secret sciences, and consists of a series of body postures, the assuming of which causes various muscles and nerves to come into play which otherwise are not used. Its consummation is the ability of the mind to control the function of every organ and part of the human body, so that when the mind so wills, the heart will stop beating and the individual still live. This complete bodily control has a considerable influence upon the length of life, and according to the Hindus, will considerably lengthen the span of human existence. A careful consideration of these stages will reveal the fact that they are all devoted to the problem of mastering the not-self and bringing the tangible nature under the control of the intangible spiritual man. When this stage has been successfully passed, the candidate

comes to the next step, which is the control of the solar force within the body.

The fourth step is called *Pranayama*. This involves, to a certain degree, the science of breathing. *Prana* is the life power from the sun. The flow of this force can be controlled by the mind and, to a certain degree, by the breath. There is a certain individuality in breathing. This individuality can be affected by timing the breath, and is somewhat governed by the nostril used in inhaling and exhaling. *Pranayama* is closely related to the science of the *chakras*, for by means of its exercises the goddess *Kundalini* is caused to rise through the spinal canal. It also has to do with the purifying of the nerves, for the *pranic* energy flows through the nerve canals. This is a hazardous procedure, however, for the average Occidental, and he is warned to leave it entirely alone unless he has already advanced through many stages of spiritual growth. It is far better and wiser not to discuss the exact method by means of which this breath force is directed.

The fifth step is *Pratyahara*. At this point, the disciple begins one of the most difficult of all occult processes—the control of the mind. Few people realize how wild and erring their minds are. The mind wanders ever from one thing to another. Control seems almost impossible, for the very element with which it must be controlled is the element which is wandering. *Pratyahara* may be termed the process of separating the mind from the illusions of the senses and turning it more and more upon the contemplation of Reality. The mind must be controlled: it must think only when it is told to think and as it is told to think; it must be directionalized by the will of the individual. When man is master of his thoughts and feelings, when he is in perfect possession of his mind, he has accomplished the fifth step. Today the

average person cannot think clearly because interest sways his judgment. He thinks in favor of the things he loves and against the things he hates; he blames some people and exonerates others, when both are guilty of similar offenses. This is because the mind is a servant of the senses and is incapable of free and unprejudiced thought. To the correction of this, the mind and the senses are gradually separated, so that the desires, lusts, greeds, and passions are no longer capable of turning the mind from the contemplation of things as they are. When this has been accomplished, the disciple is then ready for the next step.

The sixth step is *Dharana*. The mind, having been controlled, is now directionalized. It is turned to this point or to that and held there unwaveringly. In order to be most useful to man, the mind must be capable of pointing. It must reach such a condition that, like a single beam of light, it can be turned in any direction and held there for any desired length of time. When placed in a certain position, the mind remains there until the will of the operator moves it. When the stage of *Dharana* is achieved, the center of intelligence seemingly can be moved so that it is centered in almost any part of the body. The sense of feeling can be restricted to any given area. By this means, the mind also can be forced to turn inward and see the internal parts of the body. It profoundly influences whatever point it is directed upon, because it is so finely pointed that its shaft is almost solid enough to affect the physical organs. When all thought can be enclosed and limited to certain areas at will, it is called the accomplishment of *Dharana*.

The seventh step is *Dhyana*. This is a continuation of the previous step and is the natural outcome of it. When the mind has become capable of pointing itself to any part of the human structure and of being held there continuously,

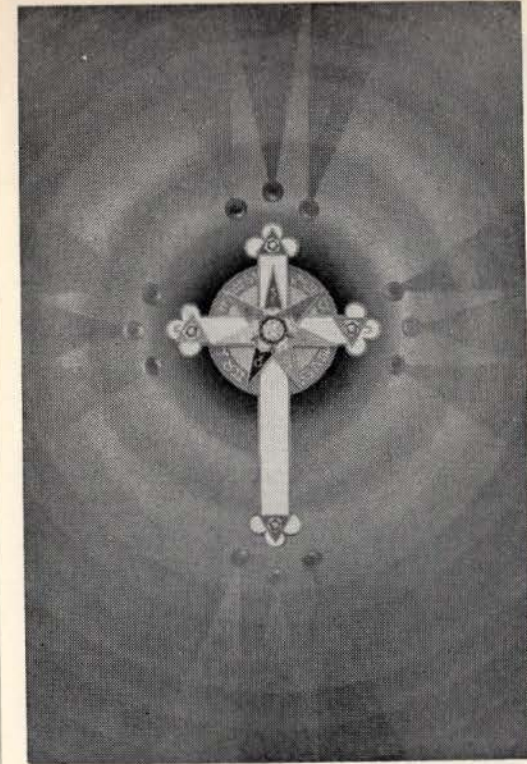
a condition of contemplation results. In this way, an understanding of the invisible causal nature of the object contemplated is achieved; or as one Eastern mystic says, "The mind begins to flow towards the point established." Gradually everything else ceases to exist except the point; and the mind, absorbing its lower illusionary nature, draws near to a perfect knowledge and consciousness of itself.

The eighth and final step is *Samadhi*. It is attained when the mind is capable of ascending higher by its pointing or focalizing than the sense of *I*. The individual lives, he is conscious, and he thinks; but he is above the sense of *I*. He is temporarily universalized, and when he returns to his normal state of consciousness, he brings back with him an overwhelming sense of the relationship of things which he never before possessed. *Samadhi* is brought on by a tremendous exertion of will power, in which the mind turns its focal ray to contemplate something greater even than itself. Thinking of this tremendous thing, it is temporarily part of the thing of which it thinks, and dwells in limitless Space and limitless Mind. The mind later drawing itself downward from *Samadhi*, enters the restricted area of human intelligence to experience a sense of oppression as a person might feel if he were ushered into a small, ill-ventilated, poorly-lighted room.

FINIS

A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

The cross is the most universal of all religious symbols. Examples of crosses are to be found in the sculpture of nearly all ancient peoples. A cross was hung about the necks of the initiates of the Eleusinian Mysteries of Greece. It was painted upon the foreheads of candidates passing through the pyramid Mysteries of Central America, and is



A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

The theme of this painting is a symbolic cross designed by Mr. Hall in the early summer of 1923. The cross represents a composite of the emblems and figures of the various Mystery Schools gathered to form one harmonious pattern, thus signifying the unification of all religious and philosophic doctrines into one perfect and beautiful unit—a condition which must first come to pass before the ideals of Universal Brotherhood can be realized. The original design has not been altered in any way, but in the oil painting two additions have been made. The first addition is the radiating spectrum behind the cross and the second is the chain of twelve globes, the latter signifying the zodiacal constellations in their appropriate colors. Soon after the design was completed, the cross was reproduced in diamonds, platinum, gold and enamel, and presented to Mr. Hall by his Los Angeles congregation.

a symbol for God among the North American Indians. It is a curious fact that the cross, or X, has been so often associated with the power of the decimal system, being the Roman numerical symbol for 10. A similarly shaped hieroglyph is used by both the Japanese and Chinese for the number 10. Crosses have been discovered in the temples of the Brahmins. One of the most remarkable is an emblem of cruciform pattern found in the Brahmin temples, carved out of rock, on the Island of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. When the Spaniards arrived in Central America, they discovered the Maya Indians worshipping crosses. At least one of these Maya crosses found its way into a Christian cathedral. It now stands unchanged above the altar.

The Egyptian cross of life—the *crux ansata*—was often referred to as *the key to the Mysteries*. Many of the gods and goddesses of the Egyptian pantheon are shown carrying the *crux ansata* in their hands, and it was not uncommon to bury these emblems with the dead. Several Egyptian carvings show blessings in the form of crosses issuing from the mouths of the gods, and when the Pharaoh pardoned his enemies, the words of pardon are similarly shown. In its wanderings, the *crux ansata* reached the Easter Islands, far off the coast of South America. There is now an Easter Island figure in the British Museum, brought there many years ago by a sailing ship, which shows the Egyptian cross of life clearly and unmistakably carved upon the reverse side of the statue.

There is also a radiating spectrum, the colors of which symbolize the rates of vibration through which manifest the seven creative Spirits. The spectrum is also a suitable emblem for the auric bodies radiating from the purified and regenerated soul. From each of the twelve globes pours a stream of force. These represent the celestial zodiac—twelve

divine, eternal lights, each symbolized by a suitable color. The signs begin with the upper left globe, which is red and is denominated Aries; they continue from left to right throughout the zodiac. The second globe is red orange and is called Taurus; the third—orange—is Gemini; and so on around the entire circle.

The cross, then, is a synthetic emblem, combining the emblems of the Mystery Schools as these symbols are united in the nature of man. All of the symbols of the Mystery Schools exist within man and are related to certain centers of his consciousness. Thus, this cross is a macrocosmic and microcosmic figure, setting forth the mystery of human regeneration as that mystery is concealed within the seven lesser and five greater Schools of Divine Wisdom.

The custom of crucifying candidates at the time of initiation into the Mysteries is very old. The Greeks and Persians included symbolic crucifixions in the initiatory rituals of their Mysteries. Candidates were sometimes laid upon cross-shaped altars; at other times they were actually bound to crosses of wood or stone. The Scandinavian Drottars used crosses in their rituals, and the fylfot cross (more commonly known as the *swastika*) is a symbol sacred to the Chinese, the Hindus, the Scandinavians, and the American Indians. It is also called *the hammer of Thor*. It is a spinning cross and is used by the Orientals to symbolize the spinning vortices of force in the spinal *chakras*. The Druids worshipped their God, *Hu*, under the form of an oak tree whose top was cut off some feet above the ground and fastened crosswise to the top of the vertical trunk. The Persians also revered the cross and used it to symbolize Ahura-Mazda, their god of light and truth.

Since the cross was an object of universal adoration, it is difficult to find a more fitting basis for a synthetic sym-

bol. It is incorrect to look upon the cross as an exclusive Christian symbol or limited in any way to Christianity. Even the most bigoted investigator must accept the universality of the cross—the supreme symbol of life, regeneration, forgiveness, and resurrection among all peoples of the pagan and Christian worlds.

Many early writers did not associate Christ with the cross. The story of his crucifixion apparently originated sometime after his death. Christians revere this emblem as a constant reminder of the supreme sacrifice of their leader, while the pagans view it as emblematic of the processes in nature by means of which growth and unfoldment are continued through the periods of cosmic manifestation. Among the Buddhists and Brahmins, the cross is an emblem of life, light, and truth, and not connected with the Passion of Jesus Christ. It is revered as typical of the supreme and eternal sacrifice of the spiritual forces of nature, perverted and destroyed by the sins of the flesh, which must be regenerated and transmuted before the candidate is eligible for acceptance into the fraternity of the immortals.

In our design the cross is white, the color of purity. The four arms of the cross are commonly associated with the four elements, from which the lower bodies of all living things are formed. Man has a mental body, an astral body, a vital body, and a physical body. In the midst of these dwells his spiritual nature, crucified in the form of a flower upon substantial substances. The cross with its four symbolic beasts—the famous Cherubim of Ezekiel and Revelation—is symbolic of the mind, the heart, the vitality, and the physical nature. Physical substance itself is divided into four major divisions or elements, commonly called earth, water, fire, and air, and known to science as carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. These four are the basis of all

material form and are appropriately symbolized by the cross. The cross is the symbol of the tangible, visible constitution of the human being. By stretching out his arms, man causes his body to assume the shape of a cross. Thus, the white cross signifies the purified body of the candidate, cleansed and prepared to enter the temple of the Mysteries. The Egyptian priests wore only linen robes when entering the temples of their gods. While they often protected their bodies from the excesses of temperature by enveloping themselves in furs, it was considered necessary to leave the skins of animals outside the temple; for nothing pertaining to the animal is worthy to enter the house of God. By the *animal* is understood, of course, man's animal nature—the irrational part of himself—for nothing but the rational part is capable of knowing or worshipping the gods.

The cross may be black to symbolize impurity, or white to symbolize purity. It may be silver to symbolize fecundity, or gold as emblematic of spiritual virility. In every case, it typifies the condition of man's nature. When of base metal, it represents the unregenerate man; when of wood, the sufferer; when of stone, the intellectually and spiritually impotent. In short, the cross is the symbol of the expression of the objective, visible constitution of man; and the substances of which it is composed signify the spiritual status of the objective nature.

Behind our symbolic cross is a zodiac surrounding a series of forty-nine emanating lines (not shown in the plate). The lines represent the forty-nine fires or spiritual centers which are objectified in both the Macrocosm and the Microcosm. The zodiac represents the twelve Holy Animals. Pythagoras taught a peculiar doctrine of transmigration, claiming that the souls of men took upon themselves the bodies of animals. What he really meant was that the souls of man-

kind, coming into creation through the zodiacal band, took upon themselves the forms of the constellations; for all forms of cosmic life come into manifestation through one of the constellations and are therefore said to assume the forms of beasts.

Crucified upon the cross is the seven-rayed Logos—the one spiritual Creator, manifested through His seven Logoi or Planetary Lords, each of which is represented by a point of the star. The colors upon the points are somewhat arbitrary, but there is a reason why they are in the peculiar order shown. Although Mercury is usually symbolized as yellow, here it is violet, because the latter color is composed of blue (the spiritual nature) and red (the animal nature); the mind (Mercury) is the point of blending between them.

The triangles at the extremities of the cross signify the elements; and the diamonds, the spiritual essences manifesting through the elements. The twelve knobs on the arms of the cross are the twelve Schools of the Mysteries and the twelve disciples who ate the last supper with their Lord. The knobs are also the twelve Initiates constituting the Great White Lodge—the twelve Immortal Mortals who control the destiny of the world. In the midst of the cross is a fifth diamond, a fifth element—the sacred element of the ancients. The center of the cross symbolizes the heart—the seat of the divine spiritual nature in man. Outside the diamond is a rose enclosed within the cup of a ten-petaled lotus, thus combining the Rosicrucian and Buddhist Mysteries. The diamond in the midst of the cross is the Philosopher's Stone—the human soul, produced through a transmutation and regeneration of the four elements which, tintured with the spiritual soul power, are transmuted from base metals into gold.

The Space-Born



By
MANLY P. HALL

1930

THE SPACE-BORN

Due to the high aesthetic standards prevailing in ancient times, particularly among the Greeks and Chinese, special emphasis was laid upon what may be termed the "art of words." Midway between prose and poetry was recognized a rhythm which, though not conforming to the laws of verse, left a definite poetic impression. The Mazdean Hymns to the Sun, the Oration of the Emperor Julian to the Mother of the Gods, the Moral Precepts of Confucius, the Chaldean Oracles, and even the mutilated versions of the so-called Christian Bible are replete with evidences of a dramatic literary mode which surpasses the grandeur of even the Gregorian chants.

Primitive poetry possesses a charm often absent from the more finished products of an age wherein the impulses of the soul have fallen under the dictum of mathematical procedure. During the mythical Golden Age, poetry was considered the language of the gods, while prose was the language of men. The time must come when humanity again will think, feel, and act by art, rather than by rote; for rhythm is simply the application of the principles of harmony and beauty to sequences of words and sounds.

The present collection of fragments is an effort to emulate the style of the first poets in the presentation of certain spiritual truths concerning the inner mysteries of life. It will be noted that the various cosmic agencies are personified to render the expression of their several properties more vivid and convincing.

THE AUTHOR

THE ABSOLUTE

I am the Absolute. I am birthless,
Deathless, eternal;
The baseless Base of Beginnings,
The Sure Foundation unmeasured,
The Causeless Cause of Causation,
The Living Root of Illusion.

All these am I, and other things
Unmentioned;
The sum total of Reality expressed
In Naught;
Unmoved, unquestioned, undefined:
I am Omnipotent.

Veiled by the robes of empty space,
I dream
The troubled nightmare of Creation's Plan,
To wake
And find Creation's Plan dissolved again
In Me.

Worlds are my dreams; the endless
March of suns
Live while I sleep and die
With my awakening,
For life is death and death is life
In Me.

Creation I permit, yet am not of it,
Nor deceived thereby.
Life and death I sanction: they are
Both in Me;
They come and go, yet steadfast I remain,
Unmoved by these.

Wrapped in my seething robes
Of mystery,
Jewel-spangled
By a hundred million suns,—
Lifeless, deathless, being-less, I remain
Permanent, unmoved.

From Me you came, O myriad sparks
Unnumbered;
From my dark wheels I hurled you
Into being.
I gave you selves and robbed you of Myself,
The Selfless All.

Into my embrace I bid you come
Once more,
Fulfilling the law which bids the
Wheels of Being
To launch you home again,
Your labors done.

Of Me you little know, and yet
Am I the sum
Of all that has been, is,
Or yet to come—
The Plan, the Planner and the Planned-for
All in one.

And that One, nameless, being-less,
Hypothetical,
And yet a solid emptiness
That none can crush or bend
Or break, and far less can destroy.
For even destruction

Cannot shatter that power
Which is destruction's base.
No thing by God or Man devised
Can injure Me,
For when all else is fallen, shattered,
Broken—I remain.

Would you storm my Mystery and
Seek to find
That which is behind my veil—
Oblivion?
Then senseless, being-less, creation-less
Thou must become.

The thundering boom of Silence
Is my Voice;
Stillness is the herald
Of my way appointed;
Being-less, I am present most
When most away.

Not-Being is my Name—
By no other will I be known.
Limitless, I know no limitation
Save those passing forms
Which dwell within the aura of my Majesty
While I permit.

I am the Absolute;
I, the One before the beginning.
By those whom I discover I am known,
My secrets fathomed.
The Word unspoken is my Name;
I am the All-Pervading.

THE LORD MAITREYA SPEAKS

Through all Life's hopeless fight
For all Life's hours of dark

I am the Dawn;
To all the shadowed nights

I am the Morn;
Of all the paths that wind

I am the End;
I am the Friend.

Who answers ev'ry prayer?
I am the One;

Of all the heav'nly lights
I am the Sun.

Of all these circling things
I am the Cause;

Of all this wondrous plan
I am the Laws.

For all who seek to know
I am the Way;

To those by darkness bound
I am the Day;

For all who struggle on
I am the Goal;

Of all this seething all
I am the Soul.

THE WITNESS

You seek to find among the creatures of
the mist One to tell you of that Mystery
beyond the clouds, the Mystery that
dwells within My splendor.

You ask who has been sent to bear witness
of the Absolute.

O blind creation! seek about you.
Dwells there anything but that
teaches the wisdom of My Mystery?

From that day when time poured forth
from Me, they come—the appointed
messengers of My way mysterious.
To you they bring the tribute of the I.

They serve the Not-self, ministering
to the dream in the name of the Reality.
The sage, with bowed head, seeks with
wisdom to define Me—searching the
infinite for word to tell My name or
letters with which to scribe the
secret of My identity.

The seer, who, with clearer eye,
pierces the mist a little way,
glimpses My glory and falls back
abashed, afraid, uncertain.

Written in language that soul alone
can read, painted with pigments for
which mortal hath no name, sounding a
song that note of man may never capture
upon a written page—

When first the darkness of Space was
rent for the dawning of worlds, and
the darkness of Night brooded over
the face of the Shadow; while the Sons
of the AEons still slept in the arms
of the Deep,

I woke from the dreamings of Chaos
and, spreading my wings, soared like
some bird of the night o'er the face
of the Wonder, and the face of the Wonder
gazed back—its awareness awakened.

And at last I came to rest in the midst
of the darkness. There in a single
night I built Me a city. The footings
were laid in the substance of shadows, and
its walls were the fabric of dreams.

I called My City the Center,
and all the rest was outside.

THE SONG

“Sing to us, O Holy Man,
Of those most noble Truths
Concerning Liberation.

“What means thy Saffron Robe,
And why hast thou departed
Into the Wilderness?

“The Kingdoms of the Earth
With all their treasures
Enticed thee not.

“What didst thou discover
In thy solitudes,
So precious to Thee?”

Then sang the Arhat,
In soft melodious voice,
An ancient chant;

And those who stood about
Understood not the words,
But peace enveloped them.

“What couch more peaceful,
Than the hermit's bed?
What crown more noble,
Than the shaven head?

"What seat more lofty
Than the lotus throne?
What end more worthy
Than to reap the sown?"

"What orb more splendid
Than the beggar's bowl?
What gem more precious
Than the Diamond Soul?"

The wondering crowds departed.
The saint remained alone
By the roadside.

He no longer sang the song;
The song sang him.
Behold, a Mystery!

THE INFINITE

Sound is but a shadow thrilling for a
moment through the ether to sink again
into the fond embrace of silence.
Which, then, is greater—the ripple or the
mighty ocean with its many waves and eddies?
Creation existing for a second, then gone
forever, or space limitless, supreme?

Life is the passing of a breath, fitful,
uncertain; the tossing of a pebble into the
pool—a splash, a ripple, then stillness
unbroken as before.

Time is a dream. Asleep it lies until
Creation forms suns and stars, whose passing
flight gives day and night and murders
out duration.

I dwell in space. With broadness is my mansion
measured, endless are my domains, boundless
the Spirit that inhabits them. I alone am
free, unfettered, limitless.

Creations bows, a slave to those steel bands
of law that are Creation's base. If ye
would freedom seek, search not in all this
plan. It is with Me. I am Freedom, yet
search Me not. For none can share my
liberation till I choose to call form back
to formlessness from whence it came.

I am an Emperor ruling only space. I am
a Priest giving absolution to myself. I am
a Warrior gone forth to fight my shadow—form.
I am a Lover, yearning to clasp my bride—
Creation—in these arms that close on space
alone. I am a Thief, stealing possession,

that men may value Me the more. I am
a Murderer who in selfishness slays all,
that I may again possess them. I am a
Jealous One, fearing for the souls of
those that live within the broadness of
my presence.

I bow to that ebb and flow that knows no
master and serve with perfect sight
the plan that exists only when I give it
recognition and bid it be.

I answer prayer. I am he who prays.
I curse, and cursed am I. If any strike,
I aim the blow and also I receive it.
I am God, Man, Nature, Beast and Demon—
all in one.

When men barter, I am the thing they buy.
I am the coin with which all debts
are paid. I am the Earth, the Water and
the Air. Flame flickers out my light
and Spirit dwells alone in Me.

The ground you walk upon—I am that earth.
The air you breathe—it is my breath
which giveth life. I am the food
nourishing myself again in you.

Every word my name; every form my body;
every eye seeing for Me; every sense
telling me of myself; every thought
expounding to Me a portion of my mystery
sublime.

I tremble in awe before that Majesty
which is myself and bow before my own
reality. Enter the stillness of thy Heart
and pray for Me, for I, the Infinite, have
need of prayer.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

Am I lost that thou shouldst seek me?
In need that thou shouldst offer service?
Speechless that thou shouldst speak for me?

Of height
I am the Pinnacle;
Of depth
The deepness Absolute;
Of width
The wideness Measureless;
Of in
I am, forsooth, the Center;
Of out
The Far Extremity;
Of all dimensions
The Ordaining Power.

SHADOW GODS

Things, things, things—an endless chain of
things

Strung like beads upon a single gleaming cord,
A thread of deathless life that knows no end—

A golden thread that winds about, around,
Uniting all in common destiny.
Seek ye the thread; the beads are lifeless clay.

The foolish hoard the beads, calling them Life,
Pawning the real to clasp the empty air,
Stealing a gleaming unreality.

Things are but shadows cast upon the deep
By great winged spirits hovering round the light
That, fuel-less, burns forever and a day.

When night descends, the Shadow Gods retire;
Their strange, gaunt forms no longer shade the
void.
Reality then rules supreme again.

This is Reality: all things are one;
Diversity a dream, a soul-less lie
Created to torment all it enslaves.

Birth, growth, decay—these things serve time
And bow before their master—suffering;
Life serves Eternity alone, naught else.

Forever is the day of all achieving;
Eternity, the time victorious;
Duration, the end of all beginnings.

Who lives in time is shattered by its blows;
Who measures things is servant to his rule;
Eternal is the soul that dwells in space.

NIRVANA

O Great Gautama!
Master of the Humble Way,
Anointed of Reality,
Lord of the Deathless Truth,
Tell me of Nirvana's Blessedness,
The dying out
Of the Three Fires of the *I*,
The waking of the Dreamer.

Then answered the Buddha,
Prince of the Merciful,
As he assumed the mudra
Of the Great Instruction.
And the words of Wisdom
Which the Lion-faced spake
Dropped like ripe seeds
From the pink lotus of his lips.

"This is the Noble Path
Which leads to true Enlightenment.
By it those of holy purpose
Approach the eternal
And, mingling their little natures
With the Perfect Good,
Achieve to blissful union
With the Ineffable.

Reality is the Only Beloved
Of the ageless, timeless Self;
And Holy Love
Is a mad passion of the part
To finally mingle
Its small nature with the All,
And thus attain
The Deathless, Self-less Life.

While man chooses to be himself,
The Law decrees
That he must live, must suffer,
And must die.
But love enlightened
Desires no other end than this:

SELF SHALL CEASE FOREVER
IN THE EMBRACE OF REALITY."

THE TABERNACLE

Thou shalt depart
Into the wilderness of sound
And there build Me a dwelling
Which shall be called
The Tabernacle of the Silent One.

In the midst of the desert
Of many things
It shall be as one,
Indivisible and inseparable,
And its foundation shall be upon
The Rock of the Beginning.

And a stream of water shall arise
From amongst the stones of its foundation
And, dividing several ways,
Make fertile the aridness
Around about it.

And the name of the Waters
Shall be Blessedness;
And they shall pour from the
House of the Lord
Which stands in the midst of the
Desert of Division.

After this manner shall the
House of the Silent One
Be constructed:
Each of the stones and timbers of it

Shall be extracted from the
Foundation which is concealed
Within the silent nature of itself.
And the beams shall be called
The Chants of Silence
And the spans thereof
The Songs of Stillness.

And the Sons of the Serpent shall come
And with them
The Children of the Raven.
The paths of the desert
They shall walk,
Their shadows marching before them.

They shall be robbed
In the sand of the desert,
And their garments shall sing
With the voices of angels;
Chanting with many tongues
The Serpents shall come.

At the door of My House
Their soundings shall cease,
And their voices shall be laid
Upon the steps of My temple,
Their garments of song discarded
Before Me.

And each of the Serpents
Shall enter the soul of Himself,

Thus shall he come into the
House of My Presence,
And the Ravens also,
But they by another door.

And as they enter into the Temple
The Temple shall enter into them,
Until even the grains of desert sand
Shall worship
In the holiness of their own silence.

As sound is born
Of stillness
And will return to the source
Of itself,
So the serpents were born
Of the Tabernacle
But must shed their skins if they
Would enter it again.

My Temple stands
In the midst of the desert of Sounds,
But Stillness
Is supreme
Within the vaulted arches of it.

THE ROBES OF GLORY

This I would say concerning the vestments
of sanctuary, for my priests shall clothe
themselves in Me: My righteousness shall be
their protection, for no man bears witness of
Me until my splendor has absorbed him into
the glory of my radiance.

I dwell in the midst of mine anointed.
They are lamps unto the glory of my oil,
for I am a fuel rising up within them,
feeding the triple wick of their Divinity.

Unseen, I am the source of all things seen;
unfelt, unsensed, I am the power of feeling
and sensation.

I absorb mine elect into the effulgency
of myself, until their form and magnitude
can no longer be distinguished because
of the blazing brightness of my proximity.

Cast thyself, O son of man, into my
blazing Spirit. From my fire thou wast born.
Return to it again—be joyously consumed
by the flaming soul of thy Creator.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH

O thou Spirit of Sweet Release, I name
Thee Death and bid Thee serve Me as my
messenger, bringing release to those I call
from the dark shade that men have named
Mortality—the shadow substance-less that all
Creation serves in ignorance, bowing before
a fond illusion, the fabric of a dream woven from
the threads of life and death upon a loom
suspended only by the senseless Dreamer.

Thou, O Death, art Lord of all this dream.
It dwells in Thee and by thy sanction is.
Thou art the entrance in, the gate that
leads into the shadow's depth, the path that
winds again to Life through that dread door
that I am pleased to call Decay.

Faithful One, in Thee I rest the confidence,
the trust that unto Thee is power. For
none but Thee can bring back to my arms
the Creation I adore.

Behind thy mask of ill a Savior stands.
I know for I have made and chosen; and who
knows better than the Maker the thing He
would devise, or who can judge the merits
of the Master's craft or the end which
He desires?

If I be limitless, all-powerful, infinite,
then in my hands Creation waits the moulding

that I will to give. Then who shall speak if
I am silent, or doubt the wisdom of the way
I have appointed?

Life, Death—I have ordained them both to
the peculiar working of my plan, for lifeless,
deathless, I alone have power to give
command to anything. Life dwells in Me
cloaked by the veil of Death.

If thou wouldst vanquish Death, tear the
sombre mask away and bow o'erpowered—
for the shining visage thou beholdest is
deathless, terrible in splendor. This is
my appointed Son, whom all men hate until
they have unveiled.

Through the gray clouds of doubt Death
comes to set Life free. It shatters the
clay fetters of limitation, bringing sweet
release. Wide swings the door. I, in my
wisdom, have appointed a place of rest.

Two manner of things hath Death dominion
over: the thing unfinished, broken,
shattered in the making. I recall it
to mould afresh and send forth again to
better destiny, a fruitage more complete.

Death also hath the power to call a thing
which hath accomplished from the shadow
of its labor done. The ministry of sweet
release is in its hands. Discern the
wisdom of the One who placed it there.

I blessed Creation most when Death I gave,
that Life within the shade might have an
end. Through Death alone can men escape
the path that, save for Death, is an endless
chain of shadowed mockery.

Life hath its ministry. It is a part, an
incident in an endless chain of incidents
born in the shadow of my Infinite Will
to vanish again into the Mystery whence
it came, with Death the Keeper of the
Riddle.

MIND

Mortal Mind climbed upward
To the High Place of the Universe.

As it stood alone
Gazing into the Fields of Eternity,
A great fear possessed Mortal Mind.
It cried aloud,
And these were its words:

"Behold, I am alone,
Surrounded by the Great Emptiness
Which is called Space."

And a voice out of Space
Answered thus to Mortal Mind:

"Nay, I am all fullness.
It is you who are an emptiness
Existing for an instant in Me."

EPISTOLARY

Unto the brethren of the seven paths
and they of a kindred spirit,
GREETINGS:

May your just labors be crowned with reward
and your holy aspirations be realized for
the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Concerning those things which are your
responsibilities before men, in the name
of our Lord I would have words with you.

You live in a time of enlightenment on a
number of things, but concerning those which
are of the spirit you are in great darkness.

For, behold! you have blinded the eyes of
your spirits as did the Philistines the
eyes of Samson. You have chained your divine
spirit to the grindstone of materiality with
many bonds and fetters.

To give wisdom is the pleasure of the Lord.
To sense that wisdom is the duty of honest men.
In this duty you have been negligent;
therefore, are we dissatisfied with you.

For, behold! I have sent out my spirit as a
bird over the surface of the deep, but there
was no dwelling place for it in the darkness
and my spirit returned to me again.

Therefore, will I again send it forth when
it pleases me, that my spirit may at
last find resting place in the abode of shadows.

Why have you not prepared a dwelling for my
spirit that it might rule you in righteousness
and in power?

Why have you not built a mountain for me in
the midst of the darkness and in the midst
of the waters that I might there raise
my tabernacle among my children?

Know you not that One and One alone is good:
that but One is great, but One is pure,
but One is of perfect virtue, but One is
of true discernment, but One is truly
upright—and that One the living God?

Therefore, my brethren, if you would serve
the greatest good, abide in the law of the
living God, for in that is the path of sure
procedure. Be diligent in all your works
that they may bear true witness to you
before all nations and all worlds.

It is my prayer that upon you shall rest
the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ
forever and ever. Amen.

THE WAY INVINCIBLE

Children of the Mist!
Turn back to Me.
Hark to the words of thy Creator,
OM:
Truth dwells not in the shade,
Why seek it there?

Truth dwells in Me.
I am Reality.
All else imperfect is.
My virtue is completion.
Creation thunders on the path I have attained.

I am the Lord of All.
Hear now my edict:
Mine is the power and mine the power alone
To weigh, to judge, to measure or condemn.

Who speaks for Me?
Let him stand forth
And trump his triumphs to the seven skies.
For who shall say him nay,
Or who condemn?

Who judges such a one,
Let him stand forth—
Judge, jurors and accused, a seemly group.
What witness can they call
If I be silent?

If I speak not, men mumble idle words.
If I judge not, then justice is withheld.
When I am silent, silence is supreme.
And I
AM SILENT.

Well I know the needs of my creations:
With wisdom I have planned
This thundering scheme,
With strength of hand
Maintain it to the end.

My will must be the cosmic urge,
My word the law that all must follow;
My example, the way of all attainment.
Then mark them well:

Patience in all things,
And in all things love;
Wisdom in all things,
And in all things truth;
Justice in all things,
And in all things law.

These are my ways.
And all of my creations
Are most like gods
When most like gods they act
And learn to wield the power that gods possess.

Silence is the Way Invincible.
None can withstand the force of stillness.
The measure of true greatness
Lies not in wrangling
Nor in many words,
But silence.

Silence is the friend of the philosopher.
The sage is waited on by that deep hush
That brings the gifts of wisdom
To such as can invoke it.

THE HYMN OF BIRTH

A thrilling through the darkness—
A deadly hush—
Space shuddering, Chaos reeling,
Mindless but aware—
Eternity in the throes of agony immortal:
Thus Gods are born.

A seething in substance—
An endless twisting—
Groans of swirling ether,
Throbbings in space—writhing sparks
Like tortured souls in Hell's embrace:
Thus worlds are born.

A cry in the darkness of the night—
A sob—
Shudders that chill the soul,
Fingers twisting, untwisting,
A pale face drawn by mortal pain supreme:
Thus men are born.

A broken heart—
A spirit shattered by the blows—
Hands clasped in prayer,
A tear-stained face, an ache within
No human power can heal:
Thus souls are born.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

I was lifted into the presence of the Innermost;
I gazed into the depthless eyes of Space;
I questioned the face of the Inscrutable,
And these were the words which I spake:

“Reveal to me, O Thrice Hidden Mystery,
The substance of that fond Illusion
Which men call Hope.”

And, as though oppressed with a great weariness,
The Eternal Splendor answered:

“I dreamed that I was;
I dreamed that I awoke;
I was.”

A second time I questioned the Inscrutable,
And these were the words which I spake:

“Reveal to me, O Thrice Hidden Mystery,
The substance of that dread Illusion
Which men call Despair.”

And, as though oppressed with a great weariness,
The Eternal Splendor answered:

“I dreamed that I was not;
I dreamed that I awoke;
I was not.”

A third time I questioned the Inscrutable,
And these were the words which I spake:

"Reveal to me, O Thrice Hidden Mystery,
The substance of the awful Word
Which men call Truth.

And, as though oppressed with a great weariness,
The Eternal Splendor answered:

"I dreamed not;
I awoke not;
I am not."

And all that had been, vanished away;
And that which had not been,
Alone remained.

THE WANDERER

I am a Spirit,
A Wanderer come from afar,
A pilgrim born of the Dawn Land—
On a journey unending.
I stop but to rest for a night
In your City of Clay.

I rise with the light of the morning
And continue on my way.
The City with Shadows is darkened—
When I leave it behind.
For I am the light and the glory
That shine through the windows.

I am a Builder of Cities
But each is deserted in turn.
I pass from one to another—
Even my rest is in motion.
Behind me the veils of the past, before me
The mist of the future.

I am bred of a nobler race
Than the forms that surround me.
I am a stranger amongst them—
A light in the darkness.
They cannot know of my longings
Nor taste of my sorrows.

Faint from the dawn of my being
Troop memories dim.
I seem to remember dear hours
When I dwelt in the presence
Of a Glorious One—the sum
Of my parts and my members.

I am the Son of a King,
Exiled to wandering afar,
Seeking to find once again
The House of my Father;
Searching through ages unnumbered
For the place of the Dawn Land.

Tonight I dwell in your City,
Tomorrow the City is dust—
For where'er I dwell there is living
And where'er I depart
There is death.

But I am not dead with the crumbling,
I do not die with the Fall;
I continue my search for the ending
Till I am again with the All.

MASKS

Some come to laugh; others come to cry.
Some aspire. The most, like cattle,
Follow herdsmen and their barking curs.

Some come to love; others to be loved.
Some come to walk the weary way alone;
While many mingle with an endless throng.

Some come to pray; others to labor.
Some, more fortunate, walk life's way in ease;
While others struggle broken to the grave.

Some come to shatter hearts and souls; others
To have them shattered by the thoughtless ones.
Some come with broken hearts, and others heart-
less.

A strange pageantry, this thing called Life,
With Death the master of the show, and souls
As thoughtless jesters dancing round about.

Masks, masks, masks—false faces everywhere;
Laughter to hide the tears, smiles the grief,
And flower-strewn drapes the waxen face of
Death.

False faces! See them round about us here.
Doth no reality remain on earth?
Is there no vision through the mask of clay?

Clay, moulded to a thousand forms, remains
But clay, as worthless as before, nor doth
Belief or Unbelief its substance change.

It may be treasured for its beauty or
Rejected because of an ungainly shape;
But loved or hated, it remains but clay.

Our hearts and souls give life to lifelessness,
Tinting the colorless with myriad hues,
Only to find the clay unchanged and dead.

KWANNON

O lady of the sky,
Thy servant see
And from thy throne on high
Bend to my plea.

O lady robed in light,
O Lotus One,
Fair mistress of the night,
Bride of the sun.

Thou gracious starry maid,
By Heaven blest,
Pour from thy urn of jade
Eternal rest.

Incline thy gilded face
And smile on me,
That I may through thy grace
Find liberty.

At thy fair feet so white
I bend in love.
Preserve me in thy right
O One above.

Safe 'neath thy robes of gold,
Against thy breast,
Thou who art ages old,
Give me thy rest.

PRALAYA

The Light-Born spoke unto the Dark-Born saying:

"This is the mystery of the beginning,
Namely, Eternity gave birth to Time;

"From the spacious dwelling place of Time
Troop incidents, an endless chain of things,
Shadow forms in bondage to duration;

"Suns, moons and stars are incidental;
They rise a moment from the shadowed deep
And, passing through their span, return again

"To shadow; while Time, the heartless Master,
Crushes all, like oxen on the threshing floor
Who with their iron hoofs tread out the grain.

"Unto the winds is cast the useless chaff,
While life with prudence stores away the soul
With true discrimination wisely choosing.

"Time begot things, and things an endless chain.
Progeny of a dream, well are they named
The great illusion born of difference.

"Back to the unseen worlds from whence I came
To wander but a day 'mid mortal things
I go again, my span of labor done.

"Before me is the swinging veil of mist
That doth divide the shadow from the real,
The veil itself an unreality."

CONSCIOUSNESS

He who shall be called the Seeker
Ascended into the High Place
Of the Mountain of the Wise.

And in the High Place of the Mount
Sat a most Holy Philosopher
Leaning upon a forked stick.

The Seeker addressed the Ancient Sage,
Imploring wisdom from the Master
Who dwelt alone with the stars.

"Tell me, O Lord of the Seven Peaks,
Of the Mystery of Knowing
And of the Substance of Knowledge."

Then spoke the Hoary Saint
In slow and solemn voice, his words
Rich with a mystic meaning.

"The Knower cannot Know.
There is no Knowing.
Knowledge is not."

Bowing his head in helplessness,
The Seeker asked another question:
"Reveal then, O Sage, the inner fact."

He who leaned upon the forked stick,
Smiled gravely and then replied;
"Ponder well these words, O son of man."

"Consciousness redeems; mind slays.
Mind is man seeking for Self;
Consciousness is the Self
Attaining to the realization
Of the man.

"The Realization of Identity with Self
Is Identity with Self.
And such Identity is Perfection.
There is no other End
Worthy of the Philosopher."

To say more is to take
From that which has been
ALREADY SAID.

THE CITY

And upon a certain evening Jesus departed
from Bethany by the winding road to
Jerusalem. And the Twelve were with him
but remained a little way behind.

It was late when they had come nigh unto
the valley and Jesus ascended the
Mount of Olives which stood over against
Jerusalem, facing Herod's Gate.

And Jesus gazed over the city
and his head was inclined as though a
great sadness possessed his spirit.
Now James, which was the elder, whispered:
"Behold, the Rabbin weeps!"

Simon, surnamed Peter, approached Jesus
and said: "Master, wherefore dost thou weep?
Reveal to us thy secret sorrow that we
may share thy grief."

Jesus answered him, saying: "Nay, Barjonas,
each man's grief is his own, nor shall another
bear it for him. As my Father
hath given me thee from out of the world,
so hath he given unto every man grief
according to his lot. Now leave me and
depart a little way, that I may be alone
with my stillness."

The disciples, having withdrawn a small distance, beheld Jesus spread forth his arms toward Jerusalem; and they heard him speak in a loud, clear voice and these were his words:

"O city of David! Thou slumberest and art not afraid. Thy streets are silent, and thy windows are dark. Lo, even the scales of thy barter and exchange hang heavy with emptiness.

"O city of Jerusalem! Thou hast ceased from thy labors for a little while to seek rest in the darkness and kindness in the night. Blessed is he who at the end of the day layeth down from toil.

"Peace be unto thee, O Judah, against that day that hath no night; for each in turn must wake to that everlasting dawn when toil is endless and sleep hath vanished away.

"Long is the day for that man who is himself the very sun; his heart grows weary for the night that can no more come. He who dwelleth in the light groweth weary with the day."

THE MAID OF THE SEA

And the Lord Maker of Mysteries
Gazed down
To the depths that His dreamings
Had fashioned;
And, lo! a sea stretched before Him
Impotently rolling.

And the wash of the waves was a
Music ascending,
Filling all space with its
Cadences mournful—
A dirge to the darkness, sung by the
Flow of the waters.

And the Lord of the Mystery
Reached down
His arms to enfold the Illusion;
And softly
He spoke to the shadows
Asleep in the depths.

"O Child of the Darkness,
Come forth
From your dwelling of Mist; awake
From your sleeping
And rise to the feet of My presence,
Daughter of Mist."

And a cloud of vapor rose from the midst
Of the waters,
And the Maid of the Sea
Came forth—
Robed in the flow of the Ocean,
Veiled in its spray.

And the Lord of the Flaming
Empyrean
Clasped the Daughter of Night
In His arms;

And the Troubled Waters were stilled
By His fiery embrace.

The Waters were turned into mist
By the breath of the Father.
And the Heavenly Fire was cooled
By the sea.

Clouds of vapor arose,
Absorbing them both.

This mist was the spawn of worlds,
Of Gods and of Men;
For each has a spirit of fire
And a body of water.
Flames and vapor conspired
To produce them.

DESPAIR

As the shadows of evening
were gathering,
I sat down in the midst of
my sadness,
And, gathering my mantle of sorrows
about me,
Enveloped myself in the folds of
my affliction.

In wild despair I cursed the heavens
that decreed me
And the black earth which is our
common mother.
I prayed that oblivion might descend upon
my spirit;
That I might find rest in the state
of not-knowing..

I cried my misery unto the
somber mountains
And the mountain echoes returned to me
my misery.
The cry of my soul I sent into
the lonely desert,
And the hushes of the desert returned
my cry again.

I cast forth my woe into the
ocean dismal,
And the sobbing waves returned my woe
once more.
Hopeless, I flung my soul into
eternity
And hopelessly eternity returned
my soul to me.

"Is there no rest?" I wailed
to endless space.

Space whispered back again,

"Is there no rest?"

The mountains bowed their crests,

The oceans wept,

And the desert softly moaned,

"Is there no rest?"

THE DAWN

I am the radiant Son of the Father,
Bearing witness unto the powers of Him
Who is within my visioned presence.

As fire within the flame, that doth bespeak
The hidden power that giveth life:
I am the herald that maketh known my Lord.

I am the morning's glow, Aurora's light
That, battling with the shades of night,
Sends them routed to the dwelling place of
shadows.

Of the sun I am its far flung locks,
The mane of the Celestial Lion,
Shaggy streams which are the life of things.

I am the lamp, fed by an oil invisible;
I burn with a steady glow of power,
A light unto the feet of my Creator.

I am the morning star which, rising from
The tryst of night, brings unto Creation
The sanction of another day of wandering.

I am the dawn a hundredfold
Of worlds, of days, of dreams, of aspirations;
I am the light of hope, bathing the illusion

In streaming colors that its sordidness
May be hid from eyes not strong enough
To gaze on Mara's leering face and live.

THE HYMN OF DEATH

A darkness rising up on every hand,
A peace descending
Upon the place of strife,
A world that fainter grows
With passing days,
While lights upon a distant shore grow bright:

Men call it Death;
The Spirit calls it Rest.

Hands that stretch out across the void,
Voices that call,
Phantom forms that beckon,
A door of darkness opening to a gentle knock,
Revealing a place
Of wondrous light beyond:

Men call it Death;
The Spirit calls it Hope.

A loosening of fetters,
A breaking down of bars,
An opening of doors,
A soul, long prisoned, free
To mount the golden ladder of the stars
And see the world that lies beyond the prison
wall:

Men call it Death;
The Spirit calls it Life.

ORDINATION OF THE THREE KINGS

Thou Hallowed Trinity
Born of the simple Unity that is,
Appointed to reflect that nameless power—
The Flame, I AM—

Receive thy Maker's blessing and go forth
To be his champion among those
Children of the Mist
That cannot know the light their very beings
deny.

I, Lord of All Oblivion,
The Fire invisible,
Am in your hands.

I am Power dimensionless and Majesty
Uncurbed even by Creation.

Be kind to Me,
O Chosen of my Heart!
Remember well who sleeps that you may wake
And dies that Life may come to you;
And through your beings
Appointed now

Animate each lump of clay you fashion here in
Me,
That it may linger for a day and then return to
All.

O, Eldest of all Mortals,
Fatherless, motherless, save for Me,
O Finite Son of Infinite,
Beloved One,

In blessing thee I give thee that
Which I do not possess—
 The Power of Will.

With this my mystic wand of Cosmic Urge
Set then whirling the senseless atoms
 That compose
 My robes divine.

And of these strivings thou shalt build
A world that lives through striving, and
 With dawn of peace
 Returns again

To those dark shadows of Myself,
Ceasing to be within the dark embrace of Chaos.
 Unto you,
 Second Beloved of Me,
 My Radiant One

Who warms my coldness with the glow of Love,
 I give
The triple crown of Wisdom with its seven
 jewels—

Gems from whose stone souls shines some of that
 Endless light
That even Clay cannot entirely hide within its
Crumbling self, but still bears witness
 To my Flame.

 Prince of the Bleeding Heart,
 Embrace thy Father,
Who, save for thee, would never know
That inner sense that guides the godless, till
 Through thy love
 I claim them to Myself.

Nor art thou least of Me,
O Spirit of Sweet Detachment,
 Lord Breaker of Things,
 Ordained of Me,
 Beloved Son.

I bid you serve my cause through fond decay,
And bring at last all things again into
 My yearning Self
That waits to welcome, when the striving
Of the sparks is over for a day, and
 Fiery dawn gives place
 To gentle even.

 Of all my chosen
 Thou art not the least;
Of all my three, you serve most faithfully;
Thy ruthless shatterings but bring
 Reality the closer.
Ye three are the fashionings of my troubled
 dream
And while I sleep unrealized and unknown,
Represented in Creation only as Creation's All,
 I give my power to you,
 Be gentle of Me.

I ordain you Builders of my fond illusion,
Teaching all space to know that
 I alone exist
By proving one by one all other things
 Are false,
 And I alone am Real.

THE CREATOR

First the Self-born Lord in contemplation
entered the state of Unreality, dwelling
for a moment in Illusion. As spirit
to the body comes at birth and dons the
veil of non-tranquillity, so the Self
within the Not-self was immersed.

The Uncreated in His dream became Creator,
the opposites His progeny. The One assumed
the Two, the Two the Three—and thus
the multitudes were born of Him who is
the Only One, and He alone is real in fact,
permanent and unmoved.

Men live within the dreams of Infinite,
dwelling in the shadows of His sleepings—
timeless, measureless, hopeless as a dream.

The Lord dwelleth in His meditations:
all thoughts His thoughts, all dreams
his dreaming—through the Not-self He knows
himself again.

THE PSALM OF THE FATHER

From darkness unto darkness is my span;
I am the Father of the Darkened Face.
Serene the sea of shadow, tideless, save

For the measured pulsing of my heart.
In all, of all, over all I brood, and see
My shadow mirrored in the formless deep.

The placid darkness changes to a seething
Mass that ever brighter grows with friction's
Flame, a carnival of maddened lights.

I am the Father of the Shining Face,
Flame-born from out the darkness of Myself,
Slaying the parent that the child may live.

Flames, reaching out to torture silence
With their lurid tongues, meet seething space
And mighty vapors rise enfolding all.

I am the Mother, vapor robed and veiled,
Clasping in my arms of vibrant space the
Flaming man-child, born of my virgin Self.

One by one my veils are torn aside, until
I stand in all the majesty of Suns
And Moons that dot the firmament of *I*.

I am the Father of the Hidden Face,
Known to man only as that mystic urge
Moving all things to their appointed end—
HIMSELF.